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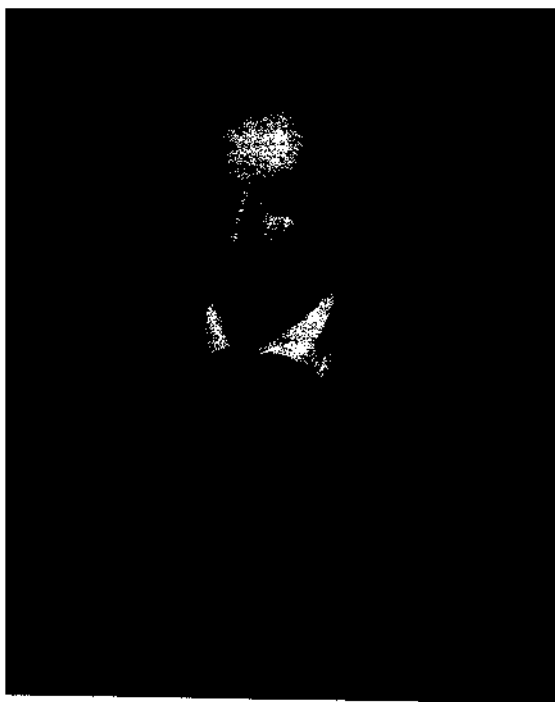
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EDMUND SPENSER (1572-1596)

From a portrait belonging to Pembroke College, Cambridge

The Poetical Works of
EDMUND SPENSER

Edited with Critical Notes

By J. C. SMITH *and*
E. DE SELINCOURT

With an Introduction by
E DE SELINCOURT
and a Glossary

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PREFACE.,

THE *Faerie Queene* is here reproduced from the text edited by Mr. J. C. Smith and published by the Clarendon Press in 1909, the text of Spenser's *Minor Poems*, save for the correction of a few errors, follows my edition of 1910. To the poems has been added the *Correspondence of Spenser and Harvey*, printed from the original editions of 1580. The Glossary has been compiled by Mr. H. Alexander.

I have prefixed to the volume a biographical and critical essay. My excuse is that of late years the poetry of Spenser has occupied far less attention than is warranted either by its own intrinsic beauty or by its importance as a vital influence upon the development of our literature. Since the publication in 1884 of Grosart's *Life of Spenser* little has been written in England either to advance our knowledge or to increase our appreciation of his life and work, and I gladly recognize the debt owed by me, as by all students of Spenser, to the valuable researches of American scholars, in particular of Mr. R. A. Neil Dodge, Mr. E. A. Greenlaw, and Mr. P. Long. A full interpretation of his genius, worthy of its theme, is yet to be written.

I wish to record my thanks to Mr. J. C. Smith for reading the proofs of my essay, and to acknowledge my debt to my friend Miss Darbishire of Somerville College for many suggestions made in the course of its composition.

E. DE SELINCOURT.

GRASMERE,
Sept 1912.

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INTRODUCTION.

OF Spenser's life something may be learned from official documents and from the writings of his contemporaries, but the most valuable information is to be found in his poetry. The art of an idealist is in a peculiar sense the expression of his mind and character, and of his relation with the world about him, and along with this intimate though often intangible autobiography Spenser has incidentally recorded some details capable of more definite interpretation. From a sonnet written in 1593, the year of his courtship, a year which, he tells us, seems longer

Than al those fourty that my life outwent,

we conjecture that he was born about 1552, from the *Protkalamion*, where he speaks of

mery London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame,

we learn that he was born in London, but that his parents were not Londoners. The 'house of auncient fame' with which he was connected was the Spencers of Althorpe, Northampton. Of three of the daughters of Sir John Spencer he hymns the praises in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, and to each of them he dedicated one of his minor poems, claiming a relationship with them that they seem gladly to have acknowledged.

His mother's name, he tells us, was Elizabeth, his father has been identified with one John Spenser, a gentleman by birth, and a member of the clan of Spensers whose home was in the Pendleton district of north-east Lancashire. But John Spenser had settled in London, and become a free journeyman of the Merchant Taylors Company, living in East Smithfield near the Tower. Here his three children, Edmund the poet, John, and Elizabeth were born. He was evidently in humble circumstances, for when his boys went, as 'pore schollers', to the newly-founded school of the Merchant Taylors, he received bounties for their maintenance from the Nowells,² a wealthy Lancashire family, and this generosity was repeated when they proceeded as sizars to Pembroke College, Cambridge. The poet was fortunate in his school. Mulcaster

¹ 11 536-71

Cf Grosart *Life of Spenser*, p 16, and *The Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell*

its **first head** master, was a **keen** scholar with a generous conception of the aims of education ' It is not a mind,' he wrote, ' not a body, **that we** have to educate, but a map , and we cannot divide him ' The conception derives from the enthusiastic culture of the Renaissance, and something both of the ideal and the practice of the perfect courtier, which Spenser was later to emulate and to portray, must have been instilled into him in early youth Mulcaster grounded his pupils in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, he trained them daily in music both vocal **and** instrumental, and was a convinced advocate of the study of the **mother** tongue, and of the educational value of acting He presented plays yearly before the court, in which his boys were the actors, and ' by **that** means taught them good behaviour and audacity ' It is highly probable that Spenser, as among Mulcaster's leading scholars, made his first appearance before the queen as an actor

At school, too, Spenser acquired some knowledge of French, and made his first experiments as a poet In 1569 appeared a small volume entitled *A Theatre, wherein be represented as uel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous worldlings as also the greate joyes and pleasures which the faithfull do enjoy An argument both profitable and delectable to all that sincerely love the Word of God Devised by S John zander Noodt* It contained translations from Marot's version of one of the canzoni of **Petrarch** and from some sonnets by Du Bellay, which were afterwards included in Spenser's *Complaints* of 1591 A few of them were then rewritten, others left as they had stood in 1569, but all are clearly enough from Spenser's hand, and though the lines are often rough and boyish, they anticipate, however faintly, the liquid fluency of his later versification

Of his years at Cambridge (1569-76) there is little detail to record But though, as Dr Johnson has remarked, ' a scholastic life is very uniform ' and would put him ' little in the way of extraordinary casualties', its influence was none the less potent both upon his intellectual development and his subsequent career During his residence the entry books of Pembroke College refer to him on several occasions as the recipient of allowances, ' aegrotanti', and it is possible that chronic ill-health tended to develop the dreamy and reflective side of his nature But it does not seem to have affected the avidity of his reading, and it may well be that his bodily infirmities, like Herbert's, ' betrayed him to a lingering book,' and preserved him from the distractions of the world He is among the most learned of our poets, and if some have been better scholars, none has been more widely read Of his contemporaries, Ben Jonson, and perhaps Chapman, could rival his knowledge of the classics, but Ben **Jonson**, as Drummond informs us, ' did neither understand French nor **taliannes**, and Spenser was widely conversant with both His scholarship would be accounted superficial to-day There are signs enough that, **reading** his authors for their spirit and matter, he inclined to disregard the

niceties of grammatical structure Yet in his own time he was accounted a **proficient Greek** scholar,¹ and in Greek poetry, except the tragedians, so strangely neglected by the Elizabethans, he was well read But he was attracted rather by the thought than by the art of Greece He was an enthusiastic student of Plato and Aristotle By the mystical element in Plato, more particularly as it is revealed in the *Symposium*, *Phaedo*, *Phaedrus*, and parts of the *Republic*, he was profoundly influenced, and he knew both the originals and the chief Italian commentators upon them, Bembo, Ficino, and Bruno, who gave to Platonic teaching so wide a currency in his time The poetry of Rome attracted him both by its wealth of material which he could shape to his own purpose, and by virtue of its style It is significant too that While most Elizabethans turned chiefly to Ovid, Spenser was more vitally affected by the finer art of Virgil²

At Cambridge Spenser formed a deep and lasting friendship with Gabriel Harvey, who was elected Fellow of Pembroke a year after the poet had come into residence, and was among the most notable figures at the University Biographers of Spenser have wondered at this friendship between men who differed so widely in temperament and ideals, and have inclined to minimize it, or to attribute it to the modesty of the younger and the arrogance of the elder It is, indeed, easy enough to represent Harvey as a pedantical scholar, vain of his own absurd achievements, an intellectual bully, so censorious that 'he could hardly find it in his heart to commend any man', quarrelsome, forcing his opinions upon men of finer genius than himself, unable to appreciate any art that did not conform to his own mechanical rules, and finally routed and held up to eternal scorn by the nimbler wit of Nashe But this is mere caricature Harvey was a scholar of eminence, deeply versed in all that was accounted learning in his day His lectures on rhetoric drew crowded audiences, and enhanced a reputation that was already assured His fame was not confined to his own University, Leicester and Sidney held him in high esteem and took a personal interest in his career He was certainly unpopular The son of a Suffolk rope-maker, he may well have been resented as an upstart by well-born colleagues who were intellectually his inferiors,³ and his bearing towards them was not conciliatory He was, moreover, a strong Puritan, and at Cambridge, the hot-bed of those ecclesiastical controversies which harassed the minds of Elizabeth and her advisers, the *odium theologicum* was peculiarly virulent, so that it is less to be wondered at that Harvey had many enemies than that Still and Preston, who favoured the more moderate party, were ranked among his friends Harvey's literary theory and practice have

¹ Cf Bryskett, quoted *infra*, pp xxv, xxvi

² Vide *Spenser's Belesenheit*, von W Reidner Leipzig, 1908

³ Vide McKerrow (*Nashe*, v 66 f), who suggests this point, and has influenced my view of Harvey

INTRODUCTION.

often been ridiculed. He followed Ascham in his contempt for 'the rude and beggarly habit of rhyming', and at a time when contemporary poetry had not yet justified itself, made an attempt to impose classical prosody upon English verse. In this he tried to influence his younger friend, but without any success, for it was not till later, when Spenser came under the spell of Sidney, that he wavered, even momentarily, from following the true bent of his own genius (As to style, Harvey¹ had the taste typical of the Renaissance, scholar- Phrases like 'a rarenes of poetic invention', 'lively Hyperbolicall Amplifications' rare, quaint, and odde in every point, above the reach of a common scholars capacity', to be met with in his criticism of Spenser's early and unpublished work, sufficiently indicate that side of Spenser which he was able to appreciate, and also that style which both in his prose and verse he himself attempted to achieve. Like many another minor poet, he thought too well of his own compositions, and the fact that they were written upon a scholastic theory tended only to harden his heart. Naturally, then, he was disappointed with the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and tried to turn his friend from the composition of the *Faerie Queene*. The obtuseness of his judgement on the 'parcels' of Spenser's masterpiece which were submitted to his criticism is often quoted as his final condemnation. But we do not know what those parcels contained, or whether their contents were in a tentative or in their final form, and in any case this poem, with its interweaving of classic myth and barbaric English legend, and a diction that abounds in archaisms both genuine and spurious, was not inaptly described by an avowed Humanist in his famous phrase, 'Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo.' And this was his final protest. For when, some ten years later, the first three books were published, he made the *amende honorable* in a charming poem of welcome to the new venture. In his own day he was accused of vanity in publishing his correspondence with Spenser, yet it is vanity with a difference. Pride in his pupil is perhaps the most pardonable form of vanity in a scholar, and it should not be forgotten, that if these letters reveal an intimacy on which Harvey may well have congratulated himself, they reveal the fact, less pleasing to him, that the triumphs of the pupil had been won in defiance of the literary principles of the master. If there can be no doubt that Harvey was both a loyal and a valued friend of Spenser's, that he took the keenest interest in his career, and introduced him to those who were best able to further it, and, if he gave him bad advice on literary matters, in all else he was a sound and judicious counsellor. Spenser at least recognized it. Years later he delighted to refer to Harvey as his 'entire friend', and there is no reason to believe that his opinion ever changed, or that his love was thrown away. This friend-

¹ It is worth noting, too, that however wrong in principle, Harvey makes many sound and acute remarks on English quantity, and, in fact, practised the reformed versifying with more success than Spenser.

ship, so long and so loyally maintained with a man whose bitter tongue and cantankerous spirit had alienated many, and who certainly lacked that refinement of temper and sensibility which Spenser always prized, bears witness to his own sweetness of disposition and to the generous tolerance of his mind

In 1576 Spenser obtained the degree of M A and left Cambridge for the society of his Lancashire kinsfolk Whether this was his first visit to the North, or the renewal of an earlier acquaintance, it is not possible to determine Some critics have thought that much of his boyhood was spent there, and have read as literal autobiography the account of Colin's youth in the *December Eclogue* of the *Shepherd's Calendar* But much of that poem is closely adapted from Clement Marot, and even if the rest recalls the actual pursuits of his own boyhood, there is no local colour which might not have been drawn from the country that lay at the gates of London His familiarity with the dialect of the North, obvious in the *Shepherd's Calendar* and not unmarked even in the *Faerie Queene*, could well be attributed in part to his residence there in 1576, in part to the influence of his parents and his schoolmaster, who must have retained, as Northerners do to-day, some traces of the pronunciation and vocabulary of their early home Of his occupation at this time we only know that he fell in love with a lady whose identity he veils under the name of Rosalind in the *shepherd's calendar* Grosart has triumphantly identified her with one Rose Dinely, but the name, even if correct, is only a label Other evidence suggests that she was a woman of good family and high spirits, who appreciated the wit and fancy of him whom she styled her * *Signior Pegaso*,¹ but preferred his rival for a husband Others have questioned the sincerity of Spenser's love, and regarded his allusion to it as mere literary convention The controversy on the emotional element in the love poetry of the Elizabethan age, conducted for the most part by critics who are not poets, is now become a trifle wearisome It must readily be admitted on the one hand that much amorous verse was avowedly conventional and ideal, and that Spenser was quite poet enough to feign a passion even if he never had one (on the other hand, it is obvious that love poetry "only became a convention because it corresponded with a universal reality, that few men pass through early manhood without some experience of its depths and of its shallows, and that Spenser, like all poets and lovers of beauty, was by temperament peculiarly susceptible It was his habit of mind so to rarefy and idealize his personal experience that it gained a permanent shrine in his thought and in his art, and the frame of poetic 'convention' encloses many of the pictures of his own life that are scattered about his verse Human probability is all on the side of the sincerity of his attachment

¹ *Familiar Letters*, *infra*, p 625.

This love remained an integral part of his imaginative experience far on into his life, and Rosalind is alluded to with chivalrous devotion in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe* 1 Love is not the only emotion that gains an added beauty when it has become a memory But whatever the depth of his feeling for Rosalind, and it would be surprising if it were not deep, it did not save him from the dangers and the delights of falling under other spells The cautious Harvey had soon reason to warn him of the seductions of another 'Rosahndula', perhaps some lady of the court

For Spenser did not remain long in Lancashire Possibly in 1577, certainly in 1578, he was in London Gabriel Harvey had not forgotten him, and had been the means of introducing him to Sidney and Leicester.] It seems highly probable that Leicester employed him as a private messenger to friends at a distance, and that in this capacity he paid his first visit, in 1577, to Ireland, where Leicester's father-in-law, Sir Henry Sidney, was then Governor-General² But the greater part of his time seems to have been divided between the houses of Sidney and Leicester at Penshurst and in London

For one of Spenser's temper and convictions no other introduction could have been so happy To Leicester he looked up as the recognized political leader of the Puritan faction, the powerful favourite of Elizabeth, who had not yet lost hope that a marriage with the Queen might set the seal upon his fortunes, to Sir Philip Sidney he was soon bound by a closer tie than that of patron and protegee Though still a young man, Sidney was commonly regarded as the most brilliant figure at that brilliant court His handsome bearing and his martial courage, his learning and accomplishments, his inflexible uprightness and gravity of demeanour had spread his reputation throughout Europe, and by his countrymen he was proudly recognized as the ideal courtier Moreover, he was a serious politician (An earnest Protestant, he saw in Roman Catholicism the greatest danger to his country's liberty, and he was persistent in urging upon Elizabeth, against the inaction advocated by Burghley, a bold attack upon the power of Spain Spenser accepted Sidney's political ideals without reserve, and time only strengthened their hold upon him In other matters too his sympathy with Sidney was close The Puritanism of both men was deeply tinged with Platonic mysticism, both set themselves to adapt to modern life the ideals of mediaeval chivalry, and saw in the romance of bygone days a symbol not without inspiration for the battles they had themselves to fight The soul that was stirred like a trumpet by the rude ballad of Chevy Chase, and later found both delight and intimate expression in *Arcadia*, had much akin with the poet of the *Faerie Queene* In judgements upon art they were not entirely in accord, Sidney, as the less exuberant poetic genius, was more subservient to

¹ IL 926-51

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Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, ed J C Smith, p x

the practical—eager for fame, and inclined to value poetry at its market price, as a means to further his worldly ambitions—and the ideal, expressed in a passion for an art which, as he had learned from his master Plato, 'was a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both, and poured into the witte by a certain *Ἐθνογονία* and celestially inspiration.' Incidentally, too, the eclogue reviews the different themes of poetry, and suggests the development of Spenser's own genius, its response to the call of the heroic Muse, and its passage from the sphere of courtly panegyric to that lofty idealism in which the poet finds his truer home. It is the youthful ardent expression of the conflict of mind, the questionings and the aspiration, which were to find fuller and freer utterance in the *Faerie Queene*.

But, as E. K. realizes, even more important than the contents of the *Shepheardes Calender* is the style in which it is composed, and the poet's attitude towards his predecessors. Spenser shows a full acquaintance with the pastorals of Greece, Italy, and France, but it is significant that though he imitates Bion and Virgil, even adapts and translates from Mantuan and Marot, he will acknowledge a debt to Chaucer alone. At a time when his contemporaries were running after foreign models, it is his ambition to be English. This reversion to Chaucer is the boldest sign of his independence. In weak imitation of Chaucer the poetry of the fifteenth century had wellnigh expired, and the reformers of versification, whilst they showed some knowledge and admiration of Chaucer, never dreamt that they could learn of him. At Cambridge, indeed, Chaucer was widely read, but Harvey, at least, would not have regarded him as a fit poetic model.¹ In the *June* eclogue Spenser represents Harvey as summoning Colin to the study of more stately masters, but the

¹ It is worth noting that Francis Beaumont, in a letter to Speght, published in Speght's edition of Chaucer (1598), writes 'And here I cannot forget to remember unto you those auncient learned men of our time at Cambridge, whose diligence in reading of his (Chaucer's) works themselves and commending them to others of the younger sort, did first bring you and me in love with him, and one of them at that time was and now is (as you know) one of the rarest schollers in the world.' Speght was at Peterhouse, Cambridge, from 1566 to 1573, thus overlapping with Spenser four years. Did Spenser also come under the influence of this 'rare scholler'? Who was he? Miss Spurgeon, *Chaucer devant la critique* (1911), suggests that it might well be Whitgift, who was Fellow of Peterhouse, Master of Pembroke for three months in 1567, then Master of Trinity Hall, and Regius Professor of Divinity. He was Vice-Chancellor in 1579. Stowe, in dedicating to him his *Annals* (1600), speaks of his great affection towards studies in general and to antiquities in particular. Miss Spurgeon also quotes some manuscript notes, written in books in the possession of Harvey, in which he insists on Chaucer's learning, writing in one place, 'Other commend Chaucer and Lidgate for their witt, pleasant veine, vanetie of poetical discourse, and all humanitie. I specially note their Astronomie, philosophic and other parts of profound or cunning art. Wherein few of their time were more exactly learned. It is not sufficient for poets to be superficial humanists, but they must be exquisite artists and curious universal scholars.' Spenser may thus have owed some of his knowledge of Chaucer to intercourse with Harvey, though his own poetic instinct would lead him to appreciate Chaucer on truer lines than Harvey.

modesty of Colin's reply barely conceals his deliberate conviction that his **native** poetry can **gain** little inspiration from the rhetoric of classical and **Italian** imitation

Of Muses Hobbinol, I conne no skill,
 For they bene daughters of the hyghest Jove
 I never lyst presume to Parnasse hyll,
 But pyping low in shade of lowly grove
 I play to plesse myself, al be it ill¹

His master is Tityrus alone, and if only 'some little drops' from 'his learned hedde' may fall upon him, he need seek no foreign spring * That by Tityrus he meaneth Chaucer,' remarks E K, 'hath been sufficiently said' The account given by Colin of Chaucer's achievement is in part fanciful, adapted to the pastoral vein, and at first sight the relation of the *Shepherd's Calendar* to Chaucer seems remote enough But Chaucer did not appear to the Elizabethan in the light of modern scholarship Several of the portraits in the *Canterbury Tales* were interpreted as the work of an earnest religious reformer, and the attribution to his authorship of the *Plowman's Tale*, with its allegory of the Pelican and the Gryphon, would lead Spenser to regard as Chaucerian a use of the beast fable very different from that suggested by the *Nonne Prestes Tale* It is evident, moreover, from the traces in his *Hymnes to Love and Beauty*, already written, of Chaucer's *Compleynte to Pity*, that he saw in Chaucer also the poet of unhappy love But more than all was he drawn to him as the chief of those, who, in the words of Thynne's Preface, which Spenser must have read,² 'have right well employed themselves to the beautifying and bettering of the English tongue' For this was his own 'ambition In Chaucer he saw 'the well of English undefyled', in his contemporaries a gallimaufry and hodge podge of al other speeches', and he set himself to form a poetic diction on the model of his great master, and so to recover a Beauty which, as it seemed to him, his time had lost 'The pastoral precedent for rustic speech allowed him to introduce dialect words which were commonly felt to be nearer to the purely native language than the vocabulary of the cultured, and with these he combined modern colloquialisms appealing to his ear by their native ring, and archaisms both genuine and spurious It may fairly be urged against him that the result is itself a gallimaufry, though of a different kind from that which he attacked, it affects the ancients', and bears the same relation to the language of Chaucer that his conception of the 'goodly usage of those antique times' bears to their reality But for all its remoteness in certain respects from the language of real life, suggestive of the ideality of the poetic mood, it is a genuine attempt at a diction not more elaborate, but

¹ *Shepherd's Calendar June, 651*

² William Thynne's Folio Chaucer was published in 1532, reprinted with additions in 154a and 1550, and with large additions by Stowe in 1561 One of these editions must have been used by Spenser

purser, simpler, more English than the literary language current in his day Spenser was fully conscious that his work was tentative, and in the eclogues of satiric rather than purely poetic intention, he pressed his experiments to bolder lengths, but though in his later work he framed his style with a more careful art, he never departed from the principle which had inspired the diction of the *Shepheardes Calender*

In metre the *She/heardes Calender* is no less experimental Spenser had no precedent in pastoral tradition for such metrical variety, in this he was inspired solely by his own eagerness to explore the native capabilities of the language Here, too, though he owes something to his immediate predecessors both in England and France, he goes back for his models to an earlier age He tries his hand at forms suggested by the ballad, at the irregular four-stressed lines, at the regular line of five feet, all traditional in English poetry, and again finds the fullest and most natural expression in the metre of Chaucer 1 For the ballad metre, which he only employs where he is definitely aiming at a rough effect, he found that he had no taste, in the line of four beats, popular in the fifteenth century, he wrote with facility, giving it a variety unknown to earlier employers of it, and in particular, making delicate use of its opportunities for a triple rhythm But he is not sure of its music, and it has been suggested that some of his metrical irregularities, where his line seems to hover between the irregular four-stressed line, and the line of five feet, but can in fact be read as neither, are due to his misreading, through the loss of the pronunciation of the unaccented e, of some of Chaucer's decasyllabics This is likely enough, and is made more likely by his use of the measure in *February* and *May*, where in other respects his debt to Chaucer is obvious But those who hold that the true rhythm of the Chaucerian decasyllabic was lost to him press their point too far For with every allowance for change in pronunciation, much of Chaucer would retain its melody unspoiled² This line had degenerated in the hands of feeble artists, and it had been somewhat stiffly reinstated by Surrey and Wyatt after a study of foreign models Since their time Sackville had given some indication of its solemn dignity and strength, but it was left for Spenser to recapture the variety, the delicacy which it had lost

In its exquisite and varied melody lies, doubtless, the greatest charm, of the *Shepheardes Calender*, but it makes a further appeal to the lover

¹ That interlacing sequence of rhymes (a b a b b c b c) found in *April* and *November*, as well as in the Spenserian sonnet and the Spenserian stanza, is commonly ascribed to the influence of Marot But it is found also in the *ABC*, and *Monkes Tale*, and other poems of Chaucer's

² It would be difficult to convince me that Spenser's line 'And many minstrals maken melody' was not consciously or unconsciously reminiscent of Chaucer's 'And smale joules maken melodie', and if that is so Spenser could hardly have read it as 'And small fowls maken milody'. It should also be remembered that Spenser makes frequent use himself of plurals and possessives in -es to give his lines a lighter rhythm His love of archaism was in part melodic

of Spenser For this strange pastoral country, with its ideal atmosphere that gives to Intimate personal allusion the remoteness of romance, with its unique Blending of artifice and simplicity, of nature and convention, of deep moral earnestness and tender delicacy of feeling, is, in spite of all that it has borrowed, a world of Spenser's own It lies along the high-road that leads him to Faery land

Though the *Shepheardes Calender* was the only work published by Spenser at this period, he was already known in his own circle as a prolific writer E K speaks of 'his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupid*, and sondry others', and alludes in the Gloss to *Pageants*, a translation of *Moschus' Idyllion of Wandering Love*, and a *sonett', in the Harvey correspondence of 1579-80 there is reference again to the *Dreames*, and to a *Dying Pellcane*, an *Epithalamion Thamesis*, *My Slomber*, *Stemmata Dudleiana*, to 'Nine Comedies named after the nine Muses' and to parcels of the *Faerie Queene* We may also safely conjecture that at least the first draft of several of the poems published in 1591 was written by 1580, as well as the bulk of those mentioned in Ponsonby's preface¹ to the volume It is a formidable list, and even if it contains much that was in part at least composed at an earlier date, in Cambridge or the North, it is proof enough that Spenser was busily occupied Some of this work is irrecoverably lost, but not a little seems to have been revised and adapted for incorporation into later poems The *Dreames*, of which Spenser speaks as *presently to be imprinted, and grown by meanes of a Gloss full as great as my Calendar', may have found a place among the Visions of the *Complaints*, the Latin *Stemmata Dudleiana* may well have been utilized in *The Ruines of Tme*, and other poems adapted to embellish the decorative episodes of the *Faerie Queene*—the *Court of Cupid*, for the Masque of Cupid in the third book and the Court in the sixth, the *Epithalamion Thamesis* for the marriage of the Thames and the Medway in the fourth, and the *Legendes* and *Pageants*, for some of the incidental and masque-like allegories, such as the seven deadly sins, or the procession of the months and seasons But this is mere conjecture, however probable, and in adapting his early poetry to its new surroundings Spenser must often have practically rewritten it A good deal of it was certainly tentative and experimental, both in form and language The elaborate artificiality of style which delighted Harvey in the *Dreames* must have afforded a bold contrast with the *Shepheardes Calender*, and though it is probable that Spenser wrote chiefly in those different decasyllabic stanza forms of which he was already a master, his metrical range was from the homely 'sonett' in verse of six accents 2 to the classical experiments exploited by Sidney and the Areopagus Of that 'unhappie verse, the wnesse of his unhappie state,³ it is safe to surmise that little

¹ Vide p 470

² Vide Gloss to *October* 'as soote as Swanne', &c, p 459

³ Vide *Iambi cum Trimetrum*, p 636

has been lost For of all the poems mentioned to Harvey, *Eptthalamion* *Thamests* alone is spoken of as an attempt at the new 'English versifying', and had others been written in this manner they would surely have been the subject of Harvey's enthusiastic comment Spenser's interest in the movement did not check his more natural poetic utterance, and while he acted as arbiter between the theories of Harvey and the London *Areopagus*, and threw off a few verses as absurdly unmusical as theirs, he only accepted their man contentions 'against his better judgment, not deceiv'd' His interjected query, 'why, a God's name may we not have the kingdom of our language?' expressed for Spenser the vital truth¹ upon the whole matter

But full as the time was of strenuous and varied poetic activity, the more worldly and practical side of Spenser had now the upper hand Poetry was a noble pastime, even a vocation, but for a gentleman it was not a profession All it could do for him would be to bring his talents to the notice of those who were in the position to better his fortunes In the service of the great Leicester, on terms of easy intercourse with Sidney and Dyer, received in audience of the queen, and enjoying some at least of the pleasures of court life, he seemed to be on the threshold of a brilliant public career He was under no delusions as to the sordid aspects of the world in which he found himself, he saw much about him that was degenerate, and even now he contrasted it with that nobler society which he imagined in the past² But he was ready enough to make the best of things as he found them, and with all the energy of his ardent nature he threw himself into the new life that was opening out before him The success he had already won seemed to justify his ambitions, and to urge him on to bolder action Whiles the iron ls hote it is good striking and mindes of Nobles varie as their Estates he writes to" Harvey (October 1 579). and the whole tone of his letter expresses the mood of one who thinks less of poetry for its own sake than for the effect it is calculated to produce upon his fortunes He hesitates about the publication of the *Shepherd's Calender* then ready to appear, and withholds other poems, 'least by over-much cloying their noble cares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for game and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I have already tasted' He is about to go overseas for his

¹ Vide *Letter to Harvey*, p 612

² Spenser's belief in a golden age need not be taken literally, but there can be no doubt that his criticisms of the shortcomings of his own time were intensely sincere He was always acutely sensitive to the unlovely, both in things external and things of the spirit, and they often weighed heavy upon his mind and found forcible utterance both in his letters and poems The more practical Harvey continually criticized his friend's uncompromising idealism A long letter from Harvey about this time (quoted Grosart, *Life of Spenser*, pp 74-5), in answer to one from Spenser that is lost, rates him for it Cf also Harvey's criticism of *Mother Hubberds Tale* (quoted p xxIII), and the words put into the mouth of Hobbinal in *Colin Clouts Come Home Agayne* (731-48)

Lordship, and he feel that he is on the road to fortune Harvey's reply was evidently written with the object of cooling his young friend's ardour He is a little doubtful of the progress that Spenser is making, and is unkind enough to question whether he will go abroad at all Whether Harvey was right in this we cannot say, but it is certain that his general scepticism, due perhaps to his knowledge of Spenser's sanguine temperament, was not ill-judged It is clear that in his desire to serve Leicester Spenser overreached himself and met with a rebuff The introductory sonnet to *Virgils Gnat*, published in 1591, but 'long since dedicated to the most noble and excellent Lord, the Earle of Leicester, late deceased', which can only refer to this period, makes it obvious that some action which Spenser took in the interests of his patron was resented, and got him into trouble Where **evidene** is so fragmentary it would be rash to dogmatize but the key to the mystery is probably to be found in *Mother Hubberds Tale*¹

To those who played a part in directing the policy of the nation these were stirring times Queen Elizabeth was obviously attracted by the Duke of Alencon, and so successful had been the intrigues of Simier, his master of the robes, that the announcement of her marriage was anticipated as fully as it was dreaded The aversion of the whole country to the match was intensified in the Puritans, who remembered the implication of the family of Alencon in the massacre of St Bartholomew, and feared that so unholy an alliance would end in the restoration of Roman Catholicism Burghley was commonly supposed to favour the match, and they looked to Leicester as the one man able to influence the queen against her present inclination

In tracing the adventures of the fox and the ape Spenser combined a satire against a church reformed in little but name, in which by disgraceful shifts men crept into preferment, with attacks upon the court, where foreign influence tended to destroy the more sterling native qualities that he set forth in his portrait of the brave courtier But to this he adds a second allegory in which, though the main actors remain the same, the fable changes, and invites a more definite interpretation The lion who in the earlier part signified Leicester now becomes the queen, and Elizabeth's habit of nicknaming her courtiers with the names of animals suggests to him to represent the court as a world of beasts The ape has stolen the lion's cloak and sceptre, and by that means is ruling over the kingdom surrounded by 'foreine beasts not in the forest bred', and to the great advantage of the fox, who 'feeds his cubs with fat of all the soyle' This is Spenser's forecast of what will result from the coalition of Alencon and Burghley And the disaster is only avoided when Jove sends Mercury to warn the sovereign lion of the indignity that he is suffering in his slumber Thus would Spenser arouse Leicester to his

¹ Of Greenlaw, *Spenser and the Earl of Leicester* (Mod Lang Assoc of Am, 1910), where the political significance of the poem is fully and convincingly worked out

responsibility, and awaken both him and the queen to the impending national danger

This scathing attack upon what was thought to be Burghley's policy, and upon the obvious wishes of the queen, revealed in Spenser a fearless independence hardly calculated to advance his fortunes. A Puritan who had denounced the French match in a pamphlet had lost the right hand with which he wrote it, and Sidney, who had the courage to send to the queen a dignified remonstrance, was banished the court. Spenser took his cue from Sidney. He had, of course, no intention of publishing his poem, and to what extent it was circulated in manuscript it is impossible to say, but if its drift reached the ears of Burghley or any of his cubs, it is quite enough to account for the irreconcilable disfavour with which Spenser had always to reckon from the Lord Treasurer. To Leicester, who, whatever his private feelings, had no open quarrel with Burghley, such a satire from one of his proteges could only be an embarrassment. Whether this poem was or was not the service which Spenser thought that his master had so ill requited, it is at least typical of over-zeal, and an anxiety to direct rather than to follow, which is rarely appreciated by a great lord in his subordinate. The criticism which the more prudent Harvey passed later upon *Mother Hubberds Tale* was just enough. Its author 'in the heat of choler had wilfully overshot his miscontented self'. And Spenser had to pay the penalty of his indiscretion. When he wrote to Harvey in April 1580, it was to express no eager hopes for his budding fortunes. He now reverts to the safer subject of 'English versifying', and in speaking of his own literary projects shows the keen disappointment that he has suffered.

O Tite, siquid ego,
Ecquid erit pretu ?

Harvey in his reply good-naturedly twits him with his extravagant expectations, and reminds him of the gloomy view of poetry taken by Cuddie in the *Shepherd's Calendar*. In August preferment came, though it was not the preferment for which he had hoped. He was appointed private secretary by Grey, the new Lord Deputy, and with him set sail for Ireland, which was thenceforth to be his home. But he had no reason to be dissatisfied, for it was a good opening, and it brought him into close contact with that man who, next to Sidney, had the deepest and most permanent influence upon his imagination.

Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, was already distinguished as soldier and patron of letters. He was a zealous Puritan who saw in Roman Catholicism the root cause of the disaffection of Ireland. He accepted the appointment with some hesitation, for he knew that he did not enjoy the favour of the queen, and the task before him, beset as it was with danger and difficulty, was impossible without the confidence and support of the home government. But once in Ireland he set himself with unflinching sternness to execute

his conception of duty To the governors of those days the only course open seemed to be one of suppression, and what others accepted from a sense of political expediency was to Grey a deep religious obligation No compromise was possible, there could be no half measures Ireland, said Grey, could not be built up 'before force have planed the ground for the foundation', and he lost no time in setting about the planing When he landed in Dublin the country was in a ferment, torn by feuds of one clan against another, and united only in deadly hatred of the English In the south Desmond was in active revolt, and Grey soon learned that on the south-west coast of Kerry a band of foreign invaders, under the Pope's blessing, had landed and fortified a port at Smerwick, which was to serve as the base for attacks upon the English rule Grey first marched against the rebels at Glenmalur in Wicklow and suffered a reverse Then he turned to Smerwick, reduced it to surrender, and put the whole garrison of 600 to the sword, 400 of them 'as gallant and goodly persons as of any I ever beheld' Through the length and breadth of Ireland he passed like a scourge, hanging and mutilating the rebels, burning the crops, reducing the wretched inhabitants to surrender by the terror of famine and the sword His record after two years' campaign in Ireland was '1,485 chief men and gentlemen slain not accounting those of the meaner sort, nor yet executions by law, which were innumerable'

Grey's term of office does not make pleasant reading But it is idle to expect the humamntanism of the twentieth century in an Elizabethan who combined the spirit of imperialism with the religious fervour of an early crusader He reproached himself with a lack of thoroughness in the extirpation of his foes, and to the criticism of an unsympathetic government which professed to dislike his cruelty whilst, in reality, it only grudged his expenditure, 'he sorrowed that pity for the wicked and evil should be enchanted unto Her Majesty' And Spenser endorsed all that Grey did To him, and he must have had ample opportunity for judging, Grey was a man 'whom, who that well knewe, knewe him to be most gentell, affable, loving, and temperate, but that the necessitye of that present state of thinges enforced him to that violence, and allmost changed his very naturall disposition' As private secretary he would probably accompany Grey on all his expeditions, and the vivid pictures which he drew of the poverty and destitution of Ireland, which suggested not a little detail in the *Faerie Queene*, read like the records of an eye-witness The *Veue of the Present State of Ireland*, written some years later, is a reasoned defence of Grey's character and policy, and that same man who after two years' fruitless attempt to crush rebellion was recalled to England to undergo a strict examination of his stewardship, was glorified in the *Faerie Queene* as Sir Artégall, the chosen instrument of Justice—'Most sacred vertue she of all the rest'

After Grey's departure Spenser remained in Ireland executing subordinate but not un lucrative duties as a civil servant Already, in the previous

year, he had been appointed Clerk of Decrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery, and had obtained the lease of the Abbey and Manor of Enniscorthy, in Wexford County. But the Abbey was not long his home, if indeed he ever lived there, for in December 1581, he had relinquished it in favour of one Richard Synot, and in the following month was granted for six years a house in Dublin, valued at five pounds. Later in 1582 the House of Friars, called New Abbey, Co. Kildare, was granted to him to be held on a twenty-one years' lease at a rent of three pounds. In May 1583 'Edmund Spenser of New Abbey' is nominated with some others 'to be a commissioner of musters in the County of Kildare, its crosses and marches, to summon all the subjects of each barony, and there so mustered to assess in warlike apparel, arms, horse, horsemen, and footmen, according to the quantity of their lands and goods, according to the ancient customs and laws of the kingdom and the instructions of the Lords Justices'.^{*} In the following two years he performs a similar office. In 1586 he dates a sonnet to Harvey from Dublin, in 1589 he succeeds his friend Ludovick Bryskett as Clerk of the Council of Munster. This Council, with Sir John Norreys as its president, was actively engaged in 'planting' Munster with English colonists, dividing the province into different seignories to be assigned to different gentlemen undertakers whom the crown was anxious to enrich, and by whose influence the barbarism and destitution of the country should be civilized and turned to prosperity. Prominent among these was Sir Walter Raleigh, who obtained various grants, amounting in all to some forty thousand acres. Spenser himself received the more modest grant of the manor and castle of Kilcolman in the county of Cork. It consisted of 3,028 acres, with six English householders settled under him as cultivators of the land. The date at which he took up his residence at Kilcolman cannot be exactly determined, but his resignation in 1587 of his Clerkship in Dublin, the same year that the lease of his Dublin house ran out, points to that time. The grant was not ratified until 1591, but he was certainly in possession two years before.

Spenser's life during these nine years was not entirely occupied with official business. He had leisure for literary work, and he had now completed the first three books of that great poem on which he had embarked before leaving England. And though he must often have been lonely, and thrown entirely upon his own resources, he was not altogether cut off from the stimulus of congenial society. In Dublin, holding various offices under the crown, was a coterie of Englishmen who loved learning and held Spenser in high repute as scholar and as poet. No biographer of Spenser can leave unquoted the account given by Bryskett, in his *Discourse of Civil Life*, of a gathering of friends at his cottage near Dublin. Touched with the dignity and courtly grace of the Renaissance

¹ Vide *Reports of Deputy Keeper of Public Records in Ireland*, quoted by Buck *New Facts concerning the Life of Spenser* (Mod Lang Notes, December 1904)

dialogue, it casts a vivid light upon the character of the society into which Spenser was thrown, and upon the part he played in it

' Yet is there a gentleman in this company,' says Bryskett, *whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his llesure might serue him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to instruct me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand, knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophic, both morall and naturall Neuertheless such is my bashfulnes, as I neuer yet durst open my mouth to disclose this my desire unto him, though I have not wanted some hartning thereunto from himselfe Tor of loue and kindnes to me, he encouraged me long sithens to follow the reading of the Greeke tongue, and offered me his helpe to make me understand it. But now that so good an oportunitie 13 offered vnto me, to satisfie in some sort my desire, I thinke I should commit a great fault, not to myselfe alone, but to all this company, if I should not enter my request thus farre, as to moue him to spend this time which we have now destined to familiar discourse and conuersation, in declaring unto us the great benefits which men obtame by the knowledge of Morall Philosophic, and in making us to know what the same is, what be the parts thereof, whereby vertues are to be distinguished from vices, and finally that he will be pleased to run ouer in such order as he shall thinke good, such and so many principles and rules thereof, as shall serue not only for my better instruction, but also for the contentment and satisfaction of you al For I nothing doubt, but that every one of you will be glad to heare so profitable a discourse and thinke the time very wel spent wher in so excellent a knowledge shal be reuealed unto you, from which euery one may be assured to gather some fruit is wel as myselfe Therefore (said I) turning myselfe to M Spenser, It is you sir, to whom it pertameth to shew yourselfe courteous now unto us all and to make us all beholding unto you for the pleasure and profit which we shall gather from your speeches, if you shall vouchsafe to open unto us the goodly cabinet, in which this excellent treasure of vertues lieth locked up from the vulgar sort And thereof in the behalfe of all as for myselfe, I do most earnestly intreate you not to say us nay unto which wordes of mine euery man applauding most with like words of request and the rest with gesture and countenances expressing as much, M Spenser answered in this manner Though it may seeme hard for me, to refuse the request made by you all, whom euery one alone, I should for many respects be willing to gratifie, yet as the case standeth, I doubt not but with the consent of the most part of you, I shall be excused at this time of this taske which would be laid upon me, for sure I am, that it is not unknowne unto you, that I haue already undertaken a work tending to the same effect, which is in heroical verse under the title of a *Faerie Queene* to represent all the moral vertues, assigning to euery vertue a Knight to be the patron and defender of the same, in whose actions and feates of arms and chialry the operations of that vertue whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten down and ouercome Which work, as I haue already well entred into, if God shall please to spare me life that I may finish it according to my mind, your wish (*M Bryskett*) will be in some sort accomplished, though perhaps not so effectually as you could desire And the same may very well serue for my excuse, if at this time I craue to be forborne in this your request, since any discourse, that I might make thus on the sudden in such a subject would be but simple, and little to your satisfactions For it would require good aduisement and premeditation

slow to recognize that the promise of the 'newe poete' was more 'than fulfilled. For more than a year London seems to have been his headquarters, and here he could enjoy his triumph to the full. It was in the summer of 1590, perhaps, that he paid a prolonged visit to the neighbourhood of Alton in Hampshire, for Aubrey was informed that 'Mr Spenser lived sometime in these parts, in this delicate sweete aire, where he enjoyed his Muse, and wntt good part of his verses',¹ but in the autumn he would be back again at the centre of culture, on easy terms with all lovers of the arts. Among the ladies of the court he had many friends, and some of them he honoured with the dedication of poems. For the Countess of Pembroke he wrote the *Rumes of Time* 'to the renowning of the race of the Dudleys and to the eternizing of the chiefe of them late deceased', in particular Sir Philip Sidney. To the Marquesse of Northampton he dedicates *Daphnida*, and to each of his cousins, Lady Strange, Lady Compton and Montegle, and Lady Carey, he dedicates a poem, addressing Lady Carey in terms which suggest a special intimacy.

There can be no doubt that Spenser anticipated substantial recognition of his poetic fame in the shape of a post of responsibility under the crown. He had too great a sympathy with the national ideals of Sidney and of Raleigh to desire a mere sinecure, and his bitterest scorn was always directed against those who spent their lives hanging about the court in idleness, but it is clear that he aspired to some office which would give his ambitions a fuller scope than his Munster clerkship. Yet this was not to be. The queen might be personally attracted to Raleigh, as she had been before to Leicester, but she still trusted Burghley, and from Burghley that man had little to hope who appeared at court under the patronage of Leicester, Raleigh, and later of Essex, whilst his unswerving loyalty to his friends, when they were dead or out of favour, did not mark him as the likely recipient of worldly honours. Rather more than a year after his great poem had appeared he received a pension of fifty pounds a year, and with this he had to rest content. His impressions of the darker side of court life, which had disgusted him ten years before, were now intensified. It was probably when he saw that all his hopes were frustrate and that nothing could be gained by a silence intolerable to his impulsive nature, that he collected his volume of *Complaints*, in which he voices his despair at the neglect of the arts and the degeneracy of the times, and continually attributes them to the sinister influence of Burghley. Among these poems he included his early satire of *Mother Hubberds Tale*, adding to it that magnificently scornful exposure of the pitiful state of the suitor at court.

Spenser's inability to obtain court preferment has been the cause of many

¹ We have no means of determining accurately at what period of Spenser's life this visit was paid, but it is difficult to fit it in to the crowded years before he left for Ireland, and on his second visit to England (1595-6) he wrote little poetry. Hence the summer of 1590 seems the most probable dates.

INTRODUCTION

a diatnbe against the neglect of hterature in general and the stinginess of Elizabeth and Burghley in particular But apart from the fact that Burghley had good reason to dislike him, this criticism is beside the mark For why should the man of letters, and above all the poet, expect to receive rewards from a world that has little in common with his peculiar gifts, and to receive them in the form of an appointment which can only divert him from following the true bent of his genius As a matter of fact, Spenser was treated far better than many poets have been £50 a year may seem a meagre price for an immortal poem, but the present age can hardly be expected to pay what is, after all, the debt of posterity Moreover, it must not be forgotten that £50 represents at least £400 of our money to-day This, as a free gift from the crown to a man who had already been presented with a gentleman's estate in Ireland, and was m no need of court and, was, at least, a pleasant recognition of his genius Spenser realized fully enough that the court was no place for a poet to thrive, and that the better side of his nature could only find its realization in retirement with the Muses Part of the satire in *Mother Hubberds Tale* is implicitly directed at the poet for going to court, and though to the end of his life there were moments in which he reflected with bitterness upon his unrealized ambitions, it is clear that he became more and more reconciled to his lot The tone in which Colin Clout explains the reasons for his return ¹ is very different from the invective of *Mother Hubberds Tale*, and the words by which Melibee almost persuades the heroic Sir Cahdore to be a shepherd, give voice to what was surely the poet's settled mood

The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
 When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
 When I disdam'd among my equall peares
 To follow sheepe, and shepheards base attire
 For further fortune then I would inquire
 And leauing home, to roiall court I sought,
 Where I did sell my selfe for yearly hire,
 And in the Princes gardm daily wrought
 There I beheld such vameness as I neuer thought
 With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
 With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
 After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
 From natiue home, and spent my youth in vame,
 I gan my follies to my selfe to plame,
 And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare
 Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
 I from thenceforth have learn d to loue more deare
 This lowly quiet life, which I inhente here (vi IX 24, 25)

In London, surrounded by those who enjoyed princely favour and were playing for big stakes, the lesson was harder to learn, but even there the

¹ *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, 660-822

beauties revealed to his imagination had power to drive away the sullea care which afflicted him

Through discontent of his long fruitlesse staye
In princes court, and expectation vavne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away

At Kilcolman, by the side of the Mulla, in the country whose beauty he had come to love, he was content. It is as fatal to high poetic achievement to live in the strenuous pursuit of fortune as to be condemned to uninterrupted distance from the kind. In truth, life in Ireland, with occasional visits to England, to quicken and to feed his interest in affairs, and at the same time to make him appreciate more fully the peace that awaited him at home, was a good life for the poet, and he knew it.

To Ireland he returned, probably in the spring of 1591,¹ leaving behind him, ready for publication, his volume of *Complaints*.

This volume, as we have seen, contains work completed during his stay in London, but it takes us back to his earliest years of authorship. We can safely attribute to his undergraduate days the *Visions of du Bellay* and the *Visions of Petrarch*, a mere rehandling of the versions he had written for Van der Noodt. The former are turned with as little change as possible from blank verse to sonnets of Shakespearian form, and a few poems omitted by Van der Noodt are added to the series (6, 8, 13, 14). The latter needed less manipulation, for he had rhymed them in his earlier version, but in four of the first six he had originally kept to the twelve lines of Marot's rendering, and these he expanded to sonnet form, in place of the quatrain which in 1569 closed the series he now added a sonnet of his own rhyme system (abab bcbc cdcd ee). To the same period belongs

¹ The exact time at which Spenser returned to Ireland cannot be determined with certainty. He dated *Daphnaida* from London *this first of Jan 1591', which according to the old style of reckoning, by which the year began with March 25, would mean 1592. On the other hand, *Colin Clout* is dated from Kilcolman, December 27, 1591. A journey from Ireland could hardly have been made in three days, and we have to choose between regarding either (1) one or other of the dates as a misprint, or (2) the dating of *Daphnaida* as intentionally according to the new style, or (3) the dating of *Colin Clout* from Kilcolman as a ruse to fit in with the general conception of the poem. Mr P. Long has argued ably for the last alternative, but I cannot bring myself to accept it. Though much of the detail and the setting of the poem is undeniably fictitious, its whole spirit suggests to my mind that Spenser had actually returned to Ireland when he wrote it, and was reviewing for Raleigh's pleasure and his own satisfaction his visit to London, its disappointments and consolations. But in any case, Spenser was in London in December 1590, when his *Complaints* was entered at the Stationers' Hall. The statement, therefore, in my preface to the *Minor Poems of Spenser*, Clarendon Press, 1910 (p. xvii), that the venture of the publisher was undertaken after Spenser's departure over sea, and that therefore he had no opportunity of correcting the proofs, is justly pointed out by Mr Long as untenable. It is indeed quite likely that he did not see the proofs, but he cannot have been innocent of the publication of the volume, though its contents suggest reasons why he might wish to appear so, and the Preface contributed by Ponsonby must have been a piece of intentional mystification.

the translation of Du Bellay's *Antiquitez de Rome*, in the Shakespearian-farm, and soon after, whilst still dominated by the influence of the Pleiade, he must have written his own original sequence, the *Visions of the Worlds Vamtie*. He was, doubtless, interested in the work of the Pleiade upon its formal side, but he was attracted to their matter also. His natural addiction to allegory was strengthened by his study of their work, and the recurrent themes of the vanity of the world, and the degeneracy of the times, as well as their insistence upon the immortality which verse alone can bestow, had more than a passing effect upon him.

Later than this, and belonging to his early London years, are *Virgils Gnat* and *Mother Hubberds Tale*, though *Mother Hubberds Tale* was specially revised and in part rewritten for publication in 1591. *Virgils Gnat* was described by Wharton as a 'vague and arbitrary paraphrase' of the pseudo-Virgilian *Culex*, and certainly it reads more like an original poem than a translation. It is more than half as long again as the *Culex*, and Spenser, with his love of a fluent and leisurely style, has felt himself free in it to elaborate and expand as his fancy suggested. Already his

soft Muse delights to play,
An easie running verse with tender feete,

and in its peculiar use of assonance, alliteration, and the iteration of word and verbal cadence, *Virgils Gnat* is not a little suggestive of the style that Spenser was later to bring to perfection.¹

Of the political significance of *Mother Hubberds Tale* I have spoken already. Its poetical importance is even greater. Like the early *Visions* it is allegorical, but for its inspiration he has turned away from the emblematic devices of the Pleiade to the more comprehensive methods of mediaeval allegory. Caxton's translation of *Renard the Fox* has supplied him with the plot, its manner shows the further influence of Chaucer. In the *Shepheardes Calender* he had aimed at the formation of an ideal poetic diction on the model of Chaucer, now he takes the same model upon simpler lines, his object being to write in the familiar style without the richness of allusion, so predominant in his work as a whole, and with only the faintest touch of archaism. 'Simple is the devise and the composition meane,' he tells us. The language is essentially plain, and admirably suited to clear and forcible narrative. And his use of the heroic couplet has all the ease of mastery. But not only is the poem in metre and language Chaucerian, Spenser has here caught successfully something of

¹ A comparison of 11 377-84 with *Culex* 237-40

' Et Tityos, Latona, tuae memor anxius trae
(Implacabili tra nimis) lacet ahtis esca
terreor, a tantis insistere, terreor, umbris,
ad Stygias revocatus aquas,

will at the same time show the manner in which Spenser expanded his original, and suggest one at least of the sources whence he learnt his musical device of repetition of p ban, infra

he Chaucerian spirit The gravely-drawn portrait of the formal priest,
who could not read or write .

Of such deep learning hittle had he neede,
Ne yet of Latme, ne of Greeke, that breede,
Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversitie of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhor*d
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne meddled with their controversies vaine (ll 386-91)

—as well as the sermon that follows, with its sublime excuse for the neglect of all a pastor's duties by the text *All shalbe taught of God*, is in the best vein of Chaucerian irony Like Chaucer too he does not labour his moral, but tells his story vividly and in places with a real humour But from this he can rise into the manner more essentially characteristic of his own art His idealism finds voice in the brief appeal against the degradation of poetry and in the picture of the brave courtier, his indignation in the magnificent outburst of invective at the pitiful suitor's state *Mother Hubberds Tale* is Spenser's only poem written with a definite satiric purpose, it reveals a combination of qualities which are not commonly attributed to him—a satiric power ranging from the slyest suggestion to savage irony, a shrewd and humorous knowledge of the world, and a certain primitive understanding of both animal and human nature

The Teares of the Muses and the *Ruines of Time* are far less interesting The whole tone of the former, out of touch with the development of poetry which finds such generous if somewhat uncritical recognition only a little later in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, suggests that it was written at least before Spenser's return from Ireland, and perhaps earlier still Passages in it recall the language of Cuddie in *October* of the *Shepheardes Calender*, but there is no Piers to give the antidote, and the monotonous harping upon the degeneracy of the times does not ring entirely true The *Ruines of Time* also contains early work, and in the 'tragick Pageaunts' with which it closes we have a return to the emblematic art of the early *Visions*. But from a lament which, for the most part, is conventional both in style and setting, Spenser rises to genuine feeling in his scorn for the 'courting masker' who fawned on the great Leicester in the days of his prosperity, and now that he is dead upbraids his deeds (197-224), and in his tribute to Sidney's memory (281-343) his verse takes on that peculiarly haunting melody in which he is wont to voice an intimate emotion

Muiopotmos was written in 1590, it seems to have been printed separately in that year and then added to the *Complaints*. Its tone is very different from the other contents of the book. The lines which Keats borrowed from it as a motto for his first volume :

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with hbertie ?

express the spirit in which Spenser wrote it. It is surely a mistake to read into this delicious *jeu d'esprit* a moral or satirical intention. For once Spenser was not sage nor serious, but simply a poet, spinning for sheer delight in his craft a web of verse as delicate as Arachne's. The fineness of Spenser's art is often shown in his delineation of insects,¹ here his butterfly is Exquisitely painted, and so lovely is the garden into which he strays that Milton drew hints from it for his *Paradise*. *Muiopotmos* stands with *Nymphidta* and the fairy scenes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as the most charming of Elizabethan fantasies.

Here and there in *Muiopotmos* are lines which show that Spenser's love of Chaucer had not waned, and this is still clearer from *Daphnadata*, which celebrates the mourning of Sir Arthur Gorges for his lost wife. In writing this lament for a lady with whom he had no personal acquaintance he turned to the *Boke of the Duckesse*, where Chaucer was engaged upon a similar task, and both in his general design and in many details he is indebted to his master.² But Chaucer's octosyllabics he felt to be unsuited both to the subject and to his own genius. All through the volume of *Complaints* he had been experimenting in different combinations of the five-foot line.³ Here, in *Daphnadata*, by transposing the fifth and sixth lines of the verse royal and thus avoiding the couplet ending, he invents a new stanza of singular sweetness and beauty.

Back in Ireland, Spenser settled down once more to the duties of his clerkship, and to the management of his estate. A quarrel with his neighbour, Lord Roche, had troubled him before his departure, and though this was settled, apparently in his favour, at the English courts, another dispute with Roche over three plough-lands, which Spenser was accused of appropriating, converting 'a grete deale of corne growinge thereuppon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling', seems to have gone against him. On the slender evidence before us it is unnecessary to take sides between the disputants. As an Englishman and an uncompromising friend of Grey's Spenser is certain to have been disliked by his more powerful Irish neighbours, and he is not likely to have concealed his own feelings with regard to them. But it is easy to make too much of these petty worries, for it is clear enough that they did not seriously disturb his happiness and peace of mind. The years into which he had now entered show great poetic productiveness. His

¹ Cf. e.g. his description of the gnat as 'alittle nourshng of the humid ayre' (*Virgils Gnat*, 283), and the simile of the shepherd annoyed by gnats (*Faerie Queene*, 1.1.33), where his sympathy is all on the side of the insects.

² Vide Nadal, *Daphnadata and the Boke of the Duchesse* (Mod Lang Assoc. **Am.**, vol. xxiii, 1908), where the analogy is elaborately worked out.

³ In *Mother Hubbards Tale* the heroic couplet, in *Rutnes of Time* the rhyme royal, in *The Teares of the Muses* the six line decasyllabic (ababcc) (of *Shepheardes Calender*, June and December), in *Virgils Gnat* and *Muiopotmos* the *otlava rima*, in the different sonnet sequences the Shakespearian and the Spenserian sonnet forms.

first work was *Colin Clouts Come Home Agatne*,¹ in which he recounted his recent experiences,—Raleigh's visit to him at Kilcolman, their journey to London, his reception at court, and his impressions of all he saw there. In no other poem are we more keenly sensible of the subtle charm of Spenser's personality than in this graceful piece of idealized autobiography. The form is pastoral, the manner simple and without ornament, but never prosaic, touching the most trivial incident with grace, and capable of rising without violence to express the deepest emotion. It is the triumph of the familiar style in which so few writers have excelled. To write thus is only possible to one who is both artist and gentleman. Pope can do it occasionally, but he is not always a gentleman, so can Cowper, but he is not always an artist. The masters in this kind are Shelley and Spenser. At the same period Spenser collected a small volume of poems commemorative of Sidney, to which he contributed the first—*Astrophel, A Pastorall Elegie*—and probably the second,² and he was busy upon the second instalment of the *Faerie Queene*, of which three more books, written, it seems, at the rate of one a year, were practically complete in 1594.

On June 11, 1594, after rather more than twelve months' courtship, he married Elizabeth Boyle, whose home was at Kilcoran, near to the sea strand of Youghal. She was a lady of good family, and kinswoman to Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards created first Earl of Cork.³ The inner history of this courtship and its consummation is recorded, in an idealized form, in the *Amoretti* and *Ephalamion*.

Modern criticism, which has made so damaging an assault upon the sincerity of Elizabethan sonneteers, could hardly be expected to leave this beautiful sequence unassailed, and the view has lately been advanced that the *Amoretti* are addressed for the most part to Lady Carey, and hence were written during Spenser's residence in London.⁴ But whilst it is possible that some of the sonnets were in the first place inspired by Lady Carey, or indeed by Rosalind or some earlier⁵ and still more elusive flame, there is no reason for suspecting the integrity of the series as a whole, and amid much that is borrowed from the stock-in-trade of the French sonneteers, and recounts the emotions incident to every courtship, real

¹ *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, dated in the dedication to Raleigh, December 1591, was published with *Astrophel* in 1595, and contains passages which must have been added in that year.

² *The Lay of Clorinda*, who laments her lost brother, is commonly attributed to the Countess of Pembroke. But if she did write it, she had studied to some purpose the peculiarly Spenserian effects of rhythm and melody. The poem is, moreover, like the introductory elegy, woven into the plan of the volume, and not a separate work, standing by itself, like those that follow. It is more natural, therefore, to believe that Spenser wrote it in her name. For criticism of *Astrophel* vide *supra*, p. xlii.

³ Spenser's wife was first identified by Grosart, vide *Life*, pp. 198-201.

⁴ Mr P. W. Long, *Mod Lang Rev.* (April 1908), answered by Mr J. C. Smith in the same journal (July 1910).

⁵ Thus e.g. Sonnet VIII is Shakespearian form, which at least suggests very early composition.

or feigned, there is much also that, to the sympathetic reader at least, seems circumstantial in detail, both in the progress of his suit and in the character of his mistress. Anyhow, it is evident from *their* publication with the *Epithalamion* that Spenser intended them to be regarded as addressed to his "future wife, and if he had been criticized for incorporating in the sequence poems of earlier date, his reply, like Donne's in his *Good Morrow*, would have been

But this, all pleasures fancies be
If any beauty I did see
Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream of thee

In *Astrophel*, with more daring poetic licence, he had identified Stella with Sidney's wife, the Lady Francis Walsingham, and it was natural to the Platonist to gather into his present emotion the tribute that he had paid to other women

The *Amoretti* are written with an easy and familiar grace, at once clear and melodious, capable of touching into beauty the ordinary changes and chances of the lover's fortune, or of voicing the rarer ecstasy, so typically Spenserian, of the sonnet *Most glorious Lord of Lyfe*. As a series they are incomplete, for when the lover seems already to have reached the goal venomous tongues cause misunderstanding and separation, and the last four sonnets are in a minor key. The consummation is read in the *Epithalamion*, the most magnificent lyric ever penned of love triumphant.

The *Epithalamion* seems to concentrate into itself the essence of Spenser's art. Nowhere else is there a more magic union of the lover's passion with deep religious feeling, of a free and ardent joy with a deep and tender reverence. The style ranges from utter simplicity to highly wrought and richly coloured imagery, and draws alike upon the resources of mediaeval superstition and classic myth. And Spenser's unfailing power over music is here unsurpassed. His intricate stanza form was suggested by the canzoni of Petrarch, but it is all his own. The linked melody of the rhymes, the varying rhythms, the relief of the occasional short line, and the lingering refrain of the final Alexandrine unite in a metrical design sustained throughout with marvellous beauty. This song is Spenser's highest poetic achievement.

In the winter of 1595-6, Spenser was again in London, for the second instalment of the *Faerie Queene* was entered at the Stationers' Hall on the 20th of January. What hopes of personal advancement he had were now centred in the Earl of Essex, but they can hardly have been sanguine. The influence of Burghley was still unshaken, and Spenser, as walking 'beside the silver-streaming Themmes', he looked up at Essex House, and praised the Spanish victories of the noble peer who was lodged therein, thought less of what he might secure through his new friend than of 'the gifts and goodly grace' that he had gained from Leicester its former owner, the patron of his youth. During

this visit he wrote little poetry. From ' Greenwich, this first of September 1596 ' he dated the publication of *Fowre Hymnes*, the first two the work of ' the greener times of his youth ' and expressive of his Platonic conception of Love and Beauty, the other two added at this time to satisfy the religious scruples of * the most vertuous ladies, the Ladie Margaret Countesse of Cumberland, and the Ladie Marie Countesse of Warwick ' It is unnecessary to accept literally Spenser's apology for the earlier two Hymns The third and fourth books of the *Faerie Queene* show clearly enough that their Platonism was still a vital part of his creed , and the addition that he now made to them only extends their scope so as to embrace, in a manner perfectly natural to Spenser, the central ideas of Christianity His deepening experience had taught him that Love and Beauty spiritually conceived are the consummation alike of the Platonic and the Christian faith

Now also he wrote the *Prothalamion*, a spousal verse made in honour of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester Metrically this poem is, perhaps, as beautiful as his own marriage ode, but it has not a like concentration upon its avowed theme, nor does it voice the same ecstasy of passion His main energies were probably directed to the composition of his *Veue of the Present State of Ireland*, for which he had long been collecting materials In this masterly tract he defends and justifies the character and policy of Grey against his detractors, exposes what seem to him the inevitable results which will follow from the weak and vacillating rule of his successor, Sir John Perrot, and outlines to the home government that method of dealing with the Irish problem which alone could save the English supremacy Finally, he urges the creation of a Lord Lieutenantship for Ireland, and in suggesting for the office that man 'on whom the eye of England is fixed, and our last hopes now rest', he points clearly to Essex as the only person equal to coping with the situation Written with a wide knowledge both of the antiquities of the country and its laws and customs, and a full appreciation of its present condition, this pamphlet is as able a plea as could well be penned for a policy of resolute and remorseless suppression In its lack of sympathy with the Irish, and its failure to understand the real causes of their disaffection, it is typical of the view held by all Elizabethans and by most English statesmen since It is not surprising that the tract was not sanctioned by the government, it was not entered at the Stationers' Hall till 1598, and then with the proviso upon condition that hee gett further aucthontie before yt be prynted . It did not actually appear till 1633

Spenser was back again at Kilcolman in the next year (1597) He had resigned his clerkship to the Council of Munster three years before, in favour of Sir Richard Boyle,¹ and was without office until, in September 1598, he was recommended by Elizabeth to be Sheriff

¹ Grosart suggests with some plausibility that this resignation may have been a family arrangement made at the time of his marriage (*Life*, p 203)

of Cork, being described in the royal letters as 'a gentleman dwelling in the county of Cork, who is so well known unto you for all his good and commendable parts, being a man endowed with good knowledge in learning, and not unskilful or without experience in the wars'. Spenser had now four children, and his home was becoming increasingly dear to him. In his *Veue of the Present State of Ireland* he had dwelt upon the natural beauty of the country, in the fragment of a seventh book of the *Faerie Queene*, all that is left us of his composition at this time, his delight in it finds intimate and characteristic expression. For he lays his scene at Ario Hill, and the mountaines and rivers and faire forests' that surround Kiicolman are celebrated in a charming myth as the ancient haunt of Diana and her nymphs. But while he feels its beauty, he is conscious, more than ever before, of the 'heavy hapless curse' that now lies upon the country, and his imagination gains sublimity as it broods over the instability of things on earth. The theme had been recurrent, as a faint undertone, throughout his poetry, in tune to that reflective melancholy which often served to heighten by contrast his keen sense of the joy and the splendour of life, now it became the dominant note of his work. Throughout his life he had escaped from it to the contemplation of an ideal and golden past, now with sure foreboding of the gathering storm that was to overwhelm him he looked forward to

the stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of eternity

Munster appeared quiet enough, but the Council at Dublin seems fully to have anticipated a combination of Munster with the insurgent North, such as would lead to 'an universal Irish war, intended to shake off all English government'; and what was seen by the Dublin Council is not likely to have escaped the acute observation of Spenser. In his *Veue* he had noted how 'all have theyr eares upright, wayting when the watch-woord shall come that they should all rise generally into rebellion, and cast away the English subjection. To which there nowe litle wanteth'. And he had commented thus upon the present lull 'when they are brought downe to extreme wretchedness, then they creepe a litle perhaps, and sue for grace, till they have gotten some breath and recovered their strength agayne'. In October 1598 these worst fears were realized. Tyrone, who, two months before, had routed the English army near Armagh, sent an expedition into Munster. The whole province rose in insurrection, and in the general destruction Kiicolman was sacked and burnt to the ground. Spenser escaped with his family to Cork, and there was entrusted by Sir John Norreys, the President of the province, with despatches to be delivered to the home government. He left Cork upon the 9th of December, and before the 24th he was in London. With the despatch of Sir John Norreys he presented to the queen a statement drawn up by himself, written mostly before his departure, containing certayne poynts to be

considered of in the recovery of the Realme of Ireland' ' The policy that he urges and the tone in which he voices it is the same in this, his last work, as in his longer tract He must have felt that the present outbreak was only another vindication of the policy of Grey against the weaker efforts at conciliation which had merely courted disaster, and he was doubtless chosen as the messenger to the government at home that he might advise them upon immediate and resolute action But soon after his arrival at Westminster, Spenser was taken ill He died on January 16,

1599

This sudden and dramatic close to the career of a poet who was associated in the public mind with the visionary and the ideal offered an irresistible temptation to the popular imagination, and the legend grew up that Spenser lost a child in the flames at Kilcolman and died in a garret in Westminster, starving and broken-hearted Ben Jonson, who loved to dilate upon the hard lot that the world meted out to the artist, and warned Drummond from cultivating 'Poetne, for that she had beggared him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant', gave his support to the story But it is probably apocryphal Spenser's calm and reasoned statement to the queen, penned when the first shock of disaster was upon him, shows little sign of a broken spirit His friend Camden, indeed, speaks of him as 'mops'. He had never been a rich man, and after his hurried departure from Kilcolman and the burning of his real property he may well have been in temporary want of money. But that the bearer of an important state missive, one who, moreover, had a pension to fall back upon, should have died for lack of bread is inconceivable, and the statement, if it be true, that he 'refused twenty pieces from my lord of Essex, saying that he was some he had no time to spend them', is capable of a very different interpretation The offer shows clearly that he still had powerful friends able and ready to help him, its refusal that gallant lightness of heart with which an Elizabethan gentleman paid his last debt to nature

His body was laid in Westminster Abbey, near to Chaucer His funeral, of which Essex defrayed the cost, was attended by many noblemen and poets, who threw into the open grave elegies written to his memory and the pens with which they wrote them The queen, in a burst of unwonted generosity, ordered him a monument, but either her own financial prudence, or the peculation of a subordinate, stepped in between her intention and its fulfilment In 1620 Anne, Countess of Dorset, corrected the oversight But the true memorial to Spenser is to be read in the work of his successors He is among the very greatest of our poets, but the significance of his poetry in the history of our literature is even greater than its intrinsic value He recreated English prosody, giving back to our verse the fluidity and the grace that it had lost since the days of Chaucer, and extending the range of its achievement, he **created**

¹ Quoted in full, Grosart, *Life*, pp 537-55

English poetic diction, lifting it from anarchy and stiffness, daring greatly, but triumphing whether in the simple or the ornate, widening its scope, but at the same time never failing to give it ease and flexibility, so that language became to him a willing servant, and could voice the subtlest shades of mood or fancy. By means of this rich and varied style, fully expressive of his high seriousness, his spirituality, his inexhaustible sense of beauty, he has exercised a spell that has been potent for three centuries, and none has called so many poets to their vocation.

The greatness of Spenser was fully recognized in his own day, and he was accorded praise from writers widely differing from him in method and ideal. To Shakespeare¹ his 'deep conceit' needed 'no defence'. Even Ben Jonson, who disliked his style, 'would have him read for his matter'. Nashe, the brilliant realist and sworn foe to Gabriel Harvey, could find 'no frailtie' in the fame of 'immortall Spenser but the imputation of this Idiot's friendship', eulogized him as the '*sum tot* of whatsoever can be said of sharpe invention and schollership', and called him 'the Virgil of England'.

But the praise that would most have appealed to Spenser came from honest Dekker: 'The abode of the poets in the Insulae For tuna tae,' he tells us,² * are full of pleasant bowers and queint Arboures in all their walkes. In one of which old Chaucer is circled around with all the makers or Poets of his time. Grave Spenser was no sooner entered into this chapell of Apollo but these elders, Fathers of the divine Fune, gave him a Laurer and sung his welcome, *Chaucer call de him his Sonne, and placde htm at his right hand*. All of them, closing up their lippes in silence and turning all their eares for attention, to heare him sing out the rest of his Faerie Queene's praises.'

The story of Spenser's life is the key to much in that poem which was his crowning achievement. Written for the most part in the wild and solitary country of Ireland, the *Faerie Queene* is reminiscent of the world from which he was exiled, and expresses his yearning for a fuller life and for an abundance of all the good things that his spirit and senses lacked. But it is also fully charged with his experience during those years (The charm of the country-side and the desolation of mountain and forest, the difficulties and dangers he had to face, the ruffians and the heroes that he encountered, the friends he made, the woman he loved, all find their place in the intricate structure of his poem"). Its idealism, heightened by his instinctive desire to escape from a narrow and sordid reality, is thus combined with a realism that bespeaks his sure sense of the imaginative value of all experience that is intensely lived.

¹ If, indeed, the poem in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 'If music and sweet poetry agree,' is by Shakespeare. And it seems too good for Barnfield, to whom also it is attributed.

² Dekker *A Knights Conjuring*.

and in the recall of Sir Artegall to the Faerie Court, leaving Irena in heaviness, and himself pursued by the revilings of the witches Envy and Detraction and by the barkings of the Blatant Beast, Spenser 'views with passionate regret the fate meted out to his chosen knight of Justice'¹

The sixth book, of Courtesy, has for its hero Sir Calidore. He has been enjoined by the Faerie Queen to bind the Blatant Beast, who, as the embodiment of Scandal, is the greatest foe to true Courtesy. In his adventures by the way Sir Calidore has many an opportunity to prove his fitness for the task. Of knightly courage he has the necessary equipment, and with ease he vanquishes the merely brutal tyranny of Malefort and Crudor, and rescues Pastorella from a band of robbers. But the virtue for which he stands appears less in acts of prowess than in his personal demeanour.

For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,
As by his manners, (vi 111 i)

and the essence of Courtesy is

 to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree, as doth behoue (vi ii i)

Under the insults of Bnana he shows a sweet reasonableness, in his victory over Crudor he thinks more of his foe's reformation than of his own triumph, turning his victory to so good account that Bnana is 'wondrously changed'. He encourages young Tristram in the path of knightly honour, and his relations with Sir Calepme and Serena, with Aladine and Pncilth, reveal the true character of a mind that thinks no evil of them, and spares no pains to save them from the wilful misconstruction of others. In the humbler society of the shepherd world, with its refinement and innocent pleasures, he finds such delight that he wellnigh forgets his quest. The churlishness of Corydon he overcomes as easily as the violence of Crudor: in Mehboe and Colin Clout he sees the reflection of his own ideal. Among simple folk he becomes himself simple, and, doffing his armour, wins the heart of Pastorella, who

Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things (vi IX 35)

Prince Arthur performs his part in the book by his subjection of Turpine and the defeat of Disdain and Scorn, the sworn allies of the Blatant Beast, and other characters are introduced, in the manner of the third and fourth books, to throw light upon the main theme. The salvage man shows that courtesy, though reaching its perfection in the refinements of social life, is a natural instinct and not an acquired virtue; Timias and Serena illustrate the harm inflicted by the Blatant Beast on those who too rashly court its attack, Mirabella the bitter punishment of a scornful

¹ A masterly exposition of Book V, to which I am much indebted, will be E A Greenlaw's *Spew** and British Imperialism Modern Philology*, Janua,

discourteous woman 1 But this book has its own distinctive character. The pastoral world was deeply associated with Spenser's own personal experience, and as he turns to it again, though his story has still the character of naive impossible romance, its setting and its atmosphere grow at Once more tender, more natural, more intimate. Sir Calidore is here a welcome guest, but it is the home of Colin Clout, and in a beautiful yet surprising episode Colin is himself introduced piping for the dance of the Graces and his own fair bride, and celebrating her as his ideal of womanly courtesy. The contrast with the relentless conception of justice which precedes it, gives an enhanced beauty to the virtue enshrined in the sixth book.

(The reader who has followed the wandering progress of the *Faerie Queene* to the point where Spenser left it may well be puzzled at its construction. Its plot as originally designed was loose enough, and in the process of development it has become looser still. Upton, indeed, in the eighteenth century, had the audacity to claim for it the unity of a classical epic, but it is obvious that even if it had been completed it could not have been other than a discursive romance. To his 'general intention' and meaning Spenser has kept with sufficient clearness, but that intention is, after all, something apart from the story, and encourages digression. The adventures intermeddled, but rather as accidents than intendments,' throw far more light upon the moral conception than is commonly supposed, but they complicate the narrative, and by their very interest and importance obscure the development of an already inchoate plot. Spenser realized this himself, and towards the close of the sixth book he offered a defence of his rambling method.

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her course vnto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost,
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet neuer is astray (vi xii i)

- e defence will make no converts. Those who are imbued with the
I horror of voyaging upon strange seas will travel uneasily in this

Hirabella Spenser has by some critics (e.g. Upton and Dean Church) been
ed to refer to Rosalind, his first love. 'Spenser's long fostered revenge on the
, who had once scorned him' (Church). The statement is absolutely unfounded,
a there is nothing in Spenser's character to justify it. Moreover, the circumstances
not fit Rosalind had preferred the love of Menalcas to Cohn's, which Colin
aturally enough regretted but could not regard as *discourteous*. Mirabella was
heartless coquette (vin 20). If Spenser had wished to insult Rosalind, he would
not have chosen to do it in his book 'of Courtesy'. His true feelings with regard to
more accurately expressed in his autobiographical poem (C C C H A 926-51)
only a year or two before this

knight, representing a particular virtue, brings his quest to a successful issue and in each Prince Arthur plays a well defined and significant role¹ But in the second of them we see sighs of a different handlings, not only in the more intimate human psychology, but also in the introduction of characters, like Braggadocchio and Belphebe, who are irrelevant to the main plot) In the third and fourth books this change in the conduct of the poem is so far developed as to break the pattern of the original design Spenser's canvas becomes more crowded He realizes that the mere presence of Arthur in each book is not enough to save his poem from falling into twelve separate romances, he feels the need of a closer interdependence, and desires not only to keep in sight those heroes whose mission is already fulfilled,² but also to introduce others whose main achievements are to be his subsequent theme His action, therefore, becomes more complicated He starts adventures, but keeps the reader in suspense as to their issue, and as far as mere narrative is concerned he seems to be treating his plot with all the daring inconsequence of Ariosto

But to argue from this impression that Spenser was writing at random, and, grown weary of his allegory, was using his poem as a mere receptacle for any casual and irrelevant thought or incident, is to draw a false conclusion For this modification of his plan was suggested by the nature of the virtues that he came in these books to interpret, and the allegory only becomes more intricate because, in dealing with Love and Friendship, it must adapt itself to the complex realities of life

The position of women in society had lately undergone a significant change At the court of Elizabeth women no longer received an empty homage which excluded them from all the more serious interests of life Their culture, their education, their artistic accomplishments, enabled them to share in the intellectual life of their time they were not merely lovers, they had become companions and friends At the same time, the veneration in which the Middle Ages had professed to hold them, though it was often a transparent cloak for contempt, had received new life from the teaching of the Platonists, whose doctrines, as set forth for example in the *Courtier* of Castiglione, had a wide vogue among the more thoughtful men of the time Love was to them the expression of the yearning of the soul after true beauty They recognized its physical basis, but saw in 'sensualll covetyng the lowermost steppe in the staires by the whiche a man may ascende to true love'. Beautie, said Bembo in the *Courtier*³ was good, and consequently 'the true love of it is most good, holy, and evermore bringeth forth good frutes in the soules of them, that with the

¹ It is worth noticing, as illustrative of the care with which Spenser arranged his plot, that the part played by Arthur, important as it is as a first climax in the general allegorical development, is described in the eighth canto of each book, except in Book III, where, as Britomart is herself invulnerable, Arthur finds no organic place

² This, indeed, begins in Book II, into which the Red Cross Knight enters Castiglione's *Courtier*, translated by Hoby 1561 Ed Tudor Translations, pp 345, 346

brydle of reason restrayne the yll disposition of sense' [The interaction of Platonic theory and personal experience is responsible for much of the portraiture of woman in Elizabethan literature. Thus the *Arcadia* differs from earlier romances both in the prominence and the variety of its heroines. And Spenser, the friend of Sidney, had long been an ardent Platonist. His early hymns to Love and Beauty, are the completest expression in our literature of the doctrines of Bembo and Ficino, and in the *Shepheardes Calender* he had voiced the same conviction. Like all lovers of beauty he was keenly susceptible to the influence of women, and if we may judge by the dedications of his poems he had found in their company both friendship and understanding. The virtue of Chastity, therefore, appears to him in a widely different form from that in which it was celebrated either by the mediaeval saint, or in the knightly conventions of the Courts of Love.]

Chastity to Spenser is no monastic virtue, the mere escape from all the temptations of the flesh. This aspect of the matter had already been treated in the triumph of Sir Guyon over the wiles of Acrasia, and could easily have been elaborated by a rigid adherence to the original scheme of the poem. To Spenser it has a far wider significance, it is the key to the intercourse of man and woman in all the relationships of life. It is, in fact, inseparable from some aspects of friendship, and the alteration of the close of Book I I I, so as to hold in suspense the fates of Scudamour and Amoret, was designed to bring out more clearly the close kinship of these two virtues, based as they both are on physical instinct, and potent alike either for good or evil, according to the spiritual quality of the character in which they worked.

Wonder it is to see, in diuerse minds,
How diuersly loue doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kind*, (m v i)

This diversity, wherein lies at once the interest and the ethical significance of the study, could not be shown by dwelling exclusively upon the fortunes of one hero and heroine. It calls for a fuller canvas, in which the ideal may be presented in different types of character, and may be seen in relation with characters who illustrate its variable kinds. Britomart, Amoret, Belphebe, Flonmel, are all types of 'Chastity', but are essentially different. An ardent student of life can doubt that Spenser is right in giving prominence to a heroine rather than a hero. He has been blamed because the adventure assigned to Scudamour is in reality achieved by Britomart, who thus becomes the dominant figure in the legend of Chastity. But he had seen enough of life to realize where man, for all his heroism and nobility, was likely to be found the weakest, and where he must turn for aid, not to other men, but to the noblest type of womanhood. And so he conceives of Scudamour as a man of high courage, in many respects a noble knight, and certainly a sincere lover, yet unable, without the help of Britomart,

to expel from his nature the evil which makes him unworthy to gain **his** quest It is significant, too, of his reading of life, that Belpheobe, the fancy free, has no masculine counterpart Mannell's avoidance of woman is from fear, not natural instinct, and leads only to his overthrow For man, at least, it is

A lesson too too hard for huing clay,
From loue in course of nature to refraine (in IV 26)

And how love may best be ordered is best taught in the study of its manifestation in different characters—in Arthur, who is stirred to a restless desire for noble deeds, and Timias, who allows the strength of a noble passion to confuse his mind and paralyse his whole nature, in Malbecco and Braggadocchio, in whom lust is overmastered by two stronger and baser passions, greed and fear, in the witch's son and the fisherman in whom mere animalism is uncontrolled by higher impulses, in Sir Pandell, the accomplished seducer, who degrades the nobler qualities of a keen and subtle intellect to pander to his lust, and in the Squire of Dames, the contemptible offspring of a social decadence, who delights in recording

his aduentures vaine,
The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames, (III viii 44)

and who is significantly presented as in the clutches of Argante, the Giauntess of prostitution

The whole book is charged with the subtlest moral significance It is a mirror of the world that Spenser knew on its ideal and on its sordid sides, a world of which he recognized the temptations as surely as he saw the beauty And his treatment of friendship follows the same lines He presents what he feels to be the ideal as seen in contrast with more or less counterfeit imitations of it As a centre to the book is the perfect friendship of Cambell and Tnamond, and parallel to it a perfect friendship of a different kind between two women, Britomart and Amoret These are founded on virtue, and on absolute devotion of self to the friend As a contrast to them is the friendship of the baser knights, Pandell and Blandamour, who are only friends as long as it suits their private interests, but are ready to fight directly those interests diverge, and the still baser Braggadocchio, whose nature is incapable of either friendship or enmity And the second half of the book deals suggestively with that most delicate of problems, the friendship between the sexes, thus bearing a close relationship in theme with the previous book Timias represents that type of man who lacks the self-restraint demanded by such a friendship Even in his defence of Amoret he wounds her, and his well-intentioned protection of her only leads him to be faithless to his sworn allegiance to Belpheobe, whose

noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdame, and great indignity, (iv vu 36)

But Arthur, the stronger and more controlled nature, has no temptations like those of Timias, and his friendship with Amoret and Emilia, to which he is faithful under the inevitable revilings of the basest slander, **casts** no shadow on the love for Glonana to which his life is devoted

So comprehensive a treatment of love and friendship would obviously have been impossible under the original scheme, and the intricate plot, attacked by critics as a series of irrelevant episodes, is fully justified by the deeper purpose of the poet

In the fifth book, of Justice, Spenser reverts once more to the simpler plan with which he had started, for the interest is never diverted from the adventures of the main actors, Sir Artegall and Prince Arthur, though Bntomart, as Artegall's lover, and the central figure of Books III—V, still plays a prominent part. But the peculiar nature of the theme seemed to demand a special treatment, and the allegory, which is to present the character necessary to him who would be his sovereign's 'instrument', and to expound Spenser's whole theory of government, finds its substance, not in legend or romance, but in those three great events which led up to the final clash with the power of Spain—the suppression of rebellion in Ireland, encouraged and supported by Philip, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and the war in the Netherlands. The first of these, of which Spenser had himself personal experience, bulks the largest, and the several adventures which befall Sir Artegall are vivid illustrations of points which he has emphasized in his prose indictment of the present state of Ireland. Before the Knight of Justice can subdue Grandtorto, the great enemy who keeps Irena in subjection, he meets with lawless outrage and deceit in Sir Sangher, with the venality of Pollente and Munera, by whom justice is bought and sold, with the misunderstandings of a mob ever ready to stir up civil faction at the specious bidding of the Giant of demagogy, with the insolence of Braggadocchio, who takes to himself credit for the deeds done by the knight that he defames. Hardest of all he must subdue Malengin, type of that guile which will cross his path at every turn, and is capable of assuming any form if only it can elude his vigilance. And if for a moment he give way to womanish pity, however noble may seem to be its promptings, his work will be undone, and he will himself be enslaved to the Radegund whom he should destroy. True Justice 'had need have mightie hands'

For vame it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers justice to deride,
Unlesse it be performed with dreadlesse might (v iv. I)

Sir Artegall must have at his right hand Talus,

made of yron mould,
Immoueable, resistlesse, without end (v i 12)

Even after rebellion has been crushed and Grandtorto is destroyed, his task is not complete. There is still need of a wise but relentless government,

THE FAERIE QUEENE KINDS ' OF ALLEGORY jut

But to many readers all allegory is distasteful. Spenser was led to adopt it, they believe, partly by the force of mediaeval tradition, and

Belpheobe incident (in v) hints at Raleigh's worship of Elizabeth. It has been interpreted by Greenlaw, however, as reflecting Leicester's hope to become her husband. In Book IV (vii, viii) Timias's conduct whilst in disgrace with Belpheobe for paying attention to Amoret is no exaggeration of Raleigh's behaviour when sent to the Tower as a punishment for his liaison with the daughter of Lord Throgmorton, who afterwards became his wife. Book V. The giant with the scales (v u 30) = the spirit of communism. It is aimed, perhaps, at the philosophical conceptions, such as More's in *Utopia*, but more probably at the excesses of the Anabaptists, who preached absolute equality and community of goods, and were notorious for the part they played in the Peasants' War in S Germany (1525), and again for their occupation of Munster (1532-5) (vide Nashe, *Unfortunate Traveller*). Pollente with his trapfalls (v vi) may be Charles IX, who instituted the treacherous massacre of Protestants on St Bartholomew's Day. Guizor, his groom of evil guise, would be the Duke of Guise, the head of the Papal party in France. The account of the Soldan's fight with Arthur (v vm) may represent the Armada encountering the English force, the story of Samient referring to Philip's attempts to undermine Elizabeth's power in Ireland. In v IX, the trial of Duessa by Mercilla = trial of Mary Queen of Scots. Arthur's momentary softening towards Duessa suggests Leicester's temporary inclination to the party of Mary. Blandamour and Pandell are Northumberland 'the hotspur youth', and Westmorland, both implicated in the rising of the North (1569). The 'sage old sire' is Burghley. Arthur's enterprize for Beige (v x, xi) = Leicester's campaign in the Netherlands. The seventeen sons of Beige = the seventeen provinces, the two springals (v x 6) sent to Mercilla are the ambassadors to the English court, the Marquess of Hauree and Adolph Metkerk. Geryoneo is the King of Spain, the dreadful monster that he sets up (v x 13) is the Inquisition, and his Seneschal is the Duke of Alva, Regent of the Netherlands. Burbon is Henry IV, King of France, Floudehs the genius of France, Burbon's flinging away of his shield signifies his renunciation of Protestantism, Artegall's rebuke on his temporizing is aimed in a secondary sense at the consistent policy of Burghley. In Book VI, Sir Cahliore = Sidney, Meliboeus, Sir Francis Walsingham, and Pastorella, his daughter, Lady Sidney, afterwards Countess of Essex (Upton and Craik). Possibly Belgard Castle = Belvoir Castle, and Sir Bellamour the Earl of Rutland (vi xii). The Prince of Picteland (vi xli 4) to whom he wished to marry his daughter = King of Scotland (Upton). Mr P W Long (*Englische Studien*, 1910) argues that Calidore is Essex, but though certain touches in the character may have been suggested by Essex, its general conception fits far better with Sidney. Among other corroborative details it is worth noting, as Mr J C Smith points out to me, that Sir Calidore is distinguished from the other faery knights by the emphasis laid upon his prowess as a *runner* and a *wrestler*. Cf F Q vi 1 22, 23, III 25, ix 4, 43, 44, with M H T 744-6 (the character of the brave courtier, universally accepted to be drawn from Sidney), and with *Astrophel*, 73. Timias and Serena, suffering from the bite of the Blatant Beast, refer to the scandal caused by Raleigh's liaison with his future wife (vi v, vi). Jonson's remark to Drummond that by the Bleating Beast the Puritans were understood is as misleading as most of his statements about Spenser. There can be little doubt that in Canto XII, where the beast is found despoiling a monastery, Spenser attacks the iconoclasm of the extreme Puritan, but the Blatant Beast stands for a great deal more than mere iconoclasm. There is no ground for assuming that Spenser ever changed his mind as to the value of the ideal for which the better Puritans stood. It is truer to say that whilst his ideal remained the same the Puritan party developed in practice tendencies with which as a poet and thinker he could have no sympathy. And this is indeed suggested by the fact that Sir Calidore, who catches the Blatant Beast at his iconoclasm, is a portrait of Sidney, the former leader of the Puritan party.

partly under the influence of current ideas as to the didactic function of poetry. Yet, in truth, Spenser was so influenced only because he was constitutionally of that idealistic temper in which allegorical poetry had taken its rise, and because he could most readily express in that medium 'the rich and varied interests of a mind that continually hovered between the worlds of fact and of idea'. The idealist, starting from the actual world of which he has experience, distils from it what seems to be its essence, and creates another world of spiritual and moral conceptions which becomes as real for him as that from which he has created it. This other world is not peopled by dead abstractions. The prosaic analyst may 'murder to dissect' the artist does not merely extract and isolate, he recreates. To him ideas depend for their reality upon the vividness with which they kindle his imagination. His mind has, as it were, a centre in two worlds, and it may work with equal freedom upon material drawn [from either. That imaginative vision, which gives to the world of fact a higher reality by expressing the soul that informs it, gives to the world of ideas a sensuous incarnation which utters its voice in song.

In the allegory of the *Faeru Queene* these two worlds meet and fuse. But the fusion is not complete, and the children of each world bear upon their forms traces of their origin. Hence, two types of allegory may often be distinguished. At times the poet starts from the idea, and the process of incarnation follows. Human qualities are then abstracted into the rarefied atmosphere of thought and presented to his imagination for conscious artistic handling. The result is somewhat formal personification, cast in the traditional mould of mediaeval allegory, and executed in the manner of a pageant or a Morality. At its worst it is mechanical in structure and somewhat arbitrary in its symbolism, but it is seldom unrelieved by vivid detail that gives it an independent life, and at its best it turns an abstract conception with triumphant success into concrete living form. The *Masque of Cupid* (III 12) embraces the quaintly emblematic figures of Dissemblance twisting her two clewes of silk, and Suspect peeping through his lattis, and along with them the haunting picture of Fear, *all armed from top to toe, yet taking fright even at the clash and the glitter of his own coat of mail. Of this kind is much of the incidental allegory in the *Faeru Queene*, and Spenser has used to the full the opportunities it offers to his rich power over colour and form, and his genius for imaginative description. But when his mind is turned rather upon the warm realities of life itself, the process is different. Human qualities, justice, temperance, and the rest, are still realized in their essence, but they are seen to be present in living human beings. Hence he does not present an abstract conception by a human symbol, but accepts under his idealizing vision a human being as the symbol of his conception. Britomart is not the abstract conception of Chastity, but a real woman who expresses in her personality and her conduct, along with many other powers and some human weakness, the essential quality of chastity. Una may be Truth,

THE FAERIE QUEENE ' KINDS ' OF ALLEGORY, IV

but she is far more She is a woman with sufficient Individuality-to be pre-eminently dear to that poet who of all other delighted his happiness 'in this world which is the world of all of us And such in the main Is the structural allegory of the *Faerie Queene*. The characters, indeed, are seldom presented with the subtle and complex "detail of a realist Spenser's whole artistic method is that of idealization, and of emphasis on the essential But for all that he bases it on life Sometimes, indeed, it is impossible to determine whether the ideal conception or the character which expresses it was his initial inspiration,, whether in Sir Calicore he thought first of Courtesy or of Sir Philip Sidney, whether he drew Timias from Ramegh or found himself in his delineation of reckless honour falling back unconsciously upon his knowledge of his daring and impetuous friend. Allegory of this kind can easily be distinguished from the more obvious personification, however vivid, it has all the character of myth, which, apart from all its symbolism, has complete artistic life

Thus Spenser idealizes real persons, and he breathes life into abstractions He sees Hope not merely as a symbolic figure leaning upon an anchor, But as living woman, whose face bears signs of „ the anguish hidden at her heart He sees Lord Grey not simply as a sagacious and Just-minded man, but "as the faery knight of justice By his side he sets Talus, the iron man, that most powerful embodiment of Justice in the abstract In Sir Artegal and his remorseless squire the different types of allegory are seen at once in their boldest contrast and in perfect harmony And so the Graces who dance before Colin upon the mount of Acidale are not three but four in number, for in the midst of these ancient ' handmaids of Venus, daughters of delight', who to the Greeks symbolized all the grace and charm of womanhood, is ' placed paravaunt' the woman that Colin loved, the heroine of the *Amoretti* and the *Eftthalamion* But there is nothing incongruous The real meets the ideal ideal in faery land and its kinship is acknowledged

And even where the allegorical form is least spontaneous and most nearly dead, Spenser's imagination breathes life into what seems doomed to be formal and mechanic The ingenious symbolism of the Castle of Alma might well have been borrowed from the driest scholasticism, and in the description of its lower regions, where the maister cooke Decoction officiates with the kitchen clerke Digestion, Spenser's art sinks to its lowest. Yet even within these antiquated walls we meet with vividly real people Like Sir Guyon, we are drawn to that strangely shy maiden, dressed in her thickly folded robe of blue We watch the flashing blood inflame her lovely face as Guyon addresses her, and the human appeal of the scene is not lessened when Alma reveals its ideal significance :

Why wonder yee
Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace ?
She is the fountaine of your modestee,
You shamefast are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee. (II ix 43)

The ideal conception of modesty is bodied forth in the lady, the human quality of modesty is the very essence of Guyon's personality. *The two* meet for one vivid moment in the spacious halls of Alma, the Soul. And the larger world in which they meet is the ideal world of Spenser's imagination.

This world of faery land is wide enough to embrace all that was most precious to Spenser in his own experience. With its chivalrous combats and its graceful leisure, its tangle of incident and character, its dense forest and glades, and pleasant sunny interspaces, where the smoke rises from the homely cottage or the stream trickles down with a low murmur inviting repose and meditation, it could mirror both the world of his philosophic vision and the real world of the Irish countryside, of court intrigues, of European politics, of his own loves and friendships. The romantic setting of the faery forest and the idealizing form of allegory are more than a picturesque convention. They are the fitting artistic expression, of that mood in which he looked out on the strangeness and the beauty of life, and brooded over its inner meaning.

It was inevitable that his faery land should be enriched with the spoils of literary reminiscence. A student from his youth, he had lived a full and eager life in books, and his imagination was kindled in the study as in the outer world. To know the sources of his art is to be familiar with the library to which the Elizabethan scholar had access. Spenser draws with equal freedom from the Bible, from the Greek and Latin poets from the writings of the French and Italian Renaissance, from that mediaeval literature which the learned held up to contempt. *La Morte D' Arthur*, and kindred romances, *Sir Bevis*, *Guy of Warwick*, and the rest—those feigned books of chivalry wherein', says Ascham, 'a man by reading them should be led to none other end but only to manslaughter and bawdry'—suggested to Spenser much incident and inspired many a noble reflection. His art is compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, but whilst few artists have owed more to their predecessors, none has more indelibly¹ marked all that he touched with his own impress. There is hardly an incident that the keen-scented source hunter cannot track down to some earlier writer, obvious or obscure; but more astonishing than the extent and diversity of Spenser's reading is his power to group in one harmonious picture materials drawn from widely varying sources. They harmonize because nothing is left as it was found, but all that passes through his mind is coloured by his imagination, and has caught the distinctive quality of his personality. Distinctions of classical and romantic, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, have no meaning for him. Where others distinguish, he is only conscious of the unity of all that has arrested the human imagination. This eclectic method is pursued alike in the main weaving of his plot, in its incidental embellishment, in the similes and allusions that enrich his style and drive home his imaginative conception. The story of Una and her knight opens with suggestions of Malory's Gareth

and Lynette, the enchanter who is their chief enemy is no distant relative of Anosto's hermit, who deceives Angelica, on their travels they meet with classical satyrs and Elizabethan courtiers, their adventures are reminiscent now of Vergil, now of *Sir Bevis* and *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, now of the *Apocalypse*, and their betrothal is celebrated with a confusion of pagan and Christian ritual, yet there is nothing to disturb the harmony of the imaginative atmosphere. The ante-room in the house of Busirane is hung with goodly arras whereon, as in the castle of many a mediaeval poet, are woven legends of classical mythology. Their source is Ovid, but nothing could be less like Ovid than the music and the feeling with which Spenser delineates them. And over the portals of the room are inscribed the words *Be bold*, which have come from the old wives' tale of Mr Fox. Among the lovers whose 'spotlesse pleasures' make glad the garden of Venus, David and Jonathan, Pylades and Orestes walk side by side, in the dark river of Cocytus Pilate stands next to Tantalus. Nor is the poet's method different when he is uttering his deepest religious conviction. The well of life into which the Red Cross Knight sinks in his conflict with the dragon is likened not merely to Silo or to Jordan, but to Cephise and to Hebrus, to the English Bath and the German Spau. The guardian angel who watches over the prostrate Sir Guyon after his fierce struggle with the temptations of Mammon, and evokes that superb expression of Christian humility and gratitude

O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard ? (II VIII 2)

appears to Spenser as a fair young man

Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares (II VIII 5)

like to Phoebus, or 'to Cupido on Idaean hill'. The pedant finds the comparison ludicrous, the more prosaic pietist finds it profane. To Spenser it was natural, almost inevitable. As Truth appealed to him in terms of beauty, so all beauty, whatever its source, could be brought to serve and to illuminate the highest truth.

This wealth of varied reminiscence he brings into touch with his own observation of nature and of human character. The main features of Irish scenery supplied a background for his poem hardly distinguishable from the traditional landscape of mediaeval romance, and he oftentimes treated it in an entirely traditional manner. But it gave him also, as the fruit of intimate observation, pictures of vivid reality. The little mountain path of trodden grass where Una comes upon the damzell' that on her shoulder 'sad a pot of water bore' (I III IO), the house of Care under the steep hillside with its muddie brook and few crooked sallows (iv v 33), the valley in which, through the tops of the high trees, Flonmel describes

A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the sky,

and the hovel

built of stickes and reeds,
In homely wize, and walled with sods around, (III vII 5, 6)

are all drawn from the life But Spenser's delicate observation is shown less in set description than in incidental simile and suggestion In describing the wood of error (1 1 8, 9) he is content to follow a conventional catalogue that he has drawn from Chaucer only incidentally does he show his knowledge and love of trees, bringing us in sight of those

two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouercast,
And their greene leaues trembling with euey blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compasse round, (1 11 28)

and noting how in winter the

Hoane frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an Oke halfe ded (1 x 48)

In his treatment of the sea he is less hampered by precedent It is patriotism, doubtless, and the adventurous spirit of his age that suggest the nautical metaphors with which he delights to mark the stages of his poem But his love for the sea was personal, founded on a familiar knowledge of the coast He knows the moyst mountains of the Irish shore, that each on other throng' He has watched the meeting of two billows in the Insh sounds,

Forcibly dnuen with contrane tydes (iv 1 42)

With Flonmel he has visited the little sheltered bay where

A little boate lay hounge her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand (III vII 27)

His ears have caught the hollow thunder of the horses' hoofs upon the beach, and the low boom of the water as it breaks in foam upon the rocks is re-echoed in his verse

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rocke the waucs breaking aloft,
A solenne Meane vnto them measured (II xII 33)

As the ferryman brushes the sea with his stiff oars he notes

That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along, (II xII 10)

and his eye detects the 'checked wave' that covers the dangerous quick-sand (II xII 18)

He is deeply sensitive to the beauty of light upon the water. The armour of Pyrochles glitters

as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Vpon the trembling waue (II v 2)

The moistened eyes of Acrasia are like the starry light

Which sparckhng on the silent waues, does seeme more bright (II xii 78)

The beauty of women again and again suggests to him imaginative effects of light and shade. The 'angel face' of Una 'makes a sunshine in the shady place', the damsells who dance before Colin have faces 'glancing like evening lights', Britomart, as her hair falls to her feet, 'is crested all with lines of fiene light,' like the sky upon a summer evening.

The conventions of the life of chivalry which have dictated the outward actions of his *dramatis personae* should not blind our eyes to the truthful simplicity of their emotions. The heroic career of the warrior maid Britomart, "may have little in common with ordinary life, But the manner in which her inner life is revealed, in all its subtle changes of mood, might well excite the envy of a realistic novelist. Spenser's knowledge of a woman's heart and a woman's ways finds constant and subtle expression. With a touch of vivid detail he can invest with living interest a wholly subordinate character. Clarinda, asked for news of her prisoner for whom she has a secret love, is taken off her guard and thrown into confusion, but,

so soone
As she her face had wypt, to fresh her blood, (v v 45)

she recovers herself, and is able to invent a plausible tale. The anxious care of the aged nurse Glaucé over her sick mistress is depicted in many delicate strokes of humour and pathos, and the stanza that closes the midnight scene between them would be hard to surpass in its homeliness, its dramatic truth of detail, and its climax of tenderness.

Her chearefull words much heard the feeble spnght
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
Surpsnd her sense. She therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did steepe,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe (in 11.47)

Spenser's love of children is quickened by a rare sympathy with the experience of woman. He realizes by an intuition, in which he comes⁴ near to Wordsworth, her passionate tenderness for the child unborn, for, the child that is her living care, for the child that is not hers. When Britomart

be

INTRODUCTION.

teams from the Red Cross Knight that Sir Artegall is worthy of her secret devotion

The louing mother, that nine monethes did beare,
In the deare closet of her painefull side,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reroyce as she reioyced theare (III II II)

Satyrane's mother finds 'her sweete boy' playing with the cubs of an angry lioness. Her first emotion is a paralysing terror, then her maternal instinct makes the tender natural appeal. For *love of me* leave off this dreadfull play.' Sir Calepine rescues a baby from the clutches of a wild bear. He examines it tenderly but cannot allay its irritating cries, and in his well-meaning incompetence he is glad to entrust it to the childless Matilda. No amount of psychological analysis could reveal her strange conflict of emotions as fully as does Spenser's simple dramatic touch

And bawling ouer it a tittle wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept (vi IV 37)

The romantic, often impossible, situations in which his characters are found only throws into stronger relief the exquisite delicacy of the sentiment and its essential truth to human nature

In all this is revealed a side of Spenser's genius which finds too little recognition, his knowledge of the simple emotions of life, and the relation of his world of magnificence and pageant to the sources of human joy and tears. We have already dwelt upon the ornate description of Sir Guyon's guardian angel, who is like 'to Cupido on Idaean hill'. But the angels seen in vision by the Red Cross Knight

into that Citie wend,
As commonly *as friend does with his frend*, (i x 56)

and the saints of his New Jerusalem are

More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam
1x 57)

As he brings down heaven to earth so the humblest of earth's creatures can be irradiated with the light of their celestial home. The *bare naked wretches 'who are clothed by the Almoner of the House of Holiness are enshrined in one of Spenser's most beautiful lines as

The images of God in earthly clay. (1 x 39)

His art varies from homeliness to splendour, from the remoteness of romance to the realistic suggestion of common life. His greatness as an artist lies not in the one sphere or in the other, but in the fusion of the two

In this lies the secret of his style, which easily adapts itself to his mood, and is the String expression of his unique and graceful personality. His

¹ Compare, too, his account of the emotion of Pastorella's mother on the recovery of her lost child (vi xII. 21)

character, less forceful perhaps than Milton's, is no less indelibly stamped on all he wrote. Wordsworth and Keats have written lines which might have come from the pen" of Milton; "no one has ever written a stanza that could be taken for Spenser's. His many imitators in the eighteenth century only succeeded in mingling the magniloquent with the childish, and Thomson, the best of them, emphasized his failure to recapture the tones of his master by apologizing 'for a simplicity of diction which borders on the ludicrous'.¹ Those who, like Shelley and Keats, have fallen most deeply under his spell come nearest: to "attaining 'his effects By avoiding all attempt at detailed imitation, and writing in their own *b  st* manner. His distinctive quality is to be found in his language and its melody. To an archaism which is inimitable because it is purely capricious, he was drawn at once by its reminiscent picturesqueness and by its musical possibilities. Already, in the *Shepbeardes Calender*, he had experimented in the use of archaic language, the diction, of the *Faerie Queene* is the mature product of his peculiar poetic temperament. Undeterred by criticism, he took full advantage of the unsettled state of English in his day, not only to revive the obsolete, but to coin new words on old analogies, and to adapt both his spelling and his pronunciation to his desired effects of cadence and melody. It was his aim to perfect for himself an instrument from which he could extract a music as subtle as Chaucer's, and by means of which he could create around his subject the atmosphere of an ideal antique world.

The Chaucerian element in his language is like a distinct but seldom perceived flavour, which can be tasted in occasional words like 'warray', 'encheason', or 'solas', in the use of abstract nouns with romance terminations, and in the cadence or verbal reminiscence of such a line as

There many minstrales maken melodye,

which suggests that from Chaucer he learnt the metrical value of the short syllable. A special touch of the old romance, transplanted by Malory and others from France, is given by such words as 'prow', 'persaunt', 'belgardes', 'beauperes', 'paravaunt'. But it is significant that many of Spenser's supposed archaisms are really 'in a sense Elizabethan'. He cherished words which though still in use were rapidly passing out of fashion, and the sustained colouring and atmosphere of his style is thus given by a constant use of words which are found in Marlowe, Shakespeare, or Sidney, perhaps once or twice. 'Eftsoons', 'ne', 'als', 'whilom', 'uncouth', 'wight', 'eke', 'sithens', 'ywis'—it is words like these continually woven into the texture of his diction which, more even than the Chaucerian or romance elements, give it the Spenserian colour. Thus by freely adapting spelling, pronunciation, and even word-formation, to his needs, Spenser made the fullest use of this richly compounded language. To lighten the movement and smooth the flow of his metre he could

¹ Introduction to the *Castle of Indolence*.

use **old** forms, 'as whilom was the antique worldes guize' To suit the **play** of his melody or rhyme he could vary his forms, using 'dreriment', or 'drerihed', or 'dreariness', 'jollihed' or 'jolhtee'. Or he would create a form of his own, such as the adjective 'daint', or the verb to 'cherry'. Yet these idiosyncrasies of his vocabulary, open as they are to serious attack as both arbitrary and illogical, are all grafted on to a firm and healthy stock of pure and simple English, free from the involved and pedantic mannerisms that were the snare of his age. Hence it is that though he was the first conscious inventor of a distinct poetic diction, which drew from 'well-linguaged' Daniel a criticism of his 'aged accents and untimely words', and from Ben Jonson the charge that 'in affecting the ancients he writ no language', Coleridge could assert with a still more vital truth that there was 'no poet whose writings would safe her stand the test of Mr Wordsworth's theory than Spenser'.

The individual quality of Spenserian melody found perfect expression in the verse form of the *Faerie Queene*. This stanza was his own invention, and it is his greatest contribution to the development of English prosody. Chaucer's rhyme royal (a b a b b c c) may have called his attention to the effectiveness of a stanza with an uneven number of lines, and indeed, the effects attainable in these two measures might well be said to represent the difference between the metrical genius of Chaucer and of Spenser. He has been supposed to owe something to the *ottava rima* (a b a b a b c c), though the interlacing of his rhymes brings his measure nearer to the stanza that he had borrowed from Chaucer for the opening of his *April* and *November* Eclogues¹ (a b a b b c b c). But to admit this detracts in no way from the absolute originality of the Spenserian stanza. The added ninth line is a magnificent conclusion to the linked sweetness of the preceding eight, and in it the music of the whole stanza spreads and settles Ufa triumphant or a quiet close. Its logical value to the metrical scheme lies in the fact that, standing apart from the rest by reason of its length, it forms a distinct climax, and is in a manner detached, yet, because it is linked in rhyme with the foregoing quatrain, it never suffers the sharp isolation that occasionally marks the final couplet of the *ottava rima* or the rhyme royal. It is obviously fitted for sententious and reflective comment upon the situation.

I'll weares he armes, that mil them vse for Ladies sake (IIIv II)

It is admirable for rounding off an episode, or concluding a canto. It is often the most beautiful line of a stanza, which gathers strength as it proceeds, giving the last splendid touch to a vivid description.

Loe where the dreadfull Death behind thy backe doth stond, (II viii 37)

¹ In the *November* Eclogue also may be noticed his first consistent use of the Alexandrine, and it may well be that in his composition of that poem the Spenserian stanza occurred to him.

or distilling into one perfect sentence the emotion that the rest of the stanza has evoked

Ah Loue, lay downe thy bow, the whiles I may respire (I IX 8)

This Alexandrine, as a rule, has an almost regular iambic beat, and a caesura which splits the line into two equal parts, and even so constructed it can be put to many different uses It can express a tender beauty

So faire a creature yet saw neuer sunny day (I ix 13)

It can roll magnificently as when it tells

Of old *Assaracus* and *Inachus* diuine (II ix 56)

or of

A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine (in ix 30)

it can be utterly simple

for all we haue is his what he list doe, he may (v ii 41)

A slight variation from the normal type voices the subtlest grades of feeling ¹ The addition of a syllable to the fifth foot of the line makes it dance with the grace and lightness of a bride

When forth from virgin bow re she comes in th'early morne
(II xII 50)

By the avoidance of any marked caesura it seems to gain an added length and a more sustained and sinuous flow as of a snake that

Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht backe declares (in xi 28)

When the line is split by the caesura into three equal parts instead of two it acquires a slow and halting movement, as of pain and weariness

Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feete were lame
(vi v 40)

In all these lines an effect is attained which would be beyond the scope of a decasyllabic verse But to quote isolated Alexandrines gives no just idea of their true value, for their effect they depend upon their vital relation with the metrical scheme of the whole stanza No poet has ever woven a web of verse as subtly intricate as Spenser's Throughout the vast length of his poem he heightens the effect proper to his interlacing rhyme-system by a constant assonance and alliteration, and by the haunting Repetition of word, phrase, cadence Spenser's supreme *tour de force* in this manner is to be found In the oft quoted stanzas from the

¹ This is true also of Spenser's decasyllabics, which for the most part run with a smooth iambic beat, but are varied at times with telling effect e g II viii 3, 'Come hither, come hither, O come hastily', a line which the *Folio* editor found too irregular for his taste

Bower of Bliss (n xii. 71, 74), but it is a manner habitual to him, and it is capable of infinite variation according to his mood. There are few of those rhetorical figures noted by Puttenham¹ as 'both auricular and sensible, by which all the words and clauses are made as well tunable to the ear as stirring to the mind' that do not find perfect illustration in the *Faerie Queene*. At times a word is so repeated that it gives the luxé a metrical balance, or'enforces an obvious, antithesis, at times the iteration is Tittle more than a play upon the meaning of the word, but more often, by the peculiar quality which it imparts to the music of the stanza it suggests a subtlety in the poet's thought or feeling.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall (II xII 68)2

His skill in playing throughout a whole stanza with recurrent word and phrase and cadence is that of the deft juggler, who weaves in the air intricate patterns with balls of divers colours, and yet never allows one of them to fall out of his control.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren neuer were y bone
'Borne of onemother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne,
Those happie mother, and thirse 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 *Dyamond*, the youngest *Triamond* (iv 11 41)3

Puttenham would call this device the 'translacer, which is when you turn and translace a word with many sundry shapes as the Tailor doth his garment, and after that sort to play with him in your dittie'. Spenser may have been attracted by it in the prose of Sidney, but he caught its true poetic use from his study of the Latin poets. To Dryden⁴ it was known as the *turn' upon the word or the thought, and he rightly recognized that its English master was 'Spenser, who had studied Virgil, and among his other excellences had copied that'.

Spenser's studied use of assonance and alliteration springs from the same musical instinct. He commonly employs assonance to give greater value to the vowel of the rhyme word, by anticipating it in some strong place within the line.

Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,
Or else vnweeting, what it else might bee, (iv vi 22)

¹ Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poetrie*, c xix, pp 208 f, ed Arber

2 Cf also v 31, II VII 41

3 Cf also in XII 24, VI xi 26, II iv 35

4 Dryden, *Critical Essays*, ed Ker, II 109

and this use is especially noticeable in the Alexandrine, where the assonance will often be found to emphasize the caesura

A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to saue (i ix 19)
That like a rose her silken leaues did faire vnfold (vi xu 7)

At times he carries his assonance through a whole stanza, as in the following, where he emphasizes the rhyme vowels *at* and *e* by contrasting them with the harder sound of *l*

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire *Pastorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane
During which time he did her entertaïne
With all kind courtesies, he could muent,
And euery day, her compame to game,
When to the field she went, he with her went
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment (vi ix 34)¹

But Spenser's most persistent artistic device is alliteration, which he uses alike to mark his rhythm and knit his verse together, to enforce his meaning, and for its pure melodic beauty. He was attracted to it, doubtless, by his study of that earlier poetry which is alliterative by structure, but his knowledge of Chaucer had showed him its greater artistic value when it is accidental rather than structural, and he developed its musical possibilities to their utmost, so that it became for him an integral part of his melody, capable of sustaining his verse even when his poetic inspiration was at its lowest. Many of his favourite phrases 'girlonds gay', 'silver sleepe', 'lovely layes', 'wide wilderness', are born of his love of alliteration, and so natural an element of his music does it become that at times it influences, almost unconsciously, his choice of words

I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name,
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame (iv x II)

Its use for emphasis is obvious enough, as in the description of the giant who 'with sturdie steps came stalking in his sight' (I vII 8), or of the studied hypocrisy of Archimago

Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad, (1 1 29)
or of the gloom of the Cave of Despair

Darke, dolefull, dreane, like a greedie graue (I ix 33)

Like Milton, he knew the power of alliteration upon to give the sense of vastness and desolation

In all his wayes through this wide worldes waue (I x 34)²

¹ Cf also vil vn 44, where Spenser enforces the contrast between Day and Night by emphasizing throughout the stanza the vowels *a* and *i*

² Cf, also II. vII. 2, 1, ix. 39.

Certain combinations of consonants, indeed, are associated in his mind with definite feelings or conceptions, and he will carry their use through several lines, sometimes through a whole stanza. Particularly effective is his alliteration upon *s* and */* to convey a sense of peace, wherein 'the senses hilled are in slumber of delight'. The argument of Despair is rendered almost irresistible by the music in which it is phrased:

Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please (I IX 40)

And so of Arthur, dreaming of the faerie queene

Whiles euery sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombning soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lav (1 ix 13)1

It will be noticed that in all these passages the effect of the alliteration is strengthened by the use of the alliterative letter in the middle and end as well as at the beginning of the words.

But apart from these special uses, assonance and alliteration run through all his verse as an integral part of its melody, a kind of sweet undertone, blending with the regular rise and fall of the verse and enhancing its rhythmical appeal, so as to form a total effect of indefinable grace and beauty.

The peculiar dangers and temptations of such a style are obvious, and Spenser did not escape them. Though his finest music is wedded to his noblest imaginings, he could convey, in music of a kind, any idea, however trivial, and it was not always worth the carriage. In such moments he parodies his poetic self, the inspiration is gone, and those devices which are the natural and inevitable expression of his mode of thought seem little better than the threadbare artifice of a cunning metrical trickster. He fills out the rhythmical structure of his stanza with words and phrases that add nothing to his picture, and gives whole lines of comment that is trite and commonplace. His characteristic manner has the exuberance of a garden set in rich and fruitful soil, and it needs a careful tending, for even its choicest flowers may put on such luxuriant growth that they wellnigh choke each other, and if weeds chance to take root there they will grow apace. Spenser never learnt the art to prune, he was not over careful to weed. And his verse though it has a vigour of its own, is seldom rapid; it is the counterpart of that brooding contemplative mood in which he looked habitually at life. Its sustaining principle was a slow circling movement that continually returned upon itself. Wordsworth's

¹ Cf also II vi 3, II v 30, 32, III xII I

inspired lines sum up far better than any prose criticism can do, his essential quality

Sweet Spenser moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace

To him the significance of the situations that he describes and his attitude with regard to them were more than the situations themselves, the music in which his imagination phrased them was a part of their significance. To admit this is to deny him a supreme place among narrative poets, even among those whose narrative is romance, and readers who love a story for its own sake will often find him tedious, and turn with relief to Anosto, Byron, or Scott. Spenser is never outside his subject, delighting in a spectacle of movement or of passion, allowing to his creation the irresponsible freedom of actual life, and curbed only by life's capricious laws. All that he creates is alike moulded and controlled by his personal emotions, and is deeply charged with his own reflection. The world of reality was profoundly dissatisfying to him, it was filled with baffling contradictions, where splendour clashed with meanness, and high endeavour was tainted with base self-seeking. As a man he was ready to play his part in it, and the part he played was courageous and noble, worthy of his ideals. But as an artist it was his aim "to escape From It, into the delightful land of his dream, whose ways

Are so exceeding spacious and wide
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to car and eye,

that his travel never wearies him—a land of clear spiritual vision, in which truth is always sure of triumph, and the fierce conflicts of earth are heard faintly as from a distance, hardly disturbing the enchanted atmosphere of serene beauty. Here it was that his art found its home, with careless Quiet

Wrapped in eternall silence, farr from enemies ,

and when his voice broke in upon this paradise of his imagination ' Silence was pleased'

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

*Dispoled into twelue bookes,
Fashioning
XII Morall vertues.*



LONDON
Printed for William Ponfonbie.

1596.

To
THE MOST HIGH,
MIGHTIE
And
MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE RENOVV-
MED FOR PIETIE, VER-
TVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS
GOVERNMENT ELIZABETH BY
THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE
OF ENGLAND FRAVNCE AND
IRELAND AND OF VIRGI-
NIA, DEFENDOV R OF THE
FAITH, &c. HER MOST
HVMBLE SERVAVNT
EDMVND SPENSER
DOTH IN ALL HV-
MILITIE DEDI-
CATE, PRE-
SENT
AND CONSECRATE THESE
HIS LABOVRS TO LIVE
WITH THE ETERNI-
TIE OF HER
FAME.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I O I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a far vnfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten
reeds, I
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds,
Whose prayes hauing slept in silence long,
Me all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broad amongst her learned throng
Fierce warres and faithfull loues shall moralize
my song

Helpe then, O holy Virgin chiefe of nine
Thy weaker Nouice to performethy will,
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fairest *Tanaquill*,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, land "suffered so
much Il,
That I must rue his vnderued wrong
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my
dull tong

And thou most dreaded impe of highest *Ioue*,
Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst roue,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde
Come both, and with you bring triumphant
Marl,
In loues and gentle lolties arrayd,
After his murtherous spoiles and bloudy rage
allayd

4
And with them eke, O Goddesses heavenly
bright,
Mirrour of grace and Maiestie diume,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like *Phoebus* lampe throughout the world doth
shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
, And raise my thoughts too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile
The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dred
a while

Canto I

*The Patron of true Hohnesse,
Fotde Errouddjph defeaie
Hypocrisie him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate*

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd In mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did re
mame,
The cruell markes of many' a bloody field,
Yet armes till that time did he never wield
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdaymng to the curbe to yield
Full tolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly grusts and fierce encounters
fitt

2

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glonous badge he
wore,
And dead as hung euer him ador'd
Vpon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soueraine hope, which in his helpe he had
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne 'sad',
Yet nothing did he dread, but euer was ydrad

'Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greatest *Gbrtana* to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious Queene of *Fame* lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to haue,
Which of all earthly things he most did craue,
And euer as ne rode, his hart did earne
To proue his puissance in battell braue '
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne

4

A lonely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Vpon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And ouer all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd so was shesad
And heauie sat vpon her palfrey slow
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by henna line a milke white lambe she lad,

So pure an innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage c a m e
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western
shore,
And all the world in their subiection held,
Till that mfermall feend with foule vprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld
Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far
compeld

6

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being euer last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeme ouercast,
And angry *loue* an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That euery wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselues
were fain

I

7

Enforst to seeke some couert nigh at hand,
A shadie groue not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heauens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre
And all within were pathes and allees wide,
With footing wome, and leading inward farre.
Faure harbour that them seemes, so in they
entred arre

8

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
loying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky
Much can they prayse the trees so straight and

The sayhng Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspmegood forstaues, the Cypresse funerall

9

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Olme, and the Platane round,
The carner Holme, the Maple seeldom inward
sound

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Vntill the blustering storme is ouerblowne,
 When weening to returne, whence they did
 stray, [showne,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was
 But wander too and fro in wayes vnknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest
 weene, [their owne
 That makes them doubt, their wits be not
 so many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take, in diuerse doubt
 they been ii

At last resoluing forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they finde or in or out,
 That path they take, that beaten seemd most
 And like to lead the labyrinth about, [bare,
 Which when by tract they hunted had
 throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollow caue,
 Amid the thickest woods The Champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue,
 And to the Dwarfes a while his needlesse spere
 he gaue 12

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
 Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash prouoke
 Thedanger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts Oft fire is without
 smoke,
 And perill without show therefore your stroke
 Sir knight with hold, till further triall made
 Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to reuoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade
 Vertue giues her selfe light, through darknesse
 for to wade

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
 I better wot then you, though now too late
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
 i Yet wisdomes warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
 To stay the stepp, ere forced to retrate
 This is the wandering wood, this *Errours den*.
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate
 Therefore I read beware Fly fly (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfes) this is no place for luing
 men *

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
 But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,
 And looked in his glistering armor made
 A little glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the vgly monster plame,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly dilsplaide,
 But th'other halfe did womans shape retame,
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vilediscame

And as she lay vpon the durty ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting Of her there bred
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, eachone
 Of sundry shapes, yet all ill fauored
 Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all
 were gone 16

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous telle
 About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without
 entraille
 She lookt about, and seeing one in ipayle
 Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe,
 ; For light she hated as the deadly bale,
 Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
 Where plame none might her see, nor she see
 any plame 17

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he leapt
 As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduauant,
 Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay
 Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst
 The stroke down from her head vnto her
 shoulder glaunst

Much daunted with that dint, hersence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beastly body raizd
 With doubled forces high about the ground
 Tho wrapping vp her wrethed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vame
 God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errours end*
 lesse traine

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye
 bee,

I Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint
 Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee
 That when he heard, in great perplexite,
 His gall did grate for griefe and high disdain,
 And knitting all his force got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
 paine,
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her
 constraime

20

Therewith she spewed out of her filthy maw
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did
 lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras
 Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has

21

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
 With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,
 His fattie waues do fertile slime out well,
 And ouerflow each plaine and lowly dale
 "But when his later spring gins to auale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaues, wherein there
 breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly female of his fruitfull seed ,
 Such vgly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no
 man reed 22

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
 That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no longer fight
 Whose corage when the feend perceiu'd to
 shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 , And him encombred sore, but could not hurt
 at all

23

As gentle Shepheard in sweete euen tide,
 When ruddy *Phoebus* gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flocke to weven wide,
 Markes which do byte their hasty supper best,
 A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
 All striuing to infixe their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their mur
 munnings 24

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
 Then of the certaine peril! he stood in,
 Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
 Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin,
 And strooke at her with more then manly force,
 That from her body full of filthie sin
 He raft her hateful head without remorse ,
 A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed
 from her corse

Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
 Gathred themselves about her body round,
 Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
 At her wide mouth but being there withstood
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked vp their dying mothers blood,
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt
 their good 26

That detestable sight him much amazde,
 To see th'vnkmdly Impes of heauen accurst,
 Deuoure their dam, on whom while so he gazd,
 Haung all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
 And bowels gushing forth well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her hfe, the which them nurst,
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
 His foes haue slame themselves, with whom he
 should contend

27

His Ladie seeing all, that chaunst, from farre
 Approcht in hast to greet his victone,
 And said, Faire knight, borne vnder happy
 starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye ,
 Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
 Y\ herein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
 And prou'd your strength on a strong emmic,
 Your first aduenture many such I pray,
 And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it
 may 28

Then mounted he vpon his Steede againe,
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend ,
 That path he kept, which beaten was most
 plaine,
 Ne euer would to any by way bend.
 But still did follow one vnto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them
 brought
 So forward on his way (with God to frend)
 He passed forth, and new aduenture sought,
 Long way he trauelled, before he heard of ought

29

At length they chaunst to meet vpon the way
 .An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had ,
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
 And all the way he prayed, as he went,
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did
 i repent

30

He faire the knight saluted, touting low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge aduentures, which abroad did pas
 Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
 Silly old man, that hues in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father sits not with such* things to
 mell

31

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebred euill ye desire to heare,
 i Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this country farre and neare
 Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquire,
 And shall you well reward to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth
 weare
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature hues so long a
 space

32

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderness
 His dwelling is, by which no huing wight
 May euer passe, but thorough great distresse
 Now (saye the Lady) draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forweaned be for what so strong,
 But wanting rest will also want of might?
 The Sunne that measures heauen all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waues
 among

Then with the Sunne take Sir, vour timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin
 Vntroubled night they say giues counsell best
 Right well Sir knight ye haue aduised bin,
 (Quoth then that aged man .) the way to win
 Is wisely to aduise now day is spent,
 Therefore with me ye may take vp your In
 For this same night The knight was well
 content

'So with that godly father to his home they
 went

34

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In trauell to and froe a little wyde
 There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy things each morne and euentide
 Therebv a Christall streame did gentlv play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth
 alway.

Arriued there, the little house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will,
 The noblest mind the best contentment has
 With faire discourse the euening so they pas
 For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
 He told of Saintes and Popes, and cuermore
 He strowd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

36

The droupmg Night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
 As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
 Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe
 them biddes
 Vnto their lodgings then his guestes he nndes
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he
 findes,
 He to his study goes, and there amidde
 His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
 Heseekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepey
 mindes

37

Then choosing out few wordes most homble,
 (Let none them read) thereof did verses frame
 With which and other spelles like terrible,,
 He bad awake blacke *Plutoes* griesly Dame.
 And cursed heauen, and spakereprochfull shame
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light,
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead
 night; [flight
 At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to

38

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
 Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies
 Fluttring about his euer damned hed,
 A waite whereto their seruice he applyes,
 To aide his friends, or fray his enimies
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
 And fittest for to forge true seeming lyes,
 The one of them he gaue a message too,
 The other by him selfe staide other worke todoo

39

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire
 Amid the Bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth neuerpeepe,
 His dwelling is, there *Tethys* his wet bed
 Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe
 In siluer deaw his euer drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night ouer him ner mantle black
 doth spred

49

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory.
 The other all with siluer ouercast,
 And wakefull dogges before them farre do lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe
 By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned
 deepe [keepe
 In drowsie fit he findes of nothing he takes

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling
 downe
 And euer-dnzng raine vpon the loft, [sowne
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 'Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes

42

The messenger approching to him spake,
 But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him
 awake [pame,
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
 Whereat he gan to stretch but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer brame
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
 breake

43

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
 Of *Hecate* whereat he gan to quake,
 And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame
 Halfe angry asked him, for what he came
 Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
 He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers
 sent

44

The God obeyde, and calling forth straight way!
 A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,
 Dehuered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heauie head, deuoid of carefull carke,
 Whose senses all were straight benumbd and
 starke
 [He backe returning by the Yuone dore,
 Remounted vp as light as chearefull Larke,
 and on his litle wings the dreame he bore
 In hast vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45

Who all this while with charmes and hidden
 artes,
 Had made a Lady of that other Spnght,
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
 So huely, and so like in all mens sight,
 That weaker sence it could have rausht quight
 The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight
 Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
 Cast a blacke stole, most like to seeme for Vna
 fit

46

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
 Vnto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of euill thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled priuily
 And that new creature borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guile, with vsage sly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie vnder feigned
 hew

47

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast,
 And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
 The one vpon his hardy head him plast.
 And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked loy
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
 Her chast hart had subdewd, to leame Dame
 pleasures toy

48

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
 Faire *Venus* seemde vnto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking euermore did weene
 To be the chastest flowre, that ay did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose Leman to vile seruice bound
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen to Hymen, dauncing all around,
 Whilst freshest *Flora* her with Yuie girlond
 crownd

49

In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
 He started vp, as seeming to mistrust
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his
 Lo there before his face his Lady is,
 Vnder blake stole hyding her bay ted hooke,
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
 With gentle blandishment and louely looke,
 Most like that virgin true, which for her, knight
 him took

50

All cleane dismayd to see so vncouth sight,
 And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 He thought haueslame hennhis fierce despight
 But hasty heat tempning with sufferance wise,
 He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
 To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth
 Wringing her hands in wemens pittipus wise,
 Tho can she weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender
 youth 51

And said, Ah Sir, my hege Lord and my loue,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
 Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
 For hoped loue to winne me certame hate ?
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die
 Die is my dew yet rew my wretched state
 You, whom my hard auenging destinie
 Hath made judge of my life or death indiffer
 ently 52

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leaut
 Mv Fathers kingdome, There she stopt with
 teares,
 Her swollen hart her speach seemd to bereaue,
 And then agame begun, My weaker yeares
 Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde
 Let me not dye in languor and long teares
 Whv Dame (quoth he) what hath ve thus
 dismayd ?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me
 affrayd ?

53

Loue of your selfe, she said, and deare constraint
 Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night
 In secret anguish and vnpittied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned
 quight
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth yet since no vn truth he knew,
 Her fawning loue with foule disdaine full spight
 He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I rew,
 That for my sake vnknownc such grieve vnto
 you grew

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground,
 , For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound,
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your rest depart
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
 Her moumefull plantes, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words, that could not chuse but

So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease

55

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Muchneue'd tothinke that gentle Dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood
 At last dull wearinesse of former fight
 Haung yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his
 braine, [delight
 With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare
 But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spright he backe returnd
 agame

Cant II

*The gutlefull great Enchaunler parts
 The Redcrosse Knight from Truth
 Into whose stead faire falshood steps.
 And workes htm wofull ruth*

2

When those accursed messengers of hell,
 That feigning dreame, and that faire forged
 Spright
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
 Their bootelesse pames, and ill succeeding
 night
 Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
 1 Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
 And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright
 But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
 He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes
 againe

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,
 Like a young Squire, in lous and lusty hed
 His wanton dayes that euer loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight •
 Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
 Couered with darkness and misdeeming night,
 Them both together laid, to loy in vaine delight;

4

Forthwith he runnes with fergned faithfull hast
 Vnto his guest, who after troublous sights
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound
 repast,
 Whomsuddenly he wakes with feareful frights,
 \s one aghast w\ith feends or damned sprights,
 And to him cals, Rise rise vnhappy Swa\ie,
 That here we\ old in sleepe, whiles wicked
 wights [chame,
 PLAue knit themselues in *Venus* shamefull
 Come see, where your false Lady doth her
 honour staine 5

All in amaze he suddenly \p start
 With sword in hand ,and with the old man went,
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,
 Where that false couple were full closely ment
 In wanton lust and lewd embracement
 Which when hesaw,he burnt with gealousfire,
 The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
 And would haue slame them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restremed of that aged sire

6

Returning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
 He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
 And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
 Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night
 At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie
 Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawn
 ing light
 Then vp he rose, and clad him hastily,
 The Dwarfe him brought his steed so both
 away do fly 7

Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
 Weary of aged *Tilhones* saffron bed,
 Hadsprede her purple robe through deawy aire,
 And the high hils *Ttlan* discouercd,
 The royall virgin shooke off drowsy hed,
 And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 * Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each
 houre,
 Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that woe
 full stow re

8

And after him she rode with so much speede
 Asherslow beast could make, but all in vaine
 For him so far had borne his light foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine,
 Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,
 But euery hill and dale, each wood and plaine
 Did search, sore griued in her gentle brest,
 He so vngently left her, whom she loued best

But subtile *Archxmayo* when his guests
 He saw diuided into double parts,
 And *Vna* wandring in woods and forrests,
 Th'end of his drift, he praised his diuehsh arts,
 That had such might ouer true meaning harts,
 y et rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke vnto her further smarts
 For her he hated as the hissing snake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure
 take

10

He then deuise himselfe how to disguise,
 For by his mightie science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
 As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himselte he oft for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away o who can tell
 The hidden power of herbes, and might of
 Magicke spell ?

11

But now seemde best, the person to put on \
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And siluer shield v pon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his crauen crest
 A bounch of haire discoloured diuersly
 Full lolly knight he seemde, and well address,
 I And when he sate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would haue deemed him
 to be

12

; But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did
 beare,
 | The true *Saint George* was wandred far away ,
 | Stillfiying from his thoughts and gealous feare ,
 | Will was his guide, and grieve led him astriv
 | At last him chaunst to meete vpon the way
 I A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
 in whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sansfoy full large of limbe and euery joint
 he was, and cared not for God or man a point

13

'He had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
 Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
 And like a *Persian* mitre on her hed
 She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
 The which her lauish louers to her gawe,
 Her wanton palfrey all was ouerspred
 With tinsell trappings, wouen like a waue,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses
 braue

14

With faire disport and courting dalhaunce
 She intertaine her louer all the way
 But when she saw the knight his speare
 aduance,
 She soone left off Her mirth and wanton play,
 And bad her knigt adresse him to the fray
 His foe was nigh at hand HE prickt with pride
 And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
 Forth spurred fast adowne his coursers side
 The red blood trickling staine the way, as he
 did ride

15

The knight of the *Redcrosse* when him he spide,
 Spurring so hotc with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
 That daunted with their forces hideous,
 Their steeds do stagger, and amized stand,
 \nd eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Do backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth
 land

16

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Do meete, that with the terrour of the shooke
 Astonied both, stand sencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory
 So stood these twaine, vnmoued as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken rehques of their former cruelty

The *Sarazn* sore daunted with the buffe
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
 Who well it wards, and quyeth cuff with cuff
 Each others equall puissiance enuies,
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to perce repining courage yields
 No foote to foe The flashing fier flics
 As from a forge out of their burning shields,
 And streames of purple bloud new dies
 the verdant fields

18

(urse on that *Crosse* (quoth then the *Sarazn*)
 That keepes thy body from the bitter fit
 Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarnd it
 But yet I warne thee now assumed sitt,
 And hide thy head Therewith vpon his crest
 With rigour so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
 And glauncing downe his shield, from blame
 him fairely blest

19

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleepmgspark
 Of natiue vertue gan eftsoones reuiue,
 And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the Steele did nue
 And cleft his head He tumbling downe ahue,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis
 Greeting his graue his grudging ghost did
 stnue
 With the fraile flesh, at last it flitted is,
 Whither the soules do fly of men, that hue amis

20

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
 Like the old mines of a broken towre,
 Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
 But from him fled away with all her powre,
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 Bidding the Dwarfes with him to bring away
 The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conqueroure
 Her soone he ouertooke, and bad to stay,
 For present cause was none of dread her to
 dismay

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
 Cride, Mercv mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
 on silly Dame, subiect to hard mischaunce
 and to your mighty will' Her humblesse low
 In so ritche weedes and seeming glorious show
 Did much emmoue his stout heroicke heart,
 And said, Deare dame, your suddem ouer
 throw
 Much rueth me, but now put feare apart,
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke
 your part

22

Melting in teares, then gin she thus lament,
 The wretched woman, whom vnhappy how re
 Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry heauens list to low e,
 And fortune false betraide me to your powre
 Was, (O what now auaileth that I was')
 Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour.
 He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberts*
 doth pas

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me vnto the onely haire
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage,
 Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was neuer Prince so meeke and debonaire,
 But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,
 Into the hands of his accursed fone,
 And cruelly was slame, that shall I euer mone

24

His blessed body spoild of huely breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, conuaid
 And fro me hid of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to me vnhappy maid,
 O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And man v yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
 With loue, long time did languish as the stricken
 hind

25

At last it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*
 TO meete me wandring, who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could neuer win
 The Fort that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread
 There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
 Who whiles hehu'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans toy*,
 And twixt them both was borne the bloudy
 bold *Sans loy* 26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
 Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
 Craumg of you in pittie of my state,
 To do none ill, if please ye not do well
 He in great passion all this while did dwell,
 More busving his quicke eyes, her face to view,
 Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell,
 And said, Faire Lady hart of flint would rew
 The vnderdeserued woes and sorrow es, which ye
 shew

27

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
 Haumg both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe, that did you molest
 Better new friend then an old foe is said
 With change of cheare the seeming simple
 maid
 Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain said,
 So forth they rode, he feining seemly merth,
 And she coy lookes so dainty they say maketh
 derth 28

Long time they thus together traueiled,
 Till weary of their way, they came at last,
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did
 spread
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouercast,
 And their greene leaues trembling with euery
 blast,
 Made a calme shadow far in compasse round
 The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
 Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there sound
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'vn lucky
 ground

29

M

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
 For the coole shade him thither hastily got
 For golden *Phoebus* now ymounted hie,
 From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
 Hurl'd his beame so scorching cruell hot,
 That huing creature mote it not abide,
 And his new Lady it endured not
 There they alight, in hope themselves to hide)
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs
 at.de 30

Faire seemly pleasaunce each to other mikes,
 With goodly purposes there as they sit
 And in his fals'd fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that hued yit,
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
 And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough, out of whose nit there came
 Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe
 the same 31

Therewith a piteous yelling *loyce* was heard,
 Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teart
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,
 But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched Lady, my dearc loue,
 O too deare loue, loue bought with death too
 deare
 Astond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
 And with that suddenn horror could no member
 moue

32

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was ouerpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake,
 What voyce of damned Ghost from *Limbo* lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud
 to spare ? 33

33

Then gronig deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth
 he,) spcake,
 Nor guilefull sprite to thee these wordes doth
 But once a man *Fradubio* now a tree,
 Wretched man, wretched tree, whose nature
 weake,
 A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
 Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines
 For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me
 paines

34

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
 Quoth then the knight, by whose mischieuous
 arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?
 He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts ,
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striueth to suppress
 | The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
 Is one *Duessa* a false sorceresse,
 That many errant knights hath brought to
 wretchednesse

35

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
 The fire of loue and loy of cheualree
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
 To loue this gentle Lady, whom ye see/
 Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree ,
 With whom as once I rode accompanye,
 Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
 That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
 Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hyde

36

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
 All other Dames to haue exceeded farre,
 I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
 Mine, that did then shine as the Morningstarre
 So both to battell fierce arraanged arre,
 In which his harder fortune was to fall
 Vnder my speire such is the dye of warre
 His Lady left as a prise martiall,
 Did yield her comely person, to be at my call

37

So doubly lou'd of Ladies vnlike faire,
 I h'one seeming such, the other such mdeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
 Whether in beauties glorie did exceede ,
 A Rosy girlond was the victors meede
 Both seemde to win, and both seemdt won to
 bee,
 So hard the discord was to be agreede
 ' *Fralisso*, was as faire, as faire mote bee,
 And euer false *Duessa* seemde as faire as shee

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
 What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
 And by her hellish science raisd streight way
 A foggy mist, that ouercast the day,
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 And with foule vgly forme did her disgrace
 Then wayshe faire alone, when none was faire
 inplace

39

Then eride she out, Fye, fve, deformed wighl,
 Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
 To haue before bewitched all mens sight,
 Oleaue her soone, or let her soone be slaine
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdain, |
 Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
 And would haue kild her, but with fained
 paine, [hold,
 The false witch did my wrathfull hand with
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen
 mould v« 40

Thens forth I tooke *Duessa* for my Dame,
 And in the witch vnweeting ioyd long time,
 Ne euer wist, but that she was the same,
 Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,
 When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That .euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew

41

Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
 But thev did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then womans shape man would beleeeue to bee
 Thens forth from her most beastly compame
 I gan refraine, in mmede to slpy away,'
 Soone as appeard safe opportunity
 For danger great, if not assur'd decay
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to
 stary 42

The diuehsh hag by chaunges of my cheare
 Percei'd my thought, and drownd in sleepe
 night,
 With wicked herbes and ointments did be J
 smeare [might,
 My bodie all, through charmes and magicke
 That all my senses were bereaued quight
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched louers side me night,
 Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from humg wights, our wearie dayes
 we waste

43

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
 Are you in this misformed house to dwell ?
 We may notchaunge (quoth he) this euil plight,
 Till we be bathed in a huing well ,
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
 O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted wen?
 Time and suffised fates to former kind
 Shall vs restore, none else from hence may vs
 vnbynd

44

The false *Duessa*, now *Fidessa* hight,
 Heard bow in vame *Fradubio* did lament,
 And knew well all was true But thegood knight
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
 When all this speech the humg tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the bloud he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound
 Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her
 found

45

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
 As all vnweeting of that well she knew,
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne Her eyldis blew
 And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
 At last she vp gan lift with trembling cheare
 Her vp he tooke, too simple and too trew,
 And oft her kist At length all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did
 beare

Cant III

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her loue,
 And makes the Lyon mylde,
 Manes blind Deuotions mart, and fals
 In hand of leachour vyld*

Nought is there vnderheau'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moues more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'vnworthy wretched
 nesse vnkind
 Through enuies snares or fortunes freakes
 I, whether lately through her bnghtnesse blind,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe vnto all woman kind,
 Feele my heart perst with so great agonie,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could die

2

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
 For fairest *Vnaes* sake, of whom I sing,
 That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do
 steepe,
 To thinke how she through guilefull handehng,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight diuorced in despaire
 And her due loues denu'd to that vile witches share

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, sohtane mayd
 Farre from all peoples prease, as in exile,
 I In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strайд,
 ' To seeke her knight, who subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision, which th'Enchaunter
 wrought,
 Had her abandond She of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily
 sought,
 Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her
 brought

4

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her vnastie beast she did alight,
 And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay
 In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight
 From her faire head her fillet she vndight,
 And laid her stole aside Her angels face
 As the great eye of heauen shyned bright,
 [And made a sunshine in the shadie place,
 Did neuer mortall eye behold such heavenly
 grace

5

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
 A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
 Hunting full greedie after saluage blood,
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To haue attonce deuour'd her tender corse
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloudte rage asswaged with remorse,
 And with the sight amzd, forgat his furious
 forse

6

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weet
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue auenging wrong
 Whose yeilded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection

The Lyon Lord of euerie beast in field,
 Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him priekt, in pittie of my sad estate
 But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her that him lou'd, and euer most adord,
 As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed froin the neighbour wood,
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood,
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood
At last in close hart shutting vp her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heauenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might
attaine

9

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard
Still when she slept, he kept both watch, and
ward,
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble seruice to her will prepar'd
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And euer by her lookes concerned her intent

10

Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandnng knight
shold pas,
yet neuer shew of huing wight espyde,
fill that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore,
The same she followes, till it last she has
A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore

II

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand,
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speike, nor vnderstand,
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she
threw,
And fled away for neuer in that land
Face of faire Ladie she before did vew,
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly
hew

12

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behynd,
As if her life vpon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
bate in eternall night nought could she say,
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore By this arnued there
Dame Vna, wearie Dame, and entrance did
requere

13

Which when none yeelded, her vnruely Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in, where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them bothin darkesome corner pent,
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent,
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aues* she was wont to
say

14

And to augment her painefull pennance more,
Thrise euery weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth
wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bit
But now for feare her beads she did forget
Whose needlesse dread for to remoue away,
Faire Vna framed words and countenance fit
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them
pray,
That in their cotege small, that night she rest
her may

15

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe,
Sad Vna downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does
steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
\\11 night she thinks too long, and often lookes
forhght 16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
About the shyme *Cassiopetas* chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned he,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare,
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call
For on his backe a beay load he bare
Of nightly stelhth and pillage seuerall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall

He was to weete a stout and sturdie thiefe,
Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe.
Which giuen was to them for good intents,
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window
crept

18

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
 Vnto this house he brought, and did bestow
 Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Aessa daughter of *Corceca* slow, [know,
 With whom he whoredome vsd, that few did
 And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
 And plentie, which in all the land did grow,
 Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen
 things

19

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
 Yet of those fearefull women none durst rize,
 The Lyon frayed them, him in to let
 He would no longer stay him to aduize,
 But open breaks the dore in furious wize,
 And entring is, when that disdainfull beast
 Encountring herce, him suddaine doth surprize,
 And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
 Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath sup
 prest

20

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
 Whostreight him rent in thousand peecesmall,
 And quite dismembred hath the thirstie land
 Drunke vp his life, his corse left on the strand
 His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
 The heaue hap, which on them is alight,
 Afiraide, least to themselues the like mishappen
 might

21

Now when broad day the world discouercd has,
 Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the Lyon eke,
 And on their former lourney forward pas,
 In wayes vnknowne, her wandrmg knight to
 seeke, [*Greeke*,
 With paines farre passing that long wandrmg
 That for his loue refused deitie,
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flie,
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she
 weened me

22

Soone as she parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
 That blind old woman and her daughter deart
 Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slaine,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare
 And when they both had wept and wayld their
 fill,
 Then forth they ranne like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice, and reutnging will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill

23

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
 With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity,
 And still amidst her rayling, she did pray
 That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might euer stray

24

But when she saw her prayers nought preuaile,
 She backe returned with some labour lost,
 And in the way as she did weepe and waile,
 A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
 But subtili *Archimag*, that *Vna* sought
 By traynes into new troubles to haue tost
 Of that old woman tydings he besought,
 If that of such a Ladie she could tellen ought

25

There with she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her
 heare,
 Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
 That causd her shed so many a bitter teare,
 And so forth told the story of her feare
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
 And after for that Ladie did inquere,
 Which being taught, he forward gan aduaunce
 His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed
 launce

26

Ere long he came, where *Vna* traueild slow,
 And that wilde Champion way ting her besy de
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
 Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wydc
 Vnto an hill, from whence when she him spyde,
 By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde
 Approachmg nigh, she wist it was the same,
 And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him
 shec came

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
 Where haue ye bene thus long out of my sight*
 Much feared I to haue bene quite abhord,
 Or Aught haue done, that ye displeasen might,
 That should as death vnto my deare hart light
 For since mine eye your loyous sight did mis,
 Mychearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is,
 But welcome now my light, and shining lampe
 of bhs

28

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should
shame,
As you to leaue, that haue me loued still,
And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth
The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
Then I leaue you, my lief, yborne of heauenly
berth

29

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seeke aduventure in strange place,
> Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace,
But knight he now shall neuer more deface
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and cuemore embrace
My faithfull seruice, that by land and seas
Haue vowd you to defend, now then your plaint
appease

30

His louely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines one louing how re
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sow re
She has forgot, how many a wofull stowre
For him she late endur'd, she speakes no more
Of past true is, that true loue hath no powre
To looken backe, his eyes be fixt before
Before her stands her knight, for whom she
toyl'd so sore

31

Much like, as when the beaten marinere
That long hath wandre in the *Ocean* wide,
Of soust in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
With blustning breath of heauen, that none
can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce *Or ions* hound,
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
His chearefull whistle merrily doth sound,
And *Nereus* crownes with cups, his mates him
pledge around

32

Such loy made *Vna*, when her knight she found,
And eke th'enchauter lyouous seemd no lesse,
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from
ground
His ship farre come from watrie wildemesse,
He hurles out vows, and *Neptune* oft doth

So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadfull late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the *Lyon* ment
Who told her all that fell in louney as she went

33

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with
sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chaufled side,
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell reuenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was
dyde

34

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle payre
And saw the Red crosse, which the knight did
beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th'vntryed dint of deadly Steele,
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele,
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with
yronheelee

35

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
And fullof wrath, that with his sharp head speare
Through vainely crossed shield he quite did
pierce,
And had his staggering steede not shrunke for
Through shield and bodie eke he should him
beare
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his go-ed wound a well of bloud did
gust

36

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reauue his life
And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew *Sansfoy* with bloudie knife,
Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen ouer lethe lake,
When mourning altars purgd with enemies life,
The blacke infemal *Furies* doen aslake
Life from *Sansfoy* thou tookst, *Sansloy* shall
from thee take

37

Therewith in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
Till *Vna* cride, O hold that heaue hand,
Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy Mercy Mercie not withstand
For he is one the truest knight ahue,
Though conquered now he on lowly land,
And whilst him fortune fauourd, faire did thrue
In bloudie field therefore of life him not depriue

38

Her piteous words might not abate his rage,
 But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
 Hauē slaine him straight but when he sees
 his age,
 And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
 ! His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
 And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight
¹ For the old man well knew he, though vntold,
 In charmes and magicke to haue wondrous
 might,
 Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight

39

. And said, Why *Archimago*, lucklesse syre,
 What doe I see ? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hither brought to taste mine
 yre
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 In stead of foe to wound my friend amis
 He answered nought, but in a trauance still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloud of death did sit Which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay

40

, But to the virgin comes, who all this while
 A. *mased* stands, her selfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his gile,
 For so misfetgning her true knight to bee
 Yet is she now in more perplexitic,
 Left in the hand of that same Pav nim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flic ,
 Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to
 behold 41

But her fierce seruant full of kingly awe
 And high dis daine, whenas his soueraine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
 With gaping lawes full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Hauē reft away with his sharpe rending clawes
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His courage more, that from his griping pawes
 He hath his shield redeem'd, and fourth his sword
 hdrawes 42

42

0 then too weake and feeble was the force
 Of saluage beast, his puissance to withstand
 For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
 As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand
 Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his Lordly hart with death opprest
 He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stub-
 borne brest

43

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will
 Her faithfull gard remou'd, her hope dismayd
 Her selfe a yeelded pray to saue or spill
 He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
 Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill,
 Beares her away vpon his courser light
 her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is mon
 of might

44

f And all the way, with great lamenting pame,
 And piteous plaints she filleth his dull eare[^],
 That stony hart could neuer haue in twaine,
 And all the way she wets with flowing teares
 But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares
 Her seruile beast yet would not leaue her so,
 But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares
 To be partaker of her wandring woe,
 More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly
 foe

Cant IIII

To sinfull house of *Pride*, *Duessa*
 guides the faithfull knight,
 Where brothers death to wreak *San ioy*
 doth challenge him to fight

I₁

Young knight, what euer that dost armes pro
 fesse,
 And through long labours hunttest after fame
 Beware of fraud, beware of fickle nesse,
 In choice, and change of thy deare loued Dame
 Least thou of her beleue too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening doe thy hart rcmoue
 For vnto knight there is no greater shamt,
 Then hghtntsse and inconstancie in loue ,
 That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensampk
 plainly proue

2

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lornt
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtic,
 And false *Duessa* in her sted had borne,
 Called *Fidess* and so supposd to bee,
 Long with her traueild, till at last they sec
 A goodly building, brauely garnished;
 The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through peoples feet, which thither
 traueiled

34

Great troupes of people traueild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With balefull beggene, or foule disgrace,
Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay
Thither *Duessa* bad him bend his pace
For she is weane of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day

4
A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor
thick,
And golden foile all ouer them dislaid,
That purest skye with bnghtnesse they dis
maid
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre ouer laid,
Icullof faire wmdowes, and delightfujl bowres,
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres

5
It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit,
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation euer sit
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heauen shaken it
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly

6
Arnued there they passed in forth right,
 For still to all the gates stood open wide,
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
 Cald *Maluenu*, who entrance none denide
 Thence to "the hall, which was on euery side
 With rich array and costly arras dight
 Infinite sorts of people did abide
 There waiting long, to win the wished sight
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright

7
By them they passe, alt gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount, whose glorious
view
Their frayle amazed senses did confound
In huing Princes court none euer knew
Such endlessneschesse, and so sumptuous shew,
Ne Persia selfe, the nurse of pompous pride
Like euer saw And there a noble crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on euery side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much
beautifide

8
High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most braue embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as *Tuans* ray,
In glistning gold, and peerlesse pretious stone
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As enuying her selfe, that too exceeding shone

9
Exceeding shone, like *Phoebus* fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers fine wayne,
And flaming mouthes sofsteedes vnwonted wilde
Through highest heauen with weaker hand to
ray,ne,
¹ Proud of such glory and aduancement vame,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plame)
And rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the
skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairly for to
shyne

10

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heauen, for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high , for lowly she did hate
Lo vnderneath her scornfull feete, was layne'
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirr hour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe lou'd semblancetooke delight,
For she was wondrous faire,as any huing wight

Of griesly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell, ,
Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring *Ioite*, that high in heauen doth
dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her sy re,
Or if that any else did loue excell
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre

12
And proud *Luafera* men did her call, [be,
That made her sefte a Queene, and crownd to
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of natie soueramtie,
But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Vpon the scepter, which she now did hold
'Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong aduizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did
vphold

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
 And false *Duessa* seeming Lady faire,
 A gentle Husher, Jugate by name [paire
 Made rowrae, and Tpassage for them did pre
 So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
 Of herhighthrone, wherethyon humbleknee
 Making obeysance, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her royall state to see,
 To proue the wide report of her great Maiestee

14

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
 She thanked them in her disdainfull wise,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
 Of Pnncesse worthy, scarce them bad arise
 Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
 Themselues to setten forth to straungers sight
 Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
 Some pranke their ruffes, and others trimly
 dight
 Their gay attire each others greater pride does
 spight 15

Goodly they all that knight do entertaïne,
 Rightglad with him to haue increast their crew
 But to *Duess* each one himselfe did paine
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
 For m that court why lome her well they knew
 Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great Pnncesse too exceeding prou d,
 That to strange knight no better countenance
 allowd.

16

Suddein vpnseth from her stately pace
 The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call
 All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
 As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call
 bo forth she comes her brightnesse brode
 doth blaze,
 The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
 Do ride each other, vpon her to gaze
 Her glorious ghtterand light doth all mens eyes
 amaze

17

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
 And stroue to match, in royall rich array,
 Great *Lunoes* golden chaire, the which they say
 The Gods send gazing on, when she does ride
 To *hues* high house through heauens bras
 paued way
 Drawne of faire Pecoeks, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden
 wide

18

(But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kinds applyde
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
¹ Was sluggish *Idlenessse* the nourse of sin,
 Vpon a slouthfull 'Asse he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the seruice to begin

19

And in his hand his Portesc still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little red,
 For of deuotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of lus dayes
 ded,
 Scarce could he once vphold his heauie hed,
 To looken, whether it were night or day
 may seeme the wayne was very euill led,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else
 astray

20

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise,
 From euery worke he chalenged essayne,
 For contemplation sake yet otherwise,
 His life he led in lawlesse notie,
 By which he grew to grieuous malady,
 tor in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
 A shaking feuer raignd continually
 Such one was *Idknesse*, first of this company

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne,
 His belly was vp blowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowd vp excessiue feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne,
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued vp his gorge, that all die Thin We teast

22

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad,
 For other clothes he could not wcar for he it,
 And on his head an yuie girland had,
 From vnder which fast trickled downe the
 sweat
 Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His dronken corse he scarce vpholden can,
 In shape and life more like a monster, then a
 man

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke vnhabable once to stirre or go,
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his friend he seldome knew his fo
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew

24

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
 Vpon a bearded Goat, whose riigged haire,
 And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy,)
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
 Vnseemly man to please faire Ladies eye,
 Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
 When fairer fices were bid standen by
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy

25

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
 Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse
 For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
 And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
 And well could daunce, and sing with rueful
 nesse,
 And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
 And thousand other waycs, to bait his fleshly
 hookes

26

Inconstant man, tint loued all he saw,
 And lusted after all, that he did loue,
 Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
 But 10yd wcake wemcns hearts to tempt and
 proue
 If from their loyall loues he might then moue,
 Winchle wdnesse hid him with reprochfull paine
 Of that fowle euill, which all men reprove,
 That rots the marrow, and consumes the
 braine
 Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this
 traine

27

And greedy *Auarice* by him did ride,
 Vpon a (amell ioaden all with gold,
 1 wo iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious mettall full, as they might hold,
 And in his lap an heape of come he told,
 0 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
 And vnto hell him selfe for money sold,
 Accursed vsune was all his trade,
 Arid right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce
 waide

28

His life was nigh vnto deaths doorc yplast,
 And thred bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did tast,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and nchesse to compare,
 Yet chylde ne kinsman humg had he none
 To leaue them to, but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might
 suffice,
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
 Whose need had end, but no end couetise,
 Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made
 him pore,
 Who had enough, yet wished euer more,
 A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
 A gneuous gout tormented him full sore,
 That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand
 Such one was *Auarice*, the fourth of this faire
 band

And next to him malicious *Enuie* rode,
 Vpon a rauenuous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Betweene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his chaw,
 1 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neighbours wealth, that made him euer sad,
 For death it was, when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
 But when he heard of harme, he waxed won-
 drous glad

31

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
 He clothed was, ypmatted full of eyes,
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting imply es
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Couetyse,
 And grudged at the great fecitie
 Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne compame

32

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
 And him no lesse, that any like did vse,
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse,
 So euery good to bad he doth abuse
 (And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all, that euer writt
 Such one vile *Enute* was, that fite in row did
 sitt

33

And him beside rides fierce reuenging wrath,
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led,
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed,
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared sternq on all, that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded,
- And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in
him sweld

34

His ruffin raiment all was stamd with blood,
Which he had spilt, and all to rags y rent,
Through vnaduized rashnesse woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no gouernement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his auengement
But when the furious fit was ouerpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent,
Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecast,
How many mischieues should ensue his heed
lesse hast

35

Full many mischiefes follow cruell *Wrath*,
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
Vnmanly murder, and vnthRifty'scath,
Bitter purgiter, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting grieve the enemy of life,
, ||| these, and many euills moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging fire,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire
Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodY
tire

36

And after all, vpon the wagon beame
Rode Salhan, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
So oft as *Slowth* still in the mire did stand
Huge routs of people did about them band,
showtmg for toy, and still befort their way
A foggy mist had couered all the land,
and vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had
gone astray

37

so forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport,
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
rhe fowle *Duess*a, next vnto the chaire
Of proud *Luef*era, as one of the traine
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraungmg from their loyauncnt
vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far vnfit for warlike
swame

38

So hauing solaced them selues a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returned to the Princely Place,
Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *SanstoY* they new arnued find
Enflam'd wlth fury and fiers hardy hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkmd,
And nourish bloudy vengeance in his bitter
mind

39

Who when the shamed shield of slaine *Sans Joy*
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy,
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same enuious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away
But th'Elfin knight, which ought that war like
wage,
Disd und to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble
pray

40

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their s words
on hy, [traine,
That with their sturre they troubled all the
Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine
Of high displeasure, that ensewen might,
commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if th it either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it
fight

Ah dearest Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whom great grieve made forget the raines to hole
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false oespight
And shamefull treason, who through guilt
hath slayn
The prow est knight, that euer field did fight,
Euen stout *Sans foy*(o who can thenrtfrayn ?)
Whose shield he beares renuerst, the more to
heape disdayn

42

And to augment the glone of his guile,
His dearest loue the faire *Fidessa* loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the haruest sown by his foe,
Sown in bloudy field, and bought with woe
That brothers hand shall dearly well requight
So be, O Queene, you equall fauour showe
Him lile answerd th'angry Elfin knight,
He neuer meant with words, but swords to
plead his right

43

but threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try
So been they parted both, with harts on edge,
To be aueng'd each on his enemy
That night they pas in loy and lollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,
For Steward was excessiue *Gluttonie*,
That of his plenty poured forth to all,
which doen, the Chamberlain *Sleuth* did to rest
them call

44

Sow whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein outr brightest skye,
The warlike youtnes on dayntie couches layd,
Didchace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory
But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Vp rose *Duessa* from her resting place,
And to the Paymms lodging comes with silent
pace

45

whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoues with speeches seeming fit
Ah deare *Sans toy*, next dearest to *Sans Joy*,
Cause of my now gnefe, cause of my new loy,
Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
Andgreeu'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
that was the flow re of grace and cheualrye,
o his *Fidessa* to thy secret faith I flye

46

with gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart
Then sighing soft, I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart
for since my brest was launcht with louely
dart
Of dcare *Sansfoy*, I neuer loyed how re,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Haue wasted, louing him with all my powre,
And for his sake haue felt full many an heauie
stowre

47

At last when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes vnweetmg I was cast,
Bv thiS false faytor, who vnworthy ware
His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
'Entrapped, slew, and brought to shamefull graue
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And euer since hath kept in darksome caue,
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans Joy*
Igaue

48

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowrmg
cloud,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Vnder your beames I will me safely shrowd,
From dreaded storme of his disdamfull spight
To you th'inherentance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his loue
Let not his loue, let not his restlesse spnght
Be vnreueng'd, that calles to you aboue
From wandnng *Stygian* shores, where it doth
endlesse moue

49

Thereto said he, Faire Dame be nought dismayd
For sorrowes past, their gnefe is with them
Ne yet of present penill be affraid, [gone
For needlesse feare did neuer vantage none, \n
And hellesse hap it booteth not to mone
Dead is *Sans foy*, his vitall pames are past,
Though greued ghost for vengeance deepe do
grone
He hues, that shall him pay his dewties last
And guiltie Elfin bloud shall sacrifice in hast

50

O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field'
Why dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer bee
Where both do light alike, to win or yield?
Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield
And eke enchanted armes, that none can perce
Ne none can wound the man, that does them
wield
Charmed or enchaunted (answerd he then ferce)
'I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce

51

But faire *Fidessa*, sithens fortunes guile,
Or inimies powre hath now captiued vou,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with *Sans foyes* dead dowry you endew
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew
Where euer yet I be, my secreate aid
Shall follow you So passing forth she him obaid

Cant V

*The faithfull knight in equal! field
subdewes his faith lesse foe,
Whom false Duessa saues, and for
his cure to hell does goe*

1

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Deuizing, how that doughtie tournament
With greatest honour he atchieuen might,
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light

2

At last the golden Ouentall gate
Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,
And *Phacbus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire
And hurld his glistering beames through gloomy aire [streight way
Which when the wakeful Elfe percei'd,
He started vp, and did him selfe prepaire,
In sun bright armes, and battailous array
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day

3

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
' Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall
There many Minstrales maken melody, „
To dnuce away the dull melancholy, |
And many Bards, that to the trembling chord j
Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record*
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord

4

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye
They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
Ana dantie spices fetcht from furthest *Ynd*,
To kindle heat of corage priuily
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
Tobserue the sacred lawes of armes, that are
assynd

6

At last forth comes that far renowned Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely maiestie ,
She is y brought vnto a paled greene,
And placed vnder stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see
On th'other side in all mens open view
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans fay his shield is hangd with bloody hew
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew

A shrilling trumpet sownded from on hye,
And vnto battaill bad them selues addresse
Their shining shields about their wrestes they
And burning blades about their heads do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heuinesse
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mave ,
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak
! and fraile

7

The Sarazm was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great
For after bloud and vengeance he did long
The knight was hers, and full of youthly heat
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders
threat
For all for prayse and honour he did fight
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fine light,
And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of
others might

8

So th'one for wrong, the other stnuces for right
As when a Gryfon seized of his pray, '
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle wav,
That would his rightfull raume rend away
With hideous horror both together smight,
Andsouceso sore, that they the heauens affray
The wise Southsaycr seeing so sad sight,
Th'amazed vulgar tels of warrts and mortal I
fight

9

So th'one for wrong, the other stnuces for right,
And each to deadly shame would dnuce his foe
The cruell Steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud down
flow, [show,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did
Into a pure vermilhon now are dyde
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
I That victory they dare not wish to either side

15

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddain eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Vpon his brothers shield, which hong thereby
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
 Whilste here thy shoild is hangd from victorsh yre,
 And sluggish german doest thy forces slake,
 To after send his foe, that him may ouertake ?

II

Goe caytiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake, N
 And soone redeeme from his long wandnng woe,
 Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield haue quit from dying foe
 Therewith vpon his crest he stroke him so
 That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall,
 End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
 The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
 The false *Duessa*, Thine the shield, and I, and
 all

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
 Out of his sownning dreame he gan awake,
 And quickmng faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake
 Tho' moud with wrath, and shame, and Ladies
 sake,
 Of all attonce he cast auengd to bee,
 And with so'excceeding fure at him strike,
 Thai forced him to stoupe vpon his knee ,
 Had he not stouped so, he should haue clouen
 bee,

13

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
 Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare,
 Alone he wandnng thee too long doth want
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth be ire
 I herewith his heaue hand he high gan reare,
 Him to haue slame, when loea darke some clowd
 Vpon him fell he no where doth appeare,
 But \inisht is The Elfe him cals alowd,^v
 But answer none receiues the darknes him
 does shrowd

14

In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,
 And to him running said, O prowest knight,
 That euer Ladie to her loue did chose,
 ! Let now abate the terror of your might,
 And auench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloudie vengeance , loth'infernall powres
 Couengng your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 Haue borne himhence to *Plutoe* sbale full bowres
 The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and
 glory yours/-

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
 He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
 To bath m bloud of faithlesse enemy,
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade
 He standes amazed, how he thence should fade
 At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie,
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of
 enmitie

16

Wherewith he goeth to that soueraine Queene,
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his seruice seene
 Which she accepts, with thankses, and goodly
 gree,
 Greatly aduauicing his gay cheualree
 Somarcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people follow with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
 That all the aire it filis, and flyes to heauen
 bright

17

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
 To salue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
 And softly can embalme on euery side
 And all the while, most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,
 Him to beguile of gnefe and agony
 And all the while *Duessa* wept full bitterly

18

As when a wearie trauller that strays
 By muddy shore of broad seuen mouthed *Nile*,
 Vnwetting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meet a cruejl craftie Crocodile,
 Which in falsegnefe hyding his harmefull guile,
 I Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tendertears
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while
 His mournfull phght, is swallowd vp vnwares,
 Forgetfull of his owne, that mmdes anothers
 cares

19

So wept *Duessa* vntill euentide,
 That shyning lampes in *hues* high house were
 light
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
 But comes vnto the place, where th'Hethen
 knight
 Inslornbringsownd nigh voyd of vitallspnght,
 Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloud all day
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wayle his woefull case she would not stav,
 But to the carsterne coast of heavyn makes
 speedy way

20

Where g n e s l y , with visage deadly sad,
That phæbus face durst neuer vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkesome
mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Alreadie harnesssed for lourney new,
And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they
were wood

21

Who when she saw *Duessa* sunny bright,
Adorned with gold and Jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare
For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare,
And would haue backe retired to her caue,
Vntill the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, Yet 0 thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abide, till I haue told the message, which I
haue

22

(>

She stayd, and fourth *Duessa* gan proceede,
Othou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst
breede,-
Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
Which wast begot in *Danwgorgons* hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world vmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade
Lo where the stout *Sanstoy* doth sleepe in
deadly shade

23

Vnd him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold *SansJoysXinn* Vnderneath hisspeare,
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayldof friends, nor laid onioning beare,
rhat whylome was to me too dearely deare
0 what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Aueugles* sonnes so euill heare ">
Or who shall not great *Nighes* children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle
forlorne

24

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
Go gather vp the rehques of thy race,
Or else goe them auenge, and let be seene,
That dreaded *Nightm* brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface
Her feeling speeches some compassion moued
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face
Yet pittie in her hart was neuer proued
Till then for euermore she hated, neuer loued

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensew
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to *lotus* eternall seat *
The sonnes of Day he fauoureth, I see,
And by my rumes thinkes to make them great
To make one great by others Josse, is bad
cheat

26

\et shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others guilt
And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,
Shall with his owne bloudfncethat he hath spilt
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt
1 that do seeme not I, *Duessa* am,
(Quoth she) how euer now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came ,
^*Duessa* I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame

27

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying , In that faire face
The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist
Did closely lurke , yet so true seeming grace
It earned, that I scarce in darkesome place
(Could it discerne, though I the mother bet
Of falshood, and root of *Duessaes* race
O welcome child, whom I haue longd to see
And now haue sane vnwares Lo now I GO
with thee

28

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfauourd witch
Through mirkesome aire her readte way She
makes
Hertwy fold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnheh,
Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,
Vnlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths
to twitch,
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would
chimpe,
And trampling the fine element, would fierce Is
rampe

29

So well they sped, that they be come at lengh
Vnto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
Deuoid of outward sense, and natue strength,
Couerd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late lucklesse fray
, His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,
They binden vp so wisely, as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed

And all the while she stood vpon the ground,
 The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,
 As giung warning of th'vnwonted sound,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
 And her darke ghesly looke them much dismay,
 The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle
 With dreane shriekes did also her bewray,
 And hungry Wolues continually did howle,
 At her abhorred face, So filthv and so fowle

31

T hence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heaueie corse with easie pact
 To yawning gulfe of deepe *Auernus hole*¹
 By that same hole an entrance darke and bace
 With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell there creature neuer past,
 That backe returned without heauenly grace,
 But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue
 bnst,
 And damned sprights bent forth to make ill
 men aghast

32

By that same way the direfull dames doe dnuce
 their mournfull chiret, hid with rusty blood,
 And do'vne to *Pluloes* house ire come bihue
 Which passing through, on cucry side them
 stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad imazed mood,
 Chattning their yron teeth, and staring wide
 With stonie eyes, and ill the hellish brood
 Of feends infernall flockt on euery side,
 To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night
 durst ride

33

They pas the bitter waues of *Ackron*,
 Where many soules sit warling woefully,
 And come to fiery flood of *Phlegelon*,
 Whercis the damned ghosts in torments fr\,
 And with sharpe shrilling shnekes doe boot
 lessc cry,
 Cu rsing high *loue*, the which them thither sent
 The house of endlesse p une is built thereb\),
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The cursed creitures doe eternally torment

34

Before the threshold dreidfull *Cerberus*
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venomous,
 And hiled forth his bloudie flaming tong
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,¹
 And felly gnarre, vntill dayes enemy
 Did him appease, then downe histaile he hong
 And suffered them to passen quietly
 lot she in hell and heauen had power equally

There was *Ixton* turned on a wheele,
 For dannng tempt the Queene of heauen to sin,
 And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin,
 There thirstie *Tantalus* hong by the chin,
 And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw,
Typhosus lovnets were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law
 And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw

36

I They all beholding worldly wights in place,
 I Leaue off thcir worke, vnmindfull of thei smart,
 To gaze on them, who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come vnto the furthest part
 , Where was a Caue y wrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, vneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad *'Æsculapius* farre a part
 Empnsond was in chaines rcmddlesse,
 'For that *Htppolytus* rent corse he did redresse

Htppolytus a lolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charet chae the foming Bore,
 He all his Peeres in beautie did surpas,
 But Ladies loue as losse of time forbore
 His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
 But when she saw her off red sweets refused
 Her loue she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accused,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares
 abused

38

Who ill in rage his Sea god svre besought,
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast
 • From surging gulf two monsters straight were
 brought,
 With dread whereof his chasing steedes aghast,
 Both chardt swift and huntsman ouercast
 His goodly coips on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members
 chast
 Scattered on euery mountaine, as ¹he went,
 That of *Htppolytus* was left no monument

His cruell stepdame seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
 In death aouwing th'innocence of her sonne
 Which hearing his rash Syre, began to rend
 His haire, and hastie tongue, that did offend
 Tho" gathering vp the relics of his smart
 By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Htppolyts* frend,
 Them brought to *'Æsculapl*^{*} that by his art
 Did heale them ail againe, and loyned euery part

Such wondrous science in mans wit to rame
 When *lout* auizd, that could the dead reuiue,
And fates expired could renew agame,
 Of endlesse life he might him not dcpnue,
 But vnto hell did thrust him downe ahue,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
 Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire, that ragcd euer
 more

41

There auncient Night arming, did alight
 From her nigh weane waine, and in her armes
 To 'Esculapius brought the wounded knight.
 Whom hauing softlyaisarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes, j
 Beseeching him with pra>er, and with praise,
 If either salues, or oyles, or herbc&s, or charme*
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote
 raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews
 daies

42

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in v line,
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew
 Is not enough, that thrust from heauen dew
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray
 The wrath of th u n d r i n g *loue*, that rules both
 night and day

43

Not so (quoth she) but sith that heauens king
 From hope of heauen hath thee excluded
 quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hopefor thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of euerlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou farre renowned sonne
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
 Great pames, and greater praise, both neuer to
 bedonne

44

Her words preuaild And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things else, the which his art did teach
 Which hauing seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aututyes sonne there in the leaches cure,
 And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
 To runne her timely race, whilst *Phoebus* pure
 In *westeræ* waues his weane wagon did recure

45

The false *Duessa* leauing noyous Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pnde ,
 Where when she came, she found the Faery
 knight t
 Departed thence, albe his woundes wide
 Not thoroughly heald, vnreadie were to ride
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away ,
 For on a day his wary Dwarfes had spide,
 Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay
 Of caytiue wretched thralls, that wayled i night
 and day

46

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie,
 Of whom he learndd had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
 'How mortgaging their hues to *Couettse*,
 'Through wastfull Pride, and wanton Riotise,
 'They were by law of that proud Ty rannesst
 Prouokt with *Wrath* and *Enutes* false surmise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon merclesse,
 Where they should hue in woe, and die in
 wretchednesse

47

There was that great proud king of *Babylon*,
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call vpon,
 Till through celestiall doome throwne out of
 dore,
 Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore
 There also was king *Croesus*, that enhaunst
 Hish cart too high through his greatrichsstore,
 And proud *Antiochus*, me which aduaunst
 His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars
 daunst

48

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
 Thatfirst the world withs wordand fire warrayd,
 And after him old *Ntnus* farre did pas
 In princely pompe, of all the world obayd,
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd
 Low vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
 That name of native syre did fowle vpbrayd,
 And would as *Ammons* sonne be magnifide,
 Till scorn of God and man a shamefull death
 he dide

49

All these together in one heape were throwne,
 Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall
 And in another corner wide were strowne
 The antique rumes of the *Romaines* fall
 Great *Romulus* the Grandsyre of them all,
 Proud *Tarquyn*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
 Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hannthball*,
 Ambitious *Sylla*, and Seme *Martus*,
 High *Cesar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antontus**

5°

Amongst these mighty men were wemen mixt,
 Proud wemen, vame, forgetfull of their yoke
 The bold *Semiramis*, whose sides transfixt
 With sonnes owne blade, her fowle reproches
 spoke,
 Faire *Sthenobaea*, that her selfe did choke
 With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will,
 High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke
 Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill
 And thousands moe the like, that did that
 dongeon fill

51

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralls,
 Which thither were assembled day by day,
 From all the world after their wofull falles,
 Through wicked pnde, and wasted wealthes decay
 But most of all, which in that Dongeon lay
 fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
 Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse
 howres,

And lastly throwne themselues into these heauy
 stowres

52

Whose case when as the carfull Dwarfe had tould,
 And made onsample of their mournfull sight
 Vnto his maister, lit no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
 But early rose, and ere that dawning light
 Discouered had the world to heauen wyde,
 He by a priuie Posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no enuius eyes he mote be spyde
 For doubtlesse death ensevvd, if any him de
 scryde

53

carse could he footing find in that fowle way,
 For many corses, like a gre it Lay stall
 Of muredred men which therein strowed lay,
 Without remorse, or decent funerall
 Winch all through that great Pnncesse pride
 did fall

And came to shamefull end And them beside
 forth ryding vndemeath the castell wall,
 A donghill of dead carkases he spide,
 [The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of
 Pride

Cant VI

*From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
 fayre Vna is releast
 Whom saluage nation does adore,
 and learnes her wise beheast*

1

As when a ship, that flies faire vnder saile,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile
 The Marnner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
 To loy at his foole happie ouelsight
 So doubly is distrest twixt loy and cares
 The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
 Ilaumg escapt so sad ensamples in his sight

2

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed
 The faire *Duess'* had forst him leaue behind,
 I And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
 Her truth had stained with treason so vnkmd,
 Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
 I But for his loue, and for her owne selfe sake,
 She wand red liad from one to other *Ynd*
 Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,
 Till her vnwares the fierce *Sansloy* did ouertake

Who after *Archmagoes* fowle defeat,
 Led her away into a forrest wilde,
 And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
 With beastly sin thought her to haue defilde,
 And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde
 Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
 Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to yilde
 For greater conquest of hard loue gaynes,
 That workes it to his will, then he that it con
 straines

4

With fawning hordes he courted her a while,
 And looking louely, and oft sighing sore,
 Her constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile
 But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did
 abhore,
 A As rocke of Diamond stedfast euermore
 Yet for to feed his fvri e lustfull eye,
 He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before,
 Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest skye,
 And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her
 chastitye

So WHEN he saw his flattig arts to fayle,
 And subtile engines bet from batteree,
 With greedy force he gan the fog assayle,
 Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
 And win rich spoile of ransackt chastetee
 Ah heauens, that do this hideous act behold,
 And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance lust so long withhold,
 And hurle not flashing flames vpon that Pay
 mm bold ?

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shnekes, and shriek
 inzcries,
 The last vame helpe of w omens great distresse,
 And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
 That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes,
 And *Phæbus* flying so most shamefull sight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
 And hides forshame What wit of mortall wight
 Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a
 plight >

7

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought,
 Where none appearescan make her selfe a way
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons claws to pluck the griped pr w
 Her shrill outcries and shnekes so loud did
 bray,
 That all the woodes and forestes did resownd ,
 A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyr es* far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old *Syluanus* slept in shady arber sownd %i

Who when they heard thatpitteousstrained voice,
 In hast forsooke their rurall menment,
 And ran towards the far rebowndd noyce,
 To weet, what wight so loudly did lament
 Vnto the place they come incontinent
 Whom when the raging Sarazm espide,
 A rude, misshapen, monstrous rablement
 Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not bide,
 But got his rcadv steed, and fast away gan ndt

The wyld woodgods arnued in the place,
 There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
 Withruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late,
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate,
 AD stand amazed at so vncoouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her vnappie state,
 All stand astonied at her beutie bright,
 In their rude eyes vnworthie of so wofull plight

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell,
 And euery tender part for feare does shake
 As when a greedie Wolfe through hunger fell
 A seely Larabe farre from the flocke does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
 A Lyon spies fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
 Which qriit irom death yet quakes in euery hm
 with chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so
 grim

II

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
 Ne word to speake, ne loynt to moue she had
 The saluage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ,
 Their frowning foreheads with rough homes
 yclad, ,
 And rusticke horror all a side doe lay,
 And gently grennmng, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her, and feare to put away,
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to
 obay

12

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
 Her single person to their barbarous truth,
 But stall twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
 Late learnd what ha rme to hastie trust ensu'th,
 They in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beutie soueraine,
¹ Are wonne with pittie and vnwonted ruth,
 And all prostrate vpon the lowly plainc,
 Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with
 count'nance fame

13

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
 And yieldees her to extremitie of time ,
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime
 They all as glad, as birdes of lyouys Prime,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,
 And with Greene braunches strowing all the
 ground,
 Do worship her, as Queene, with ohue girlond
 croud

14

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 Hut all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,
 And with their horned feet do weareth the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids inleasant Spring
 So towards old *Syluanus* they her bring ,
 Who with the noyse awaked, commeth out,
 To weet the cause, his weeke steps gouerning,
 And aged limbs on Cypress* staddle stout,
 And with an yuie twyne his wast is girt about.

15

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or *Bacchus* merry fruit they did inuent,
Or *Cybeles* franticke rites haue made them mad,
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent;
The God himselfe vewing that mirrhourVare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent,
His owne faire *Dryope* now he thinks noffairst,
And *Pholoe* fowle, when her to this he doth
compaire

16

Hie woodborne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as Goddess of the wood ,
 And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinkes not, what
 To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthlv brood ,
 Sometimes Dame *Venus-eiti* he scemes to see,
 But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood ,
 Sometimes *Diana* he her tikes to bee,
 But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to
 her knee

By view of her he ginneth to rcuiue
 His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture ahue,
 How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
 And how he slew with glauncing dar amisse
 A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
 Did loue as life, aboue all worldly blisse,
 For gnefe whereof the lad n'ould after loy,
 But pvyd away in anguish and selfe wylt annoy

18

The woody Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*
Her to behold do thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light foot *Naiades*,
Flocke all about to ste her loucly face
But when they vewed haue her heavenly grace,
They enuie her in their mahtious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace
But all the *Salyrcs* scorne their woody kind
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth
they find

'Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mud,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that saluage people staid,
To gather breath IN many miseries
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in
vaine,
And made her th' Image of Idolatrycs ,
But when their bootlesse zcashedidrestraine
From her own worship, they her Asse would
worship fayn

20

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight
By lust occasion to that Forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the hgnage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserued name
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And hid far landes with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And euer lou'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in loue glorious fraues he litle did delight

A Satyres Sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
Byltraunge aduenture as it did betyde,
(And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Faire *Thyamts* the daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde
To *Therton*, a loose vnruely swayne,
Who had more loy to rounge the forrest wyde,
And chase the saluage beast with busie payne,
Then serue his Ladies loue, and wast in
pleasures vayne

22

(The forlorne mayd didwithloues longingburne,
And could not lacke her louers company,
But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,
And seeke herspouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery
A Satyre chaunst her wandnng ro to find,
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall links of wedlocke did vnbind,
And made her person thrall vnto his beastly
kind

23

Solong in secret cabin there he held
 Her captiue to his sensuall desire,
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy vnto that saluage sire
 Then home he suffred her for to retire,
 Forransome leauinghim the late borne childe,
 Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
 He noursled vp in life and manners wilde,
 Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of
 men exilde

24

1

For all he taught the tender ymp, wis but
To banish cowardize' and Bastafad feare ,
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Vpon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to
teare,
And eke wyld ronng Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backs not made to
beare,
And the Robuckes in flight to oueitate

Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew
 That his owne sire and muster of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
 And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,
 The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to prouoke, for he would learne
 The Lyor stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
 Leauē roaring, when in rage he for reuenge did
 eame

26

And for to make his powre approued more,
 Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell,
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
 The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell,
 And them constrainē in equall tēme to draw
 Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
 That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law

27

His lōung mother came vpon a day
 Vnto the woods, to see her hide sonne,
 And chaunst vnwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he aw ay had wonne
 The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish
 feare

28

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
 Vntill with loue reuokt from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan
 say,
 Ah *Salyrane*, my dearhng, and my loy,
 For loue of me leauē off this dreadfull play,
 To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
 Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own
 sweet boy

29

In these and like delights of bloudy game
 He trayned was, till ryper yeaeres he raught,
 And there aboede Whilst any beast of name
 Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
 To feare his force and then his courage haught
 Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad forstraunge aduentures sought
 In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,
But through all Faery lond his famous worth
 was blown

30

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
 After long labours and aduentures spent,
 Vnto those natuie woods for to reparaire,
 To see his sire and of spring auncient
 And now he thither came for like intent,
 Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,
 Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
 Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did
 redound

31

He wondred at her wisdomē heauenly rare,
 Whose like in womens wit he neuer knew,
 And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowcs rew,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles
 threw,
 And 10yd to make prooue of her crueltie
 On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learned her discipline of faith and veritie

32

But she all vovd vnto the *Redcrosse* knight,
 His wandring perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape At last in pnuie wise
 To *Salyrane* she shewed her intent,
 Who glad to gain such fauour, gan deuise,
 How with that pensiuē Maid he best might
 thence arise

33

1 So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
 To do their seruice to *Syluanus* old,
 The gentle virgin left behind alone
 He led away with courage stout and bold
 Too late it was, fo Satyres to be told,
 Or euer hope recouer her agame
 In vaine he seekes that hauing cannot hold
 p So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
 That they the woods are past, and comt now to
 the plaine

34

The better part now of the lingring day,
 They traueild had, when as they farre espide
 IA weane wight forwardnng by the way,
 I And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
 To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
 Or tydngs of her knight of the *Redcrosse*
 But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
 For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse,
 More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do
 crosse

35

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way,
 His sandales were with toilesome trauell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had traueild many a sommers day,
 Through boyhing sands of *Arable* and *Ynde*,
 And in his hand a *Iacobs* staffe, to stay
 His weane limbes vpon and eke behind,
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he
 did bind

36

The knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
 Tydings of warre, and of aduentures new,
 But warres, nor new aduentures none he herd
 Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
 That in his armour bare a croslet red
 Aye me, Deart dame (quoth he) well may I rew
 To tell the sad sight, which mine eies haue red
 These eyes did see that knight both huing and
 eke ded

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
 That suddcin cold did runne through euery
 vame,

And stony horroure all her sences fild
 With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine
 The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind rehere
 Then wome from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further ritocesse of her hidden grieue,
 The lesser pangas can beare, who hath endur'd
 the chiefe

38

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
 This fatal day, that shall I euer rew,
 To see two knights in trauell on my way
 (A sory sight) arraung'd III battell new, [hew
 Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull
 My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbcrow,
 That drunke with blood, yet tnnsted afterlife
 What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine
 with Paynim knife

39

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that euer wonne?
 'Ui dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see
 The tiling, that might not be, and yet was
 donne?

Where is (said *Satyranc*) that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and vs of loy hath reft?
 Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne
 Foreby fountame, where I late him left
 Wasmg his bloody wounds, that through the
 Steele were cleft

SPENSER

40

'Therewith the knight thence marched forth in
 hast,
 Whiles *Vna* with huge heauinesse oppress,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast,
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that *Pagan* proud him selfe did rest,
 In secret shadow by a fountame side
 Euen he it was, that earst would haue suppress
 fcaire *Vna* whom when *Satyrane* espide,
 [t With fowle reprchfull words he boldly him
 defide

41

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreant, [tram
 That hast with kniglitlesse guile and trecherous
 Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
 That good knight of the *Redcrosse* to haue slain
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain
 Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield
 I The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
 And catching vp in hast his three square shield,
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the
 field 42

,And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborne Elfe,
 In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
 Another wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe
 Yet ill thou blamest me, for hauing blent
 My name with guile and traiterous intent,
 'That *Redcrosse* knight, perdie, I neuer slew,
 But had he beene, where earst his armes were
 lent,

Th'enchaunter vaine his error should not rew
 (But thou his error shalt, I hope now prouen
 trew

43

There with they gan, both furious and fell,
 J To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
 Each other bent his enmy to quell, [maile,
 That with their force they perst both plate and
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any huing eie [raile
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides did
 But floods of blood could not them satisfie
 Both hungred after death both chose to win,
 or die

44

So long they fight, and fell reuenge pursue,
 That fainting each, themselues to breathe let,
 And oft refreshed, battell oft reneue
 As when two Bores with ranching malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Til breathlesse both them selues aside retire,
 Where foraing wrath, their cruell tuskes they
 whet, [respire,
 And trample th'earth, the whiles they may
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and
 entire

C

45 ?

So fierly, when these knights had breathed once,
 They gan to fight returne, increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped strokes more hugely, then before,
 That with their drene wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could be known
 By this sad Vna fraught with anguish sore,
 Led with their noise, which through the aire
 was thrown,
 Arnu'd, where they in erth their fruitles bloud
 had sown

46

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he gan reuiue the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
 And left the doubtfull battell hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie
 But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other busnesse phe,
 Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid
 Therewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches
 said

47

0 foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad
 Hath thee mcenst, to hast thy dolefull fate ?
 Were it not better, I that Lady had,
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late ">
 Most sencelesse man he, thathimselfedoth hate,
 To loue another Lo then for thine ayd
 Here take thy louers token on thy pate
 So t'hey to fight, the whiles the royall Mayd
 Fkd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore
 arrayd

But that false *Pilgrim*, which that leasing told,
 Being in deed old *Archimage*, did stay
 In secret shadow, all this to behold,
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray
 , But when he saw the Damsell passe away
 He left his stonde, and her pursewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battels end, will need another
 place.

Cant VII.



*The Redcrosse knight ts captiue made
 By Gyaunt proud opprest,
 Prince Arthur meets with Vna great
 ly with those newes disirest*

I

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to descry the crafty cunning frame,
 By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
 And cast her colours dyed deepe in grame,
 To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can
 faine,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 Ihe guiltlesse man with guile to entertame ?
 Greatmaistresse of herart was that false Dami,
 The false *Duessa*, cloked with *Fidessaes* name

2

Who when returning from the drery *Night*,
 She fownd not in that perilous house *ottryde*,
 Where she had left, the noble *Redcrosse* knight,
 Her hoped pray, she would no lenger bide,
 But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate,
 To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
 Disarmed all of yron coted Plate,
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate

3

He feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
 Which through the trembling leaues full gently
 playes
 Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kind
 Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind
 The Witch approching gan him fairly greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnesse vnkind
 Vpbraid, for leauing her in place vnmeet,
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall
 with hony sweet

4

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the loyous shade,
 Which shielded them against the boyhng heat,
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy
 glade,
 About the fountaine like a girlond made,
 Whose bubbling waue did euer freshly well,
 Ne euer would through feruent sommer fade
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
 Was out of *Thanes* fauour, as it then befell

10

The cause was this one day when *Phoebe* fayre
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching
 Sat downe to rest in mmdest of the race [ay re
 The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
 And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place
 Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
 And all that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble
 grow 6

Hereof this gentle knight vnweetmg was,
 And lying downe vpon the sandie graile,
 Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas,
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fade,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile
 Ilischaunged powres at first themselves not felt,
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
 And chearefull bloud in faintness chill did melt,
 Which like a feuier fit through all his body swelt

7

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both careless of his health, and of his fame
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing, did
 rebownd,
 That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble Th'Elfe therewith
 astownd,

Vpstart lightly from his looser make,
 And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take

8

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Geant horrible and hye,
 That with his talncsse seemd to thre it the skye,
 The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed,
 His humg like saw neuer humg eye,
 Ne durst behold his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall
 seed

9

I he greatest Earth his vncouth mother was,
 And blustering *Mains* his boasted sire,
 Who with his breath, which through the world
 doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
 And hid her hidden caucs with stormit yre,
 Thatshe concei'd, and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women do expire,
 Brought forth tins monstrous masse of earthly
 slime, [crime
 Puft vp with emptic wind, and fild with sinful)

So growen great through arrogant delight
 Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse
 might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did some
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse his stalking steps are stayde
 Vpon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and It made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he
 dismayde

That when the knight he spide, he gan aduance
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towardeshim with dreadfull fury prounce,
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace, sad battaile to darraigne,
 Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in euery loynt and vaine,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble
 made,

That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single
 blade 12

The Gaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 That could haue ouerthrowne a stony towre,
 And were not heauenly grace, that him did blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly leapt from vnderneath the blow
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
 That with the wind it did him ouerthrow,
 And all his sences stound, that still he lay full
 low 13

As when that diuehsh yron Engin wrought
 In deepest Hell, and framd by *Buries* skill,
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bullet round, ordamd to kill,
 Conceiueh fire, the heauens it doth fill
 With thundnng noyse, and all the ayre doth
 choke,

That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of duskish stmcking
 smoke,

That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escapd
 the stroke

14

So daunted when the Gtaunt saw the knight,
 His heauie hand he heaued vp on hye,
 And him to dust thought to haue battred quight,
 Vntill *Duessa* loud to him gan crye,
 O great *Orgogho*, greatest vnder skye,
 O hold thy mortall hand for Ladieb sake,
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
 But vanquish thine eternall bonds laue make,
 And me thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take

15

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new found make
 Then vphetooke the slombred senselesse corse,
 And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without
 remorse

16

From that day forth *Duessa* was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
 He gaue her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 And her endowd with royall maiestye
 Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,
 A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in dark
 some den

17

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
 Which great *Alcides* in *Sremona* slew,
 Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
 Whose many heads out budding euer new,
 Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew
 But this same Monster much more vgly was,
 For seuen great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron brest, and backe of scaly bras,
 And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as
 glas

18

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the house of heauenly gods it raught,
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd
 strength,
 Theeucr burning lamps from thence lbrought,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of
 nought,
 And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught
 Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seuenfold head
 He set the false *Duessa*, for more aw and dread

19

The wofull Dwarfes, which saw his maisters fall,
 While he had keeping of his grasmg steed,
 And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,
 When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,
 His mightie armour, missing most at need,
 His silcur shield, now idle maisterlesse,
 His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
 The ruefull monuments of heauesnesse,
 And with them all departes, to tell his great

He had not trauid long, when on the way
 He wofull Ladie, wofull *Vna* met,
 Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
 Whilest *Satyrane* him from pursuit did let
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfes had set,
 And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And huely breath her sad brest did forsake,
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant
 and quake

21

The messenger of so vnhappy newes
 Would fame haue dyde dead was his hart
 within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes
 At last recouering hart, he docs begin
 To rub her temples, and to chafe her chin,
 And euery tender part does toss and turne
 So hardly he the flitted life does win,
 Vnto her natie prison to retourne
 Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and
 mourne

22

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull theeds vnfold,
 The which my life and loue together tyde *
 Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through euery side,
 And let eternall night so sad sight from me hide

23

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest *loue*,
 First made by him, Mens wandring wayes to
 guyde,
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon droue,
 Henceforth thy hated face for euer hyde,
 And shut vp heauens window scshyning wyde
 For earthlysight can nought but sorrow breed,
 And late repentance, which shall long abyde
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
 But seled vp with death, shall haue their deadly
 meed

24

Then downe againe she fell vnto the ground,
 But he quickly reared vp againe
 Thrise did she sinkedowne in deadly swound,
 And thrise he her reuiu'd with busie paine
 At last when life recouer'd had the raine,
 And ouer-wrestled his strong enemy,
 With foltning tong, and trembling euery vame,
 Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedie,
 The which these rehques sad present vnto mine
 eie

25

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart,
 Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,
 Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart
 Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part
 If death it be, it is not the first wound,
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding
 smart

Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound ,
 If lesse, then that I feare, more fauour I haue
 found

26

Then gan the Dwarf the whole discoursed declare,
 The subtil traines of *Archtmago* old,
 The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* faire,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim
 bold [mould,
 The wretched payre transform'd to treen
 The house of Pride, and perils round about,
 The combat, which he *mith Sanstoy* did hould ,
 The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,
 Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in
 doubt

27

She heard with patience all vnto the end,
 And stroue to maister sorrow full assay,
 Winch greater grew, the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender hart in tway ,
 And loue fresh coles vnto her fire did lay
 Por greater loue, the greater is the losse
 Was neuer Ladie loued dearer d ly,
 Then she did loue the knight of the *Redcrosse*,
 For whose deare sake so many troubles her did
 tosse

28

\t last when feruent sorrow slaked was,
 She vp arctee, resohnhg him to find
 Aliue or dead and forward forth doth pas,
 Ml as the Dwarf the way to her assynd
 And eucmore in constant cue full mind
 She fed her wound with fresh renewed bile ,
 Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter
 wind,
 High ouer hils, and low adowne the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and measurd manv
 a vale

29

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the was
 Together with his Squire, arayed meet
 His glitterand armour sinned farre away,
 Like glauncing light of *Phoebus* brightest ray ,
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of Steele endanger may
 Athwart his brest a bauldncck braue he ware,
 That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons
 most pretious rare

30

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous
 mights,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like *Hesperus* amongst the lesser lights,
 And stroue for to amaze the weaker sights ,
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yuory sheath, ycaru'd with curious slights,
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle
 strong
 Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden
 tong

31

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious bnghtnesse, and great terrour
 bred,
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and ouer all did spread
 His golden wings his dreadfull hideous hed
 Close couched on the beuer, seem'd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
 That suddeine horror to faint harts did show,
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe
 full low

3²

Ypon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bunch of haire discolourd diuersly,
 With spnncked pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for lolhty,
 Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene *Sclims* all alone,
 With blossomes braue bedecked daintily ,
 Whose tender locks do tremble eucry one
 At eucry little breath, that vnder heauen is
 blowne

33

His warlike shield all closely couer d was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene,
 Not made of Steele, nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly mettals soone consumed bene
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massie entire mould,
 Il ewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it neuer percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword diuide the substance
 would

34

The same to wight he neuer wont disclose,
 But when as monsters huge he would disma),
 Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heauens he would affray ,
 For so exceeding shone his ghstring ray,
 That *Phabus* golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay,
 And siluer *Cynthia* waxed pale and famt,
 As when her face is staynd with magicke arts
 constraint

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call,
 But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddeme fall
 And when him list the raskall routes appall,
 Men mto stones therewith he could transmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all,
 And when him list the prouder looks subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other
 hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds,
 For he that made the same, was knowne right
 well
 To haue done much more admirable deedes
 It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excell
 All humg wighes in might of magicke spell
 Both shield, and sword, and armour all he
 wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he
 fell,
 But when hedy de, the Faerie Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be scene, if
 sought

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
 Had nuen many a brest with pikehead square,
 A goodly person, and could menage faire
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
 Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
 And chauf, that any on his backe should sit,
 The yron rowles into frothy fome he bit

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
 With louely court he gan her enttaine ,
 But when he heard her answeres loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humour fitting purpose fame,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray ,
 Wherewith emmou'd, these bleeding words she
 gan to say 39

What worlds delight, or loy of liuing speach
 Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes decpe
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe, I
 And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,
 Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale
 Such helpelesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,
 Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auaille,
 My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and
 waile

Ah Ladie deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
 Well may I weene, yournefe is wondrous great,
 For wondrous great gnefegroneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus heareyou of your sorrowes treat
 But wofull Ladie let me you intrete,
 For to vnfold the anguish of your hart
 Mishaps are maistred by aduce discrete,
 And counsell mittigates the greatest smart,
 Found neuer helpe, who neuer would his hurts
 impart

O but (quoth she) great griefe will not be tould,
 And can more easily be thought, then said
 Right so , (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,
 (ould neuer will to might giues greatest aid
 But griefe (quoth she) does greater grow displaid,
 If then it find not helpe, and breedes despaire
 Despaire breedes not (quoth he) where faith is
 staid
 No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire
 Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can
 repaire 42

His goodly reason, and well guided speach
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
 I Which loue and fortune in her heart had
 wrought, [brought
 And said, Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath
 You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
 Or that your wisdome will direct my thought,
 Or that your prowesse can me yield rehref
 Then heare the stone sad, which I shall tell > ou

43

The forlorne Maiden, w horn youreyshaueseene
 The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
 Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose parents deare, whilest equall destinies
 Did runne about, and their felicities
 The fauourable hcauais did not cnuy,
 Didspread theiirulethrough all the territories,
 Which *Phison*nd *Euphrates* fiowcwt by,
 And *Gehons* golden waues doc wash continually

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
 An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
 With murdrous riuiue, and deuounng might
 Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted
 quight
 Themselues, for feare into his lawes to fall,
 He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
 Wftere fast embard in mightie brasen wall,
 He has them now foure yeres besiegd to make
 them thrall.

Full many knights aduenturous and stout
 Haue enterpnzd that Monster to subdew,
 From euery coast that heauen walks about,
 Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,
 That famous hard atchieuements still pursew,
 Yet neuer any could that girlond win,
 But all still shronke, and still he greater grew
 All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 The pitteous pray of his hercercrueltie haue bin

46

At last yledd with farre reported praise,
 Winch flying fame throughout the world had
 spred,
 Of doughtie knights, whom Faeryland did draisc,
 That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
 Forthwith to court of *Gloriane i* sped,
 Of *Gloriane* great Queene of glory bright,
 Whose kmgdomes scat *Cleopolis* is red,
 There to obtame some such redoubted knight,
 That Parents deare from tyrants powre dehuer
 might

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
 Ihere for to find a fresh vnproued knight,
 Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guiltie blood
 Had neuer bene, ne euer by his might
 Had throwne to ground the vnregarded right
 Yet of his prowess prooffe he since hath made
 (I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight,
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
 Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade

48

And ye the forlorne reliques of his powTe,
 His bytmg sword, and his deuounngspeare,
 Which haue endured many a drcadfull stow re,
 Can speake his prowess, that did earst you
 beare,

And well could rule now he hath left you heare,
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefull disauenturous dcare
 O hcaue record of the good *Kedcrosse*,
 Where haue you left your Lord, that could so
 well you tosse?

49

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 That he my captiue langour should redeme,
 Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad
 His sence abusd, and made him to misdecme
 My loyalty, not such as it did seme,
 Tliat rather death desire, then such despight
 Be ludge ye heauens, that all things right
 esteeme,
 How I him lou'd, and loue with all my might,
 bo thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought
 aright

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
 TO wander, wherewilde fortune would me lead,
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 Where neuer foot of liumg wight did tread,
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead,
 In which him chaunced false *Duessa* meete,
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 Who with her witchcraft and misseemingsweete,
 Inucigled him to follow her desires vnmeete

At last by subtile sleights she him betrayd
 Vnto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismayd,
 Vnwares surprised, and with mightie mall
 The monster merciesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did neuer foe before behold,
 And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched
 thrall,
 Remedillesse, for aie he doth him hold,
 This is my cause of gnefe, more great, then
 may be told

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint
 But he her comforted and faire bespake,
 Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to
 quake
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take
 fort till I haue acquit your captiue knight,
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake
 His chearefull words reuiu'd her chearelesse
 spnght, [euer right
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding

Cant V111

*Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
 brings Arthur to the fight
 Who slayes the Gyant, wounds the beast,
 and strips Duessa quigh*

i

\y me, how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily **fall** ?
 We re not, that heavenly grace doth him vphold,
 And stedfast truth acquite him out of **all**
 Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
 So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,
 Or weaknesse is to sinfull bands made thrall
 Else should this *Redcrosse* knight in bands
 haue dyde, [thither guide
 For whose dehuerance she this Pmce doth

2
They sadly traueild thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a castle budded strong and hie
Then cryde the Dwarfe, lo yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth luckesse he,
Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyrannie
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steede, and bad the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that
day

3
So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall,
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne huing wight
To ward the same, nor answere commers call
Then tooke that Squire an home of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
And tassels gay Wyde wonders ouer all
Of that same homes great vertues weren told,
Which had approued bene in vses manifold

4
Was neuer wight, that heard that shnlngs sound,
But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine,
Three miles it might be easie heard around,
And Echoes three answerd it selfe againe
No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or
brast

5
The same before the Gennts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And euery dore of freewill open flew
The Gyant selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his *Duessa* dal'iance fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one
astownd, [stowre
And staggering steps, to weet, what suddenn
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his
dreaded powre

6
And after him the proud *Duessa* came,
High mounted on her manyheaded beast,
And euery head with fyne tongue did flame,
And euery head was crowned on his creast,
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Vpon his manly arme he soone addressd,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage filld,
And eger greedinesse through euery member
thnd. I

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and highdisdaime,
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
Allarm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to haue slaine
But wise and wane was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous mane,
Did faire auoide the violence him nere,
It booted nought, to thinke, such thunderbolts
tobeare 8

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous
might
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
Did fall to ground, and with his heauie sway
1 So deeply dinted in the dnuen clay,
Thatt three yardes deepe a furrow vp did throw
! The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous vnderneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare, did like an
earthquake show

9
As when at mightie *hue* in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sines bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring drenment,
Through nuch cloudes and molten firmament,
The fierce threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angrie passage stiy,
And shooting in the earth, casts vp a mount of
clay

10
His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen vp againe so light,
But that the knight him at auantage found,
And whiles he stroue hiseombred dubb to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arme, which like a blockt
Did fall to ground, depnu'd of mtiut might,
Large streames of bloud out of the trunked
stocke
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from
nuen rod e

11
Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted panic,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowed againe,
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plamc
An heard of Bulles Whom kindly ragcd tosting,
Do for the milkie mothers want complame,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow
murmur ring

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw
 The euill stownd, that daungerd her estate,
 Vnto his aide she hastily did draw
 Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with bloud of
 late
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous
 gate,
 And threatned all his heads like flaming brands
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
 Encountering fierce with single sword in hand,
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bul
 warke stand

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
 And fierce disdaine, to be affronted so,
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might
 That stop out of the way to ouerthroe,
 Scorning the let of so vnequall foe
 But nathemore would that courageous swayne
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them
 twaine

14

Then tooke the angne witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes,
 Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
 And secret poysen through their inner parts,
 Th'eternall bale of heauit wounded harts ,
 Winch after chames and some enchaunt
 merits said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts ,
 Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayed,
 And all his senses were with suddeme dread
 dismayd

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his necke his bloudie clawes did seize,
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize
 Tint when the carefull knight gan well auise,
 He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprise ,
 Lor wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loued Squire into such thraldome
 brought

16

And high aduancing his bloud thirstie blade,
 Stroke one of those deformed he ids so sore,
 That of his puissance proud ensample made ,
 His monstrous scalpc downe to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape mis shaped more
 A sea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And ouerflowed all the field around ,
 rhat ouer shoes in bloud he waded on the
 ground

17

Thereat he roared for exceeding pame,
 That to haue heard, great horror would haue
 bred, [traine,
 And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed
 His gorgeouus ryder from her loftie sted
 Would haue cast downe, and trod in durtiemyre,
 Had not the Gyant soone her succoured ,
 Who all enrag'd with smart and franticke yre,
 Came hurtling in full force, and forst the knight
 retyre

18

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left hand he now vnites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both
 were erst,
 With which his hideous club aloft he dities,
 And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
 That strongest Oake might seeme to ouerthrow
 The stroke vpon his shield so heauie htes,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low
 What mortall wight could euer beare so mon
 strous blow 19

And in his fall his shield, that couered was,
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew
 The light whereof, that heauens light did pas,
 Such blazing bnghtnesse through the aier threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew
 Which when the Gyauntspyde with staring eye.
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaued was on hye
 For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground
 did lye

20

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became starke blind, and all his senses daz'd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
 And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield
 Whom when his maistresse proud percei'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Vnto the Gyant loudly she gan call,
 helpe *Orgoglw*, helpe, or else we perish all

21

At her so pitteous cry was much amou'd
 Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prou'd
 But all in vaine for he has read his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Themselves in vaine for since that glauncmg
 sight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend ,
 As where th'Almighties lightning brand does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the
 senses quight

22

Whom when the Prince, to battell new address,
 And threatning high his dreadfull strokedid see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That downe he tombled, as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky chitt,
 Whose hartstrings with keene Steele nigh
 heuen be,
 The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare
 full drift

23

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
 By subtle engins and mahtious slight
 Is vndermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation forst, and feebled might,
 At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie mine does more heauie make,
 And yields it selfe vnto the victours might,
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did
 quake

24

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall Steele him smot againe so sore,
 That headlesse his vnweldy bodie lay,
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondroub
 store
 But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
 That huge great body, w Inch the Gy aunt bore
 Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an cmptie bladder
 was

25

Whose gneuous fall, when false *Duessa* spide,
 Her golden cup she cast vnto the ground,
 And crowned mitre rudely threw abide,
 Such percing grieffe her stubborne hart did
 wound,
 Thatshe could not endure that dolefull stound,
 But leaung all behind her, fled away
 The light foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
 And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray

26

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
 In pensue plight, and sad perplexitie,
 Thewholeatchieue ment of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victone,
 With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie,
 And with sweet loyouscheare him thus bespake,
 Faire braunch of noblesse, flowre of cheualne,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the pames, ye suffer for my
 sake?

27

And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh vnto deaths
 dore,
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
 Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and seruice euermore,
 And he that lugh does sit, and all tilings see
 With equall eyes, their merites to restore,
 Behold what ye this day haue done tor mee,
 And what I cannot quite, requite with vsuree

28

But sith the heauens, and your faire handehng
 Haue made you maister of the field this day,
 Your fortune maister eke with gouernmg,
 And well begun end all so well, I pray,
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away,
 For she it is, that did my Lord be thrall,
 My dearest Lord, and decpe in dongeon lay,
 Where he his better dayes hath wasted all
 O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call

29

Forthwith he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
 i That scarlot whore to keepe carefully,
 Whiles he himscf with greedie great desire
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,
 Where huing creature none he did espye,
 I hen gan he lowdly through the house to call
 But no man car'd to answere to his crye
 Here raignd a solemne silence ouer all,
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was scene III
 bowre or hall

30

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
 An old old man, with beard as white as
 snow,
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guide his wearie gate both too and fro
 Tor his eye sight him failed long ygo,
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
 The which vnused rust did ouergrow
 Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,
 But he could not them vse, but kept them still
 in store

31

But very vncouth sight was to behold,
 How he did fashion his vntoward pace,
 For as he forward moou'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinded face,
 Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyant dead,
 I His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread

His reuerend haire and holy grautie
 The knight much honor'd, as becomed well,
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell
 Agame he askt, where that same knight was
 layd,
 Whom great *Orgolto* with his puissance fell
 Had made his cay tiue thrall, againe he sayde,
 He could not tell ne euer other answer made

33

Then asked he, which way he in might pas
 He could not tell, agame he answered
 Thereat the curteous knight displeased was,
 And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
 How ill it sits with that same siluer hed
 In viiue to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
 With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
 Aread in grauer wise, what I dtmaund of thee

34

His answer likewise was, he could not tell
 Whose senceless spach, and doted ignorance
 When as the noble Prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calmd his wrath with goodly tem|x.rance
 Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
 Those keyes, and made Imselfefree entrance
 E ach dore he opened without any breach,
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to
 empeach

There all within full rich ara)d he found,
 With royall arras and resplendent gold
 And did with store of eucry thing abound,
 That greatest Princes presence might behold
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With bloud of guiltesse babes, and innocents
 trew, [fold,
 Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the
 Defiled was, that dreidfull wis to vew,
 And sacred ashes ouer it was strowed new

And there beside of m irble stone was built
 An Altarc, caru'd with cunning imagery,
 On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
 And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny
 Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the
 stone
 To God for vengeance cryde continually,
 And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
 That hardest heart would bleede, to heare their
 piteous mone

Througheuryrowmehesought, andeurybowT,
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall
 At last he came vnto an yron doore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
 Lmongst that bounch, to open it withall,
 But in the same a little grate was pight,
 Ithrough which he sent his voyce, and lowd
 did call
 With all his powre, to weet, if humg wight
 Were housed therewithm, whom he enlargen
 might ^

There with an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
 I hese piteous plaints and dolours did resound,
 O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
 Of death, that here lye dying eury stound,
 Yet hue perforce in balefull darkenesse bound
 For now three Moones haue changed thrice,
 their hew, [ground..
 i And haue bene thrice hid vnderneath the
 ! Since I the heauens chearefull face did vew,
 O welcome thou, that doest of death bring
 tydings trew

Winch when that Champion heard, with perc-
 ing point
 Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,
 I And trembling horror ran through eury loynt,
 For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore
 Which shaking off, he rent that yron dcre,
 With furious force, and indignation fell,
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed euer forth a hiltie banefull smell

40

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that withconstant zeale, and courage bold,
 After long paincs and labours manifold,
 He found the meanes that Prisoner vptoreare,
 Whose feeble thighes, vnhabable to vphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare,
 \ ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th'vuw on ted sunne to view,
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty sides decemed of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew,
 His rawbone ames, whose mighty brawned bows
 Were wont to nue Steele plates, and helmets hew,
 Werecleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and all his flesh shronk vp like
 withered flowres

42

Whom when hts Lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty loy to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Whoeerst in flowres of freshest youth was clad
 Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said, Ah dearest Lord, what euill starre
 On you hath fround, and poured his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks
 dothmarre?

43

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day ,
 And fie on Fortune mine auowed foe,
 Whose wrathfull wreakes them selues do now
 alay
 And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pa>
 Of treble good good growes of euils pnefe
 Thechearelesse man,whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his gnefe,
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe

44

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
 The things, that gneuous were to do, or btarc,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight,
 Best musicke breeds f delight in loathing eare
 But th'onelygood, that growes of passed feare,
 Is to be wise, and ware of like agein
 This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall
 men.

45

Henceforth sir knight, take to \ou wanted
 strength,
 And maisterthesemishapsw ithpatient might,
 Loe where your foe lves stretcht in monstrous
 length,
 And loe that wicked woman in \our sight.
 The roote of all your care,and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her hue, or dye
 To do her dye (quoth Vna) were despight,
 And shame t'auenge so weake an enemy ,
 But spoile her of herscarlot robe, and let her fly

40

So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
 And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid,
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all
 Then when they had despoild her tire and call,
 Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
 That her misshaped parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wnnckled hag, ill faouered, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be
 told

47

Her craftie head was altogether bald,
 And as in hate of honor ible eld,
 Was ouergrowne with scurfe and filthy scald ,
 Her teedi out of her rotten gummies were fclد,
 And her sowre breath abhominably smclد ,
 Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
 Hongdowne,and filthy matterfrom them wclد,
 Her wnzled skin as rough, as maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would haue loathd all
 womankind

48

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
 MychasterMuse forshamedoth blush to write,
 But at her rompe she growing had behind
 A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight,
 Andekeherfeetmost monstrous were insight,
 For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight,
 The other like a Beares vneuen paw
 More vgly shape yet neuer huing creature saw

49

Winch when the knights behtld, amazd the)
 Y were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight
 Such then (said Vna) as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
 Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne,
 They let her goe at will, and wander waves
 vnknowne

50

She flying fast from heauens hated face,
 And from the world that her discouered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wilderness apace,
 From liumg eyes her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in jocks and caues long vnspide
 But that faire crew of knights, and Vna faire
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selues, and weary powres repaire,
 Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare

55

The knight himselfe euen trembled at his fall
 So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd,
 And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread, which she mis-
 deem'd,
 But yet at last, when as the direfull feend
 She saw not stirre, off shaking vaine affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that lyouous end
 Then God she prayds, and thankt her faithfull
 knight,
 "That had atchieu'd so great a conquest by his
 might

Cant XII

*Fatre Vna to Hie Redcrosse knight
 beirouthed is with to3y
 Though false Duessa it to barrc
 her false sleights doe imploy*

1

Behold I see the hauen nigh at hand,
 TO which I meane my wearie course to bend,
 Vere the maineshcte, and beare vp with the land,
 The which afore is fairly to be kcnd,
 And seemeth saft from stomea, that may offend,
 There this faire virgin wearie of her way
 Must landed be, now at her rounneyes end
 There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
 Till merry wind and weather call her thence
 away

2

Scarsely had *Phabus* in the glooming East
 Yet liamcsed his fine footed teeme,
 Ne reard aboue the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
 Vnto the watchman on the castle will,
 Who there bydead that bale ful lBeast did deeme,
 And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
 To tell, how he had scene the Dragons fatall fall

3

Vprose with hastie loy, and feeble speed
 That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet, if true indeede
 Those tydings were, as he did vnderstand,
 Which whenas true by trvall he out fond,
 He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
 Which long time had beneshut, and out of hond
 Proclaymediou and peace through all his state,
 For dead now was their foe, which them for
 rayed late

Gainst him, that had them long opprest with
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort [tort,
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
 Prom whose eternall bondage now they were
 releast

5

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well beseene,
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober Peres, all grauely gownd,
 Whom farre before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand,
 Glad signe of victone and peace in all their land

6

Vnto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
 And him before themselues prostrating low,
 1 heir Lord and Patroneloud did himproclame,
 And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw
 Soone after them all dauncing on a row
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene do grow,
 W hen morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light
 And in their hands sweet Timbrels all vpheld on
 bight

7

And them before, the fry of children young
 Iheirwantonsportsandchildishmirthdidplay,
 4nd to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung
 In well attuned notes, a lyouous lay,
 And made dehghtfull musicke all the way,
 Vntill they came, where that faire virgin stood,
 As hire *Diana* in fresh sommers day
 Beltoldsher Nymphes. enraung'd in shadiewood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in
 chnstall flood

8

So she beheld those maydens menment
 With chearefull vew, who when to her they
 came,
 Themselues to ground with gracious humblesse
 And her ador'd by honorable name, [bent,
 Lifting to heaucn her euerlasting fame
 Then on her head they set a girland greene,
 And crow ned her t w i x t earnest and t w i x t game,
 Who in her selfe resemblance well beseene,
 Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden
 Queene

And after, all the raskall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man •
 Whom all admired, as from heauen sent,
 And gazd vpon with gaping wonderment
 But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once
 assay 10

Somefeard, and fled, somefeard and wellit faynd,
 One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some hngnng life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed ,
 Another said, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparckhng fire, and bad thereof take heed,
 Another said, he saw him moue his ey es indeed

11
 One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld
 Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her lile babereuuld,
 And to her gossipis gan in counsell say ,
 How can I tell, but that his talants may
 Yet scratch mysonne, or rend his tender hand
 So diuersly themselves in vame they fray ,
 Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh
 stand,
 To proue how many acres he did spread of land

12
 Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
 The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
 Being arriued, where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasance did remame,
 Him goodly gretes, and faire does entertame,
 With princely gifts of yuone and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his
 paine
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold

13
 And after to his Pallace he them brings,
 With shaumes, and trompets, and with
 Clarions sweet,
 And all the way the loyous people sings,
 And with their garments Crowes the pauerd street
 Whence mounting vp they find purueyance meet
 Of all, that royall Princes court became,
 And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
 Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
 On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose
 frame.

14
 What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?
 What needs of daintie dishes to deuize,
 Of comely seruices, or courtly trayne ?
 My narrow leaues cannot in them containe
 The large discourse of royall Princes state
 Yet was their manner then but bare and plame
 For th'antique world excesseand pride did hatt,
 such proud luxurious pompe is swollen vp but
 late 15

Then when with meates and drinckes of euery
 kinde
 Their feruent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient Lord gan lit occasion finde,
 Of straunge aduentures, and of perils sad,
 Which in his trauell him befallen had,
 For to demanda of his renowned guest
 Who then with vtt'rance graue, and count'n
 ancesad,
 From point to point, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his re-
 quest 16

Great pleasure mixt with pittfull regard,
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,
 Whiles they his pittfull aduentures heard,
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
 And often blame the too importune fate,
 That heapt on him so many wrathfullwreakes
 For neuer gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes ,
 And all the while salt teares bedeawd the
 hearers cheeks

17
 Then sard that royall Pere in sober wise ,
 Deare Sonne, great beene the euils, which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprise,
 That I note, whether prayse, or pittty more
 For neuer humg man, I weene, so sore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest,
 But since now safe ye seised haue the shore,
 And well arriued are, (high God be blest)
 Let vs deuize of ease and euerlasting rest

18
 Ah dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
 Of ease or rest I may not yet deuize ,
 For by the faith, which I to armes haue plight,
 I bounden am streight after this empnze,
 As that your daughter can ye well aduize,
 Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
 And her to scrue six yeares in warlike wize,
 Gainst that proud Paynim king, that workes
 her teene
 Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I tnere
 haue beene

19

Vnhappie falles that hard necessitie,
 (Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,
 And vowed foe of my mechieite ,
 Ne I against the same can rustly preace.
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen vndo, (for vowes may not be vaine)
 Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall
 cease,
 Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
 The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you
 twain

20

Which for my part I couet to performe,
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who so kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battaile ouercame,
 Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee
 Therefore since now to thee perteineth the same,
 By dew desert of noble cheualree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to
 thee

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
 The fairest Vn' his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter, and his onely hey re ,
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
 Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long wished light,
 So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in
 sight

22

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ,
 For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
 And widow like sad wimple throwne away,
 Wherewith her heauenly beautie she did hide,
 Whiles on her weane lourney she did ride,
 And on her now a garment she did weare,
 All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,
 That seemd like silke and siluer wouen neare,
 But neither silke nor siluer therein did appeare

23

The blazing brightness of her beauties beame,
 And glorious light of her sunshyny face
 To tell, were as to striue against the streame
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
 Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace
 Ne wonder, for her owne deare loued knight,
 All were she dayly with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestial! sight
 Oft had he seene her faire, but neuer so faire
 dight

SPENSER

24

So fairely dight, when she in **presence** came,
 She to her Sire made **humble reference**,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added grace vnto her excellence
 Who with great wisdom, and graue eloquence
 Thus can to say But eare he thus had said,
 With flyingspeede, and seeming great pretence,
 Came running in much like a man dismaid,
 A Messenger with letters, which his message said

25

All in the open hall amazed stood,
 At suddennesse of that vnwarie sight,
 And wondred at his breathlesse hastie mood
 But he for nought would stay his passage right
 Till fast before the king he did alight,
 Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
 And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight,
 Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
 Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper
 spake

26

To thee, most mighty king of *Eden* faire,
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
 The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
 Of that great Emperour of all the West,
 And bids thee be aduized for the best,
 Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
 Of wedlocke to that new unknownen guest.
 For he already plighted his right hand
 Vnto another loue, and to another land

27

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
 He was affiaunced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
 False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore
 Witsesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
 And guiltie heauens of his bold penury,
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgement just do fly,
 And them coniuret'auenge this shamefull iniury

28

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or trew, or humg or else dead,
 Withhold, O souerame Prince, your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread ,
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to
 tread,
 Through weakenesse of my widowhed, or woe:
 For truth is strong, her rightfuil cause to plead,
 And shall find friends, if need requireth soe,
 So bids thee well to fare, Thy nether friend,
 nor foe, *Fidessa*

29

When he these bitter byting words had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake
 At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest,
 Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
 Thy life and honour late aduentrest,
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be
 exprest

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
 What heauens? what altars? what enraged
 heates

Here heaped \p with termes of loue vnkind,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would
 bind?

High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame
 But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
 Or wrapped be in louses of former Dame,
 With crime do not it couer, but disclose the

3¹

To whom the *Redcrosse* knight this answere sent,
 My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by graue intendment,
 What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbrayd
 With breach of loue, and loyalty betrayd
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately trauerld, that vnwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and
hard,
 rhat day should faile me, ere I had them all
 declar'd

32

There did I find, or rather I was found
 Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
 Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
 That easie was t' inuegle weaker sight
 Who by her wicked arts, and wyhe skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill

33

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Ma> d,
 And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd,
 O pardon me, my soueraigne Lord, to show
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To haue bene wrought by that false sorceresse
 She onely she it is, that earst did throw
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did awaite in dayly wretched
 nesse.

34

And now it seemes, that she surned hath
 This craftie messenger with letters vame,
 To worke new woe and improur'd scath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine,
 Wherein she vsed hath the practicke paine
 Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
 Whom if ye please for to discouer plaine,
 Ye shall him *Archtmago* find, I ghesse,
 The falsest man ahue, who tries shall find no
 lesse

35

The king was greatly moued at her speach,
 And all with suddain indignation fraight,
 Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach
 Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did
 wait,
 Attachth that faitor false, and bound him strait
 Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
 With idle force did fame them to withstand,
 And often semblance made to scape out of
 their hand

36

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
 And bound him hand and foote with yron
 chains
 And with continuall watch did warely keepe,
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtile
 trains
 He could escape fowle death or deadly paines?
 Thus when that Princes wrath was pacified,
 He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
 And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
 With sacred rites and vowes for cuer to abyde

37

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
 That none but death for euer can deuide,
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
 The housling fire did kindle and prouide,
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide,
 At which the bushy Teade a groonu did light,
 And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor
 night,

For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright

38

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day,
 They all perfume with frankencense dume,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray
 And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
 To driue away the dull Melancholy,
 The whiles one sung a song of loue and lollity

41

During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th'eternall maiesty,
 In their trinall triphcities on hye ,
 Yet wist no creature, whence that heavenly
 sweet
 Proceeded, yet each **one** felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reft of his senses meet,
 And rauished with rare impression in his sprite

40

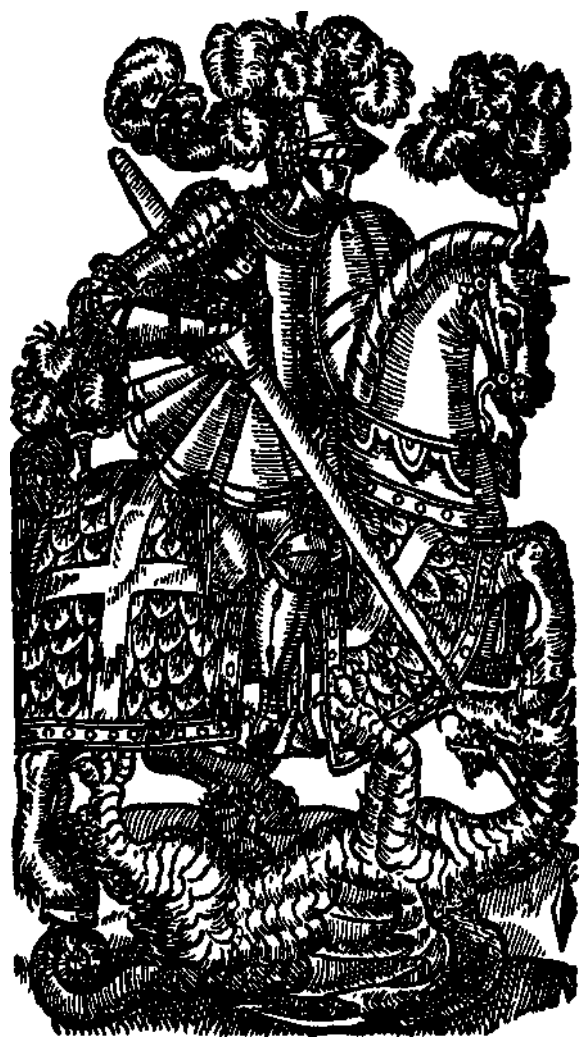
Great loy was made that day of young and old,
 And solenine feast proclaimd throughout the
 land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The vsuall loyes at knitting of loues band
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
 And euer, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seemetomeltin pleasures manifold

Her loyous presence and sweet company
 In full content he there did long emoy,
 Ne wicked enure, ne vile gealosy
 His deare delights were able to annoy
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
 He nought forgot, how he whilome had
 sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
 Vnto his Farie Queene backe to returne
 The which he shortly did, and Vna left to
 mourne

42

Now strike your sailes ye lolly Mariners,
 For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this wearie vessell of her lode
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide And then agame abroad
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent
 i Well may she speede and fairely finish her
 intent

FINIS LIB I





THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,
THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON.

OR

Of Temperaunce.

I

RIGHT well I wote most mighty Souerame,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'abundance of an idle braine
Will rudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of lust memory,
Sith none, that breatheth huing aire, does
know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where
show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can
know.

2

But let that man with better sence aduize,
That of the world least part to vs is red
And dayly how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late age were neuer mentioned
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru* ?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The *Amazons* huge nuer now found trew ?
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euer vew ?

3

Yet all these were, when nomandid them know,
Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene
And later times things more vnknowne shall
show
Why then should wisesse man so much mis
weene
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene ?
What if within the Moones faire shining spheare'
What if in euery other starre vnseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare ?
He wonder would much more yet such to
some appeare

4

Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine signes here set in sundry place
He may it find, ne let him then admire,
But yield his sence to be too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace
And thou, O fairest Princesse vnder sky,
In this faire mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great auncestry

The which 0 pardon me thus to enfold
 In couert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
 Which else could not endure those beames
 bright,
 But would be dazled with exceeding light
 0 pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
 The braue aduentures of this Faery knight
 The good Sir *Guyon* graciously to heare,
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly
 doth appeare

Cant I



*Guyon by Archimage abusd,
 The Redcrosse knight awayles,
 Findes Mordant and Amauta shine
 With pleasures poisoned baytes*



I

That cunning Architect of cancred guile,
 Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
 For faked letters and suborned wile,
 Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he vnderstands
 To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
 To seue agame his soueraigne Elfin Queene,
 His artes he moues, and out of caytiues hands
 Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnseene ,
 His shackles emptre left, him selfe escaped
 cleene

2

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
 To worken mischief and auenging woe,
 Where euer he that godly knight may find,
 His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,
 Sith *Vna* now he algates must forgoe,
 Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
 To natrue crowne and lungdome late ygoe
 Where she emoyes sure peace for euermore,
 As weather beaten ship amu'd on happie shore

3

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
 And deadly food he makes him to offend
 By forged treason, or by open fight
 He seekes, of all his drift the aymed end
 Thereto his subtilt engines he does bend,
 His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
 With thousand other sleights for well he
 kend,
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong,
 For hardly could behurt, whowas already stong

4

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
 With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,
 And prime spials plast in all his way,
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares,
 To ketch him at a vantage in his snares
 But now so wise and wane was the knight
 By triall of his former harmes and cares,
 That he descride, and shonned still his slight
 The fish that once was caught, new bait will
 hardly bite

Nath'lesse th'Enchaunter would not spare his
 paine,
 In hope to win occasion to his will,
 Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
 He chaungd his minde from one to other ill
 For to all good he enemy was still
 Vpon the way him fortun'd to meet,
 Faire marching vnderneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his
 feete

6

His carnage was full comely and vpriight,
 His countenance demure and temperate,
 But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,
 That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate
 He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
 And mickle worship in his natrue land ,
 Well could he tourney and in lists debate,
 And knight hood tooke of good Sir *Huonshand*,
 When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie land

7

Him als accompanyd vpon the way
 A comely Palmer, clad in blacke attire,
 Of ripest yeares, and haire all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stirt,
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire
 And if by looks one may the mind ared,
 He seemd to be a sage and sober sire,
 And euer with slow pace the knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling steed with equal
 steps to tread

8

Such whenas *Archmaqo* them did view,
 He weened well to worke some vncouth clew,
 Eftsoones vntwisting his deceptfull clew,
 He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
 And with faire countenance and flattring stile,
 To them approching, thus the knight bespakt
 Faire some of *Mars*, that seekke with warlike
 spoil,
 And great atchieu'ments great your selfe to
 make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers
 sake

9

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
And bad tell on the tenor of his plaint,
Who feigning then in euery limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint

With piteous mone his percing speachgan paint,
Deare Lady how shall I declare thy cace,
Whom late I left in langourous constraint ?
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale, thy sight could win
thee grace

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunst,
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
When that lewd ribauld with vile lust aduauunst
Layd first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
To spoile her damtic corse so faire and sheene, |
As on the earth, great mother of vs all,
With lining eye more faire was neuer seene, I
Of chastitie and honour virgmill
Witnesse ye heauens, whom she in vame to
helpedid call |

How may it be, (said then the knight halfe wroth,) |
That knight should knighthood euer so haue
shent ? |troth,
None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for
How shamefully that Maid he did torment
Her looser golden lockes he ruddy rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many abloudie word,
Toung hates to tell the rest, that eye to see
abhorde

Therewith amoued from his sober mood,
And hues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens afford him vitall food ?
He hues, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt
Where may that treachour then (said he) be
found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract ?
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound
The stricken Deare doth chalenge by the bleed
ing wound

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire
And zealous hast away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that craf tie Squire
Supposd to be They do arnue anone,
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire discheueled,
Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone,
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly
blubbered

The knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
Faيرة Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
Great pittie is to see you thus dismaid,
And marre the blossome of your beautie bright
For thy appease your griefe and heaue plight,
And tell the cause of your concerned paine
For if he hue, that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe due recompence agame,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance main
tame.

15

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment,
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene

16

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame my hefe,
For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunst, but both the ill increase,
And the weake mind with double woe torment?
When she her Squire heard speake, she gan
appease

Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
Or why should euer I henceforth desire
To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue,
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reauce?
False travtoure certes (said the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might
Death were too little paine for such a foule
despight

18

But now, faire Ladie, comfort to you make,
And read, who hath ye wrought this shameful
plight,
That short reuenge the man may ouertake,
Where so he be, and soone vpon him light
Certes (saide she) I wote not how he hight,
But vnder him a gray steede did he wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight,
Vpright he rode, and in his siluer shield
He bore a bloudie Crosse, that quartred all the field

19

Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse,
 How that same knight should doso foule amis,
 Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse
 For may I boldly say, he surely is
 A right good knight, and true of word ywis .
 I present was, and can it wnesse well,
 When armes he swore, and streight did
 enterpris
 Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*,
 In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare
 tell

20

Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quite him of th imputed blame,
 Else be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
 Or make you good amendment for the same
 All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of
 shame
 Now therefore Ladie, rise out of your pame,
 And see the saluing of your blotted name
 Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did fame,
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to game21

Her purpose was not such, as she did fame,
 Ne yet her person such, as it was seene,
 But vnder simple shew and semblant plaine
 Lurckt false *Duessa* secretly vnseene,
 As a chast Virgin, that had wronged beene
 So had false *Archimago* her disguisd,
 To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene ,
 And eke himselfe had craftily deuised
 To be her Squire, and do her seruice well aguisd21

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
 Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
 Lurking in rockesand cauesfarre vnder ground,
 And withgreene mosse cou' ring her nakednesse.
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse ,
 Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
 And borrowed beautie spoild Her nathelesse
 Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
 Did thus reuest, and deckt with due habih
 ments

23

For all he did, was to deceiue good knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
 To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
 And end their daies with irrenowned shame
 And now exceeding gnefe him ouercame,
 To see the *Rcdrosse* thus aduanced hye ,
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
 Against his praise to stirre vp enmitie
 Of such, as vertues like mote vnto him allye

24

So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay (at last
 Betwixt two nils, whose high heads ouerplast,
 The valley did with coole shade ouercast,
 Through midst thereof a little nuer rold,
 By which there sate a knight with helme vnlast,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his trauell long, and labours manifold

25

Loe yonder he, cryde *Archmage* alowd,
 That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew,
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
 To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew,
 But vame for ye shall dearely do him rew,
 So God ye speed, and send you good successe ,
 Which we farre off will here abide to vew
 So they him left, mflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that knight his speare he
 did addresse

26

Who seeing him from farre so fierce to pricke,
 His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
 And in the rest his readie speare did sticke ,
 Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
 He gan rencounter him in equall race
 They bene ymet, both readie to affrap,
 When suddenly that warnour gan abace
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betidde, or hidden daunger did entrap

27

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
 For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
 Whiles cursed Steele against that badge I bent,
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
 Which on your shield is set for ornament
 But his fierce foe his steede could stay vneath
 Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell
 battell breath

28

But when he heard him speake, streight way he
 knew
 His error, and himselfe inclynyng sayd ,
 Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
 But me behouetn rather to vpbrayd,
 Whosehastie hand so farre from reason strayed,
 That almost it did haynous violence
 On that faire image of that heauenly Mayd,
 That decks and armes your shield with faire
 defence
 Your court'sie takes on you anothers due offence.

29

So bene they both attone, and doen vpreare
 Their beuers bright, each other for to greet ,
 Goodly comportance each to other beare,
 And entertaime themselves with court'sies meet
 Then said the *Redcrosse* knight, Now mote I weat,
 Sir *Guyon*, why with so herce saliaunce,
 And fell intent ye did at earst me meet,
 For sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
 Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some vn
 couth chaunce

30

Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell
 The fond encheason, that me hither led
 A false infamous faitour late befell
 Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
 And playnd of gneuous outrage, which he red
 A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent,
 Which to auenge, he to this place me led,
 Where you he made the marke of his intent,
 And now is fled, foule shame him follow, where
 he went

31

So can he turne his earnest vnto game,
 Through goodly handling and wise temperance
 By this his aged guide in presence came ,
 Who sooneas on that knight his eye did glance,
 Eft soones of him had perfect cognizance,
 Sith him in Faerie court he late auizd ,
 And said, Faire sonne, God giue you happie
 chance,
 And that deare Crosse vpon your shield deuizd,
 Wherewith aboue all knights ye goodly seeme
 aguizd

Joy may you haue, and euerlastmg fame,
 Of late most hard atchieu' ment by you donne,
 For which enrolled is your glorious name
 In heauenly Registers aboue the Sunne,
 Where you a Saint with Saints your seat haue
 wonne [marke,
 But wretched we, where ye haue left your
 Must now anew begin, like race to runne ,
 God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
 And to the wished hauen bring thy weary barke

33

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* knight)
 1 His be the praise, that this atchieu' mcnt wrought,
 Who made my hand the organ of his might,
 More then goodwill to me attribute nought
 For all I did, I did but as I ought
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensawes,
 Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your
 thought,
 That home ye may report thrise happie newes,
 For well ye worthie bene for worth and gentle
 thewes

34

So courteous conge both did giue and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of goodwill
 Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
 With his blacke *Palmer* that him guided still
 Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
 And with his steedie staffe did point his way
 His race with reason, and with words his will,
 From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
 And sufired not in wrath his hastiesteps to stray

35

In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
 Through many hard assayes, which did betide,
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glone through all countries wide
 At last as chaunst them by a forest side
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
 Thejr heard a ruefull voice, that dearly ende
 With percmg shnekes, and many adolefull lay,
 Which to attend, a while their forward steps
 they stay ^

But if that carelesse heauens (quoth she) despise
 The doome of lust reuenge, and take delight
 To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
 As bound by them to hue m hues despight,
 Yet can they not warne death from wretched
 wight [tomee,
 Come then, come soone, come sweetest death
 And take away this long lent loathed light
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medi
 cines bee,
 That long captiued soules from weane thral
 dome free

37

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning freward fate
 Hath made sad wnesse of thy fathers fall,
 Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in huing state,
 Long maist thou hue, and better thriue withall,
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall
 Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall,
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 Loe I for pledges leaue So giue me leaue to rest

With that a deadly shrieke shrieke forth did throw,
 That through the wood reechoed againe,
 And after gaue a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twame,
 Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine,
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell Steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does
 rame,
 Whiles the sad pang approching she does feelee,
 Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes
 doth seele

39

Which when that warnour heard, dismounting
straict

From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
Of death anddoulourlay, halfdead, halfequicke,
In whose white alabaster brest did sticke
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forth gusht a streme of gorebloud
thick,

That all her goodly garments stamd around,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie
ground

40

Pittfull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fontaine low she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gore did ray,
Als in her lap a lously babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew,
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender loyns embrew ,
Pitifuil spectacle, as euer eye did view

41

Besides them both, vpon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with bloud bespinckled was,
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosy red
Did paine this chearefull cheekes, yet being ded
Seemd to haue bene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustie hed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with lowes rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of
his age

42

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
And his fresh bloud did driezewith fearefull cold,
That all his senses seemd bereft attone
At last his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lyon grudging in his great disdame,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himself emone,
Till ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his in
ward paine

43

Out of her gored wound the cruell Steele
He lightly snatcht, and did the floudgate stop
With his faire garment then gan softly feele
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of huing bloud yet in her veynes did hop ,
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop,
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last she gan to breath out huing aire

44

Which he perceiung greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetestmed'cine, tempred with sweet voice,
Ay me, deare Lady, which the image art
Of ruefull pitie, and impatient smart,
What direfull chance, armd with reuenging fate,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to hasten your vntimely date ,
Speake, O deare Lady speake help neuer comes
too late

45

Therewith her dim eie lids she vp gan reare,
On which the dreery death did sit, as sad
Aslumpoflead, and madedarkeclouds appeare,
But when as him all in bright armour clad
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad
Streight downe agame her sdcfe in great
despight
She grouehing threw to ground, as hating life
and light

46

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Vphfted light, and softly did vphold
Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunke agame,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said , Yet if the stony cold
Haue not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your gnefe vnfold,
And tell the secret of your mortall smart,
He oft finds present helpe, who does his griefe
impart

47

Then casting vp a deadly looke, full low
Shce sight from bottome of her wounded brest,
And after, many bitter throbs did throw
With lips full pale and foltring tongue opprest,
These words she breathed forth from nuen
chest,
Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou bee,
To let a weane wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquittee
Take not away now got, which none would giue
tome

48

Ah farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captiuittee
For all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest
Tell then, O Lady tell, what fatal! priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest'
That I may cast to compass your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your gnefe.

49

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As heauen accusing guiltie of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad words she spent hervtmost breath
 Heare then, O man, the sorrowes that vneath
 My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pas
 Loe thisdead corpse, that lies here vnderneath,
 The gentlest knight, that euer on greene gras
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir
Mordant was

50

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
 My Lord my loue, my deare Lord, my deare loue,
 So long as heuens lust with equall brow
 Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue,
 One day when him high courage did emmoue,
 As wont ye knights to seeke aduentures wilde,
 lie pricked forth, his puissant force to proue,
 Me then he left enwombed of this child,
 This lucklesse child, whom thus ye see with
 bloud defild

51

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
 To come, where vile *Acrasta* does wonne,
Acrasta a false enchaunteresse,
 That many errant knights hath foule fordonne
 Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is,
 Jaire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne
 The cursed land where many wend amis,
 And know it by the name, it hithe the *Borne*
 of **bles 52**

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,
 Wherewith she makes her louers drunken mad,
 And then with words and weedes of wondrous
 might,
 On them she workes her will to vses bad
 My lifest Lord she thus beguiled had,
 For he was flesh (all flesh doth .frailtie breed)
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
 Weake wretch I wrapt my selfe In Palmers weed,
 And cast to seeke him forth through daunger
 and great dreed

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tournes
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
 And thrise three times had fild her crooked
 homes,
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear, e,
 And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare
Lucina came a manchild forth I brought
 The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my
 midwiues weare,
 Hard helpeat need So deare thee babe I bought,
 Yet nought too deare I deemd, while so my dear
 I sought

54

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
 Where him that witch had thrall'd to her will,
 In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,
 And so transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, neither his owne ill,
 Till through wisehandhngand fairegouernance,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of foule intemperance
 Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance

55

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,
 How that my Lord from her I would repnue,
 With cup thus charmd, himpartingshe decerned,
Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,
And losse of loue, to her that lotus to hue,
SosooneasBacchuswiltheNymphedoeshncke
 So parted we and on our lourney dneue,
 Till comming to this well, he stoupt to dnncke
 The charme fulfild, dead suddenly he downe did
 smcke

g

Whichwhenl wretch, Not one word moreshesayd
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And slydmg soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death
 That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
 From teares abstaine, for gnefe his hart did
 grate,
 And from so heauie sight his head d'd wreath,
 Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
 Which plunged had faire Ladie in so wretched
 state

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old syre
 Behold the image of mortahitie,
 And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
 When raging Iassion with fierce tyrannie
 Robs reason of her due regahie,
 And makes it seruaut to her basest part
 The strorg it weakens with infirmite,
 And with bold furie armes the weakest hart,
 The strong through pleasure soonest falles, tht
 weake through smart

58

But temperance (said he) with golden squire
 Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 Neither to melt in pleasures whot desire,
 Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene
 "irise happie man, who fares them both
 Aweene
 But sith this wretched woman ouercome
 Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene,
 Reserue her cause to her eternall doome,
 And m the meane vouchsafe her honorable
 toombe-

Palmer (quoth he) death is an equall doome
 To good and bad, the common Inne of rest,
 But after death the tryall is to come,
 When best shall be to them, that hued best
 But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
 Religious reuerence doth bunall teene,
 Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest
 For all so great shame after death I weene,
 vs selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene

60

So both agree their bodies to engraue ,
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad Cypressse seemely it embraue,
 Then couenng with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corse tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in euerlasting peace
 But ere they did their vtmost obsequy,
 Sir Guyon more affection to increase,
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye
 release

61

The dead knight sword out of his sheath hedrew,
 With which he cut a locke of all their heare,
 Which medling with their blood and earth, he
 threw
 Into the graue, and gan deuoutly sweare,
 Such and such euill God on Guyon reare,
 And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,
 If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
 Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtaine
 So shedding many teares, they closed the earth
 againe

Cant II

*Babes bhodie hands may not be clensd
 the face Of golden Meane
 Her sisters two Extremities
 strtue her to banish cleane*

1

Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide
 Had with due rites and dolorous lament
 The end of their sad Tragedie vptyde,
 The litle babe vp in his armes he hent,
 Who with sweet pleasance and bold blandish
 ment
 Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
 As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
 Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe
 In that knights heart, and wordes with bitter
 teares did steepe

Ah lucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell starre,
 And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
 Full litle weenest thou, what sorrowes are
 Left thee for portion of thy liuelihed,
 Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
 As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
 And thrown forth, till it be withered
 Such is the state of men thus enter wee
 Into this life with woe, and end with miserie

3

Then soft himselfe Inclining on his knee
 Downe to that well, did in the water weene
 (So loue does loath disdainfull mcitee)
 His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene
 Hewashtthemoftandoft, yet nought they beene
 For all his washing cleaner Still he stroue,
 I Yet still the litle hands were bloudie seene ,
 The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
 And into diuerse doubt his wauening wonder
 cloue

4

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
 I Might not be purgd with water nor with bath ,
 I Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To shew how sore bloudguiltinesse he hat'th ,
 [Or that the charme and venim, which they
 druncke,
 Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the senselesse truncke,
 [That through the great contagion direfull
 I deadly stunck,

I Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
 With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake ,
 Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
 And of your ignorance great maruell make,
 Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake
 But know, that secret vertues are infusd
 In euery fountaine, and in euery lake,
 Which who hath skill them rightly to haue
 chusd,
 To prooeof passing wonders hath full often vsd

6

!
 Of those some were so from their sourse indewd
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture
 deawd,
 Which feede seach liuing plant with liquid sap,
 And fill with flowres faire Floares painted lap
 But other some by gift of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
 And thenceforth were renewmd, and sought
 from place to place

7

Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her Nymph befell Vpon a day,
As she the woods withbow and shaf tsdid raunge,
The hartlessc Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chased her, that fast from him did fly ,
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy

8

At last when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought, to let her dye a mayd
Hie goddesse heard, and suddeme where she sate,
Welling out streamcs of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state

9

I o now she is that stone, from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet cold through feare, and old concerned dreads,
And yet thest one her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know,
And yet her vertues in her water byde
For it is chast and pure, as purest snow,
Ne lets her waues with any filth be dyde,
But euer like her selfe vnstained hath beene tryde

10

From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
May not be clensd with water of this well
Ne certes Sir stnue you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament,
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,
And be for all chast Dames an endlesse momment

11

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare ,
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defilde,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide, but how or where, here fits not tell I

12

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, how euer loth ,
His double burden did him sore disease
So long they traueiled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adioynng to the seas,
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three ,
Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee
But stnfull minde, and diuerse qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe
Still did they striue, and dayly disagree ,
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe

14

Where when the knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two , *Medina* was her name,
A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame ,
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest giuze,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enter prize

15

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her hauiour,
Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
Aboue the reason of her youthly yeares
Her golden lockes she roundly did vptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares

16

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame,
Seemly to entertaine her new come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her friend with lauish fest
They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies loue did countenance,
And to his mistresse each himselfe stroue to aduance

17

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,
 Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man,
 Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name
 Which he by many rash aduentures wan,
 Since errant armes to sew he first began,
 More huge in strength, then wise in workes he
 was,
 And reason with foole-hardize ouer ran,
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
 And was for terrour more, all armd in shyning
 bras.

18

But he that lou'd the youngest, was *Sans loy*,
 He that faire *Vna* late fowle outraged,
 The most vnruely, and the boldest boy,
 That euer warlike weapons menaged,
 And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might
 Ne ought he car d, whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right
 He now this Ladies champion chose for loue to
 fight.

19

These two gay knights, vovd to so diuerse loues,
 Each other does enuie with deadly hate,
 And dayly warre against his foeman moues,
 In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
 And th'others pleasing seruice to abate,
 To magmie his owne But when they heard,
 How in that place straunge knight arriued late,
 Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fiercely vnto battell sterne themselves
 prepar'd

20

But ere they could procede vnto the place,
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruell combat loynd in middle space
 With horrible assault, and fune fell,
 They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life toquell,
 That all on vpror from her settled seat
 The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell,
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement
 great

Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of foul
 dring heat

The noyse thereof cald forth thatstraunger knight,
 To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in
 hand,

[fight

Where when as two braue knights in bloudy
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
 And shynig blade vnsheathd, with which he
 ran

Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderstand,
 And at his first arriuall, them began

With goodly rheanes to pacifie, well as he can

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
 Attonce vpon him ran, and him beset
 Withstrokes of mortall Steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet
 As when a Beare and Tygre being met
 In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
 Espye a traueiler with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to deuide,
 They stint their strife, and him assaile on euery
 side

23

But he, not like a weane traueilere,
 Their sharpe assault right boldly did rebut,
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put
 Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull
 spight,
 Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut,
 But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
 With heauie load on him they freshly gan to
 smight

24

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes threatening to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, do diuersly disease,
 Meetes two contrary billowes by the way,
 That her on either side do sore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy graue,
 She scorning both their spights, does make
 wide way,
 And with her brest breaking the fomy waue,
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire her
 selfe doth saue

25

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warnours he dismade
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and
 payes,

Now forst to yield, now forcing to inuade,
 Before, behind, and round about him layes
 So double was his paines, so double be his prayse

26

Straunge sort of fight, three vahaunt knights to
 see

Three combats loyne in one, and to darraine
 A triple warre with triple enmittee,
 All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
 Which gotten was but hate So loue does raine
 Instoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre,
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yet his peace is but continuall larre
 0 miserable men, that to him subicct arre

27

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
 Amongst them ran, and falling them beforene,
 Besought them by the womb, which them had
 borne, [deare,
 And by the loues, which were to them most
 And by the knighthood, which they sure had
 sworne,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her lust conditions of faire peace to
 heare

28

But her two other sisters standing by,
 Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions
 bad
 Pursue the end of their strong enmity,
 As euer of their loues they would be glad
 Yet she with pittthy words and counsell sad,
 Still stroue their stubborne rages to reuoke,
 That at the last suppressing fury mad,
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speaches, which she

spoke 29

Ah puisaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
 Or fell *Ennys*, in your noble harts
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you vp to worke your wilfull smarts
 Is this the loy of armes ? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after bloud to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and lust desarts ?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vnust,
 That more to mighty hands, then rightfull cause
 doth trust.

30

And were there rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
 Then with bloud guiltinesse to heape offence,
 And mortall vengeance ioyne to cme ibhord?
 O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruits of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword,
 Neought the prayse of prowess more doth marre,
 Then fowle reucnging rage, and base conten
 tious larre

31

But louely concord, and most sacred peace
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds,
 Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does
 increace,
 Till it the pitch of highest prayse exceeds.
 Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 By which she triumphes ouer ire and pride,
 And winnes an Ohue girlond for her meeds
 Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
 And this rmsseeming discord meekely lay aside

Her gracious wordes their rancour did appall,
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
 That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their loftie crests
 To her faire presence, and discrete behests
 Then she began a treatie to procure,
 And stabsh termes betwixt doth their requests,
 That as a law for euer should endure,
 Which to obserue in word of knights they did
 assure

33

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their weane sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,
 Into her lodging to repaire a while,
 To rest themselues, and grace to reconcile
 They soone consent so forth with her they
 fare, [spoile
 Where they are well receiue'd, and made to
 Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouthes to
 dainty fare

34

And those two froward sisters, their faire loues
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous
 loth,
 And famed cheare, as for the time behoues,
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures bad appeared in both
 for both did at their second sister grutch,
 And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment fret, not th'vtter touch,
 One thought their cheare too litle, th'other
 thought too mutch

35

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Neought would speake, but euermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of merth or meat,
 No solace could her Paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance,
 But with bent low ring browes, as she would
 threat, [naunce,
 She scould, and frownd with froward counte
 Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce

36

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kind,
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight,
 In wine and meats she flowd about the bancke,
 And in excesse exceeded her owne might,
 In sumptuous tire she ioyd her selfe toprancke,
 But of her loue too lauish (litlehaue she thancke)

37

Fast by **her** side did sit the bold *Sans* by,
 Fit **mate** for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding loy ,
Might not be found a franker fransion,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion ,
 But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieue at his bold fashion,
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
 Yet still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment

38

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* sate
 With sober grace, and goodly carriage
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage ,
 That forward paire she euer would assuage,
 When they would striue dew reason to exceed,
 But that same froward twaine would accourage,
 And of her plenty adde vnto their need
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed

39

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete satietie,
 At last when lust of meat and dnke was ceast,
 She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,
 To tell from whence he came through leopardie,
 And whither now on new aduenture bound
 Who with bold grace, and comely grauitie,
 Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound

40

This thy demaund, O Lady, doth reuiue
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene ahue,
 That with her soueraigne powre, and scepter
 shene
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
 That ouer all the earth it may be seene ,
 As morning Sunne her beames dispredden
 cleare,
 And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth
 appeare.

41

In her the riches of all heavenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hye
 And all that else this worlds enclosure bace
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adomes the person of her Maiestie ,
 That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortaltie,
Do her adore with sacred reuerence,
As th'Idole of her makers **great** magnificence

42

To her I homage and my seruice owe,
 In number of the noblest knights on ground,
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found
 An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around ,
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge aduentures to be
 told

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
 Of grieuous nnschiefes, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly
 paine,
 Whereof he crau'd redresse My Soueraigne,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and loyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintame,
 Eftsoones deuisd redresse for such annoyes ,
 Me all vnfit for so great purpose she employes

44

Now hath faire *Phoebe* with her siluer face
 Thriseseene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honorable place,
 In which her royall presence is fintoild ,
 Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acrasia* haue wonne,
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told,
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly for
 donne

45

Tell on, faire Sir said she, that dolefull tale,
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to re
 straine,
 That we may pittie such vnhappy bale,
 And leame from pleasures poyson to abstaine
 ILL by ensample good doth often gayne
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursue,
 And told the stone of the mortall payne,
 Which *Mordant* and *Amauta* did rew ,
 As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew

46

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steepe,
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make,
 Whilist with delight of that he wisely spake,
 Those guesstes beguiled, did beguile their eyeb
 Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake
 At last when they had markt the chaunged
 skyes, [rest him hyes
 They wist their houre was spent, then each to

Cant III

*Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyons
horse is made the scorn
Of knighthood trew, and is offpayre
Belphoebe fowle forlorne*

1
Soone as the morrow faire with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And *Titan* playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yphght,
Vprose from drowsie couch, and him adrest
Vnto the lourney which he had behight
His puisaunt armes about his noble Brest,
And many folded shield he bound about his
wrest

2
Then taking *Conge* of that virgin pure,
I he bloudy handed babe vnto htr truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to trame his tender youth,
And all that gentle nonture ensu'th
And that so soone as ryper years he raught,
He might for memorie of that dayes ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
I 'auenge his Parents death on them, that had
it wrought

3
So forth he far'd, is now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone ,
Patience perforce, helpelesse what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for griefto mone
His *Palmer* now shall foot no more alone
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods syde
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde

4
The whiles a losell wandring by the way
One that to bountie neuer cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour euer did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kind
A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find,
To which his flowing tounge, and troublous
spright
Gaued him great ayd, and made him more
inchnd
He that braue steed there finding ready dight
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away
full light

5
Now gan his hart all swell in rollitie,
And of him selfe great hope and helpe con
ceiu'd,
That puffed vp with smoke of vanitie,
And with selfe loued personage deceiu'd,
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For such, as he him thought, or fame would
bee
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiu'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t'auaunce his first
degree

6
And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting idle on a sunny bancke,
To whom auaunting in great brauery,
As *Peacocke*, that his painted plumes doth
prancke,
He smote his courser in the trembling flanke,
And to him threatned his hart thrilling speare
The seely man seeing him ryde so rancke,
I And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying *Mercy* lowd, his pitious hands gan
reare

7
Thereat the *Scarcrow* wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his first aduenture faire,
And with big thundring voyce reuyld him lowd
Vile *Caytieve*, vassall of dread and despaire,
Vnworthie of the commune breathed aire,
Why huest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not vnto death thy selfe prepaire
Dye, or thy selfe my captiue yield for ay ,
Great fauour I thee graunt, for aunswere thub
to stay

8
Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call
I giue thee life therefore prostrated fall,
And kisse my stirrup, that thy homage bee
The *Miser* threw him selfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee

9
So happy peace they made and faire accord
Eftsoones this liege man gan to wexe more bold
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne land he gan him selfe vnfold
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleights and practick knauery
From that day forth he cast for to vphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity

Trompart fit man for *Braggadocchio*,
 To serue at court *m* view of vaunting eye,
 Vaine-glounous man, when fluttnng wind does
 blow
 In his light wings, is lifted vp to skye
 The scome of knighthood and trew cheualrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth to be aduanced hye
 Such prayse is shame, but honour vertues meed
 Doth beare the fairest flowre in honorable seed

11
 So forth they pas, a well consorted paire,
 Till that at length with *Archtmage* they meet
 Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
 On goodly courser thundnng with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
 Of his reuenge to make the instrument
 For since the *Redcrosse* knight he earst did weat,
 To beene with *Guyon* knit in one consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon*
 ment

12
 And comming dose to *Trompart* gan mquere
 Of him, what mighty warnour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden sell with single spere,
 But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee
 He is a great aduenturer, (said he)
 That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now hath vovd, till he auenged bee,
 Of that despyght, neuer to wearen none ,
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand
 grone
 Th'enchaunter greatly loyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt
 Tho to him loutmg lowly, did begin
 To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
 By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight,
 Which two through treason and deceptfull gin,
 Had slaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright
 That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule
 despyght 14

Therewith all suddenly he seemd enraged,
 And threatned death with dreadful counte
 naunce,
 As if their hues had in his hand beene gaged ,
 And with stifle force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weat his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said, Old man, great sure shalbe thy
 meed, [geaunce
 If where those knights for feare of dew ven
 Do lurke, thou certainly to me areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hate
 full deed

15
 Certes, my Lord (said he) that shall I soone,
 And giue you eke good helpe to their decay,
 But mo e I wisely you aduise to doon,
 Giue no ods to your foes, but do puruay
 Your selfe of sword before that bloody day
 For they be two the prowtest knights on ground,
 And oft approu'd in many hard assay,
 And eke of surest Steele, that may be found,
 Do arme your selfe against that day, them to
 confound

16
 Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe aduise ,
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits
 thee faile,
 And that weakeeld hath left thee nothing wise,
 Else neuer should thy ludgement be so fraile,
 To measure manhood by the sword or maile
 Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
 Withouten sword or shield, an host to quaille
 Thou little wotest, what this right hand can
 Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes,
 which it wan

17
 The man was much abashed at his boast,
 Yet well he wist, that who so would contend
 With either of those knights on euen coast,
 Should need of all his armes, him to defend ,
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
 When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did swear,
 When with one sword seven knights I brought
 to end,
 Thence forth in battell neuer sword to beare,
 But it were that, which noblest knight on earth
 doth wcare 18
 Perdie Sir knight, said then th'enchaunter blieu,
 That shall I shortly purchase to your hond
 For now the best and noblest knight ahue
 Prince *Arthur* is, that wonnes in Faerie lond ,
 He hathasword, that flameslikebumingbrond ,
 The same by my deuce I vndertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his mind, what mote that
 monster make

19
 He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddein vanished out of his sight
 The Northerne wind his wings did broad dis
 play
 At his commaund, and reared him vp light
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight
 They lookt about, but no where could espie
 Tract of his foot then dead through great
 affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flic •
 Both fled attonce, no euer backe returned eie

Till that they come vnto a forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd them selues from cause
 lesse feare, [beene,
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they
 Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they
 heare,
 As ghastly bug their haire on end does reare
 Yet both doe striue their fearfulness to faine
 At last they heard a home, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that echoed againe,
 And made the forrest ring, as it would riue in
 twame

21

Eftthrough the thicke they hear done rudelyrush,
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying dreed
 But *Tromparl* stoutly stayd to taken heed
 Of what might hap Eftsoon othere stepped forth
 A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weea,
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance, borne of heavenly
 birth

22

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
 Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
 rthrough goodly mixture of complexions dew ,
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 I like roses in a bed of lillies S shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
 liable to heale the sicke, and to reuiue the ded

23

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
 Kindled aboue at th'heavenly makers light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might,
 For with dredd Maestie, and awfull ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base
 desire

24

Her mone forehead, full of bountie braue,
 Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
 For Loue his loftie triumphes to engraue,
 And write the battels of nis great godhed
 All good and honour might therein be red
 For there their dwelling was And when she
 spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A siluer sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to
 make

25

Vpon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
 Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
 And euery one her with a grace endowes
 And euery one with meekenesse to her bowes
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall fraile pen descriueher heavenly face.
 For leare through want of skill her beautie to
 disgrace

26

Sofaire, and thousand thousand times morefaire
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken Camus lylly whight,
 Purpled vpon with many a folded plight,
 Which all aboue besprinkled was throughout
 With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe

27

Below her ham her weed did somewhat traine,
 And herstreight legsmost brauely wereembay Id
 In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entay Id
 With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld
 Before they fastned were vnder her knee
 In a rich Iewell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all their knots, that none might see,
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped

bec

28

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festiuall resort,
 Those same withstately grace, and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she her selfe would
 grace,
 But with the wooddie Nymphes when she did
 play,
 Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
 She could them nimble moue, and after fly
 apace

29

And in her hand a sharpe bore speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuff with Steele headed darts, wherewith she
 queld
 The saluage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did diuide
 Her damtie paps, which like young fruit in
 May
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
 Through her thin weed their places only sign fide

Her yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
 They waied like a penon wide dispred,
 And low behmd her backe were scattered
 And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude hairees sweet flowres themselves did
 lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaues and blossomes did
 enwrap

31

Such as *Diana* by the sandie shore
 Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynihus* greene,
 Whereallth Nympheshaueher vnwares forlore,
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game Or as that famous Queene
 Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
 The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
 Did shew her selfe in great triumphant loy,
 To succour the weake state of sad allicted *Tray*

32

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* did her vew,
 He was dismayed in his coward mind,
 And doubted, whether he himseife should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behind
 Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
 When she at last him spying thus bespake ,
 Hayle Groome, didst not thou see a bleeding
 Hind, [strake
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her ouertake

33

Wherewith reuiu'd, this answere forth he threw,
 O Goddess, (for such I thee take to bee)
 For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
 Nor voyce sound mortall, I auow to thee,
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith earst into this forrest wild I came
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgieue me,
 To weet, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
 That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame

34

To whom she thus, but ere her words ensewed,
 Vnto the bush her eye did suddein glauce,
 In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,
 And saw it stirre she left her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly shaft aduaunce,
 Inmindtoma'kcthebeast Atwichsadstowre,
Tropart forthstept, tostaythemortallchaunce,
 Out crying, o what euer heauenly powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly
 howre

35

0 stay thy hand, for yonder is no game
 For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercize,
 But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name
 Is farre renomd through many bold emprise ,
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies
 She staid with that he crauld out of his nest,
 Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
 And standing stoutly vp, his loftie crest
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late
 from rest

36

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret caue
 For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
 Not caring how, her silly life to saue,
 She her gay painted plumes disordend,
 Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
 Peepees forth, and soone renews her natieue
 pride,
 She gins her feathers foule disfigured
 Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,
 So sliakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did
 her hide

37

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himseife to vaunt but when he vewed
 Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
 Soone into other fits he was transmeved,
 Till she to him her gratus speach renewed ,
 All hade, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
 As all the like, which honour haue pursewed
 Through deedes of armes and prow esse martiall ,
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

38

To whom he thus , 0 fairest vnder skie,
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats doest highest glonfie
 Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought, and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wher so they might be
 found,
 Endeououring my dreaded name to raise
 About the Moone, that fame may it rousend
 In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland
 cround

39

But what art thou, O *Ladie*, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forrest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for loyous court exchange,
 Emongst thine equal peres, where happie blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then
 this.
 There thou maist loue, and dearely loued bet,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis,
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist
 see

The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee

40

Who so in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuntie,
And in obliuion euer buried is
Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amis ,
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaues with cares, cannot so easie mis
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
Who seekes with painfull toile, shall honor
soonest find

41

In woods, in waues, in warres she wons to dwell,
And will be found with penll and with paine
Ne can the man, that moulds indle cell,
Vnto her happie mansion attaine
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
And wakefull watches euer to abide
But easie is the way, and passage plaine
To pleasures pallace, it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open
wide

42

In Princes court, The rest she would haue said,
But that the foolish man, fild with delight
Of her sweet words, that all his sence dismaid,
And with her wondrous beautie rauisht quight,
Can burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace
With that she swaruing backe, her lauelin
bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace
So turned her about, and fled away apace

43

Which when the Peasant saw, amard he stood,
And grieved at her flight, yet durst he not
Pursew her steps, through wild vnknownen wood,
Besides he feared her wrath, and threatned shot
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine,
But turning said to *Trompart*, What foule blot
Is this to knight, that Ladie should againe
Depart to woods vntoucht, and Icaue so proud
disdaine ?

44

Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her passe at will,
Least by her presence daunger mote befall
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that she is some powre celestiall
For whiles she spake, her great words did apall
My feeble cor rage, and my hart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all
And I (said *Braggadocchio*) thought no lesse,
When first I heard her home sound with such
ghastlinesse

45

For from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
Me giuen by eternall destinie,
That earthly thing may not my courage braue
Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flie,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hie
Which was the cause, when earst that home
I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skie,
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard ,
But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard

46

But now for feare of worse, that may betide,
Let vs soone hence depart They soone agree,
So to his steed he got, and gan to ride,
As one vnfit therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in cheualree
Which well that valiant courser did discerne,
For he despyd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom'd, with courage fierce and
sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still did erne

Cant 1111

*Guy on does Furor bind in chaines,
and stops Occasion
Ddiuers Phedon, and there fore
by Strife is rayld vpon*

I

In braue pursuit of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natiue influence ,
As feates of armes, and loue to entertaine,
But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood , some others fame
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter, but in
vaine

But he the rightfull owner of that steed
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him
wide,
Hewould through temperance and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weake to strengthen, and the
strong suppress

3

It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
 He saw from farre, or seemed for to see
 Some troublous vpyore or contentious fray,
 Whereto he drew in haste it to agree
 A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
 Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
 A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
 Whomsorehebett and gor 'dwithmanyawound,
 That cheekes with teares, and sides with bloud
 did all about

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,
 In ragged robes, and filthy disaray,
 Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
 But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay ,
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
 Grew all afore, and loosely hong vnrold,
 But all behind was bald, and worne away,
 That none thereof could euer taken hold,
 And eke her face ill fauour'd, full of wrinckles
 old

And euer as she vent, her tongue did walke
 In foule reproch, and termes of vile despight,
 Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched
 wight, [smite,
 Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to
 Sometimes her staffe, though It her one leg w ere,
 Withouten which she could not go vpnight,
 Ne any euill meanes she did forbear,
 That might him moue to wrath, and indignation
 reare

6

The noble Guyon mou'd with great remorse,
 Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,
 And after adding more impetuous forse,
 His mightie hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe , who all on fire streight
 Against him turning all his fell intent, [way,
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
 And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht,
 and rent,
 And did he wist not what in his auengement

7

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had gouernance, it well to guide
 But when the franticke fit inflam'd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more of ten wide,
 Then at the aymed marke, which he had eide
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt vnwares,
 Whilst reason blent through passion, nought
 descrie,
 But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares,
 And where he hits, nought knows, and whom
 he hurts, nought cares

8

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In faire defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting so,
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternely grypt, and haling to and fro,
 To ouerthrow him strongly did assav,
 But ouerthrew himselfe vnwares, and lower lay

9

And being downe the villaine sore did beat,
 And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
 Still cald vpon to kill him in the place
 With whose reproch and odious menace
 The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
 Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
 His grasping hold so lightly did vstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
 Not so, O Guyon, neuer thinke that so
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyd
 He is not, ah, he is not such a foe,
 As Steele can wound, or strength can ouerthro
 That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,
 That vnto knighthood workes much shame
 and woe,
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, high
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight

11

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenage
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
 And euill meanes, with which she doth enragt
 Her franticke sonne, and kindles his courage,
 Then when she is withdrawn, or strong with
 stood,
 It's eath his idle fume to asswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood ,
 The bankes are ouerflown, when stopped is the
 flood

12

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
 And turning to that woman, fast her hent
 By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw yet n'ould she
 stent
 Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
 Butstill prouok ther sonne towreake her wrong,
 But nathelesse he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her vngratious tong,
 Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and
 strong

Then when as vse of speach was from her reft,
 With her two crooked handes she signes did
 make,
 And beckned him, the last helpe she had left
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,
 That she note stirre Then gan her Sonne to flie
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake ,
 But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
 And soone him ouertooke in sad perplexitie

14

In his strong armes he stiffly him embraste,
 Who him gainstnuing, nought at all preuaild
 For all his power was vtterly defaste,
 And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild
 Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slacke
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke

15

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots that did him sore constraîne
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
 And grimly gnash, threatening reuenge inuaine,
 His burning eyen, whom bloudie strakes did
 staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fire,
 And more for ranck despight, then for great
 paine,
 Shakt his long lockes, colourd like copper wire,
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire

16

Thus when as *Guyon Furor* had captiu'd,
 Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd
 Lying on ground, all solid with bloud and mire
 Whom when as he perceiued to respire,
 He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse
 Being at last recured, he gan inquire,
 What hard mishap him brought tosuch distresse,
 And made that caitiues thral, the thral of
 wretchednesse

17

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
 Faire Sir (quoth he) what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes vnwares him to surpise ?
 Misfortune waites aduantage to entrap
 The man most wane in her whelming lap
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
 Vnwetting, and vnware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischiefe through
 Where this same wicked villain did mengnt vpon.

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse
 Of ail my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
 With whom fromtender dug of commune nourse,
 Attonce I was vpbrought, and eft when yeares
 More rype vs reason lent to chose our Peares,
 Our selues in league of vowed loue we knit
 In which we long time without gealous feares,
 Or faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit,
 And for my part I vow, dissembled not a whit

18

It was my fortune commune to that age,
 To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
 The which was borne of noble parentage,
 And set in highest seat of digmttee,
 Yet seemd no lesse to loue, then loued to bee
 Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,
 Ne euer thing could cause vs disagree
 Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one
 will
 Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to
 fulfill

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
 Of all my loue and all my pnuitie,
 Who greatly loyous seemed for my sake,
 And gratious to that Ladie, as to mee,
 Ne euer wight, that mote so welcome bee,
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
 Ne euer thing, that she could thinke or see,
 But vnto him she would impart the same
 O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle
 Dame

21

At last such grace I found, and meanes Iwrought,
 That I that Ladie to my spouse had wonne ,
 Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
 Affiance made, my happnesse begonne,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
 Which mariage make, that day too farre did
 seeme
 Most loyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
 Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
 And that my falsen friend did no lesse loyous
 deeme

22

But ere that wished day his beame disclod,
 He either enuying my toward good,
 Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
 One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
 And told for secret how he vnderstood
 That Ladie whom I had to me assynd,
 Had both distaind her honorable blood,
 (I And eke the faith which she to me did bynd ,
 more truth
 should fynd

23

The gnawing anguish and sharpe gelosy,
Which his sad speech infixed in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreued mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counsell me the best
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let m- vnderstand

24

Ere long with like againe he boarded mee,
Saying, he now had boulded all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramoure
Who vsed in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meet which better to approue,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see, that would me nearer moue,
And driue me to with draw my blind abused loue

This gracelesse man for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus *Pryene* (so she hight)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light

26

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
Tadorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue
blent, [part,
And staynd their prayses with thy least good
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art,
Though she thy Lady be, approach thee neare
For prooffe thereof, this euenmg, as thou art,
Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement
deare

27

The Maiden proud through prayse, and mad
through loue
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie, [playd,
Where left, he went, and his owne false part
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my loue to bee

28

Eftsoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
1 And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arayd,
| In *Claribe Uaes* clothes Her proper face
I not discerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my loue, with whom he playd
Ah God, what horreur and tormenting grieve
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assayd
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
Then wound of gealous worme, and shame of
such repnefe

29

I home returning, fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeared in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent,
That after soone I dearly did lament
For when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demaunded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did
; breede,
Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to chaunge
her weede

30

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
Vpon my selfe that vengeable despight
To punish yet it better first I thought,
To wreakemywrathonhim, thatfirstit wrought
To *Philemon*, false fiytour *Philemon*
I cast to pay, that I so dearly bought,
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guiltie potion

31

Thus heaping crime on crime, and gncfeongritfe,
To losse of loue adioynmg losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end
That was *Pryene*, she did first offend,
She last should smart with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I pursewing my fell purpose, after went

32

Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforst my flight,
Through woods and plaines so long I did her
chace,
Till thismad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
As I her, so he me pursewd apace,
And shortly ouertooke I, breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat Kindled his cruell fyre ,
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage
inspyre

33

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne
handehng,

That death were better, then such agony,
As gnefe and furie vnto me did bring,
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will neuer be appeasd
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon, Squire sore haue ye beene diseasd,

But all your hurts may soone through temper.
ance be easd 34

Then gan the Palmer thus, Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend,
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffraunce grew to fearefull
end, [contend
Whiles they are weake betimes with them
For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to ouerthrow
Wrath, gelosie, grieve, loue this Squire haue
laid thus low

35

Wrath, gealosie, grieve, loue do thus expell .
Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede,
Griefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell,
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drop, the Monster filth did breede
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay,
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed
outweed,
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away
So shall wrath, gealosie, grieve, loue dye and
decay

36

Vn lucky Squire (said Guyon) sith thou hast
Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guide thy wayes with wane gouernaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do aduance
Mine auncestry from famous *Coradm*,
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin

37

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
A varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all withswete, did dim his eye
Hesoone approached, panting breathlesse, what,
And all so soyld, that none could him descry,
His countenance was bold, and bashed not
For Guyons lookes, but scornfull eyglance at
him shot

38

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bioudy field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I do burne Right well besemed it,
To be the shield of some redoubted knight,
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were
dight

In payson and in bloud, of malice and despight

39

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne leoperdie
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
And though he scorned his idle vanitie,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered,
For not to grow of nought he it coniectured

40

Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him, that held it forcibly
But whence should come that harme, which
thou doest seeme
To threat to him, that mindshis chaunce t'abye
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay,
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay

41

How hight he then (said Guyon) and from
whence ?

Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochks*, both which arre
The sonnes of old *Aerates* and *Despight*,
Aerates sonne of *Phlegeton* and *lane*,
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*,
But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternite* is hight

42

So from immortal race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his
might,
Drad for his derennng do, and bloody deed,
For all in bloud and spoile is his delight
His am I *Alin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon
And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
 (Said he) but whither with such hasty flight
 Art thou now bound ? for well mote I discern
 Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light
 My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and streight benight
 To seeke *Occasion*, where so she bee
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hamous crueltie,
 Hard is his hap, that first fals in his leopardie

Madman (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife,
 She comes vnsought, and shonned followes eke
 Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rife
 Kindles Reuenge, and threats his rusty knife,
 Woe neuer wants, where euery cause is caught,
 And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life
 Then loe, where bound she sits, whom thou
 hast sought,
 (Said *Guyon*,) let that message to thy Lord be
 brought

45

That when the varlet heard and saw, streight
 way
 He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
 That knights and knighthood doest with
 shame vpbay,
 And shewst th'ensample of thy childish might,
 With silly weake old woman thus to fight
 Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
 And stoutly prou'd thy puissance herein sight,
 That shall *Pyrochles* well requite, I wot,
 And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blot

46

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with ire and vengeable despight,
 The quiuenng Steele his aymed end well knew,
 And to his brest it selfe intended right
 But he was wane, and ere it empight
 In the meant marke, aduaunst his shield
 atweene,
 On which it seizing, no way enter might,
 But backe rebounding, left the forckheadkeene,
 Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be
 seene.

Cant. V.



Pyrochles does with *Guyon* fight,
 And *Furors* chayne vnbtnds
 Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge
 Aim *Cymochles* finds



I

Who euer doth to temperaunce apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
 Then stubbornne perturbation, to the same,
 To which right well the wise do giue that name,
 For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
 Does ouerthrow, and troublous warre proclame
 His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,
 As did *Pyrochles*, and it wilfully vnbtnds

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
 Ere on the plame fast pricking *Guyon* spide
 One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
 That as the *Sunny* beames do glaunce and glide
 Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
 And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
 That seemd him to enflame on euery side
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
 When with the maistring spur he did him
 roughly slire

3

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greete,
 Ne chaffar words, proude courage to prouoke,
 But prickt so fiers, that vnderneath his fettt
 The smouldring dust did round about him
 smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke,
 And fairly couching his Steele headed speure,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke,
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
 To thinke, such hideous puissance on foot to
 beare

4

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe Steele arriung forcibly
 On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
 On his horse necke before the quilted sell
 And from the head the body sundred quight
 So him dismounted low, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight,
 The truncked beast fast bleeding, did him fowly
 dight

5

Sore bruized with the fall, he slow vprose,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent,
 Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
 And shund the marke, at which it should be
 ment, [hood fraile,
 Thereby thine armes seeme strong, but man
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent,
 But litle may such guile thee now auail,
 If wonted force and fortune do not much me faile

6

With that drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge
 Of his seuenfolded shield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein were not his targe,
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary soule from thence it would discharge,
 Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
 Tint made him reele, and to his brest his beuer
 bent

7

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
 And much ashamd, that stroke of liuing arme
 Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
 Though otherwise it did him litle harme
 Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
 That all his left side it did quite disarm ,
 Yet there the Steele stayd not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood
 gate

8

Deadly dismayd, with horreur of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre,
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame vnto his former fire,
 That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre,
 Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,
 Remembred he, ne cir'd for his saufgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tygre far'd

9

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred
 blowes,
 And euery way did scke into his life,
 Neplate, nemale could ward so mighty throwes,
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was wane wise, and closely did awayt
 Auantage, whilst his foe did rage most rife ,
 Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strooke him
 strayt,
 And falsed oft his blowes, t'lllude him with such
 bayt

10

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
 A prowd rebellious Vnicorne defies,
 T'auoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside, the whiles that furious beast
 His precious home, sought of his enimies,
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous
 feast

With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,
 Till at the last all breathlesse, weane, faint
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assailed,
 And kindling new his courage seeming quaint,
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great
 constraint
 He made him stoup perforce vnto his knee,
 And do vnwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shield depamted he did see;
 Such homage till that instant neuer learned hee

12

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, pursewed fast
 The present offer of faire victory,
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
 That streight on ground made him full low to
 lye,
 Then on his brest his victour foote he thrust,
 With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
 Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome vniust,
 That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid
 in dust

Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
 Temprmg the passion with aduizement slow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd
 I For th'equall dye of warre he well did know ,
 Then to him said, Liue and allegaunce owe,
 To him that gies thee life and libertie,
 And henceforth by this dayes ensample trow,
 That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie
 Do breede repentaunce late, and lasting in-
 famie

14

So vp he let him rise, who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to
 grind
 Hisgrated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in bloud and dust, for griefe of mind,
 That he in ods of armes was conquered ,
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maistered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he
 wondered

20

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be noughtagrieu'd,
 Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewd arre
 Wasneuerman who most conquestes atchieu'd,
 Butsometimeshad theworse, andlostbywarre,
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre
 Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe,
 But to be lesser, then himselfe, doth marre
 Both losers lot, and victours prayse alsoe
 Vame others ouerthrowes, who selfe doth ouer-
 throwe. 16

Fly, O *Pyroldes*, fly the dreadfull warre,
 Ttiat in thy selfe thy lesser parts do moue,
 Outrageous anger, and woe-working larre,
 Direfull impatience, and hart murdring loue,
 Those, those thy foes, those wamours farremoue,
 Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
 Of curtesie to me the cause aread,
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous
dread

Dreadlesse (said he) that shall I soone declare
 It was complaind, that thou hadst done great
 tort
 Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,
 Voide of all succour and needfull comfort
 That ill beseeemes thee, such as I thee see,
 To worke such shame Therefore I thee exhort,
 To chaunge thy will, and set *Occasion* free,
 And to her captiue sonne yield his first libertee

18

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smilde, And is that all
 (Said he) that thee so sore displeased hath ?
 Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest
 scath [wrath
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whot emboyhng
 Loe there they be, to thee I yield them free
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntyde,
 Before her sonne could well assayled bee,
 She to her vse returnd, and streight defyde
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrockles* th'one (said shee)
 Bycause he wonne, the other because hee
 Was wonne So matter did she make of
 nought,
 To stirre vp strife, and do them disagree
 But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she sought
 To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes
 wrought

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with *Pyrockles* fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well mainteind his nght,
 ButyieLed had to that same straunger knight,
 Now gan *Pyrockles* wex as wood, as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might:
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,
 Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife
 does see

21

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
 Against *Pyrockles* and new matter framed
 Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
 Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blamed
 Forsufferingsuch abuse, as knighthoodshamed,
 And him dishabled quite But he was wise
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflamed,
 Yet others she more vrgent did deuise
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise

22

Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
 And him in bloud and durt deformed quight
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fire brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright,
 Had kindled that she gaued into his hond,
 That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him
 withstond

23

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse,
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without
 remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That *Guyon* much disdeind so loathly sight
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
 Helpe, O Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish
 wight

24

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth
 represses,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie wayne
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,
 Deseruestotast his follies fruit, repented payne.

25

Guyon obayd, So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursuew
 But rash *Pyrochles* varlet, *Attn* hight,
 When late he saw his Lord in heauy plight,
 Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
 Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughouttheworldforwarhkeprayse,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight
 Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes
 Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
 Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
 Offowle sand beaste she made the pite ous prayes,
 Andhong their conqueredarmes for moredefame
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame

27

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vile *Acrasta*, that with vaine dehghtes,
 And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
 Does charme her louers, and the feeble
 sprighes
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wighes
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous
 hewes,
 And horribly misshapes with vgly sightes,
 Captiu'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face neuer
 shewes

28

There *Alin* foud *Cymochles* sorourning,
 To serue his Lemans loue for he, by kind,
 Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,
 When euer his fiers hands he free mote find
 And now he has poured out his idle mind
 In damtie delices, and lauish loyes,
 Haung his warlike weapons cast behind,
 And flows in pleasures, and vaine pleasing
 toyes,
 Mingled amongst loose Ladies and lasciuious
 boyes

29

And ouer him, art strimng to compaire
 With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton Yuie, flouring faire,
 Through which the fragrant *Eglantine* didspred
 His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
 Which damtie odours round about them threw,
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That when myId *Zephyrus* amongst them blew,
 Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted
 colors shew

30

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did
 play
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay,
 1 he weane A rautiler, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
 And then by it his weane limbes display,
 Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former paine, and wypt away his toylsom
 sweat

31

And on the other side a pleasaunt groue
 Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is *t'Olympuke loue*,
 And to his sonne *Alctdes*, whenas hee
 Gaynd m *Nemea* goodly victoree,
 Therein the mery birds of eury sort
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie
 And made emongst them selues a sweet consort,
 That quickned the dull spnght with musicall
 comfort

32

There he him found all carelesly displayd,
 In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
 Amidst a flocke of Damzels fresh and gay,
 That round about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies, and light meriment,
 Eury of which did loosely disaray
 Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
 And shewd them naked, deckt with many
 ornaments

33

And eury of them stroue, with most delights,
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew,
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like euenmg
 lights,
 Others sweet words, dropping like honny dew,
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
 The sugred licour through his melting lips
 One boasts her beautie, and does yeld to wev
 Her daintie limbes aboue her tender hips,
 Another her out boasts, and all for tryall strips

34

He, like an Adder lurking in the weeds,
 His wandring thought in deepe de sire does steepe,
 And his fraile eye withspoyle of beautie feedes,
 Sometimes he falsely fames himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do
 peepe,
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
 Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe
 So, them deceiues, deceiu'd in his conceipt,
 Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous
 receipt

Alin arnuing there, when him he spide,
 Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cride,
Cymochles, oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,
 In which that manly person late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne ?
 Or where hath he hong vp his mortall blade,
 That haths many haughtie conquests wonne ?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne

36

Then pricking him with his sharpe pointed dart,
 He said, Vp, up, thou womanish weake
 knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
 Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 And weetesle eke of lately wrought despight,
 Whiles sad *Pyrochles* lies on senselesse ground,
 And groneth out his vtmost grudging spright,
 Through many a stroke and many a stream
 ing wound,
 Calling thy helpe in vaine, that here in loyes art
 dround

37

Suddeinly out of his dehghtfull dreame
 The man awoke, and would haue questiond
 more,
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but vr[^]ed sore
 With percmg words, and pittifull implore,
 Him hastie to arise As one affright
 With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad vpror,
 He then vprose, Inflam'd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes, for he would algates
 fight

38

They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight,
 Arid lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
 Ne Ladies loues, ne sweete entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay ,
 For he has vowd, to beene aueng'd that day,
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
 On him, that did *Pyrochles* deare dismay
 So proudly pneketh on his courser strong,
 And *Attn* aie him pricks with spurs of shame
 and wrong

Cant. VI.

Guyon is of immodest Mcrⁱh
 led into loose desire,,

Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro
 ther burnes in furious fire

x

A Harder lesson, to learne Continence
 In loyous pleasure, then in grievous paine
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
 So strongly, that vneathes it can reframe
 From that, which feeble nature couets fame ,
 But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies,
 And foes of life, she better can reframe ,
 Yet vertue vauntes in both their victories,
 and *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maistenes

2

Whom bold *Cymochles* traueilling to find,
 With cruel! purpose bent to wreake on him
 The wrath, which *Attn* kindled in his mind,
 Came to a nuer, by whose vtmost brim
 Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
 A long the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
 A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
 With boughes and arbours woutn cunningly,
 That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly

3

And therein sate a Ladie fresh and faire,
 Making sweet solace to her selfe alone ,
 Sometimes she sung, as loud as larke in aire,
 Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breth was
 gone,
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That might to her moue cause of menment
 Matter of merth enough, though therewerenone,
 She could deuise, and thousand waies inuent,
 To feede her foolish humour, and vaine rolli
 ment

4

Which when farre off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
 He loudly cald to such, as were a bord,
 The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
 And him to feme ouer that deepe ford
 The merry marnner vnto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote
 streightway [Lord
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike
 She in receiu'd , but *Attn* by no way
 She would admit, albe the knight her much did
 pray

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift, then swallow sheres the liquid skie,
 Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canuas with the wind to flie,
 Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
 It cut away vpon the yielding waue,
 Ne cared she her course for to apply
 For it was taught the way, which she would
 haue,
 And both from rocks and flats it selfe could
 wisely saue 6

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
 New merth, her passenger to entertaine
 For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
 And greatly loyed merry tales to fame,
 Of which a store house did with her remaine,
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became,
 For all her words she drownd with laughter
 vaine,
 And wanted grace in vttnng of the same,
 That turned all her pleasance to a scoffing game

7

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuize
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight,
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
 With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight,
 Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay
 To laugh at shaking of the leaues light,
 Or to behold the water worke, and phy
 About her litle fngot, therein making way

8

Her light behaiour, and loose dalliaunce
 Gae wondrous great contentment to the
 knight,
 That of his way he had no souenance,
 Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,
 But to weake wench did yeeld his martiall
 might
 So easie was to quench his flamed mind
 With one sweet drop of sensuall delight,
 So easie is, t'appease the stormie wind
 Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind

9

Diuerse discourses in their way they spent,
 Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
 Both what she was, and what that vsage ment,
 Which in her cot she daily practised
 Vaine man (said she) that woulddest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of *Phædra* (for so my name is red)
 Of *Phædra*, thine owne fellow seruauant,
 For thou to serue *Acrasia* thy selfe doest vaunt

10

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle lake*, my wandnng ship I row,
 That knowesher port, and thithersaillesby ayme,
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow
 Both slow and swift a like do serue my tourne,
 Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundrmg *Ioue*
 Canchaungemycheare,ormakemeeuermourne,
 My litle boat can safely passe this perilous
 bourne

II

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were farre past the passage, whichhespake,
 And come vnto an Island, waste and voyd,
 That floted in the midst of that great lake,
 There her small Gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay paire issuing on the shore
 Disburnd her Their way they forward take
 Into the land, that lay them faire before,
 Whose pleasance she himshew'd, and plentifull
 great store

12

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
 Emongst wide waues set, like a litle nest,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand
 Bene choisely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best
 No daintie flowre orherbe, thatgrowt son ground,
 No arboret with painted blossomes drest,
 Andsmellngsweet, but there it might befound
 To bud out faire, and her sweet smels throw all
 around

13

No tree, whose braunches did not brauely spring,
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sit
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing,
 No song but did contame a louely dit
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were
 framed fit,
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake wit
 Was ouercome of thing, that did him please,
 So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire
 appease

14

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and fildwithpleasurcsvame,
 Into a shadie dale she soft him led,
 And laid him downe vpon a grassie plaine,
 And her sweet selfe without dread, or disdaine,
 She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustame,
 Wheresooneheslumbred, fearingnotbeharM,
 The whiles with a loud lay she thus him sweetly
 charm'd

15

Behold, O man, that toilesome pames doest take,
 The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant
 growes,
 How they them selues doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing enuious nature them forth i
 throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap, how, no man knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh
 and faire, [showes ,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines
 compare 16

The lilly, Ladie of the flowning field,
 The Flowre-deluce, her louely Paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
 And soone leaue off thistoyle some weanestoure,
 Loe loe how braue she decks her bounteous
 boure,
 With silken curtens and gold couerlets,
 Thereinto shrowd her sumptuous Belamour,
 Yetneitherspinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she lets

17

Why then dost thou, O man, that of them all i
 Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraine,
 Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
 And wast thy loyous houres in needlesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and aduentures vaine
 What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vse
 Who shall him rew, that swimminginthemaine,
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present plea
 sures chuse 18

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe, |
 That of no worldly thing he care did take ,
 Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake
 So she him left, and did her selfe betake
 Vnto her boat agame, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull waue of that great griesly lake,
 Soone she that Island farre behind her left,
 And now is come to that same place, where first
 she weft

19

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Vnto the other side of that wide strond,
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought
 Him needed not long call, she soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
 With his sad guide, himselfe she tooke a boord,
 But the *Blacke Palmer* suffered still to stond,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once afford,
 To ferry that old man ouer the perloous foord

20

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
 Yet being entred, might not backe retyre,
 For the flit barke, obaying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
 Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimble ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled
 mire, [forse,
 Whom neither wind out of their seat could
 Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish
 source

21

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
 And did of loy and lollitie deuize,
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest merth and pleasance to partake ,
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest menmake,
 Her dalliance he despisd, and follies did forsake

22

Yet she still followed her former stile,
 And said, and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they amued in that pleasant lie,
 Where sleeping late she left her other knight
 But when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,
 He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said ,
 Ah Dame, perdie ye haue not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obaid
 Melite needed from my rightway to haue straid

Faire Sir (quoth she) be not displeasd at all,
 Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call
 The sea is wide, and easie for to stray ,
 The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay
 But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serue new passage to assay,
 Better safe port, then be in seas distrest
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end
 in lest

24

But he halfe discontent, mote nathelless
 Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore
 The ioyes whereof, and happie fruitfulness,
 Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasant, yet she made much
 more [spring,
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly
 The trees did bud, and earely blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling

25

And she more sweet, then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,
And strue to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musick by her skilfull art
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterpnze,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noyse of armes, or vew of martiall guize
Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercize

26

But he was wise, and wane of her will,
And euer held his hand vpon his hart
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Ladie did to him impart,
But fairely tempnng fond desire subdewd,
And euer her desired to depart
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And euer bad himstay, till time the tide renewd

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
And shaking off his drowzie dremment,
Gan him auize, how ill did him beseme,
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his concerned ire
Tho vp he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staid for his Damzell to inquire,
But marched to the strond, there passage to
require

28

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompanyde with *Phcedrta* the faire,
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Ladie debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe
prepaire
To battell, if thou meane her loue to game
Loe, loe alreadie, how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtame
Thy carcase for their pray, the guerdon of thy
Paine

29

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld,
Who soone preparad to field, his sword forth
drew,
And him with equall value counteruayld
Their mightie strokes their habeneons dis

And naked made each others manly spalles,
The mortall Steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron
walles,
That alarge purple streame adown their giambeux

SPENSER

30

Cymochles, that had neuer met before
So puissant foe, with enuious despight
His proud presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to be held so long in fight,
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
As those vnknightly raylings*, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery
stroke

31

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did
sway,
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away,
But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
That quite it cloue his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone,
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as sense
lesse stone

32

Still as he stood, faire *Pfaedna*, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran,
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voice, and counfance
wan,
Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your hues on ground? wo worth the
man,
That first did teach the cursed Steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the hung
spright

If euer loue of Ladie did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloudiehands from battell fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space
They staid a while and forth she gan proceed
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betwene two doughtie
knights doe breed

34

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
And dolefull sorrow heapewithdeadlyharmes
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarms
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe loue, where loue doesgiuehissweet alarmes,
Without bloudshed, and where the enemy
Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victory,

E

35

Debateiull strife, and cruell enmitie
 The famous name of knighthood fowly shend,
 But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
 And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
 The mightie martiall hands doe most commend
 Of loue they euer greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes *Mars* is *Cupt* does frend,
 And is for *Venus* loues renowned more,
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did
 of yore 36

Therewith she sweetly smylde They though
 full bent
 To proue extremities of bloudie fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calmed the sea of their tempestuous spight,
 Such powre haue pleasing words such is the
 might
 Of courteous demencie in gentle hart
 Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
 Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
 And yield him readie passage to that other part

37

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
 Of his departure thence, for of her loy
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with terrour and vnquiet larre,
 That she well pleased was thence to amoue him
 fane 38

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further strand,
 The which on the dull waues did lightly flote
 And soone arriued on the shallow sand,
 Where gladsome *Guyon* sailed forth to land,
 And to that Damzell thanks gaue for reward
 Vpon that shore he spied *Aim* stand,
 There by his maister left, when late he far'd
 In *Phcedrtas* flit barke ouer that perloous shard

39

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with *Pyrochles* sharp debatement made,
 Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,
 As shepherds curre, that in darke euenings
 shade
 Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade,
 Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
 The shame ana death, which will thee soone
 muade?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
 That art thus foully fled from famous enemie?

40

With that he stiffely shooke his steelehead dart
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
 Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion f raile,
 And passed fairely forth He turning taile,
 Backe to the strond retyrd, and therestillstayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile,
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
 The hastie heat of his auowd reuenge delayd

41

Whylesttherethevarletstood,hesawfromfarre
 An armed knight, that towards him fast ran,
 He ran on foot, as if in luckesse warre
 His forlorne steed from him the victour wan,
 He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and
 wan,
 And all his armour spnnckled was with bloud,
 And soylde with durtie gore, that no man car
 Discerne the hew thereof He neuer stood,
 But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood

42

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
 How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
 And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
 That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
 Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept,
 But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
 The waues about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the bloud and filth away was washt,
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowesdash

43

Aim drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee,
 For much he wondred at that vncooth sight,
 Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord,
 there see,
 His owne deare Lord *Pyrochles*, in sad plight,
 Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight
 Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
 What dismall day hath lent this cursealight,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrochles, O *Pyrochles*, what is thee betyde?

44

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fire,
 Yetnought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respire
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrochles* farre
 After pursewmg death once to require,
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may
 marre
 Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappye
 starre

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)
 That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue,
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet reuiue
 O *Attn*, helpe to me last death to giue
 The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
 And hisowne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that ensample, which he blam'dafore

46

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
 (So Loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
 From drowning But more happie he, then wise
 Of that seas nature did him not auise
 The waues thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engrost with mud, which did them foule agne,
 That every weightie thing they did vpbear,
 Ne ought mote euer sinke downe to the bottome
 there

47

Whiles thus they strugled in that idle waue,
 And stroue in vame, the one himself e to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to saue,
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoarie locks great grautie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne
 Where drenched deepe he found in thatdull ford
 The carefull seruant, struiuing with his raging
 Lord

48

Him *Attn* spying, knew right well of yore,
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, O *Archimago*,
 To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore,
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage
 Weake hands, but counsell is most strongmage
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,
 To see *Pyrochles* there so rudely rage
 Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
 Then pittie, he in hast approached to the shore

49

And cald, *Pyrochles*, what is this, I see?
 What hellish furie hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
 Yet neuer in this straunge astonishment
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me
 torment
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee presentsee,
 In daunger rather to be drent, then brent?
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said
 hee)
 Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee

50

That cursed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor; oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight
 His deadly wounds within my liuers swell,
 And his whot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
 Kindled through hismfernail brond of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteil vaine would boste,
 That now I weene *louts* dreaded thunder light
 Does scorchnot halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste

51

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his griefe
 He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd
 Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a
 priefe
 Of every place, that was with brusmg harmd,
 Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd
 Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto
 applyde,
 And euermore with mighty spels them charmd,
 That in short space he has them qualifide,
 And him restor'd to health, that would haue
 algates dyde

Cant. VII



*Guyonfindes Mammon in a delue,
 Sunning his treasure here
 Is by him tempted, and kd dome,
 To see his secret store*



I

As Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
 When foggy mistes, or cloudy tempests haue
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
 And couer'd heauen with hideous drenment,
 Vpon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The maisters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the stedy helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly

2

So *Guyon* hauing lost his trusty guide,
 Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceeds
 Yet on his way, of none accompanide,
 And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
 Of his owne vertues, and prayse worthy deedes
 So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes
 For st'll he traueild through wide wastfull
 ground, [around
 That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade, [light,
 Couer'd with boughes and shrubs from heauens
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An vncouth, sauage, and vnciuile wight,
 Of griesly hew, and fowle ill fauour'd sight,
 His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were
 bleard,
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 His cole blacke hands did seeme to haue beene
 seard

In smithes fire spitting forge, and nayles like
 clawes appeard

His yron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
 Was vnderneath enuveloped with gold,
 Whose ghstning glosse darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared, to haue beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
 *Wouen with antickes and willdmagery
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told/
 And turned vpsidowne, to feede his eye
 And couetous desire with his huge theasury

And round about him lay on euery side
 Great heapes of gold, that never could bespent
 Of which some were rude owre not purifide
 Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element,
 Some others were new driuen, and distent
 Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square,
 Some in round plates withouten moniment,
 But most were stampd, and in their metall bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kesars-straunge
 and rare 6

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
 And hast he rose, for to remoue aside
 Those pretious hils from straungers *enuious*
 sight, [wide,]
 Anddowne them poured through an hole full
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, staid
 His hand, that trembled, as one ternfyde,
 And thoughhim selfe werat the sightdismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubt
 full sayd 7

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich heapesof wealthdoest hideapart
 Fromtheworldeseeye, andfromhernghtvsaujce?
 Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdaine, he answerd, Hardy Elfe,
 That darest vew my direfull countenance,
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious
 pelfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out vnto all,
 And vnto none my graces do enyve
 Riches, renowme, and principality,
 Honour, estate and all this worldes good,
 For which mens i n c k sweat *incessantly*.
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth haue their eternall
 brood

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and sew,
 At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee,
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew
 All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be numbred f rancke and free
Mammon(said) he)thy godheades vauntis vame,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee,
 TO them, that couet such eye glutting game,
 Pofferthy gif tes, and fitter seruaunts entertaine

10

Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes,
 And honours suit my vowed dayes do spend,
 Vntothybconte osbavtes andpleasingcharmes,
 Withwhichweakemen thou witchest, toattend
 Regard of worldly *muicke doth* fowly blend,
 And low abase the high neroicke spright,
 That loyes for crownes and kingdomes to con-
 tend, [delight
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my
 Those be the riches fit for anaduent'rous knight

Vaine glorious Elfe (said he) doest not thou weet,
 That money can thy wantes at will supply?
 Sheilds, seeds, and armes, and all things for
 thee meet.

It can puruay in twinckng of an eye,
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply
 Do not I kings create, and throw the, crowne
 Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?
 And him that raignd, into his *rowme* thrust
 downe,
 And whom lust do heape with glory and
 renowne?

12

All otherwise (said he) I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse,
 First got with *guile*, and then preseru'd with
 dread,
 And after spent with pride and lauishnesse,
 Leauing behind them griefe and heauinesse
 in finite mischiefes of them do arize,
 Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish *couetize*,
 Thatnoble heart asgreat dishonour dothdespize

13

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine,
But realmes and rulers thou doest both con
found,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline,
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on

The crowned oft err slaine, the slayer .cround,
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound,
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull
gouernement

14

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, thatt osse
The priuate state, and make the life vnsweet
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
Doth not, I wene, so many euils meet
I Then *Mamman* wexing wroth, And why then,
said

Are mortall men so fond and land odiscreet, .
So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it
vpbraid ? 15

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperaunce,
Frayle men are oft captiu'd to couetise
But would they thinke, with how small
allowaunce

Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our naturall ioyes
At the well head the purest streames arise
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyed
And with vncomely weedes the gentle waue
accloyes 16

The antique world, in his first flowning youth,
Found no defect in his Creatours grace,
But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
The gifts of soueraigne bountie did embrace
Like Angels life was then mens happy cate,
But later ages pride, like corn fed steed,
Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed [need
The measure of her meane, and naturall first

17

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
With Sacledge to dig Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride of tooones he did compound,
Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy names, and kindled life deuouring fire

18

Sonne (said he then let thy bitter sorne,
And leaue the rudernes of that antique age
To them, that liud therein in state forlorne,
Thou that doest hue in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage
If then thee list my offred grace to vse,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage,
If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse
But thing refused, do not afterward accuse

19

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receaue
Thing offred, till I know it well be got,
Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue
From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,
Or that blood guiltlesse or guile them blot,
ferdy (quoth he) yet neuer eye did vew,
Ne tounge did tell, ne hand these handled not
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
From heauens sight, and powre of all which
them pursue 20

What secret place (quoth he) can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heauens eye ?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserue from wrong and robbery?
Come thou (quoth he) and see So by and by
Through that thicke couert he him led, and
found

A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow
ground,
And was with dread and horreur compassed
around

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine,
Through which a beaten broad high way .did
trace,
That streight did lead to plutoes *griesly* raine
By that wayes side, there sate internall payne
And fast beside him sat tumultuous
The one in hand an yron whip did strame,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did
threaten life

22

On .thother side in one consort there sate
Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight, .
Disloyall Treason, and hart burning Hate,
But gnawing Gfalsie out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly
And found no place, where safe he shroud hi
might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,
And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye

23

And ower them sad Horroure with grim hew,
 Did alwayes sore, beating his yron wings ,
 And after him Owles and Night rauens flew
 The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings,
 Whiles sad *Celero* sitting on a clift,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint a sunder could haue rift '
 Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swift

24

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
 By whom they passing, spake vnto them
 nought
 But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
 Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adioynng, ne them parted ought
 Betwixt them both was but a tittle stride,
 That did the house of Richesse from hell mouth
 diuide

25

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
 Breakein, and spoile the treasure there ingard
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither ward
 Approach, albe his drowsie den were next,
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd
 Therefore his house is vnto his annex,
 Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them
 both betwext

26

So soone as *Mammon* there arnu'd, the dore
 To him did open, and affoorded way,
 Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,
 Ne darknesse him, ne daunger might dismay
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
 An vgly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him
 septe,
 And euer as he went, *dew* watch vpon him kept

27

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
 If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing, that likt him best,
 Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntyte,
 Should be his pray And therefore still on hye
 He ouer him did hold his cruell claws,
 Threatnng with greedy gripe to do him dye
 And rend in peeces with his rauenuous pawes,
 If euer he transgrest the fatall *Styzian* lawes

28

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Like an huge caue, hewne out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches
 bong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
 And with rich metall loaded euery rift,
 That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat,
 And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtle net,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more
 blacke then let

29

Both rooffe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
 But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darknesse, that none could behold
 The hew thereof for vew of chearefull day
 Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
 But a faint shadow of vncertam light,
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away
 Oras the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,
 Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad
 affright

30

in all that rowme was nothing to be seene,
 But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none could
 weene
 Them to eforce by violence or wrong,
 On euery side they placed were along
 But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about were
 flong,
 Whose hues, it seemed, whilome there were
 shed,
 And their vile carcasses now left vnbound

31

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
 Till that they came vnto an yron dore,
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
 As eye of man did neuer see before,
 Ne euer could within one place be found,
 Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world around,
 And that aboue were added to that vnder
 ground 32

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other couetous feends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend
 Then *Mammon* turning to that warnour, said,
 Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
 To which all men do ayme, rich to be made
 Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid

33

Certes (said he) I n'lll thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happinesse, another end
To them, that list, these base regards I lend
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile
sclaue

34

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And gneu'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray,
For well he weened, that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay,
Had he so doen he had him snatcht away
More light then Culuer in the Faulcons fist
Eternall God thee saue from such decay
But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist

35

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another rowme, whose dore forthright,
To him did open, as it had beene taught
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fornaces all burning bright
By euery fornace many feends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery feend his busie pames appide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride

36

One with great bellows gathered filling aire,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame,
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With yron tounge, and sprnckled oft the same
With liquid waues, fiers *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat,
Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall
came,
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great,
And euery one did swinke, and euery one did
sweet

37

But when as earthly wight they present saw,
Ghstring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot worke they did themselues
withdraw
To wonder at the sight for till that day,
They neuer creature saw, that came that way
Their staring eyessparcklingwith feruent fire,
And vgly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soueraigne
Lord and sire

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That liumg eye before did neuer see
The thing, that thou didst craue so earnestly,
To weet,whenceall the wealth lateshewa by mee,
Proceeded, lo now is reueald to thee
Here is the fountame of the worldes good
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Auiue thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be
withstood

39

Suffice it then, thou Money God (quoth hee)
That all thine idle offers I refuse
All that I need I haue, what needeth mee
To couet more, then I haue cause to vse?
with such vaine shewes thy worldings vile
abuse
But giue me leaue to follow mine emprise
Mammon was much displeasd yetno'te hechuse,
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,
And thence him forward led, him further to
entise

40

He brought him through a darksome narrow
strait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A sturdy villein, striding stiffe and bold,
As if that highest God defie he would,
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had bothlife and sence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he
queld 41

Disdayne he called was, and did disdaine
"To be socald, and who so did him call
Sternewashislooke, andfullofstomackevainp
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th'height of men terrestriall,
Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and
small,

And with his pride all others powre deface
More fit amongst blacke fiendes, then men to
haue his place 42

Soone as those ghitterand armes he did espye,
That with their bnght nesse made that dark
nesse light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight,
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseled him abstai ne from perilous fight
For nothing might abash the villein bold*

I Ne mortall Steele empercehis miscreatedmould

43

So hauing him with reason pacifide,
 And the fiers Carte commaunding to forbear,
 He brought him in The rowme was large and
 ' wide,
 As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare
 Many great golden pillours did vpeare
 The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne,
 And euery pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes and Diademes, and titles vame,
 Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth
 did rayne

44

4. route of people there assembled were,
 Of euery sort and nation vnder skye,
 Which with great vpror preaced to draw nere
 To th'vpper part, where was aduanced hye
 A stately siege of soueraigne maiestye,
 And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
 That neuer earthly Prince in such aray
 His glory did enhance, and pompous pride
 display

45

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes
 threw [see
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it
 Yet was not that same her owne natue hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
 Thereby more louers vnto her to call,
 Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew
 She by creation was, till she did fall,
 Thenceforth she sought for helps, to cloke her
 crime withall

46

There, as in glistring glory she did sit,
 She held a great gold chaine ylmcked well,
 Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest Hell,
 And all that preace did round about her swell,
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To clime aloft, and others to excell
 That was Ambuion rash desire to sty,
 4 and euery lincke thereof a step of dignity

47

fome thought to raise themselves to high degree,
 By riches and vnngheteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree,
 Others through friends, others for baseregard,
 And all by wrong ways for themselves prepard
 Those that were vp themselves, kept others low,
 Those that were low themselves, held others
 hard,
 Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
 But euery one did striue his fellow downe to
 throw

48

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
 What meant that preace about that Ladies
 throne,
 And what she was that did so nigh asgire
 Him Mammon answered; That goodly one,
 Whom all that folke with such contention,
 Do flocke about, my deare, my daughter is,
 Honour and dignitie from her alone
 Denued are, and all this worldes blis
 For which ye men do striue few get, but many
 miSvS

49

And faire Phlotime she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth vnder skye,
 But that this darksome neather world her light
 Doth dim with horroure and deformitie,
 Worthy of heauen and hye felicitie,
 From whence the gods haue her for enuy thrust
 But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
 Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
 That she may thee aduance for workes and
 mentes lust

50

Gramercy Mammon (said the gentle knight)
 For so great grace and offred high estate,
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Vnworthy match for such immortall mate
 My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate,
 And were I not, yet is my trouth yphgt,
 And loue auowd to other Lady late,
 That to remoue the same I haue no might
 To chaunge loue causelesse is reproch to warlike
 knigt

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath,
 Yet forcing it to fame, him forth thence led
 Through gnesly shadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardm goodly garnished
 With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not
 / be red
 Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
 Throws forth tomen, sweet and well sauoured,
 But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
 Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery
 toombe

there mournfull Cypresse grew ingreatest store,
 And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad,
 Dead sleeping Poppy, and blacke Hellebore,
 Cold Coloquintida, and Telra mad,
 Mortall Sammlts, and Cicuta bad,
 With which th'vmust Athentens made to dy
 Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
 jPoured out his life, and last Philosophy
 Wo the faire Cmtas Ins deArest Belamy

53

The *Gardin of Proserpina* this hight,
And in the midst thereof a siluer seat,
With a thicke Arber goodly ouer dight,
In which she often vsd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispred and body great,
Clothed with leaues, that honethe wood mote see
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might

bee

54

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold,
On earth like neuer grew, ne huing wight
Like euer saw, but they from hence were
For those, which *Hercules* with conquest
Got from great *Allas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold
And those with which *th'Eubæan* young man
wan
Swift *Aialanta*, when through craft he her out

55

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Aconhus* got his loue tref,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse
Sult

Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false ale threw,
For which *th'Idæan Ladies* disagreed *Then*
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had of her, faire *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made ta
bleed 56

The warlike *Elfe* much wondred at this tree
So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee
Did stretch the mselues with out thevtmostbound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound,
Which ouer hanging, they themselves did steepe,
In a blacke flood which now'd about it round,
That is the nur of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse waile and
weepe 57

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
And looking downe, saw many damned wights
In those sad waues, which direfull deadly stanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pitteous cryes, and yelling
shrighs,
They made the further shore resounden wide
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,
One cursed creature he by chance espide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden
side

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,
Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brincke
But both the fruit from hand, and floud from
mouth
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke
The whiles he steru'd with hunger and with
drouth
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth

59

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
ast who he was, and what he ment thereby
who groning deepe, thus answered him againe,
Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,
Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye
Of whom high *Joue* wont whylome feasted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eat and drinke to

mee 60

Nay, nay, thou greedie Tantalus (quottf he)
Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
And vnto all that hue in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to vse their present state
gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest *hue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,
As authour of vniustice, there to let him dye

He lookt a little further, and espyde
Another wretch whose carkasse deepe was
fee

Within the riuer, which the same did hyde
But both his hands most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye,
So lost his labour vame and idle industry

62

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting vp his head, him answered thus
I Pilate am the falsest Iudge, alas,
And most vniust, that by vnnghteous
J And wicked doome, to Iewes despituous
Dehuered vp the Lord of life to die,
And did acquite a murderer felonous,
The whiles my hands I washt in purine,
The whiles my soule was soyld with foule
iniquitie

1

63

afiaite moe, tormented in like paine '
 He there beheld, too long hereto be told
Ne Mammon would there let him long remane,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold,
 But roughly him be spake Thoufearefullfoole,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
 Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
 'o rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole

64

II which he did, to doe him deadly fall
 In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt,
 To which if he inclined had at all,
 That dreadfull feend, which did behind him
 wayt,
 Would him haue rent in thousand peeces stray t
 But he was wane wise in all his way,
 And well perceiued his deceptfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray,
 O goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray

65

and now he has so long remained there,
 That vitall powres gan waxe both weake and
 wan,
 For want of food, and sieepe, which two vpbear,
 Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
 That none without the same endure can
 For now three dayes of men were full out
 wrought,
 Since he this hardie enterpnze began
 For thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
 nto the world to guide him backe, as he him
 brought

'He God, though loth, yet was constrained t'obay,
 For lenger time Then that, no huing wight
 Below the earth, might suffred be to stay
 So backe againe, him brought to humg light
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
 Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
 As ouercome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 and all his senses were with deadly fit opprest

Cant VIII

*Sir Guyon laid in swowne is by
 Aerates sonnes despoyled,
 Whom Arthur soone haili reskewed
 And Paynim brethren foyled*

I

And is there care in heaven ? and is there loue
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
 That may compassion of their euils moue ?
 Thereis elsemuchmore wretched were the cace
 Of men, then beasts But O th'exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loues his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
 To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe

2

How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
 To come to succour vs, that succour want ?
 How oft do they with golden pmeons, cleaue
 The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,
 Against foule feends to aide vs militant ?
 They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright Squadrons round about vb
 plant,
 And all for loue, and nothing for reward
 O why should heauenly God to men haue such
 regard

3

During the while, that *Guyon* did abide
 In *Mammon*shouse, the Palmer, whom whyleare
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denidc,
 By further search had passage found elsewhere,
 And being on his way, approched neare,
 Where *Guyon* lay in trauance, when suddenly
 He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
 Come hither, come hither, O come hastily,
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry

4

The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyce,
 To weet, who called so importunely
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
 That bad him come in haste He by and by
 His feeble feet directed to the cry,
 Which to that shadie delue him brought at last,
 Where *Mammon* earst did summe his treasury
 There the good *Guyon* he found slumbrng fast
 In senselesse dreame, which sight at first him
 sore aghast

Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire aboue his equall pearces,
His snowy front curled with golden heares,
Like *Phoebus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Diurnely shone, and two sharpe-winged sheares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted layes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie ways

Like as *Cupido* on *Idcean* hill,
When haung laid his cruell bow away,
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloudie
play,
With his faire mother he him digts to play,
And with his goodly sisters *Graces* three,
The Goddesses pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mmd their merry
glee

7

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought
could say,
Till him the child bespoke, Long lackt, alas,
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay,
Behold this heauie sight, thou reuerend Sire,
But dread of death and doulour doe away,
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seemes, shal corage bold
respire

8

The charge, which God doth vnto me arret,
Of his deare safetie, I to thee commend,
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof my selfe vnto the end,
But euermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine watch thou I pray,
For euill is at hand him to offend
So haung said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite
away

9

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight,
At last him turning to his charge behight,

Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny

At last he spide, where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights, all armd as bright as she,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And farre before a light foot Page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie,
Those were the two sonnes of *Aerates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archmago* she,
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combattad, was
Guyon bold

11

Which to auenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where euer that on ground they Mote him fynd,
False *Archimage* prouokt their courage prowde,
And stryfull *Attn* in their stubborne mynd
Coles of contention and whot vengeance tynd
Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assynd,
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloudie armes they rashly did
debate

12

Whom when *Pyrochles* saw, mflam'd with rage,
That sire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesses hendst thy comelyage,
Abandone scone, I read, the caitiue spoile
Of that same outcast carkasse, that erwhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile,
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proue he hued ill, that did thus foully dye

13

To whom the Palmer fearelesse answered,
Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his carkasse shame,
Whose humg hands immortalized his name
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And enuie base, to barke at sleeping fame
Was neuer wight, that treason of him told,
Your selfe his prowesse prou'd and found him
fiers and bold

14

Then said *Cymochks*, Palmer, thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Sae as thou seest or hearst But well I wote,
That of his puissance tryall made extreeme,
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and
shield

The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise, or due reproch them
yield, [on field
Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead

15

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
What doe **I** recke, sith that he dyde entire ?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of reuengmg ire,
 Sithwrathfullhandwroughtnotherownedesire?
 Yet since no way is left to wreake my spight,
 I will him reauue of armes, the victors hire,
 And of thatshield,more worthy of good knight,
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in ajmour
 bright ?

16

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer supphaunt,
 For knighthoods loue, do not so foule a deed,
 Ne blame your honour with so shamef ull vaunt
 Of vile reuenge To spoile the dead of weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed,
 But leaue these relics of his huing might,
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomb blacke
 steed [dight,
 What herce or steed (said he) should he haue
 But be entombed in the rauens or the kight?

17

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
 And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
 Both fiercely bent to haue him disaraid,
 Tillthattheyspide,wheretowardssthemdidpace
 An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
 Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
 Andcouerdshield Wellkendhimsofarrespace
 Th'enchauter by his armes and amenaunce,
 When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to
 prounce

18

And to those brethren said, Rise rise by hue,
 And vnto battell doe your selues addresse,
 For yonder comes the prowtest knight ahue,
 Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and noblesse,
 That hath to Paynim knights wrought great
 distresse,
 And thousand Sar'zms foully donne to dye
 That word so deepedid in their harts impresse,
 That both eftsoones vpstarte furiously,
 And gan themselues prepare to battell greedily

19

But fierce *Pyrochles*, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And *Archmage* besought, him that afford,
 Whichhehad brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine
 So would I (said th'enchauter) glad and fame
 Betee me to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought thatelseyour honourmight maintame,
 But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
 To be contrane to the worke, which ye intend

20

For that sameknights ownesword thisis of yore,
 Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art
 Forthat hisnourshng,whenhe knighthoodswore,
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart
 The metall first he mixt with *Medawart*,
 That no enchantment f from his dint might saue,
 Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
 And seuen times dipped in the bitter waue
 Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue

21

The vertue is, that neither Steele, nor stone
 The stroke thereof from entrance may defend ,
 Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,
 Ne forst his nightfull owner to offend,
 Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend
 Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight
 In vame therefore, *Pyrochles*, should I lend
 The same to thee, against his lord to right,
 For sure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy
 might

22

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
 That weenest words or chames may force
 withstond
 Sooneshalt thou see,and then beleuee for troth,
 That I can carue with this mchaunted brond
 His Lords owne flesh Therewith outofiusbond
 That virtuous Steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And *Guyons* shield about his wrest he bond,
 So readie dight, fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous array

23

By this that straunger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salued them, who nought agamc
 Him answered, as courtesie became,
 Butwithsternelookes,andstomachousdisdainc,
 Gauesignesofgrudgeanddiscontentmentvame
 Then turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
 Where at his feete, with sorrowfull demaine
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he red great magnanimity

24

Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend syre,
 Whatgreatmisfortunehathbetidd this knight-'
 Or did his life her fatal date expyre,
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight ?
 How euer, sure I rew his pitteous plight
 Not one, nor other, (said the Palmer graue)
 Hath him befalne, but cloudes of deadly night
 A while his heauie eyhds couer'd haue,
 And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse
 waue

25

Which, those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
Making aduantage, to reuenge their spight,
Would

disarme, and treaten shamefully,
Vnworthy vsage of redoubted knight
But you, faire Sir, whose honorable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble cace
First praise of knighthood is, foule outrage to
deface

26

Palmer, (baid he) no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost
Ne was there euer noble courage seene,
That in aduantage would his puissance bost
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most
May be, that better reason will asswage
The rash reuengers heat Words well dispost
Haue secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage

27

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke,
Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
Itseemes, iust wrongstovengeancedoeprouoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming
knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat i
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for this carkasse pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath alreadie laid in lowest seat J

28

To whom *Cymochles* said, For what art thou,
That mak'st thy self e his dayes man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Orwhoshallletmenow,
On this vile bodie from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carkasse as the outcast dong ?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
The guilt, which if he hued had thus long,
His life for due reuenge should deare able ?
The trespasse still doth hue, albe the person die

29

Indeed (then said the Prince) the euill donne
Dyes not, when breath the bodie first doth leaue,
But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seed the curse doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue
So straightly God doth iudge But gentle
knight,
That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour stames with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former
might

I

3 o

Pyrochles gan reply the second time,
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime
Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead
With that his hand, moresad then lompo of lead,
Vphfting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleaue his
head
The f aithf ull Steele such treason no'uld endure,
But swaruing from the marke, his Lords life did
assure

3¹

j Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele aside ,
Nath'losse the Prince would not forsake his sell
For well of yore he learned had to ride,
But full of anger fiercely to him cride,
False traitour miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe vndefide
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, and feeble the law, the which thou
I hast defast

32

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans brest, and therewitht thought
His cursed life out of her lodge haue rent
But ere the point arnued, where it ought,
That seven fold shield, which he from *Guy* on
brought
He cast betwene to ward the bitter stound
Through all thosefolds the steelehead passage
wrought [ground
And through his shoulder pierst, wherewith to
He goremng fell, all goredin his gushing wound

33

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great
griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly said, By *Mahoune*, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hye,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly
Else mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Haue cleft his head in twame, and hfe thence
dispossest

34

Now was the Prince m daungerous distresse,
Wantinghissword, when he on oot should fight
His single speare could doe him small redresse,
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight,
I Three times more furious, and more puissaunt,
Vnmmdfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt

35

So both atonce him charge on either side,
 With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traaverse wide,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre
 For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he neuer quail,
 Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them
 nought auaille 36,

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
 Till that at last, when he aduantage spyde,
 His poinantspeare he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud *Cymochles*, whiles hissh eld was wyde,
 That through his thigh the mortall Steele did
 gryde
 He swaruing with the force, within his flesh
 Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde
 Out of the wound the red bioud flowed fresh,
 That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple
pksh 37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
 Cursing his Gods, and himselfe damningdeepe
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, Caytiue, curse on thy cruell hond,
 Thattwisehathsped, yetshall ltnothetheekeepe
 From the third brunt of this my fatali brond
 Loe where the dreadfull Death behind thy backe
 doth stond 38

With thatestrooke, andth otherstrookewithall,
 That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous
 might
 The one vpon his couered shield did fall,
 And glauncing downe would nothis ownerbyte
 But th'other did vpon his troncheon smyte,
 Which hewing quite a sunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which diuiding with importune sway,
 It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did
 stay 39

Wyde was the wound, and alarge lukewarme flood,
 Red as the Rose, thence gushed grieuiously,
 That when the Paynim spyde the streaming
 blood,
 Gae him great hart, and hope of victory
 On th'other side, m huge perplexity,
 The Pnnce now stood, hauinghisweapon broke,
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did ly
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
CymocUes twice, that twice him forst his foot
 reuoke

40

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said, Faire Son, great God thy right
 hand blesse,
 To vse that sword so wisely as it ought
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage
 fraught,
 When as agame he armed felt his

Then like a Lion, which hath long time saught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth
 wood and yond
 So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes
 Now to *Pyrochles* many strokes he told,
 Eft to *Cymochles* twice so many fold
 Then backe agame turning his busie hond,
 Them both atoncecompeld with courage bold,
 To yield wide way to his hart thrilling brond,
 And though they both stood stiffl, yet could
 not both withstond

42

As saluage Bull, whom two fierce mastmes bayt,
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with wane ward them to awayt,
 But with hisdreadfull homes them driuesafore,
 Or flings aloft, or treade downe in the fiore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
 That all the Forrest quakes to heare him rore
 So rag'd Prince twixt thisfoementwaine,
 Thatneithercouldhismightiepuissancesustaine

43

But euer at *Pyrochles* when he smit,
 Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before,
 Whereon the Faery Queenespourtract was writ,
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
 Which oft the Pay mm sau'd f rom deadly stowre
 But him henceforth the same can saue no more,
 For now arnued is his fatali howre,
 That no'te auoyded be by earthly skill or powre

44

For when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt withguiltvshame,
 And inward gnefe, he fiercely gan approach,
 Resolu'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame,
 And on the hauberk stroke the Prince so sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him wise to reele, that neuer moou'd
 afore

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharpe regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
 That it empierst the Pagans burganet,
 And cleauing the hard Steele, did deepe inuade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made
 Quite through his brame He tombing downe
 on ground,
 Breathd out his ghost, which to th'infernall
 shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the sinnes, wherewith his lewd life did
 abound 46

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
 Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
 Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare,
 But as a man, whom hellish feends haue frayd,
 Longtremblingstillhestood atlastthussayd,
 Tray tour what hast thou doen ? how euer may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd
 Against that knight Harrow and well away,
 After sowickeddeed whyhu'st thou lenger day

47

With that all desperate as loathing light,
 And with reuenge desiring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and vtmost might,
 With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
 Andstrooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard Well knew
 The Prince, with patience and sufferance sly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batted
 gan renew 48

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The cloudes, as things affrayd, before him flye,
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure ,
 So did Prince *Arthur* beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrochles* wast his idle might

49

At last when as the *Sarazm* perceiu'd,
 How that straunge sword refusd, to serue his
 need, [decem'd,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint
 He flong it from him, and deuoyd of dreed,
 Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to ouerthrow and downe him tred
 Buthimin strength and skill thePrincesurpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did vnder him
 down cast

Nought bootted it the Paynim then to striue
 For as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
 That may not hope by flight to scape ahue,
 Still waites for death with dread and trembling
 aw,
 So he now subiect to the victours law,
 Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,
 For vile disdame and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despid to dye

But full of Princely bounty and great mind,
 The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wrongs and all reuenge behind,
 More glory thought to giue life, then decay.
 And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day ,
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
 And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my souen-
 aunce

52

Foole (said the Pagan) I thy gift defye,
 But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,
 And say, that I not ouercome do dye,
 But in despite of life, for death do call
 Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
 That he so wilfully refused grace,
 Yet sith lus fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining Helmet he gan soone vnlace,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the
 place

53

By this Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
 Life hauing maistered her sencelesse foe,
 And looking vp, when as his shield he lakt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
 And said, Deare sir, whom wandng to and fro
 I long haue lackt, I toy thy face to vew,
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger neuer fro me
 drew

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my goodswordandshield ? The Palmerglad,
 With so fresh hew vprising him to see,
 Him answered, Faire sonne, be no whit sad
 For want of weapons, they shall soone be had
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained
 had,
 And those two *Sarazins* confounded late,
 Whose carcases on ground were horribly pros-
 trate

55

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince bowing with reuerence dew,
As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd,
My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
I hue this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffice, to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,
But to be euer bound

56

To whom the Infant thus, Faire Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a seruite bond,
To bind their doers, to receiue their meede ?
Are not all knights by oath bound, to with
stand
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant
bond?
Suffise, that I haue done my dew in place
So goodly purpose they together fond,
Of kindnesse and of curteous aggrace,
The whiles false *Archmage* and *Attn* fled apace

Cant IX

*The house of Temperance, in which
doth sober Alma dwell,*

*Bestegd of many foes, whom straunger
kntghies to flight compell*

1

Of all Gods workes, which do this world adorned
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober gouernment,
But none then it, more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignitie and natie grace
Behold, who list, both one and other in this
place

2

Cfter the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recouping his stolne sword,
And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way m faire accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord,
Sir knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head ?
Full huely is the semblaunt, though the sub
stance dead.

3

**Faire Sir (said he) if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vame shew,
What mote ye weene, if the trew liuely head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew ?
But if the beauteie of her mind ye knew,
That is her bountie, and impenall powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts
denoure,
And infinite desire into your spinte poure'**

4

she is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
J Whose faire retrait I in my shield do beare,
I She is the floure of grace and chastitie,
Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
My hefe, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
Whose glory shmeth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlummes cleare,
Far reach her mercies, and her prayses farre,
As well in state of peace, as in puissance in warre

5

**Thrise happy man, (said then the *Briton* knight)
Whom gracious lot, and thy great vahaunce
Haue madeth thee souldier of that Pnncesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenance
Doth blesse her seruauents, and them high
aduance**

**How may straunge knight hope euer to aspire,
By faithfull seruice, and meet amenance,
Vnto such blisse t suffient were that hire
For losse of thousand hues, to dye at her desire**

6

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraine,
' But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine ?
But were your will, her sold to entertaine,
And numbred amongst knights of Maydenhed,
Great guerdon, weill wote, should you remaine,
And in her fauour high be reckoned,
As *Arlhegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honored

7

Certes (then said the Prince) I God auow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did
plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serue that Queene with all my powre and
might
Now hath the Sunnewith his lamp burningghgt,
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddess I haue sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find such happnesse
! Heauen doth tome enuy, and fortune fauourlesse

Fortune, the foe of famous cheuisaunce
 Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aide,
 But in her way throwes mischiefe and mis
 chaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid
 But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
 But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand,
 Which were it not, that I am else delaid
 With hard aduerture, which I haue in hand,
 labour would to guide you through all taery
 land

9

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I weete,
 What straunge aduerture do ye now purscw
 Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meete
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew
 Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
 Of false *Acrista*, and her wicked wiles,
 Which to auenge, the Palmer him forth drew
 From Faery court So talked they, the whiles
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many
 miles

10

And now faire *Phoebus* gan decline in hast
 His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
 Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plast
 Foreby a nuer in a pleasaunt dale,
 Which choosing for that euenings hospitale,
 They thither marcht but when they came in
 sight,
 And from their sweaty Coursers did auale,
 1 hey found the gates fast barred longere night,
 And euery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes
 despight

11

Which when theysaw, they weened fowlereproch
 Was to them doen, their entrance to forstall,
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approach,
 And wind his home vnder the castle wall,
 That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spirt
 The watch, and lowd vnto the knights did call,
 To weete, what they so rudely did require
 Who gently answered, They entrance did desire

12

Fly fly, good knights, (said he) fly fast away
 If that your hues ye loue, as meete ye should,
 t lyfast and saue your selues from neare decay,
 Here may ye not haue entraunce, though we
 would
 We would and would againe, if that we could,
 But thousand enemies about vs raue,
 And with long siege vs in this castle hould
 Seuen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue,
 And many good knights slaine, that haue vs
 sought to saue

Thus as he spoke, loe with outrageous cry
 A thousand villeins round about them swarmd
 Out of the rockes and caues adioymng nye,
 Vile caytiue wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
 All threatning death, all in straunge manner
 armd,
 Somewithvnweldyclubs, somewithlongspeares,
 Some rusty kniues, some stauies in fire warmd
 Sternewastheirlookke, hkewildamazesteaers,
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffl vpstanding
 heards.

Fiersly at first those knights they did assaile,
 And droue them to recoile but when againe
 They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
 Vnhable their encounter to sustaine,
 For with such puissance and impetuous mame
 Those Champions broke on them, that forst
 them fly, [swaine
 Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepheards
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest

A while they fled, but soone returnd againe
 With greater fury, then before was found,
 And euemore their cruell Capitame
 Sought with his raskall routs tenclose them
 round,
 And ouerrun to tread them to the ground
 But soone the knights with their bright-burn-
 ing blades [found,
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did con
 Hewing and slashing at their idle shades,
 For though they bodies seeme, yet substance
 from them fades

16

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide
 Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,
 Theirmurmuringsmalltromptssoundenwide,
 Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies,
 Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
 For their sharpe wounds, and noyous miuries,
 Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustnngblast
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the *Ocean*

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Vnto the castle gate they come againe,
 And entraunce crau'd, which was denied erst
 Now when report of that their perilous paine,
 And combrous conflict, which they did sustaine,
 Came to the Ladies eare, which there did dwell,
 She forth issewed with a goodly frame
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell

18

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
 That had not yet felt *Cuptdes* wanton rage,
 Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
 And many a Lord of noble parentage,
 That sought with her to linke in marriage
 For she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age,
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That euen heauen reioyced her sweete face to see

19

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
 That from her shoulder toherheeel downe raught,
 The frame whereof loos far behind her strayd,
 Braunched with goli and pearle, most richly wrought,
 And borne of two faire Damsels, which were taught
 That seruice well Her yellow golden heare
 Was tnmly wouen, and in tresses wrought,
 Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,
 But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere

20

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them vp into her castle hall,
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall
 There when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of fauour speciall,
 Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew,
 She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

First she them led vp to the Castle wall,
 That was so high, as foe might not it clime
 And all so faire, and fensible withall,
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that *Aegyptian* slime,
 Whereof king whilome built *Babell* towre,
 But O great pittie, that no longer time
 So goodly workmanship should not endure
 Soone it must turne to earth, no earthly thing is sure

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare.
 And part triangulare, O worke diume,
 Those two the hrst and last proportions are,
 The one imperfect, mortall, fceminine,
 Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base
 Proportioned equally by seueuand nine,
 Nine was the circle set in heauens place,
 All which compacted made a goodly diapase

Therun two gates were placed seemly well
 The one before, by which all in did pas,
 Did th'other far in workmanship excell,
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was,
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
 And when it opened, no man might it close,
 Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes

24

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
 Thenyet or Marble far from Ireland brought,
 Ouer The which was cast a wandring vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton,yuie twine
 And ouer it a faire Portctmis h o n g¹
 Which to the gate directly "did incline,
 With comely compasse, and compacture strong,
 Neither vnseemly short, nor yet exceeding long

25

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
 Day andiiight dueiy keeping watch and ward,
 Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
 But in good order, and with dew regard,
 Vtters of secrets he from thence debarde,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime
 His larumbell might lowd and wide be hard,
 When cause requird, but neuer out of time,
 Earlyand late it rong,at euenmg and atpnm

And round about the porch on euery side
 I Twice sixteen warders sat, all armed bright
 In ghstring Steele, and strongly fortifide
 Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
 And were enraunged ready, still for fight
 By them as *Alma* passed with her gueses,
 They did obeysaunce, as besemed right,
 And then againe returned to their rests
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gfistes

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
 Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets festiuall,
 Against the viaundes should be ministred,
 At th'upper end there sate, yclad m red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged,
 He Steward was hight *Diet*, rype of age,
 And m demeanure sober, and in counsell sage

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
 A lolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
 Whose name was *Appetite*, he did bestow
 Both gueses and meate, when euer in they
 came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the Steward bad They both attone
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became,
 Who passing by, forth led her gueses anone
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for rucenesse
 none

29

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispenche,
 With many raunges reard along the wall,
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell
 thence
 The smoke forth threw And in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall.
 Vpon a mighty furnace, burning whot,
 More whot, then Aern or flaming *Mongiball*
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
 So long as any thing it in the caudron got

30

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
 It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
 There added was by goodly ordinance, ' .
 An huge great paire of bellows which did Styre
 Continually, and cooling breath Inspyre
 About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
 With hookes and ladles, as need did require,
 The whiles the viandes in the vessell boyld
 They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely
 toylde

The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction*,
 A carefull man, and full of comely guise
 The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion*
 Did order all th' Achates in seemly wise, .
 And set them forth as well he could devise
 The rest had seuerall offices asswd,
 Some to remoue the scum, as it did rise,
 Others to beare the same away did mind,
 And others it to vse according to his kind

32

But all the liquor, which was fowle and wast,
 Not good nor seruiceable else for ought,
 They in another great round vessell plast,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought
 And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
 Was close conuaid, and to th' back-gate brought,
 That cleped was *Port Esqmline*, whereby
 It was auoided quite, and throwne out priuriy I

33

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
 Whenasthoseknightsbeheld,withraredelight,
 And gazing wonder they their minds did till,
 For neuer had they seene so straunge a sight
 Thence backe againefaire ALma led them right,
 And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
 That was with royall arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
 Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be
 thought

34

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
 A louely beuy of faire Ladies sate,
 Courted of many alolly Paramoure,
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And eachone sought his Lady to aggrate
 And eke emongst them

Cupid playd

His wanton sports, being returned late
 "From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
 His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath
 dismayd

35

Diuerse delights they found them selues to
 please",
 Some song in sweet consort, some laught for loy,
 Some plaid with strawes, some Idly sat at ease,
 But other some could not abide to toy,
 All pleasure was to them griefe and annoy
 This found, that faund, the "third for shame
 did blush,
 Another seemed enuious, or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush
 But at these straungers presence euery one did
 hush

36

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place
 They all attonce out of their seates arose,
 And to her homage made, with humble grace
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan ispose
 Themselues to court, and each a Damsell chose
 The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
 That was right faire and fresh as mornng rose,
 But somewhat sad, and solemne ekein sight,
 As if some pensieue thought constrained her
 gentle spnght

37

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold -
 Was fretted all about, she was arayd, I
 And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold
 To whom the Prince in curteous manner said,
 Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
 And your faire beutie do with sadnesse spill ?
 Liues any, that you hath thus ill apaid ?
 Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will
 What euer be the cause, it sure besemes you ill

38

Faire Sir, (said shehalfe in disdamefull wise,)
 How is it, that this mood in me ye blame,
And in your selfe do not the same aduise ?
Him ill besemes, anothers fault to name,
 That may vnwares be blotted with the same
 Pensieue I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame,
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behind
 That haue twelue moneths sought one, yet no
 where can her find

39

The Prince was inly moued at her speach,
 Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told,
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the
 breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce vnfold,
 Now seeming flaming whot, now stony cold
 Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire,
 What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did
hold
 It answered was, her name was *Prays-deslre*,
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspire

40

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
 But that too oft she-chaung'd her natue hew
 Straunge washertyreys CndSlher garmentblew,
 Cioseroundaboutertucktwithmanyaplight
 Vpon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew,
 And keepes in couets close from huing wight,
 Did sit, as yet ashamd, how rude *Pan* did her
 dight

41

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned,
 Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And euer and anone with rosie red
 The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as pohsht yuory, *i*
 WhichcummgCraftesmanshandhathouerlayd
 With faire vermilion or pure Castory
 Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently sayd,

42

Faire Damzell, seemeth, by your troubled cheare,
 That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
 You to molest, or other ill to feare
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray,
 But if ought else that I mote not deuise,
 I will, if please you it discure, assay,
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may

43

She answered nought, but moreabasht for shame,
 Held downe herhead, the whiles her louelyface
 The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
I That *Guyon* meruayld at her vncoutl} cace,
| Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee
 Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace'
 She is the fountaine of your modestee,
 You shamefast are, but *shamefastnesse* it selfe
 is shee

44

Thereat the Elfe aid blush in priuitee,
 And turnd his face away, but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to ouersee
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
 Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,
 Till that greatLadie thence away them sought,
 To vew her castles other wondrous frame
 Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,
 Ascending by teji steps of Alablaster wrought

>Jfhat Turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heauen compassed around,
 And lifted high aboue this earthly masse,
 Which it suruew'd, as hils doen lower ground,
 But not on ground mote like to this be found,
 Notthat, which antique *Cadmus* whylomebuilt
 In *Tkebes*, which *Alexander* did confound,
 Nor that proud towre of *Trova*, though richly
 guilt,

From which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell
Greekes was spilt

46

The rooffe hereof was arched ouer head, ;
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily,
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gaue light, and fkm'd continually
 For they of huing fire most subtilly
 Were made, and set in siluer sockets bright,
 Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of substance sly,
 That readily they shut and open might
 0 who can tell the pray ses of that makers migh t'

47

| Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This parts great workmanship, and wondrous
 powre,
 That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
 And likest is vnto that heauenly towre,
 ThatGodhathbuiltforhisowneblessedbowre
 Theremwere diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wisest men I weene, that liued in their ages

48

Not he, whom Greece the Nourse of all good arts,
By *Phoebus* doome the wisest thought aliue,
Might be compared to these by many parts
Nor that sage *Pyltan* syre, which did suruiue
Three ages, such as mortall men contrail'
By whose aduise old *Pnams* cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strue
These three in these three roomes did sundry-
dwell,
And counselled faire *Alma*, how to go'erne well

The frist of them could things to come for esee
The next could of things present best aduize
The third things past could keepe in memoree,
So that no time, nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize,
For thy the frist did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize
He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,
That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit

50

His chamber was disappointed all within,
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin,
Some such as in the world were neuer yit,
Ne can deuized be of mortal! wit,
Some daily seene, and kriown by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies doe flit
Infernal *Hags*, *Centaurs*, *feendes*, *Hippodames*,
Apes, *Lions*, *Egles*, *Owles*, *fooles*, *louers*, *chil-*
dren, *Dames*

51

And all the chamber filled was with flies
Which byzzed all about, and made suchi sound,
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swames of Bees assembled round,
After their huiues with honny do abound
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Deuices, dreames, opinions vnsound,
Shewes, visions, *SQQh* sayes, and prophesies,
And all that famed is, as losings, *tables*, and lies

Emongst them all sate he which w^onned there,
That hight *Phantesby* his nature trew,
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew.
That him full of melancholy did shew,
Bent hollowbeetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
When oblique *Saturne* sate in the house of
agonyes

53

Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her gueses,
Thence brought them to the second room, e,
whose wals
Were painted faire with memorable gestic,
Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of ludgements, and of decretals, '
All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily

Of those that room was full) and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and vsage,
He now was growne right wise, and wondrous

Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see
His goodly reason, and graue personage,
That his disciples both desir'd to bee,
But *Alma* thence them led to th' hindmost room

of three 55

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was remoued farre behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,
Right firme and strong, though somewhat the)
declmd,
And therein sate an old oldman, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble course,
Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
And recompens him with a better course
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled
forse 56

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And tilings foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still, as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld.
As all thing else, the which this world doth weld,
But laid them vp in his immortal same,
Where they for euer mcorrupted dwell
The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
Of old *Assaracus* and *Inachus* diuine

The yeares of *Nester* nothing were to his,
Ne yet *Mathusakm*, though longest liud,
For he remembred both their infancies
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd
Of natue strength now, that he them suruiud
His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
And old records from auncient times deriu'd
Some made in books, some in long parchment
scrolles, [holes
That were all worme eaten, and full of canker

58

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end,
But for he was vnhabable them to fet,
A btle boy did on him still attend,
To reach, when euer he for ought did send,
And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend
Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
And that old man *Eumnesles*, by their propertis

59

The knights there entring, did him reuerence
dew
And wondred at his endlesse exercise,
Then as they gan his Librane to vew,
And antique Registers for to auise,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to nze,
An auncient booke, hight *Brtlon mommens*,
That of this lands first conquest did deuize,
And old diuision into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans gouernments

60

Sir *Guyon* chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitie of Faerie lond*,
In which when as he greedily did looke,
Th'off spring of Eluesand Fanes there he fond,
As it dehuered was from hond to hond
Whereat they burning both with feruent fire,
Their countries auncestry to vnderstond,
Crau'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged sire,
To read those bookes, whogladly graunted their
desire

Cant X



*A chronicle of Bnton kings,
from Brute to Vüters rayne
Androlles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane*



r

Who now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprise
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from
ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies ?
More ample spirit, then hitherto was wount,
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth farre
surmount

2

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whenceall that hues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens hight,
And all the world with wonder ouerspred,
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceiue such soueraigne glory, and great
bountiued

3

Argument worthy of *Mosontan* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus* rote,
Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegraean Ioue* he wrote,
That all the Gods admird his loftie note
But if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my song withall, I would assay,
Thy name, O soueraigne Queene, to blazon farre
away

4

Thy name O soueraigne Queene, thy realme and
race,
From this renowned Prince deriued arre,
I Who mightily vpheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear 'st, to thee-descendedfarre
I From mightie longs and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
Whosenobledeedesabouethe Northernestarrre
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold,
i As in that old mans booke they were in order
told

5

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein haue their mightie empire raysd,
In antique times was saluage wilderness,
Vnpeopled, vnmanurd, vnprou'd, vnpraysd,
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payd
Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it sought
Of marchants farre, for profits therein praysd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to haue bene from the *Cellicke* mayn
land brought

6

Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,
Till that the venturous Manner that way
Learninghisshipfromthosewhiterockstosauae,
Which all along the Southerne sea coast lay,
Threatmng vnheedie wrecke and rash decay,
For safeties sake that same his sea markemade,
And namd it *Albion* But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to
muade

7

But farre m land a saluage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling hued then,
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sonnes of men amazd their stemnesse to
behold

8

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
Vneath is to assure, vneath to wene
That monstrous error, which doth some assot,
That *Dtockstans* fiftie daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce haue dnuen bene,
Where compamng with feends and filthy
Sprights,
Through vame illusion of their lust vnclene,
They brought forth Giants and such dreadfull
wights,
As farre exceeded men in their immeasurd
mights

9

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time
That their owne mother loathd their beasth
nesse,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkmdly crime,
All were they borne of her owne natue slime,
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently denu'd
From royall stocke of old *Assaracs* line,
Dnuen by fatall error, here arnu'd,
And them of their vniust possession depnu'd

10

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the vtmost shore,
He fought great battels with his saluage fone,
In which he them defeated euermore,
And many Giants left on groung flore,
That well can wnesse yet vnto this day
The westeme Hogh, bespnncled with the gore
Of mightie *Goemot*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay

II

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
Into the which returning backe, he fell,
But those three monstroustonesdoe most excell
Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whose father *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canulus*, but of him was slame anon

12

In meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corineus had that Proumce vtmost west,
To him assigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called *Cornewaile*, yet so called best
And *Debons* shayre was, that is *Deuonshyre*
But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
The which he cald *Canuiium*, for his hyre,
Now Cantium, which Kentwe commonly inquire

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,
And reigned long m great fehctie,
Lou'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*,
Mongst whom he parted his impenall state,
And *Locrtne* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*
At last ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune vnto finail fate

14

Locrtne was left the souerame Lord of all,
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of himselfe *Albania* he did call,
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Logris* doth depart
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Newasthereoutwardbreach, norgrudgemhart,
That once their quiet gouernment annoyd,
Buteachhis paines to othersprofitstillemloyd

15

Vntill a nation straung, with visage swart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Winch through the world then swamd in euery
part,
And ouerflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune
sway,
This land muaded with like violence,
And did themselues through all the North
display
Vntill that *Locrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make, and strong muni
fience

16

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the Riuer, that whylome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearfull flight,
Thatforst their Chief tame, for his safeties sake,
(Their Chieftame *Humber* named was aright)
Vnto the mightie streame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make

17

The king returned proud of victorie,
 And insolent wox through vnwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the leoparde,
 Which in his land he lately did appease,
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease
 He lou'd faire *Ladie Estrild*, lewdly lou'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did
 please,
 That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remou'd,
 From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faith
 fullprou'd

18

The noble daughter of *Carineus*
 Would not endure to be so vile disdamd,
 But gathering force, and courage valorous,
 Encountred him in battell well ordamd,
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind
 But she so fast purswd, that him she tooke,
 Andthrewbands,wherehetilldeathremaind,
 Als his faire *Leman*, flying through a brooke,
 She ouerhent, nought moued with her piteous
 looke

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
 The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, farre from all succoure,
 The one she slew in that impatient stoure,
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling nuer she did poure,
 Which of her name now *Seuerne* men do call
 Such was the end, that to disioyall loue did fall

20

Then for her sonne, which she to *Locrin* bore,
Madan was young, vnmeet the rule to sway,
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper yeares he raught, and stronger stay
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme, the glorie of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey
 But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex

Tho *Madan* raignd, vnworthie of his race
 For with all shame that sacred throne he fild
 Next *Mempnse*, as vnworthy of that place,
 In which being consorted with *Mamld*,
 For thirst of single kngdome him he kild
 But *Ebranck* salued both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
 In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
 Braue moniments remaine, which yet that land
 enuies

22

An happie man in his first dayes he was,
 And happie father of faire progeny
 For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply,
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
 Their minds to praise, and cheualrous desire
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight, but in the end their Sire
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to
 retire

23

Which blot his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second *Brute*, the second both in name,
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of euerlasting fame
 He with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered,
 Since which, with sundne spoiles she hath beene
 ransacked

24

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Kama*,
 And let the marsh of *Esiham bruges* tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt *Eluersham* and *Dell*,
 With bloud of *Henakis*, which therein fell
 How oft that day did sad *Brunchtldis* see
 The Greene shield dyde in dolorous vermeil ?
 That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote seeme to be,
 But rather y *Scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee

His sonne king *Leill* by fathers labour long,
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built *Catleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong
 Next *Huddtbras* his realme did not encrease,
 But taught the land from wearie warrestoceast
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
 Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to these
 saluage parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their stub
 borne harts

26

Ensamle of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyng Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrails, full of quicke Brimston,
 NounshtheflameSjWhichtheyarewarm'dvpon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to euery forreine nation
 Yet he at last contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond
 mischief fell

Qant X

FAERIE (

27

Next him king *Leyr* in happie peace long ramd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well
 vptraind,
 In all that seemed fit for kingly seed
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To haue diuided Tho when feeble age
 Nigh to his vtmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did loue her
 parentage

28

The eldest *Gonortll* gan to protest,
 Thatshemuchmorethenherownelifehimlou'd
 And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,
 Then all the world, when euer it were prou'd,
 But *Cordell* said she lou'd him, as behoou'd
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours faire
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance mou'd,
 That in his crowne he counted her no haire,
 But twixt the other twame his knigdome whole
 did shaire

29

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
 And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
 Andtwixththemshayrd hisrealme by equalllots
 But without dowre the wise *Cordelia*
 Was sent to *Agamp* of *Celtica*
 Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A priuate life led in *Albania*,
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,
 That nought mm gneu'd to bene from rule
 deposed downe

30

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away,
 So when he had resigned his regiment,
 Ills daughter can despise his drouping day,
 And weane waxe of his continuall stay
 Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repayrd,
 Who him at first well vsed euery way,
 But when of his departure she despayrd,
 Herbountiesheabated, andhischeareempayrd

31

The wretched man gan then auise too late,
 That loue is not, where most it is profest,
 Too truely tryde in his extreamest state,
 At last resolu'd likewise to proue the rest,
 He to *Cordelia* him selfe address,
 Who with entire affection him receau'd,
 As for her Syre and king her seemed best,
 And after all an army strong she leau'd,
 To war on those, which him had of his realme
 bereau'd

So to his crowne she him restor'd agame,
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
 And after wild, it should to her remaine
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong
 Through proud ambition, against her rebeld,
 And ouercommen kept in prison long,
 Till weane of that wretched life, her selfe she
 hong

33

Then gan the bloudie brethren both to rame
 But fierce *Cundak* gan shortly to enuie
 Hisbrother *Morgan*, pricktwithprouddisdaine,
 To haue a pere in part of soueramtie,
 And kindhrng coles of cruell enmitie,
 Raid warre, and him in battell ouerthrew
 Whence as he to those woodie hils did flie,
 Whichlight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall
 knew

34

His sonne *Riualllo* his dead roome did supply,
 In whosesad timeblouddid from heauen rame
 Next great *Gurguslus*, then faire *Coaly*
 In constant peace their kngdomes did contame,
 After whom *Lago*, and *Knmarke* did rame,
 And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeares he grew
 Then his ambitious sonnes vnto them twame
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
 Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison
 threw

35

But 0, the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
 That knows no kinred, nor regards no right,
 Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe ,
 Who vnto him assembling forreme might,
 Made warre on him, and fell him sc lfe in fight
 Whose death t'auenge, his mother merclesse,
 Most merclesse of women, *Wyden* hight,
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
 And with most cruell hand him muredred pittt
 lesse

36

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
 Which had seuen hundred yeares this scepter
 borne,
 With high renowne, and great fehctie,
 The noble branch from th'antique stocke was
 torne
 Throughdiscord, and the royall throne forlorne
 Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
 Whiuest each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
 That in the end was left no monument
 Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient

Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high anaires,
 Who stird with pittie of the stressed plight
 Of this sad ReaLme, cut into sundry shaires
 By such, as claymd themselues *Brutes* right0full
 haire,
 Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
 To taken counsell of their common cares;
 Who with his wisdom won, him streight did
 choose
 Their king, and sw ore him fealty to win or loose

38

Then made he head against his enimies,
 And *Ytnner* slew, of *Logrts* miscreate ,
 Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,
 This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
 And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
 He ouerthrew through his owne vahaunce,
 Whose countreis he redus'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many, made through
 variaunce

39

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were vnto him reueald in vision,
 By which he freed the Traueilers high way,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
 Restraimrg stealth, and strong extortion,
 The gracious *Numa* of great *Brilame*
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without polhcie,
 Therefore the first wore crowne of gold for dignitie

40

Donwallo dyde (for what may hue for ay ?)
 And left twosonnes, of pearlesse prowess both,
 That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay,
 The recompence of their penured oth,
 And ransackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were
 wroth;
 Besides subiect *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
 Which yett their prayssespeake, all be they loth,
 And mly tremble at the memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Belhnus*, kings of Bntany

41

Next them did *Gurgunt*, great *Bettinus* sonne
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers prayse,
 He Easterlands subdewd, and Danmarkewonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers dayes
 He also gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*,
 Whom he at sea found wandnng from their
 A seate in *Ireland* safely to remayne, [wayes,
 Which they should hold of him, as subiect to
Brtayne

42

After him raigned *Guttkeltne* his hayre,
 The lustest man and trewest in his dayes,
 Who had to wife Dame *Mertta* the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortall prayse,
 Which for this Realmefound many goodly layes,
 And wholesome Statutes to her husband
 brought,
 Her many deemd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,
 As was *Aegerte*, that *Numa* tought,
 Those yet of her be *Merttan* lawes both nam'd
 and thought

43

Her sonne *Stullus* after her did rayne,
 And then *Kimarus*, and then *Dantus*,
 Next whom *Mortndus* did the crowne sustame,
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deeds, should matched haue the
 best
 As well m that same field victorious
 Against the forreme *Morands* he exprest,
 Yet hues his memone, though carcas sleepe in
 rest

44

Fiue sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successiully by turnes did rame ,
 First *Gorboman* a man of vertuous life ,
 Next *Archtgald*, who for his proud disdame,
 Deposed was from Prmcedome soueraine,
 And pitteous *Elidure* put in his sted,
 Who shortly it to him restord agame,
 Till by his death he it recouered,
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him disthoruzed

In wretched prison long he did remame,
 Till they outraigned had their vtmost date,
 And then therein reseized was agame,
 And ruled long with honorable state,
 Till he surrendered Realme and life to fate
 Then all the sonnes of these fiue brethren raynd
 By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,
 Euenthnseleuendescents the crowne retaynd,
 Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd

46

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
 Left of his life most famous memory,
 And endlesse moniments of his great good
 The rum'd wals he did reaedifye
 Of *Troynouant*, gamst force of enemy,
 And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenanttus*, pictures of his might.

47

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Erne
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the prowd *Romanes* him disquieted,
And warlike *Ccesar*, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,
And enuyng the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion) hither came

48

Yet twice they were repulsed backe agame,
And twice renforst, backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with bloud they all the shore did
stame,
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgens*, false to natiue soyle,
And enuius of Vncles soueramtie,
Betrayd his contrey vnto forreine spoyle
Nought ehe, but treason, from the first this land
did fovle

49

So by him *Ccesar* got the victory,
Through great bloudshed, and many asad assay,
In which him selfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day
Thenceforth this land was tributane made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning defrayd,
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly
swayd

50

Next him *Tenantius* raigned, then *Kimbehne*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of smfull crime
O loyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd,
(O too high ditty for my simple rime)
Soone after this the *Romanes* him warrayd,
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An armybrought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slame, ere any thereof thought
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought,
For *Arutrage* his brothers place supplide,
Both in his armes, and crowne, and by that
draught
Did dnuue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed So all was pacifide

Was neuer king more highly magmfide,
Nor dred of *Romanes*, then was *Arutrage*,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genutss'* in marriage
Yet shortly he renounst the vassalage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hastily sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till *Genutssa* gent
Perswaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent

53

He dyde, and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who 10yd his dayes in great tranquillity,
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first receiued Chnstianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christes Euangely,
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came *Ioseph* of *Arimathy*,
Whobrought with him the holy grayle (they say)
And preacht the truth, but since it greatly did
decay

54

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That dcd her selfe in sundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whiles *Romanes* daylydied the weake subdew
Which seeing stout *Bunduca*, vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew,
With whom she marched streight against her
foes,
And then vnwares besides the *Seuerne* did
enclose

55

There she with them a cruell battell tride,
Not with so good successe, as she deseru'd,
By reason that the Captames on her side,
Corrupted by *Pauhnus*, from her sweru'd
Yet such, as were through former flight pre
seru'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd
But being all defeated, saue a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd her selfe she slew

56

O famous moniment of womens prayse,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to *Hypstphil'* or to *Thomtris*
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is,
Who whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enimis,
And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight

57

Her rehques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
 Fought with *Setterus*, and him ouerthrew;
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled
 So made them victours, whom he did subdew
 Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,
 And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper
 powre,
 But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
 And took on him the robe of Emperoure •
 Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy
 howre

58

For *Asclepiodae* him ouercame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
 Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame
 Then afterwards he in his stead did rayne,
 But shortly was by *Coyll* in batteli slaine
 Who after long debate, since *Luctes* time,
 Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraine
 Then gan tmsRealmereneweherpassed prime
 He of his name *Coykhester* built of stone and
 lime

59

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hithersent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
 And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,
 Faire *Helena*, the fairest huing wight,
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly prayse
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,
 Asweil incurious instruments,as cunning layes

60

Of whom he did great *Constanttne* beget,
 Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*,
 To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Ociautus here left into his roome,
 And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome
 But he his title lustifide by might,
 Slaying *Traherne*, and hauing ouercome
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight
 Sosettled behiskingdome,andconfirmdhis right

61

But wanting issew male, his daughter deare
 He gaue in wedlocke to *Maxmtan*,
 And him with her madeof his kingdome heyre,
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murdered by the friends of *Grattan*,
 Then gan the Hunnes and Picts muade this
 land,
 During the raigne of *Maximian*,
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
 But that they ouerran all parts with easie hand

62

The weary *Britons*, whose war hable youth
 Was by *Maxmtan* lately led away,
 With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
 And dayly spectacle of sad decay
 Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure
 hundred yeares,
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay,
 Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,
 They crownd the second *Conslantine* with
 lyouus teares,

Who hauing oft in batteli vanquished
 ThosespoilefullPicts,and,armingEasterhngs,
 Long time in peace his Realme established,
 Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings
 Of neighbour Scots, and forrem Scatterlings,
 With which the worlddidm thosedayesabout
 Which to outbarre, with pamefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
 Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwelt* did that border
 bound

64

Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age,
 By meanes whereof, their vnde *Vorheere*
 Vsurt the crowne, during their pupillage,
 Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
 Them closely into *Armorick* did beare
 For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
 He sent to *Gername*, straunge aid to reare,
 From whence ef tsoones armued here three hoyes
 Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safttie employes

65

Two brethren were their Capitains, which hight
Hengtst and *Horsus*, well approu'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might,
 Who making vantage of their ciuill larre,
 And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,
 That in the Realme ere long they stronger ar re,
 Then they which sought at first their helping
 hand,
 And *Vortiger* enforst the kingdome to aband

66

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his some,
 He is againe vnto his rule restord,
 And *Hengtst* seeming sad, for that was donne,
 Receiued is to grace and new accord,
 Through his faire daughters face, and flattng
 word;
 Sooneafterwhich,threehundredLordesheslew
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord,
 Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
 Th'eternall markes of treason may at *Stonheng*
 vew

67

By this the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrose and *Vther* did ripe years attaine,
 And here arnuing, strongly challenged
 The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detain
 Who flying from his guilt, by them was slaine,
 And *Hengst* eke soone brought to shameful
 death
 Thenceforth *Amelias* peaceably did rayne,
 Till that through poyson stopped washis breath,
 So now entombd lyes at *Stoneheng* by the
 heath

68

After him *Viher*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeding There abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other *Cesure* right,
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th'Authour selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it that so vntimely breach
 The Prince him selfe halfe seemeth to offend, 1
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach

69

At last quite ravisht with delight, to heare
 The royall Ofspring of his natue land,
 Cryde out, Deare countrey, O how dearely deare
 Ought thy remembraunce, and perpetuall band
 Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
 Did commun breath and nouriture receaue ?
 How brutish is it not to vnderstand,
 How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,
 That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue

70

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
 Ne yet has ended for it was a great
 Ana ample volume, that doth far exceed
 My leasure, so long leaues here to repeat
 It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
 A man, of many partes from beasts deriued,
 And then stole fire from heauen, to animate
 His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depnued
 Of hie him selfe, and hart strings of an *Aegle*
 nued

71

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weet
 Quick, the first authour of all *Elfin* kind
 Who wandring through the world with wearie
 feet,
 Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
 A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mind
 To be no earthly wight, but either Spnght,
 Or Angell, th'authour of all woman kind;
 Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
 Of whom all *Faeries* spring, and fetch their
 lignage right.

Of these a mightie people shortly grew,
 And puissaunt kings, which all the world
 warrayd,
 And to diem selues all Nations did subdew
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Was *Elfin*, him all *India* obayd,
 And all that now *America* men call
 Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopohs foundation first of all
 But *Elfiline* endost it with a golden wall

73

His sonne was *Elfinell*, who ouercame
 The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field
 But *Elfant* was of most renowned fame,
 Who all of Christall did *Panihea* build
 Then *Elfor*, who two brethren gyants kild,
 The one of which had two heads, th'other three
 Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skild,
 He built by art vpon the glassy See
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heauens thunder
 seem'd to bee

74

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 And all their Ofspring, in their dew descents,
 Euen seuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd
 With mightie deedes theirsundrygouernments,
 That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much matenall
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,
 And braue ensample, both of martiall,
 And ciuill rule to kings and states impenall

75

After all these *Elfideos* did rayne,
 The wise *Elficleos* in great Maiestie,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoiles and famous victone,
 Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*
 He left two sonnes, of which fane *Elferon*
 The eldest brother did vntimely dy,
 Whose emptie place the mightie *Oberon*
 Doubly suppld, in spousall, and dominion

76

Great was his power and glone ouer all,
 Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
 That yet remains his wide memonall
 He dying left the fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Him to succede therein, by his last will
 Fairer and nobler hueth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill,
 Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious rowre
 Long mayst thou *Ghrvian* hue, in glory and
 great powre.

I

THE II BOOKE OF THE *Cant* X

77

Beguild thus with delight of nouelties,
 And naturall desire of countreys state,
 So long they red in those antiquities,
 That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
 Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
 Perforce their studies broke, and them be
 sought
 To thimke, how supper did them long awaite
 So halfe vnwilling from their bookes them
 brought,
 And fairely feasted, as so noble knights she
 ought

Cant XI



*The entmes of Temperaunce
 besiege her dwelling place.*

*Prince Arthur them repelles, and fowle
 Maleaer doth deface*



I

What warre so cruell, or what siege so sore,
 As that, which strong affections do apply
 Against the fort of reason euermore
 To bring the soule into captiuitie
 Then force is fiercer through Infirmitie
 Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage
 No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage

2

But m a body, which doth freely yeeld
 His partes to reasons rule obedient,
 And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
 All happy peace and goodly gouernment
 Is settled there in sure establishment,
 There *Alma* like a virgin Queene most bright,
 Doth flonsh m all beautie excellent
 And to her guesstes doth bounteous banketdight,
 Attemptred goodly well for health and for
 delight

3

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
 The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
 Through which into the world the dawning day
 Might looke, that maketh euery creature glad,
 Vprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
 And to his purposed lourney him prepar'd
 With him the Palmer eke in habit sad,
 Him selfe addrest to that aduenture hard
 So to the nuers side they both together far'd

4

Where them awaited ready at the ford
 The *Ferrtman*, as *Alma* had behight,
 With his well rigged boate They go aboard,
 And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forth-
 right
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
 And fast the and behind them fled away
 But let them pas, whiles wmdand weatherright
 Doserue their turnes here I a while must stay,
 To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince thisday

5

For all so soone, as *Guyon* thence was gon
 Vpon his voyage with his trustie guide,
 That wicked band of villains fresh begon
 That castle to assaile on euery side,
 And lay strong siege about it far and wide
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,
 That all the land they vnder them did hide,
 So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
 Their visages imprest, when they approched
 neare

6

Themmtweluetroapestheir Captainidid dispart
 And round about m fittest stades did place,
 Where each might best offend his proper part,
 And his contrary obiect most deface,
 As euery one seem'd meetest m that cace
 Seuen of the same against the Castle gate,
 ! In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
 Which with inessaunt force and endlesse hate,
 They batted day and night, and entraunce did
 awate

7

The other fiue, fiue sundry wayes he set,
 Against the fiue great Bulwarkes of that pile,
 And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
 T'assayle with open force or hidden guile,
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile
 They all that charge did feruently apply,
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,
 And planted there their huge artillery,
 With which they dayly made most deadfull
 battery

8

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
 Of fowle misshapen wights, of which some were
 Headed like Owles, with becks vncomely bent,
 Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to
 teare,
 And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
 And euery one did bow and arrowes beare
 AH those were lawlesse luses, corrupt enuies,
 And couetous aspectes, all cruell enimies

9

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respite day nor night,
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
 And soone againe as he his light with hault,
 Their wicked engins they against it bent
 That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault,
 But two then all more huge and violent,
 Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke
 sorely rent

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sence,
 Gainst which the second troupe designment
 makes,
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
 Some hauing heads like Harts, some like to
 Snakes,
 Some like wild Bores laterouzd out of the brakes,
 Slauderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
 Leasings, backbytngs, and vame-glonous
 crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries
 All those against that fort did bond their
 batteries

11

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd
 Whose hideous shapes wereliketofeendsof hell,
 Somelike to hounds, somehketto Apes, dismayd,
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd
 All shap't according their conditions,
 For by those vgly formes weren pourtrayd,
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which do that sence besiege with light illusions

12

And that fourth band, which cruell batty bent,
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
 Was as the rest, a grysie rablement,
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oystnges, some fast
 Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the wast
 Like swine, for so deformed is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and vnthnfie wast,
 Vame feasts, and idle superfluity
 All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly

13

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report
 Forsomelike Snailles, somedid like spyders shew,
 And some like vgly Vrchms thicke and short
 Cruelly they assayed that fift Fort,
 Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
 With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fift bulwarke they continued
 fight

14

Thusthesetweluetroupeswithdreadfullpuissance
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
 And euermore their hideous Ordinance
 Vpon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay
 And euermore their wicked Capitaine
 Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
 Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope
 of game,
 Which by the ransack of that peece they should
 attaine

15

On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchieuement wrought with penll and with
 paine,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustame
 And those two brethren Giants did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mame,
 That neuer entrance any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their gronng ghosts
 did send

The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadfull sight
 For neuer was she in so euill cace,
 Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offng his seruike, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th'author of that
 strife

She him remerciad as the Patrone of her life

17

Eftsoones himselfe in glitter and armes he dight,
 And his well proued weapons to him hent,
 So taking courteous conge he benight,
 Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went
 Faire mote he thee, the provest and most gent,
 That euer brandished bright Steele on hye
 Whom soome as that vnruely rablement,
 With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling
 cr
 y

18

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttnngarrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flocke impetuously,
 Like a great water flood, that tombing low
 From the high mountames, threats touerflow
 With suddem fury all the fertile plame,
 And the sad husbandmans longhopedoth throw
 A downe the streame, and all his vowes make
 vame, [sustaine
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may

29

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude hands and griesly graplement,
Till that the villen comming to their ayd,
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd,
Full htle wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balef ull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane

34

Which now him turnd to disauantage deare,
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,
Sithnowheis farre from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercelly aduauunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smote with his yron mace,
That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild
his place

35

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand,
So feeble is mans state, and life vnsound,
That m assurance it may neuer stand,
Till it dissolved be from earthly band
Proofc be thou Prince, the prowest man ahue,
And noblest borne of all m *Briiayne* land,
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely dnuce,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldst
not surume

Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
And all his labour brought to happie end,
When suddem vp the villen ouerthrowne,
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
As hurt he had not bene Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
And had not bene remoued many a day,
Some landmarke seem'd to be, or signe of
sundry way

31

The Squire arnuing, fiercelly in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other lade,
His chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce with heid with threatned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behind invade,
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull
shame,
As one awakt out of long slombnng shade,
Reuiuing thought of glone and of fame,
Vnited all his powres to purge himselfe from
blame

36

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shunne the engin of his meant decay,
It booted not to thmke that throw to beare,
But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare
Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepare

32

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
Hath long bene vnderkept, and downe suppress,
With murmurous disdaine doth inly raue,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,
And strues to mount vnto his natie seat,
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
It now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror
great

So braue returning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the Carle himselfe againe address,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his nuen brest,
That halfe the Steele behind his back did rest,
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the hart bloud should gush out of his
chest,
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore,
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore

33

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rouzd
Out of his hold, and broke his caitiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry cures haue touzd,
Hauing off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and ouerthrowes Now had
the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'Ie,
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marie
SPENSER

38

Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
Thathrough his carkasse onemight plainly see
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him
quight,
That made his spnght to grone full piteous
Yet nathemore forth fled his gronng spnght,
But freshly as at first, prepard himselfe to fight

39

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
 And trembling terror did his hart apall,
 Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all,
 He doubted, least it were some magicall
 Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
 Or aerie spirit vnder false pretence,
 Or hellish feend raysd vp through diuelish
 science

40

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt hu dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did himselfe appeach
 Flesh without blood, a person without spnght,
 Wound, without hurt, a bodiewithout might,
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed
 bee,
 That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
 That was mo t strong in most mfirmitee,
 Like did he neuerheare, like did he neuer bee

41

A while he stood in this astonishment,
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay
 Giue ouer to effect his first intent,
 And th'vtmost meanes of victorie assay,
 Or th'vtmost issew of his owne decay
 His owne good sword *Morddure*, that neuer
 fayld
 At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright shield, that nought him now
 auayld,

And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld

42

Twixt his two mightie ames him vp he snatcht,
 And crusht his carkasse so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
 And th'idle breath all vtterly exprest
 Tho when he felt him dead, a downe he kest
 The lumpish corse vnto the senselesse grownd,
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 That backe agame it did aloft rebownd,
 And gaue against his mother earth a gronefull
 sownd

43

As when *Ioues* hamesse bearing Bird from hie
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdame,
 The stone-dead quarry fals so forcibhe,
 That it rebounds against the lowly plaine,
 A second fall redoubling backe agame
 Then thought the Prince all perill surewas past,
 And that he victor onely did remaine,
 No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him as ere he downe
 was cast

44

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
 And thought his labour lost and trauell vaine,
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mightie maine,
 Thatwhileshe marueildstill, didstillhim paine
 For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,
 How to take life from that dead liumg swame,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize
 From th'earth, and from her wombe new spirits
 to reprice

45,

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
 Howth'Earthlusmotherwas, andfirsthim bore,
 She eke so often, as his life decayd,
 Did life with vsury to him restore,
 And raysd him vp much stronger then before,
 So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall,
 Therefore toground he would him cast no more,
 Ne him commit to graue terrestrell,
 But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall

46

Tho vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And haumg scrudz out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
 Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Aboue three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Vntill he came vnto a standing lake,
 Him therinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake,
 So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines
 did make

47

Which when those wicked Hags from farre
 did spy,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
 And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bandb,
 And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
 Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake,
 But *Impotence* with her owne wilfull hands,
 One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,
 So riu'd her trembling hart, and wicked end
 did make

48

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines,
 Tho commmg to his Squire, that kept his steed,
 Thought to haue mounted, but his feeble vaines
 Hun faild thereto, and serued not his need,
 Through losse of blood, which from his wounds
 did bleed,
 That he began to faint, and life decay
 But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,
 With stedfast hand vpon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten way

49

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
To take him from his steed full tenderly,
And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
With balme and wine and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity,
Eftsoones she caused him vp to be conuayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily,
In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd,
And all the while his wounds were dressing, by
him stayd

Cant XII.



*Guyon, by Palmers gouernance,
passing through perils great,
Doth ouerthrow the Bowre of bltisse
and Acraste defeat*



1

Now gins this goodly frame of Temperance
Fairly to rise, and her adorned hed
To pncke of highest praise forth to aduance,
Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountihed,
And this braue knight, that for that vertue
fights,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thousand
magick mights

2

Two dayes now in that sea he say led has,
Ne euer land beheld, ne huing wight,
Ne ought saue penll, still as he did pas
Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright,
Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roaring farre away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright,
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Vp to the skyes, that them of drowning made
affcard

3

Said then the Boteman, Palmer sterc aright,
And keepe an euen course, for yonder way
We needes must passe (God do vs well ac-
quight,) *That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray
Which hauing swallowd vp excessiuely,
He soone in vomit vp agame doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly

4

On th'other side an hideous Rocke is pight,
Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggie chft
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On who so commeth nigh, yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift
For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouning lawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in help
lesse waues

5

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arnue,
Wherestreame more violentandgreedy growes
Then he with all his puissance doth stnue
To strike his oares, and mightily doth dnue
The hollow vessell through the threatfull waue,
Which gaping wide, to swallow them alieu,
In th'huge abysses of his engulging graue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great
terror raue

6

They passing by, that gnesly mouth did see,
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tarlare* steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often
creepe
Backe to the world, bad huers to torment
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be
drent

7

On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharpe cliffs the ribs of vessels broke,
And shiuered ships, which had bene wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carkasses exanimate
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton loyes, and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent,
Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent

8

For thy, this hight *The Roche of vile Reproch*,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and
bace,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauinous race,
Which still sate waiting on that wastfull clift,
For spoyles of wretches, whose vnhappy cace,
After lost credite and consumed thrift,
Atlassthemdrwnhaththothisdespairefull drift.

9

The Palmer seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said, Behold th'ensamples in our sights,
 Of lustfull luxurie and thnftlesse wast
 What now is left of miserable wights,
 Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,
 But shame and sad reproch, here to be red,
 By these rent rehques, speaking their ill plights?
 Let all that hue, hereby be counselled,
 To shunne *Rocke of Reproch*, and it as death to dred

10

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
 With his stiffeares did brush the sea so strong,
 That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
 And the light bubbles daunced all along,
 Whiles the salt brine out of thebillowes sprong
 At last farre off they many Islands spy,
 On euery side floting the floods among
 Then said the knight, Loe I the land descry,
 Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto
 apply

11

That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*
 Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne
 For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
 Are not firme lande, nor any certem wonne,
 But straggling plots, which to and fro do runne
 In the wide waters therefore are they hight
 The *wandering Islands* Therefore doe them
 shonne,
 For they haue oft drawne many a wandering
 wight
 Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight

12

Yet well theyseeme to him, that farredoth vew,
 Bothfaire and fruitfull, and the ground dispreed
 With grassie greene of delectable hew,
 And the tall trees with leaues appparelled,
 Are deckt with blossomesdyde in white and red,
 That mote the passengers thereto allure,
 But whosoeuer once hath fastened
 His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
 But wandreth euer more vncertem and vnsure

As th'Isle of *Debs* whylome men report
 Amid th' *Aegcean* sea long time did stray,
 Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
 Till that *Latona* traueihng that way,
 Flying from *lunoes* wrath and hard assay,
 Of her faire twins was there dehuered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day,
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for *ApoUoes* honor highly hernerd

14

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
 And passe on forward so their way does ly,
 That one of those same Islands, which doe flieet
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there
 Vpon the banck they sitting did espy
 A damtie damzell, dressing of her heare,
 By whom a htle skippet floting did appeare

She them espying, loud to themrtton call,
 Bidding them nigher draw vnto the shore,
 For she had cause to busie them withall,
 And therewith loudly laught But natthemore
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes vn
 dight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did dnuce with all her power and
 might

16

Whom ouertaking, she in merry sort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,
 Now faming dalliance and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly,
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke, for being loose and light
 Which not abiding, but more scornefully
 Scoffing at him, that did her mstly wite,
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed
 quite

17

That was the wanton *Phcedrta*, which late
 Did ferry him ouer the *Idle lake*
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their

And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
 When them the wary Boateman thus bespake,
 Here now behoueth vs well to auyse,
 And of our safetie good heede to take,
 For here before a perulous passage lyes,
 Where many Mermayds haunt, making false
 melodies

18

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
 And a whirlepoole of hidden leopardy,
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an euen hand,
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly
 Scarsehad he said, when hard at hand theyspy
 That quicksand nigh with water couered,
 But by the checked waue they did descry
 It plame, and by the sea discoloured
 It called was the quicksand of *Vnlhrifyhed*

19

They passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And brauely furnished, as ship might bee,
Which through great disauenture, or mesprize,
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize,
Whose manners and merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine, to haue recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares tosaue from pitteous spoyle,
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe
recoyle

20

On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,
That called was the *Whirlepool of decay*,
In which full many had with hapiesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memone did stay
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restesse wheele, still running round,
Did couet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their boate within the vtmost bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them
dround

21

But th'heedfull Boateman strongly forth did
stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his body strame,
Thatt' vtmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dred daunger does behind remane
Suddeine they see from midst of all the Maine,
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea puft vp with proud disdame,
To swell about the measure of his guise,
As threatning to deuoure all, that his powre
despise

22

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them dnuce before
His whirling charet, for exceeding feare
for not one puffed of wind there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
Vnweeting, what such horror straugedid reare
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd,
Of huge Sea monsters, such as huing sence
dismayd

23

Most vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that euer should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee,
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee
Spring headed *Hydraes*, and sea shouldngg
Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with siluer scales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles

24

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deseru'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game
The fliuing ships with swiftnesse to pursue,
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse, then rockes, (as trauellers informe,)
And greedy *Rosmartnes* with visages deforme

25

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombbing rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waues enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall,
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall

26

Feare nought, (then said the Palmer well auiz'd,)
For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs dreed,
And draw from on this lourney to proceede
Tho lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great *Teihys* bosome, where they hidden
lye

27

Quit from that daunger, forth their course they
kept,
And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea the resounding plaints
did fly
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great Borrow and sad agony,
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called euermore

28

Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bad,
To stere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad
Who him auizing better, to him sayd,
Faire Sir, be not displeasd, if disobayd
For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
But onely womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborne hartt' affect with fraile infirmity

29

To **which** when she your courage hath inchnd
Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper m your mind,
 And for your rume at the last awayt
 The knight was ruled, and the Boateman strayt
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
 Ne euer shrunkce, ne euer sought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toylesome weannesse,
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilder-
 nesse

30

And now they nigh approached to the sted,
 Where as those Mermayds dwelt it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
 On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they
 made,
 And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill
 There those hue skters had continuall trade,
 And vsd to bath themselues in that deceitfull
 shade

31

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striu'd
 With *iti Heliconian* maides for maistry,
 Of whom they ouer-comen, were depnu'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th'one moyity
 Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry,
 But th'vpper halfe their hew retaine still
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody,
 Which euer after they abusd to ill,
 T'allure weake trauellers, whom gotten they
 did kill

32

So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus
 apphde,
 O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
 That art in mighty armes most magmfide
 Aboue all knights, that euer batteli tnde,
 O turne thy rudder hither ward a while
 Here may thy storme bet vessell safely ride,
 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
 The worlds sweet In, from pame and wean
 some turnmoyle

33

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered,
 And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
 A solemne Meane vnto them measured,
 The whiles sweet *Zephrus* lowd whisteled
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,
 Which *Guyons* senses softly tickeled,
 That he the boateman had row easily,
 Andlethimheare some part of their rare melody

34

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
 With temperate aduice discourseleale,
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry
 The land, to which their course they leueled,
 When suddenly a grosse fog ouer spred
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heauens chearefull face enuveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great Vniuerse seemd one confused
 mas

35

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct their way in darkenesse wide,
 But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,
 For tomling into mischiefe vnespide
 Worse is the daunger hidden, then desende
 Suddenly an innumerable flight
 Ofharmefullfowlesaboutthem fluttering, ende,
 Andwiththeirwickedwingsthemoftdidsmight,
 And sore annoyed,groping m that griesly night

36

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
 The ill faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
 The hoars Night rauens, trump of clolefulldrere,
 The lether winged Bat, dayes enemy,
 The ruefull Strich, still wailing on the bere,
 The Whistler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy,
 Tne hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

37

All those, and all that else does horroure breed,
 Aboutthem flew,and fild the lrbayles with fearc
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Wlnles th'one did row, and th'other stifly
 steare,
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
 And the faire land it selfe did plainly show
 Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
 The sacred soile, where all our perils grow,
 Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about
 you throw

38

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
 The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,
 That with her crookedkeele the land she strooke,
 Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
 And his sage Palmer, that him gourned,
 But th'other by his boate behind did stay
 They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly armd for euery hard assay,
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and
 dismay

39

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry,
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Vntill they came in vew of those wild beasts
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their vpstarting crests,
Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected
guests

40

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer ouer them his staffe vpheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat
Eftsoones their stubbornne courages were queld,
And highaduaunced crests downe meekelyfeld,
In stead of fraying, they them selues did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew tohim,that did it beare

41

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wons the *Stygian* realm's
muade,*
Through ghastly horror, and eternal! shade,
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And *Ore us* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furies*, when they most do rage
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer
sage

42

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arnue,
Whereas the Bowre of *Bhsse* was situate,
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,
That natures worke by art can imitate
In which what euer in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
Or that may dayntiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispenche,
Andmade thereto abound withlawish affluence

43

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
Aswell their entred guesates to keepe within,
As those vnruely beasts to hold without,
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin,
Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
But wisedomes powre, andtemperances might,
By which the mightiest things efforded bin
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce
light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight

Yt framed was of precious yuory,
That seemd a worke of admirable wit,
And therein all the famous history"
Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywrit
Her mighty charmes, her furious lomng fit
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and loue too lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in venturous peece
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr
oiGreece

45

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
Vnder the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waues were into yuory,
Or yuory into the waues were sent,
And other where the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermeil, like the boves blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles with gold bespnnkeled,
Yt seemd th'enchanted flame, which did
Creusa wed

46

All this, and more might m that goodly gate
Be red, that euer open stood to all,
Which thither came but in the Porch there
sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more then naturall.
That trauellers to him seemd to entize,
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercize

47

They in that place him *Genms* did call
Not that celestially powre, To whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That hues, pertaines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth let vs oft forsee,
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceiuetobee

48

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wiselv make, and good *Agdistes* call
But this same was to that quite confrary,
The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes
vssee
He of this Gardin had the gouemall,
And Pleasures porter was deuзд to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formaattee

49

With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed round about, and by his side
 A mighty Magger bowle of wine was set,
 As if it had to him bene sacrificide,
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide
 So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by
 But he his idle curtesie defide,
 And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed
 semblants sly

50

Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
 Strowed with pleasauns, whose faire grassy
 ground
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide.,
 With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride
 Wherewith her mother *Art*, as fahalle in some
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too laushly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in
 th' early mome

Thereto the Heauens alwayes Iouiall,
 Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast stated
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
 T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
 But the milde aire with season moderate
 Gently attemptred, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forthsweet spirit and hole
 some smell

52

51

More sweet and wholesome, then the pleasaunt
 hill
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the *Nimphe*, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, her selfe for gnefe did kill,
 Or the *Thessalian Tempe*, where of yore
 Fairest *Daphne Phcefois* hart with loue did gore,
 A Or *Ida*, where the Gods lou'd to repaire,
 ^ When euer they their heavenly bowres forlore,
 Or sweet *Parnasse* the haunt of *Muses* faire,
 Or *Eden* selfe, if ought with *Eden* mote compare

53

Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To smcke into his sence, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Bridling his will, and mastering his might
 Till that he came vnto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughes and braunches, which did broad
 dilate
 Their clasping ames, in wanton wreathings
 intricate.

54

So fashioned a Porch with rare deuce,
 Archt ouer head with an embracing viae,
 Whose bounches hanging downe Seemed to entice
 All passers by, to tast their lushious wine,
 And did themselues into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
 Some as the *Rubme*, laughing sweetly red,
 Some like faire femeraudes, not yet well ripened

And them amongst, some
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest
 Whilcno^o^temselaesamongst the leaues enfold,
 iAs lurking from the vew of couetous guest,
 That the weake bowes, with so rich load opprest,
 Did bow adowne, as ouer burdened
 Vnder that Porch a comely dame did rest,
 Clad in faire weedes, but fowle disordered,
 And garments loose, that seemd vnmeet for
 womanhed

56

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scruzzd, with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
 That so faire wine presse made the wine more
 sweet
 Thereof she vsd to giue to dnnke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet
 It was her guise, all *Straungers* goodly so to

greet

57

So she to *Guyon* ofred it to tast, ;
 Who taking it out of her tender hood.
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond
 Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the Same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth,
 Who nought regarding her displeasure forward
 goth

58

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eve,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others happinesse enuye
 The painted flowres, the trees vps shooting hye,
 The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing
 space,
 The trembling groues, the Christall running by,
 And that, which all faire workes doth most
 aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no
 place

59

One wouldhaue thought, (so cunningly, the rude,
And scomed parts were mingled with the fine,)
That nature had for wantonnesse ejasude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine,
So striumg each th' other to vndermme,
Each did the others worke more beautifie,
So dift'ring both in willes, agreed in fine
So all agreed through sweete diuersitie,
This Gardin to adorne with all vanetie

60

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substaunce, that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the siluer flood
Through euery channell running one might see,
Most goodly it with curious lmgiree
Was ouer wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with liuely lolhtee,
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whilset others did them selues embay in liquid
loyes

6r

And ouer all, of purest gold was spread,
A trayle of yuie m his nitue hew
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well auis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to be pic trew
Low his lasciuious ames adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping m the siluer dew,
Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of Chris tall seemd for wantones to
weepe

62

Infinitt streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laucr fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemd to bee,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waucs one might the bottom
see,
All pau'd beneath with laspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
vpriht

63

And all the margent round about was set,
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde,
Their dainty parts from vew of any, whidi
them eyde

64

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
the waters, and then downe agame
Her plong, as ouer maistered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remame,
And each the other from to rise restraine,
Thewhilestheirsnowylimbes,astroughauele,
So through theChristall waues appeared plame
Then suddainly both would themselues vnhele,
And th'amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes
reuele

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy fa'te out of the sea doth reare
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare
uch seemd they, and so their yellow heare
Christalhne humour dropped downe apace
WhomsuchwhenGttyOttisaw,hedrewhimneare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to
embrace

66

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing a while at his vnwonted guise,
Then th'one her scfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a straunger did a vise
But th'other rather higher did arise,
And her two hilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entise
To her delights, she vnto him bewrayd
The rest hid vnderneath, him more desirous
made

67

With that, the other likewise vp arose,
Andherfairelockes,whichformerlywerebownd
Vp in one knot, she low adowne did lose
Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd
arownd,
And th'yuone in golden mantle gownd
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that, w hich reft it, no lesse faire was fownd
So hid in lockes and waues from lookers theft,
Nought but her louely face she for his looking
left

68

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
, And laughter to her blushing, as did fall
Now when they spide the knight to slacke his
pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton menments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights, that courage cold
could reare

69

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
And counsell'd well, him forward thence did
draw

Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of blis*
Of her fond fauontes so nam'd amis
When thus the Palmer, Now Sir, well auise,
For here the end of all our traueli is
Here wones *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despire

70

Eftsoon* they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on humg ground,
Sae in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere
Right hard it was, for wight, which did it heare,
To read, what manner musick'that mote bee
For all that pleasing is to humg eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonie,
Birdes, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all
agree

71

The lyouis birdes shrouded in chearefull sh-ide,
Their notes vnto the voyce attemptred sweet,
Th'Angecall soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments drume responce meet
The siluer sounding instruments did meet
With the basjmmurmure of the waters fall
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call
The gentle warbhng wind low answered to all

72

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
With a new Louer, whom through sorcere
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring
There she had him now layd a slomberng,
In secret shade, after long Wanton loyes
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their song with light licentious
toyes

73

And all that while, right ouer him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his
spnght,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd,
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rew'd

74

The whiles some one did chaunt this louely lav,
Ah see, who so faire thing doest fame to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day,
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may,
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display,
Loe see soone after, how she fades, and fall'es
away

75

So passeth, m the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to decke both bed and
bowre,
Of many a Ladie, and many a Paramowre
Gather therefore the Rose, whilst yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will ht r pride deflowre
Gather the Rose of loue, whilst yet is time,
Whilst louing thou mayst loued be with equall
crime

76

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As m approunce of his pleasing words
The constant paire heard all, that he did say,
Yet swaued not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Ladie, with her louer lose,
Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did soft dispose

77

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All m a vele of silke and siluer thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee
More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th'aire more lightly

flee

78

Her snowy brest was bare to reidie spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild,
And yet through languour of her latesweet toyle,
Few drops, more, cleaie then Nectar, forth
distild,
That like pure Orrent perles adowne it trild,
And her faire eyes sweet smyling m delight,
Moystened their fierre beames, with which she
thril'd
Fraile harts, yet quenched not, like starry light
Which sparckng on the silent waues, does
seeme more bright

79

The young man sleeping by her, seemd to bee
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
 That certes it great pittie was to see
 Him his nobihtie so foule deface,
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sternnesse did appeare
 Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
 And on his tender lips the downy heare
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken bios
 somes beare

80

His warlike armes, the idle instruments
 Of sleeping praise, were hong vpon a tree,
 And his braue shield, full of old momments,
 Was fowly ra'st, th it nonethesignes might see,
 Ne for them, nc for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought, that did to his aduancement tend,
 But in lewd loues, and wastfull luxuree,
 Ilis diyes, his goods, his bodie he did spend
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend

81

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
 Sonighthtm, minding nought, but lustfull game,
 That suddein forth they on them rusht, and
 threw
 A subtile net, which onely for the same
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame
 So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame
 The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
 Tr>de all her arts, and all her sleights, thence
 out to wrest

82

And eke her louer stroue but all in vaine ,
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile, nor force might it distraine
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly
 bound [found
 In captiue bandes, which there they readie
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde ,
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and
 sound,
 But *Verdant* (so he hight) he \soone vntvde,
 And counsell! sage in steed thereof to him apply de

83

But all those pleasant bowresand Pallace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittillesse ,
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that their bhse he turn'd to balefulnesse
 Their groues he feld, their gardms did deface,
 Their arbers spoyle, their Cabinets suppresses,
 Their banket houses burne, their buildings race,
 And of the fairest late, now made the fpwlest
 place

84

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 1 hey with them led, both sorrowfull and sad
 1 he way they came, thesameretoun'd they right,
 Till they arnued, where they lately had [mad
 Charm'd those wild beasts, that rag'd with fure
 Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad ,
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify
 I hen *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes,
 which there did ly

85

Sud he, These seeming beasts are men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed
 thus,
 Whylomt her louers, which her lusts did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstrous
 Sid end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
 And mournfull meed of loyes delicious
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be vnto their former state

86

Streight way he with his vertuous stafle them
 strooke,
 And streight of beasts they comely mcn became,
 Yet being men they did vnmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame
 But one about the rest in speciall,
 Thathadan hog beene late, hight *Grille* by name,
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
 That hid from hoggish forme him brought to
 naturall

87

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth, with vile difference,
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence
 To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kind
 Delights in filth and foule incontinence
 Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
 But let vs hence depart, whilst wether serues and wind

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,
THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS.
OR
Of Chastitie.

i
IT falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fairest vertue, farre about the rest,
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*
Forreime ensamples, it to haue exprest ?
Sith it is shrined in my Soueraines brest,
And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it protest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any huing art

2
But humg art may not least part expresse,
Nor life resembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxts* or *Praxiteles*
His daedale 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 aduenture darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence
to marre

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whylome in diuine wits did raine,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble
quill ?
Yet now my lucklesse lot doth me constraine
Hereto perforce But O dred Soueraine
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest
wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine
That I in colourd shewes may shadow it,
And antique praises vnto present persons fit

4
But if in humg colours, and right hew,
Your selfe you couet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* spnnckeled,
In which a gracious seruant pictured
His *Cynlhia*, his heauens fairest light ?
That with his melting sweetnesse rauished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight

5

But let that same dehtious Poet lend
 A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse
 To sing his mistresse prayse, and let him mend,
 If ought amis her liking may abuse
 Ne let his fairest *Cynitha* refuse,
 In mirroures more then one her selfe to see,
 But either *Gloriana* let her chuse,
 Or in *Belpheobe* fashioned to bee
 In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee

Cant I



*Guyon encounlreth Bnlomart,
 faire Fhnmell is chased
 Duessaes iratnes and Malecastaes
 champions are defaced*

1

The famous Briton Prince and Faerie knight,
 After long wayes and perillous paines endured,
 Hauling their weane hmbes to perfect plight
 Restord, and sory wounds right well recured,
 Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured,
 To make there lenger sojourne and abode,
 But when thereto they might not be allured,
 From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroad,
 They courteous conge tooke, and forth together
 yode

2

But the ciptiu'd *Acrasia* he sent,
 Because of trauell long, a nigher way,
 With a strong gard, all reskew to prcuent,
 And her to Faerie court safe to conuay,
 That her for witnessse of his hard assay,
 Vnto his *Faerie Queene* he might present
 But he him selfe betooke another way,
 To make more tnal of his hardimcnt,
 And seeke aduentures, as he with Prince *Arthur*
 went

3

Long so they trauelld through wastefull wayes,
 Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did
 wonne,
 To hunt for glone and renowmed praise,
 Full many Countries they did ouerronne,
 From the vpnsing to the setting Sunne,
 And many hard aduentures did atchieue,
 Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
 Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
 And to recouer right for such, as wrong did
 grieue

4

At last as through an open plame they yode,
 They spide a knight, that towards pricked faire,
 And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
 That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three
 square,
 As if that age bad him that burden spare,
 And yield it those, that stouter could it wield *
 He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
 And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
 That bore a Lion passant in a golden field

5

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 spume
 ; His fomy steed, whose fiene feete did burne
 The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread,
 Ne did the other backe his foot returne,
 But fiercelly forward came v ithouten dread,
 And bent his dreadfull speare against the others
 head

6

They bene ymet, and both their points arnued,
 But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,
 That seem'd both shield and plate it Mould
 haue nued,
 Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,
 But made him stagger, as he were not well
 But *Guyon* selfe, ere well he wis aware,
 Nigh a speares length behind his crowper fell,
 Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
 That mischieuous mischance his life and hmbes
 did spare

7

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke,
 For neuer yet, sith warlike ames he bore,
 And shiueringspeareinbloudie field first shooke,
 He found himselfe dishonored so sore
 Ah gentlest knight, that euer armour bore,
 Let not thee gneue dismounted to haue beene,
 And brought to ground, that neuer wast before,
 For not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene,
 That speare enchanted was, which layd thee
 on the greene

8

But weenedst thou what wight thee ouerthrew,
 Much greater gnefe and shimefuller regret
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst regret,
 That of a single damzell thou wert met
 On equall plaine, and there so hard beset,
 Euen the famous *Bnlomart* it was,
 WhomstraungeaduenturedidfromBntomefet,
 To seeke her loue (loue farre sought alas,)
 Whose image she had seene in *Venus* looking
 glas

9

Full of disdamefull wrath, he fierce vprose,
 For to reuenge 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 vntoward blame,
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare
 For death sate on the point of that enchanted
 speare

10

And hasting towards him gan faire perswade,
 Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
 His speares default to mend with cruell blade,
 For by his mightie Science he had seene
 The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
 That mortall puissance mote not withstond
 Nothing on earth mote alwaies happie beene
 Great hazard were it, and aduenture fond,
 To loose long gotten honour with one eurl hond

II

By such good meanes he him discoursselled,
 From prosecuting his reuenging rage,
 And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
 His wrathfull will with reason to asswage,
 And laide the blame, not to his carriage,
 But to his starting steed, that swarud asyde,
 And to*the ill purueyance of his page,
 That had his furnitures not firmly tyde
 So is his angry courage fairely pacifye

12

Thus reconcilment was betweene them knit,
 Through goodly temperance, and affection
 chaste,
 And either vovd with all their power and wit,
 To let not others honour be defaste,
 Of friend or foe, who euer it embaste,
 Ne armes to beare against the others 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

0 goodly vsage of those antique times,
 In which the sword was seruant vnto right,
 When not for malice and contentious crimes,
 But all for praise, and prooffe of manly might,
 The martiall brood accustomed to fight
 Then honour was the meed of victone,
 And yet the vanquished had no despight
 Let later age that noble vse enuie,
 Vile rancour to auord, and cruell surquedne

14

Long they thus trauelled in friendly wise,
 Through countries waste, and eke well edifye,
 Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
 Their puissance, whylome full demely tryde
 At length they came into a forrest wyde,
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
 lull gnesly seem'd Therein they long did ryde,
 Yet tract of humg creatures none they found,
 Sae Beares, Lions, and Buls, which romed
 them around

15

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
 Vpon a milk white Palfrey all alone,
 A goodly Ladie did foreby them rush,
 Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall
 stone,
 And eke through feare as white as whales bone
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
 And all her steed with tmsell trappings shone,
 Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
 And scate them leasure gaue, her passing to
 behold

16

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
 As fearing euill, that pursewd her fast,
 And her feire yellow locks behind her flew,
 Loosely disperst with puffe of euery blast
 All as a blazmg starre doth farre outcast
 His heane beames, and flaming loekes disprded,
 At sight whereof the people stand aghast
 But the sage wisard telles, as he has red,
 That it importunes death and doiefull drerihed.

17

So as they gazed after her a while,
 Lo where a gnesly Foster forth did rush,
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defile
 His tyreng lade he fiercely forth did push,
 Through thicke and thin, both ouer banke and
 bush
 In hope her to attame by hooke or crooke,
 That from his gone sides the bloud did gush
 Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
 And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare he
 shooke

18

Which outrage when those gentlenights did see,
 Full of great enuie and fell gealosy,
 They stayd not to aise, who first should bee,
 But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,
 To reskow her from shame full villany.
 The Prince and Guyon equally byliue
 Her selfe pursewd, m hope to win thereby
 Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame ahue
 But after the ioule foster Timias did stnue

19

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind,
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Loue, did stay behind,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place
But whenshe sawthem gone, she forward went,
As lay her lourney, through that perlous Pace,
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment,
Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment

20

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 forrest syde
But faire before the gate a spatious plaine,
Mantled withgreene, itselke did spredde wyde,
On which she saw sixe knights, that didd arraine
Fierce battell against one, with cruell might and
maine

21

Mainly they all attonce vpon him laid,
And sore beset on euery side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought
dismaide,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground
All had he lost much bloud through many a
wound,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,
Made them recoile, and fly from dred decay,
That none of all the sixe before, him durst assay

22

Like dastard Curres, that hauing at a bay
The saluage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not aduenture 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 doubt full leopardy,
When Bntomart him saw, she ran a pace
Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Bad those same sixe forbear that single enimy

23

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

24

Whereto that single knight did answere frame,
These sixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
To chaunge my hefe, and loue another Dame,
That death me liefer were, then such despight,
So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right
For I loue one, the truest one on ground,
Nelistmechaunge, *sheth' Errant Datzellight*,
For whose dearesake full many a bitter stownd,
I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloudy
wound

25

Certes (said she) then bene ve sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to lustifie
For knight to leaue his Ladie were great shame,
That faithfull is, and better were to die
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamie,
Then losse of loue to him, that lous but one,
Ne may loue be compeld by maistene,
For soone as maistene comes, sweet loue anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone

26

Then spake one of those sixe, There dwelleth here
Within this castle wall a Ladie faire,
Whose soucraine rxautie hath no humg pere,
Thereto so bounteous and so debonaire,
That neuer any mote with her compaire
She hath ordaind this law, which we approue,
Thateuery knight, which doth this way repaire,
In case he haue no Ladie, nor no loue,
Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue

27

But if he haue a Ladie or a Loue,
Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,
Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,
That she is fairer, then our fairest Dame,
As did this knight, before ye hither came
Perdie (said *Britomari*) the choise is hard
But what reward had he, that ouercame ?
He should aduanced be to high regard,
(Said they) and haue our Ladies loue for his
reward

28

Therefore aread Sir, if thou haue a loue
Loue haue I sure, (quoth she) but Lady none,
Yet will I not fro mine owne loue remoue,
Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,
But wreake your wrongs wrought to this
knight alone,
And proue his cause With that her mortali
speare
She mightily auentred towards one,
And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare,
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next
did beare

29

Ne **did** she stay, till three on ground she layd
 That none of them himselfe couldrearegame,
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he weane of his former paine,
 That now there do but two of six remame,
 Which twodidyield, before she chd them smight
 Ah (said she then) now may ye all see plame,
 That truth is strong, and trew loue most of
 might, [fight
 That for his trusty seruauents doth so strongly

30

Too well we see, (said they) and proue 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 liege men faith vnto you plight
 So vnderneath 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 all together far'd

31

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
 And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,
 (For so that Castle hight by commune name)
 Where they were entertamd with curteous
 And comely glee of many gracious
 Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
 Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
 Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladys sight,
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*

32

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
 Of that great chamber, should be labour lost
 For liuing wit, I weene, cannot display
 The royall riches and exceeding cost,
 Of euery pillour and of euery post,
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,
 And with great pearles and pretious stones
 embost,
 That the bright glisten of their beames cleare
 Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did
 appeare

These straunger knights through passing, forth
 were led
 Into an inner rowme, whose rovaltee
 And rich purueyance might vneath be red,
 Mote Princes place beseme so deckt to bee
 Which stately manner when as they did see,
 The image of superfluous notize,
 Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
 They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous
 guise [deuize
 Might be mamtaynd, and each gan diuersely

34

The wals were round about apparelled
 With costly clothes of Arras and of *Toure*,
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
 The loue of *Venus* and her Paramoure
 The faire *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
 A worke of rare deuice, and wondrous wit
 First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
 Which her assayd with many a fcruent fit,
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie
 smit

35

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
 Entyst 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 Beaupercs, and from bright heauens
 vew,
 Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some court
 glade

36

And whilst he slept, she ouer him would spred
 Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
 And her soft arme lay vnderneath his hed,
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes,
 And whilst the bath'd, with hertwo craftyspyes,
 She secretly would search each damtie him,
 And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
 And fragrant violets, and Pances trim,
 And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him

37

So did she scale his heedelesse hart away,
 And 10yd his loue in secret vnespyde
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
 To hunt the saluage beast in forrest wyde,
 Dreadfull of daunger, that mote him betyde,
 She oft and oft aduiz'd him to reframe
 From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pryde
 Mote breede him scathynwares but all hnnaine,
 For who can shun the chauce, that dest'ny
 doth ordaine?

38

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wild Bore,
 And by his side the Goddesses grouehng
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore
 With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
 Which stames 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 huely
 grew

39

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to vse, that vse it might
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dauncmg and reueling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desires,
And *Cupid* still amongst them kindled tustfull
fires

40

And all the while sweet Musicke did diuide
 Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony ,
 And all the while sweet birdes thereto apphde
 Their dantie layes and dulcet melody,
 Ay caroling of loue and lolhty,
 That wonder was to heare their trim consort
 Which when those knights beheld, withscome
 full eye,
 They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wan
 ton sort

4i

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies
 view,
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
 That ghstred all with gold and glorious shew,
 As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed
 She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
 And of rare beauteie, sauing that askaunce
 Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
 Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce

42

Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
 Their goodly entertainment and great glee
 She caused them be led in courteous wize
 Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
 And cheared well with wine and spiceree
 The *Redcrosse* Knight was soonedisarmed there,
 But the braue Mayd would not disarmed bee,
 But onely vented vp her vmbnere,
 And so did let her goodly visage to appere

43

As when faire *Cynthia*, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enuelped,
Where she may find the substaunce thin and
light,
Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright
Discouers to the world discomfited,
Of the poore traueller, that went astray,
With thousand blessings she is heried,
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which faire Britomar gaue light vnto the day

44

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present
Vnto her vew, and company vnsoght,
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all six brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all ciuilltee,
And goodly taught to tilt and tournament,
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her knights seruice ought, to hold of her in
fee

45

The first of them by name *Gardanie* hight,
A lolly person, and of comely vew ,
The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
And next to him *locante* did ensew ,
Basaante did him selfe most courteous shew,
But fierce *Bacchante* seemd too fell and keene,
And yet in ames *Noctante* greater grew
All were faire knights, and goodly well besene,
But to faire *Brilomari* they all but shadowes
 beene

46

For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terour mixed therewithall,
That as the one stird vp 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 oft, his idle wish doth lose

47

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignoraunt of her contrary sex,
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
She greatly can enamoured to wax,
And with vaine thoughts her falsd fancy vex
e, Her fickle hart concerned hastv fire,
Like sparkes of fire, which fall in slender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desire,
And ransackt all her vemes with passion entire

48

Eftsoones she grew to great impatience
 And into termes of open outrage brust,
 That plaine discouer'd her incontinence,
 Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust,
 For she was giuen all to fleshly 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
 sight

49

Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued arre,
 And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
 Let not her fault your sweet 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 loue, but lust inclind,
 For loue does alwayes bring forth bounteous
 deeds,
 And in each gentle hart desire of honour breeds

50

Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,
 But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,
 Giuing the bndle to her wanton will,
 And treading vnder foote her honest name
 Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame
 Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce
 Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
 And told her meaning in her countenance,
 But *Bntomart* dissembled it with ignorance

Supper was shortly dight and downe they sat,
 Where they wereseruedwithallsumptuousfare,
 Whiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lyæus fat*
 Poured out their plenty, without spightorspare
 Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare,
 And aye the cups their bancks did ouerflow,
 And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
 Way to her loue, and secret darts did throw,
 But *Bntomart* would not such guilfull message
 know

52

So when they slaked had the feruent heat
 Of appetite with meates of euery sort,
 The Lady did faire *Bntomart* entreat,
 Her to disarm, and with delightfull sport
 To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort,
 But when she mote not thereunto be wonne,
 (For she her sexe vnder that straunge purport
 Did vse to hide, and plame appaurance shonne)
 In plainer wise to tell her gneuaunce she be
 gonne

53

And all attonce discovered her desire
 With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and
 piteous grieve,
 The outward sparkes of her m burning fire,
 Which spent invaine, atlastshe told her brief e,
 That but if she did lend her short reliefe,
 And do her comfort, she mote algates dye
 But the chaste damzell, that had neuer priefe
 Of such malengme and fine forgene,
 Did easily beleuee her strong extremitie

54

Full easie was for her to haue behefe,
 Who by self feeling of her feeble sexe,
 And by long triall of the mward grieve,
 Wherewith imperious loue her hart did vex,
 Could ludge what pames do louing harts
 perplex
 Who meanes no guile, be guiled soonest shall,
 And tofairesemblaunchedothhight faithannexe,
 The bird, thatknowes not the false fowlers call,
 Into his hidden net full easily doth fall

55

For thy she would not in discourteise wise,
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profest,
 For great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
 Or rudelv sdeigne a gentle harts request,
 But with faire countenance, as besemed best,
 Her entertaynd, nath'lesse she inly deemd
 Her loue too light, to wooe a wandnng guest
 Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd
 That from like inward fire that outward smoke
 had steemd

56

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

57

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
 Some to make loue, some to make menment,
 As diuerse wits to diuers things apply,
 And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent
 Her crafty engins to her close intent
 By thisth'eternall lampes, wherewith high *loue*
 Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
 And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue
 Into the *Ocean* deepe to dnue their weary droue

58

High time it seemed then for euery wight
 Them to betake vnto their kindly rest,
 Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,
 Vnto their bowres to gulden euery guest
 Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest
 Auoided 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

59

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faيرة *Malecasta*, whose engneued spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And vnder the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlot mantle couered,
That was with gold and krmines faire enuoloped

60

Then panting soft, and trembling euene loynt,
Her fearfullfeete towards the bowre she moued,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwisely loued,
And to her bed approching, first she prooued,
Whether she slept or wakt, with her soft hand
She softly felt, if any member mooued,
And lent her wary eare to vndeistand,
If any puffle of breath, or signe of sence she fond

61

Which whenas none she fond, with easie shift,
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt she lightly vp did lift,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of euery 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 eæse to
take

62

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 suddem feare and ghastly drenhed,
Did shneke 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
through

63

And those six Knights that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stownd,
Halfearmdand halfe vnarmd, with themattons
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their Lady lying on the sencelesse grownd,
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow white smocke, with locks
vnbownd,
Threatning the point of her auengmg blade,
That with so troublous terrour they were all
dismayde

64

About their Lady first they flockt arownd,
Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frosen snownd ,
And afterwards they gan with fowle reproch
Tostirrevpstnfe, andtroubulousconteckebroch
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne m so glorious spoile themselues embosse ,
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloudy
Crosse

65

But one of those sixe knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheene
The mortall Steele stayd not, till it was seene
To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple bloud thereout did weepe,
Which did her hilly smock with staines of ver
meil steepe

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd
Here, there, and eutry where about her swayd
Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abide ,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good
aid,
Ay loyning foot to foot, and side to side,
That in short space their foes they haue quite
ternfide

07

Tho whenas 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 vngentle trade
Was vsd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent
So earely ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth vpon their lourney went

Cant II

*The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
describeth Artegall*

*The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
in hue with him did fall*

1

Here haue I cause, in men lust blame to find,
That in their proper prayse too partial! bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and cheualne
They do impart, ne maken memone
Of their braue gestes and prowess martiall,
Scarse do they spare to one or two or three,
Rowmeintheirwrits, yetthesamewntingsmall
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their
glories all.

2

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploits them selues inclind
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till eniuous Men fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty,
Yet sith they warlike armes haue layd away,
They haue exceld in artes and polhcy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke
t'enuy

3

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose prayse I write,
But of all wisdom be thou precedent,
O soueraigne Queene, whose prayse I would
endite,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excite,
But ah my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an obiet they do lite,
And striuing, fit to make, I feare do marre
Thy selfe thy praises tell, and make them
knownen farre

4

She traueilling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,
T'abndg their lourney long, and hngring day,
Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mind,
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind,
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind
Taie Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest,
But fairest knight ahue, when armed was her
brest

Thereat she sighing softly, had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answere make,
But with hart thrilling throbs and bitter
stowre,
As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,
And euery daintie hmbe with horrou shake,
And euer and anone the rosy red,
Masht through her face, as it had been a flake
Of lightning, through bright heauenfulmned,
At last the passion past she thus him answered

6

Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I haue beene trained vp in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap,
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, m pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
Me leuer were with point of foemans speare be
dead

7

All my delight on deedes of ames is set,
To hunt out perils and aduentures hard,
By s.a, by land, where so they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
Far fro my natie soyle, that is by name
The greater *Brilame*, here to seeke for prayse
and fame

8

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Do many famous Knightes and Ladies wonne,
And many straunge aduentures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be
wonne,
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne
But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and *Arthegall* he
hight

9

The word gone out, she backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to haue misayd,
But that he it vp taking ere the fall,
Her shortly answerd, Faire martiall Mayd
Certes ye misauised beene, t'vpbrayd
A gentle knight with so vnknighly blame
For weet ye well of all, that euer playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

10

For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should euer enter in his bounteous thought,
Or euer do, that mote deseruen blame
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye haue your sorrow
sought
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both, for each of other worthy are

XI

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her Loue so highly magnifide,
And 10yd that euer she affixed had,
Her hart on knight so goodly glonfide,
How euer finely she it faind to hide
The louing mother, that nine monethes did
beare,
In the deare closet of her painefull side,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioyce, as she reioyced theare

12

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
Her list in stnfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replide, How euer, Sir, ye file
Your curteous tongue, his prayeses to compile,
It ill besemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile
A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report

13

Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
And read, where I that hytour false may find
Ah, but if reason faire might you persuade,
To slake your wrath, and molhfe your mmd,
(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 euer hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowessse pangon saw neuer huing wight

14

Ne soothhch 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 soueraine honour raise to heauens
hight

15

His feeling words her feeble sence much pleased,
And softly sunck into her molten hart,
Hart that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
Withhope of thing, that may allegge his smart,
For pleasing words are like to Magick art,
That doth thi charmed Snake in slomber lay
Such secret ease felt gentle *Britomart*,
Yet list the same efforce with famd gainesay,
So dischord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay

16

And said, Sir knight, these idle termes forbear,
And sith it is vneath to find his haunt,
Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter parauant,
For perdie one shall other slay, or daunt
What shape, what shield, what armes, what
sted, 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

17

Yet him in every part before she knew,
How euer list her now her knowledge fame,
Sith him whilome m *Brilaine* she did vew,
To her reuealed in a mirrhour plame,
Whereof did grow her first engrafted paine,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did tast,
That but the fruit moresweetnesse did contame,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote wast,
And yield the pray of loue to lothsome death at
last

18

By strange occasion she did him behold,
And much morestrangely gan to loue his sight,
As it m bookes hath wntten bene of old
In *Deheubarth* that now South wales is hight,
What time kingi Ryenceraign'd, and dealed right,
The great Magitian *Merlin* had deuiz'd,
By his deepe science, and hell dreaded might,
A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde world soone
were solemmz'd

19

It vertue had, to shew m perfect sight,
What euer thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heauens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd,
What euerfoe had wrought, or f rend had faynd,
Therein discouered 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 seem'd a world of
glas

20

Who wonders not, that reads so wonderous worke?

But who does wonder, that has red the Towre,
Wherein th'Ægyptian *Phao* long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her
discoure,

Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre ?
Great *Piobmtze* it for his lemans sake

Ybuidled all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make ,

Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it
brake

21

Such was the glassie globe that *Merlin* made,
And gaue vnto king *Ryence* for his gard,
That neuer foes his kingdome might muade,
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 treasonscouldbewray, and foes conumce,
Happie this Realme, had it remained euer since

22

One day it fortun'd, faire *Bniomart*
Into her fathers closet to repayre,
For nothing he from her reseru'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hay re
Where when she had espy'd that mirrhour fayre,
Her selfe a while therein she vew'd in vaine ,
Tho her auizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of, that mote to her selfe per
tame

23

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Loue 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 vse to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that she lusted after any one ,
For she was pure from blame of smfull blot,
Yet wist her life at last must hncke in that
same knot

24

Etftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted vponhye
His manly face, that did his foes agnze,
And friends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt forth, as *Phoebus* face out of the east,
Betwixt two shadie mountaines doth arise ,
Portly his person was, and much mcreast
Throughhis Heroicke grace, and honorable gest

His crest was couered with a couchant Hound,
And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,
But wondrous massie and assured sound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win
And on his shield enuoloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned htle Ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her faire poul
dred skin

26

The Damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way, ne her vnquilty age
Did weene, vnwares, that her vn lucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot,
Of hurt vnwist most daunger doth redound
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull
sound

27

Thenceforth the feather in her loftie crest,
Ruffed of loue, gan lowly to auaille,
And her proud portance, and her princely gest,
Withwhichsheearstryumphed,nowdidquaille
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe , yet wist she neither how, nor why,
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not loue, but some melan
cholv

28

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defast the beautie of the shining skv,
And reft from men the worlds desired vew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye ,
But sleepe full farre away from her did fly
In stead thereof sad sighes, and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her wanly,
That nought she did but way le, and of ten steepe
Her damtie couch with teares, which closely she
did weepe

29

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chauce to still into her wearie spnght,
When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
Streight way with dreames, and with fantas
ticke 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 thmk of that faire visage, wntten in her
hart

30

One night, when she was tost with such vnrest,
 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 vncouth fit (said she) what euill plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
 Changed thy huely cheare, and liuing made
 thee dead ?

31

For not of nought these suddeme 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 sprcd
 Abroad thy fresh youtthes fairest flowre, butlose
 Both leafe and fruit, both too vntimely shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for euer buried

32

The time, that mortal men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beistes do rest,
 And euery nuer eke his course forbeares,
 Then doth this wicked euill thee infest,
 And nue with thousand throbs thy thrilled
 brest ,
 Like an huge *Aeln'* of deepe engulfed grefe,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
 Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish
 rife,
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused
 strife

33

Aye me, how much I fearc, least loue it bee ,
 But if that loue it be, as sure I read
 By knownen signes and passions, which I see,
 Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,
 Then I auow by this most sacred head
 Of my deare foster child, to eæse thy gnefe,
 And win thy will Therefore away doe dread ,
 For death nor daunger from thy dew rehefe
 Shall me debarre, tell me therefore my liefest
 hefe

34

So haung said, her twixt her armes twaine
 She straightly straynd, and colled tenderly,
 And euery trembling loynt, and euery vame
 She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
 To doe the frozen cold away to fly ,
 And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
 She oft did bath, and oft againe did dry ,
 And euer her importund, not to feare
 To let the secret of her hart to her appeare

35

The Damzell pauzd, and then thus fearefully,
 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 re
 maine
 O daughter deare (said she) despaire no whit,
 For neuer sore, but might a salue obtaine
 That blinded God, which hath ye blindly stmt,
 Another arrow hath your louers hart to hit

36

But mine is not (quoth she) like others wound ,
 For which no reason can find remedy
 Was neuer such, but mote the like be found,
 (Said she) and though no reason may apply
 Salue to your sore, yet loue can higher stye,
 Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne
 But neither God of loue, nor God of sky
 Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne
 Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme, ere
 begonne

37

These idle words (said she) doe nought asswage
 Mystubbornesmart, but more annoyance breed,
 For no no vsuall fire, no vsuall rage
 It is, O Nurse, which on my life doth feed,
 And suckes the bloud, 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
 NorPnnce, nor pere it is, whose loue hathgryde
 My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound
 wyde

38

Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight,
 For then some hope I might vnto me draw,
 But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
 Whose shape or person yet I neuer saw,
 Hath me subiected to loues cruell law
 The same one day, as me misfortune led,
 1 in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
 And pleased with that seeming goodly hed,
 \ nwares the hidden hookewithbaite I swallowed

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
 Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore
 Nowranckleth mthis same fraile fleshy mould,
 That all mine entrailes flow with poysnousgore,
 And th'vlcèr groweth daily more and more ,
 Ne can my running sore find remedie,
 Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
 And languish as the leafe falne from the tree,
 Till death make one end of my dayes and misene

40

Daughter (said she) what need ye be dismayd,
Or why make ye such Monster of your mmd ?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd,
Of filthy lust, contrane vnto kind
But this affection nothing straunge I find,
For who with reason can you aye reprove,
To loue the semblant pleasing most your mind,
And yield your heart, whence ye cannot re-
moue?

No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue

41

Not so th'*Arabian Myrrhe* did set her mind,
Nor so did *Bibhs* spend her pining hart,
But lou d their natue flesh against all kind,
And to their purpose vsed wicked art
Yet playd *Pastphae* a more monstrous part,
That lou'd a Bull, and leard a beast to bee,
Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which
depart
From course of nature and of modestie?
Sweet loue such lewdnes bands from his faire
companie

42

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 bestowd not amis
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall bhs
With that vpleanmg on her elbow weake,
Her alabster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth quake were, at last she thus
bespake

43

Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease,
For though my loue be not so lewdly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it ncugiit appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse gnefe augment
For they, how euer shamefull and vnkind,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent
Short end of sorrowes they thereby did find,
So was their fortune good, though wicked were
their mind

44

But wicked fortune mine, though mmd be good,
Can haue 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 *Cephsus* foolish child,
Who haumg vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the loue thereof beguild,
I fonder loue a shade, the bodie farre exild

45

Nought like (quoth she) for that same wretched
boy
Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure,
Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lou'st the shadow of a warlike knight,
No shadow, but a bodie hath in powre
That bodie, wheresoeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke
might

46

But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,
And thee abindond wholly doe jxrresse,
Against it strongly stnue, and yield thee not,
Till thou jn open field adowne be smot
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,
Then I auow to thee, by wrong or right
To compass thy desire, and find that loued
knight

47

Ifer chearefull words much cheard the feeble
sprit
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
Surpsnd her sense She tnerewith well apayd,
Thedrunkenlampedowneintheoyledidsteepe,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to
weepe

48

Earely the morrow next, before that day
His louous face did to the world reueale,
They both vprose and tooke their readie way
Vnto the Church, their prauers to appeale,
With great deuotion, and with htle zeal
For the faire Damzell from the holy herse
Her loue sicke hart toother thoughts didsteale,
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to
reuerse

49

Returned home, the ro\all Tnfant fell
Into her former fit, for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her selfe in her did dwell
But th'aged Nurse her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Saume, and the flowre
Of *Camphora*, and Calamnt, and Dill,
All which she in a 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

Cant II

FAERIE

153

50

Then taking thrise three haire from offher head,
 Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pots mouth, bound the
 thread,
 And after hauing whispered a space
 Certame sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
 She to the virgin said, thrise said she i t,
 Come daughter come, come, spit vponmy face,
 Spit thrise vpon me, thrise vpon me spit,
 Th'vneuen number for this businesse is most fit

51

That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
 She turned her contrane to the Sunne,
 Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd,
 All contrary, for she the right did shunne,
 And euer what she did, was streight vndonne
 So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue
 But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,
 No idle charmes so lightly may remoue,
 That well can wnesse, who by triall it does
 proue

52

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auayle,
 Ne slake 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 pynd ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond
 That when old Glauc saw, for feare least blame
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
 She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to with
 stond

Cant III

*Merlin bewrayes to Bntomarl,
 the stale of Artegall
 And shewes the fatuous Progeny
 which from them springen shall*

1

Most sacred fire, that burnest mightily
 In humg brests, ykindled first aboue,
 Emongst th'eternall spheres and lamping sky,
 And thencepoured into men which men call Loue,
 Not that same, which doth base affections moue
 In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame,
 But that sweet fit, that doth true beauteie loue,
 And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,
 Whence spring all noble deeds and neuer dying
 fame

2

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
 That ouer mortall minds hast so great might,
 To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
 And all their actions to direct aright,
 The fatal purpose of diume foresight,
 Thou doest effect in destined descents,
 Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
 And stirrest vp th'Heroes high intents,
 Which the late world admyres for wondrous
 moniments

3

But thy dread darts in none doe triumph more,
 Ne brauer prooue in any, of thy powre
 Shew'dst thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
 Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
 From the worlds end, through many a bitter
 stowe [rayse
 From whose two loynes thou afterwards did
 Most famous fruits of matnmoniall bowre,
 Which through the earth haue spred their
 liumg prayse,

That fame in trompe of gold eternally displayes

4

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
 Daughter of Phcebus and of Memorte,
 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 Souerames goodly auncestre,
 Till that by dew degrees and long protense,
 Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence

5

Full many wayes within her troubled mind,
 Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this Ladies gnefe
 Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
 Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is
 chiefe
 And choisest med'cme for sicke harts reliefe
 For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
 Least that it should her turne to foule repnefe,
 And sore reproch, when so her father deare
 Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune
 heare

6

At last she her auisd, that he, which made
 That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
 Sostraungely vewed her straunge louers shade,
 To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
 Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,
 And by what meanes his loue might best be
 wrought
 For though beyond the *Afrtck Ismaell*
 Or th' Indian *Peru* he were, she thought
 Him forth through infinite endeouour to haue
 sought

7

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
 To *Martdunum*, 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 vnderneath the ground,
 In a deepe delue, farre from the vew of day,
 That of no humg wight he mote be found,
 When so he counseled with his sprights encom
 past round 8

And if thou euer happen that same way
 To trauell, goe to see that dreadfull place
 It is an hideous hollow caue (they say)
 Vnder a rocke that lyes a httb space
 From the swift *Barry*, tombhng downe apace,
 Emongst the woodie hillcs of *Dyneuowre*
 But dare thou not, I churge, m any cace,
 To enter into thit same balefull Bowre,
 For fear the cruell Feends should thee vnwares
 deuowre

But standing high aloft, low lay thine care,
 And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,
 And brasen Cudrons thoushalt tromblmgheare,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring
 paines
 Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble brames,
 And oftentimes great grones, and grievous
 sounds,
 When too hugetoile and hbour them constraines
 And oftentimes sloud strokes, and mrgingsounds
 From vnder that deepe Rocke most horribly
 rebounds

10

The cause some say is this A htle while
 Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
 A brasen wall in compas to compile
 About *Cairmardm*, and did it commend
 Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end
 During which worke the Ladie of the Lake,
 Whom long he lou'd, for him in hast did send,
 Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
 Them bound till his returne, their labour not to
 slake
 In the meanetime through that false Ladies traine,
 He was surpsnd, and buried vnder beare,
 Ne euer to his worke returnd agame
 Nath'l sse those feends may not their worke
 forbear,
 So greatly his commaundement they feare,
 But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,
 Vntill that brasen wall they vp doe rcare
 For *Merlin* had in Magicke more insight,
 Then euer him before or after humg wight

12

For he by words could call out of the sky
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him
 obey
 The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
 And darkesome night he eke could turne to da y
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
 And hostes of men of meanest things could
 frame,
 When so him list his enimes to fray
 That to this day for terror of his fame,
 The feends do quake, when any him to them
 does name

And sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
 Of mortall Syre, or other humg wight,
 But wondrously begotten, and becomee
 By false illusion of a guileful! Spnght,
 On a faire Ladie Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubtdius*,
 Who was the Lord of *Mathraull* by right,
 And coosen vnto king *Ambrostus*
 Whence he indued was with skill so maruellous

14

They here arming, staid a while without,
 Ne durst aduenture rashly m to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new dout
 For dread of daunger, which it might portend
 Vntill the hardie Mayd (with loue to frend)
 First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
 Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
 And writing strange characters m the ground,
 With which the stubborn feends he to his seruice
 bound

15

He nought was moued at their entrance bold
 For of their comming well he wist afore,
 Yet list them bid their busnesse to vnfold,
 As if ought in this world in secrtt store
 Were from him hidden, or vnknowne of yore
 Then *Glance* thus, Let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darkesome
 dore,
 Vnwares haue prest for either fatall end,
 Or other mightie cause vs two did hither send

16

He bad tell on, And then she thus began
 Now haue three Moones with borrow'd
 brothers light, [wan,
 Thrice shined faire, and thrice seem'd dim and
 Sith a sore euill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge m dolefull plight,
 First rooting tooke, but what thing it mote bee,
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright
 But this I read, that but if remedee
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see

17

Therewith th'Enchaunter 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 need of leach craft hath your Damozell,
 Then of my skill who helpe may haue else
 where,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell
 Wold woman wox half blanck, those words to
 heare,

And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine
 appeare

18

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

19

The wisard could no longer beare her bord,
 But brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd,
Glauce, what needs this colourable word,
 To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?
 Ne ye faire *Brilomarlis*, thus arayd,
 More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele,
 Whom thy good fortune, haumg fate obayd,
 Hath hither brought, for succour to appele
 The which the powres to thee are pleased to
 ruele

20

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure yuory
 Into a cleare Carnation suddune dyde,
 As faire *Aurora rising* hastily,
 Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lye
 All night in old *Tuhonus* frosen bed,
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly
 But her old Nourse was nought dishartened,
 But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had
 ared

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
 (For what doest not thou know?) of grace I
 pray,

Pitty our plaint, and yield vs meet rehere
 With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
 And then his spinte thus gan forth display,
 Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
 Hast learn'd to loue, let no whit thee dismay
 The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
 And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth
 sore

22

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 heauens hight forth stretched bee
 For from thy wombe a famous Progenie
 Shall spring, out of the auncient *Troian* blood,
 Which shall reuiue the sleeping memone
 Of those same antique Peres the heauens brood,
 Which *Greece* and *Asian* nuers stained with
 their blood

23

Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,
 Thy fruitfull Ofspng, shall from thee descend,
 Braue Capitaines, and most mighty warnours,
 That shall their conquests through all lands
 extend,
 And their decayed kngdomes shall amend
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
 They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
 Against their forrein foe, that comes from farre,
 Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill larre

24

It was not, *Brilomart*, thy wandnng eye,
 Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glas,
 But the streight course of heauenly destiny,
 Led with etcrnall prouidence, that has
 Guided thy glauce, to bring his will to pas
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To loue the prouest knight, that euer was
 Therefore submit thy wayes vnto his will,
 And do by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill

25

But read (said *Glauce*) thou Magitian
 Whit meanes shall she out seeke, or what
 wayes take?

How shall she know, how shall she find the
 man?

Or what needs her to toyle, sith fates can make
 Way for themselues, their purpose to partake?
 Then *Merlin* thus, Indeed the fates are firme,
 And may not shnnck, though all the world do
 slrke

Yet ought mens good endeouours them confirme,
 And guide the heauenly causes to their con-
 stant terme

..

The man whom heauens haue ordaynd to bee
 The spouse of *Brilomart*, is *Arthegall*
 He wonneth in the land of *Fayerree*,
 Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
 To Elfcs, but sprong of seed terrestnall,
 And whilome by false *Fanes* 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*

27

But sooth he is the sonne of *Gorlots*,
 And brother vnto *Cador* Cornish king,
 And for his warlike feates renowned is,
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
 Vntill the closure of the Euenmg
 From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull
 band,
 To this his natue soyle thou backe shalt bring,
 Strongly to aide his cuntrye, to withstand
 The powre of forrein Paynims, which inuade
 thy land

28

Great aid thereto his mighty puissance,
 And dreaded name shall giue in that sad day
 Where also prooue of thy prow vahaunce
 Thouthenshaltmakeit increasethy louers pray
 Long time yebothm armesshall beare great sway,
 Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
 And his last fate him from thee take away,
 Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
 Of sechief foes, that him shall make in mischief
 fall

29

With thee yet shall he leaue for memory
 Of his late puissance, his Image dead,
 That huing him m all actiuitie
 To thee shall represent He from the head
 Of his coosm *Constantins* without dread
 Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
 And therewith crownehimselfe in th'othersstead
 Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might,
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight

Like as a Lyon, that in drowsie caue
 Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
 And commmg forth, shall spread his banner braue
 Over the troubled South, that it shall make
 The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake
 Thnse shall he fight with them, and twise shall
 win,
 But the third time shall faire accordaunce make
 And if he then with victorie can hn,
 He shall his dayes with peace bnnng to his earthly
 ln

31

His sonne, hight *Vortipore*, shall him succede
 In kmgdome, but not in felicity,
 Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
 And with great honour many battels try
 But at the last to th'impunity
 Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield
 But his sonne *Malgo* shall full mightily
 Auenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field

32

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomari*,
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see,
 How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
 Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
 That one of th'old *Heroes* seemes to bee
 He the six Islands, comprouinciall
 In auncient times vnto great Bntamee,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sundry kings to do their homage seuerall

33

All which his sonne *Careius* awhile
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,
 Vntill a straunger king from vnknowne soyle
 Arnumg, him with multitude oppresse,
 Great *Gornwnd*, hauing with huge mightnesse
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptnesse,
 Shall ouerswim the sea with many one
 Of his Norueyses, to assist the Britons fone

34

He m his fune all shall ouerrunne,
 And holy Church with faithlesse hands deface,
 That thy sad people vtterly fordonne,
 Shall to the vtmost mountaines fly apace
 Was neuer so great wast m any place,
 Nor so fowle outrage doen by huing men
 For all thy Cities they shall sacke and race,
 And the greene grasse, that groweth, they
 shall bren,
 That euen the wild beast shall dy in staruedden

35

Whiles thus thy Britons do m languour pine,
 Proud *Elheldred* shall from the North arise,
 Serumg th'ambitious will of *Angusline*,
 And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprise,
 Shall backe repulse the vahaunt *Brockwelltvnse*,
 And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill,
 But the third time shall rew his foolhardise
 For *Cadwan* pittymg his peoples ill,
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons*
 kill

But after him, *Cadwalhn* mightily
 On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake,
 Ne shall auaille the wicked sorcery
 Of false *Pelltle*, his purposes to breake,
 But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleake
 Shall giue th'enchaunter his vnhappy hire,
 Then shall the Bntons, late dismayd and weake,
 From their long vassalage gin to respire,
 And on their Paynim foes auenge their ranckled
 ire

37

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,
Ojiruke and *Osricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,
Both slaine in battell vpon *Layburne* plaine,
Together with the king of *Loulhiane*,
Plight *Adm*, and the king of *Orkeny*,
Both loynt partakers of their fatall paine
But *Penda*, fearefull of like desteny,
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and swear
fealty

38

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,
T'afflict the other *Saxons* vnsubdewd,
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd
With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
All holding crosses m their hands on hye,
Shall him defeat withouten bloud imbrewd
Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
Shall *Heuenfield* be cald to all posterity

39

Where at *Cadwalhn* wroth, shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
And crowne with martyrdom his sacr'd
head
Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of siluer shall his kingdom buy,
And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly dye,
But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwalhn* pacify

40

Then shall *Cadwalhn* dye, 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 prefix by destiny,
Shalbe expird of *Britons* regiment
For heauen it selfe shall their succeſſe enuy,
And them with plagues and murns pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissance be
spent

41

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares spate,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ills,
From *Armmcke*, where long m wretched
cace
He liu'd, returning to his natie place,
Shalbe by vision staid from his intent
For th'heauens haue decreed, to displace
The *Britons*, for their smnes dew punishment,
And to the *Saxons* ouer giue their gouernment

42

Then woe, and woe, and euerlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe, that shalbe borne,
To hue in thraldome of his fathers foe,
Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scome,
Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood
O who shall helpe me to lament, and moume
The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood,
Whose Empire lenger here, then euer any stood

43

The Damzell was full deepe empassioned,
Both for his gnefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so .plaine he fashioned,
And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake,
Ah but will heauens fury neuer slake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for euer be defast,
And quite from of the earth their memory be
rast?

44

Nay but the terme (said he) is limited,
That m this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
And the lust reuolution measured,
That they as *Straungers* shalbe notifide
For twisef ourehundreth yearesshalbesupphdi,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shalbe,
And their importune fates all satisfide
Yet during this their most obscountee,
Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men
them faire may see

45

For *Rhodoncke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
Shall of him selfe a braue ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall in treat,
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
The saluage minds with skill of lust and trew,
Then *Gnjffylh Conan* also shall vp reare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of natie courage, that his foes shall feare,
Least backe agame the kingdome he from them
should beare

46

Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from *Britons*
wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly
For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There shall a Rauē far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerronne
The fruitfull plames, and with fell cruelty,
In their auenge, tread downe the victours sur
quedry

47

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew,
There shall a Lyon from the sea bord wood
Of *Neustrta* come ronng, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the cuntry conquered
Emongst his young ones shall diuide with
bountyhed

48

Tho when the terme is full accomphsid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long
while
Bene in his ashes raked vp, and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull lie
Of *Motia*, where it lurked in exile, [flame,
Which shall breake forth into bright burning
And reach into the house, that beares the stile
Of royall maiesty and soueraigne name,
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe
reclame

49

Thenceforth etemall vmon shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall loungly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile armes to exercise no more
Then shall a royall virgin rame, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore with all,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly
learne to fall

50

But yet the end is not There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercomen of the spintes powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, vet note discoure
Which suddem fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused III behaiouire,
At last the fury past, to former hew
Hee turnd againe, and chearef ull looks(as earst)
did shew

51

Then, when them selues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquird,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd,
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterpnze,
And to possesse the purpose they desird
Now this, now that twixt them they did deuise,
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange
disguise

52

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Concern'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake,
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew aduantage take,
Ye see that good king *Vlker* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight
Ocia and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Bntanie* doth burne in armes
bright

53

That therefore nought ourpassagemay empeach,
Let vs in feigned armes our selues disguise,
And our weake hands (whom need new
strength shall teach)
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercize
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wize
I weene, would you misseeme, for ye bene tall,
And large of hmbe, t'atchieue an hard emprize,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practize
small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd
Martiall

54

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 haue full many feats aduenturous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
Exploitsmade *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
Renowmed *Mariia*, and redoubted *Emmtlen*

55

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Meneuia*
Which *Viher* with those forrem Pagans held,
I saw a *Saxon* Virgin, the which feld
Great *Vlfin* thnse vpon the bloody plame,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,
Yet *Carados* himselfe from herescapt with paine

56

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 mighty people, dreaded more then all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
And loue, themselves of her name *Angles* call
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take

57

Her hartie words so deepe into the mynd
Of the young Damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolu'd, vnweetmg to her Sire,
Aduent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don,
And counsell with her Nourse, her Maides attire
To turne into a massy habergeon,
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon

58

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit,
But all things did conueniently puruay
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
besene

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* caused to be hang'd by
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments
Of his succeſse and gladfull victory
Of which her selfe auising readily,
In th'euening late old *Glance* thither led
Faire Briomart and that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled,
Well as she might, and with braue bauldncK
garnished

Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,
Which *Bladud* made by Magick art of yore,
And vsd the same in battell aye to beare ,
Sith which it had bin here preseru'd in store,
For his great vertues proued long afore
For neuer wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce vnto 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

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,
Couered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselues they forth conuayd, and passed
forward right

62

ve rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late
Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she
Of diuerse things discourses to dilate, [fond
But most of *Arlhegall*, and his estate
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendship professed with vnfamed hart,
The *Redcrosse* knight diuerst, but forth rode
Briomart

Cant IIII

Bold Marinell of Briomart,
Is ihrowne on the Rich strond
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond

1

Where is the Antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare ?
Where be the braue atchieuements doen by
some?
Where be the battels, where the shield and
speare,
And all the conquests, which themhigh 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 sleepe, and shall agame
reuerse ?

2

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 enuy sore,
Tohearethewarhkefeates, which Homere spake
Of bold *Penthesilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* blood so oft in *Troian* plame ,
But when I read, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Catnill*' hath blame
lie huge *Orstlochos*, I swell with great disdaine

3

fet these, and all that else had puissaunce,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
Aswell for glory 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
spring,
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, O *Queene*," the matter of my song,
Whose hgnage from this Lady I denue along

4

Who when through speaches with the *Redcrosse* knight.

She leamed had th'estate of *Arihegall*,
And in each point her selfe informd aright,
A friendly league of loue perpetuali
She with him bound, and *Conge* tooke withali
Then he forth on his Iourney did proceede,
To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwayes of his paines he made the chief est
meed

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
Ne euer dofte her armes, but all the way
Grew pensieue through that amorous discourse,
By which the *Redcrosse* knight did earst display
Her louers shape, and cheualrous aray,
A thousand thoughts she fashioned in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such, as fittest she for loue could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, curteous, and kind

6

With such selfe pleasing thoughts her wound
she fed,

And thought so to beguile her gneuous smart,
But so her smart was much moregneuousbred,
And the deepe wound more deepe engord her
hart,

That nought but death her dolour mote depart
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guidance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea coast at length she her
address

7

There she alighted from her light foot beast,
And sitting downe vpon the rocky shore,
Bad her old Squire vnlace her lofty creast,
Tho hauing vewd a while the surges hore,
That gainst the craggy chfts did loudly rore,
And m their raging surquedry disdaynd,
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their deuounng couetize restraynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus com
playnd

8

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous grieve,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped hauen of reliefe,
Why do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,
Andthymoystmountaineseachonotherstrong,
Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life ?
O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in these troubled bowels raines, and
rageth rife

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 loue it steres, and fortune rowes,
Loue my lewd Pilot hath a restlesse mind
And fortune Boteswame noassuraunceknowes
But saile withouten starres gainst tide and
wind

How can they other do, sith both are bold and
blind ?

10

Thou God of winds, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the Continent,
At last blow vp some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Vnto the gladsome port of her intent
Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table for eternall monument
Of thy great grace, and my great leopardde,
Great *Neptune*, I auow to hallow vnto thee

11

Then sighing softly sore, and mly deepe,
She shut vp all her plaint in pnuy grieve ,
For her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe repnefe,
Her to restrame, and giue her good rehefe,
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 henmmortalwombe,to be in heauenenrold

12

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
Where farre away one all in armour bright,
With hastie gallop towards her did ryde ,
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled spnght,
Conuerting, forth she beates the dustie path,
Loue and despight attonce her courage kindled
hath

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast
The face of heauen, and the cleare aire engrost,
The world in darkenesse dwels, till that at last
The watry Southwinde from the seabord cost
Vpblowmg, doth disperse the vapour lo'st,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre ,
So the faire *Bnlomarl* hauing discl'o'st
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of grieve dissolu'd, did into vengeance
poure

14
Eftsoones her goodly shield addressing faire,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And vnto battell did her selfe prepare
The knight approachmg, sternely her bespake ,
Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despyght,
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

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 speare 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

16
But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce fure and great puissance,
That through his threesquare scuchin percing
quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mis
chance [glaunce,
The wicked Steele through his left side did
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly soucing on the sandie shore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallowd in his
gore

17
Like as the sacred Oxe, that carelesse stands,
With gilden homes, and flowry cirlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th'altars fumewith frankincensearownd,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth grouehng fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours, and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore ,
So fell proud *Mannell* vpon the pretious shore

18
The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her readie way
Along the strond, which as she ouer went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre,
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones an howre,
But them despised all, for all was in her powre
SPENSER

19
Whiles thus he lay in deadly stomshment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare,
His mother was the blacke browd *Cymoent*,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
The famous *Dumartn*, who on a day
finding the Nymph a sleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chance did wander that same way,
Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay

20
There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father *Mannell* did name,
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
Long time she fostred vp, till he became
A mightie man at armes, and mickle fame
Didget through great adventures by him donne
For neuer man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battell with the Sea
nymphes sonne

21
An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Fane lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
That none durst passen through that perilous
glade
And to aduance his name and glorie more,
Her Sea god syre she dearely did persuaide,
T'endow her sonne with treasure and rich store,
Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly
wombes ybore

22
The Goddidgeaunth this daughters deare demaund,
To doen his Nephew m all riches flow ,
Eftsoones his heaped waues he dia commaund,
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge treasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedie gulfe deuoured deepe,
And him enriched through the ouerthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe,
And often waile their wealth, which he from
them did keepe

23
Shortly vpon 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 *Pernan*
kings,
Gold, amber, yuorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that else was pretious and deare,
The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewhere

24

Thereto he was a doughtie dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
liat none m 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 counsell to forbear
The bloudie battell, and to stirre vp strife,
But after all his warre, to rest his weane knife

25

And for his more assurance she inquir'd
One day of *Proteus* by his mightie spell,
(For *Proteus* was with prophecie inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes 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 haue much ill,
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay,
or kill

26

For thy she gaue him warning every day,
The loue of women not to entertaine ,
A lesson too too hard for huing clay,
From loue in course of nature to reframe
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And euer from faire Ladies loue did fly ,
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
That they for loue of htm would algatcs dy
Dy, who so list for him, he was loues enemy

27

But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate ?
That when he sleeps in most security,
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme
His mother bad him womens loue to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme ,
So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite
disarme

28

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 loue, which should assav
To bring her sonne vnto 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'approue the vnknownen purpose of eternall
fate

29

Too true the famous *Marinell* it fownd,
Who through latetnall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now hes in senselesse swownd,
Through heauy stroke of *Brttomartis* hond
Which when his mother deare did vnderstand,
And heauy tydings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweet daffadillyes, to haue made
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their foreheads faire
to shade,

30

Eftsoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent,
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesom merth to gneuous drenment
She threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,
Withyelling outcnes, and withshnekingsowne;
And euery one did teare her girlond from her
crowne

31

Soone as she vp out of her deadly fit
Arose, she bad her charet to be brought,
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
Bad eke attonce their charets to be sought,
Tho full of bitter grieft and pensiue thought,
She to her wagon clombe, clombe all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorrow fraught
The waues obedient to their behest,
Them yielded readie passage, and their rage
surceast

32

Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad round backe they softlyshd
And eke himselfe 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
Eftsoons the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the gnesly Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them
to see

33

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 raynes, at her commaundement
As swift as swallowes, on the waues they went,
Thatttheirbroadflaggielfinnesnofomedreare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent,
The rest of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did
sheare

34

Soone as they bene arnu'd vpon the brim
Of the *Rich slrond*, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore, [sore
Least they theirfinnesshouldbruze,andsurbate
Their tender feet vpon the stony ground
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy bloud enwallowed they found
The lucklesse *Mannell*, lying in deadly swound,

35

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recouer'd be out of her paine,
Had she not bene deuoyd of mortall slime,
She should not then haue bene rehu'd agame,
But soone as life recovered had the raine,
She made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from tcares
reframe,
And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad com-
plement

36

Deare image of my selfe (she said) that is,
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high aduancement, O is this
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vn-
borne
Thy Gransire *Nereus* promist to adome ?
Now lyst thou of life and honor reft,
Now lyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
Ne of thy late life memory is left,
Ne can thy irreuocable destiny be weft ?

37

Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophecis,
And they more fond, that credit to thee giue,
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
That so deepe wound through these deare
members dnuce
I feared loue but they that loue do hue,
But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate
Nathlesse to thee thy folly I forgiue,
And to my selfe, and to accursed fate
The guilt I doe ascribe deare wisdomed bought
too late

38

O what auails it of immortall seed
To beene ybred and neuer borne to die ?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
Then waste in woe and wailefull misene
Who dyes the vtmost dolour doth abyde,
But who that hues, is left to waile his losse
So life is losse, and death fehctite
Sad life worse then glad death and greater
crosse [engrosse
Toseefnendsgraue, then dead the graue selfe to

39

But if the heauens did his dayes enuie,
And my short blissemahgne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eyes of my deare *Mannell*
I mote haue 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

40

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his gnesly wound
And that they might him handle more at will,
Theyhimdisarm'd,andspreddingontheground
Theirwatchetmantlesfrmdgdwithsilueround,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th'orifice, which hauing well vpbound,
They pou'd in soueraine balme, and Nectar
good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for
heauenly food
Tho when the hilly handed *hagore*,
(This *Liagore* whylome had leamed skill
In leaches craft, by great *Apfilloes* lore,
Sith her whylome vpon high *Pmdus* hill,
He loued, and at last her wombe did fill
With heauenly seed, whereof wise *Pæonsprong*)
Did feele his pulse, she knew their staled still
Some htle life his feeble sprites emong,
Which to his mother told, despeire she from her

flong

42

Tho vp him taking in their tender hands,
They easily vnto her charet beare
Her temeate hercommaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strow with fiowres the lamentable beare
Then all the rest into their coches dim,
And through the brackish waues their passage
sheare,
Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him

43

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke cloudes, 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
Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might
For *Tryphon* of sea gods the soueraine leach is
hght

44

The whiles the *Nymphes* sit all about him round,
 Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight,
 And oft his mother vewing his wide wound,
 Cursed the hand, that did so deadly smight
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight
 But none of all those curses ouertooke
 The warlike Maid, th'ensample of that might,
 But fairely well she thnu'd, and welldid brooke
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought
 forsooke

45

Vet did false *Arckimage* her still pursew,
 To bring to passe his mischieuous intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous knights, the Pnnce, and Faerygent,
 Whom 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 reuenge her
 wrong

46

Through thick and thin, through mountaines
 and through plains,
 Those two great champions did attonce pursew
 The fearefull damzell, with incessant paines
 Who from them fled, as light foot hare from vew
 Ot hunter swift, and sent of houndes trew
 At last they came vnto a double way,
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
 Themselues they did dispart, each to assay,
 Whether more happie were, to win so goodly
 pray

47

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
 That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
 And with proud enuy, 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 chaunceit was, that soonehedid repent,
 To take that way, in which that Damozell
 Was fled afore, affraid of him, as feend of hell

48

At last of her farre off he gained vew
 Then gan he freshly pncke his fomy steed,
 And euer as he mgher to her drew,
 So euermore he did increase his speed,
 And of each turning still kept wane 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
 Manv meeke wordes, to stay and comfort her
 withall

49

But nothing might relent her hastie flight,
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swame
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spnght
 Like as a careful Doue, which through therame,
 Of the wide aire her way does cut amame,
 Haung farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
 Which after her his nimble wings doth strame,
 Doubleth her haste for feare to be for hent,
 And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firma-
 ment

So

With no lesse haste, and eke with no lesse dread,
 That fearefull Ladie fled from him, that intent
 To her no euill thought, nor euill 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
 villen rude

His vncouth shield and straunge armes her
 dismayd,
 Whose like in Faery lond were seldome seene,
 That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd,
 Then of wilde bcastes 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 heauen sheene,
 And warnd his other brethren loyeous,
 To light their blessed lamps in *louts* eternall
 hous

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,
 And griesly shadowes couered heauen bright,
 That now with thousand starres was decked
 fayre,
 Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
 And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
 He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope
 Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
 His wicked fortune, that had turnd aslope,
 And cursed night, that reft from him so goodly
 scope

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
 But to and fro at disauenture strayd,
 Like as a ship, whose Lodestarre suddenly
 Couered 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
 Vpon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throw,
 The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele
 his pillow

54

But gentle Sleepe enuyde him any rest,
 In stead thereof sad sorrow, and disdame
 Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
 And thousand fancies bet his idle brame
 With their light wings, the sights of semblants
 vaine
 Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee
 His Faery Queene, for whom he did complame
 Or that his Faery Queene were such, as shee
 And euer hastie Night he blamed bitterhe

55

Night thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,
 Sister of heauie death, and nourse of woe,
 Which wast begot in heauen, but for thy bad
 And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
 Where by the grim flood of *Cocylus* slow
 Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* blacke hous,
 (Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
 Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
 Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horreur hideous

56

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 loue to steepe
 His lustlesse hmbes, 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 Natures handmaide, cheannng
 euery kind

57

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
 Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts
 In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
 In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares,
 And dreadfull visions, in the which ahue
 The drearie image of sad death appcarcs
 So from the weane spirit thou doest dnue
 Desired rest, and men of happinesse depnue

58

Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,
 Light shonning theft, and traiterous intent,
 Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
 Shamefull decept, and daunger imminent,
 Foule horror, and eke hellish dremnt
 All these I wote in thy protection bee,
 And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent
 For light yhke is loth'd of them and thee,
 And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light
 to see

59

For day discouers all dishonest wayes,
 And sheweth each thing, as it is indeed
 The prayes of high God he faire displays,
 And his laare bountie rightly doth ared
 Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed,
 Which darknesse shall subdew, and heauen
 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

60

0 when will day then turne to me againe,
 And bring with him his long expected light ?
 O *Titan*, haste to reare thy loyous waine
 Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,
 And chase away this too long hngning night,
 Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell
 She, she it is, that hath me done despight
 There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
 And yeeld her roome to day, that can it gouerne
 well

61

Thus did the Prince that weane night outweare,
 In restlesse anguish and vnquiet paine
 And earely, ere the morrow did vpreare
 His deawy head out of the *Ocean* mame,
 He vp arose, as halfe m great disdaine,
 And clombe vnto his steed So forth he went,
 With heauie looke and lumpish pace, that
 plame
 In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent
 His steed eke seem'd t'apply his steps to his
 intent

Cant V



*Prince Arthur heares of Flonmett
 three fosters Timias wound,
 Belphebe finds htm almost dead,
 and reareth out of sownd*



1

Wonder it is to see, in diuerse minds,
 How diuersly loue doth his pageants play,
 And shewes his powre in variable kinds
 The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
 Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
 It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
 And m lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day
 But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire

2
 Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenesse,
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest
 Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlenesse,
 Euer to creepe into his noble brest,
 But to the highest and the worthiest
 Lifteth it vp, 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 poursuit him forward still doth
 call

3
 Who long time wandred through the forrest
 wyde,
 To hnde some issue thence, till that at last
 He met a Dwarfe, that seemed ternfyde
 With some late penill, which he hardly past,
 Or other accident, which him aghast,
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
 And whither now he trauelled so fast
 Forsoreheswat, and running through that same
 Thicke forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet
 nigh lame

4
 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 Faery court, where I haue many a day
 Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,
 And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
 Who lately left the same, and tooke this way
 Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand
 Which way she fared hath, good Sir tell out of
 hand

5
 What mister wight (said he) and how arayd ?
 Royally clad (quoth he) in cloth of gold,
 As meetest may beseme a noble mayd,
 Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
 A fairer wight did neuer Sunne behold,
 And on a Palfrey rides more white then snow,
 Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold
 The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
 Is, that she is the fairest wight ahue, I trow

6
 Now certes swaine (said he) such one I weene,
 Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
 A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue 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 ?

7
 Perdy me leuer were to weeten that,
 (Said he) then ransome of the richest knight,
 Or all the good that euer yet I gat
 But froward fortune, and too forward Night
 Such happnesse did, maulgre, to me spight,
 And fro me reft 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 haue great ruth and
 mone

8
 That Lady is (quoth he) where so she bee,
 The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
 That euer huing eye I weene did see,
 Liues none this day, that may with her compare
 In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
 The goodly ornaments of beauteie bright,
 And is ycleped *Flortmell* the faire,
 Faire *Flortmell* belou'd of many a knight,
 Yet she loues none but one, that *Martnell* is
 hight

A Sea nymphes sonne, that *Martnell* is hight,
 Of my deare Dame is loued dearly well,
 In other none, but him, she sets delight,
 All her delight is set on *Martnell*,
 But he sets nought at all by *Flortmell*
 For Ladies loue his mother long ygoe
 Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred
 spell
 But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
 He is ysleine, which is the ground of all our woe

10
 Fiue dayes there be, since he (they say) was
 slame,
 And foure, since *Flortmell* the Court for went,
 And vowed neuer to returne againe,
 Till him ahue or dead she did inuent
 Therefore, faire Sir, for loue 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

11
 So may ye game to you full great renowme,
 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, Dwarfe, comfort to thee
 take,
 For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
 I here auow thee neuer to forsake
 Ill weares he armes, that mil them vse for Ladies
 sake

So with the Dwarfe he backe return'd agame,
 To seeke his Lady, where he mote her find,
 But by the way he greatly can complaine
 The want of his good Squire late left behind,
 For whom he wondrous pensieue grew in mind,
 For doubt of daunger, which mote him betide,
 For him he loued aboute all mankind,
 Hauing him trew and faithfule euer tride,
 And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights
 side

13

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
 Of deadly daunger, which to him betid,
 For whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,
 After that foster fowle he fiercely rid,
 To bene auenged of the shame, he did
 To that faire Damzell Him he chaced long
 Through the thicke woods, wherein he would
 haue hid
 His shamefull head from his auengement strong,
 And oft him threatned death for his outrageous
 wrong

Nathlesse the villen sped him selfe 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 sight 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 heauy plague, that for such leachours is
 prepard

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
 His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
 And cast t'auenge him of that fowle despyght,
 Which he had borne of his bold enimee
 Tho to his brethren came for they were three
 Vngratious children of one gracelesse sire,
 And vnto them complained, how that he
 Had vsed bene of that foolehardy Squire,
 So them with bitter words he stird to bloudy ire

16

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
 Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byhue,
 And with him forth into the forest went,
 To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue
 In their steme brests, on him which late did
 dnuie
 Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight
 For they had vow'd, that neuer he ahue
 Out of that forest should escape their might,
 Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such
 despyght

17

Within that wood there was a couert glade,
 Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
 Through which it was vneath for wight to wade,
 And now by fortune it was ouerflowne
 By that same way they knew that Squire vn
 knowne
 Mote algates passe, for thy themselves they set
 There in await, with thicke woods ouer growne,
 And all the while their mahce they did whet
 With cruell threats, his passage through the ford
 to let 18

It fortun'd, as they deuiz'd had,
 The gentle Squire came rydmg that same way,
 Vnweeting 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 doenafore.

With that at him a quiu'nng dart he threw,
 With so fell force and villenous despyghte,
 That through his habeneon the forkehead flew,
 And through the linked mayle semper pierced quite,
 But had no powe in his soft flesh to bite
 That stroke the hardy Squire did sore 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 vame
 disease

20

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 vrilucky quill,
 The wicked Steele stayd not, till it did light
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill
 Exceeding gnefe that wound in him empight,
 But more that with his foes he could not come
 to fight 21;

At last through wrath and vengeaunce making
 way,
 He on the bancke arriu'd with mickle paine,
 Where the third brother him did sore assay,
 And droue at him with all his might and mame
 A forrest bill, which both his hands did straine,
 But warily he did auoide the blow,
 And with his speare requited him agame,
 That both his sides were thrilled with the
 throw,
 And a large streame of bloud out of the wound
 did flow

22

He tamhng 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 bhn,
But both atonce on both sides him bestad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had

23

Tho when that villain he auiz'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 chm he cleft his head in twame
Downe on the ground his carkas groueling fell,
His smfull soule with desperate disdame,
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine

24

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

25

With that he would haue fled into the wood ,
But *Timias* him lightly ouerhent,
Right as he entng was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent
The carkas with the streame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backward on the Continent
So mischief fel vpon the meeners crowne ,
They three be dead with shame, the Squire hues
with renowne

26

He hues, but takes small loy of his renowne ,
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne ,
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 ahue,
Else shall thy loumg Lord thee see no more,
But both of comfort him thou shalt depnue,
And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst
atchiue

27

Prouidence heauenlj passeth humg thought,
And doth for wretched mens relief e 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 *Braggadocho* did affray,
And made him fast out of the forrcst runne ,
Belphosbe was her name, as faire as *Phocbm*
sunne

28

She on a day, as she pursewd the chace
Of some wild east, which with her arrowes
keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of bloud, which she had freshly seene,
To haue bespnckled all the grassy greene ,
By the great persue, which she there perceau'd,
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more hast, the life to haue bereau'd
But ah, her expectation greatly was deceau'd

29

Shortly she came, whereas that woefull Squire
With bloud deformed, lay m deadly swownd
In whose faire eyes, like limps of quenched hre,
The Christall humour stood congealed rownd ,
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to grownd,
Knotted with bloud, 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

30

Saw neuer huing eye more heauy sight,
That could haue made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or nue m twame which when that Lady bright
Besides all hope with melting eyes did vcw,
All suddainly abasht she changed hew,
And with sternerhorour backward gin to start
But when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and vnwonted smart
The point of pittty perced through her tender
hart

31

Meekely she bowed downe, to weete if life
Yet in his frosen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulses beating rife,
That the weake soule her seat did yet retame,
She cast to comfort him with busie paine
His double folded necke she reard vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling
vame,
His mayled habeneon she did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light

32

Into the woods thenceforth 111 hast she went,
To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy,
For she of hearbes had great intendment,
Taught of the Nymphe, which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew Nobility
There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachea*, or *Polygonv*,
She found, and brought it to her patient deare
Who al this while lay bleeding out his hart
bloud neare

33

Thesoueraigneweдебetwixtwomarblesplaine
She pownded small, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her hilly handes twaine,
Into his wound the myce thereof did scruze,
And round about, as she could well it vzc,
The flesh therewith she suppld and did steepe,
T'abate allspasmc, and soke the swelling bruze,
And after hauing searcht the mtuse deepe,
She with her scarfe did bind the wound from
cold to keepe

34

By this he had sweete life recur'd againe,
And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,
His watry eyes, dnzng like deawy nine,
He vp 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 diumities,
And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gildcn quier lying him beside

35

Mercy deare Lord (said he) what grace is this,
That thou hast shewed to me sinfuli wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of bhs,
To comfort me in my distressed plight ?
Angell, or Goddesse do I call thee right ?
What seruice may I do vnto thee mecte,
That hast from darknesse me returned to light,
And with thy heavenly salues and med'emes
sweete,
Hast drest my sinfuli wounds ? I kisse thy
blessed fcete

36

Thereat she blushing said, All gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
And daughter of a woody Nymphe, desire
No seruice, but thy safety and ayd,
Which if thou game, I shalbe well apayd
Wemortall wights whose huesand fortunes bee
To commun accidents still open layd,
Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,
To succour wretched wights, whom we captiued
see

37

By this her Damzels, which the former chace
Had vndertaken after her, arriu'd,
As did *Belphebe*, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depnu'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow ryu'd
For thy the bloody tract they follow fast,
And euery one to runne the swiftest stryu'd,
But two of them the rest far ouerpast,
And where their Lady was, arrued at the last

33

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with
blood
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wovnd,
They wondrcd much, and shortly vnderstood,
How him in deadly case their Lady fownd,
I And rskewed out of the heauy stownd
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in
swownd, [stayd,
[She made those Damzels search, which being
j They did him set thereon, and forth with them
conuayd

39

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountames round about enuironed,
And mighty woods, 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 nuer plaide
Emongst thepumpy stones, whichseemd toplaine
With gentle murmure, that his course they did
restraine

40

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds song many a louely lay
Of gods high prayse, and of their loues sweet
tcene,
As it an earthly Paradize had beene
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pauihon, scarcely to be seene,
The which was all within most richly dight,
Thatgreatest Princes liuingitn ote well delight

41

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and
layd
In easie couch his feeble hmbes to rest,
He rested him a while, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better salues new drest,
Dayly she dressed him, and did the best
His gneuous hurt to garish, that she might,
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight

42

0 foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one and makes another wound
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyesand gracious countenance
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despaire without aleggaunce ?

43

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole
Still whenas he beheld the heauenly Mayd,
Whiles dayly plaisters to his wound she layd,
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whilesher matchlessebeautiehimdismaid
Ah God, what other could he do at least,
But ioue so faire a Lady, that his life releast ?

44

Long while he stroue in his courageous brest,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soueraigne bounty, and celestially hew,
The same to loue he strongly was constramd
But from his meane estate he did reuew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restramd,
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell loue thus
plamd

45

Vnthankfull wretch (said he) is this the meed,
With which her soueraigne mercy thou doest
quight ?
Thy life she saued by her gracious deed,
But thou doest weene with villenous despight,
To biot her honour, and her heauenly light
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light
Fairst death it is to shonne more shame, to dy
Dye rather, dy, then euer loue disloyally

46

But if to loue disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought ? ah fane be such reproch from mee
What can I lesse do, then her loue therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore ?
Dye rather, dye, and dying do her serue,
Dying her serue, and hung her adore,
Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue
Dye rather, dye, then euer from her seruice
swerue

47

But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice bace
To her, to whom the heauens do seme and sew?
Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,
She heauenly borne, and of celestially hew
How then of all loue taketh equall vew
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The loue and seruice of the basest crew ?
If she will not, dye meekly for her sake,
Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake

48

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weaknesse he was first at last,
To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill
Which as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
It left, but both did auite drye vp, and blast,
As percing leuin, which the inner part
Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art

49

Which seeing faire *Belphebs* gan to feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not healed,
Or that the wicked Steele empoynsd were
Little she weend, that loue he close concealed,
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congealed,
When the bright sunne his beams thereon
doth beat,
Yet neuer he his hart to her reuealed,
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
Then with dishonorable termes her to treat

50

She gracious Lady, yet no pames did spare,
To do him ease, or do him remedy
Many Restoratues of vertues rare,
And costly Cordial les she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne mallady
But tliat sweet Cordiall, which can restore
A loue sick hart, she did to him enuy,
To him, and to all th'vnworthy world forlore
She did enuy that soueraigne salue, in secret
store

51

That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne
Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to
showre,
But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,
When so the froward skye began to lowre
But soone as calmed was the Chnstall aire,
She did it faire dispreed, and let to florish faire

52

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 natuie place,
 And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
 That mortall men her glory should admire
 In gentle Ladies brest, and bounteous race
 Of woman kind it fairest flowre doth spire,
 And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire

53

Faire ympes of beautie, whose bright shining
 beames
 Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
 And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
 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 Godstribunall

54

To youre faire selues a faire ensample frame,
 Of this faire virgin, this *Belphosbe* faire,
 To whom in perfect loue, and spotlesse fame
 Of chastitie, none humg may compaire
 Ne poysnous Enuy mstly can empaire
 The prayse of her fresh frowning Maidenhead,
 For thy she standeth on the highest staire
 Of th'honorable stage of womanhead,
 That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead

55

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity,
 Nathlesse she was so courteous and kind,
 Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,
 That seemed those two vertues stroue to find
 The higher pche in her Heroick mind
 So struing each did other more augment,
 And both encrease the prayse of woman kind,
 And both encrease her beautie excellent,
 So all did make in her a perfect complement



Cant. VI.

*The birth of faire Belphosbe and
 OjAmoret is told
 The Gardins of Adonis fraught
 With pleasures manifold*



1

Well 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 curtesy
 Seemeth that such wild woods should farexpell
 All ciuill vsage and gentility,
 And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity

But to this faire *Belphosbe* in her berth
 The heauens so fauourable were and free,
 Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth,
 In *itiHoroscope* of her natiuitee,
 That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
 On her they poured forth of plenteous home,
loue laught on *Venus* from his soueraigne see,
 And *Phoebus* with faire beames did her adorne,
 And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle being borne

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

Her mother was the faire *Chrysogonee*,
 The daughter of *Amphisa*, who by race
 A Faerie was, yborne of high degree,
 She bore *Belphosbe*, she bore in like cace
 Faire *Amoretia* in the second place
 These two were twmnes, and twixt them two
 did share
 The heritage of all celestiall grace
 That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
 Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues
 rare

5

It were a goodly stone, to declare,
 By what straunge accident faire *Chrysogone*
 Conceiu Mthese infantsemdhowthemshebare,
 In this wild forrest wandning all alone,
 After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone
 For not as other wemens commune brood,
 They were enwombd in the sacred throne
 Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,
 As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall
 blood

6

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
 Through influence of th'heauens fruitfull ray,
 As it in antique bookes is mentioned
 It was vpon a Sommers shynie day,
 When *Titan* faire his beames did display,
 In a fresh fountaine, farre 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

7

Till faint through irkesome weannesse, adowne
 Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd
 To sleepe, the whiles agentleslombnngsowne
 Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd,
 The sunne beames bright vpon her body playd,
 Being through former bathing mollified,
 And pierst into her wombe, where theyembayd
 With so sweet sence and secret power vnspide,
 That mher pregnantflesh they shortly fructifide

8

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades
 So straunge ensample of conception,
 But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
 Of all things huing, through impression
 Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
 Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd
 So after *Nilus* inuvasion,
 Infinite shapes of creatures men do fynd,
 Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath
 shynyd

9

Great father he of generation
 Is rightly cald, th'author of life and light,
 And his faire sister for creation
 Mimstreth matter fit, which tempred right
 With heate and humour, breeds the liuing
 wight
 Sosprongthese twinnes inwombeof *Chrysogone*,
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
 Wondred to see her belly so vpblood,
 Which still increast, till she her terme had full
 outgone

10

Whereof concerning shame and foule disgrace,
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
 She fled into the wildernesse a space,
 Till that vnweeldy burden she had reard,
 And shund dishonor, which as death she feard
 Where weane of long trauell, downe to rest
 Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard,
 There a sad cloud of sleepe her ouerkest,
 And seized euery sense with sorrow sore opprest

11

It fortun'd, faire *Venus* hauing lost
 Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,
 Whoforsome light displeasure, which him crost,
 Was from her fled, as flit as ayerie Doue,
 And left her bhsfull bowre of loy aboue,
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
 And wandred in the world in strange aray,
 Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might
 him bewray)

12

Him for to seeke, she left her heauenly hous,
 The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
 Whence all the world deriues the glorious
 Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
 With which high God his workmanship hath
 deckt,
 And searched euery way, through which his
 wings
 Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect
 She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things
 Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings

FirstshehimsoughtinCourt, wheremosthe'scd
 Whylometohaunt, butthereshefoundhimnot,
 But many there she found, which sore accused
 His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot
 His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot
 Ladies and Lords she euery 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

14

She then the Citties sought from gate to gate,
 And euery one did aske, did he him see,
 And euery one her answerd, that too late
 He had him seene, and felt the crueltie
 Of his sharpe darts and whot artille ,
 And euery one threw forth reproches rife
 Of his mischicuous deedes, and said, That hee
 Was the disturber of all ciuill life,
 The enemy of peace, and author of all strife

15

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
 And m the rurall cottages inquired,
 Where also many plaints to her were brought,
 How he their heedlesse harts with loue had fyred,
 And his false venim through their veines
 inspyred,
 And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which
 sat
 Keepingtheirflcecieflockes,as they were hyred,
 Shesweetlyheardcomplaine,bothhowandwhat
 Her sonne had to them doen , yet she did smile
 thereat

16

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She gan auize, where else he mote him hyde
 At last she her bethought, that she had not
 Yetoughtthhesaluagewoodsandforrestswyde,
 In which full many louely Nymphes abyde,
 Mongst whom might be, that he did closelylye,
 Or that the loue of some of them him tyde
 For thy she thither cast her course t'apply,
 To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company

Shortly vnto the wastefull woods she came,
 Whereasshe found the Goddesse with her crew,
 After late chace of their embrcwed game,
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew,
 Some of them washing with the liquid dew
 From off their dainty hmbes the dustie sweat,
 And soyle which did deforme their huely hew,
 Others lay shaded from the scorching he i t ,
 The rest vponher persongauaeattendance great

18

She hauing hong vpon a bough on high
 Her bow and painted quiuer, had vnlaste
 Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lancke loynes vngirt, and breasts vn
 braste,
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste ,
 Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
 Embreaded were for hmdng of her haste,
 Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,
 And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all bespnckled
 fcght

19

Soone as she *Venus* saw behind her backe,
 She was asham'd to be so loose surprized,
 Andwoxehalfewrothagainstherdamzelsslacke,
 That had not her thereof before auized,
 But su fired her so carelesly disguised
 Be ouertaken Soone her garments loose
 Vpgath'rmg, in her bosome she comprized,
 Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,
 Whiles all her Nymphes did like a giriond her
 enclose

20

Goodly she gan faire *Cytherea* greet,
 And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
 Into that wildernesse for her vnmeet,
 From her sweete bowres, and beds with
 pleasures fraught
 That suddem change she strange aduventure
 thought
 To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,
 That she her dearest sonne *Cuptdo* sought,
 Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled ,
 That she repented sore, to haue him angered

21

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
 Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing sayd ,
 Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne
 Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
 To your disports ill mote ye bene apayd
 But she was more engueued, and rephde ,
 Faire sister, ill beseeemes it to vpbrayd
 A dolefull heart with so disdamfull pride ,
 The like that mine, may be your paine another
 tide

22

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
 Your glory set, to chace the saluage beasts,
 So my delight is all in loyfulnessse,
 In beds, in bowres, m banckets, and in feasts
 And ill becomes you with your loftie creasts,
 To scorne the loy, that *loue* is glad to seeke ,
 We both are bound to follow heauens behests,
 And tend our charges with obeisance meeke
 Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to
 eeke

23

And tell me, if that ye my sonne haue heard,
 Tolorkeamongst vourNymphes in secret wize,
 Or keepe their cabins much I am affeard,
 Least he like one of them him selfe disguise,
 And turne his arrowes to their exercize
 So may he long himselfe full easie hie
 For he is faire and fresh in face and guise,
 As any Nymph (let not it be enuyde)
 So saying euery Nymph full narrowly she eyde.

24

But *Phabe* therewith sore was angered,
 And sharply said , Goe Dame, goe seeke your
 boy,
 WHere you him lately left, m *Mars* his bed ,
 He comes not here, we scorne his foolish loy,
 Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy
 But if I catch him m this company,
 By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy
 The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall abyde
 He clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall
 fly.

25

Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeased,
 She inly sory was, and gan relent,
 What she had said so her she soone appeased,
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
 Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space
 She was wellpleasd, and forth her damzels sent,
 Through all the woods, to search from place to
 place,
 If any tract of him or tydmg's they mote trace

26

To search the God of loue, her Nymphes she sent
 Throughout the wandringforrest euery where
 And after them her selfe eke with her went
 To seeke the fugitiue, both farre and nere,
 So long they sought, till they arnued were
 In that same shadie couert, whereas lay
 Faire *Crysgone* in slombry traunce whilere
 Who m her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
 Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as spring-
 ing day

Vnwares she them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore
 She bore withouten paine, that she concerned
 Withouten pleasure ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide which when they both per-
 ceiu'd,
 They were through wonder nigh of sense
 bereau'd,
 And gazing each on other, nought bespake
 At last they both agreed, her seeming gneued
 Out of her heauy swowne not to awake,
 But from her louing side the tender babes to take

28

Vp they them tooke, each one a babe vptooke,
 And with them carried, to be fostered,
 Dame *Phoebe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,
 To be vpbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
 And of her selfe her name *Belpbosbe* red
 But *Venus* hers thence farre away conuayd,
 To be vpbrought in goodly womanhed,
 And in her htle loues stead, which was strayd,
 Her *Amoreila* cald, to comfort her dismayd

29

She brought her to her loyous Paradize,
 Where most she wonnes, when she on earth
 does dwel
 So faire a place, as Nature can deuize
 Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
 Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well,
 But well I wote by tryall, that this same
 All other pleasant places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost louers name,
 The *Gardn* of *Adonis*, farre renowmd by fame

30

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
 Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,
 And decks the girllonds of her paramoures,
 Are fetcht there is the first semmane
 Of all things, that are borne to hue and die,
 According to theirkindes Long worke it were,
 Here to account the endlesse progenie
 Of alltheweedes, that bud and blossome there,
 But so much as doth need, must needs be
 counted here

31

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
 And girt m with two walles on either side ,
 The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
 That none might thorough breake, nor ouer
 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

32

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 hue in mortall state,
 Till they agame returne backe by the hinder gate

33

After that they againe returned beene,
 They in that Gardin planted be againe ,
 And grow afresh, as they had neuer seene
 Fleshly corruption, nor mortall pame
 Some thousand yeares 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 o'd to
 new

34

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 themselues eternall moisture they imply

35

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
 And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
 And euery sort is in a sundry bed
 Set by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew
 Some fit for reasonable soules t'mdew,
 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 seem'd the *Ocean* could not containe them
 there

36

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 remanes in euerlastmg store,
 As it at first created was of yore
 For m the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
 In hatefull darkenesse and in deepe horrore,
 An huge eternall *Chaos*, which supplies
 The substances of natures fruitfull progenyes

37

All thingsfromthencedoe their first being fetch,
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
 Which when asformeand feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a bodie, and doth then inuade
 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 altdred to and fro

38

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

39

Great enmy to it, and to all the rest,
 That in the *Gardm* of *Adonis* springs,
 Is wicked *Time*, who with his scyth addrest,
 Does mow the flownnng herbes and goodly
 things,
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
 Where they doe wither, and are fowly mard
 He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
 Beates downe both leaues and buds without
 regard,
 Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard

40

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight
 And their great mother *Venus* did lament
 The iosse 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 hues, is subiect to that law
 All things decay in time, and to their end do
 draw

41

But were it not, that *Time* their troubler is,
 All that in this deghthfull Gardm growes,
 Should happie be, and haue immortall bhs,
 For here all plentie, and all pleasure flowes,
 Andsweet louegentle fitsemongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancor, or fond gealosie ,
 Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie
 Their goodly mentment, and gay fehctie

42

There is continuall spring, and haruest there
 Contmuall, both meeting at one tune [beare,
 lor both the boughes doe laughing blossomes
 And withfresh colours decke the wanton Prime,
 And eke atonce the heauy trees they clime,
 Which seeme to labourvnder their fruits lode
 The whiles theioyous birdes make their pastime
 Emongst the shadie leaues, their sweet abode,
 And their true loues without suspicion tell
 abroad

43

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
 There stood a stately Mount, on whoseround top
 A gloomy groue of mirtle trees did rise, [lop,
 Whose shadie boughes sharpe Steele did neuer
 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 theground with precious deaw bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, and most
 sweet delight

And in the thickest couert of that shade,
 There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Winch knitting their rancke braunches part to
 part,
 With wanton yuie twyne entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine, and Capnfole emong,
 Fashiond about within their inmost part,
 That nether *Phoebus* beams could through
 them throng, [wrong
 Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any

45

And all about grew euery sort of flowre,
 To which sad *Touers* were transformed of yore,
 Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phoebus* paramoure,
 And dearest loue,
 Foolish *Narassee*, that hkes the watry shore,
 Sad *Amaranihus*, made a flowre but late,
 Sad *Amaranihus*, in whose purple gore
 Me seemes I see *Amintas* wretched fate,
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse
 date

46

There wont faire *Venus* often to emoy
 Her deare *Adonis* loyous company,
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy,
 There yet, some say, m 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 loue enuy,
 But she her selfe, when euer that she will,
 Posseseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her
 fill

47

And sooth it seemes they say for he may not
 For euer die, and euer buried bee
 In balefull night, where all things are forgot,
 All be he subiect to mortahitie,
 Yet is eterne in mutabihtie,
 And by succession made perpetuall,
 Transformed oft, and chaunged diuershe
 For him the Father of all formes they call,
 Therefore needs mote he hue, that huing giues
 to all

There now he liueth in eternall blis,
 Ioying his goddesses, and of her enioyd
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd
 For that wilde Bore, the which him once an-
 noyd,
 She firmly hath empnsoned for ay,
 That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd,
 In a strong rocky Caue, which is they say,
 Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him
 losen may

49

There now he hues in euerlastmg roy,
 With many of the Gods in company,
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy
 Sporting himselfe in safe felicity
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
 Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
 Thither resorts, and hying his sad darts
 Aside, with faire *Adonis* plays his wanton
 parts

50

And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him plays,
 Faire *Psyche* to him lately reconcyld,
 After long troubles and vnmeet vpbayes,
 With which his mother *Venus* her reuyld,
 And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld
 But now in stedfast loue and happy state
 She with him hues, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,
 The younger daughter of *Chrysogonee*,
 And vnto *Psyche* with great trust and care
 Committed her, yfostered to bee,
 And trained vp in true feminitee
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
 Thenher owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom shee
 Made her companion, and her lessoned
 In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead

In which when she to perfect npenesse grew,
 Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
 She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
 To be thensample of true loue alone,
 And Lodstarre of all chaste affectione,
 To all faire Ladies, that doe hue on ground
 To Faery court she came, where many one
 Admyrd her goodly haueour, and found
 His feeble hart wide launched with loucs cruell
 wound

53

But she to none of them her loue did cast,
 Saue to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
 To whom her louing hart she linked fast
 In faithfull loue, t'abide for euermore,
 And for his dearest sake endured sore,
 Sore trouble of an hunous enemy,
 Who her would forced haue to haue forelore
 Her former loue, and stedfast loialty,
 As ye may elsewhere read that rueful! history

54

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
 What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
 Which fled so fast from that same foster
 steame,
 Whom with his brethren *Timias* slew, befell
 That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*,
 who wandnng for to seeke her louer deare,
 Her louer deare, her dearest *Mannell*,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
 And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle
 feare

Cant VII



The witches sonne hues Fhrimett.

sheflyes, he fairies to die

*Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
from Gyants tyrannie*



I

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feet affeard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of wmdē, her terror hath encreast,
So fled faire *Fhrimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did
heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escapt
whyleare

2

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course contnewed
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor weannesse to slacke her hast, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her readie to arrest
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where euer he thought best

3

So long as breath, and hable puissance
Did natue courage vnto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduance,
And carried her beyond all leopardy,
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby
He hauing through incessant trauell spent
His force, at last perforce a downe did ly,
Ne foot could further moue The Lady gent
Therāt was sudeinstrooke with great istonish
ment

4

And forst t'ahght, on foot mote algates fare,
A traueller vnwonted 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 trauelled, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subiect to the same,
All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouer
came

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
A htle smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, .vprolled to the sky
Which, chearef ull signe did send vntoher sight,
That m the same did wonne some huing wight
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyde,
And came at last m weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To find some refuge there, and rest her weary
syde

6

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes,
So choosing sohtane to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her deuilish
deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom euer she
enuide

7

The Damzell there arriuing entred i n ,
Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found,
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin
Who soone as she beheld that suddem stound,
Lightly vpstartd 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

8

At last turning her fcare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what dcuill had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what vnwonted path
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought ?
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer' d , Beldame be not wroth
With silly Virgin by aduenture brought
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craue but rowme to rest, while tempest
ouerblo'th

9

With that adowne out of her Chnstall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two Orient pearles, did purely shyne
Vpon her snowy cheeke , and therewithall
She sighed soft, t i n t none so bestiall,
Nor saluage 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 moued at so pitteous
sight

10

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
 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 vpon the dusty ground anon,
 Asglad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon

11

Tho gan she gather vp her garments rent,
 And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,
 With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament,
 Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,
 She was astonisht at her heauenly hew,
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
 But or some Goddesse, or of *Dianes* crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble spright,
 Tadore thing so diume as beauty, were but right

12

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

He comming home at vndertimc, there found
 The fairest creature, that he euer 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 gazed
 On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone
 withdraw
 His feeble eyne, with too much brightnesse
 dazed,
 Sostared he on her, and stood long while amazed

14

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
 What mister wight that was, and whence
 denued,
 That in so straunge disguizement there did
 maske,
 And by what accident she there arnued
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depnued,
 With nought but ghastly looks him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued
 From *Stygian* snores, where late it wandered,
 So both at her, and each at other wondered

15

But the faire Virgm was so meeke and mild,
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vild,
 Her gentle speach apphde, that in short space
 She grew famihare in that desert place
 During which time, the Chorle through her so
 kind
 And curteise vse conceiud affection bace,
 And cast to loue her in his brutish mind,
 No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly
 tind

16

Closely the wicked flame his bowels rent,
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire,
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
 As vnto her to vtter his desire,
 His caytiue thought durst not so high aspire,
 But with soft sighes, and louely semblances,
 He ween'd that his affection entire
 She should aread, many resemblances
 To her he made, and many kmd remembraunces

17

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
 And oft young birds, which he had taught tosmg
 His mistresse prayses, sweetly caroled,
 Girlands of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
 Hefinewouldlight, sometimes the shirell wild
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered
 To be her thrall, his fellow seruant vild,
 All which, she of him tooke with countenance
 meeke and mild

18

But past awhile, when she fit season saw
 To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
 In secret wize her selfe thence to withdraw,
 For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
 Might be by the witch or that her sonne com
 past
 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
 r,ght

19

And earely ere the dawning day appeard,
 She forth issewed, and on her lourney went,
 She went m penll, of each noyse affeard,
 And of each shade, that did it selfe present,
 For still she feared to be ouerhent,
 Of that vile hag, or her vnciuile sonne
 Who when too late awaking, well they kent,
 That their faire guest was gone, they both
 begonne [vndonne
 To make exceeding mone, as they had bene

20

But that lewd louer did the most lament
for her depart, that euer man did heare,
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
Andscratcht 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 empensht quight,
And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke
hight

All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and
with teares,
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell
might
Asswage the fury, which his entrails teares
So strong is passion, that no reason heares
Tho when all other helpes she saw to farle,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares
And by her deuish arts thought to preuaile,
To bring her backe agame, or worke her finall
bale

22

Eftsoones out of her hidden caue she cald
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest courage haue appald,
Monstrous mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours quaint elect,
Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pas
Like neuer yet did humg eye detect,
But hkest it to an *Hyena* was,
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feede on
gras

23

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,
Through thicke and thin her to pursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite deuourd her beauties 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 ouerhent

24

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie,
That vgly shape so sore her temfide,
That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die,
And her flit Palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,
That whilst 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

25

Which whenas she perceiu'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremitie full sore,
And of her safetie greatly grew afraid,
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 sicknesse

26

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her reuenging fathers hond
Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhead,
Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th' *Ægean* strond,
As *Fhrimell* 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 gaue her wings, and neede her
courage taught

27

It fortun'd (high God did so ordame)
As she arnued on the ronng shore,
In mmede to leape into the mighty mame,
A little boate lay houing her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand
Into the same she leapt, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand
So safetie found at sea, which she found not at
land

28

The Monster ready on the pray to sease,
Was of his forward hope decemed quight,
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vame was forst to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame
Yet to auenge his deuish despight,
He set vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly, ere any reskow came

29

And after hauing him embowelled,
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he trauelled,
It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As euer man that bloody field did fight,
But m vaine sheows, that wont yong knights
bewitch,
And courtly seruices tooke no delight,
But rather 10yd to be, then seemen sich
For both to be and seeme to him was labour hch.

30

It was to weete the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That raungdabroadto seeke aduentures wilde,
As was his wont in forrest, and in plame ,
He was all armd in rugged Steele vnfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hed
He comming present, where the Monster vilde
Vpon that milke white Palfreyes carkas fed,
Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped

31

There well percei'd 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 loued, and in all
His famous conquests highly magmfide
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore
apall

32

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
Him forst to leaue his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engraue, and muchell bloud did spend,
Yet might not do him dye, but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him
thresh

33

He wist not, how mm 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
Vpon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored, and raged to be vnder kept
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him
hept

34

As he that stnues to stop a suddem flood,
And in strong bankes his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell aboue his wonted mood,
And largely ouerflow the fruitfull plame,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne
The wof ull husbandman doth lowd complame,
To see his whole yeares labour lost so scone,
For which to God he made so many an idle
boone

35

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 vnto the victour strong
Who to auenge 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

36

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her sclender wast, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the beast, that lowd did rore
For great despiht of that vnwonted 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 neuer learned he such seruice, till that day

37

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty Giautesse,
Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd,andsought for tosuppresse,
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
I ying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and f oote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her
desire

38

Which whenas *Saiyrane* beheld, m hast
He left his captiue 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 wanly,
And at her ran she hauing him descryde,
Her selfe to fight address, and threw her lode
aside

39

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on hight
An Egle, that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ay re, stoupmg with all Ins might,
The quarry throwes to ground with fell
despiht,
And to the battell doth her selfe prepare
So ran the Geautesse vnto the fight,
Her fine eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in
peecces tare

40

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
 Wherewith she many had of life depnued,
 But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
 His speareamids her sun broad shield arnued,
 Yet nathemore the Steele a sunder nued,
 All were the beame m bignesse like a mast,
 Ne her out of the stedfast Champions driued,
 But glauncing on the temprede mettall, brast
 In thousand shiuers, and so forth besideher past

41

Her Steedd iddagger with that puissaunt strooke,
 But she no more was moued with that might,
 Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
 Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
 Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* night,
 For the braue youthly Champions to assay,
 With burning charet wheelles it nigh to smite
 But who that smites it, mars his loyous play,
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay

42

Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
 Her dreadfull weapon she to him address,
 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 cruel enemy espyde,
 She lightly vnto him adioyned side to syde,

43

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

44

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 purswed so nye,
 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 agame she did her
 take

45

By this the good Sir *Saiyrane* gan wake
 Out of his dreame, that did him longentraunce,
 And seeing none in place, he gan to make
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce
 Which reft from him so faire a cheuisaunce
 At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,
 Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce
 Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,
 Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to styre

46

To whom approching, well he mote perceiue
 In that foule plight a comely personage,
 And louely face, made fit for to deceiue
 Fraile Ladies hart with lous consuming rage,
 Now in the blossom of his freshest age
 He reard him vp, and loosed his yron bands,
 And after gan inquire his parentage,
 And how he fell into that Gyaunts hands,
 And who that was, which chaced her along the
 lands

47

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire
 bespake,
 That Geauntesse *Arganie* is behight,
 A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
 Warreagamst heauen, and heaped hils on hight,
 To scale the skyes, and put *hue* from his right
 Hirsire *Typh ocus* was, who mad throughmerth,
 And drunke with bloud of men, slaine by his
 might,
 Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
 Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that
 berth

48

For at that berth another Babe she bore,
 To weet the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
 Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
 And many hath to foule confusion brought
 These twinncs, men say, (a thing far passing
 thought)
 Whiles m their mothers wembe enclosd 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

49

So hu'd they euer after in like sin,
 Gainst natures law, and good behauioure
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
 Who not content so fowly to deuoure
 Her natue flesh, and staine her brothers bowre,
 Did wallow m all other fleshly myre,
 And suffred beasts her body to deflowre
 So what she burned in that lustfull fyre,
 Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre

50

But ouer all the country she did raunge,
 To seeke young men, to quench her flaming
 thrust,
 And feed her fancy with dehghtfull chaunge
 Whom so she fittest finds to serue her lust,
 Through her mame strength, in which she
 most doth trust,
 She with her brings into a secret He,
 Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
 Andmallshamefull sort him selfe with her defile

51

Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,
 After she long in waite for me did lye,
 And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
 Her lothsome pleasure there to satisfye ,
 That thousand deathes me leuer were to dye,
 Then breake the vow, that to faire *Columbell*
 I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly
 As for my name, it mistreth not to tell,
 Call me the *Sqyre of Dames*, that me beseemeth
 well

52

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 That Geautesse, is not such, as she seemed,
 But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,
 And deedes of ames aboue all Dames is deemed,
 And aboue many knights is eke esteemed,
 For her great worth, She *Palladine* is hight
 She you from death, you me from dread re
 deemed
 Ne any may that Monster match m fight,
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight

53

Her well beseemes that Quest (quoth *Satyrane*)
 Butread, thou *Sqyre of Dames*, what vowisthis,
 Which thou vpon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne ?
 That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
 So be ye pleasd to pardon all amiss
 That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
 After long suit and weary seruicis,
 Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
 And how she might be sure, that I would neuer
 swerue

54

I glad by any meanes her grace to game,
 Bad her commaund my life to saue, or spill
 Eftsoones she bad me, with mcessaunt paine
 To wander through the world abroad at will,
 And euery where, where with my power or skill
 I might do service vnto gentle Dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill,
 And at the twelue monethes end should bring
 their names [games
 And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious

55

So well I to faire Ladies service did,
 And found such fauour m their loumg hartes,
 That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
 Three hundred pledges for my good dcsartes.
 And thns 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 deuise a gneuous punishment

56

To weet, that I my trauell should resume,
 And with like labour walke the world around,
 Ne euer 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 euer chaste and sound
 Ah gentle Squire (quoth he) tell at one word,
 How many foundst thou such to put in thy
 record ?

57

In deed Sir knight (said he) one word may tell
 All, that I euer found so wisely stayd,
 For onely three they were disposd so well,
 And yet three yeares I now abroad haue strayd,
 To find them out Mote I (then laughing sayd
 The knight) inquire of thee, what were those
 three,
 The which thy proffred curtesie denyd ?
 Or ill they seemed sure auizd to bee,
 Or brutishly brought vp, that neu'r did fashions
 see

58

The first which then refused me (said hee)
 Certes was but a common Courtisane,
 Yet flat refusd to haue a do with mee,
 Because I could not giue her many a lane
 (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
 Hercouncsell, if she should her trust in me repose

59

The third a Damzell was of low degree,
 Whom I m country cottage found by chaunce,
 Full little weened I, that chastitee
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,
 Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
 Dwelt simple truth m seemely fashion
 Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
 In hope vnto my pleasure to haue won ,
 But was as farre at last, as when I first begon

60

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound,
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies loue, m such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to wast in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste
Ladies traine

61

Perdy, (said *Satyrane*) thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent m 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 ouercame,
He found him not, for he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of faire *Florimell* became

Cant VIII



*The Witch creates a snowy Lady,
like to Flonmell,*

*Who wrongd by Carle by Proteus sau'd,
is sought by Paridell*



I

So 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 vpon,
Should plunged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or rehefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest hart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggrauate her grieve,
For misery craues rather mercie, then repnefe

2

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enrankled her mahtious hart,
That she desyrd th'abndgement 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 broken girdle, it a part
Of hernch spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her hart
applyde

3

And with it running hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue
relned,
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former grieve with fune fresh reuiued,
Much more then earst, and would haue algates
nued
The hart out of his brest for sith her ded
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depnued
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish maladie, and long time had misled

4

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would haue slame,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
The maisters of her art there was she fame
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conmmre vpon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne, whose senses
were decayd

5

By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,
That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfetshouldshame
The thing it selfe In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke
So huely and so hke, that many it mistooke

6

The substance, whereof she the bodie made,
Was purest snow in massie mould congeald,
Which she had gathered m a shadie glade
Of the *Ruphcean* hils, to her reueald
By errant Sprights, but from all menconceald
The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wex, that neuer yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a huely sanguine it seem'd to the eye

7

In stead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In siluer sockets, shyning like the skyes,
And a quicke mouing Spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them, like a womans eyes,
In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,
With golden wyre to weaue her curled head
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thnse
As *Flortmells* faire haire and m the stead
Of life, she put a Spnght to rule the carkasse dead

8

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
And faire resemblance aboue all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darknesse fell some
while,
From heauens blisse and euerlasting rest,
Him needed not mstruct, which way were best
Himselfe to fashion likest *Flonnell*,
Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest,
For he in counterfeisance did excell,
And all thewyles of wemenswits knew passing
well

9

Him shaped thus, she deckt in garments gay,
Which *Flonnell* had left behind her late,
That who so then her saw, would surely say,
It was her selfe, whom it did imitate,
Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate
Might fairer be And then she forth her
brought
Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state,
Who seeing her gan streight vpstart, and
thought
She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had
sought

10

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
Extremely loyed m so happie sight,
And soone forgot his former sickly paine,
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coily rebutted his embracement light,
Yet still with gentle countenance retained,
Enough to hold a foole in vame delight
Him long she so with shadowes entertained,
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained

11

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woods 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 repaire,
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine,
That deedes of armes had euer in despaire,
Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine

12

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much meruciled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement
His bloudie speare eftsoones he boldly bent
Against thesillyclowne, whodeadthroughfeare,
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment,
Villein (said he) this Ladie is my deare,
Dy, if thou it gainesay I will away her beare

1

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay, nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray,
Who finding litle leasure her to wooe,
On *Tromparls* steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away
Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,
And next to none, after that happie day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seemed
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men
esteemed

14

But when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
With termes of loue and lewdnesse dissolute,
For he could well his glozing speaches frame
To such vaine vses, that him best became
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory, that she euer came
Into his powrc, that vsed her so hard,
To rauce her honor, which she more then life
prefard

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feet vpon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons courage yet he looked grim,
And fam'd to cheare his Ladie in dismay,
Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery him,
And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed

him ,6

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approchmg, with bold words and bitter threat,
Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leaue 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 icopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to
esteeme

17

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that weenst with
words
To steale away, that I withblowes haue wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous
swords
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke else without hazard of thy hed
At those proud words that other knight be-
gonne
To wexe exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be
ded

18

Sith then (said *Braggadocchio*) needes thou wilt
 Thy dayes abridge, through prooffe of puissance,
 Turne we our steedes, that both in equall tilt
 May meet agame, and each take happie chance
 This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
 Retyrd their steeds, to ronne in euen race
 But *Braggadocchio* with his bloudie lance
 Once haumg turnd, no more returnd his face,
 But left his loue to losse, and fled himself e apace

23

But when her well auizmg, he perceiued
 To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,
 Great comfort of her presence he concerned,
 And felt in his old courage new delight
 To gin awake, and stirre his frozen spright
 Tho rudely askt her, how she thither came
 Ah (said she) father, I note read aright,
 What hard misfortune brought me to the same,
 Yet am I glad that here I now in safety am

24

The knight him seeing fly, had no regard
 Him to pourscw, but to the Ladie rode,
 And haumg her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
 Vpon his Courser set the Jouely lode,
 And with her fled away without abode
 Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*
 It was, with whom in company he yode,
 And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell,
 So made him tmnke him selfe in heauen, that
 was in hell

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,
 Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock bote well,
 Least worse on sea then vs on land befell
 Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
 And said, his boat the way could wisely tell
 But his deceptfull eyes did neuer hn,
 To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy
 skin

20

But *Florimell* her selfe was farre away,
 Dnuen to great distresse by Fortune straunge,
 And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
 Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to
 change
 The land for sea, at randon there to raunge
 Yet there that cruell Queene auengeresse,
 Not satisfide so farre her to estraunge
 From courtly blisse and wonted happinesse,
 Did heape on her new waues of weary wretched
 nesse

25

The sight whereof m his congealed flesh,
 Infict such secret sting of greedy lust,
 That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
 And kindled heat, that soone m flame forth
 brust
 The driest wood as soonest burnt to dust
 Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
 Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust,
 But she with angry scome him did withstond,
 And shamefully reproued for his rudenesse fond

21

For being fled into the fishers bote,
 For refuge from the Monsters crueltie,
 Long so she on the mightie mame did flote,
 And with the tide droue forward careleshe ,
 For th'aire wasmilde, and cleared was theskie,
 And all his windes *Dan Aeolus* did keepe,
 From stirring vp their stormy enmitie,
 As pittying to see her waile and weepe ,
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe

26

But he, that neuer good nor maners knew,
 Her sharpe rebuke full htle 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 vnto 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

22

At last whendroncke withdrawsmesse, he woke,
 And saw his drouer dneue along the streame,
 He was dismayd, and thrise his breast he stroke,
 For maruall of that accident extreame ,
 But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
 Which with rare light his bote did beautifie,
 He marueild more, and thought he yet did
 dreame
 Not well awakt, or that some extasie
 Assotted had his sense, or dazed was his eie

27

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,
 All that she might, and him in vaine reuild
 She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
 To saue her honor from that villaine wild,
 And ende to heauen, from humane helpe exild
 Oye braue knights, that boast this 1 adies loue,
 Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
 Of filthy wretch ? well may shee you reproue
 Of falshood or of slouth, when most it may
 behoue

28

But if that thou, Sir *Salyran*, didst weete,
 Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sone state,
How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
 To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late ,
 Towres, Cities, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,
 In your auengement and dispiteous rage,
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate,
 But if Sir *Cahdore* could it presage,
 No huing creature could his cruelty asswage

29

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
 See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
 And souerame fauour towards chastity,
 Doe succour send to her distressed cace
 So much high God doth innocence embrace
 It fortun'd, whilst thus she stifly stroue,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,
 Along the fomy waues dnumg his finny droue

30

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
 Andhath the chargeof *Neptunes mightie* heard,
 An aged sire with head all frory hore,
 And spnnckled frost vpon his deawy beard
 Who when those pittifull outcries he heard,
 Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
 His charet swift in haste he thither steard,
 Which with a teeme of scaly *Phocas* bound
 Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him
 around

31

And comming to that Fishers wandrmg bote,
 That went at will, withouten carde or sayle,
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which
 smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
 Into his hart attonce streight did he hayle
 The greedy vellein from his hoped pray,
 Of which he now did very htle fayle,
 And with his staffe, that dnues his Heard astray,
 Him bet so sore, that life and sense did much
 dismay

32

The whiles the pitteous Ladie vp did ryse,
 Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
 Andblubbred face with teares of her faire eyes
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
 To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,
 But when she looked vp, to weet, what wight
 Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly
 shrighit

33

Her selfe not saued yet from daunger dred
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to other
 feare,
 Like as a fearefuli Partridge, that is fled
 From the sharpe Hauke, which her attached
 neare,
 And fals to ground, to seeke for succour theare,
 Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,
 With greedy lawes her readie for to teare ,
 In such distresse and sad perplexity
 Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby

34

But he endeuoured 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 preuayld ,
 For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
 And all her senses with abashment quite were
 quayld

35

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
 And with his frory lips full softly last,
 Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard,
 Dropp'd adowne vpon her yuorie brest
 Yet he himselfe so busily adrest,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought,
 And out of that same fishers filthy nest
 Remouing her, into his charet brought,
 And there with many gentle termes her faire
 besoight

36

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
 That beautie durst presume to violate,
 He cast to punish for his hamous fault,
 Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
 The virgin, whom he had abusde so sore
 So drag'd him through the waues in scornefull
 state,
 And after cast him vp, vpon the shore,
 But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore

37

His bowre is in the bottome of the maine,
 Vnder a mightie rocke, gainst which do rause
 The roaring billowes in their proud disdaine,
 That with the angry working of the waue,
 Therein is eaten out an hollow caue, [keene
 That seemes rough Masons hand with engines
 Had long while laboured it to engraue
 There was hiswonne, ne huing wight was seene,
 Saeue one old *Nymph*, hight *Panope* to keepe it
 cleane

38

Thither he brought the sory *Florimell*,
 And entertained her the best he might
 And *Panope* her entainted eke well,
 As an immortall mote a mortail wight,
 To wmn her liking vnto his delight
 With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,
 And offered faire gifts t'allure her sight,
 But she both offers and the offerer
 Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer

43

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee,
 But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
 Shall be t'aduanche thy goodly chastitee,
 And to enroll thy memorable name,
 In th'heart of euerie honourable Dame,
 That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame
 It yrkes me, leaue thee in this wofull state,
 To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late

44

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
 And neuer suffred her to be at rest
 But euermore she him refused flat,
 And all his famed kmdnesse did detest,
 So firmly she had sealed vp her breast
 Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight
 But she a mortail creature loued best
 Then he would make himselfe a mortail wight,
 But then she said she lou'd none, but a Faerie knight

Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*
 A long discourse of his aduentures vaine,
 The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,
 And finding not th' *Hyena* to be slaine,
 With that same *Squire*, returned backe agame
 To his first way And as they forward went,
 They spyde a knight faire pricking on the plaine,
 As if he were on some aduenture bent,
 And in his port appeared manly hardirrenl

40

Then like a Faerie knight himselfe he drest,
 For euerie shape on him he could endew
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,
 And offred kmgdomes vnto her in vew,
 To be his Leman and his Ladie trew
 But when all this he nothing saw preuaile,
 With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
 And with sharpe threates her often did ass'ule,
 So thinking for to make her stubborne courage
 quaille

45

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 m his crest,
 That *Paridell* it was Tho to him yode,
 And him saluting, as beseeemd best,
 Gan first mquire of tydings farre abroad ,
 And afterwards, on what aduenture now he
 rode

41

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme,
 Now like a Gyant, now like to a feend,
 Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,
 Raging within the waues thereby he weend
 Her will to win vnto his wished end
 But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
 He else could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,
 Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
 And threatned there to make her his eternall
 thrall

46

Who thereto answ enng,said, The tydings bad,
 Which now in Faerie court all men do tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning
 sad,
 Is the late rume of proud *Mannell*,
 And suddein parture of faire *Florimell*,
 To find him forth and after her are gone
 All thebraue knights, thatdoen marrrexcell,
 To sauegard her, ywandred all alone ,
 Emongst the rest my lot (vnworthy)is to be one

42

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefie,
 Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of loue
 Die had she rather in tormenting gnefe,
 Then any should of falsenesse her reproue,
 Or loosenesse, that she lightly did remoue
 Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
 And crowne of heauenly praise with Samtsaboue,
 Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous
 deed
 Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes
 exceed

47

Ah gentle knight (said then Sir *Satyrane*)
 Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,
 And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
 Henceforth for euer *FlorimeU* to be,
 That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,
 Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,
 And all faire Ladies may for euer sory be.

48

Which words when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
Gan greatly chaunge, and seem'd dismayd to
 bee,

Then said, Faire Sir, how may I weene it trew,
 That ye doe tell in such vncertamtee ?
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see [sore ?
 Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so
 For perdie else how mote it euer bee,
 That euer hand should dare for to engore
 Her noble bloud ? the heauens such crueltie
 abhore

49

These eyes did see, that they will euer rew
 Th'auie seene, (quoth he) when as a monstrous
 beast

The Palfrey, whereon she did trauell, slew,
 And of his bowels made his bloudie feast
 Which speaking token shcweth at the least
 Her certame losse, if not her sure decay
 Besides, that more suspition encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,
 Dstayynd with durt and bloud, as rehque of the
 pray

50

Aye me, (said *Pandell*) the Signes be sad,
 And but God turne the same to good soothsay,
 That Ladies safetie is sore to be drad
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till tnaill doe more certame 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 partake of their speed

51

Ye noble knights (said then *the Squire of Dames*)
 Well may ye speed in so praiseworthy paine
 But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his
 beames,

In deawy vapours of the westerne mame,
 And lose the teme out of his weary waine,
 Mote not mishke you also to abate
 Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
 Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate
 Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your
 gate

52

That counsell pleased well, so all yfere
 Forth marched to a Castle them before,
 Where soone arriung, they restrained were
 Of readie entrance, which ought euermore
 To errant knights be commun wondrous sore
 Thereat displeasd they were, till that young
 Squire

Gan them informe the cause, why thatsamedore
 Was shut to all, which lodging did desire
 The which tolet youweet, will furthertimerequire

Cant IX



Malbecco will no straunge knights host,

For peeuish gealosie:

Paridell giusts with Britomart:

Both shew their auncestrie



1

Redoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,
 Right sore I feare, least with vnworthy blames
 This odious argument my rimes 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 soueraigne light,
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse
 knight

2

But neuer let th'ensample of the bad
 Offend the good for good by paragone
 Of euill, may more notably be rad,
 Aswhiteseemesfairer, machtwithblackeatnone,
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one
 For lo m heauen, whereas all goodnesse is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy bhs,
 What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

3

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 m pnuitie,
 Yet has full large to hue, and spend at hbterie

4

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
 To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,
 For which he others wrongs, and wrecks him
 selfe,
 Yet is he hncked to a louely lasse,
 Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse,
 The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
 And also far vnhke conditions has,
 For she does my to play emongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraint and gealous
 feares

5

But he is old, and withered like hay,
 Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply,
 The pnuie guilt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keepe contruall spy
 Vpon her with his other bhcnked eye,
 Ne suffreth he resort of huing wight
 Approch to her, ne keepe her company,
 But in close bowre her mewes from all mens
 sight,
 Depnu'd of kindly loy and naturall delight,

6

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,
 Vnfitly yokt together in one teeme,
 That is the cause, why neuer any knight
 Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
 Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme
 Thereat Sir *Satyrane* gan smile, and say ,
 Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
 That weenes with watch and hard restraint to
 stay
 A womans will, which is disposd to go astray

7

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot shonne
 For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
 Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdonne ?
 It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
 Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet,
 But fast good will with gentle curtesyes,
 And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
 May her perhaps contame, that else would
 algates fleet

8

Then is he not more mad (said *Partdell*)
 That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,
 In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell ?
 I or sure a foole I do him firmly hold,
 That loues his fetters, though they were of gold
 But why do we deuise of others ill,
 Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old,
 To keepe vs out, in scorn of his owne will,
 And rather donot ransack all, and himselfe kilp

9

Nay let vs first (said *Salyrane*) entreat
 The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
 And afterwards 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 mespense,
 As may be worthy of his haynous sm
 That counsell pleasd then *Partdell* did rise,
 And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise

10

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd
 The good man selfe, which then the Porter
 playd,
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd
 Vnto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd
 Vnto their maister, who in bed was layd,
 That none him durst awake out of his dreme,
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd
 Then *Partdell* began to chaunge his theme,
 And threatned him with force and punishment
 extreme

11

But all in vaine , for nought mote him relent,
 And now so long before the wicket fast
 They way ted, that the night was forward spent,
 And the faire welkin fowly ouercast,
 Gan blownen vp a bitter stormy blast,
 With shoure and hayle so horrible and dred,
 That this faire many were compeld at last,
 To fly for succour to a little shed,
 Thewhich beside the gate for swine was ordered

12

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
 Another knight, whom tempest thitherbrought,
 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 displeasd, and thought
 How to auenge himselfe so sore abusd,
 And euermore the Carle of curtesie accusd

13

But to auoyde th'mtollerable stowre,
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the
 showre,
 Hecame, which full of guests she found whyleare,
 So as he was not let to enter there
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
 And swore, that hewould lodge with themyferre,
 Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth,
 And so defide them each, and so defide them
 both

14

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debate,
 Yet both full hefe him lodging to haue lent,
 And both full hefe his boasting to abate,
 But chiefly *Partdell* his hart did grate,
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge to kenell rate,
 That durst not barke , and rather had he dy,
 Then when he was defide, in coward corner ly

15

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
 He forth issew'd , like as a boistrous wind,
 Which in th'earthes hollow caues hath long bin
 hid,
 And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element against her kind
 To moue, and tremble as it were agast,
 Vntill that it an issew forth may find,
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
 Confoundes both land and seas, and skyes doth
 ouercast

16

Their steel hed speares they strongly coucht,
 and met
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
 Theyrudelydrouetogroundbothmanandhorse,
 That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse
 But *Paridell* sore brused with the blow,
 Could not arise, the counterchange to scorse,
 Till that young Squire him reared from below,
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about
 him throw

17

But *Satyrane* forth stepping, did them stay
 And with faire treatie pacifide their ire,
 Then when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that Castles 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 vnquenchable fire,
 And that vncurteous Carle their commune foe
 To do fowle death to dye, or wrap in grieuous
 woe

18

Malbecco seeing them resolu'd m 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 with all,
 As ignoraunt of seruants bad abuse,
 And slacke attendaunce vnto straungers call
 The knights were willing all things to excuse,
 Though nought beleu'd, and entraunce late did
 not refuse

19

They bene ybrought into a comely bowre,
 Andseru'dof all things that mote needfull bee,
 Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
 And welcomde more for feare, then chantee,
 But they dissembled, what they did not see,
 And welcomed themselves Each gan vndight
 Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
 To dry them selues by *Vulcanes* flaming light,
 Andeke their lately bruzedparts tobringm plight

20

And eke that straunger knight amongst the rest
 Was for like need enforst to disaray
 Tho whenas vailed was her loftie crest,
 Her golden locks, that were m tramels gay
 Vpbounden, did them selues adowne display,
 Andraught vnto her heeles ,like sunny beames,
 That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
 Their vapour vaded,shewtheirgolden gleames,
 And through the perbant aire shoote forth their
 azure streames

21

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

22

Like as *Minerua*, 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 the speare, downe tombled ded
 From top of *Hetnus*, by him heaped hye,
 Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hed,
 And her *Gorgoman* shield gins to vntyne
 From her left arme,to rest in glorious victor ye

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
 With great amazement of so wondrous sight
 And each on other, and they all on her
 Stood gazing, as if suddem great affright
 Had them surprised At last auizing right,
 Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
 Which they so muchmistooke, they tooke delight
 In their first errour, and yet still anew
 With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry vew

24

Yet note their hungry vew be satisfide,
 But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
 And euer firmly fixed did abide
 In contemplation of diuinitie
 But most they meruaild at her cheualree,
 And noble prowess, which they had approued,
 That much they faynd to know, who she mote
 bee,
 Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,
 Yet every one her likte, and euery one her loued.

25

And *Partdell* 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 curtesy,
 That of his Lady they might haue the sight,
 And company at meat, to do them more delight

26

But he to shift their curious request,
 Gan causen, why she could not come in place,
 Her erased health, her late recourse to rest,
 And humid euening 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 courteous
 Dame

27

They sate to meat, and *Saiyrane* his chaunce
 Was her before, and *Partdell* besyde,
 But he him selfe sate looking still askaunce,
 Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde
 Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde
 But his blind eye, that syded *Partdell*,
 All his demeanure from his sight did hyde
 On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
 And sent close messages of loue to her at will

28

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
 With speaking lookes, that close embassage
 bore,
 He rou'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 euermore
 She sent at him one fine dart, whose hed
 Empoised was withpnuy lust, and jealous dred

29

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
 But to the which 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 pame at all, for he so oft had tryde
 The powre thereof, and lou'd so oft in vame,
 That thing of course he counted, loue to enter
 tame

30

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
 His inward grieve, by meanes to him well
 knowne,
 Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate
 He on the table dasht, as ouerthrowne,
 Or of the fruitfull liquor ouerflowne,
 And by the dauncing bubbles did diume,
 Or therein write to let his loue be showne,
 Which well she red out of the learned line,
 A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine

3¹

And when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
 The guilty cup she famed to mistake,
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
 Shewing desire her inward flame to slake
 By such close signes they secret way did make
 Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escape,
 Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
 Who louers will deceiue Thus was the ape,
 By their faire handling, put into *MaWeccoes* cape

32

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
 Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,
 Vnto those knights aduenturous, to tell
 Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
 And eury one his kindred, and his name
 Then *PartdeU*, in whom a kindly pryde
 Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame
 Abounded, being glad of so fit tyde
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well
 eyde

33

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 skye
 Vpon thee heapt a direfull destime,
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,
 Sith all thy worthy prayses being blent,
 Their of spring hath embaste, and later glory
 shent

34

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
 That war re was kmlded, which did *Troy* inflame,
 And stately towres of *Ilion* whilome
 Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name
 Sir *Paris* far renownmd through noble fame,
 Who through great prowesse and bold hardi
 nesse,
 From *Lacedatwn* fetcht the fairest Dame,
 That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
 Whom *Venus* to him gae for meed of worthi
 nesse

35

Faire *Helene*, flowre oi beauteie excellent,
 And girland of the mighty Conquerours,
 That madest many Ladies deare lament
 The heaue losse of their braue Paramours,
 Which they far off beheld from *Trotan* toures,
 And saw the fieldes offaire *Scamander* strowne
 With carcasses of noble warrioures,
 Whose fruitlesse hues were vnder furrow
 sowne,
 And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with bloud all ouer
 flowne

36

From him my linage I denue aright,
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
 Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepherd hight,
 On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy,
 Whom for remembrance of her passed ioy,
 She of his Father *Partus* did name,
 Who, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
 Gathred the *Trotan* rehques sau'd from flame,
 And with them sayling thence, to th'Isle of
Paros came

37

That was by him cald *Paros*, which before
 Hight *Nausa*, there he many yeares did raine,
 And built *Nausicle* by the *Poniick* shore,
 The which he dying left next in remaine
 To *Pandas* his sonne
 From whom *I Pandell* by kin descend,
 But for faire Ladies loue, and glories game,
 My natue soile haue left, my dayes to spend
 In sewing deeds of armes, my hues and labours
 end

38

Whenas the noble *Britomarl* heard tell
 Of *Trotan* warres, and *Pnams* Citie sackt,
 The ruefull story of Sir *Pandell*,
 She was empassiond at that piteous act,
 With zelous enuy of *Greekes* cruell fact,
 Against that nation, from whose race of old
 She heard, that she was lineally extract
 For noble *Britons* sprong from *Troians* bold,
 And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes
 cold

39

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus
 O lamentable fall of famous towne,
 Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
 And of all *Asie* bore the soueraigne crowne,
 In onesadnight consumd, and throwen downe
 What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
 Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
 That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at
 euenmg late?

3KE OF THE *C^{ant}* IX-

40

Behold, Sir, how your piufull complaint
 hath found another partner of your payne For nothing may
 As countries cause, and commune toes dis
 dayne
 But it it should not grieue 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 him selfe to satetie retyre

41

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 weetlesse wandered
 From shore to shore, amongst the Lybickes sands,
 Ere rest he found Much there he suffered,
 And many penis past in forreine lands,
 To saue his people sad from victours vengefull
 hands

42

At last in *Latium* he did arnue,
 Where he with cruell warre was entertamd
 Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to
 driue,
 Till he with old *Latinus* was constramd,
 To contract wedlock (so the fates ordamd)
 Wedlock contract in bloud, and eke in blood
 Accomplished, that many deare complaind
 The nuall slame, the victour through the blood
 Escaped hardly, hardly praised his wedlock good

43

Yet after all, he victour did suruiue,
 And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part
 But after, when both nations gan to striue,
 Into their names the title to conuart,
 His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,
 With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,
 And in long *Alba* plast his throne apart,
 Where faire it flourished, and long time stoud,
 Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remoud

44

There there (said *Brilomart*) a fresh appeard
 The glory of the later world to spring,
 And *Troy* agame out of her dust was reard,
 To sit in second seat of soueraigne king,
 Of all the world vnder her gouernmg
 But a third kingdome yet is to arise,
 Out of the *Troians* scattered of spring,
 That in all glory and great enterprise,
 Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalise

45

It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues
Of wealthy *Thamis* washed is along,
Vpon whose stubborne neck, whereat he raues
Withronnegrage, and sore 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 forreme landes, and all which passen by,
Beholding it from far, do thinke it threatens the
skye

46

The *Trokn Brule* did first that Citie found,
And Hygate made the meare thereof by West,
And *Ouert* gate by North that is the bound
Toward the land, two nuers bound the rest
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat
So huge a mmd could not in lesser rest,
Ne m small meares containe his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat

47

Ah fairest Lady knight, (said *ParideU*)
Pardon I pray my heedlesse ouersight,
Who had forgot, that whilome I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*, for my wits bene light
Indeed he said (if I remember right,)
That of the antique *Troian* stocke, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew

48

For that same *Brute*, whom much he did aduance
In all his speach, was *Sylutus* his sonne,
Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrowes
glauce
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 prou'd in th' *Ocean* mayne,
And great aduentures found, that now were
long to sayne

49

At last by fatall course they driuen were
Into an Island spacious and brode,
The furthest North, that did to them appeare
Which after rest they seeking far abrode,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,
But wholly wast, and void of peoples trode,
Saeue an huge nation of the *Geaunts* broode,
That fed on liuing flesh, and druncke mens vitall
blood

50

Whom he through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold
In which the great *Goemagoof* strong
Corweus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were ouerthrowne, and layd on th' earth full
cold,
Which quaked vnder their so hideous masse,
A famous history to be enrold
In euerlasting moniments of brasse,
That all the antique *Worthies* merits far did
passe

51

His worke great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke
Faire *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 cuntry kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne So ended *Paridell*

52

But all the while, that he these speaches spent,
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,
With vigilant regard, and dew attent,
Fashioning worlds of fancies euermore
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore
The whiles vnwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy eares her weake hart from her
bore
Which he perceiung, euer pnuily
In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly

53

So long these knights discoursed diuersly,
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle reopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And heavenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent
Which th'old man seeing well, who too long thought
Euery discourse and euery argument,
Which by the houres he measured, besought
Them go to rest So all vnto their bowres were brought

Cant X

*Paridell rapeih Hellenore**Malbecco her pursewevs •**Findes emongst Satyres, whence with him**To turne she doth refuse*

I

The morow next, so soone as *Phoebus* Lamp
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,
 And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp
 Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,
 Faire *Bntomart* and that same *Faerie* knight
 Vprose, forth on their lourney for to wend
 But *Partidell* complaynd, that his late fight
 With *Britomart* so sore did him offend,
 That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did
 amend

2

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 moueth surquedry
 Two things he feared, but the third was death,
 That fierce youngmans vnruely maistery,
 His money, which he lou'd as huing breath,
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept
 vneath

3

But patience perforce he must abie,
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay,
 Fond is the feare, that findes no remedie,
 Yet wanly he watcheth euery way,
 By which he feareth euill happen may
 So th'euill thinkes by watching to preuent,
 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

4

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
 A fit occasion for his turne to find
 False loue, 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 seest euery secret of the mind,
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee,
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee

5

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
 That he *Malbecco*s halffen eye did wyle,
 His halffen eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguyle,
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
 That he there sojourned his wounds to heale,
 That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
 To weet how he her loue away did steale,
 And bad, that none their loyous treason should
 reueale

6

The learned louer lost no time nor tyde,
 That least auantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so faire a saiee, 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 speach
 He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
 That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach
 Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach

7

But when apart (if euer her apart)
 He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
 And all the sleights vnbosomd in his hart,
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swound, he perdy dydt,
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde
 Tho when againe he him bethought to hie,
 He wept, and wayld, and false laments bueye,
 Saying, but if she *Mercie* would him giue
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death
 forgiue

8

And otherwhiles with amorous delights,
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertaينه,
 Now singing sweetly, to surprise her spnghts,
 Now making layes of loue and louers paine,
 Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vame,
 Oft purposes, oft riddles he deuyds,
 And thousands like, which flowed in his
 braine,
 With which he fed her fancie, and entysd
 To take to his new loue, and leaue her old
 despysd

9

And euery where he might, and euery while
 He did her seruice dewtiful, and sewed
 At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewed,
 Who well perceiued all, and all mdewed
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
 With which he many weake harts had sub
 dewed
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled
 What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

10

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
 But that continuall battery will nue,
 Or daily sieg through dispurauyance long,
 And lacke of reskewes will to parley drlue ,
 And Peece, that vnto parley eare will giue,
 Will shortly yeeld it selfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the victors will byliue
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine dis-
 playd

11

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
 That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold
 To him, without regard of game, 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
 Deuized hath, and to her louer told
 It pleased well So well they both agree ,
 So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee

12

Darke was the Euemng, fit for louers 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 *Trotane* flames, and reach to heauens hight
 Did clap her hands, and loyed at that dolefull
 sight

13

This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
 The whiles her husband ranne with sory haste,
 To quenche the flames, which she had tyn'd before,
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste ,
 And ranne into her louers ames right fast,
 Where streight embraced, she to him did cry,
 And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past,
 For loe that Guest would beare her forcibly,
 And meant to rauish her, that rather had to dy

14

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 agame he backward cast his eye,
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously
 Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
 He was therewith distressed diuersly,
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place,
 Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull cace

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
 And left the fire, loue money ouercame
 But when he marked, how his money burnd,
 He left his wife, money did loue disclame
 Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,
 And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behind,
 Yet sith he n'ote saue both, he sau'd that same,
 Winch was the dearest to his donghill mind,
 The God of his desire, the loy of misers blind

16

Thus whiles all thngsm troublous vpror were,
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,
 The louing couple need no reskew feare,
 But leasure had, and libertie to frame
 Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame,
 And Night, the patronesse of loue stealth faire,
 Gae them safe conduct, till to end they came
 So bene they gone yfeare, a wanton paire
 Of louers loosely knit, where list them to repaire

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 waues of griefe and gealosye
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight,
 He rau'd, he wept, he stamp't, he lowd did cry,
 And all the passions, that in man may light,
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue
 spright

18

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore,
 Still when he mused on his late mischief,
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,
 And seem'd more grievous, then it was before
 At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
 Ne gnefe might not his loue to him restore,
 He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused
 thought

19

At last resoluing, 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 leaues 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 euery where that he mote vnderstond,
 Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
 And of eachone he met, he tydings did mquere

20

But all in vame, his woman was too wise,
 Euer to come into his douch againe,
 And he too simple euer to surprise
 The lolly *Partdell*, for all his paine
 One day, as he forpassed by the plame
 With weary pace, he farre away espide
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
 Which houed close vnder a forrest side,
 Asif they lay in wait, or else themselues did hide

11

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee,
 And as he better did their shape auize,
 Him seemed more their manner did agree ,
 For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
 Whom, to be *Partdell* he did deuize j
 And th'other all yclad in garments light,
 Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his Ladie bright,
 And euer hisfamt hart much earned at the sight

22

And euer fame he towards them would goe,
 But yet durst not for dread approchen me,
 But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe ,
 Till that prickt forth with lous extremitie,
 That is the father of foule gealously,
 He closely nearer crept, the truth to weet
 But, as he higher drew, he easily
 Might scerne, that It was not his sweetestsweet,
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet

23

But it was scornfull *Braggadocchto*,
 That with his seruant *Trompart* houerd there,
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe
 Whom such when as *Malbecco* spied clere,
 He turned backe, and would haue fled arere ,
 Till *Trompart* ronning hastily, him did stay,
 And bad before his soueraine Lord appere
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
 And comming him before, low louted on the lay

24

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
 As if he could haue kild him with his looke,
 That to theground him meekely made to bowe,
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
 That euery member of his bodie quooke
 Said he, Thou man of nought, what doest thou
 here,
 Vnfittly fumisht with thy bag and booke,
 Where I expected one with shield and spere,
 To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equall
 pere

25

The wretched man at his imperious speach,
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating, said,
 Good Sir, let not my rudenesse be no breach
 Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid ,
 For I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
 A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,
 That seeke a Lady, There he sudden staid,
 Anddid therest with grievous sighes suppress,
 While teares stood in his eies, few drops of
 bitterness 26

What Ladie, man (said *Trompart*) take good
 hart,
 And tell thy grieve, if any hidden lye ,
 Was neuer better time to shew thy smart,
 Then now, that noble succour is thee by,
 That is the whole worlds commune remedy
 That cheareful 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

27

Then sighing sore, It is not long (said hee)
 Sith I enioyd the gentlest Dame aliuie ,
 Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
 But shame of all, that doe for honor striue,
 By treacherous deceit did me depriue ,
 Through open outrage he her bore away,
 And with fowle force vnto his will did driue,
 Which all good knights, that armes do beare
 this day,
 Are bound for to reuenge, and punish if they may

28

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 aduanced much,
 And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
 And eke my selfe, albe I simple such,
 Your worthy paine shall well reward with
 guerdon rich
 guerdon rich 29
 With that out of his bouget forth he drew
 Great store of t reasure, therewith him to tempt,
 But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
 As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
 Or a war monger to be basely nempt,
 And said , Thy offers base I greatly loth,
 And eke thy words vn courteous and vnkempt,
 I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
 That, were it not for shame, So turned from him
 wroth

30

But *Trompart*, that his maisters humor knew,
 In lofty looks to hide an humble mind,
 Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
 And in his eare him rounded close behind
 Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,
 Waiting aduantage on the pray to sease,
 Till *Trompart* lowly to the ground inclind,
 Besought him his great courage to appease,
 And pardon simple man, that rash did him
 displease.

31

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 mou'd amisse with massie mucks vnmeet
 regard.

32

And more, I graunt to thy great miserie
 Gratiuous respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,
 And that vile knight, who euer that he bee,
 Winch hath thy Lady reft, and knighthoodshent,
 By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
 The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,
 I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent,
 Nehe twixtheauen and earth shall hide his hed,
 But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen
 beded

33

The foolish man theat 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, braue begonne
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
 As if he heauen and hell would ouerronn
 And all the world confound with cruelty,
 That much *Malbecco* loyed in his lolhity

34

Thus long they three together traueiled,
 Through many a wood, and many an vncouth
 way,
 To seeke his wife, that was far re 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

35

It fortun'd as they together far'd,
 They spide, where *Partdell* came pricking fast
 Vpon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
 Togiust with that braue stranger knignta cast,
 As on aduerture by the way he past
 Alone he rode without his Paragone,
 For hauing filcht her bells, her vp he cast
 To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
 He nould be clogd So had he serued many one

36

The gentle Lady, loose at randon left, [wide
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander
 At wilde aduerture, like a forlorne weft,
 Till on a day the *Salyres* her espide
 Straying alone withouten groome or guide,
 Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,
 With them as housewife euer to abide,
 To milk their gotes, and make them cheese
 and bred,
 And euery one as commune good her handeled

37

That shortly she *Malbecco* has forgot,
 And eke Sir *Partdell*, all were he deare,
 Who from her went to seeke another lot,
 And now by fortune was arriued here,
 Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were
 Soone as the oldman saw Sir *Paridell*,
 He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
 Ne word he had to speake, his gnefe to tell,
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well

38

And after asked him for *Hellenore*,
 I take no keepe of her (said *Partdell*)
 She wonneth in the forrest there before
 So forth he rode, as his aduerture fell,
 The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend,
 But the fresh Swayne would not his leasured well,
 But went his way, whom when he passed kend,
 He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend

39

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 vs go to seeke my dearest Dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder forrest wyld
 For of her safety in great doubt I am,
 Least saluage beastes her person haue despoiyd
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vame haue
 toyld_

40

They all agree, and forward them addrest
 Ah but (said craftie *Trompart*) weete ye well,
 That yonder in that wastefull wildemesse
 Hugemonstershaunt, and many dangers dwell,
 Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
 And many wilde woodmen, which robbe and
 rend
 All trauellers, therefore aduise ye well,
 Before ye enterprise that way to wend
 One may his lourney bring too soone to euill end

41

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
 And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
 Their counsell crau'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 *Malbeccoes* mind,
 For he was much affraid, himselfe alone to find

42

Then is it best (said he) that ye doe leaue
 Your treasure here in some secuntie,
 Either fast closed in some hollow graue,
 Or buried in the ground from reopardie,
 Till we returne againe in safetie
 As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,
 Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
 Ne prime be vnto your treasures graue
 It pleased so he did Then they march for
 ward braue

43

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,
 They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
 And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,
 Which all the forrest did with horror fill
 That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did thrill,
 With such amazement, that in haste he fled,
 Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,
 And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* sped,
 The old man could not fly, but fell to ground
 halfe ded

44

Yet afterwards close creeping, as he might,
 He in a bush did hide his fearefull hed,
 The lolly *Satyres* full of fresh delight,
 Camedaucing forth, and with them nimble led
 Faire *Hdlenore*, with girlonds all bespred,
 Whom their May lady they had newly made
 She proud of that new honour, which they red,
 And of their louely fellowship full glade,
 Daunst huely, and her face did with a Lawrell
 shade

45

The silly man that in the thicket lay
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
 Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
 But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
 To see th'vnkmdnesse of his *Hellenore*
 All day they daunced with great lustihed,
 And with their horned feet the greenegrasse wore,
 The whiles their Gotes vpon the brouzes fed,
 Till droupmg *Phoebus gan* to hide his goldenhed

46

Tho vp they gan their merry pypes to trusse,
 And all their goodly heards did gather round,
 But every *Satyre* first did giue a busse
 To *Hellenore* so busses did abound
 Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
 With perly dew, and th'Earthes gloomy shade
 Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
 That euery bird and beast awamed made,
 To shrowd themselues, whiles sleepe their senses
 did inuade

47

Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of his bush
 Vpon his hands and feete he crept full light,
 And like a Gote amongst the Gotes did rush,
 That through the helpe of his faire homes on
 hight,
 And misty dampe of misconceiuing night,
 And eke through likeness of his gotish beard,
 He did the better counterfeite aright
 So home he marcht amongst the horned heard,
 That none of all the *Satyres* him espyde or heard

48

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
 Whereas his louely wife amongst them lay,
 Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
 Who all the night did mme his loyous play
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
 That all his hart with gealosie did swell,
 But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
 That not for nought his wife themloued so well,
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell

49

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 soundly 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
 plame
 As one out of a dreame not waked well,
 She turned her, and returned backe agame
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constraime

50

At last with irkesome trouble she abrayd,
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbrayd,
With loosenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,
She was astomst with exceeding dreed,
And would haue wakt the *Salyre* by her syde,
But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To saue his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde

Tho gan he her perswade, to leaue 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 receiud againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespassed euer had bene donne
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose amongst the lolly *Saiyres* still to
wonne

52

He wooed her, till day spring he espyde,
But all in vaine and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with homes on euery syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where lins hore
beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard
Early before the heauens fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
The hearde out of their foldes were loosed
quight,
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sory
plight

53

So soone as he the Prison dore did pas,
He ran as fast, as both his feete could beare,
And neuer looked, who behind him was,
Ne scarcely who before like as a Beare
That creeping close, amongst the liues to reare
An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayhng, sore his carkasse teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy

54

Ne stayd he, till he came vnto 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 vpstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
From Limbolake him late escaped sure would say

55

High ouer biles and ouer dales he fled,
! As if the wind him on his wmges had borne,
Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when hesped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne
Griefe, and despight, and gealosie, and some
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

56

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rockie hill,
Ouer the sea, suspended dreadfully,
That humg creature it would terrify,
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight
From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his fore damned spnght,
That seem'd no helpe for him was left in humg
sight

57

But through long anguish, and selfe murdring
thought
He was so wasted and forpmed quight,
That all his substance was consumd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiud 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 caue with entrance
small

58

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,
In dreary darkenesse, and continuall feare
Of that rockes fall, which euer and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion,
Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,
Ther onng billowes beat his bowre soboysterously

59

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
But toades and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy bloud, 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 huer with mtemall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes
eternall dart

00

Yet can he neuer dye, but dying hues,
 And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
 That death and life attonce vnto him giues
 And painefull pleasure tumes to pleasing pame
 There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
 Hatefull both to him selfe, and euery wight,
 Where he through pnuy grieve, and horroure
 vame,
 Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
 Forgot he was a man, and *Gealoste* is hight

Cant XI

*Brilomart chaceth Ollyphant,
 findes Scudamour disrest.
 Assayes the house of Bussyrane,
 where Loues spoyle is exprest*

I

O hatefull hellish Snake, what fune furst
 Brought thee from balefull house *olProserpme*,
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
 And fostred vp with bitter milke of time,
 Fowle *Gealose*, that turnest loue diume
 To loylesse dread, and mak'st the loungh hart
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And bed it selfe with selfe consuming smart ?
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art

2

O let him far be banished away,
 And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell,
 Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay
 In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures well,
 Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell
 And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
 In th'harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
 And of faire *Brilomart* ensample take,
 That was as trew in loue, as *Turtle* to her make

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 *Geaunt*, 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 reft
 whylere,
 This alias bad as she, and worse, if worse ought
 were

4

For as the sister did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceede all woman kind,
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly vse that I did euer find ,
 Whom when as *Bniomart* 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 him did
 vew

5

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behmd, e,
 But with like hercenesse did ensew the chace
 Whom when the *Gyaunt* saw, he soone resmd
 His former suit, and from them fled apace ,
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
 And each did striue the other to out goe,
 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

6

It was not *Satyrane*, whom he did feare,
 But *Brilomart* the flowre of chastity ,
 For he the powre of chast 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 thev enter, and search euery where,
 They searched diuersely, so both diuided were

Faire *Brilomart* so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a fountame sheare,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare
 His habeneon, his helmet, and his speare ,
 A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
 On which the winged boy in colours clare
 Depeinct was, full easie to be knowne,
 And he thereby, where euer it in field was
 showne

8

His face vpon the ground did grouehng ly,
 As if he had bene slombng in the shade,
 That the braue Mayd would not for courtesy,
 Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,
 Nor seeme too suddenly him to muade
 Still as she stood, she heard with gneuous
 throb
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with most pamef ull pangs to sigh and sob,
 That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob

9

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He said, O soueraigne Lord that sit'st on hye,
 And raignt in blis amongst thy blessed Saintes,
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
 So long vnwreaked of thine enemy?
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens causes no heed?
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousness
 no meed?

10

If good find grace, and righteousness reward,
 Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
 Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd
 On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?
 Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand
 The wrongfull outrage of vnngheteous men,
 Why then is *Bustrane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, these seuen monethes day in secret den
 My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

II

My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend
 In dolefull darknesse from the vew of day,
 Whilest deadly torments do her chaste brest
 rend,
 And the sharpe Steele doth riuie her hart in t way,
 All for she *Scudamore* will not deny
 Yet thou vile man, vile *Scudamore* art sound,
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay,
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
 For whom so faire a Lady feelles so sore a
 wound

There an huge heape of smgultes did opp-esse
 His strugling soule, and swelling throbs em
 peach

His foltnng tounge with pangs of drennesse,
 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 breach,
 Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
 Fearing least from her cage the weane soule
 would flit

13

Tho stooping downe she him amoued light,
 Who there with some what startmg. vp gan looke,
 And seeing him behind a straunger knight,
 Whereas no huing creature he mistooke,
 With great mdignance he that sight forsooke,
 And downe againe himselfe disdamefully
 Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forehead
 strooke
 Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus
 courtlesly.

14

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe concerned griefe
 Well seemes t'exceede the powre of patience,
 Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
 You send, submit you to high prouidence,
 And euer in your noble hart prepense,
 That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
 Then vertues might, and values confidence,
 For who hill bide the burden of distresse,
 Must not here thinke to hue for life is
 wretchednesse

Therefore, faire Sir, do 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 endeouour will apply
 Those feeling wordes so neare the quicke did
 goe,
 That vp his head he reared easily,
 And leaning on his elbow, these few wordes let
 fly

16

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
 And sow vame sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest
 Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
 Out of her thraldome and contruall 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 dreidfull feends hath pointed to her
 gard

17

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
 And day and night afflicts with mortall pame,
 Because to yield him loue she doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yold agame
 But yet by torture he would her constraine
 Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull brest,
 Till so she do, she must in doole remame,
 Ne may by liuing meanes be thence relest
 What boots it then to phine, that cannot be
 redrest?

18

With this sad hersall of his heauy stresse,
 The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
 And said, Sirknight, your cause is nothing lesse,
 Then is your sorrow, certes if not more,
 For nothing so much pittie doth implore,
 As gentle Ladies helplesse misery
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will with prooffe of last extremity,
 Dehuer her fro thence, or with her for you dy

19

Ah gentlest knight alieue, (said *Scudamore*)
 What huge heroicke magnanimity
 Dwels 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 20

Thus she at length perswaded him to rise,
 And with her wend, to see what new successe
 Mote him befall vpon new enterprise,
 His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
 She gathered vp and did about him dresse,
 And his forwardred steed vnto him got
 So forth they both yere make their progresse,
 And march not past the mountaunce of a shot,
 Till they arriu'd, whereas their purpose they did
 Plot

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold
 And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate,
 Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
 Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,
 But in the Porch, that did them sore 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 reuoke

22

Greatly thereat was *Bontomari* aismayd,
 Ne in that stownd wist, how her selfe to beare,
 For daunger vame it were, to haue 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 prouoke we heare,
 Foolhardy as th'Earthes children, the which
 made
 Battell against the Gods ? so we a God inuade

23

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 remou'd away,
 So mighty be th'enchautments, which the
 same ao stay.

24

What is there else, but cease these fruitles
 paines,
 And leaue me to my former languishing ?
 Faire *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And *Scudamore* here dye with sorrowing
 Perdy not so, (said she) for shamefull thing
 It were t'abandon noble cheuisaunce,
 For shew of penll, without venturing:
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Then enterpsnd prayse for dread to disauaunce

25

Therewith resolu'd to proue her vtmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her swords point directing forward right,
 Assayld the flame, the which eftsoones gaue
 place,
 And did it selfe diuide with equall space,
 That through she passed, as a thunder bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The soring clouds into sad shewes ymolt,
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force
 reuott 26

Whom whenas *Scudamour* saw past the fire,
 Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
 With greedy will, and enuious 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

27

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 wodnesse he effierced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
 Did beat and bounce his head and brestfullsore,
 The whiles the Championesse now entred has
 The vtmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,
 The vtmost rowme, abounding with all precious
 store

28

For round about, the wals yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great maiesty,
 Wouen with gold and silke so dose and nere,
 That the rich metall lurked pnully,
 As faining to be hid from enuious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares
 It shewd it selfe, and shone vnwillingly,
 Like a discoloured Snake, whose hidden snares
 Through the Greene gras his long bright bur
 nisht backe declares

29

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
 And all of loue, and all of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat,
 And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
 And cruell battels, 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 30

Therein was writ, how often thundring *loue*
 Had felt the point of his hart percing dart,
 And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
 In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding
 smart,
 Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
 Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw
 Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
 Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruants
 law

31

Soone after that into a golden showre
 Him selfe he chaung'd faire *Danae* to vew,
 And through the roofof her strong brasen
 towre
 Did rame into her lap an hony dew,
 The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
 Of such deceipt, kept th'yron dore fast bard,
 And watcht, that none should enter nor issew,
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the
 ward,
 Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe trans
fard

32

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
 To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
 That her in daffadilhes sleeping made,
 From scorching heather daintie limbes to shade
 Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his fetherswyde,
 And brushing his faire brest, did her inuade
 She slept, yet twixt her eyelids closely spyde,
 How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his
 pryde 33
 Then shewd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*
 Deceiu'd of gealous *luno*, did require
 To see him in his soueraigne maiestee,
 Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
 Whence dearely she with death bought her
 desire
 But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
 Ioymg his loue in likenesse more entire,
 Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
 He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake

34

Twise was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
 And with wide wings to beat the buxome ay re,
 Once, when he with *Aslerie* did scape,
 Againe, when as the *Troiane* 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

35

In *Satyres* shape *Aniiope* he snatcht
 And like a fire, when he *Aegin* assayd
 A shepheard, when *Mnemosyne* he catcht
 And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd
 Whiles thus on earth great lone these page
 aunts playd,
 The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
 And scoffing, thus vnto his mother sayd,
 Lo now the heauens obey to me alone,
 And take me for their *loue*, whiles *loue* to earth
 Is gone 36

And thou, faire *Phabus*, in thy colours bright
 Wast there enwouen, and the sad distresse,
 In which that boy thee plunged, for despight,
 That thou bewray 'dst his mother swantonnesse,
 When she with *Mars* was meynt in loyfulnessse
 For thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
 To loue faire *Daphne*, which thee loued lesse
 Lesse she thee lou'd, then was thy lust desart,
 Yet was thy loue her death, and her death was
 thy smart

37

So louedst thou the lusty *Hyaanct*,
 So louedst thou the faire *Coronts* deare •
 Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
 Yet both in flowres do hue, and loue thee beare,
 The one a Pounce, the other a sweet breare
 For gnefe whereof, ye mote haue huely seene
 The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
 And breaking quite his gyrlond euer greent
 With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene

38

Both for those two, and for his owne deare
 sonne,
 The sonne of *Chmene* 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 eftsoones to follow other game,
 And loue a Shepheards daughter fot his dearest
 Dame

39

He loued *Isse* for his dearest Dame,
 And for her sake her cattell fed a while,
 And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
 The seruant of *Admetus* cowheard vile,
 Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile
 Long were to tell each other louely fit,
 Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
 Now like a Stag, now like a faulcon flit
 All which in that faire arras wasmost huely writ

40

Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
 In his diume resemblance wondrous lyke
 His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
 Dropped with brackish deaw, his three forked
 Pyke [stryke
 He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did
 The raging billowes, that on euery syde
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad
 dyke,
 That his swift charet might haue passage wyde,
 Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in
 temewise tyde

41

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,
 And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie
 streame, [agayne,
 That made the sparckling waucs to smoke
 And flamewithgold, but the whitefomycraeme,
 Did shine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame,
 The God himselfe did pensue seeme and sad,
 And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame
 For priuy loue his brest empierced had,
 Ne ought but deare *Bisallis* ay could make him

He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
 And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arne* hight,
 For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,
 And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight
 Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
 He turnd him selfe 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
 theyare

43

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
 That sullem *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
 Yet loue is sullain, and *Saturnlike* seene,
 As he did for *Erigone* it proue,)
 That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue
 So prou'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
 When for to compasse *Phylliras* hard loue,
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes
 decline

44

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
 And gentle pangues, with which he made meeke
 The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes
 How oft for *Venus*, and how often eek
 For many other Nymphes he sore did shreeke,
 With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike
 Priuily moystening his horrid cheek [smarts,
 There was he painted full of burning darts,
 And many wide woundes launched through his
 inner parts

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 tast the sweet consuming woe,
 Which he had wrought to many others *moe*
 But to declare the mourn full Tragedyes,
 And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did
 strow,
 More eath to number, with how many eyes
 High heauen beholds sad louers nightly
 theeueryes 46

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies, Knights and
 Damzels gent

Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
 And mingled with the raskall rabblement,
 Without respect of person or of port,
 To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort
 And round about a border was entrayld,
 Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuered short,
 And a long bloudy nuer through them rayld,
 So huely and so like, that liumg sence it fayld

47

And at the vpper end of that faire rowmc,
 There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
 Of passing vawle, and of great renouwme,
 On which there stood an Image all alone,
 Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone,
 And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
 More sundry colours, then the proud *Paounc*
 Beares in his boasted fan, or *Ins* bright,
 When her discoloured bow she sprede through
 heauen bright 48

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

49

And vnderaeath his feet was writtten thus,
Vnto the Victor of the Gods this bee
 And all the people in that ample hous
 Did to that image bow their humble knee,
 And oft committed fowle Idolatree
 That wondrous sight faire *Britomart* amazed,
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
 But euermore and more vpon it gazed,
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile
 senses dazed

50

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
 To search each secret of that goodly sted,
 Ouer the dore thus writtten she did spye
Be bold she oft and oft it ouer red,
 Yet could not find what sence 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

51

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
 And richlier by many partes arayd
 For not with arras made in painefull loome,
 But with pure gold it all was ouerlayd,
 Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their
 follies playd,
 In the rich metall, as they liuing were
 A thousand monstrous formes therein were
 made,

Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare,
 For loue in thousand monstrous formes doth oft
 appeare 52

And all about, the glistnng walles were hong
 With warhkespoiles, and with victorious pray es,
 Of mighty Conquerours and Captaines strong,
 Which were whilome captiued in their dayes
 To cruell loue, and wrought their ownedecayes
 Their swerds 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 merclesse intent

53

The warlike Mayde beholding earnestly
 The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
 Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfie
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space,
 But more she meruaild that no footings trace,
 Nor wight appear'd, but wdstepfull emptinesse,
 And solemne silence ouer all that place
 Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to
 possesse [fulnesse]
 So rich purueyance, ne them keepe with care

54

I And as she lookt about, she did behold,
 How ouer that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and euery where *Be bold.*
 That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
 By any riddiing skill, or commune wit
 At last she spyde at that roomes vpper 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

55

Thus she there waited vntill euentide,
 Yet liuing 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 heauy eyes with natures burdem deare,
 But drew her selfe aside in sicknesse,
 And her welpomted weapons did about her
 dresse

Cant XII

*The maske of Cupid, and th enchanted
 Chamber are displayd*

*Whence Brilomart redeems faire
 Amoret, through charmes decayd*

I

Tho when as chearelesse Night ycouered had
 Faire heauen with an vniuersall cloud,
 That euery wight dismayd with darknesse sad,
 In silence and in sleepe themselues did shroud,
 She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,
 Signe of nigh battell, or got victory,
 Nought therewith daunted was her courage
 proud,
 But rather stird to cruell enmity,
 Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry

2

With that, an hideous storme of wmds arose,
 With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
 And an earth quake, as if it streight would lose
 The worlds foundations from his centre fixt,
 A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
 Ensewd, whose noyance filld the fearefull sted,
 From the fourth houre of night vntill the sixt,
 Yet the bold *Britonesse* was nought ydred,
 Though much emmou'd, but stedfast still per
 seuered

3

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped euerydore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mightie leuers had bene tore
And forth issewd, as on the ready flore
Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haueour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage

4

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 huely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned,
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discouered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered

5

The noble Mayd, still standing all this vewd,
And merueiid at his strange intendment,
With that a lyouous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrals, making goodly mentment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together sung full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweet conceit
After whom marcht a lolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly

6

The whiles a most dehtious harmony,
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to
sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frailesoule indepedelightrightdround
And when it ceast, shrill trompets loud did bray,
That their report did farre away rebound,
And when they ceast, it gan agame to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim
aray

7

The first was *Fancy*, like a louely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of *Troy*,
Whom loue did loue, and chose his cuptobear, e,
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 euery wood, and euery valley wyde
He fild with *Hylas* name, the Nymphes eke
Hylas cryde

8

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But painted 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 mou'd still here and there

9

And him beside marcht amorous *Desyre*,
Whose end of neryeares, the nth' other Swaine,
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
And gaue him being, commune to themtwayne
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry,
Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did
strame,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiu'd, and forth in
flames did fly

10

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguise,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeues dependant *Albanese* wyse
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrink he did auyse,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk, when hard
theron he lay 11

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
Strange horror, to deforme his griesly shade,
A net in th'one hand, and a rustle blade
In th'other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap,
With th'one his foes he threatned to muade,
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to
entrap 12

12

Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moung to and fro,
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and wingyheeld ,
And euermore on daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did
wield

13

With him went *Hope* in rancke, a handsome
 Mayd,
 Of chearefull looke and louely to behold,
 In silken samite she was light arayd,
 And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold,
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water Spnnckle, dipt m dewe,
 With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
 Great liking vnto many, but true loue to f eowe

14

And after them *Dissemblance*, and *Suspect*
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an vnequall 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 purloyned,
 And her bright browes were deckt with bor
 rowed haire
 Her deedes were forged, and her words false
 coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she
 twynd 15

But he was foule, ill fauoured, and grim,
 Vnder his eyebrowes looking still askaunce,
 And euer as *Dissemblance* laught on him,
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglance,
 Shewing his nature in his countenance,
 His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,
 But walkt each where, for feare of hid mis
 chaunce,
 Holding a lattice still before his face,
 1 through which he still did peepe, as forward he
 did pace 16

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere,
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Downehanginghisdull head withheauchere,
 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 17

But *Fury* was full ill apparelled
 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 oft 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

18

After them went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*,
 He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
 And hanging downe his heauy countenance,
 She chearefull fresh and full of loyance glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad,
 That euill 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 sixe couples forth in faire
 degree

19

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
 Led of two grysie villeins, th'one *Despight*,
 The other cleped *Cruelly* by name
 She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
 Cald by strong chames out of eternall night,
 Had deathes owne image figurd in her face,
 Full of sad signes, fearefull to humg sight,
 Yet in that horror shewed a seemly grace,
 And with her feeble feet didmoue a comely pace

20

Her brest all naked, as net luory,
 Without adome of gold or siluer bright,
 Wherewith the Craftesman wounts 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

21

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
 Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her bloud yet steeming fresh embayd
 And those twovilleins, whichherstepsvpstayd,
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sus
 taine,
 And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
 Her forward still with torture did constraine,
 And euermore encreased her consuming pame

22

Next after her the winged God himselfe
 Came riding on a Lion rauenuous,
 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 vnbind,
 That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind,
 Which seene, he much reioycied in his cruell
 mind

23

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

24

Behinde him was *Reproch*, *Repentance*, *Shame*,
Reproch the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and vnkmd,
Shame most ill fauourd, bestiall, and blind
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh'd, *Reproch* did
 scould [twind,
Reproch sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips en
 burning brond yronsin her hand did hold
 All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one
 mould

25

And after them a rude confused rout
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read
 Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger*
 Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Vnthriftihead*, [stout,
 Lewd *Losse of Time*, and Sorrow seeming dead,
 Inconstant *Chaunge*, and false *Disloyaltie*,
 Consuming *Riolise*, and guilty *Dread*
 Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmtie*,
 Vile *Pouertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie

26

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I note readen well,
 So many moe, as there be phantasies
 In wauengg womens wit, that none can tell,
 Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell,
 All which disguised marcht in masking wise,
 About the chamber with that Damozell,
 And then returned, hauing marchd thrise,
 Into the inner roome, from whence they first did
 rise

27

So soone as they were in, the dore straight way
 Fast locked, dnuen with that stormy blast,
 Which first it opened, and bore ail away
 Then the braue Maid, which all this while was
 plast
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Issewed forth, and went vnto the dore,
 To enter in, but found it locked fast
 It vaine she thought with rigorous vprore
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore

28

Where force might not auaille, there sleights and
 art
 She cast to vse, both fit for hard emprize,
 For thy from that same roome not to depart
 Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,
 When that same Maskeagain should forth arize
 The morrow next appeard with lousous cheare,
 Calling men to their daily exercise,
 Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to out
 weare

29

All that day she outwore in wandering,
 And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
 Till that againe the second euening
 Her couered with her sable vestiment,
 Wherewith the worlds 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 shewes, nor of false charmes
 aghast

30

So soone as she was entred, round about
 She cast her eies, to see what was become
 Of all those persons, which she saw without
 Butlo, they straight were vanisht all and some,
 Ne hung wight she saw in all that roome,
 Sauethat same woefull Ladie, both whose hand
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small wastgirt round with yron bands,
 Vnto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
 Figuring straunge characters of his art,
 With huing bloud he those characters wrate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
 Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to loue
 Ah who can loue the worker of her smart?
 A thousand charmes he formerly did proue,
 Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast
 heart remoue

32

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked bookes in hast he ouerthrew,
 Not carmg his long labours to deface,
 And fiercely ronning to that Lady trew,
 A murdrous 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

33

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

34

bo mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead, next stroke him should
haue slame,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernely vnto her called to abstame,
From doing him to dy For else her paine
Should be remedillesse, sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the samerecureagame
Therewithshestaydherhand, lothstaydtobee,
For life she him enuyde, and long'd reuenge to
see

35

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 maysaue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore vnto her health, and former state ,
The doe and hue, else die vndoubtedly
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his
date

36

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlook
Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to
reurse,
Full dreadfull things 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 vp stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lines reherse ,
And all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend

37

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about,
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for daungers
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 brasen pillour broke in peeces
small

38

The cruell Steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and nuen bowels gor'd,
Was closed vp, as it had not bene bor'd,
And euery part to safety full sound,
As she were neuer hurt, was scone restor'd
Tho when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell vnto the
ground

39

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

40

But *Bntomart* vpreanng her from ground,
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in safety now I haue you seene,
And meane of your dehuerance haue bene
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene ,
In stead thereof know, that your loumg Make,
Hath no lesse gnefe endured for your gentle sake

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all liuing wights she loued best
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hand
Vpon th'enchauanter, which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest
With that great chame, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now
relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and
wo

42

Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which
erst
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht vtterly, and cleane subuerst
She found, and ail their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd
Thence forth 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

210 THE III BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE *Cant XII*

43

More easie issew now, then entrance late
 She found for now that fained dreadfull flame,
 Which chokt the porch of thaten chauntedgate,
 And passage bard to all, that thither came,
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
 And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to passe
 Th'Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did
 frame,
 To haue efforted the loue of that faire lasse,
 Seeingh is worke now wasted deepeen grieued was

44

But when the victoresse arriued there,
 Where late she left the pensife *Scudamore*,
 With her owne trusty Squire, both full ot
 feare,
 Neither of them she found where she them lore
 Thereat her noble hart was stonishd sore,
 But most faire *Amoret*, whose gentle spright
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
 Concerned had, to see her owne deare knight,
 Being thereof beguyld was fild with new affright

45

But he sad man, when he had long in drede
 Awayted there for *Britomarts* returne,
 Yet saw her not nor signe of her good speed,
 His expectation to despaire did turne,
 "Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne,
 And therefore gan aduue with her old Squire,
 Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
 Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe respire

Stanzas 43-45 are first inserted in the 1596 quarto, displacing the following stanzas which concluded Book III in the first edition

At last she came vnto the place, where late
 She left Sir *Scudamour* great distresse,
 Twixt dolour and despite halfe desperate,
 Of his loues 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 head inesse,
 And to him cald, whose voices knownen sound
 Soon as he heard, himself he reared light from
 ground

There did he see, that most on earth him joyd,
 His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
 Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd
 And wearied his life with dull delays
 Straight he vpstart from the loathed layes,
 And to her ran with hasty egemesse,
 Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
 In the coole soile, after long thirstmesse,
 Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breath
 lesse

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

Had ye them seene, ye would haue surely thought,
 That they had bene that faire *Hermaphrodite*,
 Which that rich *Romane* of white marble wrought,
 And in his costly Bath cauld to bee site
 So seemd those two, as growne together quite,
 That *Britomart* halfe enuyng their blesse,
 Was much compassion in her gentle sprite,
 And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse
 In vaine she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet

Thus doe those louers with sweet counteruayle,
 Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile
 But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
 All woxen weary of their Iournall toyle
 Therefore I will their sweatie vokes assoyle
 At this same 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 SECOND PART OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing
THE FOVRTH,
FIFTH, AND
SIXTH BOOKES.

By Ed Spenfer



Imprinted at London for VVilliam
Ponsonby. 1596

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing

The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND,

OR

OF FRIENDSHIP

¹
The rugged forehead that with graue foresight
Welds kmgdomes causes, and affaires of state,
My looser nmes (I wote) doth sharply wite,
For praising loue, as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate,
By which fraile youth is oft to folhe led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing
baite,
That better were in vertues disciplid,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to haue their
fancies fed

²
Such ones ill ludge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feelee kindly flame
For thy they ought not thing vnknowne
reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abusd the same
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres
of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not hue
amisse

³
Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then weie
donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise
sages,
And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne
Witnesse the tather of Philosophic,
Which to his *Crtias*, shaded oft from sunne,
Of loue full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well
deny

⁴
To such therefore I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred Saint my soueraigne
Queene,
In whose chaste breast all bountie naturall,
And treasures of true loue enlocked beene,
Boue all her sexe that euer yet was seene,
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,
And best is lou'd of all ahue I weene
To her this song most fitly is address,
The Queene of loue, and Pnnce of peace from
heauen blest

5

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou dred infant, *Venus* dearling doue,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And vse of awfull Maiestie romoue
In sted thereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from aboue,
Spnnckleherheart, and haughtie couragesoften,
That she may hearke to loue, and reade this
lesson often

Cant I



*Fayre Britomart saues Amoret,
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandatmour.
Their fiht and warlike deedes*



I

Of louers sad calamities of old,
Full many piteous stories doe remane,
But none more piteous euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amorets* hart binding chaine,
And this of *Flonmels* vnworthe paine
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constrain,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had bene writ

2

For from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perilous fight, she neuer loyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights, that did him all assay
Yet fairly well he did them all dismay
And with great glorie both the shield of, weale,
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknown mischiefe did from him re-
moue

3

For that same vile Enchauntour *Busyan*,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst euerie man
burcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill
hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of loue which late was
shosen
And there the Ladie ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is known,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknown

4

Seuen moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,
Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*
Released her, that else was like to sterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did
kerue
And now she is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wise, that could deserue
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray

5

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diuerse vsage 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 euerie word did tremble as she spake,
And euerie looke was coy, and wondrous quamt,
And euerie limbe that touched her did quake
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to
her make

6

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her hues Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserued as his duefull meed,
Her loue, her seruice, and her vtmost wealth
All is his lustly, that all freely deaith
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life,
Shesought to saue, as thing reserued from stealth,
Die had she leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be false in loue, profest a virgine wife

7

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd
Who for to hide her famed 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 other whiles to her she purpos made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulness,
That much she feard his mind would grow to
some excesse

8

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 seruice she too much esteemed,
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much, as due shedeemed
Yet *Bntomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor

9

It so befell one euening, that they came
 Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
 Where many a knight, and many a louely Dame
 Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see
 Amongst all which was none more faire then
 shee,
 That many of them mou'd to eye her sore
 The custome of that place was such, that hee
 Which had no loue nor lemman there in store,
 Should either winne him one, or lye without
 the dore 10

Amongst the rest there was a lolly knight,
 Who being asked for his loue, auow'd
 That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,
 And offred that to wstifie alowd
 The warlike virgine seeing his so prowd
 And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth,
 But for the present did her anger shrowd,
 And sayd, her loue to lose she was full loth,
 But either he should neither of them haue, or
 both

So forth they went, and both together giusted,
 But that same younker soone was ouerthrowne,
 And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
 For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne
 Yet since he seemed vahant, though vnknowne,
 She that no lesse was courtesous then stout,
 Casthow to salue, 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

12

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right,
 Whom she requir'd, that first fayre *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 Knights loue from
 him was quitted,
 She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
 He as a Knight might rustly be admitted,
 So none should be out shut, sith all of loues
 were fitted

With that her glistring helmet she vnclad,
 Which doft, her golden lockes, that were vp
 bound
 Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
 And like a silken veile in compasse round
 About her backe and all her bodie wound
 Like as the shining skie in summers night,
 What time the dayes with scorching heata bound,
 Is creasted all with lines of fine light,
 That it prodigious seemes in common peoples
 sight

14

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
 And euery 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 diuersely each one did sundrie doubts deuise

15

! 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 ouercommen, 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
 theare

16

10

Where all that night they of their loues did treat
 And hard aduentures twixt themselves alone,
 That each the other gan with passion great,
 And griefull pittie pnuately bemone
 The morow next so soone as *Titan* shone,
 They both vprose, and to their waies them dight
 Long wandred they, yet neuer met with none,
 That to their willes could them direct aright,
 Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts
 delight
 Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
 Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
 And ech of them had rydmg 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 vnder maske of beautie and good grace,
 Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
 That mote to none but to the wane wise appear

18

The one of them the false *Duessa* hight,
 That now had chang'd her former wonted hew
 For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
 As euer could Cameleon colours new,
 So could she forge all colours, saue 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,
 I And daily more offensme vnto each degree

19

Her **name** was *Ate*, mother of debate,
 And all dissention, which doth dayly grow
 Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
 And many a priuate oft doth ouerthrow
 Her false *Duessa* 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 20

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
 There whereas all the plagues and harnes
 abound,
 Which punish wicked men, that walke amisse
 It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,
 With thornes and barren brakes enuironed
 round,
 That none the same may easily out win ,
 Yet many wayes to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in
 For discord harder is to end then to begin

21

And all within the walled walls were hung
 With ragged monuments of times forepast,
 All which the sad effects of discord sung
 There were rent robes, and broken scepters plast,
 Altars defyl'd, and holy things defast,
 Disshuiered speares, and shields ytorne in
 twaine,
 Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast,
 Nations captiued, and huge armies slaine
 Of all which mines there some rehes did
 rename

22

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
 Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
 Of sacred Salem, and sad I lion,
 For memorie of which on high there hong
 The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
 For which the three faire Goddesses did strue
 There also was the name of *Nimrod* strong,
 Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fiue,
 Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had
 got ahue.

And there the relics of the drunken fray,
 The which amongst the *Lapithes* befell,
 And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
 So many *Centaures* drunken soules to hell,
 That vnder great *Alades* fune fell
 And of the areadfull discord, which did dnuie
 The noble *Argonauts* to outrage fell,
 That each of life sought others to depnue,
 All mndlesse of the Golden fleece, which made
 them strue

24

And eke of priuate 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 vnnaturall,
 Some of deare louers, foes perpetuall
 Witness their broken bandes there tobeseene,
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all,
 The momments whereof there byding beene,
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh
 and greene

25

Such was her house within , but all without,
 The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
 Which she her selfe had sown all about,
 Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
 The seedes of euill wordes, and factious deedes,
 Which when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous trouble and contentious larre,
 The which most often end in bloudshed and
 in warre 26

And those same cursed seedes doe also serue
 To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food
 For life it is to her, when others sterue
 Through mischievous debate, and deadly food,
 That she may sucke their life, and drinke their
 blood,

With which she from her childhood had benefed
 For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
 And by mfemail funes nourished,
 That by her monstrous shape might easily
 be red 27

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrane wayes intended,
 And loathly mouth, vnmeet 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 diuided,
 And both the parts did speake, and both
 contended,
 And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
 That neuer thought one thing, but doubly stil
 was guided 28

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 euery light report
 And as her eares so eke her feet were odde,
 And much vnlike, th'one long, the other short,
 And both misplast, that when th'one for
 ward yode,
 The other backe retired, and contrane trode

29

Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine,
That one did reach, the other pusht away,
That one did make, the other mard agame,
And sought to bring all things vnto 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 ouerthrow the things that Con
cord wrought

30

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That euen th'Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And vnto all his creatures so bemgne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride,
Vnto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together
tide

31

Such was that hag, which with *Duessa* roade,
And seruing her in her mahtious vse,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse
For though like withered tree, that wanteth
luyce,
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 loyance to her new found
mate

32

Her mate he was a lollie youthfull knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chiualue,
And was indeed a man of mickle might
His name was *Blandamour*, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of mconstance
And now himselfe he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse *Duessa*, and false *Paridell*,
That whether were more false, full hard it is
to tell

33

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew,
From farre espide the famous *Bniomart*,
Like knight aduenturous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approchmg nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and lesting sayd,
Lo there Sir *Partdel*, for your desert,
Good lucke presents you with yond louely
mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd

34

By that the louely paire drew nigh to hond
Whom when as *Partdel* 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 scutcheon
weld,
He had small lust to buy his loue so deare,
But answerd, Sir him wise I neuer held,
That haung once escaped penll neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping euillreare

35

This knight too late his manhood and his might,
I did assay, that me right dearly cost,
Ne list I for reuenge prouoke new light,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost
The hot spurre youth so scornng to be crost,
Take then to you this Dame of mine (quoth hee)
And I without your penll or your cost,
Will challenge yond same other for my fee
So forth he fiercely pnckct, that one him scarce
could see

36

The warlike Britonesse her soone address,
And with such vncouth welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leaue,
Him selfe he did of his new loue deceaue
And made him selfe thensample of his follie
Which done, she passed forth not tabngleau,
And left him now as sad, as whilome lollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd
to dallie

37

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horsebacke, and vpstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd
And all the way with wondrous gnefe of mynd,
And shame, he s^tewd him selfe to be dismayd,
More for the loue which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir *Partdel* resynd

38

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and euill 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* approaching me,
Percei'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former gneferenew

39

For th'one of them he perfectly descnde,
 To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore
 The God of loue, with wings displayed wide,
 Whom mortally he hated euermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
 And eke because his loue he wonne by right
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full
 sore,
 That through the bruises of his former fight,
 He now vnable was to wreake his old desight

40

For thy he thus to *Paridel* bespake,
 Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
 That as I late aduentured for your sake,
 The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
 Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
 And iustifie my cause on yonder knight
 Ah Sir (said *Paridel*) do not dismay
 Your selfe for this, my selfe will for you fight,
 As ye haue done for me the left hand rubs
 the right

41

With that he put his spurs vnto his steed,
 With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
 Like shaft out of a bow preuenting speed
 But *Scudamour* was shortly well aware
 Of his approach, and gan him selfe prepare
 Him to receiue with entertainment meete
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other downe vnder their horses feete,
 That what of them became, themselues did
 scarcely weete

42

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
 Forcibly driuen with contrane tydes
 Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
 With roaring rage, and dashing on all sides,
 That filleth all the sea with fume, diuydes
 The doubtfull current into diuers wayes
 So fell those two in spight of both their prydes,
 But *Scudamour* himselfe did soone vpraise,
 And mounting light his foe for lying long
 vprayes

43

Who rolled on an heape lay still in swound,
 All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle
 Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground,
 Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle
 Where rinding that the breath gan him to fayle,
 With busie care they stroue him to awake,
 And doft his helmet, and vndid his mayle
 So much they did, that at the last they brake
 His slomber, yet so mazed, that he nothing
 spake

44

Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, he sayd,
 False faitour *Scudamour*, that hast by slight
 And foule aduantage this good Knight dismay d,
 A Knight much better then thy selfe behight,
 Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
 Thisday, to wreake the damage by thee donne
 Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
 Is weakned, then thou doest him ouerronne
 So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often
 wonne

45

He little answer'd, 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 ouerblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
 But that it all the skie doth ouercast
 With darknes dred, and threatens all the world
 to wast

46

Ah gentle knight, then false *Duessa* savd,
 Why do ye striue for Ladies loue so sore,
 Whose chiefe desire is loue and friendly aid
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?
 Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamour* therefore,
 That she your loue list loue another knight,
 Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the more,
 For Loue is free, and led with selfe delight
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might

47

So false *Duessa*, but vile *Ate* thus,
 Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
 That striue and storme with stirre outrageous,
 For her that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loues another, with whom now she goth
 In louely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and
 playes,
 Whilest both you here with manv a cursed oth,
 Swear she is yours, and stirre vp bloudie frays,
 To win a willow bough, whilst other weares
 the bayes

48

Vile hag (sayd *Scudamour*) why dost thou lye?
 And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?
 Fond knight (sayd 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

49

I saw him haue 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 within ward grieve, as when in chace
 The Parthian strikes a stag with shiuering dart,
 The beast astomsht stands in middest of his
 smart

50

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 vntrue she wist them by assay
 But *Blandamour*, whenas he did espie
 His chaunge ofcheere, thatanguishdidbewray,
 He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
 And gan thereat to triumph without victone

51

Lo recreant (sayd he) the fruitlesse end
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of loue misgotten,
 Whereby the name of knight hood thou dost
 shend,
 And all true louers with dishonor blotten,
 All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten
 Fy fy false knight (then false *Duessa* cryde)
 Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten,
 Be thou, where euer thou do go or ryde,
 Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde

52

But *Scudamour* for passing great despight
 Staid not to answer, scarcely did reframe,
 But that in all those knights and ladies sight,
 He for reuenge had guiltlesse *Glauce* blame
 But being past, he thus began amaine,
 False traitour squire, false squire, of falsest
 knight, [abstame,
 Why doth mine hand from thine auenge
 Whose Lord hath done my loue this foule
 despight ?

Why do I not it wreake, on thee now in my
 might

53

Disourteous, disloyall *Brittomart*,
 Vntrue to God, and vnto man vnjust,
 What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
 That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust ?
 Let vgly 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

54

The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,
 Was deadwithfear, nathlesseasneederequired,
 His flaming fune sought to haue assuaged
 With sober words, that sufferance desired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expyred
 And euermore sought *Brilomart* to cleare
 But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
 And thrise his hand to kill her did vpreare,
 And thrise he drew it backe so did at last
 forbear

Cant II



Blandamour wmnnes false *Florimell*,
Partell for her striues,
 They are accorded *Agape*
 doth lenqthen her sonnes hues



i

Firebrand of hell first tynd in Phlegeton,
 By thousandf unes, andf from thenceout throwen
 Into this world, to worke confusion,
 And set it all on fire by force vnknown,
 Is wicked discord, whose small sparkes once
 blown
 None but a God or godlike man can slake,
 Suchas was *Orpheus*, tha twhen strifewasgrowen
 Amongstthosefamousympesof Greece, didtake
 His siluer Harpe in hand, and shortly friends
 them make

2

Or such as that celestiaall Psalmist was,
 That when the wicked feendhis Lord tormen ted,
 With heauenly notes, that did all other pas,
 The outrage of his furious fit relented
 Such Musicke is wise words with time concented,
 To moderate stifle minds, disposd to strme
 Such as that prudent *Romane* well muented,
 What time his people into partes did riue,
 Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did
 dnuce

3

Such vs'd wise *Glance* to that wrathfull knight,
 To calme the tempest of his troubled thought
 Yet *Blandamour* with termesof foule despight,
 And *Paridell* her scord, and set at nought,
 As old and crooked and not good for ought
 Both they vnwise, and warelesse of the euill,
 That by themselues vntothemselues is wrought,
 Through that false witch, and that foule aged
 dreuill,
 The one a feend, the other an incarnate deuill

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 reft
 The snowy *Flortnell* whose beautie bright
 Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft,
 Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft

Which when as *Blandamour*, whose fancie light
 Was alwaies flitting as the wauennng wind,
 After each beautie, that appeared in sight,
 Beheld, etsoones it prickt his wanton mind
 With sting of lust, that reasons eye did blind,
 That to Sir *Parulle* these words he sent,
 Sir knight why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
 Since so good fortune doth to you present
 Sofayreaspoyle, tomake you lyouous menment?

But *ParideU* that had too late a tryall
 Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
 List not to hearkc, but made this faire denyall,
 Last turne was mine, well proued to my pame,
 This now be yours, God send you better game
 Whose scoffed words he taking halfe m scorne,
 Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine,
 Against that Knight, ere he him well could
 tomes

By raeanes whereof he hath him lightly oucr
 borne

7

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
 Vpon the ground a while in slomber lay,
 The whiles his loue away the other bore,
 And shewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray,
 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 enuie gan to swell,
 And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well

8

Nathlesse proud man himself e the other deemed,
 Haung so peeerelesse paragon ygot
 For sure the fayrest *Flortwell* him seemed,
 To him was fallen for his happie lot,
 Whose like aloue on earth he weened not
 Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,
 With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
 And all things did deuise, and all things dooe,
 That might her loue prepare, and liking win
 theretoo

She m regard thereof him recompenst
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,
 And such fond fauours sparingly dispenst
 Sometimes him blessing with a hight eye-glance,
 And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance,
 Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
 That haung cast him in a foolish trance,
 He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
 Andprou'dhunselfemostfoolcmwhatheseemM
 most wise

10

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
 That though therein himself e he thought to pas,
 And by his false allurements wyhe draft
 Had thousand women of their loue beraft,
 Yet now he was surpnz'd for that false spnght,
 Which that same witch had in this forme en
 graft,
 Was so expert in euery subtile slight,
 That it could ouerreach the wisest earthly wight

11

Yet he to her did dayly seruice more,
 And dayly more deuied was thereby,
 Yet *ParideU* him enuied therefore,
 As seeming plast in sole felicity
 So blind is lust, false colours to descry
 But *Ate* soone discouruening his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To stirre vp strife, twixt loueand spight and ire,
 Did pnully put coles vnto his secret fire

12

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

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 couenant was, that euery spoyle or pray
 Should equally be shard betwixt vs tway
 Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
 Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite away *
 Render therefore therein to me my right,
 Or answere for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight

14
Exceeding wroth therat was *Blandamour*,
And gan this bitter answe to him make ,
Too foolish *Pandelly* that fayrest floure
Wouldstgather faine,and yet nopames wouldst
But not so easie will I her forsake, [take
Thishandherwonne,this hand shallherdefend
With that they gan their shiuening speares to
shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to haue bene euer others frend

15
Their fine Steedes with so vntamed forse
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their speares with pitlesse remorse,
Through shield and mayle, and habeneon did
wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the fune 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 hues
were set 16

As when two warlike Bngandmes at sea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse
might,
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh a sonder,
They which from shore behold the dread fullsight
Of flashing fire, and heare the theordnancethonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnwonted
wonder

At length they both vpstart 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 she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
And drawing both their words with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailles did rash, and
helmes did hew 18

So furiously each other did assayle
As if their soules they would attonce haue rent
Out of their breasts, 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 bloudiegore,
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice and so sore,
Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd
afore.

19
And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so vn
fitting,
As that in stead of praying them surcease,
Thev did much more their cruelty encrease,
Bidding them fight for honour of their loue,
And rather die then Ladies cause release
With which vaine termes so much they did
them moue,
That both resolu'd the last extremities to proue

20
There they I weene would fight vntill this day,
Had not a Squire, euen he the Squire of Dames,
By great aduenture travelled that way,
Who seeing both bent to so bloody 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 pittymg their
estate

21
And then those Knights he humbly did beseech,
To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken
Who lookt a little vp 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 coniu'r'd by some well known token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest
withall

22
First he desir'd their cause of strife to see
They said, it was for loue 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 aduizmg well,
Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,
That fayrest *Flortmet* was present therein place

Glad man was he to see that loyous sight,
For none aliue but loy'd in *Florimell*,
And lowly to her lowt'ng thus behight,
Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I haue to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefeth befell,
Long may you hue in health and happie state
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate

24

Then turning to those Knights, he gan a new,
 And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
 That for this Ladie present in your vew,
 Hauē rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
 Certes me seemes bene not aduised well,
 But rather ought in friendship for her sake
 To loyne 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

25

Thereat Sir Baw<fom0wrrwithcountenancesterne,
 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 *Satryan* a girdle did vptake,
 Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*,
 Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed
 well

26

But when as she her selfe was lost and gone,
 Full many knights, that loued 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 enuies sting,
 Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
 A solemne feast, with publike turneymg,
 To which all knights with them their Ladies eue
 to bring

27

And of them all she that is fayrest found,
 Shall haue 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 her selfe is now your ward,
 To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
 Against all those, that chalenge it to gard,
 And saue her honour with your ventrous pames,
 That shall you win more glory, then ye here find
 games.

28

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

29

So well accorded forth they rode together
 In friendly sort, 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 vnder it hidde hate and hollow guyle
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
 How euer gay and goodly be the style,
 That doth ill cause or euill end enure
 For vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most

sure

30

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
 Of fayned loue, they chaunst to ouertake
 Two knights, that lincked rode in louely wise,
 As if they secret counsels did partake,
 And each not farre behnde him had his make,
 To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
 That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
 Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
 The which with speedie pace did after them
 pursew

31

Who as they now approached nigh at hand,
 Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
 They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand,
 What mote they be who viewing them more
 neare
 Returned readie newes, that those same weare
 Two of the prowtest Knights in Faery lond ,
 And those two Ladies their two louers deart,
 Courageous *Cambell*, and stout *Triamondj*
 With *Canacee* and *Cambine* lincktin louely bond

32

Why lome as antique stories tellen vs,
 Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
 And battell made the dreddest dangerous,
 That euer 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 vndefyled,
 On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled

33

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

34

Then pardon, 0 most sacred happie spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus reuiue,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due
merit,
That none durst euer whilest thou wast aliue,
And being dead in vaine yet many striue
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me suruiue,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete

35

Cambelloes sister was fayre *Canacee*,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in euerie science that mote bee,
And euerie secret worke of natures wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and
burds,
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lou'd of Knights
and Lords

36

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouerne
ment,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment,
And eke vnto her looks a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to wane Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on euery side, of secret foes affrayd

37

So much the more as she refusd to loue,
So much the more she loued was and sought,
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her louers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought
Which whenas *Cambell*, that was stout and wise,
Perceiud her breedde great mischiefe, he
bethought
How to preuent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this
wise

38

One day, when all that troupe of warlike woers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should 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 loue 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

39

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approued oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchieu'd to his great ornament
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Concerned by a ring, which she him sent,
That mongst the manievertues, which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds, that mortally
did bleed

40

Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all,
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst vndertake the fight,
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke,
And yet vncertame by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that penll tooke,
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking
brooke

41

Amongst those knights there were three
brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne,
Thrise happie mother, and thise 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 *Dyamond*, the youngest *Trianwnd*

42

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 vsed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foote had more delight,
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield
With curtaxe vsed *Diamond* to smite,
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both vsd *Priamond* in
field

43

These three did loue each other dearly 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 diuide,
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriu'd their vitall sap
And like that roote that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one
clap

44

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could vse vnto her will,
And to her seruice bind each liuing creature,
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature
Thereto she was right faire, when so her face
She list discouer, and of goodly stature,
But she as Fayeres are wont, in pnuie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld
to space

45

There on a day a noble youthly knight
Seeking aduentures in the saluage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood,
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,
That stroue in vaine him long to haue with
stood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three
champions bold

46

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loued armes, and knighthood didensew,
Seeking aduentures, where they anie knew
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie, least by searching daungers new,
And rash prouoking perils all about,
Their dayes mote be abridged through their
corage stout

47

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 vnder ground from tract of humg went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abysses,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darkenesse pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens blis,
The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadfull dwell
ingis

48

There she them found, all sitting round about
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with vnweaned fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from huing knowledge hid
Sad *Chtho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eftsoones vndid,
With cursd knife cutting the twist in twaine
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on
thrids so vaine

49

She them saluting, there by them sate still,
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Tremblingmheart, 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 *loue* accurst,
And eke thy childrens thnds to be a sunder
burst.

50

Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thnds forth
brought,
And know the measure of their vtmost date,
To them ordained by eternall fate
Which *Clotho* gaunting, 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

51

She then began them humbly to intreate,
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their hues might be prolonged late
But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, Fond dame that deem'st of things
diuine
As of humane, that they may altdred 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 *loue* him self
can free

Thensince(quothshe) the terme of each mans life
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatallknife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life mav passe into the next;
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their hues may likewise be annex
Vnto the third, that his may so be trebly wext

53

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 hues were eekt, she did not tell;
But euermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
I And loue eachother deare, what euer them befell.

54

So did they surely during all their dayes,
 And neuer discord did amongst them fall,
 Which much augmented all their other praise
 And now t'increase affection naturall,
 In loue of *Canacee* they loyned all
 Vpon which ground this same great battell grew,
 Great matter growing of beginning small,
 The which for length I will not here pursew,
 But rather will reserue it for a Canto new

Cant III

*The battell twixt three brethren with
 Cambell for Canacee
 Cambina with true friendships bond
 doth their long strife agree*

1

0 why doe wretched men so much desire,
 To draw their dayes vnto the vtmost 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 euery 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

2

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
 The which in seeking for her children three
 Long life, thereby did more prolong their
 paine
 Yet whilst they liued none did euer see
 More happie creatures, then they seem'd to
 bee,
 Nor more ennobled for their courtscie,
 That made them dearly lou'd of each degree,
 Ne more renowned for their cheualne,
 That made them dreaded much of all men farre
 and me

3

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
 For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight
 The day was set, that all might vnderstand,
 And pledges pawnd the same to keepe a right,
 That day, the dreddest day that liuing wight
 Did euer see vpon this world to shine,
 So soone as heauens window shewed light,
 These warlike Champions all in armour shine,
 Assembled were in field, the challenge to define I
 SPENSER I

4

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
 To barre the prease of people farre away,
 And at th'one side sixe mages were dispos'd,
 To view and deeme the deedes of armes tha'
 day,
 And on the other side in fresh aray,
 Favre *Canacee* vpon 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 hues aduen
 tur'd gage

Then entred *Cambell* first into the list,
 With stately steps, and fearelesse countenance
 As if the conquest his he surely wist
 Soone after did the brethren three aduance,
 In braue aray and goodly amenance,
 With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd
 And marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
 Thrise lowtwd lowly to the noble Mayd,
 The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions
 sweetly playd 6

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

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
 And throughly skild in vse of shield and speare
 Ne lesse approued 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 auoyded were, and vainely by did
 slyde 8

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
 By *Priamond*, that with vnluckie glauce
 Through *Cambels* shoulder it vnwarely went,
 That forced him his shield to disaduance
 Much was he grieved with that gracelesse
 chaunce,
 Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
 But wondrous paine, that did the mom en
 haunce
 His haughtie courage to aduengement fell
 Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes
 them more to swell

9

With that his poynant speare he fierce auentred,
 With doubled force close vnderneath 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 vpreare,
 But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,
 Like an old Oke whose pith and sap is seare,
 At puffe of euery storme doth stagger here and
 theare

10

Whom so dismayd when *Cambell* had espide,
 Againe he droue at him with double might,
 That nought mote stay the Steele, till in his
 side
 The mortall point most cruelly empight
 Where fast infixed, whilst he sought by slight
 It forth to wrest, the staffe a sunder brake,
 And left the head behind with which despight
 He all enrag'd, his shiuering speare did shake,
 And charging himafresh thus felly him bespake

II

Lo faitour there thy meede vnto thee take,
 The meede of thy mischalance and abet
 Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
 Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let
 But to forbear doth not forgiue the det
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
 And passing forth with furious affret,
 Pierst through his beuer quite into his brow,
 That with the force it backward forced him
 to bow

12

Therewith a sunder in the midst it brast,
 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 vnto his dearest life,
 His weasand pipe it through his gorget cleft
 Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife,
 Let forth his wearie ghost and made an end of
 strife

13

His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band,
 Did not as others wont, directly fly
 Vnto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
 Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky
 But through traduction was eftsoones deriued,
 Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
 Into his other brethren, that suruiued,
 In whom he hu'd a new, of former life depriued

14

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
 Though sad and sone for so heauy sight,
 Yet leau vnto 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 reuersion of his brothers right,
 And challenging the Virgin as his dew
 His foe was soone address the trompets freshly
 blew

With that they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each ment other to deuoure,
 And with their axes both so sorely bet,
 That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their
 powre [stowre,
 They felt, could once sustaine the hideous
 But riued were like rotten wood a sunder,
 Whilst through their rifts the ruddie bloud
 did showre
 And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
 That filld the lookers on atonce with ruth and
 wonder

16

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage,
 Haue by good fortune found some beasts
 fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to asswage,
 And game a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out doe stirre vp strifefull broyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselues doe make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
 But either sdeignes with other to partake
 So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies
 sake

17

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
 The whiles weren terchaunged wixt them two,
 Yet they were all with so good wanment
 Or warded, or auoyded and let goe,
 That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe
 Till *Diamond* disdeigning long delay
 Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,
 Resolud to end it one or other way,
 And heau'd his murdrous axe at him with
 mighty sway

The dreadfull stroke in case it had arriued,
 Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
 The soule had sure out of his bodie riued,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent
 But *Cambels* fate that fortune did preuent
 For seeing it at hand, he swarud asyde,
 And so gaue way vnto his fell intent
 Who missing of the marke which he had eyde,
 Was with the force nigh feld whilst his right
 foot did slyde

19

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 wane fowle that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull souse, auoydes 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 recouereth
flight

20

Which faire aduerture when *Cambello* spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower,
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let driue at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in euill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft
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

21

They which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnweeting of the Fates diume decree,
For hies succession in those brethren three
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would haue hued, and reuiued eft,
But finding no fit seat, the hfelesse corse it left

22

It left, but that same soule, which there indwelt,
Streight entring into *Triamond*, him filld
With double life, and grieke, which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythnd
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 iddrest,
Who him affronting soone to fight was readie
prest

23

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 aduancmg scene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely
weene
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight,
Like as a Snake, whom weane winters teene
Hath wome to nought, now feeling sommers
might, [dight
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him

24

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
Use 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

25

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adredde,
Ne desperat of glorious victone,
But sharply him assayld, and sore bestedde,
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let
flie,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from theskie
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he
lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast apphe,
That from the same the fiene sparkles flasht,
As fast as water spnnkles gainst a rocke are
dasht

26

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 fune 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

27

Like as the tide that comes fro th'Ocean mayne,
Flowes vp the Shenan with contrane forse,
And ouerrulmg him in his owne rayne,
Dnues backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to hauesome other ource
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double game,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraine

28

Thus did the battell vane to and fro,
With diuerse 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 them selues alwayes esteemed
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like htle riuers tremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir *Triamond* at last full faint and feeble stood

29

But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres empensht,
 Through that nngs vertue, that with vigour new,
 Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
 And all his wounds, and all his bruises guansht,
 Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
 Is often seene full freshly to haue flonsht,
 And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in thesoy le

30

Through whicha duantage, in his strength therose,
 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 liuing spnght
 So did one soule out of his bodie flie
 Vnto her natue home from mortall miserie

31

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers on
 Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
 All vnwares he started vp anon,
 As one that had out of a dreame bene rcard,
 And fresh assay Id his foe, who halfe affeard
 Of th' vncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
 Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sward,
 Till hauing often by him stricken beene,
 He forced was to strike, and saue him selfe
 from teene

32

Yet from thenceforth more wanly he fought,
 As one in feare the Stygian gods t'offend,
 Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
 Him selfe to saue, and daunger to defend,
 Then life and labour both in vaine to spend
 Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened sure
 He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
 And that he should not long on foote endure,
 A signe which did to him the victone assure

33

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
 Him selfe to saue from that so deadly throw,
 And at that instant reaching forth his sward
 Close vnder neath his shield, that scarce did show,
 Stroke him, as he his hand to strike vpreard,
 In th' arm pit full, that through both sides the
 wound appeard

I

34

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
 And falling heaue on *Cambelloes* crest,
 Strooke him so hugely, that in swowne he lay,
 And in his head an nideous wound imprest
 And sure had it not happily found rest
 Vpon the brim of his brode plated shield,
 It would haue clef this brainedowne to his brest
 So both at once fell dead vpon the held,
 And each to other seemd the victone to yield

35

Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
 They weened sure the warre was at an end,
 And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field
 Broke vp the hstes, their ames away to rend,
 And *Canacee* gan wayle her dearest frend
 All suddenly they both vp started light,
 The one out of the swownd, which him did blnd,
 The other breathing now another spright,
 And fiercely each assayling, gan afresh to fight

36

Long while they then continued in that wize,
 As if but then the battell had begonne
 Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did
 despite,
 Ne either car'd to ward, or penll shonne,
 Desirous both to haue the battell donne,
 Ne either cared life to saue or spill,
 Ne which of them did winne, ne which were
 wonne
 So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
 That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long
 safetie Ill

37

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
 Vnsure to whether bide 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 fatal fine,
 All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
 That seemd some perillous tumult to desine,
 Confusd with womens cnes, and shouts of boy es,
 Such as the troubled Theaters oftimes annoy es

38

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 furrment,
 Towards them driuing like a storme out sent
 The charet decked was in wondrous wize,
 With gold and many a gorgeouse ornament,
 After the Persian Monarks antique guize,
 Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuize

39

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,
 Tobey their riders hest, as seemed good
 And therein sate 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 haue the greater
 share

40

Thereto she leamed was in Magicke leare,
 And all the artes, that subtyll wits discouer,
 Hauing therein bene trained many a ycare,
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
 That in the same she farre exceld all other
 Who vnderstanding by her mightie art,
 Of th'euill 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

41

And as she passed through th'vnruely preace
 Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
 Her angneteame breaking their bonds of peace,
 Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow
 fold,
 For hast did ouer 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

42

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
 About the which two Serpents weren wound,
 Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
 And by the tailes together firmly bound,
 And both were with one obue garland crown'd,
 Like to the rod which *Matas* some 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
 vpfil'd

43

Nepenthe is a dnck of souerayne grace,
 Deuized by the Gods, for to asswage
 Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
 Which stirs vp anguish and contentious rage
 In stead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
 It doth establish in the troubled mynd
 Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the Gods to dnck thereof assynd,
 But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd

44

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
 As *loue* will haue aduauced 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 heauen flie,
 To drinke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
 Are washt away quite from their memone
 So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
 Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods
 were plaste

45

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
 Is this, then that same water of *Ardenne*,
 The which *Rinaldo* drunck in happie howre,
 Described by that famous *Tuscane* penne
 For that had might tochange the hearts of men
 Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise
 But this doth hatred make in loue to brenne
 And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce
 Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his
 voice ?

46

At last arming by the listes side,
 Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
 Which straight flew, and gaue her way tonde
 Eftsouones out of her Coch she gan auaile,
 And pacing fairely forth, did bid all haile,
 First to her brother, whom she loued 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 loue
 t'appeare

47

They lightly her requit (for small delight
 They had as then her long to entertame,)
 And eft them turned both againe to fight,
 Which whenshe saw, downe on the bloudy plaine
 Her self esethrew, and teares gan shed amaine,
 Amongst her teares unmixing prayers meeke,
 And with her prayers reasons to restrain
 From bloudy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
 By all that vnto them was deare, did them
 beseeke

48

But when as all might nought with them preuaile,
 Shees mote 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 whilst their minds were doubtfully dis
 traught,
 And mighty spintes bound with mightier band,
 Her golden cup to them .for drinke she laught,
 Whereof full glad for thirst, ech drunk an hart
 draught

49

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 louely haulst from feare of treason free,
 And plighted hands for euer friends to be
 When all men saw this sudden change of things,
 So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
 For passing loy, which so great maruaille
 brings,
 They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen
 rings

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
 In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
 To weet what sudden tidings was befel
 Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
 And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
 In louely 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

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
 The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
 Thence todepart with glee and gladsome chere
 Those warlike champions both together chose,
 Homeward to march, themselues there to
 repose,
 And wise *Cambina* taking by her side
 Faire *Canacee*, as fresh as morning rose,
 Vnto her Coch remounting, home did ride,
 Admir'd of all the people, and much glonfide

5²

Where making lyouous feast their daies they
 spent
 In perfect loue, deuoide of hatefull strife,
 Alhde with bands of mutuall complement,
 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 loue, and loued were,
 That since their days such louers were not found
 elswhere

Cant IIII

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For hue of Flontnell
Bntomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell

1

It often fals, (as here it earst befell)
 That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
 And fnends profest are chaungd tofoemen 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

2

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
 Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell,
 As els by this, that now a new debate
 Stird vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
 The which by course befalls me here to tell
 Who haung those two other Knights espide
 Marching afore, as ye remember well,
 Sentforth their Squire to haue them both descnde,
 And eke those masked Ladies riding them
 beside

3

Who backe returning, told as he had seene,
 That they were doughtie knights of dreaded
 name,
 And those two Ladies, their two loues vnseene,
 And therefore wist them with out blot or blame,
 To let them passe at will, for dread of shame
 But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious spright,
 And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
 Vpon themgladly would haue prov'dhismight,
 But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse
 fight

4

Yet nigh approaching, he them fowle bespake,
 Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
 As was his wont, so weening way to make
 To Ladies loue, where so he came in place,
 And with lewd termes their louers to deface
 Whosesharpeprouokement them incenst so sore,
 That both were bent t'auenge his vsage base,
 And gan their shield saddrresse themselves afore
 For euill deedes may better then bad words be
 bore

5

But faire *Cambina* with perswasions myld,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange aduentures, 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 *Flmmell*,
The prize of her, which did in beau tie most
excell

6

To which folke mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Ladle had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to triuell, 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 *Pandell* himselfe address,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht to haue
represt

7

Which th'other beemg, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disaduance,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance,
Whereat they shewed curteous countenance
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rouing eie did on the Lady glaunce,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side
Whom sure he weend, that he some wher tofore
had eide

8

It was to weete that snowy *Florimett*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadocho* wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How hauing reft 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 scomefull offer, *Blandamour* gan soone
despize

9

And said, Sir Knight, sith 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 haue done in fight
And lo shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her, may her haue by
right
But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get

15

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
 Bearing that precious rehcke in an arke
 Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane
 Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
 He open shewed, that all men it mote marke
 A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
 With pearle and precious stone, worth many a
 marke,
 Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost
 It was the same, which lately *Flortmel* had lost

16

That same aloft he hong in open vew,
 To be the prize of beautie and of might,
 The which eftsoones discouered, to it drew
 The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
 And hearts quite robbed with soglonoussight,
 That all men threw outowes and wishes vaine
 Thnse happie Ladie, and thnse happie knight,
 Them seemd that could so goodly riches game,
 So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
 Anhuge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
 And vauncmg forth from all the other b-md
 Of knights, addrest his maiden headed shield,
 Shewing him selfe all ready for the field
 Gainst whom there singled from the other side
 A Painim knight, that well in ames was skild,
 And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
 Hight *Brunchual* the bold, who fiersly forth did
 ride

18

So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the others force sustaine,
 As two fierce Buls, that stnue the lule 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 rcmaine,
 And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld

Which when the noble *Ferramont* espide,
 He pricked forth in ayd of *Satyrane*,
 And him against Sir *Blandamour* did ride
 With all the strength and stifnesse tint he can
 But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
 So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
 That on a heape were tumbled horse and man
 Vnto whose rescue forth rode *Partdell*,
 But him likewise with that same speare he eke
 did quell

20

Which *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his turne were next, butstood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or dibmayd
 But *Triamond* halfe wroth to see him staid,
 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,
 Tint neither could in hast themselves againe
 vpieare

21

Which to auenge, Sir *Deuon* 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 *Pahumord* forth prest,
 But none of them against his strokes could
 stand,
 But all the more, the more his praise inerst
 For either they were left vpon the land,
 Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand

22

And now by this, Sir *Saiyrane* abmd,
 Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay,
 And looking round about, like one dismaid,
 When as he saw the merclesse affray,
 Which doughty *Trtamond* had wrought that
 day,
 Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himselfe he wisht haue beene, then in so bad a
 stead

23

Eftsoones he gan to gather vp 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 anduile glode,
 There where he saw the valiant *Triamond*
 Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode
 That none his force were able to withstand,
 So dreadf ull were his strokes, so deadly was his
 hond

24

With that at him his bcamlke speare he aimed,
 And thereto all his power and might applide
 The wicked Steele for mischief first ordained,
 And hauing now misfortune got for guide,
 Staid not, till it arriued in his side,
 And therein made a very griesly wound,
 That streames of bloud his armour all bedide
 Much washe daunted with that direfull stound,
 That scarce he him vpheld from falling in a
 sound

25

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine,
Then gan the part of Challengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That noneagainst them battell durst maintaine
By that the gloomy euening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to reframe,
And trumpets sound tocease did them compell,
So *Salyrane* that day was ludg'd to beare the
bell

26

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
And with the first the hardy *Salyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew,
On th'other side, full many a warlike swame,
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine
But amongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
Vnable he new battell to darraigne,
Throughneuaunce of his late receiued wound,
That doubly did him gneue, when so himselfe
he found

27

Which *Catnbellseeing*, though he could not saue,
Ne done vndoe, yet for to saue his name,
And purchase honour in his friends behalue,
This goodly counterfesauce he did frame
The shield and armes well knowne to be the
same,
Which *Trtamondhsid* worne, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwist, for doubt of blame,
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discern, and so went
forth to fight

28

There *Salyrane* Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great loy and lolity,
Gainst whom noneable was to stand on ground,
That much he gan his glorie to enuy,
And cast t'auenge 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

29

They vp agame them selues can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords them selues betake,
With which they wrought such wondrous
maruels there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their penill to partake,
Now cuffling close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round aduantage for to take
As two wild Boares together graphng go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo

30

So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodem
feare
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast,
Which vauntage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,
That ere him selfe he had recouered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leaue his loftie sell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse
feete fell

31

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed,
When all vnwares 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

32

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd,
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall
Like as a Lion that by chance doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdainng to be thrall
But all in vaine for what might one do more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it gneue
him sore

33

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
Andstartingvp, streightforhisarmoursought
In vame he sought, for there he found it not,
Cambello it away before had got
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew

34

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was
betweene,
Caned with feruent zeale, ne did he cease,
Till that he came, where he had *Cambell* seene,
Like captive thral two other Knights atweene,
There he amongst them .cruell hauocke makes,
Thattheywhichleadhim,sooneenforcedbeene
To let him loose, to saue their proper stakes,
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely
takes

With that he driues at them with dread full might,
Both in remembrance of his friendslateharme,
And in reuengement of his owne despight,
So both together giue a new allarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme
As when twogreedy Wolues doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and raume without all remorse,
So did these two through all the field their foes
enforce 36

Fiercely they followd on their bolde empnze,
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 prabe before his owne preferd
So that the doome was to another day diffird

37

The last day came, whenall those knightes againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine
But *Satyrane* boue 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 euermore his honour he recured,
And with vnweaned powre his party stillassured

38

Newas there Knight that euer thought of armes,
But that his vtmost prowesse there made
knowne, [harmes,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse
By shiuered speares, and swords all vnder
strowen,
By scattered shields was easie to be shoven
There might yese loosesteeds at random ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were ouerthrowen,
And squiers make hast to helpe their Lords
fordonne,
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better
wonne.

39

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

40

He at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him, that first appeared in his sight
That was to weet, the stout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knowne to be a valiant Knight,
Approued oft in many a perloous fight
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And ouerbore beyond his crouptr quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, so sore, that none him life behote

41

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouerthrew
Scuen 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 bloodie game,
Hewing, and slashing shields, and helmets
bright,
And beating downe, what euer nigh him came,
That euery one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous
affright

42

Much wondredallmen, what, orwhencehe 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 saluage knight
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few, *that Arthegall* he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and
most of might

43

Thus was Sir *Satyrane* with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchieuement stout
Dismay d, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were, and chased all about
So he continued all that day throughout,
Tilleuenmg, that the Sunne gan downwardbend
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glone shend
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end

44

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At *Artegall* in midst of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his Vmbnere
So sore, that tombhng backe, he downe did
slyde
Ouer his horses taile aboue a stryde ,
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe
Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine ,
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the
plaine

45

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
 And cast t' auenge 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 sore,
 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

46

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 *Brilomart* did beare,
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms
 atchieued,
 And ouerthrew, what euer came her neare,
 That all those stranger knights full sore
 agrieved,
 And that late weaker band of chalengers reueued

47

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
 Doth burne the earth, and boyled nuers drie,
 That all brute beasts forst to refraine fro meat,
 Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may
 he,
 And missing it, fame from themselves to flie,
 All trauellers tormented are with paine
 A watry cloud doth ouercast the skie,
 And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
 That all the wretched world recomforteth againe

48

So did the warlike *Bntomart* restore
 The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day,
 Which else was like to haue bene lost, and bore I
 The prayse of prowesse from them all away
 Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
 And bad them leaue their labours and long toyle,
 To loyous feast and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize shold win that pretious
 spoyle
 I
 Where I with sound of trompe will also rest a
 whyle

Cant V

*The Ladies for the girdle striue
 of famous Florimell*

*Scudamour comming to Cares house,
 doth sleepe from him expell*

2

It hath bene through all ages euer seene,
 That with the praise of armes and cheualrie,
 The prize of beautie still hath loyned beene,
 And that for reasons speciall priuitie
 For either doth on other much relie
 For he me seemes most fit the faire to serue,
 That can her best defend from villenie,
 And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
 That fairest is and from her faith will neuer
 swerue

3

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
 After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,
 The controuerse of beauties soueraine 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 vse, which some doe
 tell
 That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
 Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to
 obtaine

4

That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,
 And wiuehood true, to all that did it
 beare,
 But whosoeuer contrarie doth proue,
 Might not the same about her middle weare,
 But it would loose, or else a sunder teare
 Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
 Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
 What tune she vsd to hue in wiuely sort,
 But layd aside, when so she vsd her looser sport

Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,
 When first he loued her with heart entire,
 This pretious ornament they say did make,
 And wrought in *Lemno* with vnquenched fire
 And afterwards did for her lous first hire,
 Giue it to her, for euer to remaine,
 Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
 And loose affections straightly to restraime,
 Which vertue it for euer after did retaine

5

The **same** one day, when she her selfe disposd
 To visite her beloued Paramoure,
 The God of warre, she from her middle loosd,
 And left behind her in her secret bowre,
 On *Actdalian* 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 6

That goodly belt was *Cestus* hight by name,
 And as her life by her esteemed deare
 No wonder then, if that to winne the same
 So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare,
 Forpearelesse she was thought, that did it beare
 And now by this their feast all being ended,
 The *mdges* which thereto selected were,
 Into the *Martian* field adowne descended,
 To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all
 contended

7

But first was question made, which of those
 Knights

That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne
 There was it *mdged* by those wortheie wights,
 That *Saiyrane* the first day best had donne
 For he last ended, hauing first begonne
 The second was to *Triamond* behight,
 For that he sau'd the victour from fordonne
 For *CambeU* victour was in all mens sight,
 Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light

8

The third dayes prize vnto that straunger Knight,
 Whom all men term'd Knight of the *Hebene*
 speare,

To *Britomart* was giuen by good right,
 For that with puissant stroke she downe did
 beare

The *Saluage* Knight, that victour was whileare,
 And all the rest, which had the best afore,
 And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare,
 For last is deemed best To her therefore
 The fayrest Ladie was adiudgd for Paramore

9

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
 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 auenged for to bee
 This being ended thus, and all agreed,
 Then next ensaw'd the Paragon to see
 Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due
 fee

10

Then first *CambeUo* brought vnto their view
 His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale,
 Which being once with drawne, most perfect he w
 And passing beautie did eftsoones reueale,
 That able was weake harts away to steale
 Next did Sir *Triamond* vnto their sight
 The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;
 Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so
 bright,
 That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding
 light

11

And after her did *Paridell* produce
 His false *Duessa*, that she might be seene,
 Who with her forged beautie did seduce
 The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene,
 As diuerse wits affected diuers beene
 Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew
 His *Luada*, that was full faire and sheene,
 And after these an hundred Ladies moe
 Appear'd in place, the which each other did
 outgoe

12

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
 Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,
 To tell the feature of each goodly face
 For since the day that they created beene,
 So many heavenly faces were not seene
 Assembled in one place ne he that thought
 For *Chan* folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
 By view of all the fairest to him brought,
 So many faire did see, as here he might haue
 sought

13

At last the most redoubted *Britonesse*,
 Her louely *Amoret* did open shew,
 Whose face discouered, plainly did expresse
 The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew
 Well weened all, which her that time did wev,
 That she should surely beare the bell away,
 Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
 And very *Fforymell*, did her display
 The sight of whom once seene did all the rest
 dismay

14

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
 Now base and contemptible did appeare,
 Compared to her, that shone as *Phebes* light,
 Amongst the lesser starres in euening cleare
 All that her saw with wonder raiusht weare,
 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 *Flortmell* was not so faire as
 shee

15

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,
 With golden foyle doth finely ouer spred
 Some baser metall, which commend he will
 Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
 He much more goodly glosse there on doth shed,
 To hide his falshood, then if it were trew
 So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
 That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens vew
 She seem'd to passe so forged things do fairest
 shew

16

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 euer as they fastned it, it loos'd
 And fell away, as feeling secret blame
 Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
 And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd

17

That all men wondred at the vncouth sight,
 And each one thought, as tother fancies came
 But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
 And touched was with secret wrath and shame
 Therewith, as thing deuiz'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
 vntide

18

Which when that scornfull *Squire of Dames* did
 vew,
 He lowlylly gan to laugh, and thus to lest,
 Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
 As like can not be seene from East to West,
 Cannot find one this girdle to inuest
 Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,
 To shame vs all with this, *Vngirt vnblest*
 Let neuer Ladie to his loue assent,
 That hath this day so many so vnmanly shent

Thereatall Knights ganlaugh, and Ladies lowre
 Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
 Likewise assayd, to proue that girdles powre,
 And haung it about her middle set,
 Did find it fit, withouten breach or let
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to eniue
 But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
 And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
 The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie

20

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit,
 Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
 It yeelded was by them, that ludged it
 And she her selfe adiudged to the Knight,
 That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight
 But *Brilomar!* would not thereto assent,
 Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe so light
 For that strange Dame, whose beauties won
 derment
 She lesse esteem'd, then th'others vertuous
 gouernment

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
 They were full glad, in hope themselues to get
 her
 Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse
 But after that the Iudges did arret her
 Vnto the second best, that lou'd her better,
 That wasthe *Saluage Knight* but he was gone
 In great displeasure, that he could not get her
 Then was she ludged *Triamond* his one,
 But *Triamond* lou'd *Canacee*, and other none

22

Tho vnto *Satyr an* she was adiudged,
 Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed
 But *Blandattwur* thereat full greatly grudged,
 And litle prays'd his labours euill 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 *Saiyrane*
Theretohim Ale stird, new discord tomaintaine

23

And eke with these, full many other Knights
 She through her wicked working did incense,
 Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
 Deserued for their perils recompense
 Amongst the rest with boastfull vaine pretense
 Stept *Braggadoehto* forth, and as his thrall
 Her claym'd, by hunin battell wonnelong sents
 Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call,
 Who being askt, accordingly confessed all

24

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Saiyran*,
 And wroth with *Satyr an* was *Blandamour*,
 And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Enuan*,
 And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure
 So all together stird vp 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 main
 taine, [restraine
 Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them

25

Which troublous stirre when *Satyrene* auiz'd,
 He gan to cast how to appease the same,
 And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd
 First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
 To whomeachone his chalengeshould disclame,
 And he himselfe his right would eke releasse
 Then looke to whom she voluntane came,
 He should without disturbance her possesse
 Sweete is the loue that comes alone with will
 mnesse

26

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd
 Was in the midstest plast among them all,
 All on her gazing wisht, and vovd, and prayd,
 And to the Queene of beautie close did call,
 That she vnto their portion might befall
 Then when she long had lookt vpon each one,
 As though she wished to haue pleasd them all,
 At last to *Braggadocchio* selfe alone
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone

27

Which when they all beheld they chaf tand rag'd,
 And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
 That from reuenge their willcs they scarce
 asswag'd
 Some thought from him her to haue reft by
 might,
 Some proffer made with him for her to fight
 But he nought car'd for all that they could say
 For he their words as wind esteemed light
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
 But secretly from thence that night her bore
 away

28

They which remaynd, sosoone as they perceiu'd,
 That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
 And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd
 From wight vnworthie of so noble meed
 In which poursuit how each one did succede,
 Shall else be told m order, as it fell
 But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede,
 Die hard aduentures and strange haps to tell,
 Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*

29

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide,
 But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
 Vpon her first aduenture forth did ride,
 Iosekeher Wd, making blind loue hergu de
 Vnluckie Mayd to seeke her enemie,
 Vnluckie Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most me,
 She through his late disguizement could him
 not descrie

30

Somuchthemorehergriefe,themorehertoyle
 Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
 In seeking him, that should her pame assoyle ,
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
 Was *Amoret*, companion of her care
 Who likewise sought her louer long miswent,
 The gentle *Scudamour*, whose hart whileare
 That stryfu'l hag with gealous discontent
 Had fild, that he to fell reueng was fully bent

Bent to reuenge on blamelesse *Britomart*

The crime, which cursed *Ate* diuined earst,
 Thewhich likethornesdidpncke his gealous hart,
 Andthroughhis soule like poysned arrow perst,
 That by no reason it might be reuerst,
 For ought that *Glauce* could or doe or say
 For aye the more that she the same reherst,
 Themoreit gauld, andgriue'dhim nightand day,
 That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote
 defray

So as they trauelled, the droupmg night
 Couered with cloudie stormeand bitter showre,
 That dreadfull seem'd to euery huing wight,
 Vpon them fell, before her timely howre ,
 That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,
 W e r e they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
 And shrowd their persons from that stormie
 stowe

Not farre away, not meete for any guest
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore
 mans nest

33

Vnder 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 shallows grew in ranke
 Whereto approachmgnigh, they heard thesound
 Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
 And answering their weane turncs around,
 That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that
 desert ground

There entnng in, they found the goodman selfe,
 Full busily vnto his worke ybent,
 Who was to weet a wretched weanish 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 hoane shagged heare,
 The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely
 sheare

35

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared
 With bhstred hands amongst the cinders brent,
 And fingers filthie, with long nayles vnpared,
 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 vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds
 muade

36

In which his worke he had sixe seruants prest,
 About the Andvile standing euermore,
 With huge great hammers, that did neuer rest
 From heaping stroakes, which thereon soused
 sore
 Allsixestrong groomes, but one then other more,
 For by degrees they all were disagreed,
 So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
 Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last, the first did farre
 excede

37

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sight,
 Farre passing *Bronleus*, or *Pyracrw*n great,
 The which in *Lipart* doe day and night
 Frame thunderbolts for *loues* auengefull
 threate
 So dreadfully he did the anduile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it dneue
 So huge his hammer and so fierce his heat,
 That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could riuic,
 And rend a sunder quite, if he thereto list slnuce

38

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
 The manner of their worke and wearie paine,
 And hauing long beheld, at last enquired
 The cause and end thereof but all in vaine,
 For they for nought would from their worke
 reframe,
 Ne let his speeches come vnto their eare
 And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
 Like to the Northren wmd, that none could
 heare [bellows weare
 Those *Pensrfenesse* did moue, and *Sighes* the

39

Which when that warnour saw, he said nomore,
 But in his armour layd him downe to rest
 To rest he layd him downe vpon the flore,
 (Whylome for venturous Knight the bedding best)
 And thought his wearie limbs to haue redrest
 And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
 Her feeble loyntys layd eke a downe to rest,
 That needed much her weakie age to desire,
 After so long a trauell, which them both did tire

40

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
 When gentle sleepe his heauieeyes would close,
 Oftchaungingsiaes, and oft new placeelecting,
 Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,
 And oft in wrath he thence againe vprose,
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe
 But wheresoeuer he did himselfe dispose,
 He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine
 So euery place seem'd painefull, and ech chang
 ing vaine

41

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thimke,
 The hammers sound his senses did molest,
 And euermore, when he began to winke,
 The bellowes 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 shnkmg him afflicted to the very sowle

42

And if by fortune any litle nap
 Vpon his heauie eye lids chaunst to fall,
 Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
 Vpon his headpeece with his yron mall,
 That he was soone awaked therewithall,
 And lightly started vp 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 apay d

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, gaue place to kindly rest,
 That all his senses did full soone arrest
 Yet in his soundest 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

44

With that, the wicked carle the maister Smith
 A paire of redwhot yron tongs did take
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
 Vnder his side him nipt, that forst to wake,
 He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
 And started vp auenged 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

45

In such disquiet, and hartfretting payne,
 He all that night, that too lons night did passe
 And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
 Began to peepe aboue this earthly masse,
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning
 grasse
 Then vp he rose like heauie lumpe of lead,
 That in his face, as m a looking glasse,
 The signes of anguish one mote plamely read,
 And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous
 dread

46

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
 And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
 And with him eke that aged Squire attone,
 Who whatsoeuer penll was prepared,
 Both equall paines and equall penll shared
 The end whereof and daungerous euent
 Shall for another canticle be spared
 But here my wearie teeme nigh ouer spent
 Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went

Cant VI



*Both Scudamour and Arthegall
 Doe fight with Brttomart,
 He sees her face doth fall In loue,
 and soone from her depart*



I

What equall torment to the griefe of mind,
 And pynning anguish hid in gentle hart,
 That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkind,
 And nounsheth her owne consuming smart ?
 What medicine can any Leaches art
 Yeeld such a sore, that doth her gneuaunce hide,
 And will to none her maladie impart ?
 Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
 For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salue
 prouide

2

Who haung left that restlesse house of Care,
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,
 Full of melancohe and sad misfare,
 Through misconcept, all vnawares espide
 An armed Knight vnder a forrest side,
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede,
 Who soone as them approaching he descride,
 Gan towards them to pncke with eger speede,
 That seem'd he was full bent to some mis
 chieuous deede

Which Scudamour perceiung, forth issewed
 To haue rencountred him in equall race,
 But soone as th'other nigh approaching, vewed
 The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,
 And voide his course at which so suddam case
 He wondred much But th'other thus can say,
 Ah gentle Scudamour, vnto your grace
 I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
 That almost had against you trespassed thisday

4

Whereto thus Scudamour, Small harme it were
 For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
 Without displeasance for to proue his spere
 But reade you Sir, sith ye my name haue hight,
 What is your owne, that I mote you requite
 Certes (sayd he) ye mote as now excuse
 Me from discouenng you my name aright
 For time yet serues that I the same refuse,
 But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vse

5

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight* (quoth he) areede,
 Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
 That seemeth well to answer to your weede ?
 Or haue ye it for some occasion donne ?
 That rather seemes, sith knownen armes ye
 shonne
 This other day (sayd he) a stranger knight
 Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;
 Onwhom I waite towreake that fouledespight,
 When euer he this way shall passe by day or
 night

6

Shame be his meede (quoth he) that meaneth
 shame
 But what is he, by whom ye shamed were ?
 Astranger knight, sayd he, vnknowne by name,
 But knowne by fame, and by an Hebenespeare,
 With which he all that methim, downedid beare
 He in an open Turney lately held,
 Fro me the honour of that game did reare,
 And haung me all wearie earst, downe feld,
 The fayrest Ladie reft, and euer since withheld

7

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
 He wist right well, that it was Brttomart,
 The which from him his fairest loue did beare
 Tho gan he swell in euery 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 vnknighly part,
 Which that same knight, whom by his launce
 I read,
 Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes
 him dread

8

For lately he my loue hath fro me reft,
 And eke defiled with foule villanie
 The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
 In shame of knighthood and fidehtie ,
 The which ere long full deare he shall abie
 And if to that auenge by you decreed
 This hand may helpe, or succour ought supple,
 It shall not fayle, when so ye shall it need
 So both to wreake their wrathes on Bntomart
 agreed

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
 A Knight soft ryding towards them they spy de,
 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 *Saluage* knight
 Let me this craue, 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

10

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
 Gan fewer, and against her fiercely ran
 Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
 With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
 To dight, to welcome him, well as she can
 But entertamd him in so rude a wise,
 Thatto thegpoundshesmotbothorseandman,
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common harmes together did
 deuise

But *Artegall* beholding his mischaunce,
 New matter added to his former fire ,
 And eft auentning 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 vnawares his saddle he forwent,
 And found himselfe on ground in great amaze
 ment

12

Lightly he started vp 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 couert glade,
 Whom without perill he cannot inuade
 With such fell greedmes he her assayed,
 Thatthoughshemounted were, yet hehermade
 To giue him ground, (so much his force
 preuayled)
 Ana shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no
 armes auayled

13

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
 That m her wheeling round, behind her crest
 So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
 Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
 From foule mischance, ne did it euer 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

14

Like as the lightning brond from nuen skie,
 Throwne out by angry *loue* in his vengeance,
 With dreadfnil force falles on some steeple hie,
 Which battring, downe it on the church doth
 glance,
 And teares it all with terrible mischance
 Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forsooke,
 And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
 Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke ,
 And therewithall at him right furiously she
 strooke

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
 Whiles withlongfighton foothebreathlesse was,
 That she him forced backward to retreat,
 And yeeld vnto her weapon way to pas
 Whiose raging rigour neither Steele nor bras
 Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
 And pour d the purple bloud forth on the gras,
 That all his mayle ynv'd, and plates yrent,
 Shew'd all his bodie bare vnto the cruell dent

16

At length when as 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 assayle,
 Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of
 And lashing dreadfully at every part, [hayle,
 As if he thought her soule to disenrayle
 Ah cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart,
 That workst such wrecke on her, to whom thou
 dearest art

17

What yron courage euer 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 m her feature ?
 Certes some hellish fune, or some feend
 This mischiefe framd, for their first lous
 defeature,
 To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
 Thereby to make their lous beginning, their
 hues end

18

Thus long they trac'd, and trauerst to and fro,
 Sometimespursewing,andsometimes pursewed,
 Still as aduantage 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 heau'd on hie,
 Haung his forces all m one accrewed,
 And therewith stroke at her so hideoushe,
 That seemed nought but death mote be her
 destinie

19

The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunst,
 And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
 Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth
 glaunst
 A downe in vaine, ne harm'd her any more
 With that her angels face, vnseene afore,
 Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
 Deawed with siluer drops, throughsweating sore,
 But somewhat redder, then besem'd aright,
 Through toylesome heate and labour of her
 weary fight

And round about the same, her yellow heare
 Hauingthroughstirringngloosd their wonted band,
 Like to a golden border did appeare,
 Framedingoldsmithesforgewithcunninghand
 Yet goldsmithes cunning could not vnderstand
 To frame such subtle wire, so shinie cleare
 For it did glisten like the golden sand,
 The which *Pactolus* with his waters shere,
 Throwes forth vpon the nuage round about
 him nere

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
 Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wracke,
 His powrelesse arme benumbd withsecretfeare
 From his reuengefull purpose shronke abacke,
 And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
 Fell downetoground,as if the Steele had sence,
 And felt some ruth,or sencehis handdid lacke,
 Or both of them did thmk, obedience
 To doe to so diume a beauties excellence

22

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon,
 At last fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
 And of his wonder made religion,
 Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,
 Or else vnweetmg, what it else might bee ,
 And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
 That had done outrage in so high degree
 Whilest trembling horror did his sense
 assayle,
 And made ech member quake, and manly hart
 to quaye

23

Nathelesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,
 All that long while vpheld her wrathfull hand,
 With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
 And looking sterne, still ouer him did stand,
 Threatmng to strike, vnlesse he would with
 stand
 And bad him rise, or surely he should die
 But die or hue for nought he would vpstand
 But her of pardon prayd more earnesthe,
 Or wreake on him her will for so great iniune

24

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 plame dcsnde
 That peerlesse paterneof Dame natures pride,
 And heauenly image of perfection,
 He blest himselfe, as one sore temfide,
 And turning his feare to faint deuotion,
 Did worship her as some ctlesiall vision

25

But *Glance*, seeing all that chaunced there,
 Well weetmg how their errour to assoyle,
 Full glad of so good end, to them dre nere,
 And her sawled with seemly belaccwoyle,
 Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle
 Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
 To graunt vnto those warnours truce a whyle,
 Which yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
 And shew'd themselues to her, such as indeed
 they were

When *Bntomart* with sharpe auizefull eye
 Beheld the louely face of *Artegall*,
 Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
 She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call,
 To be the same which m 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

27

Yet she it forst to haue againe vpheld,
 As faynmng choler, which was turn'd to cold
 But euer when his visage she beheld,
 Her handfelldowne, 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,
 Nathelesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
 But brought forth speeches myld, when she
 would haue missayd

28

But *Scudamour* now woxen inly glad,
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his loue abused had
With breach of faith and loyalte vnsound,
The which long time his gneued hart did wound,
He thus bespake, Certes Sir *Artegall*,
I loy to see you lout so low on ground,
And HOW become to hue a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise
them all

29

Soone as she heard the name of *Artegall*,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart strings
tremble,
For sudden loy, and secret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To succour it, themselues 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

30

When *Glauce* thus gan wisely all vpknit,
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath
To be spectators of this vncouth fit, [brought,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Against the course of kmd, nemeruaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hether too
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle
thought,
Fearing least she your loues away should woo,
Feared in vame, sith meanes ye see there wants
theretoo

31

And you Sir *Artegall*, the saluage knight,
Henceforth may not disdain, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight
For whylome they haue conquerd sea and land,
And heauen it selfe, that nought may them
withstand
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds denued from aboue,
Which being knit with vertue, neuer will
remoue

32

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 empair
For louers heauen must passe by sorrowes hell
Thereat full inly blushed *Bntomart*,
But *Artegall* dose smyling loy'd in secret hart

33

Yet durst he not make loue 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 graue, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with
draw,
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and fame,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand
would reframe

But *Scudamour* whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some goodly newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake, But Sir without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my loue,
My *Amoret*, sith you her freed fro thence,
Where she captiu'd long, great woes did proue,
That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth
behoue

35

To whom thus *Britomart*, Certes Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I can not vnto you aread a right
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserue'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villedaine her kept
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne vnto whom I more true loue did
beare

36

Till on a day as through a desert wyld
We trauelled, both weane of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld,
Where feare lesse 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 cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare,
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
heare

37

When *Scudamour* those heauie tydings heard,
His hart was thnld 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 sound doth beare
Till *Glauce* thus, Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse 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

38

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare so sore a
breach

That sudden newes had made into hisspnght,
Till *Brttomart* him fairely thus behight,
Great cause of sorrow certes Sir ye haue
But comfort take for by this heauens light
I vow, you dead or hung not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did
reaue

39

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

Vnto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir *Artegall*
Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healedhad,
And wearie limmes recur'd after latevsage bad

40

In all which time, Sir *Artegall* made way
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*,
And with meeke seruice and much suit did lay
Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart,
Which being whylome launche withloulouely dart,
More eath was new impression to receiue,
How euer she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it
perceiue

Vame is the art that seekes it selfe for to
deceiue

41

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length vnto 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 voves which forth he
pour'd,
And many othes, she yeeled her consent
To be his loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with manage meet might finish that
accord

42

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir *Artegall*, who all this while was bound
Vpon an hard aduenture yet in quest,
It time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound,
And vnto her his congee came to take
But her therewith full sore displeas'd he found,
And loth to leaue her late betrothed make,
Her dearest loue full loth so shortly to forsake

43

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 voves from bottome of his hart,
That all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that athchieue, whereto he did aspire,
He vnto her would speedily reuert
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did
expire

44

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeeled leaue, how euer 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 aduentures they did
ride,

Saue that she algates him a while accompanide

45

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray
But all she did was but to weare out day
Full oftentimes she leaue of him did take,
And eft againe deuiz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make
So loth she was his companie for to forsake

46

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes gouernment,
And backe returned with right heauie mind,
To *Scudamour*, who she had left behind,
With whom she went to seeke faire *Amorel*,
Her second care, though in another kind,
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True loue and faithfull friendship, she by her
did set

47

Backe to that desert Forrest they retyred,
Where sone *Brttomart* had lost her late,
There they her sought, and euery where in
quired,
Where they might tydings get of her estate,
Yet found they none But by what haplesse
fate,
Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
And stolne away from her beloued mate,
Were long to tell, therefore I here will say
Vntill another tyde, that I it finish may

Cant VII



*Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphebe saues from dread,
The Squire her hues, and being blam'd
his dayes in dole doth lead*



I

Great God of louc, that with thy cruell dart
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy hngdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,
What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyrannung so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their hues thou lanchdest long
afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily
more?

2

So whylome didst thou to faire *Fbnmell*,
And so and so to noble *Bntmart*
So doest thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In saluage forrests, and in deserts wide,
With Beares and Tygers taking heaue part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils, whichshe tride

So soone as she with that braue Britonesse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
They trauel'd long, that now for weannesse,
Both of the way, and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did deuise
T'ahght, and rest their weane limbs awhile
There heaue sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of *Bntmart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed pames in quiet rest assoyle

4

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 vnawares her snatched vp from ground
Feebly she shnekt, but so feebly indeed,
That *Bntmart* heard not the shrilling sound,
There through weary trauel she lay
sleeping sound

It was to weete a wilde and saluage man,
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All ouergrowne with haire, that could awpah
An hardy hart, and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore
For he ku'd all on raum and on rape
Of men and beasts, and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips
afore 6

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
Butlike a wide deepepoke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the rehckes of his feast,
And cruellspoyl, which he hadspard, to stow
And ouer it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud,
And downe both sides two wide long eares did
glow, [stood,
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus*
flood 7

His wast was with a wreath of yuie 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 sharpened 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 haue not red
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tygres
fed 8

This vgly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the Forrest bore her quite away,
Withbnersand bushesallto rent and scratcht,
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Whichmanyaknight had soughtsomanyaday
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th'end of all his way,
Vnto his caue farre from ail peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne
nought feanng

For she deare Ladie all the way was dead,
Whilest hem armeshers bore, but when she felt
Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Straight into gnefe, that her deare hart nigh
swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread honour, where she
dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swoond,
Ne wist whether aboue she were, or vnder
ground

10

With that she heard some one close by her side
 Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
 Her tender hart in peeces would diuide
 Which she long hstning, softly askt agame
 What mister wight it was that so did plaine ?
 To whom thus aunswer'd was Ah wretched
 wight

That seekes to know anothers gnefe in vaine,
 Vnweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight
 Selfe to forget to mind another, is ouersight

11

Ave me (said she) where am I, or with whom ?
 Emong the huing, or emong the dead ?
 What shall of me vnhappy maid become ?
 Shall death be th'end, or ought else worse,
 aread

Vnhappy mayd (thenanswerd she) whosedread
 Vntnde, is lesse then when thou shalt it try
 Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
 Both grace and game, but he in hell doth he,
 Thathues a loathed hfe, and wishing cannot die

12

This dismall day hath thee a caytiue made,
 And vassall to the vilest wretch ahue,
 Whose cursed vsage and vngodly trade
 Theheauensabhorre, andintodarkenessdriue
 For on the spoile of women he doth hue,
 Whose bodies chaste, when euer in his powre
 He may them catch, vnable to gainestme,
 He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
 And after wards themselvesdoth cruelly deuoure

13

Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
 Diuide their works, haue past through heuen
 sheene,

Since I was brought into this dolefull den,
 During which space these sory eies haue seen
 Seauen women by him slame, and eaten clene
 And now no moie for him but I alone,
 And this old woman here remaining beene,
 Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone,
 And of vs three to morrow he will sure eate one

14

Ah dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,
 (Quothshe) of all that euer hath bene knowen
 Full many great calamities and rare
 This feeble brest endured hath, but none
 Equall to this, where euer I haue gone
 But what are you, whom like vn lucky lot
 Hathhncktwitheinthesamechaine attone ?
 To tell (quoth she) that which ye see, needs not,
 A wofull wretched maid, of Godand man forgot

But what I was, it irkes me to rehearse,
 Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree,
 That 10yd in happy peace, till fates peruerse
 With guilefull loue did secretly agree,
 To ouerthrow my state and dignitie
 It was my lot to loue a gentle swaine,
 Yet was he but a Squire of low degree,
 Yet was he meet, vnlesse mine eye did fame,
 By any Ladies side for Leman to haue lame

16

But for his meannesse and disparagement,
 My Sire, who me too dearly well did loue,
 Vnto my choise by no means would assent,
 But often did my folly fowle reprove
 Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
 But whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
 I me resolu'd the vtmost end to proue,
 And rather then my loue abandon so,
 Both sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo

Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
 Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
 To hide th'intent, which in my heart did lurke,
 Till I thereto had all things ready dight
 So on a day vnweeting vnto wight,
 I with that Squire agreee away to flit,
 And in a pny place, betwixt vs hight,
 Within a groue appointed him to meete,
 To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete

18

But ah vnhappy 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 vntouched till this present day,
 I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Æmyha*

19

Ah sad *Æmyha* (then sayd *Amoret*)
 Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne
 But read to me, by what deuse or wit,
 Hast thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
 Thine honor sau'd, though into thraldome
 throwne
 Through helpe (quoth she) of this old woman
 here
 I haue so done, as she to me hath showne
 For euer when he burnt in lustfull fire,
 She in my stead suppld his bestiall desire

20

Thus of their euils as they did discourse,
 And each did other much bewaile and mone,
 Loe where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes
 sourse,
 Came to the caue, and rolling thence the stone,
 Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that
 none
 Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
 And spreddmg ouer all the flore alone,
 Gan dight him selfe vnto his wonted smne
 Which ended, then his bloudy banket should
 begmne

Which when as fearefull *Amarêt* perceiued,
 She staid not the vtmost end thereof to try,
 But like a ghastly Gelt, whose wits are reaued,
 Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
 For horroure of his shamefull villany
 But after her full lightly he vprose,
 And her pursu'd as fast as she did me
 Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
 Ne feesle the thorns and thickets pncke her
 tender toes

22

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor daleshestaies,
 But ouerleapes them all, like Robucke light,
 And through the thickest makes her highest
 waies,
 And euermore when with regardfull sight
 She looking backe, spies that griesly wight
 Approchmg nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
 And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight
 More swift then *Myrrh'* or *Daphne* in her race,
 Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in saluagcchase

23

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long,
 Ne lining aide for her on earth appeares,
 But if the heauens helpe to redresse her wrong,
 Moued with pity of her plenteous teares
 It fortun'd *Belpkebe* with her peares
 The woody Nymphs, and with that louely boy,
 Washuntmg then the Libbards and the Beares,
 In these wild woods, as was her wonted loy,
 To banish sloth, that oft doth noble mindes
 annoy

24

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
 That each of them from other sundred were,
 And that same gentle Squire arriu'd in place
 Where this same cursed caviue did appeare,
 Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare,
 And now he her quite ouertaken had,
 And now he her away with him did beare
 Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
 That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be
 rad

25

Which dreary sight 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 louely spoile downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand,
 Defends him selfe, and saues his gotten pray
 Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was fulllight and nimble on the land,

26

Thereto the villaine vsed craft in fight,
 For euer when the Squire his lauelin shooke,
 He held the Lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puissance of his mtended stroke
 And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
 Whilest 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

27

Which subtile sleight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, for
 beare,

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 attame,
 And therein left the pike head of his speare
 A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht
 amaine,

That all her silken garments did with blood be-
 stame

28

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
 And laying both his hands vpon his glau,
 With dreadfull strokes let dnué at him so sore,
 That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to saue
 Yet he therewith so felly still did raue,
 That scarce the Squire his hand could once
 vpreare,
 But for advantage ground vnto him gaue,
 Tracing and trauersing, now here, now there,
 For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes
 to beare

29

Whilest thus m battell they embusied were,
Belphebe raungmg 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 approachmg nighespede,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
 He by his former combate would not bide,
 But fled away with ghastly drenment,
 Wellknowing hertobehis deathssolemstrument

30

Whom seeing flie, she speedily potirsewed
 With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
 And euer in her bow she ready shewed
 The arrow, to his deadly marke desynde
 As when *Latonaes* daughter cruell kynde,
 In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
 With fell despyght her cruell arrowes tynde
 Gainst wofull *Nwbes* vnhappy race,
 That all the gods did mone her miserable case

31

So well she sped her and so far she ventred,
 That ere vnto his hellish den he raught,
 Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
 She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
 That in the very dore him ouercaught,
 And in his nape arming, through it thirld
 His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
 That all his vitall spintes thereby spild,
 And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild

32

Whom when on ground she grouehng saw to
 rowle,
 She ran in hast his life to haue bereft
 But ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
 Hauing his carrion corse quite sencelesse left,
 Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft
 Yet ouer him she there long gazing stood,
 And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
 His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy bloud
 The place there ouerfiowne, seemd like a
 sodaine flood

33

Thence forth she past into his dreadfull den,
 Where nought but darkesome dremesse she
 found,
 Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
 Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound
 With that she askt, what ghosts there vnder
 ground
 Lay hid in horror 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

34

Then forth the sad *Æmylia* issewed,
 Yet trembling euery loynt 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 louer deare
 That mou'd *Belphebe* her no lesse to hate,
 Then for to rue the others heauy cheare,
 Of whom she gan enquire of her estate
 Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate

35

Thence she them brought toward the place,
 where late
 She left the gentle Squire with *Atnoret*
 There she him found by that new louely mate,
 Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
 From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
 Which softly stild, and kissing them atweenc,
 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

36

Which whenshesaw, with sodaine glauncmgeye,
 Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
 With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
 That in her wrath she thought them both haue
 thirld,
 With that self e arrow, whu h the Carle had kild
 Yet held her wrathful! hand from vengeance
 sore,
 But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
 Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
 But turnd her face, and fled away for euermore

37

He seeing her depart, arose vp light,
 Right sore agneued at her sharpe reproofe,
 And follow'd fast but when he came in sight,
 He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
 For dread of her displeasures vtmost prooffe
 And euermore, when he did grace entreat,
 And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
 Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
 And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to
 retreat

38

At last when long he follow'd had in vaine,
 Yet found no ease of gnefe, nor hope of grace,
 Vnto those woods he turned backe againe,
 Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case
 And finding there fit solitary place
 For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
 Where hardly eyemote seebngt heauensface,
 For mossy trees, which couered all with shade
 And sad melancholy there he his cabin made

39

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
 And threw away, with vow to vse no more,
 Ne thenceforth euer strike in battell stroke,
 Ne euer word to speake to woman more,
 But in that wilderness, of men forlofe,
 And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
 Hib hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
 And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight,
 So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne
 despyght

40

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
 He wilfully did cut and shape anew,
 And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment
 sweet
 To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
 He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
 Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and carelesly vnshed,
 That in short time his face they ouergrew,
 And ouer all his shoulders did dispred,
 That who lie whilome was vneath was to be red

41

There he continued in this carefull plight,
 Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
 Ithrough wilfull penury consumed quight,
 That like a pined ghost he soone appears
 For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
 Ne other drinke there did he euer tast,
 Then running water, tempred with his teares,
 The more his weakened body so to wast
 I hat out of all mens knowledge lie was worne
 at last 42

For on a day, by fortune as it fell.
 His owne deare Lord Prince *Arihure* came
 that way,
 Seeking aduentures, where he mote heare tell,
 Andasne through the wandring wood did stray,
 Iiming espid this Cabin far away,
 He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne,
 Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
 That did resort of sinful people shonne,
 Or else some woodman shrowded there from
 scorching sunne

Arnuing there, he found this wretched man,
 Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
 And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 All ouergrown with rude and rugged haire,
 That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne auiz'd at all,
 But like strange wight, whom he had scene no
 where,
 Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
 And pittie much his plight, that hu'd like outcast
 thrall

44

But to his speach he answered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
 Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
 As one with gnefe and anguishe ouercum,
 And vnto euery thing did aunswere mum
 And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did vnto him make,
 Midst sorrow shewing lousous semblance for his
 sake

At which his vncouth guise and vsage quaint
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not
 ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint,
 Yet weend by secret signes of manhesne,
 Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swame had beene,
 T ramd vp in feats of armes and knighthnesse,
 Which he obseru'd, by that he him had seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the edges
 keene

46

And eke by that he saw on euery tree,
 How he the name of one engrauen had,
 Which hkly was his liefest loue to be,
 For whom he now so sorely was bestad,
 Which was by him *BELPHEBE* rightly rad
 Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he ne wist,
 Yet saw he often how he waxed glad,
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wlierein it written was, and how himselfe he
 blist

47

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 agame
 Which for it is too long here to abide,
 I will deferre the end vntill another tide

Cant VIII

*The gentle Squire recouers grace,
 Slaunder her guests doth statne
 Corflatbo chaseth Plaadas,
 And is by Arihure shine*

I

Well said the wiseman, now prou'd true by this,
 Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
 That the displeasure of the mighty is
 Then death it selfe more dread and desperate
 For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,
 Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
 With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
 And haue the sterne remembrance wypt away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed
 lay

2
Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire *Belphebe* had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no loy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He euer tasted, but with penance sad
And pensiuie sorrow pmd and wore away,
Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance
glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish
and decay,

3
Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst aturtle Doue
To come, where he his dolours did deuise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest loue,
Which losse her made like passion also proue
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmoue,
That she gan mone his vnderued smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a
part

4
Shee sitting by him as on ground he lay,
Her mournfull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyl'd, 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 vnworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged
heares,
That could haue perst the hearts of Tigres and
of Beares

5
Thus long this gentle bird to him did vse,
Withouten dread of penll to rcpaire
Vnto his wonne, and widi her mournfull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care
That much did ease his mourning and misfare
And euery 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

6
Vpon a day as she him sate beside,
By chance he certame miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as rehckes did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphebe* threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew
Amongst the rest a lewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a htle golden chaine about it bound

7
The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the wew
Did greatly solace his engeued mind
All vnawares 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 dismayd
And looking after long, did marke which way
she straid

8
But when as long he looked had in vame,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returned to him agame,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his mell 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,
Vntill she came where wonned *his Belphebe* faire

9
There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in couert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toile, which she had tnde
In saluage 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 gnefe, that for her
sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did
pertake

10
She her beholding with attentue eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious luell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands
drest
Therewith she rose in hast, and her address
With ready hand it to haue reft away
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swaru'd aside, and there agame did stay,
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay

II
And euer when she nigh approcht, the Doue
Would flit a htle forward, and then stay,
Till she drew neare, and then againe remoue,
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 vnto that place did guide,
I Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide

12

Eftsoones she flew vnto his fearelesse hand,
 And there a piteous ditty new deuiz'd,
 As if she would haue made him vnderstand,
 His sorowes cause to be of her despis'd
 Whom when she saw in wretched weedes
 disguiz'd,
 With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
 Like ghost late risen from his graue agryz'd,
 She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
 And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace

13

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 eies, 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 vnto her sent,
 As messengers of his true meaning and intent

14

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
 But wondred much at his so selcouth case,
 And by his persons secret seemlyhed
 Well weend, that he had beene some man of
 place,
 Before misfortune did his hew deface
 That being mou'd with ruth she thus bespake
 All wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace, i
 Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake ?
 Or selfe disliked life doth thee thus wretched
 make ?

If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,
 Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne
 If wrathfull wight, then fowlerebuke and shame
 Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne ,
 But if through inward gnefe or wilfull scorne
 Of life it be, then better doe aduise
 For he whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
 The grace of his Creator doth despise,
 That will not vse his gifts for thanklesse
 nigardise 16_i

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake
 His sodame silence, which he long had pent,
 And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake ,
 Then haue they all themselues against me bent
 For heauen, first author of my languishment,
 Enuyng my too great felicity,
 Did closely with a cruell one consent,
 To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
 And make me loath this life, still longing for
 to die

17

Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred, [wight
 Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse
 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 inhuming wrath she gan abate,
 And him receiue'd agametoformer fauours state

18

In which he long time afterwards did lead
 An happie life with grace and good accord,
 Fearlesse of fortunes change or enuies dread,
 And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
 The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
 Of tydms, what did vnto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford,
 But through the endless world did wanderwide,
 Him seeking euermore, yet no where him
 descende

Till on a day as through that wood he rode,
 He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and *Amoret* abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate ,
 The one right feeble through the euill 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 sore
 astound

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rewe
 The euill case in which those Ladies lay ,
 But most was moued at the piteous vew
 Of *Amoret*, so neare vnto 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 vnto strength restor'd her
 soone anew

Tho when they both recouered were right well,
 He gan of them inquire, what euill 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 vntide
 Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hand ,
 Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there
 beside,
 And eke his caue, in which they both were bond
 At which he wondred much, when all those
 signes he found

22

And euermore he greatly did desire
 To know, what Virgin did them thence vnbind,
 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

23

So when that Forrest they had passed well,
 A litle cotage farre away they spide,
 To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell,
 And entnng m, found none therein abide,
 But one old woman sitting there beside,
 Vpon the ground in ragged rude attyrt,
 With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
 Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
 And there out sucking venime to her parts
 entyre

24

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse
 For she was stufte with rancour and despight
 Vp to the throat, that oft with bitterness
 It forth would breake, and gush in great
 excesse,
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
 Gainst all, that truth or vertue doe professe,
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
 And wickedly backbite Her name men
Sclander call

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 euer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame
 So chaste and loyall hu'd, but she would stneue
 With forged cause them falsely to defame,
 Ne euer thing so well was doene ahue,
 But she with blame would blot, and of due
 praise depnue

26

Her words werenot, as common words are ment,
 To expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
 But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
 From mward parts, with cancred malice lind,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind,
 Which passing through the eares, would
 pierce the hart,
 And wound the soule it selfe with grieue vnkind
 For like the stings of Aspes, that kill with smart,
 Her spightfull words did pneke, and wound the
 inner part

27

Such was that Hag, vnmeet 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 despyed nicenesse vaine,
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
 Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
 And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
 Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse
 misfare

28

Then all that euenng welcommed with cold,
 And chearelesse hunger, they together spent,
 Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
 And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
 For lodging there without her owne consent
 Yet they endured all with patience milde,
 And vnto rest themselues all onely lent,
 Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,
 To be vnjustly blamd, and bitterly reuilde

29

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 consuering 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 span,
 More hard for hungry steed t'abstaine from
 pleasant lare

30

But antique age yet in the infancie
 Of time, did hue then like an innocent,
 In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
 Ne then of guile had made expenment,
 But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
 Held vertue for it selfe in soueraine awe
 Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
 And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,
 From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw

31.

The Lyon there did with the Lambe consort,
 And eke the Doue sate by the Faulcons side,
 Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
 But did in safe secuntie abide,
 Withouten penll of the stronger pride
 But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre
 old
 (Whereof it hight) and haung shortly tnde
 The trames of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
 And dared of all smnes the secrets to vnfold

Then beautie, which was made to represent
 The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
 Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
 And made the baite of bestiall delight
 Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire m
 sight,
 And that which wont to vanquish God and man,
 Was made the vassall of the victors might,
 Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,
 Despis'd and trodden downe of all that ouerran

33

And now it is so vtterly decayd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine, [ayd,
 But if few plants preseru'd through heauenly
 In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
 Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soueraine,
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
 Sprung of the ancient stocke of Pnncesstraine,
 Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly
 seed

34

Tho soone as day discouered heauens face
 To sinfull men with darknes ouerdight,
 This gentle crew gan from their eye lids chace
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselues vnto their lourney dight
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
 That them to view had bene an vncouth sight,
 How all the way the Prince on foot pace traced,
 The Ladies both on horse, together fast
 embraced

35

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
 That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
 Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled sore,
 Him calling theefe, them whores, that much
 did vex
 His noble hart, thereto she did annexe
 False enmes and facts, such as they neuer ment,
 That those two Ladies much asham'd did wepe
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson
 spent

36

At last when they were passed out of sight,
 Yet she did not her spightfull speech 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

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
 With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
 Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
 Faire Amorel, that scarcely she could ryde,
 And eke through heauie armes, which sort
 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 spaine,
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was
 his care

28

38

At length they spide, where towards them with
 speed

A Squire came galloping, as he would flie,
 Bearing a litle Dwarf 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 vpon a Dromedare on hie,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
 That would haue maz'd a man his dreadful
 face to vew

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
 Moresharpe then point of needles did proceed,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
 Full of sad powre, that poysonous baile did breed
 To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay
 Like as the Basinske of serpents secde,
 From powrefull eyes close venim doth conuay
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away

40

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curses vaine in his auengefull ire
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him ouertooke, before he came in vew
 Where when he saw the Prince marmour bnght,
 He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,
 And rescue him through succour of his might,
 From that his cruell foe, that him pursew'd in

sightt

41

Ef tooones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies
 twame
 From loftiesteepe, and mountmg in their stead
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling euerrvame
 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 dreadful weapon aymed at his head,
 That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,
 Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke repress

42

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Vpon his shield, which lightly he did throw
 Ouer his head, before the harme came neare
 Nathlesse it fell with so despitoeus dreare
 And heauie sway, that hard vnto his crowne
 The shield it droue, and did the couenng reare,
 Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble
 downe
 Vnto the earth, and lay long while m senselesse
 snowne

43

Whereat the Prince full wrath, his strong right
 hand
 In full auengement heaued vp 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 he
 And sure had not his massie yron mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
 It would haue cleft him to the girding place,
 Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space

44

But when he to himselfe returnd agame,
 All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
 And vow by *Mahoune* that he should be blame
 With that his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
 That seemed nought the souse 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 auoyded
 hght

45

But ere his hand he could recure agame,
 To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
 He smote at him with all his might andmaine,
 So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
 His head before him tombhng on the ground
 The whiles his babhng tongue did yet blaspheme
 And curse his God, that did him so confound,
 The whiles his life ran foorthm bloudie streame,
 His soule descended downe into the Stygian
 reame

46

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
 To see his foe breath out his spnght in vame
 But thatsamedwarfenghtson.seem d and sad,
 And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
 And rent his haire and scratcht his face for
 paine
 Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
 Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
 And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire,
 All which wasthustohim declared by that Squire

47

This mightie man (quoth he) whom you haue
 slame,
 Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was bred,
 And by his strength rule to himselfe did game
 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 sight,
 With which he killed all, that came within his
 nught

48

Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
 But euer 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
 Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought
 For most of strength and beautie his desire
 Wasspoyletomake, and wasthemvntonought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his false eyes, into their harts and parts
 entire

49

Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
 Though namelesse there hisbodie now doth he,
 Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
 The faire *Pceana*, who seemes outwardly
 So faire, as euer yet saw humg eie
 And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
 She were as faire as any vnder skie
 But ah she giuen is to vame delight,
 And eke too loose of life, and eke of loue too
 light

50

So as it fell there was a gentle Squire,
 That lou'd a Ladie of high parentage,
 But for his meane degree might not aspire
 Tomatchsohigh, herfnendswithcounsellsage,
 Dissuaded her from such a disparage
 But she, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
 Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage
 But firmly following her first intent,
 Resolu'd withhimto wend,gamstall her friends
 consent

51

So twixthemselves they pointed time and place,
 To which when he according did repaire,
 An hard mishap and disauentrous case
 Him chaunst, in stead of his *Æmylia* faire
 This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the lairt
 An headlesse heape, hrm vnawares there
 caught,
 And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire,
 Him wretched thrall vnto his dongeon brought,
 Where he remains, of all vnsuccour'd and
 vnsought

5²

This Gyants daughter came vpon a day
 Vnto the prison in her lyouous glee,
 To view the thrals, which there m bondage
 lay
 Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
 This louely swaiae 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 loue him promist hbertye at last

He though affide vnto a former loue,
 To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
 Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
 But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
 Her graunted loue, but with affection cold
 To win her grace his libertie to get
 Yet she him still detames in captiue hold,
 Fearing least if she should him freely set,
 He would her shortly leaue, and former loue
 forget

54

Yet so much fauour she to him hath hight,
 About the rest, that he sometimes may space
 And walke about her gardens of delight,
 Haumg a keeper still with him in place,
 Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
 To whom the keyes of euery prison dore
 By her committed be, of special 1 grace,
 And at his will may whom he list restore,
 And whom he list rcserue, to be afflicted more

Whereof when tydms came vnto mine eare,
 Full inly sone for the feruent 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 reueale,
 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 neuer two so like did huing creature see

56

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 vntrew,
 To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
 That lou'd me deare, as dearest thing aliue
 Thence she commaunded me to prison new,
 Whereof I glad did not gamesay nor stnue,
 But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her don
 geon dnuce

57

There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
 In heauy plight and sad perplexitie ,
 Whereof I sorie, yet my selfe did bend,
 Him to recomfort with my companie
 But him the more agreu d I found thereby
 For all his loy, he said, in that distresse
 Was mine and his *Amyhas* libertie
Amyha well he lou'd, as I mote ghesse ,
 Yet greater loue to me then her he did professe

58

But I with better reason him auiz'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
 Where to full loth was he, ne would for ought
 Consent, that I who stood all fearelesse free,
 Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
 Till fortune did perforce it so decree
 Yet ouerrul'd at last, he did to me agree

59

The morrow next about the wonted howre,
 The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
 To come forthwith vnto his Ladies bowre
 In steed of whom forth came I *Plaadas*,
 And vndiscerned, forth with him did pas
 There with great loyance and with gladsome
 glee,
 Of faire *Poeana* I receiued was,
 And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
 And with kind words accoyd, vowing great
 loue to mee 60

Which I, that was not bent to former loue,
 As was my friend, that had her long refusd,
 Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
 And to the present neede it wisely vsd
 My former hardnesse first I faire excusd ,
 And after promist large amends to make
 With such smooth termes her error I abusd,
 To my friends good, more then for mine owne
 sake,

For whose sole libertie I loue and life did stake

61

Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
 That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
 She bad to lighten my too heaueie 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 vs enlarge,
 But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
 I lightly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away

62

Thereat he shnekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bra\,
 And me pursew'd , but nathemore would I
 Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 But haue perforce him hether brought away
 Thus as they talked, loe where nigh at hand
 Those Ladies two yetdoubtfull through dismay
 In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand
 Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the
 land

63

Where soone as sad *Æmyha* did espie
 Her captiue louers friend, young *Plaadas*,
 All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
 She to him ran, and him with streight embras
 Enfolding said, And hues yet *Amya* ?
 He hues (quoth he) and his *Æmyha* loues
 Then lesse (said she) by all the woe I pas,
 With whichmy weaker patiencefortuneproues
 But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe
 remoues ?

64

Then gan he all this stone to renew,
 And tell the course of his captiuitie,
 That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
 And sigh full sore, to heare the misene,
 In which so long he mercilesse did he
 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
 euent

Cant IX



The Squire of low degree releast

Poana takes to wife

Briiormart figktes with many Knights,

Prince Arthur stints their strife



I

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
 When all three kinds of loue together meet,
 And doe part the hart with powre extreme,
 Whether shall weigh the balance downe, to
 weet
 The deare affection vnto kindred sweet,
 Or raging fire of loue to woman kind,
 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

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
 And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame
 But faithfull friendship doth them both
 suppress,
 And them with maystnng disciphnedothtame
 Through thoughts aspyning to eternall fame
 For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
 And all the seruice of the bodie frame,
 So loue of soule doth loue of bodie passe,
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts themeaneest
 brasse

All which who list by tryall to assay,
 Shall in this stone find approued plaine ,
 In which these Squires true friendbhip more
 did sway,
 Then either care of parents could refraine,
 Or loue of fairest Ladle could constraine
 For though *Poana* were as faire as morne,
 Yet did this trustie Squire with proud disdain
 For his friends sake her offred iauours scorne,
 And she her selfe her syre, of whom she was
 yborne

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
 To yeeldstrong succour to that gentle swayne,
 Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
 He gan aduise how best he mote darrayne
 That enterpnze, for greatest glories gayne
 That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from
 ground,
 And hauing ympt the head to it agayne,
 Vpon his vsuall beast it firmly bound,
 And made it so to ride, as it aliue was found

5

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
 Before the ryder, as he captiue were, [ayd,
 And made his Dwarfe, though with vnwiling
 To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,
 Till to his castle they approched neare [ward
 Whom when the watch, that kept continuill
 Sawcomminghome,allvoideofdoubtfullfeare,
 He running downe, the gate to him vnbar'd ,
 Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together
 far'd

6

There he did find in her dehtious boure
 The faire *Poana* playing on a Rote,
 Complaynmng of her cruell Paramoure,
 And singing 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 vnwares attacht, and captiue held by
 might

7

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceiud
 Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide
 But when of him no aunswere she receiued,
 But saw him sencelesse by the Squire vpstaide,
 She weened well, that then she was bctraide
 Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
 And that same Squire of treason to vpbraide
 But all in vame, her plaints might not preuaile,
 Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to
 baile

8

Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him com
 To open vnto him the prison dore, [pcld
 And forth to bring those thrals, which there
 he held
 Thence forth were brought to him iboue ascore
 Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore
 All which he did from bitter bondage free,
 And vnto former liberty restore
 Amongst the rest, that Squire of low degree
 Came forth full weake and wan, not like him
 selfe to bee

9

Whom soone as faire *Æmylia* beheld,
 And *Placidus*, they both vnto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Stnuing to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his visige pale and wan
 That faire *Paeana* them beholding both,
 Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban,
 Through lealous passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes
 were loth

10

But when a while they had together beene,
 And diuersly conferred of their case,
 She, though full oft she both of them had seene
 sunder, yet not euer in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captiue Squires helou'd so deare,
 Decemed through great hkenesse of their face,
 For they so like in person did appeare,
 That she vneath discerned, whether whether i
 weare

11

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
 Their like rcsemblance much admired there,
 And mazed 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

SPENSER

12

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
 In which he found great store of hoorded
 treasure,
 The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
 And tortious powre, without respect or measure
 Vpon 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 diuide part of his purchast
 spoile

And for more loy, that captiue Lady faire
 The faire *Pocana* he enlarged free,
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous chane,
 To feast and frolicke, nathe more would she
 Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasaunt
 glee
 But gneued was for losse both of her sire,
 And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee
 But most she touched was with griefe entire,
 For losse of her new loue, the hope of her desire

14

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 corsiue, which did eat
 Her tender heart, and made reframe from meat,
 He with good thewes and speeches well applyde,
 Did molhfe, and calmed her raging heat
 tor though she were most faire, and goodly
 dyde,
 Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride

15

And for to shut vp all m friendly loue,
 Sith loue was first the ground of all her gnefe,
 That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue
 Nottodespisethatdame, which lou'd him hefe,
 Till he had made of her some better priefe,
 But to accept her to his wedded wife
 Thereto he offted for to make him chiefe
 Of all her land and lordship during life
 He yielded, and her tooke, so stinted all their
 strife

16

From that day forth in peace and loyous blis,
 They hu'd together long without debate,
 Ne priuate larre, ne spite of enemies
 Could shake the safe assurance of their state
 And she whom Nature did so faire create,
 That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
 Yet with lewd loues and lust intemperate
 Had it defate, thenceforth reformed her waies,
 I That all men much admyrde her change, and
 K spake her praise.

17

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde
 These paires of friends in peace and setled rest,
 Him selfe, whose minde did trauell as with
 chylde,
 Of his old loue, conceau'd in secret brest,
 Resolued to pursue his former quest,
 And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
 Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequest
 Had left in his protection whileare,
 Exchanged out of one into an other feare

18

Feare of her safety did her not constraîne,
 For well she wist now in a mighty hond,
 Her person late in perill, did remame,
 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 victors powre, like vassall bond,
 Whose willher weakenesse could no way repress,
 In case his burning lust should breake into
 excesse

19

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 reasons 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 loues dispersed diuersly,
 Yet neither shewed to other their hearts pnuity

20

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 besemed,
 That which of them was best, mote not be
 deemed
 Those foure were they, from whom false *Flori
 mell*
 By *Braggadocchio* lately was redeemed
 To weet, sterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
 Loue lauish *Blandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*

Druons delight was all in single life,
 And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure
 The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
 Withferuent flames, and louedout of measure
 So eke lou'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
 Would cliangehisliking, and new Lemansproue
 But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
 But lusted after all, that him did moue
 So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue

But those two other which beside them stode,
 Were *Brttomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
 Whoall the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
 And wondred at their impacable stoure,
 Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other dnué,
 And laid on load with all their might and powre,
 As if that euery dint the ghost would nue
 Out of their wretched corses, and their hues
 depnue

23

As when *Dan Æolus* in great displeasure,
 For losse of his deare loue by *Neptune* hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden
 threasure,
 Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent,
 They breaking forth with rude vnrliment,
 From allfoure parts of heauen doe rage full sore,
 Andtosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
 And all the world confound with wide vprore,
 As if in stead thereof they *Chaos* would restore

24

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
 Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,
 Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,
 Andseekmg long, toweetwhich way shestraid,
 Met here together, where throughlewd vpbraide
 Of *Ate* and *Duessa* they fell out,
 And each one taking part in others aide,
 This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
 Whose dangerous successe depended yet in dout

25

For sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
 The better had, and bet the others backe,
 Eftsoones the otherb did the field recoure,
 And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke
 Yet neither would their fiendlike fury slacke,
 But euermore their malice did augment,
 Till that vneath they forced were for lacke
 Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
 And rest themselues for to recouer spirits spent

26

There gan they change their sides, and new
 parts take,
 For *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,
 For old despight, which now forth newly brake
 Gainst *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide
 And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* rehde
 So all afresh gan former fight renew
 As when two Barks, this caned with the tide,
 That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
 If wind and tide doe change, their courses
 change anew

27

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
 As if but then the battell had begonne,
 Nehelmetsbnght,nehawberksstrongddidspare,
 That through the chits the vermeifbloud out
 sponne,
 And all adowne their nuen sides did ronne
 Such mortall malice, wonder was to see
 In friends prof est, and so great outrage donne
 But sooth is said, and tnde m each degree,
 Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell
 fomen be 28

Thus they long while continued m fight,
 Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maide,
 By fortune in that place did chance to light
 Whomsoneas they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
 They gan remember of the fowle vpbraide,
 The which that Bntonesse 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

29

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
 Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood
 They from them selues gan turne their furious
 ire,
 And cruell blades yetsteemingwith whotbloud,
 Against those twoletdneue, as they were wood
 Who wondng much at that so sodune fit,
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well with
 stood,
 Ne yellded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
 But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit

30

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid,
 Of *Clanbell* and *Blandamour* attone ,
 And *Pandell* and *Drum* fiercely laid
 At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone
 Foure charged two, and two surcharged one ,
 Yet did those two them selues sobrauelybeare,
 That the other htle gained by the lone,
 But with their owne repayed duely weare,
 And vsury withall such game was gotten deare

31

Full oftentimes did *Bntomart* assay
 To speake to them, and some emparlance moue,
 But they for nought their cruell hands would
 stay,
 Ne lend an eare to ought, that might behoue,
 As when an eager mastiffe once doth proue
 The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
 No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue
 From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast
 So htle did they hearken to her sweet behest

32

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre beheld
 With ods of so vnequall match opprest,
 His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
 And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest
 Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide address,
 And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,
 Diuided them, how euer loth to rest,
 And would them fame from battell tosurceasse,
 With gentle words perswadmg them to frendly
 peace

33

But they so farre from peace or 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 houers vnder skie
 Long here and there, and round about doth stie,
 At length breakes downe in rame, and haffe,
 and sleet,
 First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
 And then another, till that likewise fleet,
 And so from side to side *tillall* the world it weet

34

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
 The Prince yet being fresh vntoucht afore,
 Who them with speaches milde gan first
 dissuade
 Fromsuch foule outrage, and them long forbore
 Tillseeingthemthroughsuff rance hartnedmore,
 Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,
 And layd at them so sharply and so sore,
 That shortly them compelled to retrate,
 And being brought in daunger, to relent too late

35

But now his courage being throughly fired,
 He ment to make them know their follies prise,
 Had not those two him instantly desired
 Tassuage his wrath,and pardon their mesprse
 At whose request he gan him selfe aduise
 To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
 In milder teames, as list them to deuise
 Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
 He did them aske, who all that passed gan
 repeat

36

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
 To weet faire *Brttomart*, them late had foyled
 In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
 Both of their pubheke praise had them do
 spoyled,
 And also of their pnuate loues beguyled,
 Of two full hard to read the harder theft
 Butshethatwrongfullchallengesooneasoyled,
 And shewd that she had not that Lady left,
 (As they supposd) but her had to her liking left

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied,
 Certes sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,
 To np vp wrong, that battell once hath tried,
 Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
 And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame,
 To whom the world this franchise euer yeelded,
 That of their loues choise they might freedom
 clame,
 And in that right should by all knights be
 shielded

Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully
 haue wielded

38

And yet (quoth she) a greater wrong remains
 For I thereby my former loue haue lost,
 Whom seeking euer since with endlesse pames,
 Hath me much sorrow and much trauell cost,
 Aye me to see that gentle maide so tost
 But *Scudamour* then sighing deepe, thus saide,
 Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
 Whose right she is, where euer she be straide,
 Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes
 waide

39

For from the first that I her loue profest,
 Vnto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
 I neuer loyed happinesse nor rest,
 But thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
 I wast my life, and doe my daies deuowre
 In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
 Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
 That huing thus, a wretch and lounge so,
 I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo

40

Then good sir *Clanbell* him thus bespake,
 Now were it not sir *Scudamour* to you
 Dibhkefull paine, so sad a taske to take,
 Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
 Is now so well accorded all anew,
 That as we ride together on our way,
 Ye will recount to vs in order dew
 All that aduenture, which ye did assay
 For that faire Ladies loue pastpenls wellapay

41

So gan the rest him likewise to require,
 But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
 To take on him that pame whose great desire
 He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
 To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
 In that atchieuement, as to him befell
 And all those daungers vnto them declar'd,
 Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
 Comprised be, I will them m another tell

Cant X.



*Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
 Ojvertuous Amoret
 Great Venus Temple is described,
 And loners life forth set*



I

True he it said, what euer man it sayd,
 That loue 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 ouer it redound
 That I too true by tnall haue approued
 For since the day that first with deadly wound
 My heart was launcht, and learned to haue loued,
 I neuer loyed howre, but still with care was
 moued

And yet such grace is giuen them from aboue,
 That all the cares and euill which they meet,
 May nought at all their settled mmdes remoue,
 But seeme gainst common sence to them most
 sweet,
 As bostmg in their martyrdome vnmeet
 So all that euer yet I haue endured,
 I count as naught, and tread downe vnder feet,
 Since of my loue at length I rest assured,
 That to disloyalty she will not be allured

3

Long were to tell the trauell and long toile,
 Through which this shield of loue I late haue
 wonne,
 And purchased this peerelesse beauties 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 leame to
 shonne,
 For though sweet loue to conquer glorious bee,
 Yet is the pame thereof much greater then the
 fee

4

What time the fame of this renoumed prise
 Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possesst,
 I haung armes then taken, gan auisse
 To winne me honour by some noble gest,
 And purchase me some place amongst the best
 I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are
 bold)
 That this same braue emprize for me did rest,
 And that both shield and she whom I behold,
 Might be my lucky lot, sith all by lot we hold.

5

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 same,
 Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
 And all the others pauement were with yuory
 spilt

6

And it was seated in an Island strong,
 Abounding all with dchces most rare,
 And wall'd by nature gainst inuaders wrong,
 That none mote haue accesse, nor inward fare,
 But by one way, that passage did prepare
 It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize,
 With curious Corbes and pendants grauenfaire,
 And arched all with porches, did arise
 On stately pillours, fram'd after the Doricke
 guise

And for defence thereof, on th'other end
 There reared was a castle faire and strong,
 That warded all which m or out did wend,
 And flancked both the bridges sides along,
 Gainst all that would it hine to force or wrong
 And therein wonned twenty valnnt Knights,
 All twenty tride in warres experience long,
 Whose office was, against all manner wights
 By all meanes to mamtame that castels ancient
 rights

8

Before that Castle was an open plune,
 And in the midst thereof a piller placed,
 On which thte shield, of many sought in vaine,
 The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath
 graced,
 Washangd on high with golden ribbands laced,
 And m the m irble stone was written this,
 With golden letters goodly well enched,
Blessed the man that well can vse Ms bits
Whose euer be the shield, faire Amoret be his

9

Which when I red, my heart did inly eame,
 And pant with hope of that adventures hap
 Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
 But with my speare vpon the shield did rap,
 That all the castle ringed with the clap
 Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to
 prooffe,
 And brauely mounted to his most mishap
 Who staying nought to question from aloofe,
 Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his
 horses hoofe

10

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 And by good fortune shortly him vnseated
 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 gronmg there vpon the plame
 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

II

So forth without impediment I past,
 Till to the Bridges vtter gate I came
 The which I found sure lockt and chained fast
 I knockt, but no man aunswd me by name,
 I cald, but no man answerd to my clame
 Yet I perseuer'd still to knocke and call,
 Till at the last I spide within the same,
 Whereonestood peeping through a creuissmall,
 To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall

12

That was to weet the Porter of the place,
 Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was knt
 His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
 Th'one forward looking, th'other backward
 bent,
 Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,
 Which hath m charge the ingate of the yeare
 And euermore his eyes about him went,
 As if some proued perill he did feare,
 Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not
 appeare

On th'one side he, on th'other sate *Delay*,
 Behinde the gate, that none her might espy
 Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
 And entertame with her occasions sly,
 Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,
 Which neuer they recouer might agame,
 And others quite excluded forth, did ly
 I long languishing there in vnptitted paine,
 And seeking often entraunce, afterwards in
 vaine

14

Me when as he had pnuilly esp de,
 Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
 He kend it streight, and to me opened wide
 So m I past, and streight he closd the gate
 But being m, *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 treasure of mans day,
 Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render
 may

15

But by no meanes my way I would forslow,
For ought that euer she could doe or say,
 But from my loft) steede dismounting low,
 Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
 The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
 Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
 That like on earth no where I reckon may
 And vnderneath, the nuer rolling still
 With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the
 workmans will

16

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 stooode alwaies open wide
 But in the Porch did euermore abide
 An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
 That stopt the entraunce with his spacious
 stride,
 And with the terrour of his countenance bold
 Fullmany didaffray, thatelse fame enter would

17

His name was *Daunger* dreaded ouer all,
 Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
 From fearefull cowards, entrance to forstall,
 And faint heart fooles, whomshewof penllhard
 Could ternfie from Fortunes faire adward
 For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
 Of his gnm face, were from approaching scard,
 Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
 Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further
 triall

18

Yet many doughty warnours, often tnde
 In greater perils to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the sternesse of his looke abide,
 But soone as they his countenance did behold,
 Began to faint, and feele their corage cold
 Againe some other, that m hard assaies
 Were cowards knowne, and litlecount did hold,
 Either throughgifts, or guile, or such like waies,
 Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies

But I though meanest man of many moe,
 Yet much disdainng vnto him to lout,
 Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
 Resolu'd him to assault with manhood stout,
 And either beat him in, or dnuie him out
 Ef tsoones aduauncng that enchaunted shield,
 With all my might I gan to lay about
 Wh ch when he saw, the glaiue which he did
 wield
 He gan forthwith t'auale, and way vnto me yield

20

| So as I entred, I did backward looke,
 I For feare of harme, that might he hidden there,
 And loe his hmdparts, whereof heed I tooke,
 I Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
 Then all his former parts did earst appere
 I For hatred, murthrer, treason, and despight,
 With many moe lay in ambushment there,
 Awaytng to entrap the warelesse wight,
 Which did not them preuent with vigilant
 foresight

21

Thus hauing past all perill, I was come
 Within the compasse of that Islands space ,
 The which did seeme vnto my simple doome
 The onely pleasant and delightfull place,
 That euer 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 natures part, supplied it

22

No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
 From lowest lumper to Ceder tall,
 No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,
 But there was planted, or grew naturall
 Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
 But there mote find to please it selfe withall,
 Nor hart could wish for any quent deuice,
 But there it present was, and did fraile sense
 entice

23

In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
 It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
 So lauishly enricht with natures thearusefe,
 That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
 Th'Elysian fields, and hue in lasting blesse,
 Should happen this with liumng eye to see,
 They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
 And wish to life return'd agame to bee,
 That in this lyouous place they mote haue
 loyance free

24

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray,
 Faire lawnds, to take the sunne m season dew ,
 Sweet springs, m which a thousand Nymphs
 did play,
 Soft rombhngbrookes, that gentleslomberdrew,
 High reared mounts, the lands about to vew,
 Lowlookmgdales, disloignd from commongaze,
 Delightfull bowres, to solace louers trew ,
 False Labyynthes, fond runners eyes to daze,
 All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze

25

And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
 With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes,
 And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
 Andshadie seates, and sundry flowning bankes,
 To sit and rest the walkers weane shankes,
 And therein thousand payres of louers walkt,
 Praysmg their god, and yeelding him great
 thanks,
 Ne euer ought but of their true loues talkt,
 Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt

26

All these together by themselues did sport
 Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content
 But farre away from these, another sort
 Of louers hcked in true harts consent,
 Winch loued 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,
 Braue thoughts and noble deedes did euermore
 aspire

27

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylas* deare,
 Trew *Jonathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde,
 Stout *Tkeseus*, and *Pinlous* his feare,
Pylades and *Orestes* by his byde,
 Myld *Titus* and *Gesippus* without pryde,
Damond *Pythias* whomdeath could notseuer
 All these and all that euer had bene tyde
 In bands of fndship, there did hue for euer,
 Whose hues althoughdecay'd, yet loues decayed
 neuer

28

Which when as I, that neuer tasted blis,
 Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
 I thought there was none other heauen then this,
 And gan their endlesse happmesse enuye,
 That being free from feare and gealosye,
 Might frankly there their loues desire possesse,
 Whylest I through paines and nerlous leopardie,
 Was forst to seeke my lifes aere patronesse
 Much dearer be the things, which come through
 hard distresse

29

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
 Might not my steps withhold, but that forth
 right
 Vnto that purposed place I did me draw,
 Where as my loue was lodged day and night
 The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
 The Queene of beautie, and of loue the mother,
 There worshipped of euery humg wight,
 Whose goodly workmanship farrepast all other
 That euer were on earth, all were they set
 together

3°

Not that same famous Temple of *Diane*,
 Whose hight all *Ephesus* did ouersee,
 And which all *Asta* sought with vowesprophane,
 One of the worlds seuen wonders sayd to bee,
 Might match with this by many a degree
 Nor that, which that wise King of *Iurteiramtd*,
 With endlesse cost, to be th'Almighties see,
 Nor all that else through all the world is named
 To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be
 clamed

I much admyning that so goodly frame,
 Vnto 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 shewed great womanhood
 Strange was her tyre, for on her head a crowne
 She wore much like vnto a Danisk hood,
 Poudredwithpearleandstone, and allhergowne
 Enwouen was with gold, that raught full low a
 downe

32

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 contrane natures each to other
 The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*,
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother,
 Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 Then th'elder, and him maystred still in all
 debate

33

Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
 That she them forced hand to loyne in hand,
 Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
 And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 Vnwillig to behold that louely band
 Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 That her commaundment he could not with
 stand,
 But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing
 Bight

34

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
 Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* trew,
 They both her twins, both borne of heauenly
 seed,
 And she her selfe likewise diumely grew,
 The which right well her workes diumedid shew
 For strength, and wealth, and happmesse she
 lends,
 And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew
 Of litle much, of foes she maketh frends,
 And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet
 sends

35

By her the heauen is in his course contained,
 And all the world in state vnmooued stands,
 As their Almighty maker first ordained,
 And bound them with muilable band,
 Else would the waters ouerflow the lands,
 And fire deuoure the ay re, and hell them aught,
 But that she holds them with her bkssed hands
 She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
 And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right

36

By her I entring halfe dismayed was,
 But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
 And twixt her selfe and *Loue* did let me pas,
 But *Hatred* would my entrance haue re
 strayned,
 And with his clubmethreatned to haue brayned,
 Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
 Him from his wicked will vneath refyned,
 And th'other eke his malice did empeach,
 Till I was throughly past the penll of his reach

37

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
 And odours rising from the altars flame
 Vpon an hundred marble pillors round
 The rooffe vp high was reared from the ground,
 All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and
 girlands gay,
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many
 a pound,
 The which sad louers for their vovs did pay,
 And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as
 fresh as May

An hundred Altars round about were set,
 All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
 Which rould in clouds to heauen did aspire,
 And in them bore true louers vovs entire
 And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
 To bath in loy and amorous desire,
 Euery of which was to a damzell hight,
 For all the Priests were damzels, in soft linnen
 dight

Right in the midst the Goddess selfe did stand
 Vpon an altar of some costly masse,
 Whose substance was vneath to vnderstand
 For neither pretious stone, nor durcfull brasse,
 Nor shining gold, nor mouldning clay it was
 But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 Pure in aspect, and like to chnstall glasse,
 Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,
 But being faire and brickie, likest glasse did

40

But it in shape and beautie did excell
 All other Idoles, which the 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 loue yet this much fairer shined,
 But couered with a slender veile afore,
 And both her fcete and legs together twyned
 Were with a snake, whose head and tail were
 fast combyned 41

The cause why she was couered with a veile,
 Was hard to know, for that her Priests the same
 From 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 vnder one name
 She syre and mother is her selfe alone,
 Begets and ke conceiaes, neneedeth other mone

42

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
 A flocke of litle loues, and sports, and loyes,
 With nimble wings of gold and purple hew,
 Whose shapcs seem'd not like to terrestnall
 boyes,
 But like to Angels playing heauenly toycs,
 The whilest their eldest brother wis away,
Cupid their eldest brother, he enioyes
 The wide kingdome of loue with Lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obay

And all about her altar scattered lay
 Great sorts of louers piteously complayning,
 Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,
 Some of their pnde, some paragons disdainyng,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently faynyng,
 As euery one had cause of good or ill
 Amongst the rest some one through loues
 constraynyng,
 Tormented sore, could not con tame it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the temple it
 did fill 44

Great *Venus*, Queene of beautie and of grace,
 The loy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
 Doest fayrest shine, and most adorneth place,
 That with thy smyhng 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 heauens laugh, and al the world shews
 loyous cheare

45

Then doth the daedale earth throw forth to thee
 Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres,
 And then all humg wights, soone as they see
 The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
 They all doe learne to play the Paramours,
 First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages
 Pnuilly pricked with thy lustfull powres,
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
 And thee their mother call to coole their kindly
 rages

46

Then doe the saluage beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted
 food,
 The Lyons rore, 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

47

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 louely is and fayre,
 But thouthesame for pleasure didst prepayre
 Thou art the root of all that loyous is,
 Great God of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
 Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
 O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse

48

So did he say but I with murmure soft,
 That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
 Yet mly groning depe and sighing oft,
 Besought her to graunt ease vnto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart
 Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
 I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
 A beuie of fayre damzels close did ly e,
 Waytmg when as the Anthcme should be sung
 on hye

49

The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares,
 And grauer countenance then all the rest,
 Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
 Yet vnto 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 rovd at randon after gazers guyse,
 Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse
 harts entyse

50

And next to her sate goodly *Shamefasesnesse*,
 Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vpreare,
 Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,
 As if some blame of euill she did feare,
 That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare
 And her against sweet *Cherefulesse* was placed,
 Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euenmg
 cleare,
 Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors
 chaced,
 And darted forth delights, the which her goodly

51

And next to her sate sober *Modeshe*,
 Holding her hand vpon her gentle hart,
 And her against sate comely *Curiesie*,
 That vnto euery person knew her part,
 And her before was seated ouerthwart
 Soft *Silence*, and submisse *Obedience*,
 Both linckt together neuer to dispart,
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
 Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes
 offence

52

Thus sate they all a round m seemely rate
 And in the midst of them a goodly maj d,
 Euen m the lap of *Womanhood* there sate,
 The which was all in hilly white arayd,
 With siluer streames amongst the linnen
 stray'd,
 Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
 Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd,
 That same was fayrest *Amoret* in place,
 Shyning with beauties light, and heauenly
 vertues grace

53

Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
 And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne
 For sacrilege me setm'd the Church to rob,
 And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne
 Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
 Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
 And by the hilly hand her labour'd vp to reare

54

Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
 And sharpe rebuke, for being ouer bold,
 Saying it was to Knight vnseemly shame,
 Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
 That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold
 To whom I thus, Nay but it fitteth best,
 For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold,
 For ill your goddesse seruices are drest
 By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest

55

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 emblazoned she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more but I which all that
while

The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like wane Hynd within the weedie soyle,
For no mtreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle

56

And euermore vpon the Goddesses face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence,
And nought for nicenesse nor for enuy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astomsht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them
daring

57

She often prayd, and often me besought,
Somet me with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles but yet for
nought,
That euer she to me could say or doe,
Culde 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

58

No lesse did *Daunger* threaten me with dread,
When as he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Lemman from the Stygian Princes boure
But euermore my shield did me defend,
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure
Thus safely with my loue I thence did wend
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end



Cant XI

*Marinells farmer wound is heald,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
and feasts the Sea gods all*

I

Bvt ah for pittie that I haue thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne
Now well away, that I haue doen such wrong
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remayne,
In bands of loue, and in sad thraldomeschayne,
From which vnlesse some heavenly powre her
By miracle, not yet appearing playne, [free
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee

2

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Vnlouely *Proteus*, missing to his mind
That Virgmb loue 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 moue at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe

3

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 secret theft
Of all her louers, which would her haue reft
For wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd
and ror'd
As they the chffe m peeces would haue cleft,
Itesides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping gnesly all begor'd

4

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd, that neuer 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 seuen months
abide,
Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night descnde,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres
diuide

5

And all this was for loue of *Mannell*,
 Who her despyd (ah who would her despyse)
 And wemens loue did from his hart expell,
 And all those loyes that weake mankind entyse
 Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse,
 For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
 That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
 Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
 Which *Bntomart* him gaue, when he did her
 prouoke

Vet farre and neare the Nymph his mother
 sought,
 And many salues did to his sore applie,
 And many herbes did vse But when as nought
 She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
 At last to *Tryphon* she for helpe did hie,
 (This *Tryphon* is the seagods surgeon hight)
 Whom she besought to find some remedie
 And for his pames a whistle him behight
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare
 delight

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 remame
 There with the Nymph his mother, like her
 thrall,
 Who sore against his will did him retame,
 For feare of penill, which to him mote fall,
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proued
 ouer all 8

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
 To all the Sea gods and their fruitfull seede,
 In honour of the spousalls, 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 loue be led,
 Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed

9

So both agreed, that this their bndale feast
 Should for the Gods in *Proteus* house be made,
 To which they all repay r'd, both most and least,
 Aswell which in the mightie Ocean trade,
 As that m nuers 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 memone, that mote excell,
 In order as they came, could I recount them well

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred imp of *loue*,
 The nourshng of Dame *Memorie* his deare,
 To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
 And records of antiquitie appeare,
 To which no wit of man may comen neare,
 Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
 And all those Nymphes, which then assembled
 were
 To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid
 abodes

11

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,
 Vnder his Diadcme imperiall
 And by his side his Queene with coronall,
 Faire *Amphtrite*, most diumely faire,
 Whose yuone shoulders weren couered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne siluer haire,
 And deckt with pearles, whichth* Indian seas for
 her prepaire

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 lollyment,
 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 themselues doe
 clame
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues
 to tame

13

Phorcys, the father of that fattall brood,
 By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame,
 And *Glaucus*, that wise southsayes vnderstood,
 And tragicke *Inoes* sonne, the which became
 A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
 Now hight *Palemon*, and is saylers frend,
 Great *Brontes*, and *Astrceus*, that did shame
 Ilimselfe with incest of his km vnkend,
 And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend

14

The rich *Cteaius*, and *Eurytus* long,
Neleus and *Pehas* louely brethren both,
 Mightie *Chrysaor*, and *Caicus* strong,
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth,
 And faire *Euphomus*, that vpon them goth
 As on the ground, without dismay or dread
 Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius* that know'th
 The watersdepth, and doth their bottome tread,
 And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoane head

15

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant Nations, which the world possest,
Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here
Ancient *Ogyges*, euen th' auncientest,
And *Inachus* renowmd aboute the rest,
Phoenix, and *Aon*, and *Pelasgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phceax*, and *Agenor* best,
And mightie *Albion*, father of the bold
And warlike people, which the *Britamc* Islands
hold

16

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 aduance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse
might,
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slame but that which is th'immortall
spright
Liues still and to this feast with *Neptunes*
seed was dight

17

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,
Which all the world haue with their issue fild ?
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 monuments of passed times
Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfilld,
T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* doe deriue their
parentage

18

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 possest
Of all which *Nereus* th'eldest, and the best,
Did first proceed, then which none more vpight,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest,
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle
despight,
Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe
nght

19

Thereto he was expert in prophesies,
And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,
Through which, when *Pans* brought his famous
The faire *Tindand* lasse, he him fort old, [prise
That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
Should fetch agame, and finally destroy
Proud *Priams* towne So wise is *Nereus* old,
And so well skild, nathlesse he takes great ioy
Oft times amongst the wanton Nymphs to
sport and to y

And after him the famous ruiers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth
frame, [the skie,
Long *Rhodanus*, whose sourse springs from
Faيرة Ister, flowing from the mountames hie,
Diume *Scamander*, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die,
Pactolus ghistng with his goldtn flood,
And *Tygnis* fierce, whose streames of none may
be withstood

21

Great *Ganges*, and immortall *Euphrates*,
Deepe *Indus*, and *Maeander* intricate,
Slow *Peneus*, and tempestuous *Phasides*,
Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* still immaculate
Ooraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate,
Tybins, renowned for the Romames fame,
Rich *Oranochy*, though but knowen late,
And thathuge Riuer, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the
same

22

Ioy 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 bold,
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard
Yet quaille in conquest of that land of gold
But tis to you, O Britons, most pertames,
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,
The which for sparing litle cost or pames,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse games

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound,
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue
Before the spouse that was *Anon* crownd,
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the *Egcan* seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore

24

So went he playing on the watery plame
Soone after whom the louely *Bndegroome* came,
The noble *Thamis*, with all his goodly traine,
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncint parents, namely th'auncioit
Thame
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The *Ouze*, whom men doe *Isis* rightly name,
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shte,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way
could see

25

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names
were hight

The *Ckurne*, and *Charwell*, two small streames,
which pained

Them selues her footing to direct aright,
Whichfayled 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 siluer drops, that trickled downe
alway 26

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many leamed impes, that shoote abroad,
And with their branches spred all Bntany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode
Ioy to you both, ye double nourserie
Of Arts, but Oxford thine doth *Thame* most
glonfy 27

But he heir sonne full fresh and lolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittering like Christall
glas,
So cunningly enwouen were that few
Could weenen, whether they were fxlbe or trew
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompass round as with a golden fret

28

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wons to ride,
When to *hues* pallace she doth take her way
Old *Cybele*, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a lurnbant
With such an one was *Thamis* beaufide,
That was to weet the famous Troynouant,
In which her kmgdomes throne is chiefly resiant

29

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay,
All little Riuers, which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The monsh Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his
pleasant streame

30

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 seruice waited him about,
Ne none disdaind low to him to lout
No not the stately *Seueme* grudg'd at all,
Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout,
But both him honor'd as their pncipall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall

There was the speedy *Tamar*, which deuides
The Cornish and the Deuonish confines,
Through both whose borders swiftly downe
it glides, [declines
And meeting *Plim*, to Phmmouth thence
And *Dart*, nigh chockt with sands of tinny
mines
But *Auon* marched in more stately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines
And glisters wide, as alb' of wondrous Bath,
And *Bnstow* faire, which on his waues he
buildeth hath

32

And there came *Stoure* with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe 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 slye,
That of his wyhnesse his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby
And *Mole*, that like a noushing *Mole* doth make
Ilis way still vnder ground, till *Thamis* he
ouertake

33

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 Eastern Saxons from the Sou theme ny,
And *Clare*, and *Harwitch* both doth beautify
Him follow'd *Yar*, soft washing *Norwich* wall,
And with him brought a present loyfully
Of his owne fish vnto their festiuall,
Whose likenone else could shew, the which they
Ruffins call

34

Next these the plentcous *Ouse* came far from land,
By many a city, and by many a towne,
And many riuers taking vnder hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe, [Rowne
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the *Sture*, the
Thencedoth by *Huntingdon* and *Cambndge* flit,
My mother *Cambndge*, whomas with a *Crowne*
He doth adome, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit

35

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old sawes proue true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Staraford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid,
And bounteous Trent, that him selfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry
streames

36

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flanke
Against the Picts, that swarmed ouer all,
Which yet thereof Gualseuer they doe call
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany And Eden though but small,
Yet often staine with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his
strand

37

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlome,
That whiome 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 Vre, swift Werfe, and Ozethemost of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the nuer drowned quight

38

But past not long, ere *Brutus* warhcke sonne
Locrtus them aueng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate
For in the selfe same nuer, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the nuer of his wretched fate,
Whose bad condition yet it doth retame,
Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still
remane

39

These after, came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Lancaster his name doth lend,
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call diume, 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 Lmcolne men doe call,
All these together marched toward *Proteus* hall

40

Ne thence the Irishe Riuers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And loyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in loue agree,
And loy 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 saluage cuntreis, thorough which
they pace

4¹

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy 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 Trow is, that once his people ouerran,
Strong Alio tomling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waues I whilom taught
to weep

42

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great Gyant *Blomtus* begot,
Of the faire Nymph *Rheusa* wandring there
One day, as she to shunne the season whot,
Vnder Slewblome in shady groue was got,
This Gyant found her, and by force dcflow'd,
Whereof concerning, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thence
forth powrd

In three great riuers ran, and many countreis
scowrd

43

The first, the gentle Shure that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adomes rich Waterford,
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters
gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossepointe boord,
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe bosome
All which long sundred, doe at last accord
To loyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become

44

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a
wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an Island fay re
Lncloseth Corke with his deuided flood,
And balefull Oure, late staine'd with Engsh blood
With many more, whose names not tongue cantell
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell

45

Then came the Bride, the Iouely *Medua* came,
 Clad in a vesture of vnknown geare,
 And vncouth fashion, yet her well became,
 That seem'd like siluer, spnnckled here and
 there
 With glittering spangs, that did like starres
 appeare,
 And wau'd vpon, like water *Chamelot*,
 To hide the metall, which yet euery where
 Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plamely wot,
 It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet
 was not

46

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
 Vnto 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 sundry flowers she wore,
 From vnder which the deawy humour shed,
 Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
 Congealed litle drops, which doe the morneadore

47

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 vpheld her spreading traine,
 Vnder the which, her feet appeared plame,
 Her siluer 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 pre
 paid her way

48

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
 All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene
 haire,
 Whom of their sire *Nereides* men call,
 All which the Oceans daughter to him bare
 The gray eyde *Doris* all which fifty are,
 All which she there on her attending had
Swift *Prolo*, milde *Eucale*, *Thetis* faire,
 Soft *Spw*, sweete *Eudore*, *Sao* sad,
 Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad

49

**White hand *Euntca*, proud *Dynamene*,
 Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphirile*,
 Louely *Pasithee*, kinde *Eulimene*,
 Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweete *Meltte*,
 Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* hilly white,
Wondred *Agaua*, *Ports*, and *Nescea*,
 With *Erato* that doth m loue dekte,
And *Panopce*, and wise *Protomedcea*,
 And snowy neckd *Doris*, and milkewhite
*Galathcea***

50

**Speedy *Htppoihoe*, and chaste *Aclea*,
 Large *Lmanassa*, and *Proncea* sage,
Euagore, and light *Pontoporea*,**
 And she, that with her least word can asswage
 The surging seas, when they do sorest 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*

51

Fresh *Ahtneda*, deckt with girlond greene,
Hyponoe, with salt bedewed wrests
Laomedta, like the christall sheene,
Liagore, much praised for wise behests,
 And *Psamathe*, for her brode snowy brests,
***Cymo*, *Eupotnpe*, and *Themiste* lust,**
 And she that vertue loues and vice detests
Euarna, and *Memppe* true m trust,
 And *Nemerlea* learned well to rule her lust

52

All these the daughteis of old *Nereus* were,
 Which haue the sea m charge to them assmde,
 To rule his tides, and surges to vprere,
 To bring forth stormes, or fast them to
 vpbinde,
 And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull
 wmdes
 And yet besides three thousand more there were
 Of th'Oceans seede, but loues and *Phoebus*
 kmde,
 The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
 And all mankind do nourish with their waters
 clere

53

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 descrie,
 Were present at this great solemnity
 And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckesse *Marinell* *Cytnodoe*
 Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
 Vnto an other Canto I will ouerpass

Cant XII



Marin for hue of Florimell,
 In languor wastes his life
 The Nymph his mother getteth her,
 And giues to him for wife



I

O what an endlesse worke haue I in hand,
 To count the seas 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 m estimation,
 Then to recount the Seas posterity
 So fertile be the flouds m generation,
 So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse
 their nation

2

Therefore the antique wisards well inuented,
 That *Venus* of the fomy sea was bred ,
 For that the seas by her are most augmented
 Wisse the exceeding fry, which there are fed,
 And wondrous shotls, which may of none be red
 Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
 Of Gods, of Nymphs, of nuers yet vnred
 For though their numbers do much more sur
 mount,
 Yet all those same were there, which erst I did
 recount

3

All those were there, and many other more,
 Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
 That *Proteus* house they fild euen 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 vniucky *Marinell*,
 Who thither with her came, to learne and see
 The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be

4

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
 Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
 He might not with immortall food be fed,
 Ne with th'eternall Gods to banquet come,
 But walkt abrode, and round about did rome,
 To view the building of that vncouth place,
 That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home
 Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
 There vnto him betid a disauentrous case

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cheffe,
 He heard the lamentable voice of one,
 That piteously complamd her careful grieffe,
 Which neuer she before disclosd to none,
 But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone
 So feelingly her case she did complaine,
 That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,
 And made it seeme to feelee her gneuous paine,
 And oft to gone with billowes beating from the
 mame

6

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,
 And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
 Yet hoping gnefe may lessen being told,
 I will them tell though vnto no man neare
 For heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
 Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight,
 And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
 Cares not what euils hap to wretched wight,
 And greedy seas doe m the spoile of life delight

7

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 neuer list to me relent,
 But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
 Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
 But loy that for his sake I suffer prisonment

8

And when my weary ghost with gnefe outworne,
 By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
 Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
 That blame it is to him, that ames prof est,
 To let her die, whom he might haue redrest
 There did she pause, inforced to giue place
 Vnto the passion, that her heart opprest,
 And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
 She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case

Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
 Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wro^ug,
 By one or other way me woefull thrall,
 Dehuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
 In which I daily dying am too long
 And if ye deeme me death for louing one,
 That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
 But let me die and end my dales attone,
 And let him hue vn^lou'd, or loue him selfe alone

10

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
Then let mee hue, as iouers ought to do,
And of my hfes deare loue beloued be
And if he shall through pride your doome vndo,
Do you by dresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me
One prison fittest is to hold vs two
So had I rather to be thrall, then free,
Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely be

11

But O vaine Iudgement, and conditions vame,
The which the prisoner points vnto the free,
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his
pame,
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me
So euer loose, so euer happy be
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know *Martnell* that all this is for thee
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite haue burst through great abun-
dance of her smart

12

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
And vnderstood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare,
That euen for gnefe of mmde 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 bemoane

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venussonnethat tameth stubbornyouth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That madehim stoupe, till he did him bestride
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers pames to

rew

14

Now gan he in his gneued minde deuise,
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 mothers former charge
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and
targe
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constraine
But soone he gan such folly to forthmke agame

15

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 vnto his will she giuen were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere,
Anddaunger well he wist long to continue there

16

At last when as no meanes he could muent,
Backe to him selfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment,
And with vile curses, and reprochfull shame
To damne him selfe by euery euill name,
And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life
That had despise so chast and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and
long strife,
Yet had refuse a God that her had sought to
wife

17

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 vnworthy paine
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is false vnwares
Into some pit, where she himhearescomplane,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares

18

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And euery one gan homeward to resort
Which seeing *Martnell*, was sore offended,
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leaue his loue in that sea walled fort
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched loue lay day and night,
For hisdeare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight
The thought whereof empiersthishartsodeepe,
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

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
 Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight
 Hischeeke bones raw, and eie pits hollow grew,
 And brawney armes had lost their known might,
 That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight
 Ere long so weake of hme, and sicke of loue
 He woxe, that lenger he note stand vp right,
 But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
 Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue

21

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
 Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
 Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
 The secret cause and nature of his teene,
 Whereby she might apply some medicine,
 But weeping day and night, did him attend,
 And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
 Which grieved her more, that she it could not
 mend

To see an helpelesse euill double gnedoth lend

22

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 vnder th'onfis
 Least did she thinke, that which he most con-
 cealed,

That loue it was, which in his hart lay vn-
 reuealed

23

Therefore to *Tryphon* she agame doth hast,
 And him doth chide 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 vnto her patient,
 Where searching euery part, her well assured,
 That it was no old sore, which his new paine
 procured

24

But that it was some other maladie,
 Orgnefe vnknowne, which he could not discerne
 So left he her withouten remedie learne,
 Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and
 And inly troubled was, the truth to learne
 Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,
 Now with faire speches, now with threatnings
 sterne,
 If ought lay hidden in his gned thought,
 It to reuale who still her answered, there was
 nought

25

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide,
 But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,
 Vnto the shime heauen in haste she hide,
 And thence *Apollo* King of Leaches brought
Apollo came, who soone as he had sought
 Through his disease, did by and by out find,
 That he did languish of some inward thought,
 The which afflicted his engneued mind,
 Which loue he red to be, that leads each humg
 kind

26

Which when he had vnto his mother told,
 She gan threat to fret, and greatly grieve
 And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold,
 And chide at him, that made her misbeheue
 But afterwards she gan him soft to sheneue,
 And wooe with faire mtreatie, to disclose,
 Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did
 mieue
 For sure she weend it was some one of those,
 Which he had lately seene, that for his loue he
 chose

27

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
 That warned him of womens loue beware
 Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
 For loue of Nymphes she thought she need not
 care,
 But promist him, what euer wight she weare,
 That she her loue to him would shortly game
 So he her told but soone as she did heare
 That *Fhrimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
 She gan a fresh to chafe, and grieve in euery
 vaine

28

Vet since she saw the streight extremitie,
 In which his life vnluckily 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 admye,
 Or loue forbid him, that is life denyd
 But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
 How she that Ladies hbertie might enterprize

29

To *Proteus* selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
 Who was the root and worker of her woe
 Nor vnto any meaner to complame,
 But vnto great king *Neptune* selfe did goe,
 And on her knee before him falling lowe,
 Made humble suit vnto his Maiestie,
 To graunt to her, her sonnes life, which his foe
 A cruell Tyrant had presumptuous
 By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death
 to die.

30

To whom God *Neptune* softly smyhng, thus,
 Daughter me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
 Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs
 For death t'adward I ween'd did appertame
 To none, but to the seas sole Souerame
 Read therefore who it is, which this hath
 wrought,
 And for what cause, the truth discover plaine
 For neuer wight so euill did or thought,
 But would some nightfull cause pretend, though
 rightly nought

31

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
 Vpon your seas, he claym'd as propertie
 And yet nor his, nor his m equitie,
 But yours the waift by high prerogatiue
 Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
 It to repleuie, and my sonne repnue
 So shall you by one gift saue all vs three ahue

32

He graunted it and streight his warrant made,
 Vnder 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 shereceiumg with meetethankfulnessse,
 Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall
 Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
 Was gneued to restore the pledge, he did
 possesse

33

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But vnto her dehuered *Florimell*
 Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,
 Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote
 well
 For she all huing creatures did exceed,
 And was right loyous, 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

34

Who soone as he beheld that angels face,
 Adorn'd with all diume perfection,
 His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
 Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspection,
 And feeble spirit inly felt refection,
 As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
 That feelles the warmth of sunny beames
 reflection,
 Liftes vp his head, that did before decline
 And gins to spread his leafe before the faire
 sunshine

35

Right so himselfe did *Mannell* vpreare,
 When he in place his dearest loue did spy,
 And though his limbs could not his bodie
 beare,
 Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
 Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly
 Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
 But that she masked it with modestie,
 For feare she should of hightnesse be detected
 Which to another place I leaue to be perfected



THE FIFTH

BOOKE OF THE

FAERIE QVEENE

Contaymng,

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL

OR

OF IVSTICE.

1

So oft as I with state of present time,
Itie image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossom of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which
are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of
square,
From the first point of his appointed sourse,
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and
wourse

2

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one,
And men themselues, the which at first were
framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucahone*
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be dengered

3

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of ciuill vses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique vse, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no
more,
When Iustice was not for most meed outhyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all
admired

4

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice, and that which vice was
hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is
right,
As all things else in time are chaunged quight
Ne wonder, for the heauens reuolution
lb wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrane constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution

5

For who so list into the heauens looke,
 And search the courses of the rowling speares,
 Shall find that from the point, where they first
 tooke
 Thexrsettingforth, mthesefewthousandyeares
 They all are wandred much, that plame
 appeares
 For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phnxus and *Helle* from their stepdames feares,
 Hath now forgot, where he was plast of yore,
 And shouldred hath the Bull, which fayre
Europa bore 6

And eke the Bull hath with his bow bent home
 So hardly butted those two twmnes of *loue*,
 That they haue crusht the Crab, and quite him
 Into the great *Nemosan* lions groue [borne
 So now all range, and doe at randon roue
 Out of their proper places farre away,
 And all this world with them amisse doe moue,
 And all his creatures from their course astray,
 Till they arnue at their last ruinous decay

7

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
 That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
 In better case, ne keeps his course more right,
 But is miscaned with the other Spheres
 For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
 That learned *Ptolomcee* his hight did take,
 He is declyned from that marke of theirs,
 Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake,
 That makes me feare in time he will vs quite
 forsake 8

And if to those *Ægyptian* wisards old,
 Which in *Star* read werewontheauebestsight,
 Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
 That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes
 hight,
 Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
 And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
 And wested twice, where he ought rise aright
 But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,
 And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be
 best

9

For during *Saturnes* ancient raigne it's sayd,
 That all the world with goodnesse did abound
 All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
 Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found
 No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets
 sound,
 Peace vniuersall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
 And all things freely grew out of the ground
 Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
 And to all people did diuide her dred beheasts

10

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his imperiall might,
 Whose soueraine powre is herein most exprest,
 That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
 And all his workes with Iustice hath bedight
 That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
 And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight,
 To sit in his owne seate, his cause to end,
 And rule his people right, as he doth recom
 mend

n

Dread Souerayn e Goddess, that doest highest sit
 In seate of Iudgement, in th' Almightyes stead,
 And with magnifick might and wondrous wit
 Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
 That furthest Nations filles with awfull dread,
 Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
 That dare discourse of so diuine a read,
 As thy great iustice praised ouer all
 The instrument whereof loe here thy *Artegall*

Cant I



Artegall trayrid in Iustice lore
Irenae quest pursewed,
He doeih auenge on Sangher
his Ladies bloud embrewed



I

Though vertue then were held in highest price,
 In those old times, of which I doe mtreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
 Began to spring which shortly grew full great,
 And with their boughes the gentle plants did
 beat
 But euermore some of the vertuous race
 Rose vp, inspired with heroicke heat,
 That cropt the branches of the sient base,
 And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes
 did deface

2

Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
 All th'East before \ntam'd did ouerronne,
 And wrong repressed, and estabhsht right,
 Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne
 There Iustice first her princely rule begonne
 Next *Hercules* his like ensample shewed,
 Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued,
 The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre
 endewed

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,
 The Champion of true Iustice *Ariegall*,
 Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
 An hard aduenture, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted penll forth did call,
 That was to succour a distressed Dame,
 Whom a strong tyrant did vnjustly thrall,
 And from the heritage, which she did clame,
 Did with strong hand withhold *Grantorlo* was
 his name

4

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
 Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
 To whom complaymng her afflicted plight,
 She her besought of gracious redresse
 That soueraine Queene, that mightie Em
 peresse,
 Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
 And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
 Chose *Ariegall* to right her to restore,
 For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous
 lore

5

For *Ariegall* in iustice was vpbrought
 Euen from the cradle of his mfancie,
 And all the depth of nightfull doome was taught
 By faire *Aslrcea*, with great Industrie,
 Whilest here on earth she liued mortalhe
 For till the world from his perfection fell
 Into all filth and foule miquitie,
Astraea here mongst earthly men did dwell,
 And in the rules of iustice them instructed well

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort.
 Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,
 Amongst his peres playing his childish sport
 Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
 She did allure with gifts and speaches milde,
 To wend with her So thence him farre she
 Into a caue from companie exile, [brought
 In which shenoursled him, till yeares he raught,
 And all the discipline of iustice there him taught

7

There she him taught to weigh both right and
 wrong
 In equall ballance with due recompence,
 And equitie to measure out along,
 According to the line of conscience,
 When so it needs with rigour to dispence
 Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
 She caused him to make experience
 Vpon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
 With wrongfull powre oppressing others of
 their kind

8

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
 Vntill the npenesse of mans yeares he raught,
 That euen wildebeasts did feare his awfull sight,
 And men admyr'd his ouerruhng might,
 Ne any hu'd on ground, that durst withstand
 His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in
 fight,
 Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
 When so he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand

9

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
 She gaue vnto him, gotten by her slight
 And earnest search, where it was kept in store
 In *hues* eternal house, vnwist of wight,
 Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight
 Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
 Gainst highest heauen, *Chrysaor* it was hight,
Lhrysaor that all other swords excelled,
 Well prou'd in that same day, when *loue* those
 Gyants quelled

For of most perfect metall it was made,
 Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
 And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
 And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame
 For there no substance was so firme and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleaue, where so it came,
 Ne any armour could his dint out ward,
 But wheresoeuer it did light, it throughly shard

11

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astraea loathing lenger here to space
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
 Return'd to heauen, whence she denu'd her
 race,
 Where she hath now in euerhstmg place,
 Mongst those twelue signes, which nightly we
 doe see [chace,
 The heauens bright shining baudncke to en
 And is the *Virgin*, sixt in her degree,
 And next her selfe her righteous ballance hang-
 ing bee

12

But when she parted hence, she left her groome
 An yron man, which did on her attend
 Alwayes, to execute her stedfast doome,
 And willed him with *Ariegall* to wend,
 And doe what euer thing he did intend
 His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
 Immoueable, resistlesse, without end
 Who in his hand an yron flaele did hould,
 With which he thresht out falshood, and did
 truth vnfold

He now went with him in this new inquest,
 Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
 Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
 The faire *Irena* with his foule misdecde,
 And kept the crowne m which she should
 succeed
 And now together on their way they bin,
 When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed,
 Lamenting sore his sorowfull sad tyne,
 With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred
 eyne

14

To whom as they approched, they espide
 A sone sight, as euer scene with eye,
 An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,
 In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
 That her gay clothes did m discolour die
 Much was he moued at that ruefull sight,
 And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
 lie askt, who had that Dame so foully dight,
 Or whether his owne hand, or whether other
 wight?

15

Ah woe is me, and well away (quoth hee)
 Bursting forth teares, hkesprings out of abanke,
 That euer I this dismall day did see
 Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke,
 Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
 If I should graunt that I haue doen the same,
 That I mote drinke the cup, whereof she dranke
 But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
 The which another did, who now is fled with
 shame

16

Who was it then (sayd *Artegall*) that wrought?
 And why? doe it declare vnto me trew
 A knight (said he) if knight he may be thought,
 That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
 And for no cause, but as I shall you shew
 This day as I in solace sate hereby
 With a fayre loue, whose losse I now do rew,
 There came this knight, hauing in compame
 This lucklesse Ladie, which now here doth
 headlesse he

17

He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
 Or that he waxed weary of his owne,
 Would change with me, but I did it denye,
 So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne,
 But he, whose spirit was with pride vpblovene,
 Would not so rest contented with his right,
 Buthauing from his courser her downethrowne,
 Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
 And on his steed her set, to beare her out of
 sight

18

Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
 And on him catching hold, gan loud to ere
 Not so to leaue her, nor away to cast,
 But rather of his hand besought to die
 With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
 And at one stroke cropt off her head with some,
 In that same place, whereas it now doth he
 bo he my loue away with him hath borne,
 And left me here, both his and mine own loue
 to mome

19

Aread (sayd he) which way then did he make?
 And by whatmarkes may he be knowne againe?
 To hope (quoth he) him soone to ouertake,
 That hence so long departed, is but vaine
 But yet he pricked ouer yonder plaine,
 And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
 By which it's easie him to know againe,
 A broken sword withm a bloodie field,
 Expressing well his nature, which the same did
 wield

20

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
 His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
 As that it seem'd aboue the ground he went
 For he was swift as swallow m her flight,
 And strong as Lyon in his Lordly might
 It was not long, before he ouertooke
 Sir *Sanger*, (so cleeped was that Knight)
 Whom at the first he ghesed by his looke,
 And by the other markes, which of his shield he
 tooke

2

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire,
 Who full of some to be commaunded so,
 The Lady to alight did eft require,
 Whilest he reformed that vncmill fo
 And streight at him with all his force did go
 Who moud no more therewith, then when a
 rocke
 Is lightly stricken with some stones throw,
 But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
 That on the ground he layd him like a sence
 lessc blocke

22

But ere he could him selfe recure againe,
 Him m his iron paw he seized had,
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
 He found him selfe, vnwist, so ill bestad,
 That lim he could not wag Thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall
 The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
 And fam'd to fly for feare of being thrall,
 But he her quietly stayd, and forst to wend
 withall

23

When to the place they came, where *Artegall*
 By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
 He gently gan him to demaund of all,
 That did betwixt him and that Squire betide
 Who with steme countenance and indignant
 pride
 Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
 And his accuser thereuppon defide
 For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
 Nor tooke away his loue, but his owne proper

Well did the Squire perceiue himself too weake,
 To aunswere his defiance in the field,
 And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
 Then to approue his nght ihspeare and shield
 And rather guilty chose him selfe to yield
 But *Artegall* by signes perceunng plame,
 That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
 But that strange Knight, the fairer loue to
 game,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to
 straine

And sayd, Now sure this doubtfull causes right
 Can hardly but by Sacrament be tnde,
 Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight,
 That ill perhaps mote fall to either side
 But if ye please, that I your cause decide,
 Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
 So ye will swear my mdgenient to abide
 Thereto they both did frankly condisccnd,
 And to his doome with hstfull cares did both
 attend 26

Sith then (sayd he) ye both the dead deny,
 And both the liumg Lady claime your right,
 Let both the dead and huing equally
 Deuided be betwixt you here in sight,
 And each of either take his share aright
 But looke who does dissent from this my read,
 He for a twelue moneths day shall in despiht
 Beare for his penance that same Ladies head,
 To wnesse to the world, that she by him is
 dead

27

Well pleased with that doome was *Sanghere*,
 And offred streight the Lady to be slaine
 But that same Squire, to whom she was more
 dere,
 When as he saw she should be cut m twaine,
 Did yield, she rather should with him remane
 Ahue, then to him selfe be shared dead,
 And rather then his loue should suffer paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head
 True loue despiseth shame, when life is cald in
 dread

28

Whom when so willing *Artegall* perceaued,
 Not so thou Squire, (he sayd) but thine I deeme
 The huing Lady, which from thee he reaued
 For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme
 And you, Sir Knight, that loue so light
 esteeme,
 As that ye would for little leaue the same,
 Take here your owne, that doth you best
 besee me,
 And with it beare the burden of defame,
 Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad
 your shame

But *Sanghere* disdained much his doome,
 And sternly gan repme at his bcheast,
 Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
 To beare that Ladies head before his breast
 Vntill that *Talus* had his pride represt,
 And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reaeie
 Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
 He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
 As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare

30

Much did that Squire Sir *Artegall* adore,
 For his great mstice, held in high regard,
 And as his Squire him offred euermore
 To serue, for want of other meete reward,
 And wend with him on his aduenture hard
 But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
 But leauing him forth on his lourney far'd
 Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went
 They two enough t'encounter an whole Regr
 ment

Cant II.



*Artegall heares of Florimell,
 Does with the Pagan fight,
 Him slates, drownes Lady Munera,
 Does race her castle quight*



I

Nought is more honorable to a knight,
 Ne better doth besee me braue cheualry,
 Then to defend the feeble in their right,
 And wrong redresse in such as wend awry
 Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
 Their greatest glory, for their rightfull deedes,
 And place deserued with the Gods on hy
 Herein the noblesse of this knight exceeds,
 Who now to perils great for lustice sake pro
 ceedes

2

To which as he now was vpon the way,
 He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe m hasty course,
 Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
 Till he of tidings mote with him discourse
 Loth \v\ the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
 And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
 As to his memory they had recourse
 But chiefully of the fairest *Florimell*,
 How she was found againe, and spousde to
Mannell

3

For this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne Dwarfe,
 Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whyleare)
 And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
 The fortune of her life long time did feare
 But of her health when *Artegall* did heare,
 And safe returne, he was full mly glad,
 And askt him where, and when her bndale
 cheare
 Should be solunniz'd for if time he had,
 He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad

4

Within three daies (quoth hee) as I do here,
 It will be at the Castle of the strond,
 What time if naught me let, I will be there
 To doe her seruice, so as I am bond
 But in my way a little here beyond
 A cursed cruell Sarazm doth wonne,
 That keeps a Bridges passage by strong hond,
 And many errant Knight shath there fordonne,
 That makes all men for feare that passage for
 to shonne

5

What mister wight (quoth he) and how far
 hence
 lb he, that doth to traucellers such harmes ?
 He is (said he) a man of great defence ,
 Expert in battell and in dcedes of armes ,
 And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
 With which his daughter doth him still support,
 Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
 Through strong oppression of his powre extort,
 By which he stil them holds, and keeps with
 strong effort

6

And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more,
 For neuer wight he lets to passe that way,
 Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
 But he him makes his passage penny pay
 Else he doth hold him backe or beat away
 Thereto he hath a groome of euill guise,
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondagedoeth bewray,
 Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize,
 But he him selfe vpon the rich doth tyrannize

7

His name is hight *Pollenle*, rightly so
 For that he is so puissant and strong,
 That with his powre he all doth ouergo,
 And makes them subject to his mighty wrong,
 And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong
 For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,
 And in the same are many trap fals pight,
 Through which the rider downe doth fall
 through ouersight

8

And vnderneath the same a nuer flowes,
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall,
 Into the which whom so he ouerthrowes,
 All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
 But he him selfe, through practise vsuall,
 Leapes forth into the flood, and there assaies
 His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
 That horse and man he equally dismaies,
 And either both them drownes, or trayter
 ously slaies

9

Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
 And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby
 Who all that comes doth take, and therewith
 fill
 The coffers of her wicked thrcasury ,
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,
 That many Princes she m wealth exceedes,
 And purchast all the countrey lying ny
 With the reuenuue of her plenteous meedes,
 Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes

10

Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
 With golden hands and siluer fcete beside,
 That many Lords haue her to wife desired
 But she them all despiseth for great pride
 Now by my life (sawd he) and God to guide,
 None other way will I this day betake,
 But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide
 Therefore me thither lead No more he spake,
 But thitherward forthright his ready way did
 make

11

Vnto the place he came within a while,
 Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazm, awayting for some spoile
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villame to them came with scull all raw,
 That passage money did of them require,
 According to the custome of their law
 To whom he aunswerd wroth, Loe there thy
 hire,
 And with that word him strooke, that streight
 he did expire

Which when the Pagan saw, he wexed wroth,
 And streight him selfe vnto the fight address,
 Ne was Sir *Artegall* behinde so both
 Together ran with ready speares in rest
 Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
 Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
 Into the flood streight leapt the Carle vnblest,
 Well weening that his foe was false withall
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall

There being both together in the flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew,
 Ne ought the water cooled their whot blood,
 But rather in them kindled choler new
 But there the Paynim, who that vse well knew
 To fight in water, great aduantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he ouerthrew
 And eke the courser, whereuppon he rad,
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe
 bestrad

Which oddes when as Sir *Artegall* espide,
 He saw no way, but close with him in hast,
 And to him dnuing strongly downe the tide,
 Vpon his iron collar griped fast,
 That with the straint his weand nigh he brast
 There they together stroue and struggled long,
 Either the other from his steede to cast,
 Ne euer *Artegall* his gnples strong
 For any thing wold slacke, but still vpon him
 hong

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
 In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
 The maysterdome of each by force to game,
 And dreadfull battailletwixt them do darraime
 They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage,
 they rore,
 That all the sea disturbed with their trame,
 Doth frie with fume about the surges hore
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome
 vprore

So *Artegall* at length him forst forsake
 His horses backe, for dread of being drown'd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake
 Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold vnbound,
 And then no odds at all in him he fownd
 For *Artegall* in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water sownd
 So ought each Knight, that vse of perill has,
 In swimming be expert through waters force to
 pas

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
 Vncertaine whether had the better side
 For both were skild in that experiment,
 And both in armes well trained and throughly
 tride
 But *Artegall* was better breath'd beside,
 And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
 That his faint foe no longer could abide
 His puissance, ne beare him selfe vp-right,
 But from the water to the land betooke his flight

But *Artegall* pursewd him still so neare,
 With bright Chrysar in his cruell hand,
 That as his head he gan a little reare
 About the brincke, to tread vpon the land,
 He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
 It bit the earth for very fell despight,
 And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
 High God, whose goodness he despai'd quight,
 Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on
 him dight

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
 Whose waters with his filthy blood it stayned
 But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
 He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordain'd,
 Where many years it afterwards remayned,
 To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
 In whose right hands great power is contain'd,
 That none of them the feeble ouerren,
 But alwaies doe their powre within lust com
 passe pen

That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,
 In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
 Guarded of many which did her defend
 Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
 And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
 Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
 That he was forced to withdraw aside,
 And bad his seruant *Talus* to muent
 Which way he enter might, without endanger
 ment

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
 And with his iron flae at it let flie,
 That all the warders it did sore amate,
 The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
 And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie
 Yet still he bet, and bounst vpon the dore,
 And thundred strokes thereon so hideoushe,
 That all the peece he shook from the flore,
 And filled all the house with feare and great
 vprore

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
 Vpon the Castle wall, and when she saw
 The daungerous state, in which she stood, she
 The sad effect of her neare ouerthrow, [feared
 And gan entreat that iron man below,
 To cease his outrage, and him faire besought,
 Sithneitherforceofstones which theydidthrow,
 Nor powr of charms, which she against him
 wrought,
 Might otherwise preuaile, or make him cease
 for ought

But when as yet she saw him to proceede,
 Vnmou'd with praiers, or with piteous thought,
 She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede,
 And caude great sackes with endlesse riches
 Vnto the battailment to be vpbrought, [fraught,
 And powred forth ouer the Castle wall,
 That she might win some time, though dearly
 bought
 Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall
 But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted there-
 withall

24

But still continu'd his assault the more,
 And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
 That at the length he has yrent the dore,
 And made way for his maister to assaile
 Who being entred, nought did then auaille
 Forwight, against this powrethemselves to reare
 Each one did flie, their hearts began to fade,
 And hid them selues in comers here and there,
 And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her self
 for feare

25

Long they her sought, yet no where could they
 finde her,
 That sure they ween'd she was escapt away
 But Mitf, that could like a lme hound winde her,
 And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
 At length found out, whereas she hidden lay
 Vnder an heape of gold Thence he her drew
 By the faire lockes, and fowly did array,
 Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
 That *Ariegall* him selfe her seeme lesse plight
 did rew

26

Yet for no pittie would he change the course
 Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lye,
 Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse
 Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hye,
 And kneeling at his feete submissiue
 But he hersupphanthands, those hands of gold,
 And eke her feete, those feete of siluer trye,
 Which sought vnnigheousnesse, and iusticesold,
 Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might
 them behold

27

Her selfe then tooke he by the sclender wast,
 In vame loud crying, and into the flood
 Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,
 And there her drowned in the durty mud
 But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
 Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
 The spoile of peoples euill gotten good,
 The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and
 crooke,
 And burning all to ashes, powr'd it downe the
 brooke

28

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
 Euen from the sole of his foundation,
 And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
 That there mote be no hope of reparation,
 Nor memory thereof to any nation
 All which when *Talus* throughly had per-
 formed,
 Sir *Ariegall* vndid the euill fashion,
 And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed
 Which done, vnto his former Iourney he re-
 turned

29

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
 Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew,
 By which as they did trauell on a day,
 They saw before them, far as they could view,
 Full many people gathered in a crew,
 Whose great assembly they did much admire
 For neuer there the like resort they knew
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire
 What thing so many nations met, did there
 desire

30

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
 Vpon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
 An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
 With which he boasted in his surquedne,
 That all the world he would weigh equallie,
 If ought he had the same to counterpoys
 For want whereof he weighed vanity,
 And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys
 Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and
 boys

31

He said that he would all the earth vptake,
 And all the sea, deuided each from either
 So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
 And one of the ayre j Without or wind j Or wether
 Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell to-
 gether,
 And all that did within them all contame,
 Of all whose weight, he would not misse afether
 And looke what surplus did of each remane,
 He would to his owne part restore the same
 againe

32

For why, he sayd they all vneauall were,
 And had encroched vppon others share,
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
 Had worne the earth, so did the fire the aire,
 So all the rest did others parts empaire
 And so were realmes and nations run awry
 All which he vndertooke for to repaire,
 In sort as they were formed aunciently ,
 And all things would reduce vnto equality

33

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
 And cluster thicke vnto his leasms vame,
 Like foolish flies about an hony crocke,
 In hope by him great benefite to game,
 And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine
 All which when *Arlegall* did see, and heare,
 How he mis led the simple peoples frame,
 In sdeignfull wize he drew vnto him neare,
 And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare

34

Thou that presumst to weigh the world anew,
 And all things to an equall to restore,
 In stead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
 And far about thy forces pitch to sore
 For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know,
 What was the poysse of every part of yore
 And looke then how much it doth ouerflow,
 Or faile thereof, so much is more then mst to
 throw

35

For at the first they all created were
 In goodly measure, by their Makers might,
 And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
 That not a dram was missing of their right,
 The earth was in the middle centre pight,
 In which it doth immoueable abide,
 Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
 And they with aire, that not a drop can slide
 Al which the heauens containe, and in their
 courses guide

36

Such heauenly mstice doth among them raine,
 That euery one doe know their certaine bound,
 In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
 And amongst them al no change hath yet bene
 found

But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in
 pound,

We are not sure they would so long remaine
 All change is penillous, and al Ichaunce vnsound
 Therefore leaue off to weigh them all agame,
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their course
 retame

37

Thou foolishhe Elfe (said then the Gyant wroth)
 Seest not, how badly all things present bee,
 And each estate quite out of order goth ?
 The sea it selfe doest thou not plamely see
 Encroch vppon the land there vnder thee ,
 And th'earth it selfe how daily its mcreast,
 By all that dying to it turned be ?
 Were it not good that wrong were then sur
 ceast,

And from the most, that some were giuen to the
 least ?

38

3

Therefore I will throw downe these mountains
 hie,
 And make them leuell with the lowly plaine
 These towrmg rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
 I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
 And as they were, them equalize agame
 Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,
 I will suppress, that they no more may raine ,
 And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer aw ,
 And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will
 draw

39

Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,
 Then answered the righteous *Arlegall*,
 Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in
 sight ?

What though the sea with waucs continuall
 Doe eate the earth, it is no more it all
 Ne is the earth the lesse or loseth ought,
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
 Is with the tide vnto an other brought
 For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if
 sought

Likewise the earth is not augmented more,
 By all that dying into it doe fade
 For of the earth they formed were of vore
 How euer gay their blossome or their olade
 Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade
 What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
 They turne to that, whereof they first were
 made?

All in the powre of their great Maker he
 All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie

41

They hue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
 Ne euer any asketh reason why
 The hills doe not the lowly dales disdaine,
 The dales doe not the lofty hills enuy
 He maketh Kings to sit in soueranty,
 He maketh subiects to their powre obay,
 He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hy ,
 He emes to this, from that he takes away
 For all we haue is his what he list doe, he may.

42

What euer thing is done, by him is donne,
 Ne any may his mighty will withstand ,
 Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,
 Ne loose that he hath bound with stt dfast band
 In vame therefore doest thou now take in hand,
 To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
 Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,
 Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
 Thou doest not know the causes, nor their
 courses dew

43

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
 And weigh the winde, that vnder heauen doth
 blow,
 Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise,
 Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind
 doth flow
 But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
 Weigh but one word which from thy hips doth fall
 For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
 That doest not know the least thing of them all?
 Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the
 small

44

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd,
 That he of little things made reckoning light,
 Yet the least word that euer could be layd
 Within his ballaunce, he could way aright
 Which is (sayd he) more heauy then in weight,
 The right or wrong, the false or else the trew ?
 He answered, that he would try it streight,
 So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
 But streight the winged words out of his
 ballaunce flew

45

Wroth wext he then, and sayd, that words were
 light,
 Ne would within his ballaunce well abide
 But he could mstly weigh the wrong or right
 Well then, sayd *Ariegall*, let it be tnde
 First in one ballaunce set the true aside
 He did so first, and then the false he layd
 In th'other scale, but still it downe did slide,
 And by no meane could in the weight be stayd
 For by no meanes the false will with the truth be
 wayd

46

Now take the right likewise, sayd *Artegale*,
 And counterpeise the same with so much wrong
 So first the right he put into one scale ,
 And then the Gyant stroue with puissance wrong
 To fill the other scale with so much wrong
 But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
 Might not it peise, yet did he labour long,
 And swat, and chauf d, and proued euery way
 Yet all the wrongs could not a little right
 downe way

47

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
 And almost would his balances haue broken
 But *Artegall* him fairely gan asswage,
 And said , Be not vpon thy balance wroken
 For they doe nought but right or wrong be
 token,
 But in the mind the doome of right must bee,
 And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
 The eare must be the ballance, to decree
 And mdge, whether with truth or falshood they
 agree

48

But set the truth and set the right aside,
 For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
 And put two wrongs together to be tride,
 Or eke two falses, of each equall share,
 And then together doe them both compare
 for truth is one, and right is euer one
 So did he, and then plame it did appeare,
 Whether of them the greater were attone
 But right sate in the midst of the beame
 alone

49

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
 For it was not the right, which he did seeke,
 But rather stroue extremities to way,
 Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eeke
 For of the meane he greatly did misleeke
 Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,
 Approchning nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
 He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
 And down the rock him throwing, in the sea
 him dround

50

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest dnues
 Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,
 Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces nues,
 And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
 Docs make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray
 So downe the chiffe the wretched Gyant
 tumbled,
 His batted ballances in peeces lay,
 His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled,
 So was the high aspyning with huge mine
 humbled

51

That when the people, which had there about
 Long way ted, saw his sudden desolation,
 They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
 And mutining, to stirre vp cnull faction,
 For certaine losse of so great expectation
 For well they hoped to haue got great good,
 And wondrous riches by his mnouation
 Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,
 They rose in ames, and alhnbattell order stood

52

Which lawlesse multitude him camming too
 In warlike wise, when *Ariegall* did vew,
 He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo
 Fox loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
 In the base blood of such a rascall crew,
 And otherwise, if that he should retire,
 He fear'd least they with shame would him
 pursew
 Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'mquire
 The cause of their array, and truce for to desire

53

But soone as they him nigh approachmg spide,
 They gan with all their weapons him assay,
 And rudely stroke at him on euery side
 Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought
 dismay
 But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
 He like a swarme of flies them ouerthrew,
 Ne any of them durst come in his wav,
 But here and there before his presence flew,
 And hid themselues m holes and bushes from
 his vew

54

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
 Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
 The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull
 sight
 Of death, the which them almost ouertooke,
 Doe hide themselves from her astonymg looke,
 Amongst the flags and couert round about
 When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke
 And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
 To *Artegall* he turn'd, and went with him
 throughout

Cant III



*The spouses of jaire Florimell,
 where turney many knychts
 There Braggadochio is vncas'd
 tn all the Ladies sights*



I

After long stormes and tempests ouerblowne,
 The sunne at length his lyouos face doth cleare
 So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
 Somebhsfull houresatlastmustneedes appeare,
 Else should afflicted wights oftymes despeire
 So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
 After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
 Inwhicchaptiu'dshemanymonethsdidmourne,
 Totastof ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne

Who being freed from *Proteus* cruell band
 By *Martnell*, was vnto him affide,
 And by him brought agame to Faerie land ,
 Where he her spous'd, and madehisioyousbnde
 The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
 And solemne feasts and giusts ordam'd there
 fore
 To which there did resort from euery side
 Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store ,
 Ne any Knight was absent, that braue courage
 bore

3

To tell the glone of the feast that day,
 The goodly seruice, the deucefull sights,
 The bndegromes state, the brides most rich
 aray,
 The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
 The royall banquets, and the rare delights
 Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me
 But for so much as to my lot here lights,
 That with this present treatise doth agree,
 Truevertuetoaduance,shallhererecountedbee

4

When all men had with full satietie
 Of meates and drmkes their appetites suffiz'd,
 To deedes of ames and prooffe of cheualne
 1 hey gan themselues addresse, fullnchaguiz'd,
 As each one had his furnitures demz'd
 And first of all issu'd *Sir Martnell*,
 And with him sixe knights more, which enter
 pnz'd
 To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
 And to maintaine, that she all others did excell

5

The first of them was high *Sir Orimont*,
 A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes
 The second had to name *Sir Belhsont*,
 But second vnto none in prowess prayse ,
 The third was *Brunell*, famous m his dayes ,
 The fourth *Ecastor*, of exceeding might,
 The lift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes ,
 The sixt was *Lansack*, a redoubted Knight
 All sixe well seene in ames, and prou'd in many
 a fight

6

And them against came all that list to giust,
 From euery coast and cuntrye vnder sunne
 None was debard, but all had leauē that lust
 The trompets sound , then all together ronne
 Fullmany deedes of ames that day were donne,
 And many knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
 As fortune fell, yet litle lost or wonne
 But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
 To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud
 resounded

7

The second day, so soone as morrow light
 Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
 And there all day contmew'd cruell fight,
 With diuers fortune fit for such a game,
 In which all stroue with penll to wme fame
 Yet whether side was victor, note be ghest
 But at the last the trompets did proclame
 That *Mannell* that day deserued best
 So they disparted were, and all men went to rest

8

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
 Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
 Together met, of all to make an end
 There *Mannell* great deeds of armes did shew,
 And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
 Rashing off helmes, and ruying plates a sonder,
 That euery one his daunger did eschew
 So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thunder,
 That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder

9

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand ?
 The greater prowesse greater perils find
 So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
 That they haue him enclosed so behind,
 As by no meanes he can himselfe outwmd
 And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken,
 And now they doe with capt me bands him bind,
 And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
 Vnlesse some succour had in time him ouertaken

10

It fortun'd whylest they were thus ill beset,
 Sir *Arlegall* into the Tilt yard came,
 With *Braggadocchio*, whom he lately met
 Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame
 Where when he vnderstood by common fame,
 What euill hap to *Mannell* betid,
 He much was mou'd at so vnworthie shame,
 And streight that boaster prayd, with whom
 he rid,
 To change his shield with him, to be the better rid

II

So forth he went, and soone them ouer hent,
 Where they were leading *Mannell* away,
 Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
 And forst the burden of their prize to stay
 They were an hundred knights of that array,
 Of which th'one halfe vpon himselfe did set,
 The other stayd behind to gard the pray
 But he ere long the former fiftie bet,
 And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner
 fet

12

So backe he brought Sir *Mannell* agame,
 Whom haung quickly arm'd againe anew,
 They both together loyned might and maine,
 To set afresh on all the other crew
 Whom withsore hauockes soone they ouerthrew,
 And chased quite out of the field, that none
 Against them durst his head to perill shew
 So were they left Lords of the field alone
 So *Mannell* by him was rescu'd from his fone

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
 To *Braggadocchio* did his shield restore
 Who all this while behind him did remaine,
 Keeping there close with him in pretious store
 That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore
 Then did the trompets sound, and Iudges rose,
 And all these knights, which that day armour
 bore,
 Came to the open hall, to listen whose
 The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by
 those

14

And thether also came in open sight
 Fayre *Florimell*, into the common hall,
 To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
 And best to him, to whom the best should fall
 Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
 To whom that day they should the girland yield
 Who came not forth, but for Sir *Arlegall*
 Came *Braggadocchio*, and did shew his shield.
 Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden
 field

15

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill
 So vnto him they did addeeme the prise
 Of all that Tryumph Then the trompets shrill
 Don *Braggadochos* name resounded thrise
 So courage lent a cloke to cowardise
 And then to him came fayrest *Florimell*,
 And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,
 And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so
 well
 Approu'd that day, that she all others did excell

16

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
 With proud disdainie did scornfull answer
 make,
 That what he did that day, he did it not
 For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
 Withom on his penll he did vndertake,
 Both her and eke all others to excell
 And further did vncomely speaches crake
 Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
 And turn'd aside for shame to heare, what he

17

Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimele*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a veile
Whom when discouered they had throughlyeide,
With great amazement they were stupefide,
And said, that surely *Florimell* it was,
Or if it were not *Florimell* so tride,
That *Florimell* her selfe she then did pas
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has

18

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuise,
But like as one, whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astomst stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still vpon that snowy mayd,
Whom euer as he did the more auize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did surmise

As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,
Mounted in *Phcebus* charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eyde,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright
So stood Sir *Marinell*, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties
Queene.

20

All which when *Artegall*, who all this while
Stood in the preasce close couered, well aduiewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse
guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And vnto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said, Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe
endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd, thou shait rest in
disgrace
That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeede,
Which this dayes honour sau'd to *Marinell*,
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that seruice vnto *Florimell*
For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure it stird
this day
Or shew the wounds, which vnto thee befell,
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest
sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay

22

But this the sword, which wrought those cruell
sounds,
And this the arme, the which that shield did
beare, [wounds]
And these the signes, (so shewed forth his
By which that glorie gotten doth appeare
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Flortmell* at all,
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall
For prooffe whereof, he had them *Phrimell*
forth call

23

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnessey wrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face,
As roses did with hihcs interlace
For of those words, the which that boaster
threw,
She inly yet concerned great disgrace
Whom when as all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all
did shew.

24

Then did he set her by that snowy one
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragonc,
And triall, whether should the honor get
Streight way so soone as both together met,
Th'enchanted *Damzell* vanish into nought
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayntd ought,
But th'emptie girdle, which about her wast was
wrought
As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride,
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray

26

Which when as all that present were, beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horror
queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment,
That what of it became, none vnderstood
And *Braggadochio* selfe with drenment
So daunted was in his despayning mood,
That like a hfelesse corse immouable he stood

27

But *Artegall* that golden belt vptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left,
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her reft,
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that fouie monster, whichdidd hercompeli
To perils great, which he vnbackhng eft,
Presented to the fayrest *Florimell*,
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well

28

Full many Ladies often had assayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit,
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Vnlesse that she were continent and chast,
But it would lose or breake, that many had
disgrast

29

Whitest thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,
And boastfull *Braggadachio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to
clame,
And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,
Wrjth th'other drew his sword for with the
same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to haue smit
And had he not bene held, he nought had fayld
of it

30

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that same warlike
horse
For *Braggadachio* would not let him pas,
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,
Or it approue vpon his carrion corse
Which troublousstirre whem *Artega*/perceiued,
He nigh them drew to stay th'auengers forse,
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight
deceaued

31

Who all that piteous stone, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe in him gan tell,
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtyll frame
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight
But he for nought could him thereto constraine
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose, then trie in ames his
right
SPENSER

Which *Artegall* well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt, what prune tokens he did beare
If that (said *Guyon*) may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it
there

33

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite m peeces broke,
That neuer word from that day forth he spoke
Another that would seeme to haue more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder
split

34

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
Vntill that *Guyon* selfe vnto him spake,
And called *Brigadore* (so was he hight)
Whose voice so soone as he did vndertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffled all his secret marke to see
And when as he him nam'd, for loy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And fnskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on
knee

35

Thereby Sir *Artegall* did plame areed,
That vnto him the horse belong'd, and sayd,
Lo there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd,
And let that losell, plamely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse haue
gayned
But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbrayd,
And him reu'il'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That mdgement so vniust against him had
ordayned

36

Much was the knight mcenst withhislewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villeny,
And thrise did lay his hand vpon his sword,
To haue him slame, or dearely doen aby
But *Guyon* did his choler pacify,
Saying, Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you, that are our mdge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee
It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe
see

So did he mitigate Sir *Artegall*,
 But *Talus* by the backe the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall,
 Vpon him did inflict this punishment
 First he his beard did shaue, and fowly shent
 Then from him reft his shield, and it renuerst,
 And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
 And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherbt,
 And broke his sword in twaine, and all his
 armour sperst

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away
 But vame it was to thinke from him to flie
 Who ouertaking him did disaray,
 And all his face deform'd with mfamie,
 And out of court him scourged openly
 So ought all faytours, that true knighthood
 shame,
 And armes dishonour with base villanie,
 From all braueknightsbebamsh't with defame
 For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts
 with blame

39

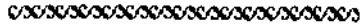
Now when these counterfeits were thus vncased
 Out of the foreside of their forgene,
 And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
 All gan to lest and gibe full merihe
 At the remembrance of their knaue
 Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knightsat Knights,
 To thmke with how great vaunt of brauene
 He them abused, through his subtill slights,
 And what a glorious shew he made in all their
 sights

40

There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,
 Spendingtheinoyousdayesandgladfullnights,;
 And taking vsune of time forepast,
 With all deare dehces and rare delights,
 Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights
 And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
 Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher spnghts,
 That when as time to *Artegall* shall tend,
 We on his first aduenture may him forward send



Cant IIII



*Artegall dealeth right betwixt
 two brethren that doe strme,
 Saues Terpwejr from the gallow tree,
 and doth from death repnue*



I

Who so vpon him selfe will take the skill
 True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
 Had neede haue mightie hands, for to fulfill
 That, which he doth with righteous doome
 I decide,
 And for to maister wrong and puissant pride
 For vame it is to deeme of thngs aright,
 And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
 Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might
 For powre is the right hand of Iustice truelyight

2

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
 The charge of Iustice giuen was in trust,
 That they might execute her mdgements wise,
 And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
 Which proudly did impugne her sentence lust
 Whereof no brauer president tins day
 Remaines on earth, preseru'd from yron rust
 Of rude obuision, and long times decay,
 Then this of *Artegall*, which here we haue to say

3

Who hauing lately left that louely payre,
 Enhncked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
 Bold *Marmell* with *Florimell* the fayre,
 With whom great feastand goodly gleehefend,
 Departed from the Castle of the strond,
 To follow his aduentures first intent,
 Which long agoe he taken had in hond
 Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
 But that great yron groome, his gard and
 government

4

With whom as he did passe by the sea shore,
 He chaunst to come, whereas two comely
 Squires,
 Both brethren, whom one wombetogethorbore,
 But stirred vp with different desires,
 Together stroue, and kmdled wrathfull fires
 And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
 By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires,
 Now with faire words, but wordsdid httle good,
 Now with sharpe threats, but threats the more
 mcreast their mood

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
 iast bound on euery side with iron bands,
 But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
 Either by being wreckt vpon the sands,
 Or being carried farre from forraine lands
 Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
 And bent against them selues their cruell hands
 But euermore, those Damzels did forestall
 Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse
 pall

6

But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,
 And batailles doubtfull proofo their rights
 to try,
 Ne other end their fury would afford,
 But what to them Fortune would mstify
 So stood they both in readincsse thereby,
 To loyne the combate with cruell intent,
 When *Artegall* arnuing happily,
 Did stay a while their greedy bickermert,
 Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent

7

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame,
 Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
 To whom our sire, *Milesio* by name,
 Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
 Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
 Not farre in sea, of which the one appeares
 But like a little Mount of small degree,
 Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
 As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now
 beares

8

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
 And this deuouring Sea, that naught doth spare,
 The most part of my land hath washt away,
 And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share
 So his increased, but mine did empaire
 Before which time I lou'd, as was my lot,
 That further mayd, hight *Philiera* the faire,
 With whom a goodly doure I should haue got,
 And should haue loyned bene to her in wedlocks
 knot

9

Then did my younger brother *Amtas*
 Loue that same other Damzell, *Lucy* bright,
 To whom but little dowre allotted was,
 Her vrtue was the dowre, that did delight
 What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
 But now when *Phltra* saw my lands decay,
 And former liuelod fayle, she left me quight,
 And to my brother did ellope streight way
 Who taking her from me, his owne loue left
 astray

10

She seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
 Through dolorous despaire, which she con
 , ceyued,
 Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
 Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued
 But see how much her purpose was deceaued
 Whilest thus amidst the billowes beating of her
 Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,
 She chaunst vnwares to light vpon this coffer,
 Which to her in that daunger hope of life did
 offer

11

The wretched mayd that earst desir'd to die,
 When as the paine of death she tasted had,
 And but halfe seene his vgly visnomie,
 Gan to repent, that she had beene so mad,
 For any death tochaungelife though most bad
 And catching hold of this Sea beaten chest,
 The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,
 After long tossing in the seas distrest,
 Herwearybarkeatlast vponmine Isle did rest

12

Where I bychance then wandnngon the shore,
 Did her espy, and through my good endeuour
 From dreadfull mouth of death, which threa
 ned sore
 Her to haue swallow'd vp, did helpe tosaue her
 She then in recompence of that great fauour,
 Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
 The portion of that good, which Fortune gaue
 her,
 Together with her selfe in dowry free,
 Bothgoodly portions, but of both the better she

13

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
 Great treasuresithencewedidfindecontained,
 Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought
 But this same other Damzell since hath famed,
 That to her selfe that treasure appertained,
 And that she did transport the same by sea,
 To bring it to her husband new ordained,
 But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way
 But whether it be so or no, I can not say

14

But whether it mdeede be so or no,
 This doe I say, that what so good or ill
 Or God or Fortune vnto me did throw,
 Not wronging any other by my will,
 I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still
 And though my land he first did wme away,
 And then my loue (though now it little skill,)
 Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
 But I will it defend, whilst euer that I may

So hauing saya, the younger did ensew,
Full true it is, what so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
But for this treasure throwne vppon his strand,
Which well I proue, as shall appeare by tñall,
To be this maides, with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes, and perfect good
espiall,
Therefore it ought be rendred her without
demall

16

When they thus ended had, the Knight began,
Certes your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
To bide what ludgement ye shall vs afford
Then for assuraunce to my doome to stand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his
hand

17

Then *Artegall* thus to the younger sayd,
Now tell me *Amtas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day?
What other nght(quoth he)should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay ?
Your right is good (sayd he) and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own
should seeme

18

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd ,
Now *Braadas* let this likewise be showne
Your brothers treasure, which from him is
strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne ?
What other nght(quoth he)should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne ?
Your right is good (sayd he) and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own
should seeme

1

For equall right in equall things doth stand,
For what the mighty Sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
Or else by wracke, that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list
So *Amidas*, the land was yours first hight,
And so the treasure yours is *Braadas* by right

20

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amtas* and *Philt* were displeased
But *Braadas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the treasure by that iudgement seased
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right Then *Artegall*
When as their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did
call

21

So as he trauelled vppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away ,
To whom his course he hastily apphe,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide
To whom when he approched neare in sight,
(An vncouth sight) he plamdy then descride
To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to
fight

22

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde himmnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepard
His face was couered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to descry ,
And with full heauy heart with them he far'd,
Griue'd to the soule, and gronng inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should
dy

23

But they like tyrants, mercilesse the more,
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reuiled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts, and termes of vile disgrace
Now when as *Artegall* arnu'd in place,
Did ask, what cause brought that man to
decay,
They round about him gan to swame apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares some villanous
assay

24

But he was soone aware of their ill mmde,
And drawing backe deceiued their intent,
Yet though him selfe did shame on womankind
His mighty hand to shend, he *Talus* sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardymnt
Who with few sowces of his yron flae,
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale,
Of their vame prowesse, turned to their proper
bale

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
 They left behind them, glad to be so quit
 Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
 And horror of fowle death for Knight vnfit,
 Who more then losse of life ydreaded it,
 And him restoring vnto liuing light,
 So brought vnto his Lord, where he did sit,
 Beholding all that womanish weake fight,
 Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus
 behight 26

Sir *Terpine*, haplesse man, what make you here?
 Or haueyou lost your self e, and your discretion,
 That euer in this wretched case ye were?
 Or haue ye yeeled you to proude oppression
 Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiec
 Or else what other deadly dismall day [tion]?
 Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
 That ye were runne so fondly far astray,
 As for to lead your selfe vnto your owne decay?

27
 Much was the man confounded in his mind,
 Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
 That all astomst he him selfe did find,
 And little had for his excuse to say,
 But onely thus, Most haplesse well ye may
 Meiestlyterme,thattothisshameambrought,
 And made the some of Knighthod this same
 day
 But who can scape, what his owne fate hath
 wrought?

The worke of heauens will surpasseth humane
 thought 28

Right true but faulty men vse oftentimes
 To attribute their folly vnto fate,
 And lay on heauenthe guilt of their owncrimes
 But tell, Sir *Terpin*, ne let you amate
 Your misery, how fell ye in this state
 Then sith ye needs (quoth he) will know my
 shame,
 And all the ill, which chaunst to me of late,
 I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
 In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my
 blame

29
 Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
 Throughhardaduenturesdeedesofarmestotry,
 And after fame and honour for to hunt,
 I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
 That a proud Amazon did late defy
 AllthebraueKnights,thatholdofMaidenhead,
 And vnto them wrought all the villany,
 Which she could forge m her malicious head,
 What some hath put to shame, and many done
 be dead

30
 The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
 Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the bold,
 To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,
 And wooed him by all the waies she could
 But when she saw at last, that he ne would
 For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
 She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
 And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
 Which she could doe to Knights, which now she
 doth fulfill 31

Forall those Kmghts,the which by force or guile
 She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate
 First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
 And cloth in womens weedes And then with
 threat
 Doth them compell to worke, to eame their
 meat,
 To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring,
 Ne doth she giue them other thing to eat,
 But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
 Them to disable from reuenge aduentunng

32
 But if through stout disdame of manly mind,
 Any her proud obseruance will withstand,
 Vppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
 She causeth them be hang'd vp out of hand,
 In which condition I right now did stand
 For being ouercome by her m fight,
 And put to that base seruice of her band,
 I rather chose to die m hues despight,
 Then lead that shamefull life, vnworthy of
 a Knight

How hight that Amazon (sayd *Artegall*)?
 And where, and how far hence does she abide?
 Her name (quoth he) they *Radigund* doe call,
 A Princesse of great powre, and greater pride,
 And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tnde,
 And sundry battels, which she hath atchieued
 With great successe, that her hath glonfied
 And made her famous, more then is beheued,
 Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it
 priued

Now sure (said he) and by the faith that I
 To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
 I will not rest, till I her might doe trie,
 And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth
 show
 Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throw
 This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
 And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
 How Fortune will your rum'd name repaire,
 And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she
 would empaire

35

With that, like one that hopelesse was repyru'd
 From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
 Those yron fetters, wherewith he was gvu'd,
 The badges of reproch, he threw away,
 And nimble did him dight to guide the way
 Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone
 Which was from thence not pastamileortway
 A goodly citty and a mighty one,
 The v, hich of her owne name she called *Radegone*

Where they arriung, by the watchmen were
 Descried streight, who all the citty warned,
 How that three warlike persons did appeare,
 Of which the one him seem'd a Knightall armed,
 And th'other two well likely to haue harmed
 Ef tsoones the people all to hamesse ran,
 And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed
 Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe like a
 man

Came forth into the rout, and them t'array
 began

37

And now the Knights being arnued neare,
 Did beat vpon the gates to enter m,
 And at the Porter, skornmg them so few,
 Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
 To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin
 Which when as *Radtgund* there commmg heard,
 Her heart forragedid grate, and teeth did grin
 She bad that streight the gates should be
 vnbar'd,
 And to them way to make, with weapons well
 prepar'd

38

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
 They pressed forward, entraunce to haue made
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them
 staid,
 And better bad aduise, ere they assaid
 Vnknown perill of bold womens pride
 Then all that rout vpon them rudely laid,
 And heaped strokes so fast on euery side,
 And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could
 not abide

39

But *Radtgund* her selfe, when she espide
 Sir *Terpm*, from her direfull doome acquit,
 So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide,
 T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit,
 All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
 Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
 And on his head peece him so fiercely smit,
 That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,
 Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours
 knew

40

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grouell,
 She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
 Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell,
 Weening at once her wrath on him to weake,
 And his contempt, that did her wdg'ment
 breake
 As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell claws
 Vpon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
 Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,
 Toheare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe
 cause

41

Whom when as *Ariegall* in that distresse
 By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
 In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse
 There her assay lmg fiercely fresh, he raught her
 Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught
 And had she not it warded warily, [her
 It had depnu'd her mother of a daughter
 Natlesse for all the powre she did apply,
 It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly
 eye

42

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
 Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
 To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath
 spide
 A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
 Vpon some fowle, that should her feast prepare,
 With dreadfull force he flies at her byhue,
 That with his souce, which none endure dare,
 Her from the quarrey he away doth dneue,
 And from her griping pounce the greedy prey
 doth nue

43

But soone as she her sence recouer'd had,
 She hercelly towards him her selfe gan dight,
 Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride
 half mad
 For neuer had she suffred such despight
 But ere she could loyne hand with him to fight,
 Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
 That they disparted them, maugre their might,
 And with their troupes did far a sunder cast
 But mongst the rest the fight did vtill cuemng
 last

44

And euery while that mighty yron man,
 With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
 Them sorely vext, and courst, and ouerran,
 And broke their bowes, and did their shooting
 marre,
 That none of all the many once did darre
 Him to assault, nor once approach him me,
 But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
 For dread of their deuounng enemie, [flie
 Through all the fields and vallies did before him

45

But when as daies faire shinie beame, yclouded
 With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
 Warn'd man and beast to quiet rest be shrowded,
 Bold *Radigund* with sound of trumpe on hight,
 Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight,
 And gathering them vnto her citties gate,
 Made them all enter in before her sight,
 And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
 To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate

46

When thus the field was voided all away,
 And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
 Weary of toile and trauell of that day,
 Caus'd his pauilion to be richly pight
 Before the city gate, in open sight,
 Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
 Together with sir *Terpin* all that night
 But *Talus* vsde in times of leopardy
 To keepe nightly watch, for dread of treachery

47

But *Radigund* full of heart gnawing griefe,
 For the rebuke, which she sustain'd that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receiue rehefe,
 But tossed in her troublous minde, what way
 She mote reuenge that blot, which on her
 lay
 Then she resolu'd her selfe in single fight
 To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
 Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
 As she had seene that day a disauenterous sight

48

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
 Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
 Her name was *Clarins*, and thus to her sayd,
 Goe damzell quickly, doe thy selfe addresse,
 To doe the message, which I shall expresse
 Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
 Who yesterday droue vs to such distresse,
 Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
 And try in equal field, whether hath greater
 might

49

But these conditions doe to him propound
 That if I vanquish him, he shall obey
 My law, and euer to my lore be bound,
 And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
 What euer he shall like to doe or say
 Goe streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
 Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
 And beare with you both wine and luncates fit,
 And bid him eate, henceforth he oft shall
 hungry sit

50

The Damzell streight obeyd, and putting all
 In readnesse, forth to the Towne gate went,
 Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
 Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent
 Then *Talus* forth issuing from the tent,
 Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
 To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment
 Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake,
 And shew'd, that with his Lord she would
 emparlaunce make

So he them streight conducted to his Lord,
 Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
 Till they had told their message word by word
 1 Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
 Them fairely entertaing with curt'sies meete,
 And gaue them gifts and thmgs of deare dehght
 So backe agame they homeward turnd their
 feete
 But *Ariegall* him selfe to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next daies
 fight

Cant V

*Ariegall fights with Radigund
 And is subdewd by guile
 He is by her emprisoned,
 But wrought by Clarins wile*

I

So soone as day forth dawning from the East,
 Nights humid curtaine from the heauens with
 drew,
 And eirely calling forth both man and beast,
 Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
 These noble warriors, mindefull to pursue
 The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
 Them selues thereto preparte in order dew,
 The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight
 And th'Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to dight

2

All in a Camis light of purple silke
 Wouen vppon with siluer, subtly wrought,
 And quilted vppon sattin white as milke,
 Trayled with ribbands diuersly distraught
 Like as the workeman had their courses taught,
 Which was short tucked for light motion
 Vp to her ham, but when she list, it raught
 Downe to her lowest heele, and there vppon
 She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon

3

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
 Basted with bends of gold on euery side,
 And mailles betweene, and laced close afore
 Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
 With an embrodered belt of mickell pride,
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
 Vpon the bosse with stones, that shmed wide,
 As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
 That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect

4

So forth she came out of the citty gate,
 With stately port and proud magnificence,
 Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
 Vpon her person for her sure defence,
 Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from
 hence
 Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight
 So forth into the field she marched thence,
 Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight,
 Her to receiue, till time they should begin the

fight 5

Then forth came *Artegall* out of his tent,
 All arm'd to poynt, and first the Lists did enter
 Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
 And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent
 her,
 That battels vtmost t'nall to aduenter
 The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
 From rudely pressing to the middle center,
 Which in great heapes them circled all about,
 Way ting, how Fortune would resolute that daun-
 gerous dought

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began,
 With bitter strokes it both began, and ended
 She at the first encounter on him ran
 With furious rage, as if she had intended
 Out of his breast the very heart haue rended
 But he that had like tempests often tnde,
 From that first flaw him selfe right well
 defended

The more she rag'd, the more he did abide,
 She hewd, she foyn'd, she lasht, she laid on euery
 side

7

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
 Weening at last to win aduantage new,
 Yet still her crueltie increased more,
 And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
 Which faylmg he gan fiercely her pursew
 Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
 The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
 Soone as he feesles it molhfyde with heat,
 With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it
 beat

8

So did Sir *Artegall* vpon her lay,
 As if she had an yron anduile beene,
 That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
 Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
 That all on fire ye would her surely weene
 But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,
 From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
 That all that while her life she safely garded
 But he that helpe from her against her will dis-
 carded

9

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
 Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
 That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,
 And thenceforth vnto daunger opened way
 Much was she moued with the mightie sway
 Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
 And like a greedie Beare vnto her pray,
 With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
 That glauncmg downe his thigh, the purple bloud
 forth drew

10

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
 And to vpbraid that chaunce, which him
 misfell,
 As if the prize she gotten had almost,
 With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well,
 That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
 With indignation, at her vaunting vame,
 And ather strooke with puissance fearefull fell,
 Yet with her shield she warded it agame,
 That shattered all to peeces round about the
 plaine

11

Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,
 Vpon her helmet he agame her strooke,
 That downe she fell vpon the grassie field,
 In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
 And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke
 Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
 He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
 And her sunshynie helmet soone vn-laced,
 Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue
 raced

12

But when as he discouered had her face,
 He saw his senses straunge astonishment,
 A miracle of natures goodly grace,
 In her faire visage void of ornament,
 But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment,
 Which in the nudenesse of that euill plight,
 Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent
 Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
 Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkened be
 her light

13

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
 Empierced was with pittifull regard,
 That hissharpe sword he threw from him apart,
 Cursing his hand that had that visage mard
 No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
 But ruth of beautie will it molhfiē
 By thisvpstarting from her swoone, she star'd
 A while about her with confused eye,
 Like one that from his dreame is waked sud
 denlye

14

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
 Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
 With fresh assault vpon him she did fly,
 And gan renew her former cruellenesse
 And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd,
 And more creast her outrage mercilcsse,
 The more that he with meeke mtreatie prayd,
 Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to
 haue stayd

15

Like as a Puttocke haumg spyde in sight
 A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
 Whose other wmg, now made vnmeete for flight,
 Was lately broken by some fortune ill,
 The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
 Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
 With many idle stoups her troubling still
 Euen so did *Radigund* with bootlesse paine
 Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him con
 straine

16

Nought could he do, but shun the dred despight
 Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
 And with his single shield, well as he might,
 Beare off the burden of her raging yre,
 And euermore he gently did desyre,
 To stay her stoks, and he himselfe would yield
 Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
 Till he to her deliuered had his shield,
 And to her mercie him submitted m plaine field

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,
 But to her yellected of his owne accord,
 Yet was he mstly damned by the doome
 Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse
 word,
 To be her thrall, and seruice her afford
 For though that he first victone obtayned,
 Yet after by abandoning his sword,
 He wilfull lost, that he before attayned
 No fayer conquest, then that with goodwill is
 gayned.

18

Tho with her sword on him she flathing strooke,
 In signe of true subiection to her powre,
 And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke
 But *Terpme* borne to'a more vnhappy howre,
 As he, on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
 She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led
 Vnto the crooke t'abide the balefull stowe,
 From which he lately had through reskew fled
 Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

19

But when they thought on *Tolas* hands to lay,
 He with his yron flaileamongst them thondred,
 That they were fayne to let him scape away,
 Glad from his companie to be so sondred,
 Whose presence all their troupes so much en
 combred
 That th'heapes of those, which he did wound
 and slay, [bred
 Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nom
 Yet all that while he would not once assay,
 To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it mst
 t'obay 20

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
 Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
 And caused him to be disarmd quight,
 Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
 With which why lome he gotten had great fame
 In stead whereof she made him to be dight
 In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
 And put before his lap a napron white,
 In stead of Curiets and bases fit for fight

21

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
 In which he had bene trayned many a day,
 Into a long large chamber, which was sield
 With momments of many knights decay,
 By her subdewed in victorious fray
 Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
 Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray,
 And broke his sword, forf ore of further harmes,
 With which he wont to stirre vp battailous
 alarmes

22

There entred in, he round about him saw
 Many braue knights, whose names right well he
 knew,
 There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
 Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
 That his bigge hart loth'd so vncomely vew
 But they were forst through penurie and pyne,
 To doe those workes, to them appointed dew
 For nought was giuen them to sup or dyne,
 But what their hands could earne by twistinf
 linnen twyne

23

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
 That he thereon should spin both flax and tow,
 A sordid office for a mmd so braue
 So hard it is to be a womans slaue
 Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
 And thereto did himselfe right well behaue,
 Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight,
 Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight

24

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
 That whylome hath of *Hercules* bene told,
 How for *Mas* sake he did apply
 His mightie hands, the distaffe vile to hold,
 For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
 So many monsters, which the world annoyed,
 His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
 In which forgetting warres, he onely toyed
 In combats of sweet loue, and with his mistresse
 toyed

25

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
 When they haueshaken off the shamef ast band,
 With which wise Nature did them strongly
 bynd,
 T'obay the heasts of mans well ruling hand,
 That then all rule and reason they withstand,
 To purchase a licentious hbertie
 But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,
 That they were borne to base humilitie,
 Vnlesse the heauens them lift to lawfull souer
 aintie

26

Thus there long while contmu'd *Arlegatt*,
 Serung proud *Radigund* with true subiection,
 How euer it his noble heart did gall,
 T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
 That might haue had of life or death election
 But hauing chosen, now he might not chaunge
 During which time, the warlike Amazon,
 Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
 Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue straunge

27

Which long concealing in her couert brest,
 She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight,
 Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
 Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
 But it tormented her both day and night
 Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
 To seue the lowly vassall of her might,
 And of her seruant make her souerayne Lord
 So great her pride, that she such basenesse much
 abhord

28

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
 Through stubborne handling of her loue sick
 hart,
 And still the more she stroue it to subdew,
 The more she still augmented her owne smart,
 And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart
 At last when long she struggled had in vame,
 She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind conuert
 To meeke obeysance of loues mightie raine,
 And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd
 her paine

Vnto her selfe in secret she did call
 Hernearestandmayd, whomshemostdid trust,
 And to her said, *Clannda* whom of all
 I trust a hue, sith I thee fostred first,
 Now is the time, that I vntimely must
 Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need
 It is so hapned, that the heauens vnjust,
 Spightmg my happie freedome, haue agreed,
 To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed

30

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
 To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
 And through her eyes like sudden lightning
 flashed,
 Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose
 But soone she did her countenance compose,
 And to her turning, thus began againe,
 Thisgnesfedeepewound I wouldtothedisclose,
 Theretocompelledthroughhart murdrmgpaine,
 But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still
 restrainc

31

Ah my dearedread (said then the faithfull Mayd)
 Can dread of ought your drcadlesse hart with
 hold,
 That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
 And dare euen deathes most dreadfull face
 behold?
 Say on my souerayne Ladie, and be bold,
 Doth not your handmayds life at your foot be?
 Therewith much comforted, she gan vnfold
 The cause of her concerned maladie,
 As one that would confesse, yet fame would it
 denie

32

Clann (sayd she) thou seest yondFayry Knight,
 Whom not my valour, buthisownebrauemmd
 Subiectd hath to my vnequall might,
 What right is it, that he should thraldome find,
 For lending life to me a wretch vnkmd,
 That for such good him rcompenche with ill?
 Therefore I cast, how I may him vnbind,
 And by his freedome get his free goodwill,
 Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still

33

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands,
But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
Voide of mahtious mind, or foule offence
To which if thou canst win him any way,
Without discouene of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke withgratefullseruice me right wellapay

34

Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas,
Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst haue passage free
Goe now, *Clannda*, well thy wits aduise,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee ,
Armies of louely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst euen *loue* himselfe to
loue entise

35

The trustie Mayd, conceiung her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good mdeuour,
Giue her great comfort, and some harts content
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes she might, to curry fauour
With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloued,
With daily shew of courteous kind behaiour,
Euen at the markewhite of his hart she roued,
And with wide glauncmg words, oneday she thus
him proued 36

Vnhappie Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state
Fortune enuyng good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauy fate ,
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy mster merit
Might else haue with felicitie bene crowned
Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mightest
disinherit

37

Much did he maruell at her vncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue ,
And gan to doubt, least she him sought
t'appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weaue,
Through which she might his wretched life
bereaue
Both which to barre, he with this answer met
her,
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceaued)
Of my mishaps, art mou'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your
dettter

38

Yet weete ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well, to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne, or heauens
threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to loy, and came comely cheare
For though this cloud haue now me ouercast,
Yet doe I not of better times despayre ,
And, though (vnhke) they should for euer last,
Yet in my truthe assurance I rest fixed fast

39

But what so stome mind (she then replyde)
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a window open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way ?
Vnworthy sure (quoth he) of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursue, if he attaine it may
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope

40

Then why doest not, thou ill aduized man,
Make meanes to win thy hbertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie, can
Moue *Radigund* ? who though she still haue
worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not
borne
Of Beares and Tygres, nor so saluage mynded,
As that, albe all loue of men she come,
She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded
Andsooth oft seene, that proudestharts base loue
hath blynded

Certes *Clannda*, not of cancred will,
(Sayd he) nor obstinate disdamefull mind,
I haue forbore this dutie to fulfill
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That she a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd vnto,
Chiefely by him, whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto

42

But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let,
From seeking fauour, where it doth abound ,
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,
And readie to deserue, what grace I found
She feeling him thus bite vpon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but vnsound,
And not well fastened, would not strike him
strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt

But foolish Mayd, whyiesheedlesse of the hooke,
 She thus oft times was beating off and on,
 Through shpperie footing, fell into the brooke,
 And there was caught to her confusion
 For seeking thus to salue the Amazon,
 She wounded was with her deceits owne dart,
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
 Concerned close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through. pit tie of his causelesse smart

44

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
 Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
 For feare her mistresse shold haue knowledge
 gayned,
 But to her selfe it secretly retayned,
 Within the closet of her couert brest
 The more thereby her tender hart was payned
 Yet to awyt fit time she weened best,
 And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts
 vnrest

45

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
 Gan to demaund of her some tydms good,
 Touching her louess successe, her lings smart
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
 As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stoo'd,
 But quickly she it ouerpast, so soone
 As she her face had wypt, to fresh her blood
 Tho gan she tell her all, that she had donne,
 And all the wayes she sought, his loue for to
 haue wonne

46

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
 Scorning her offers and conditions vaine,
 Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
 So fond a lesson, as to loue againe
 Die rather would he in penurious paine,
 And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
 Then his foes loue or liking entertaïne
 His resolution was both first and last,
 His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
 She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
 For very fell despight, which she concerned,
 To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
 Whose life did he in her least eye lids fall,
 Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
 That she therefore would him ere long forstall
 Nathlesse when calmed was her furious heat,
 She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly
 gan entreat

48

What now is left *Clartnda* ? what remains,
 That we may compass this our enterprize ?
 Great shame to lose so long employed pames,
 And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
 With which he dares our offers thus despize
 Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
 And more my gracious mercie by this wize,
 I will a while with his first folly beare,
 Till thou haue tride agame, and tempted him
 more neare

49

Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile,
 Leauē nought vnpromist, that may him per
 swade,
 Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auaille,
 With which the Gods themselues are mylder
 made
 Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,
 The art of mightie words, that men can charme,
 With which in case thou canst him not muade,
 Let him feele hardnesse of thy heauie arme
 Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made
 stoupe with harme

50

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
 For I him find to be too proudly fed
 Giue him more labour, and with streighter law,
 That he with worke may be foreweaned
 Let him lodge hard, and he in strawen bed,
 That may pull downe the courage of his pride,
 And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
 Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide,
 And let, what euer he desires, be him denide

When thou hast all this doen, then bring me
 newes
 Of his demeanē thenceforth not like a louer,
 But like a rebell stout I will him vse
 For I resolute this siege not to giue ouer,
 Till I the conquest of my will recouer
 So she departed, full of griefe and sdame,
 Which inly did to great impatience moue her
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
 Vnto the prison, where her hart did thrall
 remane

52

There all her subtil nets she did vnfold,
 And all the engms of her wit display,
 In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
 And of his innocence to make her pray
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
 That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
 And eke the knight attonce she did betray
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
 Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall

As a bad Nurse, which fayning to receiue
 In herowne mouth thefood,ment forherchyld,
 Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceiue
 The infant, so for want of nourtire spoyld
 Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguylde,
 And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
 To feeding of her pnuate fire, which boylde
 Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
 The more th at she it sought to couer and to hyde

For comming to this knight,she purposefayned,
 How eamest suit she earst for him had made
 VntoherQueene,his freedome to haue gayned,
 But by no meanes could her thereto perswade
 But that in stead thereof, she sternely bade
 His miserie to be augmented more,
 And many yron bands on him to lade
 All which nathlesse she for his loue forbore
 So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore

And more then that, she promist that she would,
 In case she might finde fauour m his eye,
 Deuize how to enlarge him out of hould
 The Fayne glad to game his hbertye,
 Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie,
 And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
 To feede the humour of her maladie,
 Promist, if she would free him from that case,
 He wold by all good means he might, deserue
 such grace

56

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
 Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
 To his owne absent loute to be vntrew
 Ne euer did deceptfull *Clarinda* find
 In her false hart, his bondige to vnbind ,
 But rather how she mote him faster tye
 Therefore vnto her mistresse mote vnkind
 She daily told, her loue he did defye,
 And him she told, her Dame his freedome did
 denye

57

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
 That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
 And his worke lessened, that his loue mote
 grow
 Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
 That she with him mote be the more offended
 Thus he long while in thraldome there re
 mayned,
 Of both beloued well, but litle frended ,
 Vntill his owne true loue his freedome gayned,
 Which m an other Canto will be best containned

Cant VI



*Talus brings newes to Britomarl,
 ofArtegals mishap,
 She goes to seeke htm, Dolon meetes,
 who seekes her to entrap*



1
 Some men, I wote, will deeme in *Artegal*
 Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
 For yeeldmg so himselfe a wretched thrall,
 To th'msolent command of womens will,
 That all his former praise doth fowly spill
 But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
 Be well adui'd, that he stand stedfast still
 For neuer yet was wight so well aware,
 But he at first or last was trapt m womens snare

2
 Yet m the streightnesse of that captiue state,
 This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
 That notwithstanding all the subtil bait,
 With which those Amazons his loue still
 craued,
 To his owne loue his loialtie he saued
 Whose character in th'Adamantine mould
 Of his true hart so firmly was engraued,
 That no new loutes impression euer could
 Bereaue it thence such blot his honour
 blemish should

3

Yet his owne loue, the noble *Britomart*,
 Scarce so concerned in her lealous thought,
 What time sad tydmgs of his balefull smart
 In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought,
 Brought m vntimely houre, ere it was sought
 For after that the vtmost date, assynde
 For his returne, she waited had for nought,
 She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
 A thousand feares, that loue sicke fancies fame
 to fynde

4

Sometime she feared, least some hard mishap
 Had him misfalne in his aduenturous quest,
 Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
 In traytrous traine, or had vnwares oppress
 But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
 And secretly afflict with lealous feare,
 Least some new loue had him from her possest,
 Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
 To thinke of him so ill yet could she not for
 beare

10

One while she blam'd her selfe, another while
 She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vntrew
 And then, her gnefe with error to beguyle,
 She fayn'd to count the time agame anew,
 As if before she had not counted trew
 For houres but dayes, for weekes, that passed
 were,
 She told but moneths, to make them seeme
 more few
 Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
 Each houre did seeme a moneth, and euery moneth
 a year 6

But when as yet she saw him not returne,
 She thought to send some one to seeke him out,
 But none she found so fit to serue that turne,
 As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout
 Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout
 Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight,
 And then agame resolu'd to hunt him out
 Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight
 And then both Knights enuide, and Ladies eke
 did spight

One day, when as she long had sought for ease
 In euery place, and euery place thought best,
 Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
 She to a window came, that opened West,
 Towards which coast her loue his way adrest
 There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
 Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest,
 And sent her winged thoughts, more swift
 then wind,

To beare vnto her loue the message of her mind

8

There as she looked long, at last she spide
 One commg towards her with hasty speede
 Well weend she then, ere him she plaind descnde,
 That it was one sent from her loue mdeede
 Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote arede
 That it was *Talus*, *Ariegall* his groome,
 Whereather heart was wild with hope and drede,
 Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
 But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings
 somme

9

Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun,
 And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence ?
 Declare at once, and hath he lost or wun ?
 The yron man, albe he wanted sence
 And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
 Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
 And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
 As if that by his silence he would make
 Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe
 it spake

Till she againe thus sayd, *Talus* be bold,
 And tell what euer it be, good or bad,
 That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth
 hold

To whom he thus at length The tidings sad,
 That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad
 My Lord, your loue, by hard mishap doth he
 In wretched bondage, wofully bestad
 Ay me (quoth she) what wicked destime ?
 And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy ?

n

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,
 But by a Tyrannesse (lie then rephde,)
 That him captiu'd hath in haplesse woe
 Cease thou bad newes man, badly doest thou
 hide
 Thy maisters shame, m harlots bondage tide
 The rest my selfe too readily can spell
 With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
 Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
 And to her chamber went like solitary cell

12

There she began to make her monefull plaint
 Against her Knight, for being so vntrew,
 And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
 That all his other honour ouerthrew
 Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
 For yeelding to a straungers loue so light,
 Whose hefe and manners straungesheneueiknew,
 And euermore she did him sharply twight
 For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly
 p"ght

13

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
 How to reuenge that blot of honour blent,
 To fight with him, and goodly die her last
 And then againe she did her selfe torment,
 Inflicting on her selfe his punishment
 A while she walk t, and chaft, a while she threw
 Her selfe vpon her bed, and did lament
 Yet did she not hment with loude alew,
 As women wont, but with deepe sighes, and
 singults few

*4

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
 Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
 With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe;
 Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
 But kicks, and squals, and shnekes for fell
 despight
 Now scratching her, and her loose locks mis-
 using,
 Now seekmg darkenesse, and now seeking light;
 T hen craung sucke, and then the sucke ref using.
 Such wast this Ladies fit, in her loues fond accusing

15

But when she had with such vnquiet fits
 Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
 Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
 She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
 By change of place seeking to ease her paine,
 And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
 The certaine cause of *Artegals* detaine,
 And what he did, and in what state he stood,
 And whether he did woo, or whether he were
 woo'd

16

Ah wellaway (sayd then the yron man,)
 That he is not the while in state to woo,
 But lies in wretched thralldome, weakeand wan,
 Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
 But hib owne doome,that none can now vndoo
 Sayd I not then (quoth shee) erwhile aright,
 That this is things compact betwixt you two,
 Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
 Since that he was not forst, nor ouercome in
 fight?

17

With that he gan at large to her dilate
 The whole discourse of his captiuaunce sad,
 In sort as ye haue heard the same of late
 All which when she with hard enduraunce hid
 Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
 With sodaine stounds of wrath and gnefe
 attone
 Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
 But strighther selfediddight, and armor don,
 And mounting to her steede, bad *Talus* guide
 her on

18

So forth she rode vpon her ready way,
 To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide
 Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
 Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,
 But still right downe, and in her thought did
 hide
 The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
 To fierce auengment of that womans pride,
 Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
 And so great honour with so fowlt reproch had
 blent

19

So as she thus melanchohcke did ride,
 Chawing the cud of gnefe and inward paine,
 She chaunst to meete toward the euen tide
 A Knight, that softly paced on the plame,
 As if him selfe to solace he were fame
 Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
 To peace, then needlesse trouble to constrain
 As well by view of that his vestiment,
 As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment

20

He comming neare, gan gently her salute,
 With curteous words, in the most comely wize,
 Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
 Then termes to enter tame of common guize,
 Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
 She would her selfe displease, so him requite
 Then gan the other further to deuize
 Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
 And many things demaund, to which she
 answer'd light

21

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
 Or ought to heare, that mote dehghtfull bee,
 Her mmde was whole possessed of one thought,
 That gau none other place Which when as hee
 By outward signes, (as well he might) did see,
 He list no lenger to vse lothfull speach,
 But her besought to take it well in gree,
 Sith shady dampe had dimd theheauensreach,
 To lodge with him that night, vnles good cause
 empeach
 The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
 Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request
 And with him went withoutgaine saying more
 Not farre away, but little wide by West,
 His dwelling was, to which he him address
 Where soone arnuing they receiued were
 In seemely wise, as them besemed best
 For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
 And talk't of pleasant things, the night away
 to wcare

23

Thus passing th'euening well, till time of rest,
 Then *Bntomart* vnto a bowre was brought,
 Where groomes awayted her to haue vndrest
 But she ne would vndressed be for ought,
 Nedoffeherames, thoughhchermuchbesought
 For she had vow'd, she savd, not to forgo
 Those warlike weedes, till she reuenge had
 wrought
 Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe,
 Which she would sure performe, betide her wele
 or wo

24

Which when their Host percei'd, right dis
 content
 In mmde he grew, for feare least by that art
 Heshouldhispurpose misse, which closehe ment
 Vet taking leaue of her, he did depart
 There all that night remained *Brttomarl*,
 Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe
 gneued,
 Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
 Intoher eye, whichth'heartmotעהauereheued,
 But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight
 repneued

Ye guilty eyes (sayd she) the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little while
Ye will not watch ? false watches, wellaway,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your losse and now needes will ye
sleepe?

Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe ? awake, and rather weepe,
To thmke of your nights want, that should yee
waking keepe

26

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In way Ifull plaints, that none was to appease,
Now walking soft, now sitting still vpnight,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease
Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye lids sad, but watch continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease,
Like to a Spamell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously

27

What time the natiue Belman of the night,
The bird, that warned *Peter* of his fall,
First rings his siluer Bell t'each sleepy wight,
That should their mmdes vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall
All sodainely the bed, where she should he,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd agame, that no man could
it spie

28

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiuing well the treason, which was merit
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting that would ensue of that euent
It was not long, before she heard the sound
Of armed men, commmg with close intent
Towards her chamber, at which dreadful
stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about
her bound

29

With that there came vnto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight
Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glims of night,
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight
They seeing that, let dnué at him streight way,
And round about him preace in riotous aray

30

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout
Yet *Talus* after them apace did phe,
Where euer in the darke he could them spie ,
That here and there like scattedd sheepe they
lay

Then backe returning, where his Dame did he,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray

31

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly
burning,
To be auenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remam'd, but with right w ary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede
Now mote ye know (that which to *Bntomart*
Vnknown was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischieuous smart
Was ment to her, that neuer euill ment in hart

32

The goodman of this house was *Dolon* hight,
A man of subtile wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could
finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kmde
Of life for he was nothing valorous,
But with she shiffes and wiles did vndermmde
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to shame by treason
treacherous

33

He had three sonnes, all three like fatherssonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By *Artegall*, through his owne guilty wile ,
His name was *Guizor*, whose vntimely fate
For to auenge, full many treasons vile
His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewed his
cankred hate

34

For sure he weend, that this his present guest
Was *Artegall*, by many tokens plaine ,
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with *Artegall* remame ,
And therefore ment him surely to haue slaine
But by Gods grace, and her good heedmesse,
She was preserued from their traytrous frame
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suff redslothfullsleepe her eyelids toopprese

35

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
 Discouered had the light to lming eye,
 She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
 With full intent t'auenge that villany,
 On that vilde man, and all his family
 And comming down to seeke them, where they
 wond,
 Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie
 Eachrowmeshesought, but the mallemptyfond
 They all were fled for feare, but whether, nether
 kond

36

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
 But tooke her steede, and there on mountm light,
 Gin her addresse vnto her former way
 She had not rid the moutenance of a flight,
 But that she saw there present in her sight,
 Those two false brethren, on that penllous
 Bridge,
 On which *Pollenle* with *Arlegall* did fight
 Streight was the passage like a ploughed ndgc,
 That if two met, the one mote needes fall ouer
 the lidge

37

There they did thinke them selues on her to
 wreake
 Who as she nigh vnto them drew, the one
 These vile reproches gan vnto her speake,
 Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
 Of ames hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight
 art none,
 No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
 But with thy bloud thoushalt appeasethespngh
 Of *Guizor*, by thee slaine, and murtherd by thy
 slight

38

Strange were the words in *Bniomartis* eare,
 Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
 Till to the penllous Bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd, that he might haue prepared
 The way to her, and those two losels scared
 But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
 The glauncmg sparklesthroughherbeurr glared,
 And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
 Like coles, that through a siluer Censer sparkle
 bnght

39

She stayd not to aduise which way to take,
 But putting spurres vnto her fiery beast,
 Thorough the midst of them she way did make
 The one of them, which most her wrathmcreast,
 Vpon her speare she bore before her breast,
 Till to the Bridges further end she past,
 Where falling downe, his challenge he releast
 The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
 Into the nuer, where he drunke his deadly last

40

As when the flashing *Leuin* haps to light
 Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so
 neare,
 That way bet wixt them none appeares in sight,
 The Engin fiercely flying fortin, doth teare
 Th'one from the earth, and through the aire
 doth beare,
 The other it with force doth ouerthrow,
 Vpon one side, and from his rootes doth reare
 So did the *Championesse* those two there strow,
 And to their sire their carcasses left to bestow

Cant VII



*Brilomart comes to his Church,
 Where shee strange visions sees
 She fights with Radtgund, her slates,
 And Artegall thence frees*



1

Nought is on earth more sacred or diume,
 That Gods and men doe equally adore,
 Then this same vertue, that doth right define
 For th'heuens themselues, whence mortal men
 implore
 Rightmtheirwrongs,arerurdbynghteouslore
 Of highest Ioue, who doth true mstice deale
 To his mfcriour Gods, and euemore [weale
 Therewith contames his heavenly Common
 The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth
 reuale

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
 That Iustice was a God of soueraine grace,
 And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
 And heauenly honours in the highest place,
 Calling him great *Osyrts*, of the race
 Of th'old *Ægyptian* Kings, that why lome were,
 With fawned colours shading a true case
 For that *Osyrts*, whilst he hued here,
 The mstest man ahue, and truest did appeare

3

His wife was *I sis*, whom they likewise made
 A Goddess of great powre and soueramty,
 And in her person cunningly did shade
 That part of Iustice, which is Equity,
 Whereof I haue to treat here presently
 Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
 Arruied, shee with great humility
 Did enter in, ne would that night depart,
 But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part

4,

There she receiued was in goodly wise
 Of many Priests, which duely did attend
 Vppon the rites and daily sacrificize,
 All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd,
 And on their heads with long locks comely
 kemd,
 They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
 To shew that *his* doth the Moone portend ,
 Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne
 For that they both like race in equall mstice
 runne

5

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
 Was thence by them into the Temple led ,
 Whose goodly building when she did behould,
 Borne vppon stately piilours, all dispreed
 With shining gold, and arched ouer hed,
 She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
 Whose like before she neuer saw nor red,
 And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
 But thought, that she thereon could neuer gaze
 her fill

6

Thence forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
 The which was framed all of siluer fine,
 So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
 And clothed all in garments made of line,
 Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine
 Vppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,
 To shew that she had powre in things diuine,
 And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
 That with her wreathed taile her middle did
 enfold

7

One foote was set vppon the Crocodile,
 And on the ground the other fast did stand,
 So meaning to suppress both forged guile,
 And open force and in her other hand
 She stretched forth a long white sclender wand
 Such was the Goddess, whom when *Bnlomart*
 Had long beheld, her selfe vppon the land
 She did prostrate, and with right humble hart,
 Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart

8

To which the Idoll as it were inclining,
 Her wand did moue with amiable looke,
 By outward shew her inward sence desining
 Who well perceiuing, how her wand she shooke,
 It as a token of good fortune tooke
 By this the day with dampe was ouercast,
 And loyous light the house of *loue* forsooke
 Which when she saw, her helmet she vnlaste,
 And by the altars side her selfe to slumber
 plaste.

9

For other beds the Priests there vsed none,
 But on their mother Earths deare lap did he,
 And bake their sides vppon the cold hard stone,
 T'enure them selues to sufferance thereby
 And proud rebellious flesh to mortify
 For by the vow of their religion
 They tied were to stedfast chastity,
 And continence of life, that all forgon,
 They mote the better tend to their deuotion

10

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
 Ne feed on ought, the which doth bloud con
 tame,
 Ne dnke of wine, for wine they say is blood,
 Euen the bloud of Gyants, which were slame,
 By thundnng loue m the Phlcgrean plame
 For which the earth (as they the story tell)
 Wroth with the Gods, which to perpe tuall paine
 Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did
 rebell,
 With inward griebe and malice did against
 them swell

11

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
 Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
 The fruitfull vine, whose liquor blouddy red
 Hauing the mmdes of men with fury fraught,
 Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
 To make new warre against the Gods agame
 Suchisthepowreofthatsamefruit,thatnought
 The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
 Ne within reasons rule, her madding mood
 containe

12

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
 Vnder the wings of Ists all that night,
 And with sweete rest her heauy eyes did close,
 After that long daies toile and weary plight
 Wherewhilestherearthlypartswithsoftdehght
 Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned he,
 There did appeare vnto her heauenly spright
 A wondrous vision, which did close implie
 The course of all her fortune and postentie

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrificze
 To *his*, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
 And linnen stole after those Pnestes guise,
 All sodamely she saw transfigured
 Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
 And Moone like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
 That euen she her selfe much wondered
 At such a change, and loyed to behold
 Herselfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold

14

And in the midst of her felicity,
 An hideous tempest seemed from below,
 To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
 That from the Altar all about did blow
 The holy fire, and all the embers strow
 Vppon the ground, which kindled pnuily,
 Into outrageous flames vnwares did grow,
 That all the Temple put in leopardy
 Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
 Vnder the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
 Seem'd to awake m horrible dismay,
 As being troubled with that stormy stowre,
 And gaping greedy wide, did streight deuoure
 Both flames and tempest with which growen
 great,
 And swolne with pride of his owne peerlesse
 powre,
 He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,
 But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe
 did beat

16

Tho turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
 Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
 And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke
 Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
 That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
 And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
 That shortly did all other beasts subdew
 With that she waked, full of fearefull fright,
 And doubtfully dismayd through that so vn
 couth sight

17

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
 With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
 Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,
 Vp lifted in the porch of heauen hie
 Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,
 And forth into the lower parts did pas ,
 Whereas the Pnestes she found full busily
 About their holy things for morrow Mas
 Whom she saluting hire, faire resaluted was

18

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
 They mightperceiue, she was not well in plight,
 Or that some pensiuenesse to heart she tooke
 Therefore thus one of them, whose eem'd in sight
 To be the greatest, and the grauest wight,
 To her bespake , Sir Knight it seemes to me,
 That thorough euill rest of this last night,
 Or ill apayd, or much dismayd ye be,
 That by your change of cheare is easie for to see

19

Certes (sayd she) sith ye so well haue spide
 The troublous passion of my pensue mind,
 I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
 But will my cares vnfolde, in hope to find
 Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind
 Say on (quoth he) the secret of your hart
 For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
 I am adiur'd, best counsell to impart
 To all, that shall require my comfort in their
 smart

20

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
 Of all that vision, which to her appeard,
 As well as to her minde it had recourse
 All which when he vnto the end had heard,
 Like to a weake faint hearted man he fared,
 Through great astonishment of that strange
 sight,
 And with long locks vp standing, stifly stared
 I Like one adawed with some dreadfull spnght
 So filld with heauenly fury, thus he her benight

2r

Magnificke Virgin, that m queint disguise
 Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
 So to pursue a penillous empnze,
 How couldst thou weene, through that dis
 guized hood,
 To hide thy state from being vnderstood ?
 Canfromth'immortall Godsoughthiddenbee?
 They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood ,
 They doe thy sire, lamenting sore for thee,
 They doe thy loue, forlome in womens thral
 dome see

22

The end whereof, and all the long euent,
 They doe to thee in this same dreame discouer
 For that same Crocodile doth represent
 The righteous knight, that faithfull
 Like to Osyrts in alhust endeuor [louer.
 For that same Crocodile Osyris is,
 That vnder *Ists* feete doth sleepe for euer
 To shew that ckmence oft in things amis,
 Restraines those sterne behests, and cruell
 doomes of his

23

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes
 asswage,
 And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
 To hinder thee from the lust heritage [deare
 Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
 And loyne m equall portion of thy realme
 And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
 That Lion like shall shew his powre extreame
 So blesse thee God, and giue thee loyance of
 thy dreame

24

All which when she vnto the end had heard,
 She much was eased in her troublous thought,
 And on those Priests bestowed rich reward
 And royall gifts of gold and siluer wrought,
 She for a present to their Goddesse brought
 Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,
 To seeke her loue, where he was to be sought,
 Ne rested till she came without relent
 Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent

25

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
 Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
 She was confused in her troublous thought,
 But fild with courage and with lyouus glee,
 As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
 Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
 That she the face of her new foe might see
 But when they of that yron man had told,
 Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them
 forth to hold

26

So there without the gate (as seemed best)
 She caused her Pauilion be pight,
 In which stout *Britomart* her selfe did rest,
 Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night
 All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,
 Vpon their wall good watch and ward did
 keepe
 The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
 Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
 The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe

27

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
 To warne her foe to battell soone be prest
 Who long before awoke (for she full ill
 Could sleepe all night, that m vnquiet brest
 Did closely harbour such a lealous guest)
 Was to the battell whilome ready dight
 Eftsoones that warnouresse with haughty crest
 Did forth issue, all ready for the fight
 On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight

28

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
 Began the streight conditions to propound,
 With which she vsed still to tie her fone ,
 To serue her so, as she the rest had bound
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
 For high disdaine of such indignity,
 And would no lenger treat, but bad them
 sound
 For her no other termes should euer tie
 Then what prescribed were by lawes of cheualne

29

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchms
 smot,
 Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
 But through great fury both their skill forgot.
 And practicke vse in armes ne spared not
 Their dainty parts, which nature had created
 So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
 For other vses, then they them translated ,
 Which they now hackt and hewd, as if such vse
 they hated,

30

As when a Tygre and a Lionesse
 Are met at spoyhng of some hungry pray,
 Both challenge it with equall greedmesse
 But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay ,
 And therefore loth to loose her right away,
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond
 To which the Lion strongly doth gamesay,
 That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond ,
 And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it
 fond

31

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
 And dealt her blowes vnmercifully sore
 Which *Briomart* withstood with courage stout,
 And them repaide againe with double more
 So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
 Was fild with bloud, which from their sides
 did flow,
 And gushed throughtheirarmesjthatalhngore
 They trode, and on the ground their hues did
 strow,
 Like fruitles seede, of which vntimely death
 should grow

32

At last proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
 Ilaumg by chaunce espide aduantage neare,
 Let dnué at her with all her dreadfuil might,
 And thus vpbraydmg said , This token beare
 Vnto the man, whom thou doest loue so deare,
 And tell him for his sake thy life thou gauest
 Whichspitefullwordsshesoreengrieu'dtohaere,
 Thus answer'd, Lewdly thou my louedeprauest,
 Who shortly must repent that now so vameily
 brauest

33

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
 That glauncmg on her shoulder plate, it bit
 Vnto the bone, and made a gnesly wound,
 That she her shield through raging smart of it
 Could scarce vphold, yet soone she it requit
 For haumg force mcreast through furious pame,
 She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
 That it empierced to the very braine,
 And her proud person low prostrated on the
 plaine

34

Where being layd, the wrothfull Bntonesse
 Stayd not, till she came to her selfe againe,
 But m reuenge both of her loues distresse,
 And her late vile reproch, though vaunted
 vaine,
 And also of her wound, which sore did pame,
 She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft
 Which dreadful 1 sight, when all her warlike
 traine
 There present saw, each one of sence bereft,
 Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left

35

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
 But that swift *Talus* did the formost win,
 And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,
 Pelmeil with them attonce did enter in
 There then a piteous slaughter did begin
 For all that euer came within his reach,
 He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
 That he no worke at all left for the leach
 Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may
 empeach

36

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
 Her selfe came in, her glory to partake,
 Where though reuengefull vow she did professe,
 Yet when she saw the heapes, which he did
 make,
 Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
 For very ruth, which did it almost nue,
 That she his fury willed him to slake
 For else he sure had left not one ahue,
 But all in his reuenge of spmte would depnue

37

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
 She for that yron prison did enquire,
 In which her wretched loue was captiue layd
 Which breaking open with indignant ire,
 She entred into all the partes entire
 Where whenshe saw that lothly vncouth sight,
 Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
 Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
 Of so vnmanly maske, in misery misdight

At last when as to her owne Loue she came,
 Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
 At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,
 She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
 To haue beheld a spectacle so bad
 And then too well beleeu'd, that which tofore
 Jealous suspect as true vntreuly drad,
 Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
 She sought with ruth to salue his sad mis
 fortunes sore

39

Not so great wonder and astonishment,
 Did the most chast *Penelope* possesse,
 To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
 And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
 Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
 After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
 That she knew not his fauours hkelynesse,
 For many scarres and many hoary heares,
 But stood long staring on him, mongst vncer
 taine feares

40

Ah my deare Lord, what sight is this (quoth she)
 What May game hath misfortune made of you?
 Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
 Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'em-
 brew
 In bloud of Kmgs, and greathoastes to subdew?
 Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue
 wrought,
 As to haue robde you of that manly hew?
 Could so great courage stouped haue to ought?
 Then farewell fleshly force, I see thy pride is
 nought

Thence forth she straight to abowrehimbrought,
 And causd him those vncomely weedes vndight,
 And in their steede for other rayment sought,
 Whereof there was great store, and armors
 bright,
 Which had benereft from many a noble Knight,
 Whom that proud Amazon subdewd had,
 Whilest Fortune fauourd her succeesse in fight,
 In which when as she him anew had clad,
 She was reuiu'd, and 10yd much in his sem-
 blance glad

42

So there a while they afterwards remained,
 Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale
 Dunning which spaces hether eas Princesse rained,
 And changing all that forme of common weale,
 The liberty of women did repeale,
 Which they had long vsurpt, and them restonng
 To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale
 That all they as a Goddesse her adoring,
 Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to her
 lonng

43

For all those Knights, which long captiues shade
 Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome
 And magistrates of all that city made, [free,
 And gawe to them great huing and large fee
 And that they should for euer faithful! bee,
 Made them swear fealty to *Artegall*
 Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
 He purposd to proceed, what so be fall,
 Vpon his first aduenture, which him forth
 did call

44

Full sad and sorrowfull was *Brtiomart*
 For his departure, her new cause of gnefe,
 Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
 Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
 Consisted much in that aduentures pnefe
 The care whereof, and hope of his successe
 Gawe vnto her great comfort and rehefe,
 That womanish complaints she did repressse,
 And tempred for the time her present heau-
 nesse

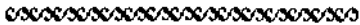
45

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
 Till through his want her woedid more increase
 Then hoping that the change of aire and place
 Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat
 ease,
 She parted thence, her anguish to appease
 Meane while her noble Lord sir *Artegall*
 Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
 Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall
 That for another Canto will more fitly fall

Cant VIII



*Prince Arthure and Sir Artgall,
 Free Samunt frotn feare
 They shy the Souldan, driue his wife,
 Aduia io despaire*



I

Nought vnder heauen so strongly doth allure
 The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
 As beauties louely baite that doth procure
 Great warnours oft their rigour to repressse,
 And mighty hands forget their manhnesse,
 Drawne with the powre of an heart robbing eye,
 And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
 That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
 Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and
 cruelty

2

So whylome leard that mighty Iewish swaine,
 Each of whose lockes did matchamanin might,
 To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine
 So also did that great Oeteen Knight
 For h is loues sake his Lions skm vndight
 And so did warlike *Antony* neglect
 The worlds whole rule for *Cleopalras* sight
 Such wondrous powre hath wemens aire aspect,
 To captiue men, and make them all the world
 reiect

3

Yet could it not sterne *Artegall* retaine,
 Nor hold from suite of his auowed quest,
 Winch he had vnderdane to *Gloriane*,
 But left his loue, albe her strong request,
 Faire *Bntomart* m languor and vnrest,
 And rode him selfe vppon his first intent •
 Ne day nor night did euer idly rest,
 Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
 The true guide of his way and vertuous gouern-
 ment

4

So trauelhng, he chaunst far off to heed
 A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
 Before two Knights, that after her did speed
 With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaste
 In hope to haue her ouerhent at last
 Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
 Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
 With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent,
 And euer as she rode, her eye was backward
 bent

5

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
 That after those two former rode apace,
 With speare in rest, and prickt with all his
 might
 So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
 They being chased, that did others chase
 At length he saw the hindmost ouertake
 One of those two, and force him turne his face,
 How euer loth he were his way to slake,
 Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere
 make

6

But th'other still pursu'd the feare full Mayd,
 Who still from him as fast away did flie,
 Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
 Till that at length she did before her spie
 Sir *Artegall*, to whom she streight did hie
 With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
 Succour against her greedy enimy
 Who seeing her approach gan forward set,
 To saue her from her feare, and him from force
 to let

7

But he like hound full greedy of his pray,
 Being impatient of impediment,
 Continu'd still his course, and by the way
 Thought with his speare him quight haue
 ouerwent
 So both together yhke felly bent,
 Like fiercely met But *Artegall* was stronger,
 And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
 And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
 Then two speares length, So mischief euer
 matcht the wronger

8

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke,
 For on his head vnhappy he pight,
 That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
 And left there dead Meane while the other
 Knight
 Defeated had the other faytour quight,
 And all his bowels in his body brast
 Whom leaumg there in that dispiteous plight,
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow Pagan, which before him past

9

In stead of whom finding there ready prest
 Sir *Artegall*, without discretion
 He at him ran, with ready speare in rest
 Who seeing him come still so fiercely on,
 Against him made againe So both anon
 Together met, and strongly either strooke
 And broke their speares, yet neither hasforgon
 His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke,
 And tottered like two towres, which through
 a tempest quooke

10

But when againe they had recouered sence,
 They drew their words, in mind to make amends
 For what their speares had fayld of their pretence
 Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
 Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends
 For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
 She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
 Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
 Vntill they both doe heare, what she to them
 will say

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to
 speake,
 Ah gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise
 Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake ?
 I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprize
 Both to redresse, and both to redrest likewise
 Winesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
 There dead on ground What doe ye then deuise
 Of more reuenge ? if more, then I am shée,
 Which wab the roote of all, end your reuenge on
 mee

12

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
 To weete if it were true, as she had told,
 Where when they saw their foes dead out of
 doubt, [hold,
 Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to
 And Ventailles reare, each other to behold
 Tho when as *Artegall* did *Arthure* vew,
 So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his heart and hew,
 And touched with mirtre of Tection, mgh him drew

Saying, Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
 That all vnweeting haue you wrong'd thus ore,
 Suffring my hand against my heart to stray,
 Which if ye please forgiue, I will therefore
 Yeeld for amends my selfe yours euermore,
 Or what so penance shall by you be red
 To whom the Prince, Certes me needeth more
 To craue the same, whom error so misled,
 As that I did mistake the huing for the ded

14

But sith ye please, that both our blameshall die,
 Amends may for the trespass soone be made,
 Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby
 So can they both them selues full eath perswade
 To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
 Either embracing other loungly,
 And swearing faith to either on his blade,
 Neuer thenceforth to nourish enmity,
 But either others cause to maintaine mutually

i5

Then *Artegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
 What were those knights, which there on
 ground were layd,
 And had receiue'd their follies worthy hire,
 And for what cause they chased so that Mayd
 Certes I wote not well (the Prince then sayd)
 But by adventure found them faring so,
 As by the way vnweetingly I strайд,
 And lo the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
 Of whom we may at will the whole occasion
 know

16

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
 And asked her, what were those two her fone,
 From whom she earst so fast away did flie,
 And what was she her selfe so woe begone,
 And for what cause pursu'd of them attone
 To whom she thus, Then wote ye well, that I
 Doe serue a Queene, that not far hence doth
 wone,
 A Pnnesse of great powre and maiestie,
 Famous through all the world, and honor'd
 far and nie

17

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call,
 That is a mayden Queene of high renowe,
 For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
 And soueraine grace, with which her royall
 crowne
 She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
 The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
 And at her happnesse do fret and frowne
 Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
 And euen to her foes her mercies multiply

18

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
 There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by
 That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
 Seekes to subuert her Crowne and dignity,
 And all his powre doth thereunto apply
 And her good Knights, of which so braue
 a band
 Semes her, as any Pnnesse vnder sky,
 He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
 Or to his part allures, and bnbeth vnder hand

19

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
 Which he vnto her people does each day,
 But that he seekes by traytrous traines to
 spill
 Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay
 That O ye heauens defend, and turne away
 From her, vnto the miscreant him selfe,
 That neither hath religion nor fay,
 But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
 And Idols semes, so let his Idols seme the Elfe

20

To all which cruell tyranny they say,
 He is prouokt, and stird vp day and night
 By his bad wife, that hight *Adiaa*,
 Whocounsels him through confidence of might,
 To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right
 For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
 To iustice, and against her still doth fight,
 Working to all, that loue her, deadly woe,
 And making all her Knights and people to doe so

21

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
 With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
 For stmt of strife, and stabhshment of rest
 Both to her selfe, and to her common weale,
 And all forepast displeasures to repeale
 So me m message vnto her she sent,
 To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
 Of finall peace and faire attonement,
 Which might concluded be by mutuall consent

22

All times haue wont safe passage to afford
 To messengers, that come for causes lust
 But this proude Dame disdaynmng all accord,
 Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
 Reuilmg me, and rayling as she lust,
 But lastly to make prooofe of vtmost shame
 Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
 Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
 That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame

23

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
 When I was gone, soone after me she sent
 These twofalseKnights, whomtherelyelyngsee,
 To be by them dishonoured and shent
 But thank be God, and your good hardiment,
 They haue the price of their owne folly payd
 So said this Damzetl, that hight *Samient*,
 And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
 Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped
 thanks repayd

Butthey nowhaumg throughihyheard, andseene
 Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd
 complained
 To haue bene done against her Lady Queene,
 By that proud dame, which her so much dis
 darned, [famed,
 Were moued much thereat, and twixt them
 Withalltheirforcetoworkeauengementstrong
 Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntamed,
 And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
 And vpon all those Knights, that did to her
 belong 25

But thinking best by counterfet disguise
 To their desaigne to make the easier way,
 Theydidthiscomplottwixthemselvesdeuise,
 First, that sir *Artegall* should him array,
 Likeoneof those two Knights, whichdeed there
 And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*, [lay
 Should as his purchast prize with him conuay
 Vnto the Souldans court, her to present
 Vnto his scomefull Lady, that for her had sent

26

So as they had deuiz'd, sir *Artegall*
 Him clad m th'armour of a Pagan knight,
 And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
 That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right
 Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
 Forth of her window as she looking lay,
 She weenedstreight, it was her Paymm Knight,
 Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast
 pray,
 And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his
 way 27

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
 Offred his seruice to disarme the Knight,
 But he refusing him to let vnlace,
 For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
 Kepthimselfestillmhisstraungearmouright
 Soone after whom the Prince arriued there,
 And sending to the Souldan m despight
 A bold defyance, did of him requere
 That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull
 prisonere

28

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,
And mounting straight vpon a charret hye,
With yron wheelles and hookes arm'd dread
fully,
And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded,
Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did
spred

29

So forth he came all in a cote of plate,
Burnisht with bloudier rust, whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well besene,
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen
sheene,
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had bene
Before directed by his Lord, to th'end
He should his fiale to finall execution bend

30

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different
For the proud Souldan with presumptuous
cheare,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and auengement
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight
More in his causes truth he trusted then in
might

31

Like to the *Tkraaan* Tyrant, who they say
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And tome in peeces by *Alcides* great
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his sharpe wheelles, in his first rages heat,
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts dis
darned scorne

32

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gaue way vnto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew
Yet as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shiuenng dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed, or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more
remorse

33

Oft drew the Prince vnto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away, that ere his readie speare
He could aduance, he farre was gone and past
Yet still he him did follow euery where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did

1351

34

Agame the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store,
On euery side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike vses had deuiz'd of yore
The wicked shaft guyded through th'aynewyde,
By some bad spirit, that it to mischief bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a gnesly wound in his ennuen side

35

Much was he gneued with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the welspnng of his blood,
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull
mood
That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Can not come neare him in the couert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady
stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming
brand

36

Still when he sought t'approch vnto him ny,
His charret wheelles about him whirled round,
And made him backe agame as fast to fly,
And eke his steedes like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage, and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from
place to place

37

Thus long they trast, and trauerst to and fro,
Seeking by euery way to make some breach,
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might vnto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him
teach
At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powre fullghtempeach,
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they vpon him prest, it plame to them did
shew

38

Like lightening flash, thathatthegazerburned,
 So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
 Thatbackeagamevponthemselveseluestheyturned,
 And with their ryder ranne perforce away
 Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay,
 With raynes, or wonted rule, as well he knew
 Nought feared they, what he could do, or say,
 But th'onely feare, that was before their vew,
 From which like mazed deare, dismayfully they

39

Fast did they fly,as them their feete could beare,
 High ouer hilles, and lowly ouer dales,
 As they were follow'd of their former feare
 In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and
 rayles,
 And backe with both his hands vntohim hayles
 The resty raynes, regarded now no more
 He to them calles and speakes, yet nought
 auayles,
 They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
 But go, which way they list, their guide they
 haue forlore

40

As when the fine-mouthed steeds, which drew
 The Sunnes bright wayne to *Phaetons* decay,
 Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew,
 With vgly cruples crawling in their way,
 The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
 That their well known courses they forwent,
 And leading th'euer burning lampe astray,
 This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
 And left their scorched path yet in the firma
 ment

41

Such was the furie of these head strong steeds,
 Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
 That all obedience both to words and deeds
 They quite forgot, and scornd all former law,
 Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines
 they did draw
 The yron charet, and the wheelles did teare,
 And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe,
 From side to side they tost him here and there,
 Crying to them in vame, that nould his crying
 heare

42

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind,
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easie meanes according to his mind
 At last they haue all ouerthrowne to ground
 Quite topside turuey, and the pagan hound
 Amongst the yron hookes and grables keene,
 Tome all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
 That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
 But scattred all about, and strow'd vpon the
 greene

+

Like as the cursed sonne of *Theseus*,
 That following his chace m dewy morne,
 To fly his stepdames loues outrageous,
 Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
 And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne,
 That for his sake *Dtana* did lament, [mourne
 And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
 That of his shape appear'd no litle moniment

44

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
 Though nothing whole, but all to brused and
 broken,
 He vp did take, and with him brought away,
 That mote remaine for an eternall token
 To all, mongst whom this stone should be
 spoken,
 How worthily, by heauens high decree,
 Iusticethatday of wrong her selfe had wroken,
 That all men which that spectacle did see,
 By hke ensample mote for euer warned bee

45

So on a tree, before the Tyrants dore,
 He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
 To be a moniment for euermore
 Winch when his Ladie from the castles hight
 ! Beheld, it much appald her troubled spnght
 Yet not, as women wont m dolefull fit,
 She was dismayd, or faynted through affnght,
 But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
 And gan eftsoones deuize to be aueng'd for it

46

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow,
 That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
 With knife in hand, and fatallly did vow,
 To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
 Whom she had causd be kept as pnsoner,
 By *Artegall*, misween'd for her owne Knight,
 That brought her backe And commm
 present there,
 1 She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with reuenge and furious despiht

47

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husbands murdred infant out,
 : Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchche* strand
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about,
 I Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
 Of *Bacchus* Pnests her owne deare flesh did
 teare
 Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,
 Nor all the *Mcmades* so furious were, [there
 [As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell

48

But *Artegall* being thereof aware,
 Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,
 And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught
 With that like one enfelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did rome, whether her rage her bore,
 With franticke passion, and with furie fraught,
 And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
 Vnto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to
 deplore

49

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
 Snatchmgateuery thmg, doth wreake her wrath
 On man and beast, that commeth m her path
 There they doe say, that she transformed was
 Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
 In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
 To prouehersurnamet rue, thatsheimposedhas

50

Then *ArtegaU* himselve discouenng plame,
 Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
 Of knights and armed men, which did main
 taine
 That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout
 All which he did assault with courage stout
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
 And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
 Flying from place to place with cowheard
 shame,
 So that with finall force them all he ouercame

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde,
 And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
 With tryumph entertayn'd and glonfyde,
 Presenting him with all the rich array,
 And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious
 wrong
 Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay
 So both for rest there hauing stayd not long,
 Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another
 song



Cant IX

*Arthur and Artegall catch Guyh
 whom Talus doth dismay,
 They to Mercillaes pallace come,
 and see her rich array*

I

What Tygre, or what other saluage wight
 Is so exceeding furious and fell,
 Aswrong, when ithatharm'ditselfewithmigh?
 Not fit mongst men, that doe with reason mell,
 But mongst wyld beasts and saluage woods to
 dwell,
 Where stillthe stronger doth the weakedeuoure,
 And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,
 Are dreadedd most, and feared for their powre
 Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre

2

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,
 Where righteous *Artegall* her late exyled
 There let her euer keepe her damned den,
 Where none may be with her lewd parts
 defyled,
 Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled
 And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
 We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
 The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
 Had vtterly subuerted his vnnghtheous state

3

Where hauing with Sir *ArtegaU* a space
 Well solast m that Souldans late delight,
 They both resolung now to leaue the place,
 Both it and all the wealth therein behight
 Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
 And so would haue departed on their way
 Butshe them woo'd byallthemeanesshemight,
 And earnestly besought, to wend that day
 With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away

4

By whose entreatie both they ouercommen,
 Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
 (As often falles) of sundry things did commen
 Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
 A strange aduenture, which not farre thence
 lay,
 To weet a wicked villame, bold and stout,
 Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
 That robbed all the countrie there about,
 And brought the pillage home, whence **none**
 could get it out

5

Thereto both his owne wyhe wit, (she sayd)
 And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
 Both vnassaylable, gaue him great ayde
 For he so crafty was to forge and face,
 So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
 So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
 That could deceiue one looking in his face,
 Therefore by name *Malengm* they him call,
 Well known by his feates, and famous ouer all

6

Through these his slights he many doth con-
 found,
 And eke the rocke, m which he wents to dwell,
 Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre vnder
 ground
 A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,
 But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell
 And all within, it full of wyndings is, [smell
 And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by
 Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
 Ne none can backe returne, that once are gone
 arms

7

Which when those knights had heard, their
 harts gan eame,
 To vnderstand that villeins dwelling place,
 And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
 And by which way they towards it should trace
 Were not (sayd she) that it should let your pace
 Towards my Ladies presence by you ment,
 I would you guyde directly to the place
 Then let not that (said they) stay your intent,
 For neither will one foot, till we that carle haue
 hent

8

So forth they past, till they approached ny
 Vnto the rocke, where was the villains won,
 Which when the Darazell neareat handdid spy,
 She warn'd the knights thereof who thereupon
 Gan to aduize, what best were to be done
 So both agreed, to send that mayd afore,
 Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
 Wayling, and raysmg pittifull vprore,
 As if she did some great calamitie deplore

9

With, noyse whereof when as the caytiue carle
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
 They m awayt would closely him ensnarle,
 Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
 And so would hope him easily to foyle
 The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
 Vnto the rocke, and there vpon the soyle
 Haumg her selfe in wretched wize abiected,
 Gan weepe and wayle, as if great gnefe had her
 affected

10

The cry whereof entnng the hollow caue,
 Eftsoones brought forth the villame, as they
 ment,
 With hope of her some wishfull boot to haue
 Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
 Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
 And long curld locks, that downe his shoulders
 shagged,
 And on his backe an vncouth vestiment
 Made of straunge stuffe, but all to wome and
 ragged,
 And vnderneath his breech was all to torne and
 iagged

11

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or m the compasse of his douches tooke,
 And euer round about he cast his looke
 Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
 With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
 But vsd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
 Of which he m faire weather wont to take great
 store

12

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
 So vgly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
 And now for helpe aloud in earnest cnde
 But when the villame saw her so affrayd,
 He gan with guilefull words her to perswade,
 To banish feare, and with *Sardonian* smyle
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
 Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
 That from her self vnwares he might her steale
 the whyle

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
 Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 That they the whiles may take lesse heedie
 keepe,
 How he his nets doth for their rume lay
 So did the villame to her prate and play,
 And many pleasant tnckes before her show,
 To turne her eyes from his intent away
 For he in slights and mghng feates did flow,
 And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know

14

To which whilest she lent her mtentiu mind,
 He suddenly his net vpon her threw,
 That ouersprad her like a puffe of wind,
 And snatching her soone vp, ere well she knew,
 Ran with her fast away vnto his mew,
 i Crying for helpe aloud But when as ny
 He came vnto his caue, and there did vew
 The armed knights stopping his passage by,
 Hethrewhisburdendowne, and fast away did fly

15

But *Artegall* him after did purswe,
 The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance
 still
 Vp to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
 Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dauncmg on the craggy chffes at will,
 That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight,
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill
 Ne ought auayled for the armed knight,
 To thmke to follow him, that was so swift and
 light

16

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent,
 To follow him , for he was swift m chace
 He him pursewd, where euer that he went,
 Both ouer rockes, and hilles, and euery place,
 Where so he fled, he followd him apace
 So that he shortly forst him to forsake
 The hight, and downe descend vnto the base
 There hehimcourstafresh, and soonedidmake
 To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to
 take

17

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne,
 But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last
 Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand
 But he then stones at it so long did cast,
 That like a stone it fell vpon the land,
 But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his
 hand

18

So he it brought with him vnto the knights,
 And to his Lord Sir *Artegall* it lent,
 Warning him hold it fast, for feare of slights
 Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
 Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,
 And pnckt him so, that he away it threw
 Then gan it runne away incontinent,
 Being returned to his former hew
 But *Talus* soone him ouertooke, and backward
 drew

But when as he would to a snake agame
 Haue turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
 Gandnueathim, withsohugemightandmaine,
 That all his bones, as small as sandy grayle
 He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle ,
 Crying m vame for helpe, when helpe was past
 So did deceive the selfe deceiuer fayle,
 There they him left a carrion outcast,
 For beasts and foules to feede vpon for their
 repast

20

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd,
 To see her Ladie, as they did agree
 To which when she approched, thus she sayd,
 Loe now, right noble knights, arm'd ye bee
 Nigh to the place, which ye desir'd to see
 There shall ye see my souerayne Lady Queene
 Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
 That euer yet vpon this earth was seene,
 Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene

21

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
 The prayses of that Prince so manifold,
 And passing litle further, commen were,
 Where they a stately pallace did behold,
 Of pompousshew, much more then she had told,
 With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
 And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
 That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
 And with their bnghtnesse daz'd the straunge
 beholders eye

22

There they alighting, by that Damzell were
 Directed m, and shewed all the sight
 Whose porch, that most magnifickedid appeare,
 Stood open wyde to all men day and night,
 Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
 That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
 To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despite,
 That vnder shew oftimes of fayned semblance,
 Are wont in Princes courts to worke great scath
 and hindrance

23

His name was Awe, by whom they passing in
 Went vp the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
 All full of people making troublous dm,
 And wondrous noyse, as if that there were
 some,
 Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome
 By whom they passing, through the thickest
 preasse,
 The marshall of the hall to them did come,
 His name hight Oder, whocommaunding peace,
 Them guyded through the throng, that did
 their clamors cease

24

They ceast their clamors vpon them to gaze,
 Whom seeing all m armour bright as day,
 Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
 And with vnwonted terror halfe affray
 For neuer saw they there the like array,
 Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,
 But lyouys peace and quietnesse alway,
 Dealing mst mdgements, that mote not be
 broken
 For any brybes, or threatoes of any to be wrokea

25

There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
 Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse
 Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law [vyle
 For that therewith he falsely did reuyle,
 And foule blasphemie that Queene for forged
 guyle,
 Both with bold speaches, which he blazed had,
 And with lewd poems, which he did compyle,
 For the bold title of a Poet bad
 He on himselfe had ta'en, and ray ling rymes had
 sprad

26

Thus there he stood, why lest high ouer his head,^{a1}
 There written was the purport of hib sin,
 In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
 BON FONT *butbon* that once had written bin,
 Was raced out, and *Mai* was now put in
 So now *Maljont* was plamely to be red,
 Eyther for th'euilt, which he did therein,
 Or that he likened was to a welhed
 Of euill words, and wicked sclaunders by him
 shed

27

They passing by, were guyd by degree
 Vnto the presence of that gratiouse Queene
 Who sate on high, that she might all men see, i
 And might of all men royally be seene,
 Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
 Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
 As either might for wealth haue gotten bene,
 Or could be fram d by workmans rare deuice,
 And all embost with Lyons and with Flour
 dehce

28

All ouer her a cloth of state was spred,
 Not of rich tisew, nor of cloth of gold,
 Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
 But like a cloud, as hkest may be told,
 Thather brodespreadmg wings did wydevnfold,
 Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny
 beams,
 Glistning like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
 And here and there shooting forth siluer streames,
 Mongst which crept litle Angels through theght
 tennng gleames

Seemed those litle Angels did vphold
 The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
 Did beare the pendants, through their mm
 blesse bold
 Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
 Hymnesto high God, and carols sheauenly things,
 Encompassed the throne, on which she sate
 She Angel like, the heyre of ancient kings
 And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,
 Whylest kings and kesars at her feet did them
 prostrate

30

Thus she did sit in souerayne Maiestie,
 Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
 The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
 With which high God had blest her happie land,
 Maugre so many foes, which did withstand
 But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
 Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,
 Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought
 ayde,
 She could it sternely draw, that all the world
 dismayde

And round about, before her feet there sate
 A beuie of faire Virgins clad in white,
 That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royall state,
 All louely daughters of high *loue*, that hight
Lite, by him begot in lous delight,
 Vpon the righteous *Themis* those they say
 Vpon Ioumudgementseat wayt day and night,
 And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
 They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance
 stay

32

They also doe by his dimne permission
 Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
 And often treat for pardon and remission
 To suppliants, through frayltie which offend
 Those did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend
 lust *Dice*, wise *Eunomie*, myld *Eirene*,
 And them amongst, her glone to commend,
 Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
 And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly
 strene

33

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
 Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
 Whylst vnderneath her feete, thereas she sate,
 An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
 An hardie courage, like captiued thrall,
 With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
 That once he could not moue, nor quich at all,
 Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
 And softly royned, when saluage choler gan
 redound

34

So sitting high in dreaded souerayntie,
 Those two strange knights were to her pre
 sence brought,
 Who bowing low before her Maiestie,
 Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
 And meekest boone, that they imagine mought
 To whom she eke mclyning her withall,
 As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
 Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall

35

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westeme brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And feruour of his flames somewhat adaw
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her
make,
Bate somewliat of that Maiestie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to
entertake

36

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
Whenthesetwostrangerknightsarnu'dinplace,
She was about affaires of common wele,
Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing picas of people meane and base
Mongst which as then, there was for tobeheard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard
But at the sight of these, those were a while
debard

37-

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th'heanng of that former cause in hand,
Her selfe eftsoones she gan conuert againe,
Which that those knights likewise mote vnder
stand,
And wnesse forth aright in forram land,
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly
scand
On either part, she placed th'one on th'one,
The other on the other side, and neare them
none

38

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre,
Yet did appeare rare beauteie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobihtie deface
Yet in that wretched scmbtant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion vnto her allure

39

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in sight, hard matters to reuele,
That well could charme his tongue, and time
his speach
To all assayes, his name was called *Ze*
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous cymes, by her enured,
And with sharpe reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had
procured

40

First gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, *Duessa* hight
That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great
care,
And mickle mischief vnto many a knight,
By her beguylcd, and confounded quight
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons, and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred *Meralla* oft did
frame

41

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred,
With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Pandell*,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
Andbothwithhopeofshadowesvaineinspyred,
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryue
Meralla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it vnto her selfe deryue,
And triumph in their blood, whom she to death
did dryue

But through high heauens grace, which fauour
not
The wicked dnftes of trayterous desynes,
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere prooffe it tooke, discouered was betymes,
And th'actours won the meede meet for their
cymes
Such be the meede of all, that by such mene
Vnto the type of kmgdomes title clymes
But false *Duessa* now vntitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to
be seene

43

Strongly did *Ze* her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame
And with him to make part against her, came
Many graue persons, that against her pled,
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The *Kmgdomes care*, with a white siluer hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst
her red

44

Then gan *Authority* her to appose
With peremptory powre, that made all mute,
And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute,
Next gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes,
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute,
Importune care of their owne pubheke cause,
And lastly *Iustice* charged her with breach of
lawes

45

But then for her, on the contrarie part,
 Rose many aduocates for her to plead
 First there came *Pillte*, with full tender hart,
 And with her loyn'd *Regard* of womanhead,
 And then came *Daunger* threatning hidden
 dread,
 And high alliance vnto forren powre,
 Then came *Nohlitte* of birth, that bread
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke
 stowre,
 And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares
 forth powre 46

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
 The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
 And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
 Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
 And wretched rume of so high estate,
 That for great ruth his courage gan relent
 Which when as *Zeke* perceiued to abate,
 He gan his earnest feruour to augment,
 And many fearefull obiects to them to present

47

He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
 And new accusements to produce in place
 He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
 The cursed *Ate* brought her face to face,
 Who prime was, and partie in the case
 She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
 Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
 The plot of all her practise did display,
 And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth
 did lay 48

Then brought he forth, with griesly grim aspect,
 Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudie knyfe
 Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
 And there withguiltie bloudshed charged ryfe
 Then brought he forth. *Sadition*, breedingstryfe
 In troublous wits, and mutinous vprore
 Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of lyfe,
 Euen foule *Adultme* her face before,
 And lewd *Impielie*, that her accused sore

49

All which when as the Prince had heard and
 seene,
 His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
 And from her partie eftsoones was drawen
 cleene
 But *Artegall* with constant firme intent,
 For zeale of Iustice was against her bent
 So was she guittie deemed of them all
 Then *Zeke* began to vrge her punishment
 And to their Queene for Iudgement loudly call,
 Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall

50

But she, whose Princely breast was touched nere
 With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
 Though paine she saw by all, that she did
 heare,
 That she of death was guittie found by right,
 Yet would not let lust vengeance on her light,
 But rather let in stead thereof to fall
 Few perhngdrops from her faire lampes of light,
 The which she couennng with her purple pall
 Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose
 withall

Cant X.

Prtnce Arthur takes the enterprize
Jar Beige for to fight
Gerioneos Seneschall
he slayes in Beiges right

1

Some Clarices doe doubt in their deuicefull irt,
 Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
 To weeten *Mercte*, be of Iustice part,
 Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate
 This well I wote, that sure she is great,
 And menteth to haue as high a place,
 Sith in th'Almighties euerlasting seat
 She first was bred, and borne of heauenly race,
 From thence pour'd down on men, by influence
 of grace

For if that Vertue be of so great might,
 Which from lust verdict will for nothing start,
 But to preserue muolated right,
 Oft spills the muncipall, to saue the part,
 So much more then is that of powre and art,
 That seekes to saue the subiect of her skill,
 Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart
 As it is greater prayse to saue, then spill,
 And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill

3

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly prayse,
 That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
 What heauenly Muse shall thy great honour
 rayse
 Vp to the slues, whence first denu'd it was,
 And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,
 From th'vtmost brinke of the *Armercxcke* shore,
 Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
 Those Nations farre thy iustice doe adore
 But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse
 much more

4

Much more it prayesd was of those two knights,
 The noble Prince, and righteous *Artegall*,
 When they had seene and heard her doome
 a rights
 Against *Duessa*, damned by them all,
 But by her temprcd without gnefe or gall,
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce
 And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,
 With more then needfull naturall remorse,
 And yeelding the last honour to her wretched
 corse

During all which, those knights continu'd there,
 Both doing and receiuing curtesies,
 Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
 Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
 Appromng dayly to their noble eyes
 Royall examples of her mercies rare,
 And worthie patens of her clemencies,
 Which till this day mongst many huing are,
 Who them to their posterities doe still declare

6

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
 There came two Spnnngals of full tender yeares,
 Farre thence from forrem land, where they
 did dwell,
 To seeke for succour of her and of her Peares,
 With humble prayers and mtreatfull teares,
 Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
 By a strong Tyrant, who inuaded has
 Her land, and slaine her children ruefully alas

7

Her name was *Beige*, who in former age
 A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
 And mother of a frutefull hentage, [seene
Euenseuenteenegoodlysonnes, which who had
 In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
 Them ouertooke, and their faire blossomes
 blasted,
 More happie mother would her surely weene,
 Then famous *Ntobe*, before she tasted
Lalonaes childrens wrath, that all her issue
 wasted

8

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
 Had left her now but fiue of all that brood
 For twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
 And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
 Why lest he of none was stopped, nor withstood
 For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
 Of horrible aspect, and dreadfull mood,
 And had three bodies in one wast empight,
 And th*arnes and legs of three, to succour him
 in fight

SPENSER

And sooth they say, that he was borne and bred
 Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,
 He that whylome in Spame so sore was dred,
 For his huge powre and great oppression,
 Which brought that land to his subiection,
 Through his three bodies powre, in one com-
 bynd,
 And eke all strangers in that region
 Arryuing, to his kyne for food assynd,
 The fayrest kyne aliue, but of the fiercest kynd

10

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
 Kept by a cowheard, hight *Eurytion*,
 A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
 Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
 But walkt about them euer and anone,
 With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight,
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
 And foule *Echidna*, in the house of night,
 But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight

11

His sonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight,
 Who after that his monstrous father fell
 Vnder *Alctdes* club, streight tooke his flight
 From that sad land, where he his syre did
 quell,
 And came to this, where *Beige* then did dwell,
 And flourish in all wealth and happnesse,
 Being then new made widow (as befell)
 After her Noble husbands late decesse,
 Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretched
 nesse

12

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowed
 Taking aduantage, and her yet fresh woes,
 Himselfe and seruice to her offered,
 Her to defend against all forrem foes,
 That should their powre against her right
 oppose
 Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
 Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose
 Which long he vsd with carefull diligence,
 The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence

13

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit
 All to his hands, and gaue him soueraine powre
 To doe, what euer he thought good or fit
 Which hauing got, he gan forth from that
 howre
 To stirre vp strife, and many a Tragickestowre,
 Giung her dearest children one by one
 Vnto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,
 And setting vp an Idole of his owne,
 The image of his monstrous parent *Geryone*.

M

14

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,
 The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
 But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call
 For ayde, against that cruell Tyrants theft,
 Ere all her children he from her had reft
 Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes she sent,
 To seeke for succour of this Ladies giefte
 To whom their sute they humbly did present,
 In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies
 gent 15

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
 The noble Briton Prmce, with his braue Peare,
 Who when he none of all those knights did see
 Hastily bent, that enterprise to heare,
 Nor vndertake the same, for cowheard feare,
 He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
 Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
 And numbly gan that mightie Queene entreat,
 To graunt him that aduenture for his former
 feat

16

She gladly graunted it then he straight way
 Hunselſe vnto his lourney gan prepare,
 And all his armours readie dight that day,
 That nought the morrow next mote stay his
 fare
 The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
 Yet dropping fresh out of the *Indian* fount,
 And bringing light into the heauens fayre,
 When he was readie to his steede to mount,
 Vnto his way, which now was all his care and
 count

17

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
 Who gaue him roiall giftes and riches rare,
 As tokens of her thankfull mind beseeene,
 And leauing *Artegdl* to his owne care,
 Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
 With those two gentle youtthes, which him did
 guide,
 And all his way before him still prepare
 Ne after him did *Artegall* abide,
 But on his first aduenture forward forth did ride

18

It was not long, till that the Prince arnued
 Within the land, where dwelt that Ladie sad,
 Whereof that Tyrant had her now depnued,
 And into moores and marshes banisht had,
 Out of the pleasant soyle, and citties glad,
 In which she wont to harbour happily
 But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
 That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
 And there her selfe did hyde from his hard
 tyranny

19

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
 All soutane without huing wight,
 For all her other children, through affray,
 Had hid themselues, or taken further flight
 And eke her selfe through sudden strange
 affright,
 When one in armes she saw, began to fly,
 But when her owne twosonnneshe had in sight,
 She gan take hart, and looke vp lovfullly
 For well she wist tins knight came, succour to
 supply 20

And running vnto them with greedy loyes,
 Fell straight about their neckes, as they did
 kneele,
 And bursting forth teares, Ahmy sweet boyes,
 (Sayd she) yet now I gin new life to feele,
 And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
 Now rise agame, at this your lyouos sight
 Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheelt
 Begins to turne, and sunnet to shine more bright,
 Then it was wont, through comfort of this noblt
 knight 21

Then turning vnto him, And you Sir knight
 (Said she) that taken haue tins toyle some paine
 For wretched woman, miserable wight,
 May you in heautn immortal guerdon game
 For so great trauell, as you doe sustamte
 For other meede may hope for none of mee,
 Towhomnoughtelse, but bare lifedothrt mame,
 And that so wretched one, as ye do see
 Is hker bngning death, then loathed life to bee

22

Much was he moued with her piteous plight,
 And low dismounting from his loftie steede,
 Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
 Seeking to dnuce away deepe rooted dreede,
 With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede
 So thence he wished her with him to wend,
 Vntosome place, where they mote rest and feede,
 And she take comfort, which God now did send
 Good hart in euils doth the euds much amend

23

Ay me (sayd she) and whether shall I goe?
 Are not all places full of forrime powres?
 My pallaces possessed of my foe,
 My cities sackt, and their sky threatmg towres
 Raced, and made smooth fields snowfull of flowres?
 Onely these manshes, and myrie bogs,
 In which the fearefull ewftes do build their
 bowres,
 Yeeld me an hostry mongst the crokmg frogs,
 And harbour here in safety from those rauenous
 dogs

24

Nathlesse (said he) deare Ladie with me goe,
Someplace shall vs receiue, and harbour yield,
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield
And if all fayle, yet farewell open held
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends
Withsuch his chearefullspeaches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends
And byndmg vp her locks and weeds, forth with
him wends

25

They came vnto a Citie farre vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had
bene,
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Herstatelytowres, andbuildingssunnysheene,
Shut vp her hauen, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had bene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund, without needing
perswade

26

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Vntill that state by strength waspulled downe,
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kmgdomes
croune,
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens list to lowre
Vpon their bhsse, and balefull fortune frowne
When those gainst states and kingdomes do
coniure,

Who then can thinke their hedlong rume to
recure

27

But he had brought it now m seruite bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryung long time in vame it to withstond ,
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enioy for any composition
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe vnto his Idole most vntrew

28

To him he hath, before this Castle greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Iuory, full rich besene,
On which that cursed Idole farre proclaimed,
He hath set vp, and him his God hath named,
Offngng to him in smfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne hkenesse
framed,
Andpowrmgforththeir bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eves to see it would agrize

29

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Vnder that cursed Idols altar stone
An hideous monster doth m darknesse he,
Whose dreadfull shape was neuer scene of nont
That hues on earth, but vnto those alone
The which vnto him sacrificed bee
Those hedeuoures, they say, both fleshandbone
What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee,
So that no whit of themremayning one may see

30

There eke he placed a strong gamsone,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed euery one,
And vanquished all ventious knights m fight,
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in bat tell he had wonne
To which when now they gan approach in sight,
The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had foully bene
fordonne

31

Her fearefull speaches nought he did regard,
But ryding streight vnder the Castle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchfull ward,
Which there did way t e, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall
Towhom when tydings thereof came, hestreight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to
the fight

32

They both encounter in the middle plame,
And their sharpe speares doe both together
smite
Amid their shields, with so huge might and
maine,
That seem'd their soules they wold haue ryuen
quight
Out of their breasts, with furious despight
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield, where it empight,
So pure the mettall was, and well refynd,
But shiuered all about, and scattered in the
wynd

Not so the Princes, but with restlesse force,
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his habeneon, and eke his corse
Which tombhng downe vpon the senselesse
ground,
Gauelauevntohisghostfromthraldomebound,
To wander in the griesly shades of night
TheredidthePrincehimleauemdeadlys wound,
And thence vnto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtame he might

But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
 All arm'd to point, issuing forth a pace,
 Which towards him with all their powred dryde,
 And meeting him right in the middle race,
 Did all their speares attonce on him enchace
 As three great Cuiuenngs for battrie bent,
 And leueld all against one certame place,
 Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
 That makes the wals to stagger with astonish
 ment

35

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder,
 Who from his saddle swarued nought asyde,
 Netoeirforcegaue away, that was great wonder,
 But like a bulwarke, firmly did abyde,
 Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
 With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
 Past through his shield, and pierst through
 either syde,
 That downe he fell vppon his mother deare,
 And powred forth his wretched life in deadly
 dreare

36

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
 As fast as feete could carry them away,
 And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
 To be aueng'd of their vnknighly play [stay,
 There whilst they entng, th'one did th'other
 The hindmost in the gate he ouerhent,
 And as he pressed in, him there did slay
 His carkasse tumbling on the threshold, sent
 His gronng soule vnto her place of punishment

37

The other which was entred, laboured fast
 To sperre the gate, but that same lumps of clay,
 Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
 Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
 That it the Posterne did from closing stay
 The whiles the Prince hard preased in bet weene,
 And entraunce wonne Streight th'other fled
 away,
 And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
 Him selfe to saue but he there slew him at the
 skreene

38

38

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
 Seeing that sad ensample them before,
 Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
 And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore
 Long sought the Prince, but when he found
 no more
 T'oppose against his powre, he forth issued
 Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
 And her gan cheare, with what she there had
 vewed, [shewed
 And what she had not seene, within vnto her

39

Who with right humble thanks him goodly
 greeting,
 For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,
 Much greater then was euer in her weeing,
 With great admiraunce inwardly was moued,
 And honourd him, with all that her behoued
 Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,
 With hertwosonnes, night deare of her beloued,
 Where all that night them selues they chensed,
 And from her balefull minde all care he banished

Cant XI

*Prince Arthure outcomes the great
 Gertoneo in fight
 Doth slay the Monster, and restore
 Beige vnto her right.*

I

It often fals in course of common life,
 That right long time is ouerborne of wrong,
 Through auance, or powre, or guile, or strife,
 That weakens her, and makes her party strong
 But Iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
 Yet at the last she will her owne cause right
 As by sad *Beige* seemes, whose wrongs though
 long
 She suffered, yet at length she did requight,
 And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton
 Knight
 Whereof when newes wasto that Tyrant brought,
 How that the Lady *Beige* now had found
 A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
 And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
 And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
 He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
 Doubting sad end of principle vnsound
 Yet sith he heard but one that did appeare,
 He did him selfe encourage, and take better
 cheare

3

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hast,
 And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
 Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
 Vnto the Castle, which they conquerd had
 There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
 He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
 And with bold vaunts, and ydle threatmng bad
 Deliuier him his owne, ere yet too late,
 To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull
 state

4

The Prince staid not his aunswere to deuize,
But opening streight the Sparre, forth to him
came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her natie land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame
He boldly aunswcrd him, he there did stand
That would his doings lustifie with his owne
hand

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouerrun him streight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously vpon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight
That the bold Prince was forced foote to giue
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight,
The whilest at him so dreadfully he dnuē,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could
haue nue 6

Thereto a great aduantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise
multiplyde,
Besides the double strength, which in them was
For stil when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand, and with such nimblesse
sly
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply

Which vncouth vse when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were vnwares decerned,
And euer ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete, and wanly withstand
One time, when he his weapon faynt to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counterstroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did lift

8

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdame,
He brayd aloud for very fell despight,
And sodainely t'auenge him selfe agame,
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all
But the sad Steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Vpon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head, him quite did
mall

9

Downe streight toground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare
But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepare
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might haue seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles, that pitched are aw ry

10

Eftsoones agame his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were thoroughly buckled to his geare,
And can let dnuē at him so dreadfulne,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,
He had him surely doun quite in twame
But th'Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose
vame

Yet was the stroke so forcibly apphde,
That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,
As if he would haue tottered to one side
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,
That curt'sie with like kmdnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets
slight

Hath pruned from the natme tree, and cropped
quight 12

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth
threw,
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell vnto him selfe with honour great
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he
strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnashthisteeth, and his head athimshooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly
looke

13

Nought fear'd the childe his leckes, ne yet his
But onely wexed now the more aw are, [threats,
To saue him selfe from those his furious heats,
And watch aduantage, how to worke his care
The which good Fortune to him offie faire
For as he in his rage him ouerstrooke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked ouertooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through the body
strooke

19

Through all three bodies he himstrooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine
 Else should he thnse haue needed, forthe nonce
 Them to haue stricken, and thnse to haue
 slame

So now all three one sencelesse lumpie remaine,
 Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
 And byting th'earth for very deaths disdame,
 Who with a cloud of night him couennng, bore
 Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to
 deplore

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
 Where she with her two sonnes did looking
 stand,

She towards him in hast her selfe did draw,
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand
 And all the people both of towne and land
 Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
 Vpon these warnours, greedy t'vnderstand,
 To whether should the victorie befall,
 ow when they saw it hi ne, they eke him greeted

all

16

But *Beige* with her sonnes prostrated low
 Before his feete, in all that peoples sight,
 Mongst ioves mixing some tears, mongst wele
 some wo

Him thus bespake, O most redoubted Knight,
 The which hast me, of all most w retched wight,
 That earst was dead, rcstor'd to life agame,
 And these weake impes replanted by thy might,
 What guerdon can I giue thee for thv pame,
 But euen that which thou sauedst, thine still
 to remaine ?

17

He tooke her vp forby the lilly hand,
 And her recomfited the best he might,
 Saying, Deare Lady, deedesoughtnotbesand
 By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
 But by their trueth and by the causes right
 That same is it, which fought for you this day
 What other meed then need me to requight,
 But that which veeldeth vertues meed alway ?
 That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth

Pay

8

She humbly thankthim for that wondrous grace,
 And further sayd , Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
 Sith ye thus farre haue tendred mypoorecase,!
 As from my chiefeest foe me to release,
 That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
 Till ve haue rooted all the rehckes out
 Of that vilde race, and stabbshed my peace
 What is there else (sayd he) left of their rout
 Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in
 dout

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby,
 There stands an Idole of great note and name,
 The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
 And of hisowne vamefanciethoughtdidf rame
 To whom for endlesse horreur of his shame,
 He offred vp for daily sacrifice
 My children and my people, burnt in flame ,
 With all the tortures, that he could deuize,
 The more t'aggrate his God with such his
 bloodydy guize

And Anderneath this Idoll there doth he
 An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
 And feedes on all the carkasses, that die
 In sacrifice vnto that cursed feend
 Whose vgly shape none euer saw, nor kend,
 That euer scap'd for of a man they say
 It his the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
 Euen blasphemous words, which she doth bra
 Out of her poysonous entrails, fraught with
 dire decay

21

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart
 gan eame

For great desire, that Monster to assay,
 And prayd the place of her abode to learne
 Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streight
 way

Thereto addresse, and his bnght shielddisplay,
 So to the Church he came, where it was told,
 The Monster vnderneath the Altar lly ,
 There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
 Most richly made, but there no Monster did
 behold

22

Vpon the Image with his naked blade
 Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke ,
 And the third time out of an hidden shade,
 There forth issewd, from vndtr th'Altars
 smooke,
 A dreadfull feend, with fow le deformed looke.
 That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lyen still
 And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
 That all the Temple did with terrour fill,
 Yet him nought ternfide, that feared nothing ill

23

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
 Was stretched forth, that nightfild all the place,
 And seem'd to be of infinite great strength ,
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
 Borne of the brooding of *hchtdna* base,
 Or other like infemal furies kmde
 For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
 To hide the horreur, which did lurke behmd,
 The better to beguile, whom she so fond did
 finde

24

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell raum and fierce greedmesse,
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare, what so she can oppresse,
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds, where so it is empight,
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she euer list to make her hardy flight

25

Much like m foulnesse and deformity
Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could euer loose, but suffred deadly doole
So also did this Monster vse like slight
To many a one, which came vnto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, decemed like
a foole

26

She comming forth, when as she first beheld
The armed Pnnce, with shieldsoblazingbnght,
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And muchdismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would haue turnd for great
affright

But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
Tliat forst her turne agame m her despight,
To saue her selfe, least that he did her slay
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd
her way

Tho when she saw, that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in pcees rend,
Or reauce out of the hand, that did it hend
Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shild, and longwhiledid contend
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did
wipe

28

With that aloude she gin to bny and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speathes forth did
cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That cuen the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to hearc, and nigh isunder brast
Tho with her huge longtaile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger, and stand halfe agast
With trembling loyns, as he for terrour
shooke,
Who nought was trcnfide, but greater courage
tooke

20

As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the
bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke, as they were
tome,
Whilest still she stands as stomst and for
lorne
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile
But ere that it she backe agame had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without fade
He loynted it, and mard the swinging of her
flaile

30

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people there without it heard
And *Beige* selfe was therewith stomed sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard
But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
Vppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
And throwen his shield atween, she had him
done to rew

31

But as she prest on him with heauy sway,
Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,,
And for her entrailes made an open wav,
To issue forth, the which once being brust,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her mferall smke
Most vglv filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke.
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake,
or thinke

32

Thendowne toground fell that deformed Masse,
Breithmg out clouds of sulphure fowle and
bheke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then *Lema*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh iwhaped make
Whom when he saw onground, he wasfullglad,
And streight went forthhis gladnesstetopartake
With *Betye*, who watcht all this while full sad,
Way ting what end would be of that same
daunger drad

33

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth
She gan reioyce, and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praysmg his renowned worth,
By all the names that honorable were
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,
Whom he did all to pcees breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle

34

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
 Gan shout aloud, that vnto heauen it rong,
 And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
 Came dauncing forth, and lyouos carrols song
 So him they led through all their streetes along,
 Crowned with girllonds of immortal baies,
 And all the vulgar did about them throng,
 To see the man, whose euerlasting praise
 They all were bound to all posterities to raise

There he with *Beige* did a while remaine,
 Making great feast and lyouos merriment,
 Vntill he had her settled in her raine,
 With safe assuraunce and establishment
 Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,
 Full loath to *Beige*, and to all the rest
 Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he
 went
 And to his former lourney him address,
 On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest

36

But turne we now to noble *Artegall*,
 Who haung left *Mercilla*, streight way went
 On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
 To weet to worke *Irenaes* franchisement,
 And eke *Grantor* toes worthy punishment
 So forth he fared as his manner was,
 With onely *Talus* waytmg diligent,
 Through many perils and much wav did pas,
 Till nigh vnto the place at length approcht
 he has

37

There as he traueled by the way, he met
 An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
 Whothrough hisyeares longsmce aside had set
 The vse of armes, and battell quite forgone
 To whom as he approcht, he knew anone,
 That it was he which whilome did attend
 On faire *Irene* in her affliction,
 When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
 Vnto his souerame Queene her suite for to
 commend

38

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan ,
 Hade good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight aliue,
 Well tnde in all thy Ladies troubles than,
 When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depnue,
 What new ocasion doth thee hither drjue,
 Whiles she alone is left, and thow here found ?
 Or is she thrall, or doth she not suruiue ?
 To whom he thus , She liueth sure and sound ,
 But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome
 bound

39

For she presuming on th'appomted tyde,
 In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
 To meete her at the saluage Hands syde,
 And then and there for tnall of her right
 With her vnnghteous enemy to fight,
 Did thither come, where she afrajd of nought,
 By guilefull treason and by subtilt slight
 Surprized was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
 Who her imprisond hath, and her life often
 sought

40

And now he hath to her prefix a day,
 By which if that no champion doe appeare,
 Which will her cause in battailous array
 Against him lustifie, and proue her cleare
 Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth
 reare,
 She death shall by Those tidings sad
 Did much abash Sir *Ariegall* to heare,
 And grieved sore, that through his fault she
 had
 Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vsage bad

41

Then thus replide , Now sure and by my life,
 Too much am I to blame for that faire Maide,
 That haue her drawne to all this troublous
 strife,
 Through promise to afford her timely aide,
 Which by default I haue not yet defraide
 But witnesse vnto me, ye heauens, that know
 How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide
 For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
 And kept from compassing the faith, which
 I did owe

42

But now aread, Sir *Sergts*, how long space,
 Hath he her lent, a Champion to prouide ?
 Ten daies (quoth he) he graunted hathof grace,
 For that he weeneth well, before that tide
 None can haue tidings to assist her side
 For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
 He day and night doth ward both farand wide,
 That none can there arnue without an hoste
 So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste

43

Now turne agame (Sir *Ariegall* then sayd)
 For if I hue till those ten daies haue end,
 Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue
 ayd,
 Though I this dearest life for her doe spend
 So backward he attone with him did wend
 Tho as they rode together on their way,
 A rout of people they before them kend,
 Flocking together in confusde array,
 i As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

44

To which as they approcht, the cause to know,
 They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
 Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
 That sought with lawlesse powre him to
 oppresse,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse
 And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
 They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
 Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
 To him for aide, who long in vame their rage
 withstands

45

Yet still he stnues, ne any penll spares,
 To reskue her from their rude violence,
 And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dis
 pence,
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence
 But all in vaine, their numbers are so great,
 That naught may boot to binishe them from
 thence
 For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former
 threat

46

And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
 That they his shield in peeces battred haue,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to saue,
 Albe that it most safety to him gaue,
 And much did magnifie his noble name
 For from the day that he thus did it leaue,
 Amongstall Knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant Knight, with endles
 shame

47

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
 They drew vnto his aide, but that rude rout
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
 And forced them, how euer strong and stout
 They were, as well approu'd in many a doubt,
 Backe to recule, vntill that yron man
 With his huge flaile began to lay about,
 From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
 Like scattered chaffe, the which the wind away
 doth fan

40

So when that Knight from penll cleare was freed,
 He drawing neare, began to greeete them faire,
 And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,
 In saumg him from daungerous despaire
 Of those, which sought his life for to empaire
 Of whom Sir *Artegall* gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misfare,
 And who he was, and what those villames were,
 The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so
 nere

49

To whom he thus, My name is *Burbon* hight,
 Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
 Vntill late mischief did vppon me light,
 That all my former praise hath blemisht sore,
 And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
 Ye with those caytiues saw, *blourdehs* hight,
 Is mine owne loue, though me she haue forlore,
 Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
 Or with her owne good will, I cannot read
 anght

50

But sure to me her faith she first did plight,
 To be my loue, and take me for her Lord,
 Till that a Tyrant, which *Grandiorlo* hight,
 With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
 Entyced her, to him for to accord
 O who may not with gifts and words be
 tempted?
 Sith which she hath me euer since abhord,
 And to my foe hath guilefully consented
 Ay me, that euer guyle in wemen was muented

51

And now he hath this troupe of villains sent,
 By open force to fetch her quite away
 Gainst whom my selfe I long in vame haue
 bent,
 To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
 Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may
 Por they doe me with multitude oppresse,
 And with vnequall might doe ouerlay,
 That oft I driuen am to great distresse,
 And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedilcsse

51

But why haue ye (said *Artegall*) forborne
 Your owne good shield in diungerous dismay?
 That is the greatest shame and foulest score,
 Which vnto any knight behappen may
 To loose the badge, that should his deedes
 display
 To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing halfe for shame,
 That shall I vnto you (quoth he) bewray,
 Leist ye therefore mote happily me blame,
 And deeme it doen of will, that through mforce
 ment came

53

True is, that I at first was dubbed knight
 By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcrosse*,
 Who when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
 Gaue me a shield, in which he did endosse
 His deare Redeemers badge vpon the bosse
 The sime longwhile I bore, and therewithall
 Fought many battels without wound or losse,
 Therewith *Grandtorto* selfe I did appall,
 And made him oftentimes in field before me fall

54

But for that many did that shield enuie,
And cruell enemies increased more,
 To stnt all strife and troublous emittie,
 That bloudie scutchin being battered sore,
 I layd aside, and haue of late forbore,
 Hoping thereby to haue my loue obtayned
 Yet can I not my loue haue nathemore,
 For she by force is still fro me detainied,
 And with corruptfull brybes is to vntruth
 mis trayned

To whom thus *Artegall*, Certes Sir knight,
 Hard is the case, the which ye doe complaine,
 Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,
 That it to such a streight mote you constraîne)
 As to abandon, that which doth con tame
 Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield
 All penll ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
 Then losse of fame in disauentrous field,
 D'e rather, then doe ought, that mote dis
 honour yieid

Not so, (quoth he) for yet when time doth
 seme,
 My former shield I may resume agame
 To temporize is not from truth to swerue,
 Ne for aduantage terme to entertame,
 When as necessitie doth it constraîne
 Fie on such forgene (said *Artegall*)
 Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine
 Knights ought be true, and truth is one m all
 Of all things to dissemble fouly may befall

57

Yet let me you of courtesie request,
 (Said *Burbon*) to assist me now at need
 Against these pesants, which haue me opprest,
 And forced me to so infamous deed,
 That yet my loue may from their hands be
 freed
 Sir *Artegall*, albe he earst did wyte
 His wauermg mind, yet to his aide agreed,
 And buckling him eftsoones vnto the light,
 Did set vpon those troupes with all his powre
 and might

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
 Of flies vpon a birchen bough doth cluster,
 Did them assault with terrible allarme,
 And ouer all the fields themselues did muster,
 With bils and gaygues making a dreadful
 luster,
 Thatforst at first those knights backe toretyre
 As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluster,
 Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
 Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe
 mqyre

59

But when as ouerblown was that brunt,
 Those knights began a fresh them to assaile,
 And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt,
 But chiefly *Talus* with his yron flayle,
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote auayle,
 Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,
 And chased them both ouer hill and dale
 The raskall manie soone they ouerthrew,
 But the two knights themselues their captains
 did subdew 60

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
 Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight,
 To saue themselues, and scattered were abroad
 Her halfe dismayd they found m doubtfull
 plight,
 As neither glad nor sorie for their sight,
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
 In roiall robes, and many lew els dight,
 But that those villens through their vsage bad
 Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had

61

But *Burbon* streight dismounting from his steed,
 Vnto her ran with greddie great desyre,
 And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
 Would haue embraced her with hart entyre
 But she backstarting with disdamefull yre,
 Bad him auaunt, ne would vnto his lore
 Allured be, for prayer nor for meed
 Whom when those knights so froward and
 forlore
 Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbras ded sore

62

Siyd *Artegall*, What foule disgrace is this,
 To so faire I adie, as ye seemt in sight,
 To blot your beautie, t'int vnlemisht is,
 With so foule blame, as breach of faith once
 plight,
 Or change of loue for any worlds delight ?
 Is ought on earth so pretious or deare,
 As prayse and honour ? Or is ought so bright
 And beautiful, as glories beames appeare,
 Whose goodly light then *Phebus* lampe doth shine
 more cleare ?

63

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
 Vnto a strangers loue so lightly placed,
 For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee
 To leaue the loue, that ye before embraced,
 And let your fame with falshood be defaced ?
 fie on the pelfe, for which good name is sold,
 And honour with mdigmtie debased
 Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold,
 But dearer then them both, your faith once
 plighted hold

64

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
 Ne ought to answer thereunto did find,
 But hanging downe her head with heauie cheare,
 Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare
 Which *Burbon* seeing, her againe assayd,
 And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
 Vpon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd,
 So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd

65

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursew
 That raskall manv with vnpittied spoyle,
 Ne ceased not, till all their scatted crew
 Into the sea he droue quite from that soyle,
 The which thty troubled had with great
 turmoyle
 But *Artegall* seeing his cruell deed,
 Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
 And to his voyage gan againe proceed
 For that the terme approachmg fast, required
 speed

Cant XII



*Artegall doth Sir Bourbon aide,
 And blames for changing shield
 He with the great Grantorto fights,
 And slaith him infield*



I

0 sacred hunger of ambitious nundes,
 And impotent desire of men to raine,
 Whom neither dread of God, that deuilsbindes,
 Nor lawes of men, that common weales con
 tame,
 Is or bands of nature, that wilde beasts
 restraine,
 an keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,
 Where they may hope a kmgdome to obtame
 No faith so hrme, no trust can be so strong,
 No loue so lasting then, that may endure long

2

Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
 Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
 Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands
 Made him become most faithlesse and vnsound
 And witnesse be *Gcrloneo* found,
 Who for like cause faire *Beige* did oppresse,
 And right and wrong most cruelly confound
 And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse
 Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse

3

Gainst whom *Sir Artégall*, long hauing since
 Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
 Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
 Great *Gloriane*, that Tyrant to foordoo,
 Through other great aduentures hethertoo
 Had it forsackt But now time drawing ny,
 To him assynd, her high behest to doo,
 To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
 To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry

4

Tho when they came to the sea coast, they found
 A ship all readie (as good fortune fell)
 To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
 To passe them ouer, where them list to tell
 The wmds and weather serued them so well,
 Tliat in one day they with the coast did fall,
 Whereas they readie found them to repell,
 Great hostes of men in order martiall,
 Which them forbad to land, and footing did
 forstall

But nathemore would they from land reframe,
 But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
 That foot of man might sound the bottome
 plame,
Talus into the sea did forth issew,
 Though darts from shore and stones they at
 him threw,
 And wading through the waues with stedfast
 sway,
 Maugre the might of ail those troupes in vew,
 Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
 And made to fly, like doues, whom the Eagle
 I doth affray 6

7

The whyles *Sir Artégall*, with that old knight
 Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
 And forward marched to a towne in sight
 By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
 By those, which earst did fly away for feare
 Of their annuall wherewith troubled sore,
 He all his forces streight to him did reare,
 And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
 Meant them to haue mcountred, ere they left
 the shore

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
 And fiercely charged them with all his force,
 But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,
 And brusht, and battred them without remorse,
 That on the ground he left full many a corse,
 Ne any able was him to withstand,
 But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,
 That they lay scatted ouer all the land,
 As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers
 I hand

8

Till *Artegall* him seeing so to rage,
 Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make
 To which all harkning, did a while asswage
 Their forces fune, and their terror slake,
 Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend vnto the Tyrant streight,
 And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
 He thether came, but for to trie the right
 Of fayre *Irenas* cause with him in single fight

9

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
 His scattedd people, ere they all were slame,
 And time and place conuenient to arced,
 In which they two the combat might darrame
 Which message when *Grantorio* heard, full
 fayne
 And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
 And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
 The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day
 So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke
 away

10

That night Sir *Ariegall* did cause his tent
 There to be pitched on the open plame ,
 For he had giuen streight commaundement,
 That none should dare him once to entertame
 Which none durst breake, though many would !
 right fame
 For fayre *Irena*, whom they loued deare
 But yet old *Sergis* did so well him pame,
 That from close fnends, that dar'd not to
 appeare,
 He all things did puruay, which for them need
 full weare

The morrow next, that was the dismall day,
 Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
 So soone as it did to the world display
 His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
 The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
 Of *Ariegalb* arrayuall, her to free,
 Lookt vp with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
 Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee,
 Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor
 see

12

Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight
 Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,
 And with dull countenance, and with doleful
 spright,
 She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
 For to receiue the doome of her decay
 But comming to the place, and finding there
 Sir *Afegally* in battaillous array
 Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
 And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare

Like as a tender Rose m open plame,
 That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
 And hung the head, soone as few drops of ramc
 Thereon distill, and deaw her damtie face,
 Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace
 Disprede the glone of her leaues gay ,
 Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,
 When *Ariegall* she saw in that array,
 There wayting for the Tyrant, till it was farre

Who came at length, with proud presumptuous
 gate,
 Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
 All armed in a cote of yron plate,
 Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
 And on his head a Steele cap he did weare
 Of colour rustie browne, but sure and strong ,
 And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
 Whose steale was yron studded, but not long,
 With which he wont to fight, to mstifie his
 wrong

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
 Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
 And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
 Ne euer any found his match m might,
 Thereto he had great skill in single fight
 His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,
 That could haue frayd one with the very sight,
 And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
 That whether man or monster one could scarce
 discerne

16

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
 With dreadfull looke he *Ariegall* beheld,
 As if he would haue daunted him with feare,
 And grinning griesly, did against him weld
 His deadly weapon, which in hand he held
 But th'Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like
 sight,
 Waswithhisghastlycount'nancenothwgqueld,
 But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
 And cast his shield about, to be in readie plight

17

The trompets sound, and they together goe,
 With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent,
 And their huge strokes fulldaungerously bestow,
 To doe most dammage, where as most they
 But with such force and fune violent, [ment
 The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
 That through the yron walles their way they
 rent,
 And euen to the vitall parts they past,
 Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft
 or brast

18

Which cruell outrage when as *Ariegall*
 Did well auize, thenceforth with wane heed
 He shund his strokes, where euer they did fall,
 And way did gue vnto their gracelesse speed
 As when a skilfull Manner doth reed
 A storme approching, that doth penll threat,
 He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
 But stnkes his sayles, and vereth his mamsheat,
 And lends vnto it leaue the emptie ayre to beat

19

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,
 And stouped oft his head from shame to shield,
 No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to
 reare,
 And much to game, a little for to yield,
 bo stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field
 But still the tyrant stemely at him layd,
 And did his yron axe so nimble wield,
 That many wounds into his flesh it made,
 And with his burdenous blowes him sore did
 ouerlade

20

Yet when as fit aduantage he did spy,
 The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
 His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,
 Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,
 Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly
 drearc,
 That the gore blood thence gushing gneuously,
 Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
 And all his armour did with purple dye,
 Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully

21

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
 Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
 And with such monstrous poise adowne
 descended,
 That seemed -ought could him from death
 protect
 But he it well did ward with wise respect,
 And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
 Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect,
 But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,
 That by no meanes it backe againe he forth
 could wrast

22

Long while he tug'd and stroue, to get it out,
 And all his powre applyed thereunto,
 That he therewith the knight drew all about
 Natlesse, for all that euer he could doe,
 His axe he could not from his shield vndoe
 Which *Ariegall* perceiumg, strooke no more,
 But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,
 And whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
 He gan at him let drme more fiercely then afore

23

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,
 He stroke him with *Chrysaor* on the hed,
 That with the souse thereof full sore aghast,
 He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted
 Againe whiles he him saw so ill bested,
 He did him smite with all his might and maine,
 That falling on his mother earth he fed
 Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
 He lightly reft his head, to ease him of his paine

24

Which when the people round about him saw,
 They shouted all for loy of his successe,
 Glad to be qu t from that proud Tyrants awe,
 Which with strong powre did them long time
 oppresse,
 And running all with greedie loyfulnesse
 To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
 And her adored with due humblenesse,
 As their true Liege and Pnncesse naturall,
 And eke her champions glorie sounded ouer all

25

Who streight her leading with meete maiestie
 Vnto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,
 Did her therein establish peaceablie,
 And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne,
 And all such persons, as did late maintayne
 That Tyrants part, with close or open ayde,
 He sorely punished with heauie payne,
 That m short space, whiles there with her he
 stayd,
 Not one was left, that durst her once haue
 disobayd

26

During which tune, that he did there remaine,
 His studie was true Iustice how to deale,
 And day and night employ'd his busie paine
 How to reforme that ragged common weale
 And that same yron man which could reueale
 All liidden crimes, through all that realme he
 sent,
 To search out those, that vsd to rob and steale,
 Or did rebell gainst lawfull gouernment,
 On whom he did inflict most gneuous punish
 ment

27

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
 He through occasion called was away,
 To Faerie Court, that of necessity
 His course of Iustice he was forst to stay,
 And *Talus* to reuoce from the right way,
 In which he was that Realme for to redresse
 But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray
 So hamng freed *Irena* from distresse,
 He tooke his leaue of her, there left mheauinesse

28

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
 And there arnu'd agame, whence forth he set,
 He had not passed farre vpon the strand,
 When as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
 By the way side being together set,
 Two gnesly creatures, and, to that their faces
 Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet
 Being all rag d and tatter'd, their disgraces
 Did much the more augment, and made most
 vgly cases

29

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
 With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
 That her mis shape much helpt, and her
 foule heare
 Hung loose and loathsomely Thereto her hew
 Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
 And all her bones might through her cheekes
 be red,
 Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew,
 And as she spake, therewith she slauered,
 Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the
 lesse she sed

30

Her hands were foule and durtie, neuer washt
 In all her life, with long nayles ouer raught,
 Like puttocks clawes with th'one of which
 she scracht
 Her cursed head, although it itched naught,
 The other held a snake with vemme fraught,
 On which she fed, and gnawed hungrily,
 As if that long she had not eaten ought,
 That round about her lawes one might descry
 The bloudie gore and poysen dropping loth
 somely

31

Her name was *Enuie*, knownen well thereby,
 Whose nature is to grieve, and grudge at all,
 That euer she sees doen prays worthily,
 Whose sight to her is greatest crosse, may fall,
 And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall
 For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
 She feedes on her owne maw vnnaturall,
 And of her owne foule entrayles makes her
 meat,
 Meat fit for such a moasters monstrous dyeat

32

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
 That had to any happily betid,
 Then would she inly fret, and gneue, and teare
 Her flesh for feinesse, which she inward hid
 But if she heard of ill, that any did,
 Or harme, that any had, then would she make
 Great cheare, like one vnto a banquet bid,
 And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
 As she had got thereby, and gayned agreat stake I

33

The other nothing better was, then shee,
 Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
 But in bad maner they did disagree
 For what so *Enute* good or bad did fynd,
 She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd,
 But this, what euer euill she concerned,
 Did spred abroad, and throw in th'open wynd
 Yet this in all her words might be perceiued,
 That all she sought, was mens good name to
 haue bereaued

34

For what soeuer good by any sayd,
 Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes
 inuent,
 How to deprauie, or slaundersly vpbraid,
 Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
 And turne to ill the thing, that well was ment
 Therefore she vsed often to resort,
 To common haunts, and companies frequent,
 To hearke what any one did good report,
 To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked
 sort

35

And if that any ill she heard of any,
 She would it eeke, and make much worse by
 telling,
 And take great loy to publish it to many,
 That euery matter worse was for her melling
 Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her
 dwelling
 Was neare to *Enute*, euen her neighbour next,
 A w lcked hag, and *Enuy* selfe excelling
 In mischiefe for her selfe she onely vext,
 But this same both her selfe, and others eke
 perplex

36

Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,
 Fommg with poysen round about her gils,
 In which her cursed tongue fullsharpe and short
 Appeard like *Aspis* sting, tint closely kilts,
 Or cruelly does wound, whom so she wils
 A distaffe in her other hand she had,
 Vpon the which she htle spmncs, but spils,
 Andfayncs to weaue false tales and leasings bad,
 To throw amongst the good, which others had
 disprad

These two now had themselues combynd in one,
 And hnckt together gainst Sir *Artegall*,
 For whom they way ted as his mortall fone
 How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
 For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall,
 Besides vnto themselues they gotten had
 A monster, which the *Blatant beast* men call,
 A dreadful feend of gods and men ydrad,
 Whom they by slights allurd, and to their
 purpose lad

38

Such were these Hags, and so vnhandsome
drest

Who when they nigh approching, had espyde
Sir *Artegall* return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepherds cures, had
scryde

A rauinous Wolfe amongst the scattered
flockes

And *Enuie* first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring
lockes

About her cares, does beat her brcst, and
forhead knockes

39

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whylcire she was so greedily
Deuourmg, euen that halfe gnaw en snake,
And at him throwes it most despihtfully
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remiyned secretly,
And as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be
read

40

Then th'other comming neare, gan him reuile,
And foully raylc, with all she could inuent,
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice
lent,
Had st lyncd with reprochfull crueltie,
In guilt lose blood of many an innocent
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treachene
And traynes haumg surpnz'd, he foully did
to die

41

Thereto the Blatant beast by them set on
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with dismay,
And all the aire rebellowed agame
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore those hags themselues did paine,
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tonges
did strame

42

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most vnngheteous, most
vntrew,
That they the mildest man ahue would make
Forget his patience, and yeeldvengeaunce dew
To her, that so false schunders at him threw
And more to make them pierce and wound
more deepe,
She with the sting, which in her vile tongue
grew,
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no
keepe

43

But *Talus* hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,
Would her haue chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir *Artegall* had not preserued,
And him forbidden, who his heast obserued
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would
swerue
From his nght course, but still the way did
hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else
be told



THE SIXTE BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning

THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE OR OF COVRTESIE.

1

THE waies, through which my weary steps I
guyde,
In this dehghtfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And spnnckled with such sweet variety,
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby ,
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled
spnght

2

Such secret comfort, and such heauenly
pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings
treasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse ,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where neuer foote
did vse,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by
the Muse

Reuele to me the sacred nourserly
Of vertue, which with you doth there re
maine,
Where it in siluer bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds dis
dame
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being denu'd at furst
From heauenly seeds of bounty soueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour
nurst,
Till it to ripencsc grew, and forth to honour
burst

4

Amongst them all growts not a fayrer flowre,
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie
Of which though present age doe plenteous
seeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned shoves esteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies
misdeeme

But in the tñall of true curtesie,
 Its now so farre from that, which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but forgene,
 Fashion'd to please the eies of them, that pas,
 Which see not perfect things but in a glas
 Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
 The wisest sight, to thmke gold that is bras
 But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
 And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts
 defynd

6

But where shall I in all Antiquity
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
 The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
 As in your selfe, O souerame Lady Queene,
 In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
 It showes, and with her brightnesse doth
 inflame
 The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene,
 But menteth mdeede an higher name
 Yet so from low to high vphfted is your name

7

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraine,
 That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
 And to your selfe doe it returne againe
 So from the Ocean all nuers spring,
 And tribute backe repay as to their King
 Right so from you all goodly vertues well
 Into the rest, which round about you ring,
 Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
 And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies
 excell

Cant I



*Calidore sauesjrom Maleffort,
 A Damzell vsed vylde
 Doth vanquish Crudor, and doth make
 Bnana wexe more mylde*



I

Of Court it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
 For that it there most vseth to abound,
 And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found,
 Winch of all goodly manners is the ground,
 And roote of ciuill conuersation
 Right so in Faery court it did redound,
 Where courteous Knights and Ladies most
 did won
 Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon

But mongst them all was none more courteous
 Knight,
 Then *Calidore*, beloued ouer all,
 In whom it seemes, that gentlenesse of spnght
 And manners mylde were planted naturall,
 To which he adding comely guize withall,
 And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts
 away
 Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
 And well approu'd in batteilous affray,
 That him did much renowme, and far his fame
 display

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Ladyfound
 In Faery court, but him did deare embrace,
 For his faire vsage and conditions sound,
 The which in all mens liking gayned place,
 And with the greatest purchast greatest grace
 Which he could wisely vse, and well apply,
 To please the best, and th'eueil to embase
 For he loathd leasing, and base flattery,
 And loued simple truth and stedfast honesty.

4

And now he was m trauell on his way,
 Vppon an hard aduenture sore bestad,
 Whenas by chance he met vppon a day
 With *Artegall*, returning yet halfe sad
 From his late conquest, which he gotten had
 Who whenas each of other had a sight,
 They knew them selues, and both their
 persons rad
 When *Calidore* thus first, Haile noblest
 Knight
 Of all this day on ground, that breatheen huing
 spnght

Now tell, if please you, of the good successe,
 Which ye haue had in your late enterprize
 To whom Sir *Artegall* gan to expresse
 His whole exploite, and valorous emprize,
 In order as it did to him arize
 Now happy man (sayd then Sir *Calidore*)
 Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,
 Atchieu'd so hard a quest, as few before,
 That shall you most renowned make for
 euermore

6

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
 To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde,
 Or good direction, how to enter in,
 Or how to issue forth in waies vntryde,
 In perils strange, in labours long and wide,
 In which although good Fortune me befall,
 Yet shall it not by none be testifyde
 What is that quest (quothe then Sir *Artegall*)
 That you into such perils presently doth call?

7

The Blattant Beast (quothe he) I doe pursew,
 \nd through the world incessantly doe chase,
 Till I him ouertake, or eke subdew
 Yet know I not or how, or m what place
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace
 What is that Blattant Beast? (then he
 replide)
 It is a Monster bred of helhshe race,
 (Then answerd he) which often hath annoyd
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else
 destroyd

8

Of *Cerberus* whilome he was begot,
 And fell *Chmuera* m her darkesome den,
 Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot,
 Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,
 Till he to perfect npenesse grew, and then
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly
 torment

9

Then since the salvage Island I did leaue,
 Sayd *Artegall*, I such a Beast did see,
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to
 haue,
 That al! m spight and malice did agree,
 With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
 As if that he attonce would me deuoure
 But I that knew my selfe from perill free,
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did;
 poure

That surely is that Beast (saide *Cahdore*)
 Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 To heare these tidings, which of none afore
 Through all my weary trauell I haue had
 Yet now some hope your words vnto me add
 Now God you speed (quothe then *Sir Artcgall*)
 And keepe your body from the daunger drad
 For ye haue much adoe to deale withall
 So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted seuerall

11

Sir Cahdore thence trauelled not long,
 When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
 That thorough some more mighty enemies
 wrong,
 Both hand and foote vnto a tree was bound
 Who seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide
 To whom approchmg, in that pamefull stound
 When he him saw, for no demands he staide,
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him
 saide

12

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
 What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome
 wrought,
 And thee raptuyed in this shamefull place?
 To whom he answerd thus, My haplesse case
 Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
 But through misfortune, which did me abase
 Vnto this shame, and mv young hope subuert,
 Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well
 expert

Not farre from hence, vppon yond rocky lull
 Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
 Which doth obserue a custome kwd and ill,
 And it hath long mayntaind withm'ghty wrong
 For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
 That way, (and yet they needs must passe
 that way.)

By reason of the streight, and rocks among,
 But they that Ladies lockes doe shaue away,
 And that knights berd for toll, which they for
 passage pay

A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,
 Sayd *Cahdore*, and to be ouerthrowne
 But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
 And for what cause, tell if thou haue it knowne
 Sayd then that Squire The Lady which doth
 owne

This Castle, is by name *Brmna* hight
 Then which a prouder Lady liueth none
 She long time hath deare lou'd a doughty
 Knight,
 And sought to win his loue by all the meanes
 she might

His name is *Cnidor*, who through high disdain
 And proud despight of his stlfc pleasing my nd,
 Refused hath to yeeld her loue againe,
 Vntill a Mantle she for him doe fynd,
 WithbeardsofKnijhtsandlocksofLacheslynd
 Which to prouide, she hith this Castle dight,
 And therein hath a Stneschall assynd,
 Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
 Who executes her wicked will, with worse
 despight

16

He this same day, as I that way did come
 With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,
 In execution of her lawltisse doome,
 Did set vppon vs flying both for feare
 For little bootes against him hand to reare
 Me first he tooke, vnhabable to withstond,
 And whiles he her pursued euery where,
 Till his returne vnto this tree he bond
 Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.

17

Thus whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull
shneke
Of one loud crying, which they streight way
ghest,
That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke
Tho looking vp vnto the cry to lest,
They sawthatCarlef rom farre, with hand vnblest
Haylmg that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pittie, nor reframe for
feare

18

Which haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftsooneshe loosd that Squire, and so him left,
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous spoile by so Iniunous theft
Whom ouertaking, loude to him he cryde,
Leaue faytor quickly that misgotten weft
To him, that hath it better mstifyde,
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art
defyde

Who hcarkmng to that voice, him selfe vpreard,
And seems to so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake,
And with sterne count'naunce thus vnto him
spake
Art thou the caytiue, that defyest me,
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me
free

20

With that he fiercely it him flew, and hyd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as vnstayed,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despght
But *Calidore*, that was well skild m fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spinte spar'd,
Iying m waite, how him he damadge might
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to
rard,
Hv. meatcr grew, and gin to dnuce at him more
hard

21

Like as a water streame, whose swelling sourse
Shall dnuce a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
And long restrayned of his ready course,
So soone as passage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
When once he felt his foeman to relent,
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more

The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might
When as the Carle no longer could sustame,
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his
flight
Toward the Castle, where if need constrame,
His hope of refuge vsed to remane
Whom *Calidore* perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through theplaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to cne
Vnto the ward, to open to him hastihe

23

They from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receiue him in,
But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,
That euen in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entraunce with a lump of sin,
That it could not be shut, whilest *Calidore*
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore

24

With that the rest, the which the Castle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay,
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, m heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with vncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle vpbrayd with faulty
blame

False tray tor Knight, (sayd she) no Knight at
all,

But some of ames that hast with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and slame my Seneschall,
Now comest thou to rob my house vnmand,
And spoile my selfe, that can not thee with-
stand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better
Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right
And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame
requight

26

Much was the Knight abashed at that word,
Yet answerd thus, Not vnto me the shame,
But to the shamefull doer it afford
Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame
To punish those, that doe deserue the same,
But they that breake bands of ciuihtie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie

27

Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
 This euill manner, which ye here maintame,
 And doe in stead thereof mild curt'sie shoue
 To all, that passe That shall you glory game
 More then his loue, which thus yeseeke t' obtaine
 Wherewith all full of wrath, she thus replyde,
 Vile recreant, know that I doe much disdaine
 Thy courteous lore, that doest my loue deride,
 Who scomes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be
 defyde 28

To take defiaunce at a Ladies word
 (Quoth he) I hold it no indignity,
 But were he here, that would it with his sword
 Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby
 Cowherd (quoth she) were not, that thou
 wouldst flv,
 Ere he doe come, he should be soont in place
 If I doe so, (sayd he) then liberty
 I leaue to you, for aye me to disgrace
 With all those shames, that erst ve spake me
 to deface

29

With that a Dwarf she cald to her in hast,
 And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
 A pnuy token, which betweene them past,
 Bad him to flie with all the speed he could,
 To *Crudor*, and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
 Who through strong powre had now her self
 in hould,
 Haung late slame her Seneschall in fight,
 And all her people murdred with outrageous
 might 30

The Dwarf ehis way did hast, and went all night,
 But *Caltdore* did with her there abyde
 The comming of that somuch threatned Knight,
 Where that discourteous Dame with scornful!
 pryde,
 And fowle entreaty him indignihdc,
 That yron heart it hardly could sustaine
 Yet he, that could his wrath full wlsely guyde,
 Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
 And did him selfe from fraile impatience re
 frame

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
 About the earth vpreard his flaming head,
 The Dwarf, which bore that message to her
 knight,
 Brought a un5were backe, that ere he tasted bread,
 He would her succour, and ahue or dead
 Her foe deliuer vp into her hand
 Therefore he wild her doe away all dread,
 And that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band

32

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
 Andgant'augmentherbitternessemuchmore'
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
 Ne ought dismayed was Sir *Caltdore*,
 But rather did more chearefullseeme therefore
 And haung soone his armes about him dight,
 Did issue forth, to meete his foe afore,
 Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
 He spide come pricking on with al his powre
 and might

33

Well weend he streight, that he should be the
 same,
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine,
 Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
 But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine
 They bene ymett in midst of the plaine,
 With so fell fury, and dispiteous forse,
 That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
 But rudely row Id to ground both man and
 horse,
 Neither of other taking pittty nor remorse

34

But *Calidore* vprose againe full light,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound,
 Yet would he not him hurt, although he might
 For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound
 But when *Bratana* saw that dreary stound,
 There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,
 She deem'd him sure to haue bene dead on
 ground,
 And made such piteous mourning therewithal 1,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd
 to fall

35

Nathlesse at length him selfe he did vpreare
 In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
 And gan to stretch his limbs, which feeling ill
 Of his late fall, a while he rested still
 But when he saw his foe before in vew,
 He shooke off luskishnesse, and courage chill
 Kindling a fresh, gan battell to renew,
 To proue if better foote then horsebacke would
 ensew 36

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two, for maystery of might
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both mflam'd with furious dtspight
 Winch as it still tncrest, so still mcrest
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright,
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
 Ne once to breath a wh'le their angers tempest
 ceast

37

Thus long they trac'd and trauerst to and fro,
 And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance
 make
 Into the life of his malignant foe ,
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder
 brake,
 As they had potshares bene , for nought mote
 slake
 Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their nuen sides forth gushed like
 a flood 38

At length it chaunst, that both their hands on hie
 Atonce did heaue, with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the vtmost of their force to trie,
 And proue the finall fortune of the fight
 But *Caldore*, that was more quicke of sight,
 And nimbler handed, then his enemye,
 Preuented him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerhe,
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke
 humilitie

And ere he could recouer foot againe,
 He following that faire aduantage fast,
 His stroke redoubled with such might and
 maine,
 That him vpon the ground he grouehng cast,
 And leaping to him light, would haue vnlast
 His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way
 Who seeing, in what daunger he was plast,
 Cryde out, Ah mercie Sir, doe me not slay,
 But saue my life, which lot before your foot
 doth lay

40

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd,
 And hauing somewhat calmd his wrathfull heat
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd ,
 And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
 That menaced me from the field to beat,
 Now broughtt to this? By this now may yelearne,
 Strangers no more so rudely to mtreat,
 But put away proud looke, and vsage sterne,
 The which shal nought to you but foule dis
 honor yearne
 For nothing is more bhmefull to a knight,
 That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
 How euer strong and fortunat in fight,
 Then the reproch of pride and crueltie
 In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,
 Who hath not leard him selfe first to subdew
 All flesh is frailtye, and full of fickle nesse,
 Subiect to fortunes chance, still chaunging new,
 What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you

42

Who will not mercie vnto others shew,
 How can he mercy euer hope to haue ?
 To pay each with his owne is right and dew
 Yet since ye mercie now doe need to craue,
 I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to saue ,
 With these conditions, which I will propound
 First, that ye better shall your selfe behaue
 Vnto all errant knights, whereso on ground ,
 Next that ye Ladies ayde in euery stead and
 stound

43

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
 In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
 And promist to performe his precept well,
 And whatsoever else he would requere
 So suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
 By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
 To take *Bnana* for his louing fere,
 Withouten dowre or composition ,
 But to release his former foule condition

44

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
 Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,
 He vp arose, how euer lief or loth,
 And swore to him true fealtie for aye
 Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
 The sad *Bnana*, which all this beheld
 Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
 Sir *Caldore* vpheard, and to her teld
 All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld

45

Whereof she now more glad, then sory earst,
 All ouercome with infinite affect,
 For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
 Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
 Before his feet her selfe she did proiect,
 And him adoring as her hues deare Lord,
 With all due thanks, and dutifull respect,
 Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
 By which he had to her both life and loue
 restord

46

So all returning to the Castle glad,
 Most loyfully she them did entertame,
 Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
 To shew her thankefull mind and meaning
 fame,
 By all the meanes she mote it best explane
 And after all, vnto Sir *Caldore*
 She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,
 And her selfe bound to him for euermore ,
 So wondrously now chaung'd, from that she
 was afore

But *Calidore* himselfe would not retaine
 Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
 But gaue them straight vnto that Squire againe,
 Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
 And to his damzell as their nightfull meed,
 For recompence of all their former wrong
 There he remaind with them right well agreed,
 Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong,
 And then to his first queste passed forth along

Cant 11.



Cahdore sees young Tristram sky

A proud discourteous knight,

*He makes him Squire, and of him homes
 his state and present plight*



I

What vertue is so fitting for a knight,
 Or for a Ladie, whom a knight should loue,
 As Curtesie, to beare themselves aright
 To all of each degree, as doth behoue ?
 For whether they be placed high aboue,
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
 Their good, that none them rightly may
 reproue

Of rudenesse, for not yeeldmg what they owe
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow

2

Theretogreathelpe dame Nature self edoth lend
 For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
 That euery action doth them much commend,
 And in the eyes of men great liking find ,
 Which others, that liaue greater skill in mind,
 Thoughtheyenforcethemselues, cannotattaint
 For euene thing, to which one is mclin'd,
 Doth best become, and greatest grace doth
 game

Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforst
 with paine

That well m courteous *Cahdore* appears,
 Whose euery deed and word, that he did say,
 Was like enchantment, that through both the
 eyes,
 And both the eares did steale the hart away
 He now againe is on his former way,
 To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
 A tall young man from thence not farre away,
 Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
 Against an armed knight, that did on horse-
 backe ryde

4

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw,
 Standing alone on foot, in foule array
 To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
 To weete the cause of so vncomely fray,
 And to depart them, if so be he may
 But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
 That armed knight, thatiowon ground he lay,
 Which when he saw his hart was inly child
 With great amazement, and his thought with
 wonder fild

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
 Yet seuenteeneyears, but talland faire of face
 That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race
 AH in a woodmans lacket he was clad
 Of Lincolne greene, belayd with siluer lace ,
 And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
 And by his side his hunters home he hanging
 had

6

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
 Pinckt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
 As then the guize was for each gentle swayne ,
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart,
 And hi his left he held a sharpe boresptare,
 With which lie wont to launch the saluage hart
 Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare
 That hrst vnto his hand in chase did happen
 neare

7

Whom *Calidore* a while well haumg vewed,
 At length bespake, What means this,
 gentle swame ?
 Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaint,
 By thee no knight, winch armes impugneth
 plaine ?

Certes (said he) loth were I to haue broken
 The law of armes, yet breake it should agame,
 Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
 So long as these two armes were able to be
 wroken

8

For not I him, as this his Ladie here
 May wnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
 Ne surely thus vnarm'd I likely were,
 But he me first, through pride and puissance
 strong
 Assayld, not knowing what to armesdoth long
 Perdie great blame, (then said Sir *Calidore*)
 For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong
 But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
 Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne
 vprore

9

That shall I sooth (said he) to you declare
 I whose vnryper yeares are yet vnfit
 for tiling of weight, or worke of greater care,
 Doe spend my day es, and bend my carelesse wit
 To saluage chace, where I thereon may hit
 In all this Forrest, and wyld wooddie rame
 Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
 I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes
 slaine,
 Together with this Ladle, passing on the plaine

10

The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
 And this his Ladie, (that him ill became,)
 On her faire feet by his horse side did pas
 Through thicke and thin, vnfit for any Dame,
 Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
 When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
 He with his speare, that was to him great blame,
 Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
 Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous
 woe

11

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
 Much was I moued in indignant mind,
 And gan to blame him for such cruelty
 Towards a Ladie, whom with vsage kind
 He rather should haue taken vp behind
 Where with he wroth, and full of proud disdame,
 Tooke in foulescorne, that I such fault did find,
 And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,
 fhreatning to chastize me, as doth t'a chylde
 pertaine

12

Which I no lesse disdaynmg, bicke returned
 His* scornfull taunts vnto his teeth againe, !
 that he streight way with haughtie choler
 burned, [twaine, j
 And with his speare strooke me one stroke or
 Which I enforst to bcare though to my paine,
 Cast to requite, and with a slender dart,
 Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
 Strooke him, as seemeth, vnderneath the hart,
 That through the wound his spirit shortly did
 depart

13

Much did Sir *Cahdore* admyre his speach
 Tempted so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
 That through the mayles had made so strong
 a breach
 Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
 His wrath on him, that first occasion broke
 Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
 Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke,
 Were soothly so, and that th'vnrighteous ire
 Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne
 due hire

14

Of all which, when as she could nought deny,
 But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,
 Sayd then Sir *Calidore*, Neither will I clame
 Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite
 For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame
 And what he did, he did him selfe to saue
 Against both which that knight wrought
 knightlesse shame
 For knights and all men this by nature haue,
 Towards all womenkind them kindly to behaue

5

But sith that he is gone irreuocable,
 Please it you Ladie, to vs to aread,
 What cause could make him so dishonourable,
 To driue you so on foot vnfit to tread,
 And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead ?
 Certes Sir knight (sayd she) full loth I were
 To rayse a lyuing blame against the dead
 But since it me concernes, my selfe to clere,
 I will the truth discouer, as it chaunst whyk re

16

This day, as he and I together roade
 Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
 We chaunst to come foreby a couert glade
 Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
 Sate with a knight in Ioyous lolliment
 Of their franke loues, free from allgealousspyes
 Faire was the Ladie sure, that mote content
 An hart, not carried with too curious eyes,
 And vnto him did shew all louely courtesyes

I
 Whom when my knight did see so louely faire,
 He inly gan her louer to enuy,
 And wish, that he part of his spoy le might share
 Whereto when as my presence he did spy
 To be a let, he bad me by and by
 For to alight but when as I was loth,
 My loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
 He with strong hand down from his steed me
 throw'th,
 And with presumptuous powre against that
 knight streight go'th

18

Vnarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
 For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,
 Then fearing any foeman there to meete
 Whereof he takingoddes, streight bidshindight
 Himselfe to yeeld his loue, or else to fight
 Whereat the other starting vp dismayd,
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
 To leaue his loue he should be ill apayd,
 In which he had good right gaynst all, that it
 gamesayd

19

Yet since he was not presently in plight
 Her to defend, or his to lustifie,
 He him requested, as he was a knight
 To lend him day his better right to trie,
 Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
 Might lightly fetch But he was fierce and
 whot,
 Ne time would giue, nor any termes aby,
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smot,
 From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted
 not

20

Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw,
 Whilst they together for the quarrey stroue,
 Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
 And closely hid her selfe within the groue
 My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger
 droue
 And left sore wounded but when her he mist,
 He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
 And range through all the wood, where so he
 wist
 She hidden was, and sought her so long, as
 him list

21

But when as her he by no meanes could find,
 After long search and chauff, he turned backe
 Vnto the place, where me he left behind
 There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
 Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong
 Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
 Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long
 But still his passion grew more violent and
 strong

22

Then as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,
 When forward we should fare, he flat refused
 To take me vp (as this young man did see)
 Vpon his steed, for no lust cause accused,
 But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
 Pounchmg me with the butt end of his speare,
 In vaine complayning, to be so abused
 For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
 But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints
 to heare 23
 So passed we, till this young man vs met,
 And being mou'd with pittie of my plight,
 Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret
 Whereof befell, what now is in your sight
 Now sure (then said Sir *Calidore*) and right
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault
 Who euer thinkes through confidence of might,
 Or through support of count'nance proud
 and hault
 To wrong the weaker, of t' falles in his owne assault

24

Then turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
 Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,
 Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,
 And hearing th'answers of his pregnant wit,
 He prayd it much, and much admyred it,
 That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these words, as to him seemed
 good

25

Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
 That in these woods amongst the
 dost wonne,
 Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repay re,
 As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* sonne,
 After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne
 Well may I certes such an one thee read,
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
 Or surely borne of some Heroicke sead,
 That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly

head

26

But should it not displease thee it to tell,
 (Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,
 For loue amongst the woodie Gods to dwell,) I
 would thy selfe require thee to reueale,
 For deare affection and vnfayned zeale,
 Which to thy noble personage I beare,
 And wish thee grow in worship and great
 weale
 For since the day that armes I first did reare,
 I neuer saw in any greater hope appeare

27

To whom then thus the noble youth, May be
 Sir knight, that by discovering my estate,
 Harme may arise vnweeting vnto me,
 Nathelesse, sith ye so courtesous seemed late,
 To you I will not feare it to relate
 Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
 Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
 Or fortune I my cuntry haue forlorne,
 And lost the crowne, which should my head by
 right adorne 28

And *Tristram* is my name, the onely heire
 Of good king *Meliogras* which did rayne
 In Cornewale, till that he through hues
 despeire
 Vntime dyde, before I did attame
 Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine
 After whose death, his brother seeing mee
 An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
 Vpon him tooke the roiall high degree,
 And sent me, where him list, instructed for to
 be

29

The widow Queene my mother, which then hight
 Faire *Emline*, concerning then great feare
 Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
 Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,
 Whose gealous dread induring not a peare,
 Is wont to cut off all, that doubt may breed,
 Thought best away me to remoue somewhere
 Into some forrein land, where as no need
 Of dreadd daunger might his doubtfull humor
 feed

30

So taking counsell of a wise man red,
 She was by him aduiz'd, to send me quight
 Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
 The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
 Into the land of *Faerie*, where no wight
 Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong
 To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me
 streight

Into this land, where I haue wond thus long,
 Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to
 stature strong

All which my daies I haue not lewdly spent,
 Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
 In ydlesse, but as was conuenient,
 Haue trayned bene with many noble feres
 In gentle thewes, and such like seemely leres
 Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies
 been,

To hunt the saluage chace amongst my peres,
 Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
 Of which none is to me vnknowne, that eu'r was
 seene

32

Ne is therehauke, whichmantlethher on pearch,
 Whether high towring, or accoasting low,
 But I the measure of her flight doe search,
 And all her pray, and all her diet know
 Suchbeour loyes, which in these forrests grow
 Onely the vse of armes, which most I loy,
 And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
 I haue not tasted ye, yet past a boy,
 And being now high time these strong ioyns to
 imploy

33

Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
 Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
 That ye will make me Squire without
 That from henceforth in batteilous array
 I may beare armes, and learne to vse them
 right,

The rather since that fortune hath this day
 Giuen to me the spoile of this dead knight,
 These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won
 in fight

34

All which when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
 Him much more now, then earst he gan admire,
 For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
 And thus replide, Faire chyld, the high desire
 To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,
 I may not certes without blame denie,
 But rather wish, that some more noble hire,
 (Though none more noble then is cheualrie)
 I had, you to reward with greater dignitie

35

There him he causd to kneele, and made to
 sweare
 Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
 And neuer to be recreant, for feare
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call
 Fullglad and loyous then young *Tristram* grew,
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues small,
 Long shut vp in the bud from heauens vew,
 At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his
 smyhng hew

36

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
 And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
 Chyld *Tristram* prayd, that he with him
 might goe
 On his aduenture, vowing not to start,
 But wayt on him in euery place and part
 Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
 And greatly loy'd at his so noble hart,
 In hope he sure would proue a doughtie
 knight

Yet for the time this answeere he to him beight

37

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire
 To haue thy presence in my present quest,
 That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
 And flame forth honour in thy noble brest.
 But I am bound by vow, which I profest
 To my dread Soueraine, when I it assayd,
 That in atchieuement of her high behest,
 I should no creature loyne vnto mine ayde,
 For thy I may not graunt, that ye so greatly
 prayde

38

But since this Ladie is all desolate,
 And needeth safegard now vpon her way,
 Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
 To succour her, from daunger of dismay,
 That thankfull guerdon may to you repay
 The noble ympe of such new service fayne,
 It gladly did accept, as he d'd say
 So taking courteous leaue, they parted twayne,
 And *Calidore* forth passed to his former payne

39

But *Tristram* then despoyngh that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall, shyning like Sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes
And after hauing them vpon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her vp did rayse
Vpon the steed of her owne late dead knight,
So with her marched forth, as she did him
benight

40

There to their fortune leaue wc them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore* ,
Who ere he thence had traueild many a mile,
Came to the place, whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had
wounded sore
Another knight in his despitous pryde ,
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments, and the grasse in ver
meill dyde 41

And there beside him sate vpon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most vnluckie stound,
And hersad selfe with carefull hand constraing
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter
payning
Which sorie sight when *Calidore* did vew
With heaueieyne, from teares vneathrefrayning,
His mightie hart theimournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher
drew

42

Then speaking to the Ladie, thus he sayd
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight vnarm'd, with so vnknichtl v breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may auenge him of so foule despight
The Ladie hearing his so courteous speach,
Can reare her eyes as to the cheareful light,
And from her sory hart few heaue words forth
sight

43

In which shes hew'd, how that discourteous knight
(Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow
found,
Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg dwith his speare and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reauce
From him, to whom she was for euer bound
Yet when she fled into that couert greaue,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead
did leaue

44

When *Calidore* this ruefull stone had
Well vnderstood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked
hand
She then, like as she best could vnderstand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waues, row'd in a sommer
barge

45

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to glesse streight way
By many signes, which she described had,
That this was he, whom *Tristram* earst did slay,
And to her said , Dame be no longer sad
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight,
These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to your selfe he wrought, and to your
loued knight 46

Therefore faire Lady lay aside this grieve,
Which ye haue gathered to vour gentle hart,
For that displeasure , and thinke what reहेf
Were best deuise for this your louers smart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Conuay to be recur'd She thank him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care, which he did beare
Both to her loue, and to her selfe in that sad
dreare

47

Yet could she not deuise by any wit,
How thence she might conuay him to some place
For him to trouble she it thought vnfit.
That was a straunger to her wretched case ,
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base
Which when as he perceiud, he thus bespake,
Faire Lady let it not you seeme disgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your
packe

48

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare ,
And pownng balme, which he had long puruayd,
Into his wounds him vp thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did
beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was
donne
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne
Where what ensu'd, shall in next Canto be
begonne

Cant III.



*Cahdore brings Prisalla home,
Pursues the Blatant Beast
Saues Serena whitest Calepine
By Turptne is opprest*



True is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,
As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne
For seldome seene, a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne
So seldome seene, that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew, with courteous man
ners met

2

But euermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed ,
As well may be in *Calidore* descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Castle where they had decreed
There of the Knight, the which that Castle
ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was
besought

3

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his
peares
But now weake age had dimd his candle light
Yet was he courteous still to euery wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Cahdore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* washisname, and hissonnes *Aladtn*e

4

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon
a Beare,
By a faire Lady, and a straunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth, Ah sorry boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings ? aie me, is this the timely loy,
Which I expected long, nowtumd tosad annoy

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come vnto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring vs bale and bitter sorrowings,
In stead of comfort, which we should embrace
This is the state of Keasars and of Kings
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly gneue at any his vn lucky case

6

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that
night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare
That to Sir *Calidore* was easie geare ,
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lower deare,
And inly did afflict her pensieue thought,
With thinking to what case her name should now
be brought

7

For she was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere , but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lou'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt
her ny,
The lusty *Aladtn*e, though meaner borne,
And of lesse liuelood and liability,
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th'others
riches come

8

So haung both found fit occasion
They met together in that luckelesse glade ,
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle *Aladtn*e did earst inuade,
Being vnarm'd, and set in secret shade
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'aduize,
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame, and further gan deuize,
How she the blame might salue with coloured
disguize

9

But *Cahdore* with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frohcke, and to put away
The pensieue fit of her melancholie,
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,
To make them both as merry as he may
So they the euening past, till time of rest,
When *Calidore* in seemly good array
Vnto his bowre was brought and there vndrest,
Didsleepeall night through weary trauell of his
quest

10

But faire *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)
 Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
 But by her wounded ioue did watch all night,
 And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
 And with her teares his wounds did wash and
 sleepe
 So well she washt them, and sowe she wash them,
 That of the deadly wound, in which full deepe
 Hedrenched was she at the length dispaht him,
 And droue away the sound, which mortally
 attacht him

11

The morrow next, when day gan to vplooke,
 He also gan vplooke with drery eye,
 Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke
 Where when he saw his faire *Priscilla* by,
 He deepe ly sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
 To thinke of this ill state, in which she stood,
 To which she for his sake had weetingly
 Now brought her selfe, and blam her noble
 blood
 For first, next after life, he tendered her good

12

Which she perceiung, did with plenteous teares
 His care more then her owne compassionate,
 Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares
 So both conspiring, gan to intimate
 Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
 And twist them twainewith equall care to cast,
 How to saue whole her hazarded estate,
 For which the onely helpe now left them last
 Seem'd to be *Calidore* all other helpes were
 past

13

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
 A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull trust
 Therefore to him their cause they bestes teemed
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing lust
 Earely, so soone as *Titans* beames forth brust
 Through the thicke clouds, in which they
 steeped lay
 All night in darknesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising vp as fresh as day,
 Gan freshly him addresse vnto his former way

But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight
 To visite, after this nights penlous passe,
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,
 And eke that Lady his faire louely lasse
 There he him found much better then he was,
 And moued speach to him of things of course,
 The anguish of his paine to ouerpasse
 Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,
 Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked
 soure

15

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,
 Gan breake to him the fortunes of his loue,
 And all his disaduentures to vnfold,
 That *Calidore* it dearely deepe did moue
 In th'end his kyndly courtesie to proue,
 He him by all the bands of loue besought,
 And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
 To safecond it his loue, and not for ought
 To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her
 brought

16

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
 It to performe so after little stay,
 That she her selfe had to the lourney dight,
 He passed forth with her in faire array,
 Fearelesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did
 say,
 Sith his own thought he knew most cleare
 from wite
 So as they past together on their way,
 He can deuize this counter cast of slight,
 To giue faire colour to that Ladies cause in
 sight

17

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went,
 The cause of all this euill, who was slaine
 The day before by lust auengement
 Of noble *Tristram*, where it did remaine
 There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
 And tooke with him the head, the signe of
 shame
 So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
 Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,
 Most pensiu man, through feare, what of his
 childe became

18

There he arnung boldly, did present
 The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
 Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
 Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
 Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
 Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft,
 And by outrageous force away did beare
 Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
 And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his
 theft

19

Most loyfull man her sire was her to see,
 And heareth aduenture of her late mischaunce,
 And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for fee
 Of his large paines in her deliuerance
 Did yeeld, Ne lesse the Lady did aduance
 Thus hauing her restored trustily,
 As he had vow'd, some small continuance
 He there did make, and then most carefully
 Ynto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

20

So as he was pursuing of his quest
 He chaunst to come whereas a lolly Knight,
 In couert shade him selfe did safely rest,
 To solace with his Lady in delight
 His warlike armes he had from him vndight
 For that him selfe he thought from daunger
 free,
 And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight
 And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
 And courteous withall, becoming her degree

21

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nye,
 Ere they were well aware of liuing wight
 Them much abasht, but more him selfe
 thereby,
 That he so rudely did vpon them light,
 And troubled had their quiet loues delight
 Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
 Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
 And pardon crau'd for his so rash default,
 That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default

22

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
 He soone allayd that Knights concern'd
 displeasure,
 That he besought him downe by him to sit,
 That they mote treat of things abroad at
 leasure,
 And of aduentures, which had in his measure
 Of so long waies to him befallen late
 So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
 His long aduentures gan to him relate,
 Which he endured had through daungerous
 debate

23

Of which wildest they discoursed both together,
 The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
 Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
 And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
 With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight,
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led
 Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,
 To make a garland to adorne her hed,
 Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred

24

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
 The Blatant Beast forth rushing vnaware,
 Caugh ther thus loosely wandring here and there,
 And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
 Crying aloud in vaine, to shew her sad misfare
 Vnto the Knights, and calling off for ayde,
 Who with the horror of her haplesse care
 Hastily starting vp, like men dismayde,
 Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde

25

The Beast with their pursuit incited more,
 Into the wood was bearing her apace
 For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*
 Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
 Him ouertooke in midst of his race
 And fiercely charging him with all his might,
 Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
 And to betake him selfe to fearefull night,
 For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight

26

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw
 There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
 Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did
 draw,
 Staide not to succour her in that affright,
 But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight
 Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
 That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
 But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread
 aghast,
 As if his lungs and lites were hight asunder brast

27

And now by this Sir *Calepine*, so hight,
 Came to the place, where he his Lady found
 In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
 All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
 Hauling both sides through grypt with griesly
 wound
 His weapons soone from him he threw away,
 And stouping downe to her in drery s wound,
 Vprear'd ner from the ground whereon she lay,
 And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay

28

So well he did his busie paines apply,
 That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,
 To her fraile mansion of mortality
 Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
 And setting on his steede, her did sustaine
 With carefull hands soft footing her beside,
 Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
 Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
 Till she recured were of those her woundes wide

29

Now when as *Phæbus* with his fiery waine
 Vnto his Inne began to draw apace,
 Tho waxing weary of that toylesome paine,
 In traouelling on foote so long a space,
 Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
 Downe in a dale forby a nuers syde,
 He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
 To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
 In hope there for his loue some succour to
 prouyde

30

But comming to the riuers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wis twich way he through thefoordmotepas
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Deuising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady hncked by his syde,
The which themselues preparad thorough the
foord to ride 31

Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became)
Besought of courtesie in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame,
Through that same penllous foord with better
heede,
To take him vp behinde vpon his steed
To whom that other did this taunt returne
PerdythoupeasantKnight,mightstrightlyreed
Ale then to be full base and euili borne,
If I would beare behmda a burden of such
scome

32

But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewise doe the same
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And proue thy manhood on the billowes way ne
With which rude speach his Lady much
displeased,
Did himreproue, yet could him not restraine,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eased,
For pittie of his Dame, whom she saw so
diseased

33

Sir *Calepine* her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the nuer goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, vnfit for Knight,
And strongly wading through the waues vnused,
With speare in th'one hand, stayd him selfe
vpright,
With th'other staide his Lady vp with steady
micht

34

And all the while, that same discourteous Knight,
Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
At whose calamity, for more despight
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And saw his carnage past that perill well, grim,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe
and fell

I

35

Vnknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that amies vpon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for euer doe those armes forsake,
And be for euer held a recreant Knight,
Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,
And for thine owne defence on foote alight,
To lustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight

36

The dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scome the challenge of so base a thrall
Or had no courage, or else had no gall
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him selfe con-
temned,

Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned

37

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won, ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to
seeke,
Where he arnuing with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers
meeke,
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke

38

But the rude Porter that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly vnto him forbad
Nathelasse the Knight now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat euen with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Vnlesse that with his Lordhe formerly did fight

39

Full loth am I (quoth he) as now at earst,
When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides arepearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforst
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of
the ford

40

His name quoth ne) if that thou list to learne,
Is hight Sir *Turptne*, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
In all assaies to euer errant Knight,
Because of one, that wrought him fowle despight
Ill seemes (sayd he) if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight
For seldome yet did liuing creature see,
That curtesie and manhood euer disagree

41

But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
1 hat house rome craues, yet would be loth
t'assay
The prooffe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite
Yet if he needes will fight, craue leaue till morne,
And tell withall, the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pittie craues, as he of woman was yborne

42

The groome went streight w ay in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the message, which that Knight did
moue,
Who sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demand approue,
But both himselfe reuil'd, and eke his loue,
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of vngentle vsage did reprove
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same
night

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame
Which answer when the groome returning,
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame [brought
With wrathfuli fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof auenged bee
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure
her glee

44

But all in vaine, for why, no remedv
He saw, the present mischife to redresse,
But th'vtmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him
addresse
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her vnderneath a bush to sleepe,
Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but
weepe,

And wary watchabout her for her safe garde keepe

45

The morrow next, so soone as loyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darknesse dread, and hope of liuing
light,
Vprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight
Then *Calepme*, how euer inlv wroth,
And greedy to auenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his louniey
goth

46

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Vpstaying still her selfe vpon her steede,
Being vnhabie else alone to ride,
So sore hersides, so much her wounds did bleede
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy,
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make aduantage of his misery

47

Wheretore he stayd, till that he nearer drew
To weet what issue would thereof betyde,
Tho whenas he approached nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde,
To be the man, that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde, and shamed yesterday,
Therefore misdoubting, least he should
misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may

48

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all hispowre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeance, or to make auoure
Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had
done
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce, who nought could do, but shun
The penll of his pride, or else be ouerrun

49

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloody will
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his Ladies backe, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As euer he to Lady was affyde, [fyde
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason paci

50

But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager fellesse him pursew'd,
 So that at length, after long weary chace,
 Hauing by chaunce a close aduantage vew'd,
 He ouer raught him, hauing long eschew'd
 His violence in vaine, and with his spere
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood
 ensew'd

In great abundance, as a well it were,
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did
 appere 51

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
 But chaste hira stil, for all his Ladies cry,
 Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
 He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously
 The which was certes in great leopardy,
 Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
 And saued from his cruell villany
 Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought
 That in another Canto shall to end be brought

Cant. IIII

*Calepine by a saluage man
 from Turpine reskewed is
 And whylest an Infant from a Beare
 he saues, his loue doth misse*



I

Like as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
 Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground
 hold,

Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
 At last some fisher barke doth neare behold,
 That giueth comfort to her courage cold
 Such was the state of this most courteous knight
 Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
 That he remayned in most perilous plight,
 And hi? sad Ladie left in pitifull affright

2

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
 A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,
 Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous
 shrighr,
 Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
 To vnderstand what there was to be donne
 There he this most discourteous crauen found,
 As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
 Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around, (wound
 Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous

3

The saluage man, that neuer till this houre
 Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
 Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
 Was much emmoued at his perils vew,
 That euen his ruder hart began to rew,
 And feele compassion of his euill plight,
 Against his foe that did him so pursew
 From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
 And him auenge of that so villenous despight

4

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
 Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,
 Saue such as sudden rage him lent to smite,
 But naked without needfull vestiments,
 To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
 He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
 No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents
 For from his mothers wombe, which him did
 beare,
 He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare

5

He stayed not t'aduize, which way were best
 His foe t'assaye, or how himselfe to gard,
 But with fierce fury and with force infest
 Vpon him ran, who being well prepard,
 His first assault full wanly did ward,
 And with the push of hib sharp pointed speare
 Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and
 hard,
 That forst him backe recoyle, and reele areare,
 Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud
 appeare 6

6

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
 Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
 And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
 Regarding neither speare, that mote him slay,
 Norms fiercesteed, that mote him muchaismay,
 The saluage nation doth all dread despize
 Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
 And held the same so hard, that by no wize
 He could him force to loose, or leaue his
 enterprize 7

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
 And euery way did try, but all in vaine
 For he would not his greedle grype forgoe,
 But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
 That from his steed him nigh he drew againe
 Who hauing now no vse of his long speare,
 So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
 Both speare and shield, as things that need
 lesse were,
 He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for
 feare

8

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed
(For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreamest need,
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him ouertaken in his flight
Who euer, as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thing vncomely for a knight

9

But when the Saluage saw his labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede vnto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple, nere their vtmost cast
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound

10

For though she were right glad, so rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended,
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill by this saluage man pretended,
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be
defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
To send her succour, being of all hope forelore

11

But the wyld man, contrane to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground,
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmur, and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him
teach,
T'expresse his passions, which his reason did
empeach.

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moued with the sight,
He made great mone after his saluage mood,
And running straight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood
The luyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it
staunched thought

SPENSER

I

13

Then taking vp that Recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his winning neare
To which he easily did them perswade
Farre in the Forrest by a hollow glade, [brode
Couered with mossie shrubs, which spredding
Did vndemeath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of liuing creature neuer trode,
Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this
wights abode

14

Thether he brought these vnacquainted guests,
Towhom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests
But the bare ground, with hoarie mosse
bestrowed,
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnsowed,
And the frutes of the Forrest was their feast
For the ir bad Stuardn either plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first
behest

15

Yet how soeuer base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sau'd from being to that caytiue thrall
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves a while to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small,
That hauing there their wounds awhile redre&t,
They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest

16

During which time, that wyld man did apply
His best endeour, and his daily paine,
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds, still
seeming fame,
When ought he did, that did their lyking game
So as ere long he had that knights wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe
But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly
vnsound

17

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend
There him befell, vnlooked for before,
An hard aduenture with vnhappy end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie lawes, bespuckled all with
gore

18

The litle babe did loudly srike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To *Caleptne*, whose eares those shrieches shrill
Percing his hart with pities point did thrill,
That after him he ran with zealous haste,
To rescue t^rinfant, ere he did him kill
Whom though he saw now somewhat ouerpast,
Yet by the cry he followed, and pursewed fast

19

Well then him chaunst his heauy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his need full speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant
For hauing long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and leses, which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed
delight

20

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he ouertooke, and forst to stay,
And without weapon him assayng neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray,
Vpon him turned, and with greedie force
And fune, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse

21

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being vnable to digest that bone,
Ne could it vp ward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony
masse

22

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
Stryuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and laying mightie hold
Vp on his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground
he cast,
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his vtmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting
powre to straine

23

I Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, sweet rehckes of his pray,
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray,
And euery litle limbe he searcht around,
And euery part, that vnder sweatbands lay
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had an
wound
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all h
found

24

So hauing all his bands againe vptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe
But when he lookt about on euery syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine,
To bring him to the place, where he would faine
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquine learne, nor ghesse by ayme
For nought but woods and forrests farre and
nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye

25

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take now West he went a while
Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
With weane trauell and vncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his lournes end ,
And euermore his louely litle spoile
Crying for food, did greatly him offend
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend

26

At last about the setting of the Sunne,
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion
wonne
Where looking all about, where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard vnder the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune of
defyde 37

To whom approching, when as she perceiued
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd
As if she doubted to haue bene decerned,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd
Whom when as *Calepine* saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her cheaung vp, thus gently to her sayd,
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not
repent

28

To whom she thus, What need me Sir to tell,
That which your selfehaueearst ared so right ?
A wofull dame ye haue me termed well,
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by liuing wight
Nathlesse (quoth he) if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright
Of times it haps, that sorrowed of the mynd
Find remedie vnsought, which seeking cannot

fynd 29

Then thus began the lamentable Dame,
Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I
hoord,
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called *Cornwraunt*,
Whom he did ouerthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate
But to these happie fortunes, cruell fate
Hath loyn'd one euill, which doth ouerthrow
All these our loyes, and all our blisse abate,
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to ouerflow

31

For th'heauens enuying our prosperitie,
Haue not vouchsaft to graunt vnto vs twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after our selues remaine
In th'heritage of our vnhappie paine
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who davyly doth attend
To leape into the same after our hues end

32

But most my Lord is gneued here withall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does
thinke
That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and
swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
And dry vp all the water, which doth runne
In the next brooke, by whom that feend shold
be fordonne

33

Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be
magnifide,
And this proud gyant should with braue emprise
Quite ouerthrow, who now ginnes to despise
1 he good Sir *Brum*, growing farre in yeares,
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize
Lo this my cause of grieve to you appeares,
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth
ceaselesse teares

34

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy grieve,
And when he had deuized of her case,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe
And haumgeheard her, thus said, *Faire Dame*,
In euils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without
blame

35

If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children, to supply your place,
Lo how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and louely face,
And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchance
What euer formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace,
Whether ye list him traine in cheualry,
Or nourse vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy

36

And certes it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose linage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble knights haue rayseed
beene,
As their victorious deedes haue often shoven,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,
Then those, which haue bene dandled in the lap
Therefore some thought, that those braue
imps were sown
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high t'all honorable
hap

37

The Ladie hearkning to his sensefull speach,
Found nothing thatthesaid, vnmeet nor geason,
Hauing oft seene it tryde, as he did teach
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by huerey and seisin,
And hauing ouer it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept

38

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
 Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought
 Ne she lesse glad, for she so wisely did,
 And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,
 That when that infant vnto him she brought,
 She made him thinke it surely was his owne,
 And it in goodly thewes so well vpbrought,
 That it became a famous knight well knowne
 And did right noble deedes, the which elsewhere
 are showne

39

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
 Vnder the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
 With outen armes or steede to ride vpon,
 Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,
 Albe that Dame by all the meanes she might,
 Him oft desired home with her to wend,
 And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
 Both horse and armes, and what so else to
 lend,
 Yet he them all refusd, though thankd her as
 a frend

40

And for exceeding grieve which inly grew,
 That he his loue so lucklesse now had lost,
 On the cold ground, maugre himselfe he threw,
 For fell despight, to be so sorely crost,
 And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
 Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
 His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
 Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
 Or vnderstand, that she in safetie did remaine

Cant V



*The saluage struts Matilda well
 till she Prince Arthure fynd,
 Who her together with his Squyre
 with th'Hermitt leaues behynd*



i

0 what an easie thing is to descry
 The gentle bloud, how euer it be wrapt
 In sad misfortunes foule deformity,
 And wretched sorrowes, which haue often hapt?
 For howsoeuer it may grow mis-shapt,
 Like this wyld man, being vndisaplynd,
 That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
 Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
 And at the last breake forth in his owne proper
 kynd

2

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
 Who though he were still in this desert wood,
 Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne
 and bred,
 Ne euer saw faire guize, ne learned good,
 Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood,
 By gentle vsage of that wretched Dame
 For certes he was borne of noble blood,
 How euer by hard hap he nether came ,
 As ye may know, when time shall be to tell
 the same

3

Who when as now long time he lacked had
 The good Sir *Calepine*, that farrc was stray d,
 Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
 As he of some misfortune were afrayd
 And leauing there this Ladie all dismayd,
 Went forth streight way into the forrest wyde,
 To seeke, if he perchance a sleepe were layd,
 Or what so else were vnto him betyde
 He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where
 he spyde

4

Tho backe returning to that sorie Dame,
 He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,
 By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,
 Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
 Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,
 That ruth it was to see him so lament
 By which she well perceiuing, what was done,
 Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
 And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe
 torment
 Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
 Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
 That with their bloud did all the flore imbrow,
 As if her breast new launcht with murderous
 knife,
 Would streight dislodge the wretched weane
 life
 There she long grouehng, and deepe groning
 As if her vitall powers were at strife [lay,
 With stronger death, and feared their decay,
 Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay

6

Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distrest,
 He reared her vp from the bloudie ground,
 And sought by all the meanes, that he could best
 Her to recure out of that stony swound,
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound
 Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
 Ne cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
 But day and night did vex her carefull thought,
 And euer more and more her owne affliction
 wrought

7

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
 She saw now left, she cast to leaue the place,
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
 To seeke some comfort in that sorie case
 His steede now strong through rest so long
 a space,
 Well as she could, she got, and did bedight,
 And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
 Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors
 might

8

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part
 Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* wheare
 Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
 And put them all about himselfe vnfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare
 But without sword vpon his thigh to sit
 Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it

9

So forth they trauel on a vneuen payre,
 That mote to all men seeme an vncouth sight,
 A saluage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
 Gotten by spoyle, then purchaced aright
 But he did her attend most carefully,
 And faithfully did serue both day and night,
 With outen thought of shame or villeny,
 Ne euer shewed signe of foule disloyalty

10

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
 It chaunst some furniture about her steed
 To be disordred by some accident
 Which to redresse, she did th'assistance need
 Of this her groome, which he by signes did
 reede,
 And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
 Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
 And in his homely wize began to assay
 T'amend what was amisse, and put in right arav

11

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
 Lo where a knight together with his squire,
 All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward,
 Which seemed by their portance and attire,
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire
 After aduentures, where they mote them get
 Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
 Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
 By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be
 set

12

After that *Timias* had againe recured
 The fauour of *Belphebe*, (as ye heard)
 And of her grace did stand againe assured,
 To happie blisse he was full high vprear'd,
 Nether of enuy, nor of chaunge afeard,
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
 And with vnust detraction him did heard,
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
 That in her soueraine lyking he dwelt euermore

But of them all, which did his ruine seeke
 Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
 Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
 That him not onely sought by open might
 To ouerthrow, but to supplant by slight
 The first of them by name was cald *Despetto*,
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight,
 The second not so strong but wise, *Decetto*,
 The third nor strong nor wise, but spight fullest
Defetio

14

Of times their sundry powres they did employ,
 And seuerall deceits, but all in vaine
 For neither they by force could him destroy,
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtilt traine
 Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
 They did their counsels now in one compound
 Where singled forces faile, conioynd may
 gaine
 The *Blatant Beast* the fittest meanes they found,
 To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him
 confound

Vpon a day as they the time did waite,
 When he did raunge the wood for saluage game,
 They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,
 To draw him from his deare beloued dame,
 Vnwares into the daunger of defame
 For well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,
 That no one beast in forrest wyld or tame,
 Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
 And plucke the pray of times out of their greedy
 hould

16

The hardy boy, as they deuised had,
 Seeing the vgly Monster passing by,
 Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,
 Ne skilfuil of the vncouth leopardy,
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 That his great force vnable to endure,
 He forced was to turne from him and fly
 Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
 Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof
 secure

17

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to ouertake his flight,
Who through thicke woods and brakes and
briers him drew,
To weary him the more, and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whose couert stopt his further sight,
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to
inuade

18

Sharply they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes, from percing thorough
quite
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his backe for best safegard,
He lent against a tree, that backward onset
bard

19

Like a wylde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe, and a hound,
And a curre dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On euery side, and beat about him round,
But most that curre barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incommber,
That in his chauffe hedgcs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the
thonder,
So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue
asonder

20

Hun well behoued so, for his three foes
Sought to encompass him on euery side,
And dangerously did round about enclose
But most of all *Defello* him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to haue destroyde
So did *Decelto* eke him circumuent,
But stout *Despetto* in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face against him bent,
Ye the themall withstood, and of ten made relent

21

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan toshrinke, and somewhat to glue place,
Full like ere long to haue escaped hard,
When as vnwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be vpon his gard,
With noise whereof the Squire now nigh aghast,
Reuiued was, and sad dispaire away did cast

22

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching nye,
Who seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye,
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pittie so to see him ouerset
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,
The couert was so thicke, that did no passage
shew

23

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire,
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake, My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why haue ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring,
where bene weft?

24

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with silence did restrayne,
And shut vp all his plunt in pnyuy paine
There they a whilesome gracious speach esspent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine
After all which vp to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode a comely complement

25

So now they be arriued both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full bounde found
About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
With those braue armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well
renownd
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them
stept,
Thinking to take them from that hyldinghound
But he it seeing, lightly to him fept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his
handling kept

20

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist vnwares on th'head hestroke,
That made him downe vnto the earth encline,
Whence soone vpstarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue
slaine,
Who it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his auengement stayd

27

With that aloude the faire *Serena* cryde
 Vnto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine
 Who to them stepping did them soone diuide,
 And did from further violence restraine,
 Albe the wyld man hardly would refraine
 Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,
 What and from whence she was, and by what
 traine

She fell into that saluage villaines hand,
 And whether free with him she now were, or in
 band 28

To whom she thus, I am, as now ye see,
 The wretchedst Dame, that hue this day on
 ground,
 Who both in minde, the which most griueth me,
 And body haue recei'd a mortall wound,
 That hath me driuen to this drey stound
 I was erewhile, the loue of *Calepine*,
 Who whether he ahue be to be found,
 Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
 Since I him lately lost, vneath is to define

29

In saluage forrest I him lost of late,
 Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
 Or else remained in most wretched state,
 Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
 Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread
 In such a saluage wight, of brutish kynd,
 Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
 It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
 So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mynd

30

Let me therefore this fauour for him finde,
 That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,
 Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
 Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake
 Small praise to proue your powre on wight so
 weake
 With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
 And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
 That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
 And each sought to supply the office of her page

31

So hauing all things well about her dight,
 She on her way cast forward to proceede,
 And they her forth conducted, where they might
 Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede
 For now her wounds corruption gan to breed,
 And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed,
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
 Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes op
 pressed has

3²

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
 To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some
 ease

To thesesicketwaine, that now began to troupe,
 And all the way the Prince sought to appease
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease,
 By all the courteous meanes he could inuent,
 Some while with merry purpose fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement,
 To make them to endure the pains, did them
 torment

33

Mongst which, *Serena* did to him relate
 The foule discourties and vnknighly parts,
 Which *Turpwe* had vnto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruell smarts,
 Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
 Him otherwise perswade, all that she might,
 Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also trayterously did wound her weary
 Knight 34

Wherewith the Prince sore moued, there aoud,
 That soone as he returned backe againe,
 He would aenge th'abuses of that proud
 And shamefull Knight, of whom she did com
 plaine
 This wize did they each other enttaine,
 To passe the tedious trauell of the way,
 Till towards night they came vnto a plaine,
 By which a little Hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy
 it may 35

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stode,
 Which being all with Yuy ouerspred,
 Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the roode,
 Seem'd like a groue faire braunched ouer hed
 Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
 In streight obseruance of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed,
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 When as these Knights arriu'd, they wist not
 where nor how 36

They stayd not there, but streight way in did
 pas
 Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
 From his deuotion streight he troubled was,
 Which breaking off he toward them did pace,
 With stayed steps, and graue beseeeming grace
 For well it seem'd, that whilome he had bene
 Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
 That could his good to all, and well did weene,
 How each to entertaine with curtsie well
 beeseene

37

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had bene a man of mickle name,
 Renowned much in armes and derring doe
 But being aged now and weary to
 Of warresdehght, and worlds contentious toyle,
 The name of knighthood he did disauow,
 And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoyle,
 From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe
 assoyle

38

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
 Letting their steedes to graze vpon the greene
 Small was his house, and like a little cage,
 For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
 Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay
 besene
 Therein he them full faire did entertaine
 Not with such forged shoves, as fitter beene
 For courting fooles, that curtesies would fame,
 But with entire affection and appearaunce
 plaine

39

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
 Did vse, his feeble body to sustaine,
 The which full gladly they did take in glee,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
 But being well suffiz'd, them rested fame
 but faire *Serene* all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
 Of their late woundes, the which the blatont Beast
 Had giuen them, whose grieffe through suf
 fraunce sore increast

40

So all that night they past in great disease,
 Till that the morning, bringing earely light
 To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
 And some asswagement of their painefull plight
 Then vp they rose, and gan them selues to dight
 Vnto their lourney, but that Squire and Dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to trauell, nor one foote to frame
 Their hearts were sick, their sides were sore,
 their feete were lame

41

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
 Would not permit, to make there lenger stay,
 Was forced there to leaue them both behynd,
 In that good Hermits charge, whom hedid pray
 To tend them well So forth he went his way,
 And with him eke the saluage, that whyleare
 Seeing his royall vsage and arrav,
 Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere,
 Would needes depart, as shall declared be else
 where

Cant VI



*The Hermtte heales both Sqtire and dame
 Of their sore maladies
 He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
 For his late villames*



i

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
 Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
 As doth the poysonous sting, which infamy
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight
 For by no art, nor any leaches might
 It euer can recured be againe,
 Ne all the skill, which that immortall spnght
 Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
 Can remedy such hurts, such hurts are hellish
 paine

2

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant
 Beast*
 Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame,
 And being such, were now much more increast,
 For want of taking heede vnto the same,
 That now corrupt and curelesse they became
 Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
 With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
 The poysonous humour, which did most infest
 Their ranckling woundes, and euery day them
 duely drest

3

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene,
 And through the long experience of his dayes,
 Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
 And past through many perillous assayes,
 He knew the diuerse went of mortall wayes,
 And in the mindes of men had great insight,
 Which with sage counsell, when they went
 astray,
 He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
 And al the passions heale, which wound the
 weaker spnght

4

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
 As any one, that liued in his daies,
 And proued oft in many penlous fight,
 Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
 And in all battels bore away the baies
 But being now attacht with timely age,
 And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
 He tooke him selfe vnto this Hermitage,
 In which he hu'd alone, like carelesse bird in
 cage

5

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred priuily,
And ranckiing inward with vnruely stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde
Giue salues to eury sore, but counsell to the
minde

6

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as say the same,
And thus he to them sayd, Faire daughter
Dame,
And you faire sonne, which here thus long now
he
In piteous languor, since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salues to you applie

7

For in your selfe your onely helpe doth he,
To heale your selues, and must proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maiadie
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none ?
If therefore health ye seeke, obserue this one
First leame your outward sences to refrain
From things, that stirre vp fraile affection,
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk
restraine
From that they most affect, and in due termes
containe

8

For from those outward sences ill affected,
The seede of all this euill first doth spring,
Which at the first before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppress with little thing
But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering
Contagious poyson close through eury vaine,
It neuer rests, till it haue wrought his finall bane

9

For that beastes teeth, which wounded you
tofore,
Are so exceeding venomous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron, ranckling sore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salue, or antidote, or other mene
It euer to amend ne maruaile ought,
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome *Slygian* den vpbrought,
Begot of foule *Lchidna*, as in bookes is taught

10

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhoi to see,
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee,
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vghnesse

11

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,
In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the slue,
And from the earth, appointed haue her place,
Mongst rocks and caues, where she enrolld doth
he
In hideous horror and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her Immortall age
There did *Typhaon* with her company,
Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
Make th'heavens tremble oft, and him with
vowes assuage

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*,
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and
least,
And poures his poysonous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame
Ne euer Knight, that bore so lofty creast,
Ne euer Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete
shame

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to salue such kynd of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline,
Then outward salues, that may augment it
more
Aye me (sayd then *Serena* sighing sore)
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no salues may vs to health restore ?
Butsith we need good counsell (sayd the swaine)
Aread good sire, some counsell, that may vs
sustaine

14

The best (sayd he) that I can you aduize,
Is to auoide the occasion of the ill
For when the cause, whence euill doth arise,
Remoued is, th'effect surceaseth still
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Vse scantd diet, and forbear your fill,
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight
So shall you soone repaire your present euill
plight

15

Thus hauing sayd, his sickely patients
 Did gladly hearken to his graue behest,
 And kept so well his wise commaundements,
 That in short space their malady was ceast,
 And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
 Was thoroughly heal'd Tho when they did
 perceaue
 Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
 Of that good Hermite both they tooke their
 leaue,

And went both on their way, ne ech would other
 leaue

16

But each the other vow'd t'accompany,
 The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity,
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leaue alone in her great need
 So both together traueld, till they met
 With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
 Vpon a mangy lade vnmeetly set,
 And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and
 wet

17

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
 And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
 I must a while forbear to you to tell,
 Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite,
 What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
 Pursuing that proud Knight, the which
 whileare

Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight,
 And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
 So lewdly had abuse, as ye did lately heare

18

The Prince according to the former token,
 Which faire *Serene* to him dehuered had,
 Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to beneywroken
 Of all the vile demeane, and vsage bad,
 With which he had those two so ill bestad
 Ne wight with him on that aduenture went,
 But that wyld man, whom though heoforbad,
 Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
 Would he restrayned be from his attendement

Arnuing there, as did by chaunce befall,
 He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
 Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall
 Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
 Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
 As he vnable were for very neede
 To moue one foote, but there must make
 abode,

The whiles the saluage man did take his steede,
 And in some stable neare did set him vp tofeede

20

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
 That in rude wise him asked, what he was,
 That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
 Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe
 To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
 Mylde answer made, he was an errant Knight,
 The which was fall'n into this feeble case,
 Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
 Receiued had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight

21

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
 Sternely did bid him quickly thence auaunt,
 Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old
 Did hate all errant Knights, which there did
 haunt,
 Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,
 And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
 Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
 And there withall rude hand on him did lay,
 To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay

22

Which when the Saluage comming now in place,
 Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
 And running streight vpon that villaine base,
 Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
 And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
 Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore
 So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
 That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
 The people of the house rose forth in great
 vprore 23

Who when on ground they saw their fellow
 slaine,
 And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,
 Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
 And on them layd so huge and horribly,
 As if they would haue slaine them presently
 But the bold Prince defended him so well,
 And their assault withstood so mightily,
 That maugre all their might, he did repell,
 And beat them back, whilest many vnderneath
 him fell

24

Yet he them still so sharply did pursew,
 That few of them he left aliuie, which fled,
 Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew
 Who hearing how his people badly sped,
 Came forth in hast where when as with the dead
 He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same
 Knight
 And saluage with their bloud fresh steemingred,
 He woxenighmad with wrath and fell despight,
 And with reprochfull words him thus bespake
 on hisght

25

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile,
 Hast slaine my men in this vnmanly maner,
 And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
 Of these poore folk, whose soules with black
 dishonor
 And fouledefame doe decke thy bloody baner?
 The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
 And wretched end, which still attendeth on her
 With that him selfe to battell he did frame,
 So did his forty yeomen, which there with him
 came

26

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
 And round about with boystrous strokes
 oppresse,
 That on his shield did rattle like to haile
 In a great tempest, that in such distresse,
 He wist not to which side him to addresse
 And euermore that crauen cowerd Knight
 Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
 Wayting if he vnwares him murther might
 For cowardize doth still in villany delight

27

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
 He to him turnd with furious intent,
 And him against his powre gan to prepare,
 Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent
 To fight with many foes about him ment,
 Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
 Turnes him about with fell auengement,
 So likewise turnde the Prince vpon the Knight,
 And layd at him amaine with all his will and
 might

28

Who when he once his dreadfull strokes had
 tasted,
 Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
 But turn'd abacke, and to retire he hasted
 Through the thick prease, there thinking him
 to hyde leide,
 But when the Prince had once him plainly
 He foot by foot him followed alway,
 Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde
 But loyning close, huge lode at him did lay
 Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away

29

But when his foe he still so eger saw,
 Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
 Hoping vnto some refuge to withdraw
 Ne would the Prince him euer foot forsake,
 Where so he went, but after him did make
 He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
 Why lest every ioynt for dreadofdeathchd quake,
 Still looking after him, that did him chace,
 That made him euer moreincreasehisspeediepace

30

At last he vp into the chamber came,
 Whereas his loue was sitting all alone,
 Wayting what tydings of her folke became
 There did the Prince him ouertake anone,
 Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone,
 And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
 That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone
 Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
 The tempred Steele did not into his braynepen
 byte

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright
 She starting vp, began to shriek aloud,
 And with her garment couennng him from sight,
 Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud,
 And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
 Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
 And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd,
 That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
 He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand
 abase

32

Her weed she then withdrawing, did him
 discouer,
 Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rize,
 But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiuer,
 That euen the Prince his basenesse did despize,
 And eke his Dame him seeing in such guize,
 Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare
 Who rising vp at last in ghastly wize,
 Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
 As one that had no life him left through former
 feare

33

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
 He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
 And with sharpe words did bitterly vpbrayd,
 Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
 That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
 Whereof thou caytiue so vnworthie art,
 That both thy loue, for lacke of hardiment,
 And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
 And ekeall knights hast shamed with this knight
 lesse part

34

Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
 And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare
 For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
 To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost
 reare,
 Whom when thou mayst, thou dost of arms
 despoile,
 Or of their vpper garment, which they weare
 Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with
 guile
 Maintaine this euill vse, thv foes thereby to foile

35

And lastly in approunce of thy wrong,
 To shew such fannesse and foule cowardize,
 Is greatest shame for oft it falles, that strong
 And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
 Either for fame, or else for exercise,
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight,
 Yet haue, through prowesse and their braue
 empnze,
 Gotten great worship in this worldes sight
 For greater force there needs to maintaine
 wrong, then right

36

Yet since thy life vnto this Ladie fayre
 I giuen haue, hue in reproch and scorne,
 Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
 Hence to professe for shame is to adorne
 With so braue badges one so basely borne,
 But onely breath sith that I did forgiue
 So hauing from his crauen bodie torne
 Those goodly armes, he them away did giue
 And onely suffred him this wretched life to hue

37

There whilest he thus was setting things aboue,
 A [twene](#) that Ladie my Id and recreant knight,
 To whom his life he graunted for her loue,
 He gan bethinke him, in what perilous plight
 He had behynd him left that saluage wight,
 A [mongst](#) so many foes, whom sure he thought
 By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight
 Therefore descending backe in haste, he sought
 If yet he were aliuie, or to destruction brought

38

There he him found enuiroined about
 With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had
 slaine,
 And laying yet a fresh with courage stout
 Vpon the rest, that did aliuie remaine,
 Whom he likewise right sorely did constraîne,
 Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
 A [fter](#) he gotten had with busie paine
 Some of their weapons, which thereby did lit,
 With which he layd about, and made them fast
 toflie

39

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
 Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
 And sought, by making signes, him to assuage
 Who them perceiuing, streight to him obayd,
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
 As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned
 Thence he him brought away, and vp conuayd
 Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
 With her A [worthy](#) knight, who ill him enter
 tained

40

Whom when the Saluage saw from daunger free,
 Sitting beside his Ladle there at ease,
 He well remembered, that the same was hee,
 Which lately sought his Lord for to displease
 Tho all in rage, he on him streight did seaze,
 As if he would in peeces him haue rent,
 And were not, that the Prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limbe of him vnrent
 But stritgh the held his hand at his commande
 ment

41

Thus hauing all tilings well in peace ordayned,
 The Prince himseife there alt that night did
 rest,
 Where him *Blandina* fayrely entertayned,
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,
 The which for him she could imagine best
 For well she knew the wayes to win good will
 Of euery wight, that were not too infest,
 And how to please the minds of good and ill,
 Through tempering of her words and lookes by
 wondrous skill

42

Yet were her words and lookes but false and
 fayned,
 To some hid end to make more easie way,
 Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trayned
 Into her trap vnto their owne decay
 Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and
 pray,
 And when her listed, she could fawne and flatter,
 Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers day,
 Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter
 Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares
 but water

43

Whether such grace were giuen her by kynd,
 As women wont their guile full wits to guyde,
 Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd
 This well I wote, that she so well applyde
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
 The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her hus-
 bands peace
 Who nathclesse not therewith satisfyde,
 His rancorous despit did not releasse,
 Ne secretly from thought of fell reuenge sur-
 ceasse

44

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
 In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
 He watcht in close away t with weapons prest,
 Willing to worke his villenous intent
 On him, that had so shamefully him shent
 Yet durst he not for very cowardize
 Effect the same, whilest all the night was spent
 The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
 And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.

Cant VII.



*Turpine ts baffuld, his two knights
doe gaine their treasons meed,
Fayre Mirabellæs punishment
for hues disdaine decreed*



I

Like as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes,
In doing gentle deedes with franke oelight,
Euen so the baser mind it selfe displayes,
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight
For to maligne, t'enuie, t'vse shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discouering his base
kind

2

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat,
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew,
Him selfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast
pursew

3

Well did he tract his steps, as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approach in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Vntill nt time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny
At lost he met two knights to him vnknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, what euer chaunce were
blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his
owne

4

To whom false *Tur pine* comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe, which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Winch a straunge knight, that neare afore him
went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to auenge, in time conuenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly
meed

5

The knightsbeleeu'd, that all he sayd, was trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that aduenture new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which neuer yet they had approu'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed,
Said then the one of them, Where is that wight,
The which hathdoen to thee this wrongfulldeed,
That we may it auenge, and punish him with
speed 6

He rides (said *Turpine*) there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,
That if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him ouertake in timely tyde
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Deuizing of his loue more, then of daunger drad

7

Then one of them aloud vnto him cryde,
Bidding him turneagain, false tray tour knight,
Foule womanwronger, for he him defyde
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall
might [marke,
Against him ran, but th'one did misse his
And being carried with his force forthright,
Glaunst swiftly by, like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glydmg through the ayre lights all the
heauens darke 8

But th'other ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
That all his lance in peeces shiuered quite,
And scattered all about, fell on the flowre
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy
stowre
Full on his beuer did him strike so sore,
That the cold Steele through piercing, diddeuowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where stil lhe bathed lay in his owne bloody gore

9

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse
might,
The wane foule his bill doth backward wring,
On which thefirst, whose force her first doth bnnng,
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing,
But th'other not so swift, as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt
no more

10

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recouering, was return'd to fight,
Where when he saw his fellow hfelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so disraall sight,
Yet nought abating of his former spight,
Let drue at him with so malicious mynd,
As if he would haue passed through him quight
But the steele head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, decei'd him of that he
desynd

Not so the Prince for his well learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Aboue a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him
strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake
Where seeing him so he, he left his steed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to
breed

12

The fearefull swayne beholding death so me,
Cryde out aloud for mercie him to saue,
In lieu whereof he would to him descne,
Great treason to him meant, his life to reauce
ThePnnce soon hearkned, and his life forgauce
Then thus said he, There is a straunger knight,
The which for promise of great meed, vs draue
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient
might

13

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
And sayd, Now sure ye well haue earn'd your
meed,
Forth' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Vnlesse to me thou hether bring with speed
The wretch, that thyr'd you to this wicked deed
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this mischief
breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
He would surceasse, but him, where so he were,
would seeke

So vp he rose, and forth streight way he went
Backe to the place, where *Turpine* late he lore,
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
And griesly wounds that him appalled sore
Yet thus at length he said, How now Sir knight?
What meaneth this, which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in
sight?

15

Perdie (said he) in euill houre it fell,
That euer I for meed did vndertake
So hard a taske, as life for hyre to sell,
The which I earst aduentur'd for your sake
Witnesse the wounds, and this wydebloudielake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme
Therefore now yeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearmed haue, that hfesodearely did redeeme

16

But where then is (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed caytiue, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought
And whereis ekeyour friend, which halfe it ought
He lyes (said he) vpon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight, with whom he
fought,
Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound
Did slay agame, as ye may see there in the
sound

17

Thereof false *Turpin* was full glad and fame,
And needs with him streight to the place
would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his fotman slaine,
For else his feare could not be satisfydt
So as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud, which tracting by
the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in euill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched
bale

18

Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone,
And him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay ail alone,
Loosely displayd vpon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe, that luld him soft in
swound

19

Wearie of trauell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest,
The why leshissaluage page, that wont be prest,
Was wandered in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best,
The whyles his Lord in siluer slomber lay,
Like to the Euening starre adorn'd with dewy
ray

20

Whom when as *Turpin* saw so loosely layd,
 He weened well, that he in deed was dead,
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd
 But when he nigh approacht, he mote aread
 Plaine signes in him of life and liuelihead
 Whereat much grieu'd against that straunger
 knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He would haue backe retyred from that sight,
 That was to him on earth the deadliest despight

21

But that same knight would not once let him
 start,
 But plamely gan to him declare the case
 Of all his mischiefe, and late lucklesse smart,
 How both he and his fellow there in place
 Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
 And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
 Had vow'd vnto the victor, him to trace
 And follow through the world, where so he
 went,
 Till that he him dehuered to his punishment

22

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
 Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine,
 And softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd,
 T'aduize him better, then by such a traine
 Hun to betray vnto a straunger swaine
 Yet rather counsell'd him contrary wize,
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
 To loyne with him and vengeance to deuize,
 Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to
 surprize

Nathelesse for all his speech, the gentle knight
 Would not be tempted to such villenie,
 Regarding more his faith, which he did plight,
 All were it to his mortall enemye,
 Then to entrap him by false treachene
 Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd
 Thus whylest they were debating diuershe,
 The Saluage forth out of the wood issew'd
 Backe to the place, whereas his Lordhe sleeping
 vew'd

24

There when he saw those twoso neare him stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
 And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
 To weet great store of forrest frute, which hee
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
 Himselfe vnto his weapon he betooke,
 That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
 Rent by the root, which he so sternely shooke,
 That like an hazell wand, it quiuered and
 quooke

25

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
 The tray tour *Turpin* with that other knight,
 He started vp, and snatching neare his syde
 His trustie sword, the sernant of his might,
 Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
 And his left hand vpon his collar layd
 Therewith the cowheard deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him sayd,
 But holding vp his hands, with silence mercie
 prayd

26

But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
 Of seruile yoke, that nobler harts repine
 Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,
 He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
 And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall

27

And after all, for greater infamie,
 He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
 And baffuld so, that all which passed by,
 The picture of his punishment might see,
 And by the like ensample warned bee,
 How euer they through treason doe trespasse
 But turne we now backe to that Ladle free,
 Whom late we left ryding vpon an Asse,
 Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did
 passe

28

She was a Ladie of great dignitie
 And lifted vp to honorable place,
 Famous through all the land of Faerie,
 Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
 Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures
 grace,
 That all men did her person much admire,
 And praise the feature of her goodly face,
 The beames whereof did kindle louely fire
 In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle
 squire

29

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
 That none she worthie thought to be her ere,
 But scord them all, that loue vnto her ment,
 Yet was she lou'd of many a worthy pere,
 Vnworthy she to be belou'd so dere,
 That could not weigh of worthinesse aright
 For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
 The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
 And noblest she, that serued is of noblest
 knight

30

But this coy Damzell thought contranwize,
That such proud looks would make her
prayed more,
And that the more she did all loue despize,
The more would wretched louers her adore
What cared she, who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night ?
Let them that list, their lucklesse lot deplore,
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would euer hue, and loue her owne
delight

Through such her stubborne stifnesse, and hard
hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedit,
Did languish long in life consuming smart,
And at the last through drear dolour die
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soueraine
might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye,
She could or saue, or spill, whom she would
hight
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more

But loe the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride,
And nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide
For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Vnto the which all louers doe resort,
That of their loues successe they there may make
report,

33

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all louesfolke were fyled,
That many there were missing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loues exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he waxed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by
oth

34

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might,
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew
Therefore a Iune was impaneld streight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conuayd
To whom foule *Infamie*, and fell *Despight*
Gaue euidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdered cruelly by a rebellious Mayd

I

35

Fayre *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great displeasure, wild a *Capias*
Should issue forth t'attach that scomefullasse
The warrant straight was made, and there
withall
A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there *Partamore* did call,
He which doth summon louers to loues iudge
ment hall

36

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Vnto the barre, whereas she was arrayned
But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought
Euen for stubborne pride, which herrest rayned
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like, which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which loue before disdayned,
Ganstoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law

37

The sonne of *Venus* who is myld by kynd,
Bat where he is prouokt with peeuishnesse,
Vnto her prayers piteously clynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repressse,
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He vnto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde
wildemes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sau'd so many loues, as she did lose

38

So now she had bene wandng two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace
Yet had she not in all these two yearts space,
Saued but two, yet in two yeares before,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilest loue
lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more
Are me, how could her loue make half amends
therefore ?

39

And now she was vppon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in such misseeming foule array,
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the euill termes and cruell meane,
That he could make, And eke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands vnclene
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment
her doole

40

Ne ought it mote auaille her to entreat
 The one or th'other, better her to vse
 For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
 That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
 And rather did the more her beate and bruse
 But most the former villaine, which did lead
 Her tyreling lade, was bent her to abuse,
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh
 dead,
 Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead

41

For he was sterne, and terrible by nature,
 And eeke of person huge and hideous,
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
 And rather like a Gyant monstrous
 For sooth he was descended of the hous
 Of those old Oyants, which did warres darraine
 Against the heauen in order battailous,
 And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine
 By *Arlhure*, when as *Vnas* Knight he did
 maintaine

42

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies
 Like two great Beacons,glaredbrightandwyde,
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
 He scomed in his ouerweeming pryde,
 And stalking stately like a Crane, did stryde
 At every step vpon the tiptoes hie,
 And all the way he went, on euery syde
 He gaz'd about, and stared horriblie,
 As if he with his lookes would all men ternfie

43

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
 As no whit dreading any liuing wight,
 But in a Iacket quilted richly rare
 Vpon checklaton he was straungely dight,
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the Mores of Malaber he wore,
 With which hislocks,as blacke as pitchy night,
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore

44

This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse
 Through thick and thin, through mountains
 and through plains,
 Compelling her, wher she would not, by force,
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines
 But that same foole, which most increast her
 paines,
 Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
 Her therewith yirks, and still when she com
 plaines,
 The more he laughes,and docs her closely quip,
 To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip

45

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
 And saw those villaines her so vildely vse,
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
 And could no lenger beare so great abuse,
 As such a Lady so to beate and bruse,
 But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
 That forst him th'halter from his hand to loose,
 And maugre all his might, backe to relent
 Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly
 shent

46

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
 Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton, which he bore,
 Let driue at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safety he did him constraine
 To giue him ground, and shift to euery side,
 Rather then once his burden to sustame
 For bootelesse thing him seemed, to abide
 So mighty blowes, or proue the puissaunce of
 his pride

47

Like as a Mastiffe hauing at a bay
 A saluage Bull, whose cruell homes doe threat
 Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth
 beat,
 To spy where he may some aduauntage get,
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore
 So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
 And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
 And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound
 swore

48

Nathelesse so sharply still he him pursewd,
 That at aduantage him at last he tooke,
 When his foote slipt(that sliphedearelyrewd,)
 And with his yron club to ground him strooke,
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,
 Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
 And bound him fast Tho when he vp did
 looke,
 And saw him selfe captiu d, he was dismayd,
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd

49

Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare,
 Led in a rope, which both his hands did bynd,
 Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare,
 But with his whip him following behynd,
 Him often scourg'd, and forsthis feete tofynd,
 And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
 He would him scome, that to his gentle mynd
 Was much more grieuous, then the others
 blowes
 Words sharply wound, but greatest grieve of
 scorning growes

50

The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall
 Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
 That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
 And fled away with all the speede she mought,
 To seeke for safety, which long time she
 sought
 And past through many perils by the way,
 Ere she againe to *Caleptne* was brought,
 The which discourse as now I must delay,
 Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say

Cant VIII



*Prince Arthure oucrcomes Disdaine,
 Qutles Mirabell from dreed
 Serena found of Salvages,
 By Calepine is freed*



1

Ye gentle Ladies, in whose soueraine powre
 Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
 And th'hearts of men, as your eternall dow'e,
 In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
 Deliuered hath into your hands by gift,
 Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,
 That pride doe not to tyranny you lift,
 Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
 He from you take that chiefedome, which ye
 doe abuse

2

And as ve soft and tender are by kyrde,
 Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
 So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde ,
 But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
 That all your other praises will deface,
 And from you turne the loue of men to hate
 Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,
 Who from the high degree of happy state,
 Fell into wretched woes, which she repented
 late

3

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
 Which she beheld with lamentable eve,
 Was touched with compassion entire,
 And much lamented his calamity,
 That for her sake fell into misery
 Which bootied nought for prayers, nor for
 threat
 To hope for to release or mollify ,
 For aye the more, that she did them entreat,
 The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat

4

So as they forward on their way did pas,
 Him still reinling and afflicting sore,
 They met Prince *Arthure* with Sir *Enias*,
 (That was that courteous Knight, whom he
 before
 Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore,
 To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
 Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehement,
 As if it them should grieue toseehis punishment

5

The Squire him selfe when as he saw his Lord,
 The wnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
 Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord
 He like a dog was led in captiue case,
 And did his head for bashfulness abase,
 As loth to see, or to be seene at all
 Shame would be hid But whenas *Enias*
 Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
 His manly mynde was much emmoued there
 withall

6

And to the Prince thus sayd, See you Sir
 Knight,
 The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw ?
 Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
 Abuse, against all reason and all law,
 Without regard of pitty or of awe
 See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile ,
 See how they doe the Lady hale and draw
 But if ye please to lend me ieaue a while,
 I will them soone acquite, and both of blame
 assoile

7

The Prince assented, and then he streight way
 Dismounting hght, his shield about him threw,
 With which approching, thus he gan to say ,
 Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,
 That haue with treason thrall'd vnto you
 These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands,
 And now your crime with cruelty pursew
 Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
 Or else abide the death, that hard before you
 stands

8

The villame stayd not aunswer to inuent,
 But with his yron club preparing way,
 His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent,
 The which descended withsuchdreadfull sway,
 That seemed nought the course thereof could
 stay
 No more then lightning from the lofty sky
 Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
 Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping
 by.
 Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny

9

And to requite him with the like againe,
 With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
 And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with
 paine
 Saued him selfe, but that he there him slew
 Yet sau'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
 And gaue his foe good hope of victory
 Who therewith flesht, vpon him set anew,
 And with the second stroke, thought certainly
 To haue supplyde the first, and paid the vsury

10

But Fortune aunswerd not vnto his call,
 For as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
 The villaine met him in the middle fall,
 And with his club bet backe his brondy ron bright
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
 Rebeaten backe vpon him selfe againe,
 He driuen was to ground in selfe despight,
 From whence ere he recouery could game,
 He in his necke had set his foote with fell
 disdame

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
 Came running in, and whilest on ground he lay,
 Laide heauy hands on him, and held so straye,
 That downe he kept him with his scomefullsway,
 So as he could not weld him any way
 The whiles that other villaine went about
 Him to haue bound, and thraid without delay,
 The whiles the foole did him reuile and flout,
 Threatring to yoke them two and tame their
 corage stout

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
 By strength haue ouerthrowne a stubborne
 steare,
 They downe him hold, and fast with cords do
 bynde,
 Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare
 So did these two this Knight off tug and teare
 Which when the Prince beheld, therestandmgby,
 He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
 And buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
 Vppon that Carle, to saue his friend from
 leopardy

The villaine leaumg him vnto his mate
 To be captiu'd, and handled as he list,
 Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,
 And with his club him all about so blist,
 That he which way to turne him scarcely wist
 Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
 Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist,
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
 Whether more wary were to giue or ward the
blow

14

But yet the Prince so well enured was
 With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,
 That way to them he gaue forth right to pas
 Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
 But way t aduantage, when they downedid light
 At last the caytiue after long discourse,
 When all his strokes he saw auoyded quite,
 Resolued in one t'assemble all his force,
 And make one end of him without ruth or
 remorse

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft,
 And with his dreadfull instrument of yre,
 Thought surehaue pownded him to powder soft,
 Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre
 But Fortune did not with his will conspire
 For ere his stroke attayned his intent,
 The noble childe preuenting his desire,
 Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,
 And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was
 bent

16

It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
 Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
 That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow,
 But all that leg, which did his body beare,
 It crackt throughout, yet did noblound appeare,
 So as it was vnable to support
 So huge a burden on such broken geare,
 But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt,
 Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his
 hurt

17

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
 And least he should recouer foote againe,
 His head meant from his shoulders to haue
 swept
 Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine,
 Stay stay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abstaine,
 From that vnwares ye weetlesse doe intend,
 Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slame
 For more on him doth then him selfe depend,
 Mv life will by his death haue lamentable end.

18

He staide his hand according her desire,
 Yet nathemore him suffred to arize,
 But still suppressing gan of her inquire,
 What meaning mote those vncouth words
 comprize,
 That in that villaines health her safetv lies
 That were no might in man, nor heartin Knights,
 Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
 Yet heauens them selues, that fauour feeble
 rights,
 Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such
 despights

19

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames, a while she stayd ,
 Till the sharpe passion being ouerpast,
 Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd,
 Nor heauens, nor men can me most wretched
 mayd
 Deliuer from the doome of my desert,
 The which the God of loue hath on me layd,
 And damned to endure this direfull smart,
 For penance of my proud and hard rebellious

In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
 And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowe,
 Of all her gifts, that please each liuing sight,
 I was beiou'd of many a gentle Knight,
 And sude and sought with all the seruice dew
 Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
 And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
 Complaying out on me, that would not on
 them rew 21

But let them loue that hbt, or hue or die,
 Me list not die for any louers doole
 Ne list me leaue my loued libertie,
 To pittie him that list to play the foole
 To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole
 Thus I triumphed long in louers paine,
 And sitting careless on the scorners stoole,
 Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine
 But all is now repayd with interest againe

22

For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts,
 Causde me be called to accompt therefore,
 And for reuengement of those wrongfull
 smarts,
 Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem d me to endure this penance sore,
 That in this wize, and this vnmeetee array,
 With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Dtsdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world
 should stray,
 Till I haue sau'd so many, as I earst did slay

23

Certes (sayd then the Prince) the God is lust,
 That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile
 For were no law in loue, but all that lust,
 Might themopresse, and pamefully turmoile,
 His kingdome would continue but a white
 But tellme Lady, wherefore doe you beare
 This bottle thus before you with such toile,
 And eke this wallet at your backe areare,
 That for these Carles to carry much more comely
 were?

24

Here in this bottle (sayd the sory Mayd)
 I put the teares of my contrition,
 Till to the brim I haue it full defrayd
 And in this bag which I behinde me don,
 I put repentaunce for things past and gon
 Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
 That all which I put in, fals out anon ,
 And is behinde me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
 Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the
 more I mourn

25

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
 And wondred much at *Cupids* judg'ment wise,
 That could so meekly make proud heartsauale,
 And wreake him selfe on them, that him despise
 Then suffred he *Disdaine* vp to arise,
 Who was not able vp him selfe to reare, [prise,
 By meanes his leg through his late luckesse
 Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
 Was holpen vp, who him supported standing
 neare

26

But being vp, he lookt againe aloft,
 As if he neuer had receiued fall,
 And with steme eye browes stared at him oft,
 As if he would haue daunted him withall
 And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
 Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
 As if such pride the other could apall,
 Who was so far from being ought amazed,
 That he his lookes despised, and his boast
 dispraised

Thin turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them
 bound,
 Vnwillig to be knowne, or seene at all,
 He from those bands weend him to haue
 vnwound
 But when approching neare, he plamely found,
 It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
 He theat wext exceedingly astound,
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
 Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire

28

Meane while the Saluage man, when he beheld
 That huge great foole oppressing th'other
 Knight,
 Whom with his weight vnweldv downe he held,
 He flew vpon him, like a greedy kight
 Vnto some carnion offered to his sight, [teeth
 And downe him plucking, with his nayles and
 Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite,
 And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
 So sore him scourgeth, that the bloud downe
 followeth

29

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
 Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
 Hewouldwithwhipping,himhauedonetodye
 But being checkt,he did abstaine streight way,
 And let him rise Then thus the Prince gan
 say,
 Now Lady sith your fortunes thus dispose,
 That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,
 Vnto your seife I freely leaue to chose,
 Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines
 lose

30

Ah nay Sir Knight (sayd she) it may not be,
 But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
 This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
 Least vnto me betide a greater ill,
 Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will
 So humbly taking leaue, she turnd aside,
 But *Arthure* with the rest, went onward still
 On his first quest, in which did him betide
 A great aduenture, which did him from them
 deuide

31

But first it falleth me by course to tell
 Of faire *Serena*, who as earst you heard,
 When first the gentle Squire at vanaunce fell
 With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
 Of villany to be to her inford
 So fresh the image of her former dread,
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
 That euery foote did tremble, which did tread,
 And euery body two, and two she foure did
 read

32

Through hills and dales, through bushes and
 through breres
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
 Her selfe now past the perill of her feares
 Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
 Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
 She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,
 And sitting downe, her selfe a while bethought
 Of her long trauell and turmoyling paine,
 And often did of loue, and oft of lucke com
 plaine

33

And euermore she blamed *Calepine*,
 The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
 As th'onely author of her wofull tine
 For being of his loue to her so light,
 As her to leaue in such a piteous plight
 Yet neuer Turtle truer to his make,
 Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright
 Who all this while endured for her sake,
 Greatperill of hislife,andrestlessepained]dtake

34

Tho when as all her plaints she had displayd,
 And well disburdened her engneued brest,
 Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd,
 Where being tyrde with trauell, and opprest
 With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest
 There whilest in *Morpheus* bosome safe she lay,
 Fearelesse of ought, that mote her peace molest,
 False Fortune did her safety betray,
 Vnto a straunge mischaunce, that menac'd her
 decay

35

In these wyld deserts, where she now abode,
 There dwelt a saluage nation, which did hue
 Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
 Into their neighbours borders, ne did giue
 Them selues to any trade, as for to dnuce
 The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
 Or by aduentrous marchandize to thriue,
 But on the labours of poore men to feed,
 And serue their owne necessities with others
 need

36

Thereto they vsde one most accursed order,
 To eatethe flesh of men, whom they motefynde,
 And straungers to deuoure, which on their border
 Werebroughtbyerrour,orbywreckfullwynde
 A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde
 They towards euening wandring euery way,
 To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde,
 Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
 Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all feare
 lesse lay

37

Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
 They made amongst them selues, but when
 her face
 Like the faire yuory shining they did see,
 Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
 For loy of such good hap by heauenly grace
 Then gan they to deuize what course to take
 Whether to slay her there vpon the place,
 Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
 And then her eate attonce, or many meales to
 make

38

The best aduizement was of bad, to let her
 Sleepe out her fill, without encombernt
 For sleepe they sayd would make her battill
 better
 Then when she wakte, they allgaue one consent,
 That since by grace of God she there was sent,
 Vnto their God they would her sacrifice,
 Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would
 present,
 But of her dainty flesh they did deuize
 To make a common feast, and feed with gur-
 mandize

69

So round about her they them selues did place
Vpon the grasse, and diuersely dispose,
Aseach thought best tospend the lingringspace
Some with their eyes the daintest morselschose,
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and
nose,
Some whet their kniues, and strip their elboes
bare
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose
Offinestflowres, and with full busie care
His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare

40

The Damzell wakes, then all attonce vpstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hallowing on euery part,
As if they would haue rent the brasen skies
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes Then out aloud she
cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests
embrew

41

But all bootes not they hands vpon her lay ,
And first they spoile her of her Jewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array ,
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly treasures of nature appeare
Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest
enuyes

42

Her yuone necke, her alablaster brest,
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,
For loue in soft delight thereon to rest,
Her tender sides, her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did it selfe vprere,
To offer sacrifice diuine thereon ,
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd, which were in
battel won

43

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villains vew'd with loose lasciuious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes ,
Andsomeof themganmongst them seluesdeuize,
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure
But them the Priest rebuking, did aduize
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure,
Vow'd to the goas. religion held euen theues
in measure

44

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
Vnto a litle groue not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on And now the Euentyde
His brode black wings had through the heauens
wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde
Of few greene turfesan altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh
hand obtayned45

Tho when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well
whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other diuelish ceremonies met
Which doen he gan aloft t'aduance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud
alarme

46

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill,
And shriek aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce
The whyles she way Id, the more they did
reioyce
Now mote ye vnderstand that to this groue
Sir *Calepine* by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The selfe same euening fortune hether droue,
As he to seeke *Serena* through the woods did
roue

47

Long had he sought her, and through many a
soyle
Had traueled still on foot in heauie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyles,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his loue was lost, he slept full fast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started vp like one aghast,
And catching vp his arms streight to the noise
forth past

48

There by th'vncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceiue a litle dawning sight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde, lamenting her vnluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire,
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launchher brest, and let out loued life.

49

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
 And euen as his right hand adowne descends,
 He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
 And sacnflzeth to th'inferrall feends
 Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
 Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
 That swarmes of damned soules to hell hesends
 The rest that scape his sword and death eschew,
 Fly like a flocke of doutes before a Faulcons vew

50

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
 Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find,
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
 Of clothes to couer, what they ought by kind,
 He first her hands beginneth to vnbind,
 And then to question of her present woe,
 And afterwards to chearewith speaches kind
 But she for nought that he could say or doe,
 One word durst speake, or answere him a whit
 thereto

51

So inward shame of her vncomely case
 She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
 That though the night did couer her disgrace,
 Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood
 So all that night to him vnknown she past
 But day, that doth discouer bad and good,
 Ensewmg, made her knowne to him at last
 The end whereof He keppe vntill another cast

Cant IX



*Calidore hosies with Melibos
 and loues fayre Pastorell,
 Condon enuius him, yet he
 for ill rewards him well*



1

Now turne againe my teme thou lolly swayne,
 Backe to the furrow which I lately left,
 I lately left a furrow, one or twayne
 Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not
 cleft
 Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull
 eft,
 As I it past, that were too great a shame,
 That so rich frute should be from vs bereft,
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,
 Which should befall to *Calidores* Immortall
 name

2

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
 And toyle endured, sith I left him last
 Sewing the *Blatant beast*, which I forbore
 To finish then, for other present hast
 Full many pathes and penis he hath past.
 Through hils, through dales, through forests,
 and through plaines
 In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
 Which he atchieued to his owne great games,
 Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines

3

So sharply he the Monster did pursew,
 That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
 Ne rested he himselfe but natures dew,
 For dread of daunger, not to be redrest,
 If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest
 Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
 And from the citties to the townes him prest,
 And from the townes into the cuntry forsed,
 And from the cuntry back to priuate farmes
 he scorsed

4

From thence into the open fields he fled,
 Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
 Andshepherdssinging to their flockes, thatfed,
 Layes of sweete loue and youtthes delightfull
 heat
 Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
 He followed fast, and chaced him so me,
 That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
 And to the litle cots, where shepherds he
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to me.

5

There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,
 He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
 Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
 The whyles their beasts there in the budded
 broomes
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes
 for other worldly weilt they cared nought
 To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
 And them to tell him courteously besought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thether
 brought

6

Theyanswer'd him, that no such beastthey saw,
 Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
 Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw
 But if that such there w ere (as none they kend)
 They prayd high God him farre from them to
 send
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
 After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
 Offred him drinke, to quench his thirstie heat,
 And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat

7

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And tooke their gentle offer so adowne
 They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed
 Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne
 Tho hauing fed his fill, he there besyde
 Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
 Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,
 Yclad in home madegreene that her owne hands
 had dyde 8

Vpon a litle hillocke she was placed
 Higher then all the rest, and round about
 Enuiron'd with a girland, goodly graced,
 Of louely lasses, and them all without
 The lustre shepheard swayne sate in a rout,
 The which did pype and sing her prayes dew,
 And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
 As if some miracle of heavenly hew
 Were downe to them descended in that earthly
 vew

9

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
 And perfectly well shapt in euery lim,
 Which she did more augment with modest grace,
 And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim
 Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,
 Did for their soueraine goddesses her esteeme,
 And caroling her name both day and night,
 The fayrest *Pastorella* her by name did hight

10

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepherds
 swayne
 But her did honour, and eke many a one
 Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing payne
 Full many a night for her did sigh and grone
 But most of all the shepheard *Condon*
 For her did languish, and his deare life spend,
 Yet neither she for him, nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind
 ascend

11

Her whyles Sir *Calidore* there vewed well,
 And markt her rare demeanure, which him
 seemed
 So farre the meane of shepherds to excell,
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
 To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
 He was vnwares surpris'd in subtile bands
 Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
 by any skill out of his cruell hands,
 tught like the bird, which gazing still on others
 stands

12

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
 Ne any will had thence to moue away,
 Although his quest were farre afore him gon
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
 And sate there still, vntill the flying day
 Was farre forth spent, discoursing diuersly
 Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay,
 And euermore his speach he did apply
 To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels
 fantasy

13

By this the moystie night approachmg fast,
 Her dewy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
 That warr'd the shepherds to their homes to
 hast
 Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
 For feare of wetting them before their bed,
 Then came to them a good old aged syre,
 Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
 With shepherds hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
 That wold the damzell rise, the day did now
 expyre

14

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
 The father of the fayrest *Pastorell*,
 And of her selfe in very deede so deemed,
 Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
 Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
 In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
 And taking vp brought home, and nursed well
 As his owne chyld, for other he had none,
 That she in tract of tune accompted was his
 owne

15

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
 And streight vnto her htle flocke did fare
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his sundrie sheepe with seuerall care
 Gathered together, and them homeward bare
 Why lest euerie one with helping hands dids triue
 Amongst themselves, and did their labours
 share,
 To helpe faire *Pasiorella*, home to dnuce
 Her fieecie flocke, but *Condon* most helpe did
 giue

16

But *Melibose* (so hight that good old man)
 Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
 And night arriued hard at hand, began
 Him to inuite vnto his simple home,
 Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
 And all things therein meane, yet better so
 To lodge, then in the saluage nelds to rome
 The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
 Being his harts owne wish, and home with him
 did go

17

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre,
 And of his aged Beldame homely well,
 Who him besought himselfe to disatyre,
 And rest himselfe, till supper time befell
 By which home came the fayrest *Pastorell*,
 After her flocke she in their fold had tyde,
 And supper readie dight, they to it fell
 With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
 The which doth litle craue contented to abyde

18

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
 And the fay re mayd the table ta'ne away,
 The gentle knight, as he that did excell
 In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
 For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
 Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife,
 And drawing thence his speach another way,
 Gan highly to commend the happie life,
 Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter
 strife

19

How much (sayd he) more happie is the state,
 In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,
 Leading a life so free and fortunate,
 From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
 Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease,
 Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
 Doe them afflict, which no man can appease,
 That certes I your happinesse enuie,
 And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie

20

Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)
 If happie, then it is in this intent,
 That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But doe my self, with that I haue, content,
 So taught of nature, which doth litle need
 Of forcine helpes to lifes due nourishment
 The fields my food, my flocke my rayment
 breed,
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed

21

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
 Nor am enuyde of any one therefore,
 They that haue much, feare much to loose
 thereby,
 And store of cares doth follow riches store
 The litle that I haue, growes dayly more
 Without my care, but onely to attend it,
 My lambes doe euery yeare increase their score,
 And my flockes father daily doth amend it
 What haue I, but to praise th'Almighty, that
 doth send it?

22

To them, that list, the worlds gay shewes I leaue,
 And to great ones such follies doe forgiue,
 Which oft through pride do their owne perill
 weaue, [driue
 And through ambition downe themselves doe
 To sad decay, that might contented hue
 Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
 Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieve,
 But all the night in siluer sleepe I spend,
 And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend

23

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
 Vnto my Lambes, and him dislodge away,
 Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,
 Or from the Goat her kiddie how to conuay,
 Another while I baytes and nets display,
 The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle
 And when I weane am, I downe doe lay
 My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle,
 And drinke of euery brooke, when thirstmy throte
 doth boyle

24

The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
 When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
 That I disdam'd amongst mine equall peares
 To follow sheepe, and shepheards base attire
 For further fortune then I would inquire
 And leauing home, to roiall court I sought,
 Where I did sell my selfe for yearly hire,
 And in the Princes gardin daily wrought
 There I beheld such vamenesse, as I neuer
 thought

25

With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
 With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
 After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
 From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
 I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
 And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then
 appeare
 Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
 Ifrom thence forth haue learn'd to loue more deare
 This lowly quiet life, which I mherite here

26

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedyeare
 Hong still vpon his melting mouth attent,
 Whose sensefull word semperist his hart on eare,
 That he was rapt with double rauishment,
 Both of his speach that wrought him great
 content,
 And also of the obiect of his vew,
 On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent,
 That twix this pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
 He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced
 grew

27

Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde, Now surely syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay shoves, which weadmire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and vnder foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of euery chaunges
dread

28

That euen I which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great, mongst whom I won,
And now haue prou'd, what happnesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition,
And wish the heauens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me hue in like condition,
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place, vnto this low degree

29

In vaine (said then old *Melibœe*) doe men
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse,
Sith they know best, what is the best for them
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly vse
For not that, which men couet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most
refuse,
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold each hath his fortune in
his brest

30

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise
For wise dome is most riches, fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize

31

Since then in each mans self (said *Calidore*)
It is, to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Giue leaue awhyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine,
That whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolute, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose
obtaine

32

Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all,
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall
Besides for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer hue
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it
driue

33

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake, Sir knight, your bounteous
proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
I hat mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungerb
But if ye algates couet to assay [dread
This simple sort of life, that shepherds lead,
Be it your owne our rudenesse to your selfe
aread

34

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire *Pastorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane
During which time he did her entertaime
With all kind courtesies, he could muent,
And every day, her compame to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment,

35

But she that neuer had acquainted beene
With such queint vsage, fit for Queenes and
Kings,
Ne euer had such knightly seruice seene,
But being bred vnder base shepherds wings,
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize
His layes, his loues, his lookes she did them all
despize

36

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe address
In shepherds weed, and in his hand he tooke,
In stead of steelehead speare, a shepherds
hooke,
That who had seene him then, would haue
bethought
On *Phrygian Parts* by *Plexippus* brooke,
When he the loue of fay re *Oenone* sought,
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought

37

So being clad vnto the fields he went
With the faire *Pastorella* every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to driue the rauenuous Wolfe away,
The why lest at pleasure she mote sport and play,
And euery euening helping them to fold
And otherwhiles for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke loue so
much could

38

Which seeing *Condon*, who her likewise
Long time had lou'd, and hop'd her loue to
game,
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the haruest, ere it ripened were,
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft com
plaine
Of *Pastorell* to all the shepheards there,
That she did loue a stranger swayne then him
more dere

39

And euer when he came in companie,
Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and euen for gealousie
Was readie off his owne hart to deuoure,
Impatient of any paramoure
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne euer shewed signe of rancour or of larre

40

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
Or litle sparrows, stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels, in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the
best
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest
This newcome shepherd had his market mard
Old loue is litle worth when new is more prefard

41

One day when as the shepherd swaynes together
Weremet, to make their sports and merne glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded
bee,
They fell to daunce then did they all agree,
That *Colin Clout* should pipe as one most fit,
And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as hee
That most in *Pastorelles* grace did sit
Thereat frown'd *Condon*, and his lip closely bit

42

But *Calidore* of courteous inclination
Tooke *Condon*, and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his
fashion,
For *Condon* could daunce, and trimly trace
And when as *Pastorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on *Condons* in stead
Then *Condon* woxe frolicke, that earst seemed
dead

43

Another time, when as they did dispose
To practise games, and maistenes to try,
They for their Iudge did *Pastorella* chose,
A garland was the meed of victory
There *Condon* forth stepping openly,
Did chalenge *Calidore* to wrestling game
For he through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practis'd was, and in the same
Thought sure t'auenge his grudge, and worke
his foe great shame

44

But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake,
For he was strong and mightily stifle pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake,
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His dearest loynt he sure had broken quight
Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*
Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right,
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gaued it to *Condon*, and said he wonne it well

45

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That cuen they, the which his nuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him
needs
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and fauour So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the
seeds
Of perfect loue did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of joy and bhisse, though long time
dearely bought

46

Thus *Calidore* contmu'd there long time,
To winne the loue of the faire *Pastorell*,
Which hauing got, he vsed without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did dwell,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended
But what straunge fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attam'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

Cant X



Calidore sees the Graces daunce,

To Colins melody

The whiles his Pastorell is led,

Into captiuitiy



1

Who now does follow the foule *Blatant Beast*,
Whilest *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmyndfull of his vow and high beheast,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieued ?
But now entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued
With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath
sore engneued

2

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine ,
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine
With whom he myndes for euer to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report
Of euery blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port

3

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to stoupe vnto so low
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth ouerflow,
And prou'd the perfect pleasures, which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,
T'entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall baits

4

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did vew
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would
daze,
That neuer more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke
askew
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,
(Saue onely *Glortanaes* heauenly hew
To which what can compare ?) can it compare,
The which as commeth now, by course I will
declare

5

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whitest his faire *Pasiarella* was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peopes troad,
Vnto a place, whose pleasure did appere
To passe all others, on the earth which were
For all that euer was by natures skill
Deuized to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill

6

I It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'earth to
disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spreading paulions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud ,
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in maiesty and powre

7

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder
clowne
There to approach, ne filth mote therein drowne
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters
crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit

8

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would
faine,
Or else to course about their bases light,
Neought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale
So pleasauntly the hill with equal I hight,
Did seeme to ouerlook the lowly vale ,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Actdale*

9

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, vsed to resort
Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe, as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport,
That euen her owne *Cytheron*, though in it
She vsed most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soueraine Maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought vnfit

10

Vnto this place when as the Elfin Knight
 Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
 Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
 And many feete fast thumpingth' hollowground,
 That through the woods their Ecchodid rebound
 He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be,
 There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
 Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
 And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see

11

He durst not enter into th'open greene,
 For dread of them vnwares to be descryde,
 For breaking of their daunce, if he were seere,
 But in the couert of the wood did byde,
 Beholding all, yet of them vnspyde
 There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
 That euen he him selfe his eyes enuyde,
 An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
 All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight

12

All they without were raunged in a ring,
 And daunced round, but in the midst of them
 Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
 The whilst therest themroundabout didhemme,
 And like a girlond did in compasse stemme
 And in the midst of those same three, was
 placed
 Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
 Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
 That with her goodly presence all the rest much
 graced

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* vore
 Vpon her yuory forehead that same day,
 That *Theseus* her vnto his bridale bore,
 When thebold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray,
 With the fierce *Lapithes*, which did themdismay,
 Being now placed in the firmament,
 Through the bright heauen doth her beams
 display,
 And is vnto the starres an ornament,
 Which round about her moue in order excellent

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
 Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell
 But she that in the midst of them did stand,
 Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
 Crownd with a rosie girlond, that right well
 Did her beseme And euer, as the crew
 About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did
 smell,
 And fragrant odours they vpon her threw,
 But most of all, those three did her with gifts
 endew

15

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaidesof *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
 Vpponthis hill, and dauncethere day and night
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
 And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
 Is borrowed of them But that faire one,
 That in the midst was placed parauaunt,
 Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
 That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none

16

She was to weete that lolly Shepherds lasse,
 Which piped there vnto that merry rout,
 That lolly shepheard, which there piped, was
 Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)
 He pypt apace, whitest they him daunst about
 Pype lolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
 Vnto thy loue, that made thee low to lout
 Thy loue is present there with thee in place,
 Thy loue is there aduauant to be another Grace

17

Much wondred *Calidore* at this straunge sight,
 Whose like before his eye had neuer seene,
 And standing long astonished in spnght,
 And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to
 weene,
 Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
 Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
 With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene
 Therefore resolving, what it was, to know,
 Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did

go 18

But soone as he appeared to their vew,
 They vanisht all away out of his sight,
 And cleane weregone, which way heneuer knew,
 All saue the shepheard, who for fell despight
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag pipe quight,
 And made great mone for that vnhappy turne
 But *Calidore*, though no lesse sory wight,
 For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
 Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote
 learne

19

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake,
 Haile lolly shepheard, which thy loyous dayes
 Here leatest in this goodly merry make,
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
 Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes,
 Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
 Which here with thee doe make their pleasant
 playes?
 Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see
 But why when I them saw, fled they away from
 me^

20

Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine,
 As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst
 chace,
 Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
 For being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of them selues list so to grace
 Right sory I, (saide then Sir *Calidore*,)
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee
 gneues so sore

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate,
 Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoeuer thou
 bee,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,
 But differing in honour and degree
 They all are Graces, which on her depend,
 Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
 Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend
 But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her
 attend

22

They are the daughters of sky ruling Ioue,
 By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,
 As he this way coming from feastfull glee,
 Of *Thetis* wedding with *Æacidee*
 In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary
 The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyne*,
 Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry
 Sweete Goddesses all three which me in mirth
 do cherry

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 To make them louely or well faououred show,
 As comely carnage, entertainment kynde,
 Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
 And all the complements of curtesie
 They teach vs, how to each degree and kynde
 We should our selues demeane, to low, to hie,
 To friends, to foes, which skill men call Ciuility

24

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
 That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblaunce all them plane may see,
 Simple and true from couert malice free
 And eke them selues so in their daunce they
 bore,
 That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
 But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore,
 That good should from vs goe, then come in
 greater store.

25

Such were those Goddesses, which ye did see,
 But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst
 them traced,
 Who can aread, what creature mote she bee,
 Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
 With heavenly gifts from heuen first enaced
 But what so sure she was, she worthy was,
 To be the fourth with those threeother placed
 Yet was she certes but a country lasse,
 Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe

26

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
 All other lesser lights in light excell,
 So farre doth she in beautyfull array,
 Aboue all other lasses beare the bell,
 Ne lesse in vertue that besemes her well,
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
 For which the Graces that here wont to dwell,
 Haue for more honor brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another Grace

27

Another Grace she well deserues to be,
 In whom so many Graces gathered are,
 Excelling much the meane of her degree,
 Diuine resembaunce, beauty soueraine rare,
 Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare,
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 That all her peres cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed, when she is in place
 She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace

28

Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
 That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Maiesty,
 Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes,
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And vnderneath thy feete to place her prayse,
 That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
 To future age of her this mention may be made

29

When thus that shepherd ended had his speach,
 Sayd *Calidore*, Now sure it yrketh mee,
 That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
 As now the author of thy bale to be,
 Thus to bereaue thy loues deare sight from
 thee
 But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly sought that, which I mote not see
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his
 blame,
 And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did
 frame

30

In such discourses they together spent
 Long time, as fit occasion forth them led,
 With which the Knight him selfe did much
 content,
 And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
 Both of his words, which he with reason red,
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
 With such regard his senses rauished,
 That thence, he had no will away to fare,
 But wisht, that with that shepheard he mote
 dwelling share.

31

But that enuenim'd sting, the which of yore,
 His poysonous point deepe fixed in his hart
 Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
 And to renew the rigour of his smart
 Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art
 Mote him auaille, but to returne againe
 To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
 Dinting his brest, had bred his restlesse paine,
 Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from
 themaine

32

So taking leaue of that same gentle swaine,
 He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
 Where his faire *Pastorella* did remaine
 'lo whome in sort, as he at first begonne,
 He daily did apply him selfe to donne
 All dewfull seruice voide of thoughts impure
 Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
 By which he might her to his loue allure,
 And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure

33

And euermore the shepheard *Condon*,
 What euer thing he did her to aggrate,
 Did stnue to match with strong contention,
 And all his pames did closely emulate,
 Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
 Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
 Or to present her with their labours late,
 Through which if any grace chaunst to arise
 To him, the Shepherds straight with iealousie did
 frize

34

One day as they all three together went
 To the groene wood, to gather strawberries,
 1 here chaunst to them a dangerous accident,
 A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
 That with fell clawes full of fierce gour
 mandize,
 And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
 Did runne at *Pasiorell* her to surprize
 Whom she beholding, now all desolate
 Can cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late

35

Which *Condon* first hearing, ran in hast
 To reskue her, but when he saw the feend,
 Through cowerd feare he fled away as fast,
 Ne durst abide the daunger of the end,
 His life he steemed dearer then his frend
 But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,
 When he the beast saw ready now to rend
 His lous deare spoile, in which his heart was
 prayde,
 He ran at him enraged in stead of being frayde

36

He had no weapon, but his shepherds hooke,
 To serue the vengeance of his wrathfull will,
 With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
 That to the ground astonished he fell,
 Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
 And hewing off his head, (he) it presented
 Before the feete of the faire *Pastorell*,
 Who scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
 Athousand times him thank't, that had her death
 preuented 37

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
 And daily more her fauour to augment,
 But *Coridon* for cowerdize reiect,
 Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for lous content
 The gentle heart scornes base disparagement
 Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,
 But vsde him friendly for further intent,
 That by his fellowship, he colour might
 Both his estate, and loue from skill of any wight

38

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
 With humble seruice, and with daily sute,
 That at the last vnto his will he brought her,
 Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
 That of his loue he reapt the timely frute,
 And loyed long in close felicity [brute,
 Till fortune fraught with malice, blinde, and
 That enuies louers long prospenty,
 Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduersity

39

It fortun'd one day, when *Calidore*
 Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
 A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
 That neuer vsde to hue by plough nor spade,
 But fed on spoile and boot), which they made
 Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them
 border,
 The dwelling of these shepherds did muade,
 And spoyld their houses, and them selues did
 murder,
 And droue away their flocks, with other much
 disorder

40

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
 They spoyld old *Melibee* of all he had,
 And all his people captiue led away,
 Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
 Faire *Pastorella*, sorrowfull and sad,
 Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sight,
 Now made the spoile of the eues and brigantsbad,
 Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,
 That euer liu'd, and th'onely glory of his might

41

With them also was taken *Coridon*,
 And carried captiue by those theeuës away,
 Who in the court of the night, that none
 Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
 Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay
 Their dwelling in a little Island was,
 Couered with shrubby woods, m which no way
 Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
 Nor any footing fynde for ouergrown gras

42

For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
 Through hollow caues, that no man mote
 discover
 For the thicke shrubs, which did them ulwaies
 shade
 From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer
 But darkenesse dred and daily night did houer
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt,
 Ne lightned was with window, nor with louver,
 But with continuall candlelight, which delt
 A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene,
 as felt

43

Hither those Brigants brought their presentpray,
 And kept them with continual I watchand ward,
 Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,
 For slaues to sell them, for no small reward,
 To merchants, which them kept in bondage
 hard,
 Or sold againe Now when faire *Pastorell*
 Into this place was brought, and kept withgard
 Of griesly theeuës, she thought her self in hell,
 Where with such damned fiends she should in
 dark nesse dwell

44

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,
 And pittifull complaints, which there she made,
 Where day and night she nought did but lament
 Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
 Like to a flowre, that feesle no heate of sunne,
 Which may her feeble leaues with comfortglade
 But what befell her in that theeuish wonne,
 Will in an other Canto better be begonne

Cant. XI



The theeuësfall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is shine
Her Caltdore from them redeems,
And bringeth backe againe



1

The loyes of loue, if they should euer last,
 Without affliction or disquietnesse,
 That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
 Likier to heauen, then mortall wretchednesse
 Therefore the winged God, to let men weet,
 That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
 A thousand sowres hath tempred with one
 sweet,
 To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is
 meet

2

Like as is now befallne to this faire Mayd,
 Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song,
 Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,
 Amongst those theeuës, which her m bondage
 strong
 Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
 Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
 And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng ,
 That who so heares her heauinesse, would rew
 And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from
 pleasaunt hew 3

Why lest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnrest,
 It so befell (as Fortune had ordayned)
 That he, which was their Capitaine profest,
 And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
 One day as he did all his prisoners vew,
 With lustfull eyes, beheld that louely guest,
 Faire *Pastorella*, whose sad mournefull hew
 Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did
 shew

4

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
 And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
 That her alone he for his part desired
 Of all the other pray, which they had got,
 And her in mynde did to him self allot
 From that day forth hekyndnesse tohershowed,
 And sought her loue, by all the meanes he mote,
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her
 wowed,
 And mixed threats among, and much vnto her
 vowed

5

But all that euer he could doe or say,
 Her constant mynd could not a whit remoue,
 Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
 To graunt him fauour, or afford him loue
 Yet ceast he not to sew and all waies proue,
 By which he mote accomplish his request,
 Saying and doing all that mote behoue,
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
 But her all night did watch, and all the day
 molest

6

At last when him she so importune saw,
 Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
 Vnto his lust, and make his will his law,
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,
 She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
 Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,
 That she thereby mote either freely wend,
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall
 A little well is lent, that gameth more withall

7

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
 With better teames she did him entertaine,
 Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe
 perswade,
 That he in time her loyauance should obtaine
 But when she saw, through that small fauours
 gaine,
 That further, then she willing was, he prest,
 She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
 A sodaine sicknesse, which her sore opprest,
 And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes
 behest

8

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
 Once to approach to her in priuity,
 But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,
 And seeking all things meete for remedy
 But she resolu'd no remedy to fynde,
 Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
 Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbynde,
 Her sicknesse was not of the body but the
 mynde

9

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
 It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were
 wount
 To skim those coastes, for bondmen there tobuy,
 And by such trafficke after games to hunt,
 Arnued in this Isle though bare and blunt,
 T'inquire for slaues, where being readte met
 By some of these same theeues at the instant
 brunt,

Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set
 By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret

SPENSER

10

To whom they shewed, how those merchants were
 Arnued in place, their bonds slaues for to buy,
 And therefore prayd, that those same captiues
 there
 Mote to them for their most commodity
 Be sold, and mongst them shared equally
 This their request the Captaine much appalled,
 Yet could he not their just demaund deny,
 And willed streight the slaues should forth be
 called,
 And sold for most aduantage not to be **forstalled**.

11

Then forth the good old *Melibos* was brought,
 And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
 Whom they before in diuerse spoyle had caught
 All which he to the marchants sale did shoue
 Tillsome, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
 Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
 Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
 And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
 The more t'augment her price, through praise of
 comlinesse

12

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
 Made answer, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
 With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
 But he himselfe, which did that conquest make,
 Litle for him to haue one silly lasse [weake,
 Besides through sicknesse now so wan and
 That nothing meet in marchandise to passe
 So shew'd them her, to proue how pale and
 weake she was

13

The sight of whom, though now decayd and **mar'd**,
 And eke but hardly seene by candle light,
 Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
 In doubtfull shadow of the darkestome night,
 With starrie beames about her shining bright,
 These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
 That what through wonder, and what through
 A while on her they greedily did gaze, [delight,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly
 praise

At last when all the rest them offred were,
 And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
 They all refused in regard of her, [sure,
 Ne ought would buy, how euer prisd with mea-
 Withouten her, whose wort haboue all treasure
 They did esteeme, and offred store of gold
 But then the Captaine fraught with more
 displeasure,
 Bad them be still, his loue should not be sold
 The rest take if they would, he her to him
 would hold

O

20

Therewith some other of the chieft theeuës
 Boldly him bad such miune forbearë ,
 For that same mayd, how euer it him greeuës,
 Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
 To make the prises of the rest more deare
 That with great rage he stoutly doth denay,
 And fiercelly drawing forth his blade, doth weare,
 That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
 It dearly shall aby, and death for handsell pay

16

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
 They fall tostrokes, the fruteof too much talke,
 And the mad Steele about doth fiercelly fly,
 Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,
 But making way for death at large to walke
 Who in the horror of the griesly night,
 In thousand dreadful shapes dothmongst them
 stalke,
 And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candlelight
 Out quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of
 wight 17

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
 About some carcase by the common way,
 Doe fall together, stryuing each to get
 The greatest portion of the greedie pray ,
 All on confused heapes themselues assay,
 And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and
 teare,
 That whothem sees, would wonder at their fray,
 And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare
 Such was the conflict of those cruell *Bngants*
 there 18

But first of all, their captiues they doe kill,
 Least they should joyne against the weakerside,
 Or rise against the remnant at their will,
 Old *Melibæ* is slaine, and him beside
 His aged wife, with many others wide,
 But *Cortdon* escaping craftily,
 Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth
 hide,
 And flies away as fast as he can hye,
 Ne stayeth leauë to take, before his friends doe

But *Pastorella* wofull wretched Elfe,
 Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
 Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
 His target alwayes ouer her pretended,
 By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
 Heat the length was slaine, and layd on ground,
 Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
 Fayre *Pastor ell*, who with the selfesame wound
 Iauncht through the arme, fell down with him
 in drene sround

There lay she couered with confused preasse
 Of carcases, which dying on her fell
 Tho when as he was dead, the fray gan cease,
 And each to other calling, did compell
 To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
 Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone
 Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
 And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
 How many of their friends were slaine, how
 many fone 21

Then Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
 And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
 Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vphild
 Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
 With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd,
 Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed
 light
 Seeme much more louely in that darknesse
 layd,
 And twlxt the t w inckling of hereye lids bright,
 To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie
 night 22

But when they mou'd the carcases aside,
 They found that life did yet in her remaine
 Then all their helps they busily applyde,
 To call the soule backe to her home againe,
 And wrought so well with labour and long
 paine,
 That they to life recouered her at last
 Who sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
 Had riuen bene, and all her hart strings brast,
 With dreane drouping eyne lookt vp like one
 aghast 23

There she beheld, that sore her grieu'd to see,
 Her father and her friends about her lying,
 Her selfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
 Of those, that hauing sau'd her from dying,
 Renew'd her death by timely death denying
 What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,
 Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying/
 Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
 Albe with all their might those *Briganls* her
 did keepe 24

But when they saw her now rehu'd againe,
 They left her so, in charge of one the best
 Of many worst, who with vnkind disdaine
 And cruell rigour her did much molest,
 Scarse yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
 And scarcely suffering her mfestred wound,
 That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest
 So leauë we her in wretcntd thraldome bound,
 And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him
 found

25

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw *his* shepheards cottagespoy led quight,
And his loue reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that rueful 1 sight,
That euen his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh lie readie was to teare,
He chaufft, he gneu'd, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being
otherwhere

26

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire,
That more mcreast the anguish of his paine
He sought the woods, but no man could see there
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings
heare
The woods did nought but echoes vaine
rebound,
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes
resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one
he found

27

At last as there he romed vp and downe,
He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
Withragged weedes, and lockesvpstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd
Who as he vnto him approached nye,
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did fynd,
That *Condon* it was, the silly shepherds hynd

28

Tho to him running fist, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest,
Where *Pastor ell*? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streiming threw
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what ment that rufull hew,
Where was his *Paslorell*? where all the other
crew

29

Ah well away (sayd he then sighing sore)
That euer I did liue, this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire *Pastorella* dye
Die? out alas! then *Calidore* did cry
How could the death dare euer her to quell!
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,
Or other dyrefull hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed, doe feare away,
and tell

30

Tho when the shepheard breathed had a whyle,
He thus began Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyl'd all our cots, and caried vs from hence?
Or how faire *Partorell* should haue bene sold
To marchants, but was sau'd with strong
defence?
Or how those theeues, whilest one sought her
to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce
and bold

31

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heauy tydmg now I haue to tell
First all the captiues, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent,
Old *Melibæ* and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament
But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her
death forstall

32

But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot, needs mote she die at last
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cries and clamors, which amongst them
past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast,
That better were with them to haue bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those wyes and iollyhead,
Which with those gentle shepherds here I
wont to lead

33

When *Cali3dore* these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits withdoole were nighdistracted,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat,
Oft cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat,
And wishing oft, that he were present there,
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour

But after grieve awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast,
How he might saue her life, if life did last,
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past,
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his hues threed to
breake

35

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way vnto that theeuish wonne,
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
 Vnto the place, to see what should be donne
 But he, whose harththroughfeare was latefordonne,
 Would not for ought bed rawnetoformerdrede,
 But by allmeanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
 Yet *Calidort* so well him wrought with meed,
 And faire bespoke with words, that he at last
 agreed 36

So forth they goe together (God before)
 Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
 And both with shepheards hookes But *Calidore*
 Had vnderneath, him armed priuily
 Tho to the place when they approched nye,
 They chaunst, vpon a hill not farre away,
 Some flockes of sheepe and she pheards to espy,
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,
 In hope there newes to learne, how they mote
 best assay

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
 The selfe same flockes, the which those theeues
 had reft

From *Melibos* and from themselues whyleare,
 And certaine of the theeues there by them left,
 The which for want of heards themselues then
 kept

Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,
 And seeing them, for tender pittie wept
 But when he saw the theeues, which did them
 keepe,

His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe

38

But *Calidore* recomforting his grieve, [swade,
 Though not his feare, for nought may feare dis
 Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
 Whom *Condon* him counseld to inuade
 Now all vnwares, and take the spovle away,
 But he, that in his mind had closely made
 A further purpose, would not so them slav,
 But gently waking them, gaued them the time
 of day

Tho sitting downe by them vpon the greene,
 Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faime,
 That he by them might certaine tydings wee ne
 Of *Pastorell*, were she ahue or slaine [again,
 Mongst which the theeues them questioned
 What mister men, and eke from whence they were
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
 That they were poore heardgroomes, the which
 whylere [hyre elsewhere
 Had from their maisters fled, and now sought

40

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
 To hyre them well, if they their flockes would
 keepe
 For they themselues were euill groomes, they
 sayd,
 Vn wont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
 But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe
 Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,
 To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe
 For they for better hyre did shortly looke,
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky
 forsooke

41

Tho when as towards darksome night it drew,
 Vnto their hellish dens those theeues them
 brought,
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
 And all the secrets of their entrayles sought
 There did they find, contrane to their thought,
 That *Pastorell* yet liu'd, but all the rest
 Were dead, right so as *Condon* had taught
 Whereof they both fullglad and blyth did rest,
 But chiefly *Calidore*, whom grieve had most
 posset 42

At length when they occasion fittest found,
 In dead of night, when all the theeues did rest
 After a late forray, and slept full sound,
 Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,
 Hauing of late by diligent inquest,
 Prouided him a sword of meanest sort
 With which he streight went to the Capitaines
 nest

But *Condon* durst not with him consort,
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort

43

When to the Caue they came, they found it fast
 But *Calidore* with huge resistlesse might,
 The dons assay led, and the locks yprast
 With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
 Vnto the entrance ran where the bold knight
 Encountering him with small resistance slew,
 The whiles faire *Pastorell* through great affright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
 Some vpror were like that, which lately she did
 vew

44

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
 And gan aloud for *Pastorell* to call,
 Knowing his voice although not heard long sin,
 She sudden was reuiued there withall,
 And wondrous loy felt in her spirits thrall
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,
 Looking eachhoure into deathes mouth to fall,
 At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
 On which hesafety hopes, that earst feard to be lost

45

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
 Had neuer loyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
 Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
 Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
 And life to feelee, that long for death had
 sought,
 Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*,
 When he her found, but like to one distraught
 And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
 A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand
 more

46

But now by this, with noyse of late vprore,
 The hue and cry was raysted all about,
 And all the *Bngants* flocking in great store,
 Vnto the caue gan preasse, nought hauing dout
 Of that was doen, and entred in a rout
 But *Calidore* in th'entry close did stand,
 And entertayning them with courage stout,
 Still slew the formost, tint came first to hand,
 So long till all the entry was with bodies mand

47

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,
 Which when hespyde vpon the earth t'encroch,
 Through the dead carcases he made his way,
 Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
 With which he forth went into th'open light
 Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
 And fierce assayling him, with all their might
 Gan all vpon him lay there gan a dreadfull
 fight

48

How many flies in whottest sommers day
 Doseize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
 That all the place with swames do ouerlay,
 And with their litle stings right felly fare,
 So many theeues about him swarming are,
 All which do him assayle on euery side,
 And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare
 But he doth with his raging brond diuide
 Their thickest troupes, and round about him
 scattreth wide

49

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
 Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray,
 So did he fly amongst them here and there,
 And all that nere him came, did hew and slay,
 Till he had strowd with bodies all the way,
 That none his daunger daring to abide,
 Fled from his wrath, and didd themselves conuay
 Into their caues, their heads from death to
 hide,
 Ne any left, that victone to him enuide

50

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,
 He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
 With gladfull speaches, and with louely cheare,
 And forth her bringing to the lyouus light,
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
 Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight
 So her vneath at last he did reuiue,
 That long had lyen dead, and made agame
 ahue

51

This doen, into those theeuish dens he went,
 And thence did all the spoyles and treasures
 take,
 Which they from many long had robd and rent,
 But fortune now the victors meed did make,
 Of which the best he did his loue betake,
 And also all those flockes, which they before
 Had reft from *Meliboe* and from his make,
 He did them all to *Condon* restore
 So droue them all away, and his loue with him
 bore

Cant XII

*Fayre Paslorella by great hap
 her parents vnderstands,
 Calidore doth the Blatant beast
 subdew, and bynd in bands*

1

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
 Directs her course vnto one certaine cost,
 Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
 With which her winged speed is let and crost,
 And she her selfe in stormie surges tost,
 Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost
 Right so it fares with me in this long way,
 Whose course is often stay d, yet neuer is astray

2

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
 This gentle knight, from sewing his first quest,
 Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis
 sayd,
 To shew the courtesie by him profest,
 Euen vnto the lowest and the least
 But now I come into my course againe,
 To his atchieuement of the *Blatant beast*;
 Who all this while at will did range and rame,
 Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to
 restraine

3

Sir *Calidore* when thus he now had raught
 Faire *Pastorella* from those *Brigants* powre,
 Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,
 Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure* ,
 Who why lome was in his you thes freshest flowre
 A lustie knight, as euer wielded speare,
 And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
 In bloody battell for a Ladie deare,
 The fayrest Ladie then of all that liuin.g were

Her name was *Claribell*, whose father hight
 The Lord of *Many Hands*, farre renound
 For his great riches and his greater might
 He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,
 This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue
 bound
 Vnto the Prince of *Piceland* bordering nere,
 But she whose sides before with secret wound
 Of loue to *Bellamoure* empierced were,
 By all meanes shund to match with any forrem
 fere

And *Bellamour* againe so well her pleased,
 With dayly seruice and attendance dew,
 That of her loue he was entyrelly seized,
 And closely did her wed, but knowne to few
 Which when her father vnderstood, he grew
 In so great rage, that them in dongeon deepe
 Without compassion cruelly he threw,
 Yet did so streightly them a sunder keepe,
 That neither could to company of th'othercreepe

6

Nathlesse *SIT Bellamour*, whether through grace
 Or secret guifts so with his keepers wrought,
 That to his loue sometimes he came in place,
 Whereof her wombe vnwist to wight was
 fraught,
 And in dew time a mayden child forth brought
 Which she streight way for dread least, if her
 syre
 Should know thereof, to slay he would haue
 sought,
 .Deliuered to her handmayd, that for hyre
 She should it cause be fostred vnder straunge
 attyre

7

The trustie damzell bearing it abroad
 Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
 Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
 She forth gan lay vnto the open light
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight
 Whom why lest she did with watne eyne behold,
 Vpon the litle brest like christall bright,
 She mote perceiue a litle purple mold,
 That like a rose her silken leaues did faire vnfold

8

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
 Yet could not remedie her wretched case,
 But closing it againe like as before,
 Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
 Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
 Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
 To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
 Would for the wretched infants helpe prouyde,
 For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde

9

At length a Shephcard, which there by did
 keepe
 His fleecie flocke vpon the playnes around,
 Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
 Came to the place, where when he wrapped
 found
 Th'abandond spoyle, he softly it vnbound ,
 And seeing there, that did him pittie sore,
 He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound,
 So home vnto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore

10

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
 And *Bellatnour* in bands, till that her syre
 Departed life, and left vnto them all
 Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
 Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre,
 Thenceforth they loy'd in happnesse together,
 And liued long in peace and loue entyre,
 Without disquiet or dislike of ether, [thether
 Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella*

11

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine ,
 Por *Bellatnour* knew *Calidore* right well,
 And loued for his prow esse, sith they twaine
 Long since had fought in field Als *Claribell*
 No lesse did tender the faire *Pasiorell*,
 Seeing her weake and wan, through durance
 long
 There they a while together thus did dwell
 In much delight and many loyes among,
 Vntill the damzell gan to wex more sound and
 strong

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduize
 Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
 Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,
 The which the faery Queene had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, fors lacked had so sore ,
 That much he feared, least reproehfull blame
 With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore,
 Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
 As through the world thereby should glonfie his
 name

13

Therefore resolving to returne m hast
 Vnto so great achievement, he bethought
 To leaue his loue, now penll being past,
 With *Clartbell*, why lest he that monster sought
 Throughout the world, and to destruction
 brought
 So taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*,
 Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought,
 With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
 He went forth on his quest, and did, that him
 befell

14

But first, ere I doe his aduentures tell,
 In this exploite, me needeth to declare,
 What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
 During his absence left in heauy care,
 Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare
 Yet did that aunient matrone all she might,
 To cherish her with all things choise and rare,
 And her owne handmayd, that *Melissa* hight,
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night

15

Who in a morning, when this Mayden faire
 Was dighting her, hauing her snowy brest
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
 Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
 Chaunst to espy vpon her yuory chest
 The rosie marke, which she remembered well
 That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
 The daughter of her Lady *Clartbell*,
 The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did
 dwell

16

Which well auizing, streight she gan to cast
 In her conceiptfull mynd, that this faire Mayd
 Was that same infant, which so long sith past
 She in the open fields had loosely layd
 To fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd
 So full of lov, streight forth she ran in hast
 Vnto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
 To tell her, how the heauens had her graste,
 To saue her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth
 was paste

17

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
 Yet knowing not, what meant that sodaine
 thro,
 Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,
 And what the matter was, that mou'd her so
 My lief (sayd she) ye know, that long ygo,
 Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
 A litle mayde, the which ye chylde thow,
 The same againe if now ye list to haue,
 The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did
 saue

18

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
 And gan to question straight how she it knew
 Most certaine markes, (sayd she) do me it teach,
 For on her brest I with these eyes did vew
 The litle purple rose, which thereon grew,
 Whereof her name ye then to her did giue
 Besides her countenance, and her likely hew,
 Matched with equall yeares, do surely pneue
 That yond same is your daughter sure, which
 yet doth hue

19

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
 But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd,
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,
 Rent vp her brest, and bosome open layd,
 In which that rose she plainely saw displayd
 Then her embracing twixt her ames twaine,
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd,
 And liuest thou my daughter now againe?
 And art thou yet ahue, whom dead I long did
 fame?

20

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
 And times comparing with their accidents,
 She found at last by very certaine signes,
 And speaking markes of passed monuments,
 That this young Mayd, whom chance to her
 presents
 Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
 Tho wondringlong at those so straunge euent,
 A thousand times she her embraced nere,
 With many a loyfull kisse, and many a melting
 teare

21

Who euer is the mother of one chylde,
 Which haung thought long dead, she fyndes
 ahue,
 Let her by prooffe of that, which she hath fylde
 In her owne breast, this mothers loy descriue
 For other none such passion can contriue
 In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
 When she so faire a daughter saw suruiue,
 As *Pasiorella* was, that nigh she swelt
 For passing loy, which did all mto pittie melt

22

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
 She vnto him recounted, all that fell
 Who loyning loy with her in one accord,
 Acknowledge for his owne faire *Pastorell*
 There leaue we them in loy, and let vs tell
 Of *Calidore*, who seeking all this while
 That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
 Through euery place, with restlesse paine and
 toile
 Him follow'd, by the tract of his outrageous
 spoile

23

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last,
In which suchspoil, suchhaucke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence allgoodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vnought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all with maine
and might

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here
and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their eels and secrets neare,
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were .yrkesome to report, yet that foule Beast
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and
teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast

25

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the desks downe
threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And th'Images for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them torew,
So all confounded and disordered there
But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare,
But he him fast pursuing, soone approached
neare

26i

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe
Sternely he turnd agaie, when he him strooke
With his sharpe Steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the vtmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus* gnesly grim

27

And therein were a thousand tongs empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry auahy,
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,
And some of Beares, that groynd continually,
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren,
And snar at all, that euer passed by
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where
nor when

28

And them amongst were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents with three forked
stings,
That spat out poyson and gore bloody gere
At all, that came within his rauening,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of miury

29

But *Calidore* thereof no whit afayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th'outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatening in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloody lawes
Tho rearing vp his former feete on hight,
He rampt vpon him with his rauenuous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell
clawes

3°

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithal!
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe
held,
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
Of butchers balefull hind to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be thoroughly queld

31

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and maystrcd so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloody gore,
Striuing in vaine to rere him selfe vp right
For still the more he stroue, the more the
Knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,
That made him almost mad for fell despight
He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew

32

Or like the hell borne *Hydra*, which they faine
That great *Alcides* whilome ouerthrew,
After that he had laboured long in vame,
Tocrophis thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Wildest *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw,
Who nathemore his heauy load releast,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre
increast

33

Tho when the Beast saw, he mote nought auaille,
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to reuile and raile,
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy,
Oft interlacing many a forged he,
Whose like he neuer oncedid speake,norheare,
Nor euer thought thing so vnworthily
Yet did he nought for all that him forbear,
But strained him so streightly, that he chokt
him neare

34

At last when as he found his force to shrinken,
And rage to quaille, he tooke a muzzell strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke,
Therewith he mured vp his mouth along,
And thertin shut vp his blasphemous tong,
Nor neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or vnto louely Lady doing wrong
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euen in his own
despight

35

Like as whylome that strong *Tirynttan* swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darknesse, which day light doth
shonne

So led this Knight his captyue with like con
quest wonne 36

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he neuer
Ne euer any durst till then impose, [bore,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore [stand
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once with
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through
the land

41

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That neuer so deserued to endite
Therefore do you my rimes keep better measure,
And seeke to please, that now is counted wisemens treasure

FINIS

37

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where so he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him
throng,
To see him iead that Beast in bondage strong,
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight,
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd
the Knight 38

Thus was this Monster by the maystring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, supprest and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Vntill that, whether wicked fate so framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe

39

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he
wrought

To mortall men, then he had done before,
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land,
Yet none of them could euer bring him into
band 40

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state,
Ne any is, that may him now restraine,
He grow en is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time

TWO CANTOS OF *MVTJ'BILITIS:*

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare
to be parcell of some following Booke of the
FAERI8 &vEENE,

(...)
VNDER THE LEGEND
OF

Constancie.

Neuer before imprinted.

Canto VI



*Proud Change (not pleasd, in martall things,
beneath the Moone, to raigne)
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,
to be the Soueraine*



1

What man that sees the euer whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth
sway,
But that therby doth find, and plainly
feele,
How *MVTABILITY* in them doth play
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay ?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare,
Gainst all the Gods, and th' empire sought from
them to beare

2

But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I haue found it registred of old,
In *Faery* Land mongst records permanent
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome
striue
With *Saturhes* sonne for heauens regiment
Whom, though high *loue* of kingdome did
depnue,
Yet many of their stemmelong after did suruiue

3

And many of them, afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *loue*, and high authority ,
As *Hecate*, in whose almighty hand,
He placet all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diuersly,
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide
And drad *Bellona*, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums vnto Nations wide,
That makes both heauen and earth to tremble
at her pride,

4

So likewise did this *lilanesse* aspire,
 Rule and dominion to her seife to gaine,
 That as a Goddesse, men might her admire,
 And heauenly honours yield, as to them twaine.
 At first, on earth she sought it to obtaine,
 Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed
 Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
 That not men onely (whom she soonesubdewed)
 But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings
 rewed

5

For, she the face of earthly things so changed,
 That all which Nature had establish't first
 In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
 She did pervert, and all their statutes burst
 And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet
 durst
 Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
 She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
 That God had blest, and did at first prouide
 In that still happy state for euer to abide

6

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
 But eke of Iubtice, and of Pohcie,
 And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
 And deith for life exchanged foohshlie
 Since which, all huing wights haue leaem'd to
 die,
 And all this world is woxen daily worse
 O pittious worke of *MVTABILITIE'*
 By which, we all are subiect to that curse,
 And death in stead of life haue sucked from our
 Nurse

7

And now, when all the earth she thus had
 brought
 To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
 She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
 T'attempt the empire of the heauens hight,
 And *lone* himselfe to shoulder from his right
 And first, she past the region of the ayre,
 And of the fire, whose substance thm and slight,
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire

8

Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
 Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory,
 To whose bright shining palace straight she
 came,
 All fairely deckt with heauens goodly story,
 Whose siluergates (by which there sate an hory
 Old aged Sire, with hower glasse in hand,
 High *Tyme*) she entred, were he hefe or sory
 Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
 Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand

9

Her sitting on an Iuory throne shee found,
 Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other
 white,
 Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
 That duly her attended day and night,
 And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Euening starre intend
 That with his Torche, still twinkling liketwy light,
 Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
 And loy to weary wandring trauailers did lend

10

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld
 The goodly building of her Palace bright,
 Made of the heauens substance, and vp held
 With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,
 Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
 And t'envie her that in such glone raigned
 Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might,
 Her to displace, and to her selfe to haue gained
 The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her
 wamed

Boldl) she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
 And let her selfe into that Ivory throne,
 For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
 And better able it to guide alone
 Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,
 Or vnto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
 Or to th'infernall Powers, her need giue lone
 Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
 Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most
 condigne 12

But shee that had to her that soueraigne seat
 By highest *lone* assign'd, therein to beare
 Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
 Ne yielded ought for fauour or for feare,
 But with sterne countenance and disdainfull
 cheare,
 Bending her horned browes, did put her back
 And boldly blaming her for comming there,
 Bade her attonce from heauens coast to pack,
 Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders
 wrack

13

Yet nathemore the *Giantesse* forbare
 But boldly preacing on, rought forth her hand
 Topluck her downe perforce from off her chaire,
 And there with lifting vp her golden wand,
 Threatned to strike her if she did with stand
 Where at the starres, which round about **her**
 blazed, [stand,
 And eke the Moones bright wagon, **still did**
 All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
 And on her vncouth habit and sterne looke **still**
 gazed

14

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew
 Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite,
 And eke the heauens, and all the heavenly crew
 Of happy wights, now vnpurvaide of light,
 Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight,
 Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
 And brought againe on them eternall night
 But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
 Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to
 plaine 15

All ran together with a great out cry,
 To *loues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens hight,
 And beating at his gates full earnestly,
 Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
 To know what meant that suddaine lack of
 light
 The father of the Gods when this he heard,
 Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
 Doubting least *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,
 Or other his old foes, that once him sorely fear'd

16

Eftsoones the sonne of *Maia* forth he sent
 Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
 The cause of this so strange astonishment,
 And why shee did her wonted course forslowe,
 And if that any were on earth belowe
 That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
 Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe
 But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest
 The Author, and him bring bfore his presence
 prest

The wingd foot God, so fast his plumes did beat,
 That soone he came where as the *Titanesse*
 Was striuing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat
 At whosestrangesight, and haughty hardnesse,
 He wondred much, and feared her no lesse
 Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
 At last, he bade her (with bold sted fastnesse)
 Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
 Or come before high *loue*, her dooings to dis
 charge

18

And there with all, he on her shoulder laid
 His snaky wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
 Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid
 Where at the *Titanesse* did sternely lower,
 And stoutly answer d, that in euill hower
 He from his *loue* such message to her brought,
 To bid her leaue faire *Cynthias* siluer bower,
 Sith shee his *loue* and him esteemed nought,
 No more then *Cynthia's* selfe, but all their
 kingdoms sought

19

The Heauens Herald staid not to reply,
 But past away, his doings to relate
 Vnto his Lord, who now in th'highest sky,
 Was placed in his principall Estate,
 With all the Gods about him congregate
 To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
 It did them all exceedingly amate,
 Saue *loue*, who, changing nought his count'
 nance bold,
 Did vnto them at length these speeches wise
 vnfold,

20

Harken to mee awhile yee heavenly Powers,
 Ye may remember since th'Earths cursed seed
 Sought to assaile the heauens eternall towers,
 And to vs all exceeding feare did breed
 But how we then defeated all their deed,
 Yee all doe knowe, and them destroyed quite,
 Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
 An off spring of their bloud, which did alite
 Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet
 despite 21

Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
 That now with bold presumption doth aspire
 To thrust faire *Phabe* from her siluer bed,
 And eke our selues from heauens high Empire,
 If that her might were match to her desire
 Wherefore, it now behoucs vs to aduise
 What way is best to driue her to retire,
 Whether by open force, or counsell wise,
 Areed ye sonnes of God, as best ye can deuise

22

So hauing said, he ceist, and with his brow
 (His black eye brow, whose doomefull dreaded
 becke
 Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,
 And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)
 Made signe to them in their degrees to speake
 Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and
 wise
 Meane while, th'Earths daughter, thogh she
 nought did reck
 Of *Hermes* message, yet gan now aduise,
 What course were best to take in this hot bold
 emprise, 23

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd, that whilst the Gods
 (After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)
 Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods,
 Before they could new counsels re allie,
 To set vpon them in that extasie, [lend
 And take what fortune time and place would
 So, forth she rose, and through the purest sky
 To *loues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,
 | Toprosecute her plot Good on set boads goodend,

24

Shee there arnuing, boldly in did pass,
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was
At sight of her they suddame all arose,
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose.
But *loue*, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby,
And mhissouerame throne, gan straight dispose
Himselfe more full of grace and Maiestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote
terrifie

25

That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld,
ALL were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight there of was almost queld,
And inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense,
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Vntill that *loue* himselfe, her selfe bespake
Speake thou fraile woman, speake with con-
fidence,
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here
now make
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to
forsake

26

26

Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *harlh*, great *Chaos* child
But by the fathers (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from
heauen exil'd

27

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth right,
Both, sonnes of *Vranus* but by vniust
And guilfull meanes, through *Corybates* light,
The younger thrust the elder from his right
Since which, thou *lone* *imuriously* hast held
The Heauens rule from *Titans* sonnes by might,
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld
Witnesse ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue
teld

teld 28

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods that gaue gooddeare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of stature till is any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,
As any of the Goddesses in place,
Stood all astonied, like a sort of Steeres,
Mongst whom, some beast of strange and
forraine race,
Vnwares is chaune' t, far straying from his peers
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden
fearcs

29

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *loue* thus bespake,
Will neuer mortall thoughts cease to aspire,
In this bold sort, to Heauen claime to make
And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
I would haue thought, that bold *Procrusteshire*,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixtons* paine,
Or great *Prometheus*, tasting of our ire,
Would haue suffiz'd, the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine

But now, this off scum of that cursed fry,
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th'heritage of this our skie,
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder driue to hell With that, he
shooke
His Nectar deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin brond in hand he
tooke

But, when he looked on her louely face,
In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could thegreatest wrath soonetume tograce
(Such sway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)
He staide his hand and hauing chang'd his
cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began,
But ah ' if Gods should striae with flesh vfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of Man
Be rooted out, if *loue* should doe still what he

3²

But thee faire *Ti'ans* child, I rather weene.
Through some vaine error or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes haue neuer seene,
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power
belowe,
Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her
affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes tobestowe
And sure thy worth, nolesse then hers doth seem
to shoue

33

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanesse*,
That not the worth of any liuing wight
May challenge ought in Heauens mteresse,
Much lesse the Title of old *Titans* Right
For, we by Conquest of our soueraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright,
Which to our selues we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee

44

There to hee promist, if shee would him pleasure
 With this small boone, to quit her with a better,
 To weet, that where as shee had out of measure
 Longlov'd the Fanchin, whobynought did sether,
 That he would vndertake, for this to get her
 To be his Loue, and of him liked well
 Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
 For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
 The least of which, this little pleasure should
 excell

45

The simple maid did yield to him anone,
 And eft him placed where he close might view
 That neuer any saw, saue onely one,
 Who, for his hire to so foole hardy dew,
 Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew
 Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
 To this sweet spring, where, doffing her array,
 She bath'd her louely hmbes, for *loue* a likely
 pray

46

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,
 And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
 That for great loy of some what he did spy,
 He could him not contame in silent rest,
 But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
 His foolish thought A foolish *Faune* indeed,
 That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
 But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed
 Babbler vnworthy been of so diuine a meed

47

The Goddesses, all abashed with that noise,
 In haste forth started from the guilty brooke,
 And running straight where as she heard his
 voice,
 Enelos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
 Like darred Larke, not daring vp to looke
 On her whose sight before so much he sought
 Thence, forth they drew him by the homes,
 and shooke
 Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought,
 And then into the open light they forth him
 brought

48

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
 Thinks of her Dame to make wondrous game,
 Finding where as some wicked beast vnware
 That breakes into her Dayr'house, there doth
 draine
 Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,
 Hath in some snare or gin set close behind,
 Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
 Then thinks what punishment were best
 assign'd, [mind
 And thousand deatnes deuisseth in her vengefull

49

So did *Diana* and her maydens all
 Vse silly *Faunus*, now within their bail [call,
 They mocke and scome him, and him foule mis-
 Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile •
 Yethe (poore soule) with patience al did beare,
 For, nought against their wils might counter
 vaile
 Ne ought he said what euer he did heare,
 But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome
 appeare

50

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
 They gan to cast what penaunce him to giue
 Some would haue gelt him, but that same
 would spill
 The Wood gods breed, which must for euer hue
 Others would through the nuer him haue driue,
 And ducked deepe but that seem'd penaunce
 light,
 But most agreed and did this sentence giue,
 Him in Deares skin to clad, and in that plight,
 To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue
 how hee might

But *Cynthia's* selfe, more angry then the rest,
 Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,
 And of her shame to make a gamesome lest,
 But gan examine him in straighter sort,
 Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
 Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
 He, much affeard, to her confessed short,
 That 'twas *Molanna* which her so bewraid
 Then all atonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid

52

But him (according as they had decreed)
 With a Deeres skin they couered, and then chast
 With all their hounds that after him did speed,
 But he more speedy, from them fled more fast
 Then any Deere so sore him dread aghast
 They after follow'd all with shrill out cry,
 Shouting as they the heauens would haue brast
 That all the woods and dales where he did flie,
 Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie

53

So they him follow'd till they weary were,
 When, back returning to *Molann'* againe,
 They, by commaund'ment of *Diana*, there
 Her whelm'd with stones Yet *Faunus* (forher
 Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine, [paine)
 That her he would receiue vnto his bed
 So now her waues passe through a pleasant Plaine,
 Till with the *Fanchin* she her selfe doe wed,
 And (both combd'd) themselues in one faire
 nuer spred

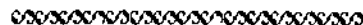
Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation,
 Thence forth abandond her dehaous brooke,
 In whose sweet streame, before that badocasion,
 So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke
 Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
 All those faire forrests about *Arlo* hid,
 And all that Mountaine, which doth over looke
 The richest champion that may else be rid,
 And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand
 Salmons bred

Them all and all that she so deare did way,
 Thence forthsheleft, and parting from the place,
 There on an heauy haplesse curse did lay,
 To weet, that Wolues, where she was wont to
 space,
 Should harbour'd be, and allthose Woodsdeface,
 And Thieues should rob and spoile that Coast
 around [Chase,
 Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly
 Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues
 abound
 Which too too true that lands in dwellers since
 haue found

Canto VII



*Pealing, from Ioue, to Natur's Bar,
 bold Alteration pleades
 Large Euidence but Nature soone
 her righteous Doome areads*



I

Ah ' whither doost thou now thou greater Muse
 Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?
 And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse
 This too high flight, vnfit for her weakie wing)
 Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
 (Thy souerame Sire) his fortunate successe,
 And victory, in bigger noates to sing,
 Which he obtain'd against that *Tilanesse*,
 That him of heauens Empire sought to dis
 possesse

Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,
 Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
 Fit for this turne, and in my feeble brest
 Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire,
 Which learned minds inflameth with desire
 Of heauenly things for, who but thou alone,
 That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,
 Can tell things doen in heauen so long ygone,
 So farre past memory of man thatmay bekowne

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
 The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill,
 As well those that are sprung of heauenly seed,
 As those that all the other world doe fill,
 And rule both sea and land vnto their will
 Onely th'infernall Powers might not appeare,
 Aswell for horror of their count'naunce ill,
 As for th'vnruely fiends which they did feare,
 Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there

4

And thither also came all other creatures,
 What euer life or motion doe retaine,
 According to their sundry kinds of features,
 That *Arlo* scarsly could them all containe,
 So full they filled euery hill and Plaine
 And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,
 And raunged farre abroad in euery border,
 They would haue caused much confusion and
 disorder

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame
Nature,
 With goodly port and gracious Maiesty,
 Being far greater and more tall of stature
 Then any of the gods or Powers on hie
 Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
 Whether she man or woman inly were,
 That could not any creature well descry
 For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
 Her head and face was hid, that mote to none
 appeare

6

That some doe say was so by skill deuized,
 To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,
 From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized,
 For that her face did like a Lion shew,
 That eye of wight could not indure to view
 But others tell that it so beautious was,
 And round about such beames of splendor
 threw,
 That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glass

That well may seemen true for, well I weene
 That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
 That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that,
 As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most
 wise,
 Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
 When they theirglonous Lord in strange disguise
 Transfigur'd sawe, his garments so did daze
 their eyes.

8

In a fayre Plaine vpon an equall Hill,
 She placed was in a pauilion,
 Not such as Craftes men by their idle skill
 Are wont for Princes states to fashion
 But th'earth her self of her owne motion,
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
 Most dainty trees, that, shooting vp anon,
 Did seeme to bow their bloosmmg heads full
 lowe,
 For homage vnto her, and like a throne did shew

9

So hard it is for any humg wight,
 All her array and vestiments to tell,
 That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright
 The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
 In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,
 But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
 Had in his *Plaint of kindes* describ'd it well
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that *Alane* where he may be
 sought

10

And all the earth far vnderneath her feete
 Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odourssweet,
 Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
 That might delight the smell, or please the view
 The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks
 thereby
 Had gathered, which they at her foot stoole
 threw,
 That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
 That Princes bowres adorne with painted
 imagery

And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest faire attire,
 And his high head, that seeme th alwaies hore
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an Oaken girland now did tire,
 As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to greene,
 Ah gentle *Mole*! such loyance hath thee well
 besene

12

Was neuer so great loyance since the day,
 That all the gods whylome assembled were,
 On *Hecemus* hill in their diume array,
 To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,
 Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there,
 Where *Phoebus* self, that god of Poets hight,
 They say did sing the spousill hymnefull cleere,
 That all the gods were raiusht with delight
 Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous
 might

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
 Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of eld,
 Still moouing, yet vnmooued from her sted,
 Vnseene of any, yet of all beheld,
 Thus sitting in her throne as I haue teld,
 Before her came dame *Mutabililie*,
 And being lowe before her presence feld,
 With meek obaysance and hurmlitie,
 Thus gan her plamtif Plea, with words to
 amphhe,

14

To thee O greatest goddesse, onely great,
 An humble suppliant loe, I lowely fly
 Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,
 Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,
 Damning all Wrong and tortious Imurie,
 Which any of thy creatures doe to other
 (Oppressing them with power, vnequally)
 Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
 And knittest each to each, as brother vnto
 brother

To thee therefore of this same *lone* I plaine,
 And of his fellow gods that fame to be,
 That challenge to themselues the whole worlds
 raigin,
 Of which, the greatest part is due to me,
 And heauen it selfe by heritage in Fee
 For, heauen and eirth I both alike do deeme,
 Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee,
 And, gods no more then men thou doest esteeme
 For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do
 seeme

16

Then weigh, O soueraigne goddesse, by what right
 These gods do chime the worlds whole soue
 rainty,
 And that is onely dew vnto thy might
 Arrogate to themselues ambitiously
 As for the gods owne principality,
 Which *loue* vsurpes vmustly, that to be
 My heritage, *hue's* self cannot deny,
 From my great Grandsire *Titan*, vnto mee,
 Deriv'd by dew descent, as is well known to
 thee

17

Yet mauger *loue*, and all his gods beside,
 I doe possesse the worlds most regiment,
 As, if ye please it into parts diuide,
 And euery parts inholders to conuent,
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent
 And first, the Farth (great mother of vs all)
 That only seems vnmov'd and permanent,
 And vnto *Mutability* not thrall,
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall

18

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
 How-euer fayre it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soone decay, and, being dead,
 To turne again vnto their earthly slime
 Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
 We daily see new creatures to arize ,
 And of their Winter spring another Prime,
 Vnlikein forme, and chang'd by strangedisguise
 So turne they still about, and change in restlesse
 wise

19

As for her tenants , that is, man and beasts,
 The beasts we daily see massacred dy,
 As thralls and vassal Is vnto mens behests
 And men themselues doe change continually,
 From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all
 Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly
 But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions
 fall.

20

Ne is the water in more constant case ,
 Whether those same on high, or these belowe
 For, th'Ocean moueth stil from place to place,
 And euery Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe
 Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
 Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse
 holde,
 When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe,
 With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
 Now like great Hills , and, streight, like sluces,
 them vnfold

21

So likewise are all watry huing wights
 Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,
 Neuer abyding in their stedfast plights
 The fish, still rioting, doe at randon range,
 And neuer rest, but euermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the streames them
 came
 Ne haue the watry foules a certame grange,
 Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ,
 But flitting still doe flie, and still their places
 vary

22

Next is the Ayre which who feesles not by sense
 (For, of all sense it is the middle meane)
 To fut still ? and, with subtile influence
 Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,
 In state of life ' O weake life ' that does leane
 On thing so tickle as th'vnsteady ayre,
 Which euery howre is chang'd, and altdred cleane
 With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire
 The fauredothitprolong, the fowledothitimpaire

23

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
 Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce,
 Now, boyling hot streight, friezing deadly cold
 Now, faire sun shine, that makes all skip and
 daunce
 Streight, bitter storms and balefull countenance,
 That makes them all to shiuer and to shake
 Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad
 penance, [quake]
 And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them
 With flames and flashing lights that thousand
 changes make

Last is the fire which, though it hue for euer,
 Ne can be quenched quite, yet, euery da),
 Wee see his parts; so soone as they do seuer,
 To lose their heat, and shortly to decay ,
 So, makes himself his owne consuming pray
 Ne any humg creatures doth he breed
 But ail, that are of others bredd, doth slay ,
 And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed,
 Nought lcauing but thtir barren ashes, without
 seede

Thus, all these fower (the which the ground work
 bee
 Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)
 To thousand sorts of *Change* we subiect see
 Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous lights)
 Into themselves, and lose their natue mights ,
 The Fire to Aire, and th'Ayre to Water sheere,
 And Water into Earth yet Water fights
 With Fire, and Aire with Earth approaching
 neere

Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare

26

So, in them all raignes *Mulabthtte*,
 How euer these, that Gods themselues do call,
 Of them doe claime the rule and soueranty
 As, *Vesta*, of the fire aethereall,
Vulcan, of this, with vs so vsuall,
Ops, of the earth , and *Iuno* of the Ayre,
Neptune, of Seas , and Nymphes, of Riuers all
 For, all those Riuers to me subiect are
 And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my
 share

27

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,
 Vouchsafe, O goddesse, to thy presence call
 The rest which doc the world in being hold
 As, times and seasons of the yeare that fall
 Of all the which, demand in general],
 Or rudge thy selfe, by verdict of thine eye,
 Whether to me they are not subiect all
Nature did yeeld thereto, and by and by,
 Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

28

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare ,
First,lusty Spring,all dight in laeues of flowres
Thatfreshlybuddedandnewbloomesdidbeare
(In which a thousand birds had built their
bowres

That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours)
And in his hand a lauelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engrauen morion he did weare ,
That as some did him loue, so others did him
feare

29

Then came the lolly *Sommer*, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was vnlyned all, to be more light
And on his head a girlond well besene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor
heated sore

30

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,
As though he loyed in his plentious store,
Ladenwithfruitsthatmadehimlaugh,fullglad
That he had banisht hunger, which to fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore
Vpon his head a wreath that was enroll
With eares of come, of euery sort he bore
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth
had yold

31

Lastly, came *Winter* cloithed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'st on his hoary beard hisbreath did freese,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to
weld

32

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them, the Monthes all riding came,
First,sturdyMarch with browsfullsternlybent,
And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,
The same which ouer *Hellespontus* swam
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of
nourishment

33

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose home new buds
Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th'*Argolick* fluds
His homes were gilden all with golden studs
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd
in sight
With waues, through which he waded for his
loues delight

Then came faire *May*, the fay rest may d on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around
Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did nde,
The twinnes of *Leda* , which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soueraine Queene
Lord ' how all creatures laught, when her
they spide,
And leaptanddaunc'tas they had raushtbeene'
And *Cupid* selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

35

And after her, came lolly *Iune*, arrayd
All in greene leaues, as he a Player were,
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough yrons mote right well
appeare
Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pase,
And backwardyode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that vngraaous crew which fames demurest
grace

^

Then came hot Iuly boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away
Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obay
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemsean forrest, till th'*Amphylrntonde*
Him slew, and with his hide did him array,
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Vnder his belt he bore a sickle circling wide

37

The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground
Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
Withearesofcorne,andfullherhandwasfound,
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ,
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iustice solde,
She left th'vnrighteous world and was to heauen
extold

38

Next him, *September* marched eke on foote ,
 Yet was he neauy laden with the spoyle
 Of haruests riches, which he made his boot,
 And him ennnchtwith bounty of the soyle
 In his one hand, as fit for haruests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook, and in th'other hand
 A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did
 stand,

And equall gauē to each as Iustice duly scann'd

39

Then came *October* full of merry glee
 For, yet his noule was totty of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine fats see,
 And of the lyouus oyle, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolick and so full of lust
 Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by *Dianaes* doom vinust
 Slew great *Orion* and eke by his side
 He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready
 tyde

40

Next was *Nouember*, he full grosse and fat,
 As fed with lard, and that right well might
 seeme,

For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,
 That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and
 steem,

And yet the season was full sharp and breem ,
 In planting eke he took no small delight
 Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme,
 For it a dreadfull *Cenlaure* was in sight,
 The seed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nats*, *thron*

And after him, came next the chill *December*
 Yet he through merry feasting which he made,
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
 His Sauious birth his mind so much did glad
 Vpon a shaggy bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith *Dan loue* in tender yeares,
 They say, was nountst by th'*Idcean* mayd ,
 And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
 Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his
 peeres

42

Then came old *January*, wrapped well
 In many weeds to keep the cold away ,
 Yet did he quake and quier like to quell,
 And blowehisnayles towarme them if he may
 For, they were numbd with holding all the day
 An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
 And from the trees did lop the needlesse sprav
 Vpon an huge great Earth pot steane he stood,
 From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the
 Romane flood

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting
 In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
 Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
 Which through the flood before did softly slyde
 And swim away yet had he by his side
 His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
 And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
 Of hasting Prime did make them burgein
 round

bo past the twelue Montlis forth, and their dew
 places found

44

And after these, there came the *Day*, and *Night*,
 Riding together both with equall pase,
 Th'one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white ,
 But *Night* had couered her vnromely face
 With a blacke veile, and held in hind a mace,
 On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
 And slecpand darknesse round about did trace
 But *Day* did beare, vpon his scepters hight,
 The goodly Sun, encompass all with beames
 bright

45

Then came the *Howres*, fure daughters of high
 hue,

And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue ,
 But they were Virgins all, and loue eschewed,
 That might forslack the charge to them fore
 shewed

By mighty *loue*, who did them Porters make
 Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)
 Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
 By euen turnes,ne euer did their charge forsake

46

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*,
Death with most grim and griesly visage scene,
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
 Vnbodied, vnsoul'd, vnheard, vnsene
 But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,
 Such as they fame *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,
 Full of delightfull health and liuely loy,
 Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to
 employ

47

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse* ,
 Lo, mighty mother, now be ludge and say,
 Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign and beare the great
 est sway

For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray ?
 But *Times* do change and moue continually
 So nothing here long standeth in one stay
 Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
 But to be subiect still to *Mutablittte* ?

48

Then thus gan *loue*, Right true it is, that these
 And all things else that vnder heauen dwell
 Are chaung'd of *Time*, whodoth themalldisseie
 Of being But, who is it (to me tell)
 That *Time* himselfe doth moueand still compell
 To keepe his course ? Is not that namely wee
 Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,
 That moues them all, and makes them changed
 be?

So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee

49

To whom, thus *Mutability* The things
 Which we see not how they are mov'd anil
 swayd,
 Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,
 And say they by your secret powre are made
 But what we see not, who shall vs perswade ?
 But were they so, as ve them fame to be,
 Mov'd byyourmight, andordredby your ayde,
 Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee
 Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect
 vnto mee ?

50

And first, concerning her that is the first,
 Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make
loues dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
 On *Cynihus* hill, whence she her name did take
 Then is she mortall borne, how so ye crake,
 Besides, her face and countenance every day
 We changed see, and sundry forms partake,
 Now hornd, now round, now bright, now
 brown and gray
 So that as *changejall* as the *Moone* men vse to
 say

51

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare
 To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
 Yet, he his course doth altar euery yeare,
 And is of late far out of order gone
 So *Venus* eke, that goodly Paragone,
 Though faire all night, yet is shedarke all day,
 And *Phoebus* self, who lightsome is alone,
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 And fills the darkned world with tenor and
 dismay

Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most
 For, he some times so far runs out of square,
 That he his way doth seem quite to haue lost,
 And cleane without his vsuall sphere to fare,
 That euen these Star gazers stonisht are
 At sight thereof, and damne theirlymgbookes
 So likewise, grim Sir *Salurne* oft doth spare
 Hissterne aspect, and calme his crabbed looks
 So many turning cranks these haue, so many
 crookes

But you *Dan loue*, that only constant are,
 And King of all the rest, as ye do clame,
 Are you not subiect eke to this misfare ?
 Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
 Where were ye borne ? some say in *Crete* by
 name,
 Others in *Thebes*, and others other where,
 But wheresoeuer they comment the same,
 They all consent that ye begotten were,
 And borne here in this world, ne other can
 appeare

Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
 Vn lesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
 Immortall, and vnchangeable to bee,
 Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
 That ye here worke, doth many changes take?
 And your owne natures change for, eachofyou
 That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,
 Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
 By others opposition or obliquid view

55

Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,
 So sundry wares and fashions as clerkes fame,
 Some in shortspace, and some in longer yeares,
 What is the same but alteration plaine ?
 Onely the starne skie doth still remaine •
 Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still
 moue,
 And euen it self is mov'd, as wizards same
 But all that moueth, doth mutation loue
 Therefore both you and them to me I subiect
 proue

56

Then since within this wide great *Vntuerse*
 Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
 But all things tost and turned by transuerse
 What then should let, but I aloft should reare
 My Trophee, and from all, the triumph beare ?
 Now ludge then (O thou greatest goddesse trew)
 According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
 And vnto me adoom that is my dew,
 Tint is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you

57

So hauing ended, silence long ensewed,
 Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,
 But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still
 viewed
 Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,
 Expecting th'end of this so doubtfull case,
 Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
 To whether side should fall the soueraigne place
 At length, she looking vp with chearefull view,
 The silence brake, and gaue her doome in
 speeches few

58

I well consider all that ye haue sayd,
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be yet being rightly wayd
 They are not changed from their first estate,
 But by their change their being doe dilate
 And turning to themselues at length againe,
 Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate
 Then ouer them Change doth not rule and
 raigne,
 But they raigne ouer change, and doe their
 states mamtame

59

Cease therefore daughter further to aspire,
 And thee content thus to be rul'd by me
 For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire,
 But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
 And from thenceforth, none no more change
 shall see
 So was the *Titaness* put downe and whist,
 And *lone* confirm'd in his imperiall see
 Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
 And *Natures* selfe did vanish, whither no man
 wist

The VIII Canto, vnperfite

I

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare,
 Of *Mutability*, and well it way
 Me seemes, that though she all vnworthy were
 Of the Heav'ns Rule, yet very sooth to say,
 In all things else she beares the greatest sway
 Which makes me loath this state of life so
 tickle,
 And loue of things so vaine to cast away,
 Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his con-
 suming sickle

2

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sa>d,
 Of that same time when no more *Change* shall
 be,
 But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd
 Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
 That is contrayr to *Mutabthie* •
 For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight
 But thence forth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight
 0 that great Sabbaoth God, graunt me that
 Sabaoths sight

FINIS. ' '

A

Letter of the Authors expounding his

whole intention in the course of this worke • which
for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for
the better vnderstanding is hereunto
annexed.

To the Right noble, and Valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh knight,
Lo Wardein of the Stanneryes, and her Maiesties hefe-
tenaunt of the County of Cornewayll

Sir knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue endited the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good aswell for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading therof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover vnto youthe general intention and meaning which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all they booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I concerned should be most plausible and persing being coloured with an historically fiction the which the most part of men delight to read rather for variety of matter, then for profile of the ensample. I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fite for the excellency of his Person being made famous by many mens former workes and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspition of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Poets historically, first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Vlysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseys then Virgil whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando and lately I also disseuered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a priuate man coloured in his Rinaldo. The other named Politike in his Godfredo By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to peurtiait in Arthure before he was king thermageosa braue knight, perfected in the twelve priuate morall verities, as Aristotle hath deuised the which is the Purpose of these first twelve booke which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of Politicke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this Methode will seeme displeasaut, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of pre

cepts or sermoned at large, as they vse, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegorically deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the vse of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delighfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his judgement formed a Commune welth such as it should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus and the Persians fashioned a gouernement such as might best be. So much more profitable and grattous is doctrine by ensample then by rule. So haue I laboured to dot in the person of Arthure whome Iconcetue after his long education by Itmon, to whom he was by Merlin deuoted to be brought vp so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty rautshed, he awaking resolued to seeke her out and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meant glory in my generall intention, out in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in some places els I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Emperesse, the other of a most vertuous and beautiful Lady this latter Part in some places I doe expresse in Belpheabe fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertuefor that {according to Aristotle and the rest} it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the other verities I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history. Of which these three booke containe three, The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes. The seconde of Sir Guyon, in

whome I setteforth Temperaunce The third of Brttomartis a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chastity But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seueralladventures For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a poet thrusteth into the iniddest, euen where it most concerneth him and there recouring to the things forpaste, and diutning of thinges to come, maketh a fleasing Analysis of all I he beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I deute that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii dayes, vpon which xii seuerall dayes, the occassions of the xii seuerall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii seuerall knights, are in these xii books sett ally handled and discoursed The first was this In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownshe younge man, who falling before the Queen of Fanes desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse which was that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feaste should happen, that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, vnfitte through his rusticity for a better place Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight and his speare in the dwarfes hand Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries complained that her father and mother an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut vp inabrasen Castle who thence stiff red them not to yssew and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit Presently that clownish Person vpstarting desired that aduenture wherat the Queene much wondering and the Lady much gatsesaying yet he earnestly importuned his desire in the end the Lady told him that vnlesse that armour which she brought, would serue him {that is the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paulv Ephes} that

he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put vpon htm with dewefurnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady And eftesoones taking on htm knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that aduenture where beginneth the first booke, vs

\ gentle knight was pricking on the playne &c

The second day ther came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to haue bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasta and therefore craued of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight, to performe that aduenture, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subiect thereof The third day there came in, a Groome who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter called Busirane had in hand a most faire Lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body Whercupon Sir Scudamour the louer of that Lady presently tooke on him that aduenture But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard I nchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermeddled but rather as Accidents, then intendments As the hue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciuiousnes of Hellenora, and many the like

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your vnderstanding to the welhead of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused So humbly, craving the continuance of your honorable fauour towards me, and Meter nail establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue

23 January 1589

Yours most humbly affectionate
Ed Spenser

I A Vision vpon this concept of the

Faery Queene.

ME thought I saw the graue, where *Laura* lay,
 Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
 Was wont to burne, and passing by that way,
 To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
 Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene
 At whose approach the soule of *Petrarke* wept,

And from thenceforth those graces were not seene
 For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
 Obluion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse
 Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
 And grones of buried ghostes the heauens did perse
 Where *Homers* spright did tremble all forgriefe,
 And curst th'accesse of that celestiall theite.

Another of the same

The prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit
J- brings.
 As doth the Cuckoosong delight when *Philumena*
 sings
 If thou hast formed right true vertues face
 herein
 Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they
 written bin
 If thou hast beautie prayds, let her sole looks
 diuine
 Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by
 herein
 If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her
 dew,

Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy
 Queene anew
 Meane while she shall percertue, how farre her
 vertues sore
 About the reach of all that hue, or such as wrote
 of yore
 And thereby willexcuse andfauour thy goodwill
 Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an
 Angels quill
 Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of
 price,
 Of all which speake our English tongue, but
 those of thy deuce

W R

To the learned Shepheard

Collyn I see by thy new taken taske,
 some sacred fury hath enriched thy braynes,
 That leades thy muse in haughtre vorse to maske,
 and loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes
 That lifts thy notes from *Shepheardes* vnto
 kings,
 So like the liuely *Larke* that mounting sings

They louely *Rosolmde* seemes nowforlorne,
 and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
 Thy chaungeahart now holdes thy pypesin scorne,
 those prety *Pypes* thai did thy mates delight
 Those trustie mates, that loued thee so well,
 Whom thou garist mirth as they gaue thee the
 bell

Yet as thou earst with thy sweete roundelays,
 didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers
 So mought thou now in these refyned layes,
 delight the dainty eares of higher powers
 And so mought they in their deepe skaninng
 skill

Alow and grace our *Collyns* flowing quill

And fare befall that *Faerie* Queene of thine,
 in whose faire eyes loue linckt with vertue sits
 I'nfusing by those bewties fiers deuune,
 such high conceites into thy humble wits,
 As raised hath poore pastors oaten reede,
 From rusticke tunes to chaunt herotque deedes

So mought thy *Redcrosse* knight with happyhand
 victorious be in that faire *Ilands* right
 Which thou doest vatle in *Type* of *Faery* land
Elyas blessed field, that *Albion* hight
 That shieldes her friends, and warres her
 mightie foes,

Yet still withn people, peace, and plentie flowes

But (tolly *Shepheard*) though with pleasing style,
 thou feast the humour of the Courtly traine
 Let not conceipt thy settledence beguile,
 ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine
 Subiect thy dome to her *Empyring* spright,
 From whence thy *Muse*, and all the world takes
 light

Hobynoll

FAYre *Thamis* streame, that from *Ludds* stately
 towne,
 Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,
 Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
 Be silent, whyle this *Bryttane* *Orpheus* playes
 Nere thy sweet bankes, there hues that sacred
 crowne,
 Whose hand strowes *Palme* and neuer dying bayes,
 Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne
 Present her with this worthy *Poets* prayes
 For he hath taught hye drifts in shepherdes
 weedes,

And deepe conceites now sings in *Faeries* deedes

R S

GRaue *Muses* march in triumph and with
 prayes,
 Our *Goddesse* here hath giuen you leaue to land
 And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
 Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand
Desertes findes dew in that most princely doome,
 In whose sweete brest are all the *Muses* bredde
 So did that great *Augustus* erst in *Roome*
 With leaues of fame adorne his *Poets* hedde
 Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery* Queene,
 Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene

H B

When stout *Achilles* heard of *Hekns* rape
 And what reuenge the States of Greece deuised
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
 In womans weedes htm selfe he then disguise
 Bat this deuise *Vlysses* soone did spy,
 And brought him forth, the chauce of warre to try

When *Spencer* saw the fame was spredd so large,
 Through Faery land of their renowned Queene
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
 As in such haughty matter to be seene,
 To seeme a she peheard then he made his choice,
 But *Sydney* heard htm sing, and knew his voice
 And as *Vlysses* brought faire *Thetis* sonne
 From his rettyred life to menage armes
 So *Spencer* was by *Sidneys* speeches wonne,
 To blaze her fame not fearing future harmes
 For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
 In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike frayes,
 Did win the palme from all the *Grecian* Peeres
 So *Spencer* now to his immortal prayse,
 Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.
 What though his taske exceed a humane witt,
 He is excus d, sith *Sydney* thought it fitt

W L

To looke vpon a worke of rare deuise
 The which a workman setteth out to view
 And not to yield it the deserued prise,
 I hat vnto such a workmanship is dew,
 Doth either proue the judgement to be naught
 Or els doth shew a mind with enuy fraught

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
 Which no man goes about to discommend.
 Would raise a jealous doubt that there did lurke,
 Some secret doubt, whereto the prayse did tend
 For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
 Tis needlesse for the hoast to haue a sygne

Thus then to shew my judgement to be such
 As can discerne of colours blacke, and white,
 As alls to free my mindefrom enuies tuch,
 That neuer giues to any man his right,
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such,
 As that no pen can set it forth too much

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
 Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware
 But such hath beene the custome heretofore,
 And customes very hardly broken are
 And when your last shall tell you this is trew
 Then looke you giue your hoast his vlmmost dew

Ignoto

[DEDICATORY SONNETS]

To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton,
 Lord high Chauncelor of England &c

Those prudent heads, that with their counsels
 wise
 Whylom the Fillours of th'earth did sustaine,
 And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise
 And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
 Oft from those graue affaires went abstaine,
 With the sweet Lady Muses for to play
 So *Ennius* the elder Africane,

So *Maro* oft did *Casars* cares allay
 Sovou groat Lord, that with your counsell sway
 The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
 With like delights sometimes may eke delay,
 The rugged brow of careful Policy
 And to these ydle rymes lend litle space.
 Which for their titles sake may find more
 grace.

To the right honourable the Lo. Burleigh Lo high
 Treasurer of England

To you, right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
 To menage of most graue affaires is bent,
 And on whose mightie shoulders most doth
 rest
 The burdem of this kingdomes gouernement,
 As the wide compasse of the firmament,
 On *Atlas* mighty shoulders is vpstayed,
 Vnfitly I these ydle rimes present,

The labor of lost time, and wit vnstayed
 Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
 And the dim vele, with which from comune vew
 Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd
 Perhaps not vaine they may appeart to you
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,
 And wipe their faults out of your censure graue

To the right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford,
 Lord high Chamberlayne of England &c.

Receme most Noble Lord in gentle gree,
 The vnripe fruit of an vnready wit
 Which by thy countenance doth craue to bee
 Defended from foule Enuies poisonous bit
 Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
 Sith th'antique glory of thine auncestry
 Vnder a shady vele is therein writ,

And eke thine owne long huing memory,
 Succeeding them in true nobility
 And also for the loue, which triou doest beare
 To *tiCheliconian* ymps, and they to thee,
 They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare
 Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue
 I hat loucs and honours thee, as doth behoue

*To the right honourable the Earle of
Northumberland*

*The sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame
i To be the Nourses of nobility,
And Registres of euerlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and cheualry
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worthy are
tvide
Tembrace the seruice of sweete Poetry,*

*By whose endeouours they are glorified,
And eke from all of whom it is enuide,
To patronise the authour of their praise,
Which giues them life, that els would soone
haue aide.
And crownes their ashes with immortal bates,
To thee therefore right noble Lord I send
This present of my paines, it to defend*

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland

*R*Edoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind
The floure of cheualry now blooming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the haire,
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praise,
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew d in late assaies,

*Yet braue ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor yee may fashiond see,
To like desire of honor may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee
Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high descent,
E S*

*To the most honourable and excellent Lo the Earle
of Essex. Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse,
and knight of the Noble order of the Garter. &c*

*MAgnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous Poets witt,
To be thy liuing praises instrument,
Yet doe not seigne, to let thy name be writt
In this base Poeme, for thee far vnfit
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby,
But when my Muse, whose fethers nothing flitt*

*Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenaun,
To these first labours needed furtheraunce.*

*To the right Honourable the Earle of
Ormond and Ossory.*

*R*eceiue most noble Lord a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit, which saluage soyl hath
bred,
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish birbansme is ouerspred
And in so faire a land, as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,

*But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansione,
There in deede dwel faire Graces many one
And gentle Nymphes, c'eights of learned wits,
And in thy person without Paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour sits,
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue dear Lord in worth, the fruit of barren
field*

*To the right honourable the Lo. Ch Howard, Lo. high Admi-
ral of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter,
and one of her Maiesties pnuie Counsel. &c*

*ANdye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age,
Of th'old Heroes, whose famous of spring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same Pageaunt hatte a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,*

*That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace,
And that proud people woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface
Thy praises euerlasting monument
Is in this terse engrauen semblably,
That it may hue to all posterity*

*To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, high
Chamberlaine to her Maiesty*

Renowned Lord, that for your [worthmes.se](#)
And noble deeds haue your deserued place,
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace,
Here eke of right haue you a wortheie place,
Both for your nearnes to that Faene Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like cace,
Of which, apparaunt proofe was to be seene,

When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory
Loue Lord lor euer in this lasting verse.
That all postentie thy honour may renerse

*To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the
Lord Grey of Wilton, knight of the Noble order
of the Garter, &c*

Most Noble Lord the pillar of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me
rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe hue, bound yours by vassalage
Sith nothing euer may redeeme nor reauce
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,

Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receaue,
Which in your noble hinds for pledge I laue,
Of all the rest that I am tyde t account
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weaue
In sauadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loom
The which vouchsafe dear Lord your fauorable
doome

*To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one
of her Maiesties prime Counsell.*

IN vara I thinke right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record
In golden [verse](#), worthy immortal fame
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the samp)
Thy gracious Souerains praises to compile
And her impennall Maiestie to frame,

In loftie numbers and heroicke stile
But sith thou maist not so, giue leaue a while
To baser with s power therein to spend,
\\ hose grosse defaults thy damtie pen may file,
And vnaduised ouersights amend
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
[Against](#) vile Zoilus backbitings vaine

*To the right honourable Sir Fr Walsingham knight,
principall Secretary to her Maiesty, and of her
honourable priuy Counsell*

That Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not *Mecoenas* for his worthy merit,
It first aduauant to great *Augustus* grace,
Might long perhaps haue lien in silence bace,
Ne bene so much admir d of later age
This lowly Muse that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage ,

That are the great *Mecenas* of this age,
As wel to al that ciuil artes professe
As those that are inspird with Martiall rage,
And crauos protection of her ft eblennesse
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
In bigger tunes to sound your liuing prayse
E S

*To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Captawe,
Sir Iohn Norris knight, Lord president of Mounster*

WHo euer gaue more honourable prize
To the sweet Must then did the Martiall crew,
That their braue deeds she might immortalize
In her shril tromp, and sound their praises
dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her then you
Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes ensue ?

Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and attuement sage
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,
In *Fraunce* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile
Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name
E S

*To the right noble and valorous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh,
Lo Wardein of the Stanneryes, and lieftenaunt
of Cornewaile.*

TO thee that art the sommers Nightingale,
1 Thy soueraine Goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rustike Madrigate,
I hat may thy lūefull eare vnseason quite)
Thou onelyjit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her
bowre,
And dainty loue learn'd sweetly to endite
My rimes I know vnsauory and sowre,

To fast the slreames, thai like a golden showre
Flow from thy fruilfull head, of thy loues
praise,
Fitter perhaps to thonder Martial slowre,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne.
Let thy faire Cinthias praises bee thus ruely
showne

E S

*To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady, the
Countesse of Penbroke*

REmembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,
The heuens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through unmortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting bates,
Of heuenlie blis and euerlasting praies,
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in low he lares,
Bids me most noble Lady to adore

His goodly image liuing euermore,
In the diuine resemblance of your face,
Which with your vertut s ye embellish more,
And natue beauty deck with heuenlie grace
For his, and for your owne especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to
take

E S

*To the most vertuous, and beautifull Lady,
the Lady Carezo.*

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You fairest Lady leaue out of this place,
But with remembraunce of your gracious name,
Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye grace,
And deck the world, adorne these verses base
Not that these few lines can in them comprise
Those glorious ornaments of heuenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph ouer feeble eyes,

And in subdued harts do tyranyse
bor thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And siluer leaues, them rightly to deuise,
But to make humble present of good will
Which whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display.

E S

To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in the Court,

""The Chtan Peincler, when he was I equirde
I To pourtraut Venus in her petfed hew.
To make his worke more absolute, desird
Of all the fat rest Matdes to haue the vew
Much more me needs to draw the scmbiant trew
Of bea uties Queene, the worldssole wonderment
lo sharpe my sence with sundry beauties
vew,
And slealefrom each some part of ornament

If all the world to seeke louerwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see,
Then that braue court doth to mineeie present,
That the worlds pride seemes gathered there
to bee
Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte
Forgiue it me fat re Dames, sith lesse ye haue
not lefle

E S

THE
Shepheardes Calender

Conteyning twelue AEglogues proportionable
to the twelue monethes

Entitled
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualne M.
Philip Sidney.



AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
figne of the golden Cunne, and
are there to be folde.
1579.

TO HIS BOOKE

*Got little booke iky selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree, *
And if that Enute barke at thes,
As sure it will, for succour'e flee
Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepkeards swatne saye, did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke hefedde

10

And when his honor has thee tedde,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame
For thy thereof thou takest shame
And when thou art past teopardee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee
And I will send more after thee

Immerito

5 To the most excellent and learned both

Drator and Poete, Master Cabnell haruee, his
verie special and singular good frend E K commen-
deth the good lyking of this his labour,
and the patronage of the
new Poete

VNCOVTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer whom for his excellence and wonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language and whom our Colin clout in his AEglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile Which prouerbe, myne owne good friend Ma Haruey, as in that good old Poete it serued well Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is vncouth (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and vnknew to most men, is regarded but of few But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledg of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not only kiste, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best No lesse I thinke, deserueth his withnesse in deuising, his pithnesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoraill rudenesse, his morall wisenesse, his dewe obseruung of Decorum euery where, in personages, in sea

sons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemly simplicitie of handling his matter, and framing his words the which of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the straungest, the words them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and th' whole Periode and compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt they be something "hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes In whom whenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt, and hauing the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought nedes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rude-nesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough I sounde would make his rymes more ragged and

rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country foike, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, auctontie to the verse For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be objected of Valla against Liue, and of other against Saluste, that with ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as couetmg thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one and in the other, the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importance For if my memory fayle not, Tullie in that booke, wherein he endeouoreth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that oft times an auncient worde maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuerend no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray heares for a certain religious regard, which we haue of old age Yet nether euery where must old words be stuffed in, nor the common Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it seme disorderly and ruinous But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and por trait not onely the damtie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall, for oftimes we fynde ourselues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and makejnore clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious words So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the loynt of a wel shaped body But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vnwonted words, mm may I more lustly blame and condemne, or of wilsse headnesse in ludging, or of heedelesse hardnesse in condemning for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil rudge of the length of his cast For in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse and almost cleane disherited Which is the

onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truly of it self is both ful enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barren of both Which default when as some endeouored to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latme, not weighing how ll, those tongues accorde with themselves, but much worse with ours So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of al other speches Other some not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to here an olde word albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euanders mother spake Whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and alienes The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streight way deeme to be sencelesse, and not at al to be vnderstode Much like to the Mole in AESopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see The last more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, [which](#) together with their Nources milke they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they will not onely themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embellished Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so fame would feede whose currish kind though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting

Now for the knitting of sentences, which they call the loyivts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round without roughnesse, and leamed without hardnes, such indeede as may be percerued of the leaste, vnderstode of the moste, but ludged onely of the learned For what in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it were vngyrt, in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard wherof, I scome and spue out the rakehellie route of our ragged rymers (for so themselves vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without iudgement langle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of Poeticall spinte had newly rauished them

Post scr

NOW I trust M Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enure of so many vnworthy Quidams, which catch at the garlond, which to you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of yours, which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne, and also

your selfe, in smothering your deserved prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellent And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Haruey From my lodging at London thys 10 of Aprill 1579

The general! argument of the whole booke.

LITTLE I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of AEglogues, hauing alreadie touched the same But for the word AEglogues I know is vnknown to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I wyll say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours then called AEgologaj as it were *αἶγον* or *αἰγοῦμαι λόγος* that is Goteheards tales For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more shepheards, then Goteheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie tie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deruing, as from the first head and welspring the whole Inuention of his AEglogues, maketh Goteheards the persons and authors of his tales Tins being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue that they are more rightly termed Eclogaj, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of vnecessane mitter, which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the *ἀειδύς* and interpretation of the word For they be not termed Eclogues, but AEglogues Which sentence this authour very well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Goteheards haue to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal them by the vsed and best knownen name Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion These xii AEclogues euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue monethes may be well

I deuided into three formes or ranckes For eyther they be Plamtie, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, and the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, which conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence dewe to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheards and pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasaunt wits And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applied A few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not prime to And thus much generally of these xii AEclogues Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first Which he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuane wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March For then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, reliueth This opinion mayne teine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account also was generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we mayntaine a custome of

coumpting the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauour and eternall redeemer the L Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memonall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooue of special judgement For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Caesar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) coraounded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of AEgypt yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes For from Iulius Caesar who first obserued the leape yeere which he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called *ἑπταήμερον* Of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij which in the first ordinaunce of Romulus were but tenne, counting but CCCij dayes in euery

yeare, and beginning with March But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romam ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuane, of him therefore so called *tanquam lanua anni* the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare Which account for the most part hath hethereto continued Notwithstanding that the AEgyptians beginne theyr yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauihons in the end of the yeare, in the xv day of the seuenth moneth, which before that time was the first

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of commen vnderstanding, to begin with Ianuane, wening it perhaps no decorum, that Shepheard should be scene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful judgment So therefore begmneth he, and so continueth he throughout

Januarye.



Ægloga prima.

ARGVMENT

IN this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloute a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his unfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a cuntry lasse called Rosalinde with which strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his careful case to the sadde season of the yearre, to the frostie ground, Ho the frozen trees, and to his Oivne winterbeaten flocke And lastlye, jnyding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe inspees, and casteth him selfe to the ground

COLIN CLOVTE

A Shepheards boye (no better doe him call) when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now vnnethes their feete could them
vphold

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards
looke,

For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
May seeme he lov'd, or els some care he tooke .
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde, II
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there
fedde

O Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(O any gods the paine of louers pitie)
Looke from aboue, where you in loyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst
lout,

Pitie the pames, that thou thy selfe didst proue

Thou barrem ground, whome winters wrath
hath wasted,

Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after
hasted 21

Thy sommer powde with Daffadillies dight
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart, I My life bloud friesing with vnkindly cold Such stormy stoures do breede my balefullsmart, As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old And yet alas, but now my spring begonne, And yet alas, yt is already donne 30 You nakedtrefis, whose shady leaues are lost, Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost, Insteade of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine, Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere- My timely buds with wayling all are wasted The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare, With breathed sighes is blowne away, and blasted 40 And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend, As on your boughes the ysicles depend Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent, Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare Mayst wisse well by thy ill gouernement, Thy maysters mind is ouercome with ore Thou weake, I wanne thou leane, I quite forlorne With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower, Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure, , 51 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee	Yet all for naught such sight hath bred my bane Ah God, that loue should breede both loy and payne It is not <i>Hobbtinol</i>, wherefore I plame, Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suit His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdame, His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit Ah foolish <i>Hobbtinol</i>, thy gyfts bene vayne <i>Colin</i> them giues to <i>Rosalind</i> againe 60 I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue ?) And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne ?) Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove, And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake, And laughs the songes, that <i>Colin Clout</i> doth make Wherefore my pype, albee rude <i>Pan</i> thou please, Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would And thou vn lucky Muse, that wontst to ease My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou should 70 Both pype and Muse, shall sore the while abyde So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye By that, the wtldk <i>Phoebus</i> gan auaille, His weary waine, and now the frosty <i>Night</i> Her mantle black through heauen gan ouer haile Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight Arose, and homeward droue his sonned sheepe, Whose hanging headsdid seeme his carefull cast toweepe Colins Embleme <i>Anchora speme</i>

COLIN CLOVTE) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Porsie of M Skeltons vnder that title But indeede the word Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) In acertem *Mglogue* Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latme names, for the great vnlikelyhooe of the language vnnetes) scarcely couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to know or to haue skill As well interpreted the same the worthy Sir Tho Smith in his booke of gouernment wherof I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinsman, and my very

singular good freend, M Gabriel Haruey as also of some other his most graue and excellent vrytings Sythe) time Neighbour towne) the next towne expressing the Latme Vicina Stoure) a fitt Sere) withered His clownish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse, Rusticus es Corydon, nee munera curat Alexis rjobbinol) is a famed country name, whereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall and most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely dec'ared hereafter In thys place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call paederastce but it is

gathered beside his meaning For who that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tynus of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is much to be alowe and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it who sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe And so is paederastice much to be praferred before gynerastice, that is the loue whiche enflameth men with lust toward woman kind But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian or hys deuillish disciple Vnico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawful fleshlinesse Whose abominable error is fully confuted of Penonius, and others

I loue) a prety Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth (I loue thiinke lasse (alas &c Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, which being wel ordered, wil bewray the very name of hys

loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth So as Ouide shadoweth hys lone vnder the name of Corynna which of some is supposed to be Iuha, themperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa So doth Aruntius Stella enery where call his Lady Astens and Ianthis, albe it is wel knowen that her right name was Violantilla as witnessed] Statius in his Epithalamium And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Coelia in her letters enuel opeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima and Petrona vnder the name of Bel lochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages Auail) bring downe

Embleme

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchora sperne the meaning wherof is, hat notwithstanding his, extreme passion and luck' lesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted

cane.



AEgloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT

THis AEglogue is rather morall and generally then bent to any secrete or particular purpose It specially conieyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot an olde Shepheard To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of who for his crookednesse and vnlustnesse, is scorned of cuddle an vnhappy Heardmans boyeas if the thing were set forth in some Picture The matter very well accordeth with the season dfeore our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

the moneth, the year now drouping, and as it were, drawing to his last age For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetkerbeaien flesh, with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frosts of Care the Oake and the Bryer, so huely and so feelingly, if the thing were set forth in some Picture dfeore our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE THENOT

AH for pittie, will rancke Winters rage,
 These bitter blasts neuer ginne tasswage ?
 The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
 All as I were through the body gryder
 My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
 As doen high Towers in an earthquake
 They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tailles,
 Perke as Peacock but nowe it auales

THENOT

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
 Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde 10
 Must not the world wend in his commun course
 From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
 From worse vnto that is worst of all,
 And then returne to his former fall ?
 Who will not suffer the stormy time,
 Where will he hue tyll the lusty prime ?
 Selfe haue I worne out those threttie yeares,
 Some in much loy, many in many teares
 Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
 Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat 20
 Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
 But gently tooke, that vngently came
 And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
 Winter or Sommer they mought well fare

CVDDIE

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can beare
 Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare
 For Age and Winter accord full me,
 This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye
 And as the lowning Wether looks downe,
 So semest thou like good fryday to frowne 30
 But my frowning youth is foe to frost,
 My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost

THENOT

The soueraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
 That once seabeate, will to sea againe
 So loytnng hue you little heardgroomes,
 Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes
 And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
 You deemen, the Spring is come attonce
 Tho gynne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,
 And crowing in pypts made of greene come,
 You thinke to be Lords of the yeare 41
 But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the breme winter with chamfired browes,
 Full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes
 Drenly shooting his stormy darte,
 Which cuddles the blood, and pricks the harte
 Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annored
 Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
 With weeping, and wayling, and misery 50

CVDDIE

Ah foolish old man, I sorne thy skill,
 That wouldestme, my springmyoungth tospil
 I deeme, thy braine empenshed bee
 Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee
 Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
 So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse
 Now thy selfe hast lost both Jopp and topp,
 Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp
 But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
 To other delights they would endine 60
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
 And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue
 Tho wouldest thou pype of *Phyllis* prayse
 But *Phyllis* is myne for many dayes
 I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
 Embost with buegle about the belt
 Such an one shepheards woulde make fullfaine
 I Such an one would make thee younge againe

THENOT

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boste,
 All that is lent to loue, wyll be lost 70

CVDDIE

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
 So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked cares
 His homes bene as broad, as *Rainebowe* bent,
 His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent
 See howe he venteth into the wynd
 Weenest of loue is not his mynd ?
 Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
 So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
 Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost
 Thy flocks father his corage hath lost 80
 Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blownen bags,
 Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags
 The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
 All for their Maister is lustlesse and old

THENOT

Cuddle, I wote thou kenst little good,
 I So vainely taduaunce thy headlesse hood
 For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
 Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wilderness, whose ynnne *Penance*,
 And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greeu
 aunce 90
 But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
 Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
 Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent ?

CVDDIE

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
 Then to heare nouells of his deuse
 They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
 What euer that good old man bespake.

FEBRVARIE

THENOT

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie
But none fitter then this to apphe 100
Now listen a while, and hearken the end

THere grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disarayde
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine 110
But now the gray mosse marred his nne,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere

Hard by his side grewe a bragging brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament
Yt was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to rcpayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowrcs 121
And in his small bushes vsed to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish
blocke?

Norforfruit, norforshadoweseruesthystocke
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde, 130
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene
Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloiieth,
My Smamon smell too much annoieth
Wherefore soone I rede thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue
bo spake this bold brere with great disdame
Little him answered the Oake againe, 140
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouercrawed

Yt chaunced after vpon a day,
The Hus bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to serewe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd
Hin when the spitefull brere had espyed,
Causelease complained, and lowdly cryed
Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife
O my liege Lord, the God of my life, 150

Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassalldayly endure
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemy

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the Goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As most vsen Ambitious folke) 161

His colowred crime with craft to cloke
Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre, 171
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire
Hindering with his shade my louely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloudspringeth from woundeswyde
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coronall
And oft he lets his cancker wormes light
Vpon my braunches, to worke me more spight
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast, 181
Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast
For this, and many more such outrage,
Crauing your goodhead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance

To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth but his enemy 190
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth
(Ay little helpe to harme there nedeth)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee 200
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine
Semed, the snclesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear

For it had bene an auncient tree,
 Sacred with many a mysteree,
 And often crost with the priestes crewe,
 And often halowed with holy water dewe 210
 But sike fancies weren foolene,
 And broughten this Oake to this miserye
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay
 For fiercely the good man at him did laye
 The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,
 And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow
 In fine the Steele had pierced his pitth,
 Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith
 His wonderous weight made the groundetoquake,
 Thearth shronke vnder him, and seemed to
 shake 220
 There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none
 Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,
 Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasaunce
 But all this glee had no continuance
 For eftsones Winter gan to approche,
 The blustmyng Boreas did encroche,
 And beate vpon the sohtane Brere
 For nowe no succoure was seene him nere
 Now gan he repent his pryde to late
 For naked left and disconsolate, 230

The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
 The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
 And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
 That nowe vpriht he can stand no more
 And being downe, is trodde in the durst
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt
 Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
 For scorning Eld

CVDDIE

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth
 Here is a long tale, and little worth 240
 So longe haue I listened to thy speche,
 That graffed to the ground is my breche
 My hartblood is welnigh frome I feele,
 And my galage growne fast to my heele
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted
 Hye thee home shepheard, the day is nigh
 wasted

Thenots Embleme

Iddio perche e vecchw,

Fa suoi al suo essempio

Cuddies Embleme

250

Niuno vecchio,

Spaventa Iddio

GLOSSE

Kene) sharpe
 Gride) perced an olde word much \ sed of Lidgate,
 bat not found (that I know of) in Chaucer
 Ronts) young bullockes
 Wracke) rutne or Violence, whence commeth ship
 wracke and not wreake, that is vengeance or
 wrath
 Foeman) a foe
 Thenot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his
 AEglogues.
 The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the
 seas The saying is borrowed of Mimis Publi
 anus, which vsed this prouerb in a [verse](#)
 Improbe Neptunum accusat, quiterum naufragum
 facit
 Heardgromes) Chaucers verse almost whole
 Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes
 or ill husbandmen to flyes, that sosoone as the
 sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing warme,
 begin to flye abroad, when sodemly they bt
 ouertaken with cold
 But eft when) A verye excellent and liuely descnp
 Hon of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken,
 eyther for old Age, or for Winter season.
 Breme) chill, bitter
 Chamfred) chapt or wnnckled
 Accored) plucked downe and daunted
 Surquedne) pryde. Elde) olde age
 Sicker) sure Tottie) wauening
 Corbe) crooked Herie) worshippe
 Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknoen whom
 Cuddte, whose person is secrete, loued The
 name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and
 Mantuane.

Belte) a girdle or wast band A fon) a foole
 lythe) soft and gentle
 Venteth) snuffeth in the wind
 Thy flocks Father) the Ramme Craggs) neckes
 Rather Lambs) that be ewed early in the begin
 ring of the yeare
 Youth is) A verye moral and pitthy Allegone of
 youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a
 wtarie wayfaring man
 Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse
 for pleasaunt talis cannot dye, so long as the
 memone of hys name shal liue, and the name of
 Poetric shal endure
 We'll the wed) that is, Bene moratae, full of morall
 wisenesse
 There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he
 telleth as leamed of Chaucer, but s cleane in
 another kind, and rather like to AESopes fables
 It is verye excellent for pleasaunt descriptions,
 bang altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis
 of disdainfull younkres
 Fmbellisht) beautified and adorned
 To wonne) to haunt or frequent Sneb) checke
 Why standst) The speach is scornful and very
 presumptuous
 Engrained) dyed in grain
 Accloiethe) encombreth
 Adawed) daunted and confounded
 Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber wood.
 Merne strife) said Chaucer s fell and sturdy.
 O my liege) A maner of suplication, when is
 kindly coloured the affection and speache of
 Ambitious men
 Coronall) Garlande Flourets) young blossomes
 The Primrose) The chiefe and worthiest

Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre

The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it were of a huing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they saye)

κατ' εικενοποι

Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for withered leaues Hent) caught Nould) for would not

Ay) euermore Wounds) gashes

Enaunter) least that

The priestes crewe) holy water pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinkle and hallowe the trees from mischaunce Such blindnesse was in those times, which the Poete supposeth to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake

The blocke oft groned) A liuelye figure, whiche geueth sence and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth Saxa gemunt grauido &c

Boreas) The Northerne wynd, that bringeth the moste storme weather

Glee) chere and lolhtie

For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more

Galage) a startuppe or clownish shoe

Embleme

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale namelye, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and without begmninge, maketh those, vniom he loutth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them wytn longe lyfe For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, whome God will so blesse and albeit that many euil men reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also wexe olde in myserie and

thralldorae, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despyssing his gray and frostye heares

Whom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a by ting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke For that being rypened with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wisdomed armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in AEsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimmes and austentie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted with his lookes, he was so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and lest with htm Suche longe experience breedeth in some men secuntie Although it please Erasmus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably e to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe Nemo Senex metuit louem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al. but that they be furre from superstition ana Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger hcaedes

March.



AEgloga Tertia.

ARGVMENT

IN this AEglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other plesaunce, which to springtime is most agreeable The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe

WILLYE THOMALIN

THomahn, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Vpon so fayre a morow ?
The loyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe

THOMALIN.

Sicker Willye, thou warrest well
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,

And pleasant spring appeareth
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
1 he Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth

WILLYE

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studee,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head ?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready Maias bowre,
That newe is vpryst from bedde
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And leame with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaune,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce

THOMALIN

Willye, I wene thou bee assott
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game

WILLYE

How kenst thou, that he is awoke ?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke ?
Or made preuie to the same ?

THOMALIN

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blew
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preuie marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe

WILLYE

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Yhke to my flocke and thine
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine

THOMALIN

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischicfe
For sithens is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with gnefe
The while thilke same vnhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe, 50
Fell headlong into a dell
And there vniointed both her bones
Mought her necke bene loynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe camtoetter good)
She mought ne gang'on the grcene

WILLYE

Let be, as may be, that is past
That is to come, let be forecast
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene 60

THOMALIN

It was vpon a holiday,
When shepheardeb groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting
Long wandering vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting
At length within an Yure todde
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling
I bent my bolt against the bush, 70
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mounng of some quicke,

Whose shape appeared not
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage eard it to awake,
, And manfully thereat shotte
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne, 80
And laughing lope to a tree
His gylden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me
That seeing, I leuelde againe,
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled
So long I shott, that al was spent
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threwe but nought availed 90
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,,
And oft the pumies latched
Therewith aflrayd I ranne away
But he, that earst seemd bot to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele
For then I little smart did feele
But soone it sore encreased 100
And now it rancckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it

WILLYE

Ihomalm, I pittie thy plight
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight
I know him by a token
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he wilbe wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net, 110
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Peeretree haunted
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had
Els had he sore be daunted
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping *Phebus* steepes his face
Yts time to hast vs homeward
Willyes Emblcme
*To be wise and eke to lone,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue* 120

Thomahns Embleme

*Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store
I The Honye is much, but the Gaule ts more*

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

GLOSS

THIS AEglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of I heocnut, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by hym warned, to beware of mischief to come

Otter went) ouergone

Alegge) to lessen or aswage

To quell) to abate Welkin) the skie

The swallow which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe

Flora) the Goddess of flowres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre whom remembrance of so great benefice, appointed i yearly feste for the memonall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica but Flora making her the Goddess of all floures, and doing verely to her solenne sacrifice

Maras bowre) that is the pleasaunt field, or rather the Maye bushes Maia is a Goddess and the mother of Mercune, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius

Lettice) the nime of some country lasse

Ascaunce) askewe or asquint

For thy) therefore

Lethe) is a lake in hell which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes For Lethe signmeth forgetfalsnes. Wherein the souks being dipped, did forget the cares of their forme rlyfe So that by lone sleeping in Lethe lake, hemeineth he was almost forgotten and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weart oute of my nde

Assotte) to aote

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exerce the delights of Loue and wanton pleasure s Winges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse

Est mihtnamque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca & C

A dell) a hole in the ground

Spell) is a kinde of use or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserued, asthe Nightspel for theues, and the woodspell And herehence I thinke is named the gospell as it were Godspell or worde And so sayth Chaucer, Listencth Lordings to my spell

Gange) goe

An Yuietodde) a thicke bush Swame) a bove For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye s alwayes freshe and lustie blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages wyth diuers coloured winges, s. ful of flying fancies with bowe and arrow, that is with glauce of beautye, which pryketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue

shafts, some leaden, some golden that is both pleasure for the gracious and loued and sorow for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken But who liste more at large to behold Cupidb colours and furniture, let him readc ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idylhon of wandering loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus whych worke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into Enghshe Rymes

Wimble and wighte) Quicke and deliuer

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thais, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being newly borne, and nolding him by the heele, dipped him in the Riuer of Styx The veitue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodies washed therein from any mortall wound So Achilles bung washed al ouer, siue onely his hele, by which his mother held was in the rest invulnerable therfore by Paris was feyned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the, heele, whiles he was busie about the marrying of Polyxena in the, temple of Apollo Which mystic ill fable Lusta thus Mifolding sayth that by wounding in the hele, is meant lustfull loue For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnwes, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those vtynes there be cut a sember, the partie straighte be cometh cold and vnfruitful Which reason our Poete wel weighing, maketh this shephcards boye of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele

Latched) caught Wroken) reuenged

For once) In this tale is sette out the simpli itye of shepheards opinion of Ioue

Stouping Phoebus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting

Embleme

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follye mixt with bitterntsse, and soioiw sawceel with repentaunce I or besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde and vexeth the body many waves, with vnrestfulness all night, and weatine s all day, seeking for that we can not haue and fynding tint we would not haue euen the selfe things which be st before vs lyked, in course of time and chiung of ryper yeares, whiche also therewithill chaungeth our wonted lyking and former fantasies will then seeme lothsome and breele vsannoyance. when yougthes flow re is withered, and we fynde our bodies and wits aunswere not to suche vayne lollitie and lustful pleasaunce

Iune.

*Ægloga sexta.*

ARGVMENT

THis *Algbue* is wholly vowed to the com*
playning of Colitis ill successe in his
loue bor being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of
a Country lasse Rosalind, and hautng (as seemeth)
founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his
deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken
vnfaithfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another
shepheard receiued disloyalty And this is the
whole Argument of this Æglogue

HOBBINOL

COLIN CLOWTE

LO Colin, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
 From other shades hath weand my wand-
 dning mynde
 Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte ?
 The simple ayri, the gentle warbling wynde,
 So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde
 The grassye ground with damtye Daysies dight,
 The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery
 kynde
 To the waters fall their tunes attemper right

COLLIN

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
 That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost 10
 Here wander may thy flock early or late,
 Withouten drede of Wolues to bene ylost,

Thy louely layes here mayst thou freely boste
 But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
 And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
 Can nowhere fynd, toshroudemy lucklesse pate

HOBBINOLL

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
 Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch
 Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough ms to
 see, 19

Nor holybush, nor brere, nor winding witche
 And to the dales resort, where shepheards
 ritche,
 And fruitfull flocks bene euery where to see
 Here no night Rauens lodge more black then
 pitche,

Nor eluisn ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee
 But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
 And bghtfote Nymphes can chace the lingring
 night,
 With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
 Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse*
 hight,

Doe make them musick, for their more delight
 And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their christall faces,
 Will pype and daunce, when *Phoebe* shineth
 bright 31

Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places

COLLIN

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse
yetres

Did let me walke withouten linkes of loue,
In such delights did I ly amongst my peeres.
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,
My fancye eke from former folhes moue
To stayed steps for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth newe dehghtes with hoary heares
Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype 41
Vnto my plantiue pleas in verses made
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girionds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more
rype,

And losse of her, whose loue as ly fe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype

HOBBINOLL

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelays
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to
sing, 5°

1 more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes
Whose Echo made theneyghbourgroues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful chenping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete
layes

I sawe *Calliope* wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yuory Luyts and Tamburms forgoe
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastily thy siluer sound 61
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst
showe,

They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame con
found,

Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe

COLLIN

Of Muses *Hobbtnol*, I conne no skill
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *loue*,
And holden scorn of homely shepheards quill
For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phoebus* stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and Daungerdroue
I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* hyll, 70
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill
Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or
blame,

Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest
With shepheard sittes not, foliowe flying fame
But feede his flocke in fields, where fall shembest

I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest
The fyttter they, my carefull case to frame
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead, 81
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make
He, whilst he hued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake
Well couth he wayle hys Woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde
Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(0 why should death on hyra such outrage
showe ?) 90

And all hys passing skill with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe
But if on me some little drops would flowe,
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I scone would learne these woods, to wayle my
woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to
shedde

Then should my plaints, caud of discourtesec,
As mtssengers of all my painfull plight,
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worths
wight 100

As sheedeserues, that wrought so deadly spight
And thou *Menalcas*, that by trecheree
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to wexe so light,
Shouldst wellf be knowne for such thy viailance
But since I am not, as I wish I were
Yegentleshepheards, which yourflocksdofeede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse hyth, is turned to faithlcse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made
bleede, 111

That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOLL

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse *Rosalind*, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe •
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you
forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you
trace 120

Colins Embleme

Gta speme spenta

GLOSSE

Syte) situation and place

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights So he compareth the soylr, whertn Hobbinoll made Ins abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden, wherein Adam in his first creation was paced Which of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the world (as mayappeare by Diodorus Syculusdescription of it, in the hystorie of Alexanders conquest thereof) lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) lygns and Jbuphrates, whereof it is so denominate

Forsake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poecie selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll inaeede aduised him pnately

Those hylles) that is. the North countrye, where he dwelt

N is) is not

the Dales) The Southpartes where he nowe abydeh, which thoughte they be full of hylles and woodes (for Kent is very"nvlle and woodye, and therefore so called for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth woodie) yet in respecte of the Northpaites they be called dales For indeede the North is counted the higher countrye

Night Rawns &c) by such hatefull byrdes hee meaneth all mislortunes(Where of they be tokens) flying euery win. re

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elves is very old, and yet t stickrth very religiously in the myndes of some But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfcsoutcof mens hearts the truth is, that there be no such things. nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Fneisind knauish shaut-hngs so feigned , which as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nousell the comtn ptoph in ignorounce least being once acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde in tyme small out the vntruth of theyr picked pelfe and Massepeme religion But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distraicts into the Factionsof the Gutlifes and the Gibehns being two famous houses in Florence, the name btgan through their great misthiefes and many outrages to the so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples cares, that if theyr children at any time were frowarde jnd wanton, they would say to them that the Guelde or the Gibeline came Which words nowe from them (as many thing els) become into our vsage, and for Guelfes and C belines, we say Elfes and (oblines No other wise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that vahaunt captain, the very scourge of Franunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrewsbury, whose noblesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies were defaicted and put to flyght at the onely

hearing of hys name In somuch that the French wemen, to attray theyr chyldren, would tell them that the Talbot commeth

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Chantes (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more And so Musceus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there satte a hundred graces And by that authentye, thys same Pocte in his Pageaunts sayth

An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte &c

Haydeguiques) A country daunce or rownd The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonehight To signifie the pleasaunte nesse of the soyle

Peeres) Equalles and felow shepheards

Queeneapples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse.

Ip e ego cana Iegam tenera Ianugme mala

Neighbour groucs) astrauunge phrase in English, but word For word expressing the Latine vicma nemora

Spring) not of water, but of young trees springing Calliope) afforesayde Thys staffe is full of verie poetical inuention

Tambunnes) an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion

Pan with Phoebus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striuing for excellencye in musicke, chose Midas lor their rudge Who being corrupted wyth partiall affection, gaue the victorie to Pan vnderdeserued for which Phoebus sette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c

Tuyrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, and by thys more playne appeareth, that he sax th, he tolde merye tales Such as be hysCanterbure tales Whom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellence, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Deum vitae suae s the God of hyslyfe

To make) to versifie

O why) A pretye Epanorthosis or correction

Discurtesie) he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another

Poynte of worthy wite) the pricke of deserued blame

Menalcas) the name of a shephearde in Virgile, but here is meant a person vnknow ne and secrete, agaynst whome he often bitterly inuayeth

vnderfonge) vndermme and deceiue by false suggestion

rmlleme

You remember, that in the fyrst AEglogue, Colms Poesie was Anchora speme for that as then there was hope of fauour to be found in tyme But nowe being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope that was, is cleane extin guished and turned into despeyre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come Which is all the meaning of thys Embleme

Iulye.

*Ægloga septima.*

ARGVMENT

*This Æglogue is made in the honour and
I commendation of good shepheardes, and
to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambt
tious Pastours Such as Morrell ts here imagined
to bee*

THOMALIN

MORRELL

IS not thilke same a goteheard prowdt,
that sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
among the bushes rancke ?

MORRELL

What ho, thou lollye shepheards swayne,
come vp the hyll to me
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee

THOMALIN

Ah God shield, man, that I should clime,
and leame to looke alofte,
This reede is ryfe, that oftentime
great clymbers fall vnsoft

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle
And now the Sonne hath reared vp
his fynefooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe

20

The rampant Lyon hunts he fist,
with Dogge of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death
Agaynst his cruell scorching heate
where hast thou couerture ?

The wastefull hylls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture

But if thee lust, to holden chat
with scely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the litle what,
that Thomalin can sayne

30

MORRHLL

10

Syker, thous but a læsie loord,
and rekts much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and weetlesse words
to blere myne eyes doest thinke

In emll houre thou hentest in hond
 thus holy hylles to blame,
 For sacred vnto saints they stond,
 and of them han theyr name
 S Michtls mount who does not knowe,
 that wardes the Westerne coste ?
 And of S Brigets bowre I trowe,
 all Kent can rightly boaste
 And they that con of Muses skill,
 sayne most what, that they dwell
 (As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
 beside a learned well
 And wormed not the great God *Pan*,
 vpon mount *Ohuet*
 Feeding the bksscd flocke of *Dan*,
 which dyd himslfc beget ?

THOMALIN

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
 that bought his flocke so deare,
 And them did saue with bloudy sweat
 from Wolues, that would them teare

MORREL

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
 there is a hyllye place,
 Where *Titan* rvseth from the mayne,
 to renne hys dayly race
 Vpon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
 ind all the skie doth leane,
 There is the caue, where *Phebe* layed,
 the shepheard long to dreame
 Whilome there vsed shepheards all
 to feede theyr flocks at will,
 Till by his foly one did fall,
 that all the rest did spill
 And sithens shepheirdes bene foresayd
 from places of delight
 For thy I weene thou be iflrayd,
 to clime this hilles height
 Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
 and of our Ladyes bowre
 But little needes to strow my store,
 suffice this hill of our
 Here han the holy *Faunes* resourse,
 and *Syluanes* haunten rathe
 Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
 wherein the Nymphcs doe bathe
 The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
 idowne the daks of Kent
 Till with his elder brother Themis
 his brackish waues be meynt
 Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
 and *Teribtnth* good for Gotes
 The one, my madding kiddes to smere
 the next, to heale theyr throtes

Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
 and thence the passage ethe
 As well can proue the piercing leum,
 that seeldome falls byneth

THOMALIN

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lorrell,
 of Heauen to demen so
 How be I am but rude and borrell,
 yet nearer wayes I knowe
 To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
 has bene an old sayd sawe
 And he that struiues to touch the starres,
 oft stumbles at a strawe,
 Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
 that leades in lowly dales,
 As Goteherd prowde that sitting hye,
 vpon the Mountaine sayles
 My seely sheepe like well belowe,
 they neede not *Melampode*
 For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
 and liken theyr abode
 But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
 they soone myght be corrupted
 Or like not of the frowie fede,
 or with the weedes be gluttied
 The hyls, where dwelled holy saints,
 I reuerence and adore
 Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
 Which han be dead of yore
 And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
 theyr good is with them goe
 Theyr sample onely to vs lent,
 that als we mought doe soe
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 and hued in lowlye kas
 And sith theyr souks bene now at rest,
 why done we them disease ?
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard
 old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 and liued with little gayne
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 simple, is simple sheepe,
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 the flocke, which he did keepe
 Often he vsed of hys keepe
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe
 the Altars hallowing
 So lowted he vnto hys Lord,
 such fauour couth he fynd,
 That sithens neuer was abhord,
 the simple shepheards kynd
 And such I weene the brethren were,
 that came from *Canaan*

The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flockes of mighty *Pan*
But nothing such thilk shephearde was,
 whom *Ida* hyll dyd beare,
 That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
 whose loue he bought to deare
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,
 (no such mought shepheards bee) 150
 And with lewde lust was ouerlayd
 tway things doen ill agree
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 well ejed, as *Argus* was,
 With fleshly follyes vndefyled,
 and stoute as steede of brasse
 Sike one (sayd *Algrtn*) *Mioses* was,
 that sawe hys makers face,
 His face more cleare, then Christall glasse,
 and spake to him in place 160
 This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
 the first of ail his cote,
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
 as he that earst I hote
 Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
 and loued their flocks to feede,
 They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
 and simple was theyr weede
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 the world is well amend, 170
 Their weedes bene not so nighly wore,
 such simplese mought them shend
 They bene yclad in purple and pall,
 so hath theyr god them blist,
 They reigne and rulen ouer all,
 and lord it, as they list
 Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
 (mought they good sheepeheards bene)
 Theyr *Pan* theyr sheepe tojhem has "old,
 I saye as some haue seene" 180
 For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)
 yode late on *Pilgrimage*
 To *Rome*, (if such be *Rome*) and then
 he sawe thilke misusage
 For shepheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
 as *Lordes* done other where,
 Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread
 the chippes, and they the chere
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O seely sheepe the while) 190
 The come is theyrs, let other thresh,
 their hands they may not file I

They han great stores, and thrif tye stockes*,
 great freendes and feeble foes
 What neede hem caren for their flocks ?
 theyr boyes can looke to those
 These wisards weltrne in welths waues,
 pamprnd in pleasures deepe,
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
 their fasting flockes to keepe 200
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,
 they heapen hylles of wrath
 Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
 they keepen all the path

MORRELL

Here is a great deale of good matter,
 lost for lacke of telling,
 Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter
 harme may come of melling
 Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,
 to wyten shcpheards welth 210
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
 it is a signe of helth
 But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
 that is so oft bynempt

THOMALIN

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but luth bene long ypent
 One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
 (as now thou wouldest me
 But I am taught by *Algrn* ill,
 to loue the lowe degree) 220
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 an tgle soled hye,
 That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
 a shell fish downe let flye
 She weend the shell fishe to haue broake,
 but therewith bruzd his brayne,
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 he lyes in lingring payne

MORRELL

Ah good *Algrin*, Ins hap was ill,
 but shall be better in tune 230
 Now farwell shepheard, sith thys hyll
 thou hast such doubt to climbe

*Ithomahns Emblcme**In medio virtus**Morreth Emblcme**In summo faelicilas*

GLOSSE

A Coteheard) By Gotes in scripture be repre-
 sented the wicked and reprobate, whose pabtour
 also must needes be such
Banck) is the seate of honor

Straying heard) which wander out of the waye of
 truth
 Als) lor also
 Clymbe) spoken of Ambition

IVLYE

Great clymbers) according to Seneca his verse,
Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu
Mickle) much

The sonne) A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on
Mountaines, because there is no shelter against
the scorching sunne According to the time of
the year, whiche is the whotest moneth of all

The Cupp and Diademe) Be two signes in the
Firmament, through which the sonne maketh his
course in the moneth of Iuly

Lionli Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne
did hunt a Lion with one Dogge The meaning
whereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo At
which tyme the Dogge starre, which is called
Syrius or Camcula reigneth, with immoderate
heate causing Pestilence, drought, and many
diseases

Ouerture) an open place The word is borrowed of
the French, and vsed in good writers

To holden chatt) to talke and prate

A loorde) was wont among the old Batons to
signifie a Lorde And therefore the Danes, that
long time vsurped their Tyrannie here in
Brytanu, were called for more dreaa then
dignitie Lurdanes s Lord Danes At which
time it is sayd, that the insolence and pryde of
that nation was so outrageous in thys Realme,
that it it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer
a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote vpon the
same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane were
cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his dis-
pleasure, which was no lesse, then present death
But being afterwarde expelled that name of
Lurdane became so odious vnto the people,
whom they had long oppressed, that euen at
this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the
Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane

Reeks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy I
aynes

Peeetelesse) not vnderstoode

S Michels mount) is a promontone in the West
part of England

A hill) Parnassus afforesayd Pan Christ

Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per
Synecdochen

Where Titan) the Sonne Which story is to be
redde in Diodorus Syc of the hyl Ida, from
whence he sayth, all night time is to bee scene
a mightyre fire, as if the skye burned which
toward morning begynneth to gather into a rownd
forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne whome the
Poetes call Titan

The Shephead) is Lndvmion, whom the Poets
fayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phoebe s the
Moone, that he was by her kept a sleeper in
a caue by the space of xxx yeares, for to enioye
his companie

There) that is in Paradise, where through error of
shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth thit all sh
pheards did vse to (cede theyr flocks till one,
(that is Adami by hys follye and disobedience,
made all the rest of hys of spring be debarred
and shutte out from thence

Synah) a hill in Arabia, where God appeared
Our Ladyes bowre) a place of pleasure so called
Faunes or Syluanes) be of Poetes feigned to be
Gods of the Woode

Medway) the name of a Ryuer in Kent, which
running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames,
whom he calleth his elder brother, both because
he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea
Meynt) mingled

Melampode and Terebinth) be hearbes good to
cure diseased Gotes Of those speaketh Man
tuane, and of thother Theocritus

терминов трауни сажетон акремова

Nigher heauen) Note the shepheards simplenesse,
which supposeth that from the hylls is nearer
waye to heauen

Leuin) Lightning, which he taketh for an argu-
ment, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because
the lightning doth comenly light on hygh moun-
taynes, according to the saying of the Poete
Fermntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell) A losell A borell) a playne fellowe
Narre) nearer Hale) for hole

Yede) goe Frowye) mustye or mossie
Of yore) long agoe Forewente) gone afore

The firste shepheard) was Abell the righteous, who
(as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of
sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the
grownde

His keepe) hys charge s his flocke

Lowted) did honour and reuerence

The brethren) the twelue sonnes of Iacob, whych
were shepemaisters, and lyued onelye thereupon
Whom Ida) Pans, which being the sonne of
Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas
dreame, which being with child of hym, dreamed
shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the
towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll
Ida, where being fostered of shepheards, he eke
in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to
knowledge of his parentage

A lasse) Helena the wyle of Menelaus king of
Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden Apple
to her geuen, then promised to Pans, who there-
upon with a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her
out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye
Which was the cause of the tenne yeares warre
in Troye, and the moste famous ciue of all Asia
most lamentably sacked and defaced

Argus) was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes,
and therefore to hym was committed the keeping
of the transformed Cow Io So called because
that in the print of a Cowesfoote, there is figured
an I in the middist of an O

His name) he meaneth Aaron whose name for
more Decorum, the shepheard sayth he hath
forgot, lest his remembrance and skill in
antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede
the meaneenes of the Person

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses
started aside, and committed Idolatry

In purple) Spoken of the Popes and Cardinales,
which vse such tyrannical colours and pompous
paynting

Belts) Girdles

Glitterand) Glittering A Participle vsed some
time in Chaucer, but altogether in I Goore

Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, whom they count
theyr Goa and greatest shepheard

Palinode) A shepheard, of whose report he seemeth
to speake all thys

Wisards) greate learned heads

Welter) wallowe

Kerne) a Churle or Farmer

Sike mister men) such kinde of men

Surly) stately and prowde

Melling) mealing

Bett) better

Bynempte) named

Gree) for degree

Algrin the name of a shepheard afforesayde, whose

myshap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet AEschylus, that was brayned with a shellfste

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalm confirraeth that, which in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proued For being both hvaselte sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it mothers of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertae dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed with two contrary vices whereto Morrell replieth

with continuaunce of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocntie, yet perfect fehcitye dwelleth in supremacie For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines Much like to that, which once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitie out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again with lyke saying of another Doctouie, as he sayde. Suorum deus altissimus

August.



AEgloga octaua.

ARGVMENT

In this AEglogue is set forth a delectable eon / troucrsit, made in imitation of that in Theocritus whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seuenth Aglogue They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also him selfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Author

WILLYE PERIGOT CVDDIE

Tell me Perigol, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy
musick matche ?

Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame ?
Or hath the Crampe thy loyats benomd with
ache?

PERIGOT

Ah Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or loynts be well apayd ?

WILLYE

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde ?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the lolly shepheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the
rest 10

PERIGOT

Ah Willye now I haue leard a newe daunce •
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

WILLYE

Mischiefe mought to thatnewe mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft vs of our meriment

But reede me, what payne doth thee so appall ?
Or louest thou, or bene thy younglings mis
went ?

PERIGOT

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see

WILLYE

Perdie and wellawaye ill may they thnue
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight 20
But and if in rymes with me thou dare striue,
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight

PERIGOT

That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared
Neuer shall be sayde that *Perigot* was dared

WILLYE

Then loe *Perigot* the Pledge, which I plight
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie twine 30

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues lawes
But see, howfast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes
And here with his shepehooke hath him shyne
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene ?
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene

PERIGOT

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis sike another
For I brought him vp without the Dambe
But *Colin Clout* rafte me of his brother, 40
That he purchast of me in the playne held
Sore against my will was I forst to yield

WILLYE

Sicker make like account of his brother
But who shall ludge the wager wonne or lost ?

PERIGOT

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pousse hetherward doth post

WILLYE

But for the Sunnebeame so sore doth vs beate,
Werenot better, toshunnethescortchingheate?

PERIGOT

Well agreed *Willy* then sitte thee downe
swayne 49
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but *Colin* sing

CVDDIE

Gynne, when yely st, yeiolly shepheards twayne
Sike a ludge, as *Cuddie*, were for a king

SPENSER

Perigot I T fell vpon a holly eue,
Willye hey ho hollidaye,
Per When holly fathers wont to shrieue
Wil now gynneth this roundelay
Per Sitting vpon a hill so hye
Wil hey ho the high hyll,
Per The while my flocke did feede thereby,
Wil the while the shepheard selfe did spill
Per I saw the bouncing Bellibone, 61
Wil hey ho Bonibell,
Per Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Wil she can trippe it very well
Per Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil hey ho gray is greeete,
Per And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
Wil the greene is for maydens meete
Per A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil hey ho chapelet, 70
Per Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil she sweeter then the Violet
Per My sheepe did leaue theyr wonted foode,
Wil hey ho seely sheepe,
Per And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil woode as he, that did them keepe
Per As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil hey ho bonilasse,
Per She roud at me with glauncing eye,
Wil as cleare as the christall glasse 80
Per All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per Glaunceth from *Phoebus* face forthright,
Wil so loue into thy hart did streame
Per Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil hey ho the Thonder,
Per Wherein the lightsome leum shroudes
Wil so cleaues thy soule a sonder
Per Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
Wil hey ho the Moonelight, 90
Per Vpon the glyttering wae doth playe
Wil such play is a pitteous plight
Per The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil hey ho the gyder,
Per Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil such woundes soone wexen wider
Per Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil hey ho *Perigot*
Per I left the head in my hart roote
Wil it was a desprate shot 100
Per There it ranckleth ay more and more,
Wil hey ho the arrowe,
Per Ne can I find salue for my sore
Wil loue is a curelesse sorrowe
Per And though my bale withdeath I bought,
Wil hey ho heaue cheere,
Per Yet should thilklassenot frommy thought
Wil so you may buye gold to deare

Per But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne, 110
Per Or thriue in welth, she shalbe mine
Wil but if thou can her obtaine
Per And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Wil hey ho gracelesse grieve,
Per Witnessse, shee slewe me with her eye
Wil let thy follye be the prife
Per And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per For prife thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil and mone with many a mocke 120
Per So learnd I loue on a holly e eue,
Wil hey ho holidaye,
Per That euer since my hart did greue
Wil now endeth our roundelav

CVDDYE

Sicker sike a roundle neuer heard I none
 Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best
 And *Willie* is not greatly ouergone,
 So weren his vndersongs well address

WILLYE

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye
 Areede vprightl), who has the victorie ? 130

CVDDIE

Fay th of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned
 For thy let the Lambe be *Willie* his owne
 And for *Pertgot* so well hath hym payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone

PERICOT

Pertgot is well pleased with the doome
 Ne can *Willie* wite the witelesse herdgroomer,

WILLYE

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that ludged beauties
 Queene

CVDDIE

But tell me shepherds, should it not yshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse
 Of *Rosalend* (who knows not *Rosaiend* ?) 141
 That *Colin* made, ylke can I you rehearse

PERIGOT

Now say it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde
 With mery thing its good to medle sadde

WILLY

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt yerouned be
 In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede
 For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
 As him to heare, or matter of his deede

CVDDIE

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
 And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may 150

YE wastefull woodes beare witnessse of my
 woe,

Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound

Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cries,

Which in your songs were wont to make
part

Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me oft a
sleepe,

Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte
augment

Resort of people doth my greefs augment,

The waited tow nes do worke my greater woe

The forest wide is fitter to resound

The hollow Echo of my carefull cries, 160

I hate the house, since thence my loue did
part,

Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes
from sleepe

Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe

Let all that sweete is, voyd and all that
may augment

My doole, drawe neare More meete to
wayle my woe,

Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to re
sound,

Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with
cries,

When I them see so waist, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past Here will I dwell apart 169

In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe

Doe close mine eyes so shall I not augment

With sight of such achauge my restlessewoe

Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shriek
ing sound

Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cries

Most ruthfully to tune And as my cries

(Which of my woe cannot bew ray least part)

You heare all night, when nature craueth
sleepe,

Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment

Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe

I vowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound

Shohome returne, whose voycessiluersound 181

To cheerefull songs can change my chere
lesse cries

Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of

sleepe

In songs and plaintiue picas, the more taug
ment

The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her
woe

And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound

Of these my nightly cries | ye heare apart,

Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie
augment

PERIGOT

0 Colin, Colin, the shepheards wye, 190
How I admire ech turning of thy verse
And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the hefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse

CUDDIE

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be
at home
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone

Perigot his Embleme

Vincenti gloria victi

Willyes Embleme

Vinto non villo

Cuddies Embleme.

200

Felice chtpuo

GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered

Peregalij) equall.

Whilome)once

Rafte) bereft, deprieved

Miswent) gon a straye

Ill may) according to Virgile

Infelix o semper ouis pecus

\ mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne
pledges of their strife

Enchased) engrauen Such pretie descriptions
euery where \seth Theocritus, to bring in his
Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede he by
that name termeth his AEGlogues fur Idyllion
in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any
thyng, wherof his booke is ful And not, as
I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be
called not Idyllia, but Haedilia, of the Gotc-
heardsm them

Entratled) wrought betwene

Haruest Tyent) The manner of country 'olke in
haruest tyme

Pousse) Pease

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of
his loue to whom Willy answereth euery Ander
verse By Perigot who is meant, I can not
vpriightly say but if it be, who is supposed, his
love destruethe no lesse prayse, then he giueth her

Greete) weeping and complaint

Chaplet) a kind of Garland lyke a crowne

Leuen) Lightning

Cynthia) was sayd to be the Moone

Gryde) perced

But if) not vnlesse

Squint eye) partiall judgement

Ech haue) so saith Virgile

Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth
both partes

Doome) judgement

Dempt) for deemed, judged

Wite the witelesse) blame the blamelesse

The shepherd of Ida) was sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to whome Pans adjudged
the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beauteie

Embleme

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous for
Perigot by his poesre claming the conquest, and
Willye not yeelding Cuddie the arbiter of theyr
cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to challenge
it, as his dew, saying, that he, is happy which
can so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther
him, that can win the beste, or moderate him
selfe being best, and leaue of with the best.

September.

*Ægloga Nona.*

ARGVMENT

*H*eretn Diggon Daue is deuted to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a Jarre countrie The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinsols demaund, he discoursed at large

HOBBINOL

DIGGON DALIE

Diggon Daue, I bidde her god day
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye

DIGGON

Her was her, while it was daye light,
But now her is a most wretched wight
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast

HOBBINOLL

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight ?
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to
leade? ⁹
Or bene they chaff red ? or at mischiefe dead ?

DIGGON

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbmol, I pray thee gall not my old grieffe
Sike question ripeth vp cause of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe

HOBBINOLL

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare
When theraynt is fain, the cloudeswexen clear
And now sithence I sawe thy head lost, 19
Thrise three Moones bene fully spent and past
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many things relate
But tell me first of thy flocks astate

DIGGON

My sheepe bene wasted, (wae is me therefore)
The lolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe nor lollye, nor shephearde more
In forrem costes, men sayd, was plentye
And so there is, but all of miserye
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store, 30
But such eeking hath made my hart sore
In the countrys, whereas I haue bene,
No being for those, that truly mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such countrie, as there to remane
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name
The shepheards there robben one another
And layen baytes to beguile her brother

Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote, 40
 Or they will caruen the shepheards throte
 The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,
 But it be by his pryde, from other men
 They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,
 And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
 As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranc

HOBBINOLL

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
 That vncth may I stand any more
 And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
 That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee, 50
 Beating the withered leafe from the tree
 Sitte we downe here vnder the hill
 Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
 And make a mocke at the blustering blast
 Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast

DIGGON

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
 I h it euer I cast to haue lorne this grounde
 Wel away the while I was so fonde,
 [0 leiuue the good, that I had in honde, 60
 In hope of better, tint was vncouth
 So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth
 My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
 I hat here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,
 All were they lustye, as thou didst sec,
 Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree
 I hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
 Driuen for neede to come home [vgayne](#)

HOBBINOLL

Ah fon, now by thy losse art taught,
 That seeldome chaunge the better brought
 Content who liues with tryed state, 70
 Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate
 But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
 Oft hues by losse, and lcaues with payne

DIGGON

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
 With v tyne desyre, and hope to be enricht
 But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
 Scemeth ay greater, when it is farre
 I thought the soyle would haue nude me rich 79
 But nowe I wote, it is nothing sich
 I or eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,
 And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way the) wyll
 Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
 And casten to compasse many wrong emprise
 But the more benef raight with fraud and spight,
 Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight
 But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
 Wherewith they sette all the world on fire
 Which when they thincken agayne to quench
 With holy water, they doen nem all drench

They saye they con to heauen the high way,
 But by my soule I dare vndersaye, 91
 They neuer sette foote in that same troade,
 But balk the right way, and strayen abroad
 They boast they han the deuill at commaund
 But aske hem therefore, what they han paund
 Mar ne that great *Pan* bought with deare borrow,
 To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe
 But they han sold thilk same long agoe
 For thy woulde drawe with hem many moe
 But let hem gange alone a Gods name 100
 As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame

HOBBINOLL

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke
 Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke

DIGGON

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
 Badde is the best (this engsh is flatt)
 Their ill haurour garres men missay,
 Both of their doctrine, and of their faye
 They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
 All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont
 Other sayne, but how truely I note, 110
 All for they holden shame of theyr cote
 Somesticke not tosay ,(whotecoleon her tongue)
 That sike mischief graseth hem emong,
 All for they casten too much of worlds care,
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre
 For such encheason, If you goe nye,
 Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye
 The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the stal,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall
 Thus chat ten the people in theyr steads, 120
 Ylike as a Monster of many heads
 But they that shooten nearest the pricke,
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick
 For bigge Bulles of *Basan* brace hem about
 That with theyr homes batten the more stoute
 But the leane soules treaden vnder foote
 And to seeke redresse mought little boote
 For hker bene they to pluck away more,
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore
 For they bene like foule wagmoires ouergrast,
 That if thy galage once sticketh fast, 131
 The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck
 Yet better leaue of with a little losse,
 Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse

HOBBINOLL

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine
 Better it were, a little to feyne,
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured
 Such ll, as is forced, mought nedes be endured
 But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks
 creepe' 140

DIGGON

Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
 For they mil listen to the shepheards voyce,
 But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
 They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,
 And to theyr foldes yeadat their owne leasure
 But they nad be better come at their cal
 For many han into mischief fall,
 And bene of rauenus Wolues yrent,
 All for they nould be buxome and bent

HOBBINOLL

Eye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,
 Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king, 151
 Neuer was Woolfe seene many nor some,
 Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome
 But the fewer Woolues (the soth to sayne,)
 The more bene the Foxes that here remaine

DIGGON

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
 And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,
 They walke not widely as they were wont
 For feare of raungers, and the great hunt
 But priuily prolling two and froe, 160
 Enaunter they mought be inly knowe

HOBBINOLL

Or prime or pert yf any bene,
 We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne

DIGGON

Indeede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
 And could make a lolly hole in theyr furre
 But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
 But heedy shepheards to discerne their face
 For all their craft is in their countemunce,
 They bene so graue and full of mayntenance
 But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe, 170
 Chaunced to Roftynn not long ygoe ?

HOBBINOLL

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,
 For not but well mought him betight,
 He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
 And with his word his worke is conuenable
 Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,
 (Ah for Colin he whilome my loye)
 Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
 That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend

DIGGON

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke
 He has a Dogge to byte or to barke, 181
 Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre,
 That waketh, and if but a leafe sturre
 Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe

And euer at night wont to repayre
 Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
 Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man vsed to sleepe
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball, 190
 (For he had eft learned a curre call)
 As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe
 With that the shepheard would breake his sheepe,

And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye,
 This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast
 Long time he vsed this slippery pranck, 200
 Ere Roffy could for his labour him thanck
 At end the shepheard his practise spyed,
 (For Roily is wise, and as Argus eyed)
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect
 cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte

HOBBINOLL

"Marry Diggon, what should him affraye,
 To take his owne where euer it laye ?
 for had his wesand bene a little wider, 210
 He would haue deuoured both hider and shidder

DIGGON

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse
 For it was a perilous beast about all,
 And eke had he cond the shepherds call
 And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
 And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
 As if it the old man selfe had bene
 The dog his maisters voice did it weene,
 Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the dore, 220
 And ranne out, as he was wont of yore
 No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
 Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught
 And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,
 Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen

HOBBINOLL

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
 All for he did his deuoyr belieue
 If sike bene Wolues, as thou hist told,
 How mought we Diggon, hem be hold

DIGGON

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse, 230
 Forstalkn hem of their winnesse ?
 For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
 Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day

But euer hggē in watch and ward,
From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard

HOBBINOLL

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee
Why should we be bound to such miserce ?
What euer thing lacketh changeable rest, 240
Mought needes decay, when it is at best

DIGGON

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile
What shall I doe ? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend ?
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye

HOBBINOLL

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,
Netheksse thou seest my lowly saile, 250
That froward fortune doth euer auaille
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease
But if to my cotege thou wilt resort,
bo as I can, I wil thee comfort
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head

DIGGON

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite
Diggon on fewe such freends did euer lite

Diggon's Embleme 260

Inopem me copia fecit

GLOSSE

The Dialecte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the tomen The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the part) here in meant, -who being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraigne cuntries, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow For to bidde, is to praye, whereof commeth beadis for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades s to saye his prayers

Wightly) quicklye, or sodenlye

Chaffred) solide

Dead at mischiefe) an vnusuali speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer

Leefe) dare Ethe) easie

Thrice thre moones) nine monethes.

Measurtd)for traueled Wae) woe Northernly

Leked) encreased Caruen) cutte

Kenne) know Cragge) neck

State) stoutely Stanck) wearie or fainte

And nowe) He applieth it to the tyme of the yeare,

which is in thend of haruest, which they call the

fall of the leafe at which tyme the Western

wynde beareth most swaye

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium

ventis

Lome) leftē Soote) swete

Vncouth) vnknown

Hereby there) here and there.

As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane

Lmprise) for enterprise Per Synneopen

Contek) strife Trode) path

Marrie that) that is, their soules, which by pepish

Exorcismes and practises the) damme to hell

Blacki) hell Gange) goe Mister) maner

Mirke) obscure "Warre) worst

Curmenall) purse Brace) compasse

1 neheson) occasion

Quergrast) ouergrown with grasse

Galage) shoe The grosse) the whole

Buxome and bent) meeke and obedient

Saxon king) K Edgare, that reigned here in

Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde Which

king caused all the Wolues, whereof then was

store in thys country, by a proper policie to be

destroyed So as neuer since that time, there haue ben Wolues here founde, vnlesse they were brought from other cuntries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of intruth, for saying there be Wolues in England

Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable but indede it was wont to be an olde prouerbe and coraen phrase The original whereof was, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Lthelbert was christened, Kent only except, which remayned long after in myseliefe and vnchristened. So, that Kent was counted no part of Christendome*

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and rustice

Enaunter) least that

Inly) inwardly Afforesayde

Privie or pert) openly sayth Chaucer

Roffly) The name of a slu pehearde in Marot his

Aeglogue of Robin and the Kinge Whome he

here commendeth for greate care and wise

gouernance of his flock

Colin cloute) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but

by Colin is euer meante the Authour selfe

whose especiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth he

is, or more rightly Mayster Gabriel Haruey of

whose speciall commendation, aswell in Poetrie

as Rhetorike and other choyce learning we haue

lately had a sufficient tryall in diuerse his workes,

but specially in his Musarum Lachrymae, and his

late Gratulationum Valdinensium which boke III

the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated

in writing to her Maiestie Afterward presenting

the same in print vnto her Highnesse at the

worshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire

Beside other his sundrye most rare and very

notable writings, partly vnder vnknown Tytles,

and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys

Tyrannomastix, his Ode Natalitia, his Rameidos,

and especially that parte of Philomusus, his

diuine Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke

importance As also by the names of other

shephcardes, he couereth the persons of diuers

other his familiar freendes and best acquayn

taunce

This tale of Roffy seemeth to coloure some parti

cular Action of his But what, I certemlye

know not

Wonned) haunted Welkin) skie Afforesaid
 A Weanell waste) a weaned youngling
 Hidderand shidder) Heandshe Maleand Female
 Steuen) Noyse Belieue) quickly
 What euer) Ouids verse translated

Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est
 Forehaile) drawe or distresse
 Vetchie) of Pease strawe

Embleme

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid For when

the foolishe boye by beholding hys face in the
 brooke, fell in lout with his owne likenesse
 and not hable to content him selfe with much
 looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made
 him poore meaning that much gazing had bereft
 him of sence But our Diggon vseth it to other
 purpose, as who that by tryall of many waves
 had founde the worst, and through greate plentye
 was fallen into great penurie This poesie I
 knowe, to hiue bene much used of the author,
 and to suche like effecte, as fyrste Narcissus
 spake it

October.



AEgloga decima.

ARGVMENT

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte palarne of
 a Poele, whiche finding no maintenaunce of
 his state and studies, complayneth of the con-
 temple of Poetrie, and the causes thereof
 specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen
 amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular
 account and honor, and being indede so worthy
 and commendable an arte or rather no arte, but
 Fija diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee
 gollen by labour and learning, but adorned with
 both and poured into the wille by a certaine
 and celestiaall inspiration, as the
 Author hereof els where at large discoursed, in
 his booke called the English Poete, which booke
 being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by
 Gods grace vpon further adursement to publish

PIERCE

CVDDIE

CVddie, for shame hold vp thy heauy e head,
 And let vs cast with what delight to
 chace,
 And weary thys long lmgng Phoebus race
 Whilome thou wont the shepherds laddes to
 leade,
 In rymes, in ndks, and in bydding base •
 Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead

CVDDYE

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
 That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore
 And my poore Muse hath spent her spartdstore,
 Yet little good hath got, and much lesse
 gayne 10
 Such pleasaunce makes the Grashoppersopoore,
 Andliggeso layd, when Winter doth her straine

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuse, , I And eft did sing ofwarres and deadly drede,
 To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry, So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here
 Delighen much what I the bett for thy ? But ah *Mecoenas* is yclad in claye, 61
 They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead.
 I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye And all the worthies liggien wrapt in leade,
 What good thereof to Cuddle can arise ? That matter made for Poets on to play
 For euer, who in derring doe were drede,
 The loftre verse of hem was loued aye

PIRES.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
 The glory eke much greater then the gayne
 O what an honor is it, to restraine 21
 The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice
 Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy
 vaine,
 Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice
 Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
 O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue
 Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue
 All as the shepherd, that did fetch his dame
 From *Pluloes* balefull bowre withouten leaue
 His musicks might the hellish hound did tame

CVDDE

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
 And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye
 But who rewards him ere the more for thy ?
 Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine ?
 Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
 Sike words benewynd, and wasten soonemvayne

PIERS *

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
 Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of grusts, 39
 Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne
 To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour
 rusts,
 And helmes vnbruzed wexen dayly browne

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
 And stretch herselfeate large from East to West
 Whither thou list in fay re *Eksa* rest,
 Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Aduance the worthy whome shee loueth best,
 That first the white beare to the stake did bring
 And when the stubborrie stroke of stronger
 stounds,
 Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string
 Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing, 51
 And carrolowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
 All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring
 So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heuensownde

CVDDE

Indeede the Romish *Tiyrus*, I heare,
 Through his *Mecoenas* left his Oaten reede,
 Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
 And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,

And if that any budde of Poesre,
 Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne
 Or it mens follies' mote be forst to fayne,
 I And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye
 Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne
 Tom Piper makes vs better melodic

PIERS

I O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place ?
 If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt 80
 (And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
 Ne bast of baser birth doth thee embrace
 Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
 And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen
 apace

CVDDE

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
 So high to sore, and make so large a flight
 Her peece pyneons bene not so in plight, '
 For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne
 He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
 Would mount as high, and sing as soote as
 Swanne 90

PIRES

Ah fon, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
 And lyftes him vp put of the loathsome myre
 Such immonajhrurfors as he doth admire,
 Would rayse ones mynd about the stary skie
 And cause a caytrue corage to aspire,
 For lofty loue doth loathalowly eye

CVDDE

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
 For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell
 That where he rules, all power he doth expell
 The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
 Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell
 Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in
 hand

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of
threate

Let powre in lauish cups and thriftier bitts of
meate,

For Bacchus fruite is Irena to Phoebus wise
And when with Winethebraine begins to sweate,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse
Thou kenst not *Peræ* howe the ryme should
rage

O if my temples were distained with wine, 110
And girt in girlonds of wild Yure twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,

Und teache her treacd-aloft in buskin fine,
[With queint *Bellona* in her equipage

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content vs in thys humble shade i
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme

PIRES

And when my Sates shall han their bellies layd
Cuddte shall haue a Kidde to store his farme

Cuddies Embkme 121

Agilanie ealesctmus illo

GLOSSE

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi Idilton, wherein hee reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lfe And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte

Caddie) I doubte whether by Cuddle be specified the authour selfe, or some other For in the eyght Aeglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Collins making, as he sayth So that some doubt, that the persons be different Whilome) sometime Oaten reedes) Avena Ligge so layde) lye so faynt and vnlustye Dapper) pretve

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawn ing fishes For the multitude of young fish be called the frye

To restraint) This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent For at what time an infinite number of youth usually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyncia, which they vsed every fyue yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable then the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of xertue or of victory or of immortality or such like At those wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it were rauished, with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from aboue, called him *vatem* which kinde of men afterwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing wyth loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poetes or makers

Sence bereaue) what the secrete working of Musick is in the myndes of men, aswell appeareth, hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonic and muscalle numbers, for the great compassion and likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable

history of Alexander towhom when as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodic, it is said, that he was distraught with such vnwonted fury, that streight way rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to warre (for that musick is very war like) And immediatly whenas the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so furr from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in matters of counsell Such might is in musick Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arabian Melodie from children and youth For that being altogether on the fyft and vu. torn, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in yong brests So that it is not incredible which the Poete hen sayth, that Musick can bereaue the soule of sence

The shepheard that) Orpheus of whom is sayd, that by his excellent ski l in Musick and Poetry, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that luno to him committed hir husband iupiter his Paragon 10, because he had an hundred eyes but after warde Mercury wyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slew him and brought lo away, whose eyes it is sayd that luno forms eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle For those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes Woundlesse armour) vnwounded in warn, doe rust through long peace

Display) A poeticall metaphore whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shoue his skil in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gratus soueraign, whom (as before) he calkth Elisa, Or if mater of knighthoode and cheualne please him better, that there be many Noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayses, and also fauourcs of hys skil and faculty

The worthy) he meaneth (as I gesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erie of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then oy his name he bewrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be known to country clowne ISlack) that is when thou chaungest thy verse from

I stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce
And delight

The Millers) a kind of daunce

Ring) company of dauncers

The Romish Tityrus) wel knowea to be Virtue, who
by Mecaenas means was brought into the fauour
of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to
write in loftier knae, then he erst had doen

Whereon) in these three verses are the three
seuerall workes of Virgile intended For in
teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his
jEglogues In labouring of lands, is hys Buco
liques In singing of wars and deadly dreade,
is his diume jEneis figured

In dernng doe) In manhoode and cheualne

I or euer) He sheweth the cause, why Poetes were
wont be had in such honor of noble men, that
is, that by them their worthmes and valor shold
through theyr famous Posies be commended to
al posterities Wherefore it is sayd, that Achilles
had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for
Homer'es immortal verses Which 19 the only
aduantage, which he had of Hector And also
that Alexander the great comming to his tombc
in Sigeus, with naturall teares blessed htm, that
euer was his hap to be honoured with so excellent
a Poets work as so renowned and ennobled
only by hys meanes Which being declared in
a most eloquent Oration of Tullies is of Petrarch
no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandre a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiara tromba Trouasti
And that such account hath bene alwayes made
of Poetes, a swell sheweth this that the worthy
Scipto in all his warres against Carthage and
Numantia had euermore in his company, and
that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet
Ennius as also that Alexander destroying
Thebes, when he was informed that the famous
Lynck Poet Pindarus was borne in that citie,
not onely commaunded streightly, that no man
should Apon paine of deith do any violence to
that house by fire or otherlse but also specially
spared most, and some highly rewarded, that
were of hys kinne So faououred he the only
name of a Poete Whych prayse otherwise was
in the same man no lisse famous, that when he
came to ransacking of king Darius coffers,
whom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in
a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers
works, as layd vp there for speciall rewells and
richesse, which he taking thence, put one of them
dayly in his bosome, and thother every night
layde vnder hispillowe Such honor haue Poetes
alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble
men Which this author here very well sheweth,
as els where more notably

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of
Poetry to be idleness and basenesse of mynd

Pent) shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage
lorn piper) An Ironicall Sarcasme, spoken in
derision of these rude wits which make more
account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill
grounded vpon learning and judgment

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men

Her peeced pineons) vnperfect skill Spoken wyth

humble modestle

As soote as Swanne) The comparision seemeth to
be strange for the swanne hath euer wonne
small commendation for her swete singing but
it is sayd of the learned that the swan a little
before nir death, smgth most pleasantly, as
prophecymg by a secrete instinct her neere
destinie As wel sayth the Poete elswhere in one
of his sonetts

The siluer swanne doth sing before her dying day
As shee that feesle the deepe delight that is n
death &c

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, which is an excellent
object of Poeticall spintes, as appeareth by the
worthy Petrachs saying

Frörir faceua ll mio debile ingegno

A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni

A caytme corage) a base and abiect minde

For lofty loue)I think this playing with the letter
to be rather a fault then a figure, aswel in our
English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the
Latine, called Cacozelon

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying -vacuum
cuns diuma cerebrum Poseit

Lauish cups.) Resembleth that comen verse Faecundi
calices quem non fecere disertum

O if my) He seemeth here to be raiused with
a Poetical fune Tor (if one rightly mark) the
numbers rise so ful and the verse growth so big,
that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanness of
shepheards state and stile

Wild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus and there
fore it is sayd that the MaMiades (that is Bacchus
franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry
Thyrssos, which were pointed staues or lauelins,
w rapped about w ith yuie

In buskin) it was the maner of Poetes and platers
in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies
to vse stockes and light shoes So that the
buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter as
it said in Virgile Sola sophocleo tua carmina
digna cothurno And the like in Horace, Mag
num loqui, nitique cothurno

Queint) strange Bellona, the goddess of battaile
that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called
queint Tor That (as Luctan saith) when Iupiter
hir father was in traueile of her, he caused his
sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head
Out"of which leaped forth lustely a valiant
damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing
Vulcane so fane and comely, lightly leaping to
her, proffered her some cortesie, which the Lady
disdeigning, shaken her speare at him, and threat
ned his saucinesse Therefore such straungenesse
is well applyed to her

AEquipage) order Tydes) seasons

Charime) temper and order For Charnes were
wont to be made by verses as Omd say th
Aut st carminibus

Embleme

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of
this.AEglogue, that Poetry is a diume instinct
and vnnatural rage passing the reach of comen
reason Whom Piersanswereth Epiphonematos,
as admiring the excellencye of the skyl whereof
in Cuddie hee hadde already hadde a taste

November.



AEgloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT

*I*N this xi AEglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greaie bloud, inhom he calleth Dido The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnkowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same This AEglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene But far re passing his reache, and in myne opinion all othier the Eglogues of this booke

THENOT

COLIN

COhn my dcare, when shall it pleast thee sing,

As thou were wont songs of some louisaunce ?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through lous misgouemaunce
Vow somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Emong the shepheards swames may aye re
maine,

Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine

COLIN

Thenot, now nix the time of menmake
Nor Pan to herye, nor with loue to playe 10
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye

But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phoebus weary of his yerclly taske,
Ystabkd hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his ynne in Fishes haske
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske
And loatheth sike delighes, as thou doest
prays

Themornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As shee was wont in youngh and sommu
dayes 20

But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poetes prayse
Reheue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long

THENOT

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee
And I vnfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
Should Colin make rudge of my foolerce
Nay, better karne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well 30
The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses menment
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment

For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate shepheardehis daughter
sheene

The fayrest May she was that euer went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene 40
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull tene
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy payne
And if thy rymes as rownd and ruffull bene,
As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt
gayne,

Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt
Then vp I say, thou lolly shepheard swayne,
Let not my small demaund be so contempt

COLIN

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
But ah to well I wote my humble vaine, 50
And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt
Vet as I conne, my conning I will strayne

Vp then *Melpomene* thou mournefulst Muse
of nyne,

Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore
Vp grieshe ghostes and vp my ruffull ryme,
Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore

Dido my deare alas is dead,

Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead

O heaueie herse, 60

let streaming teares be poured out in store
O carefull verse

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish
downes abyde,

Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke
Waile . the wight, whose presence was our
pryde

Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke

The earth now licks her wonted lights

And all we dwell in deadly night, *

O heaueie herse 70

Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as
Larke,

O carefull verse

Why doe we longer hue, (ah why hue we so
long)

Whose better dayes death hath shut vp mwoe ?

The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong,

Is faded quite and into dust ygoe

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe

1 he songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,

But into weeping turne your wanton layes,

O heaueie herse, 80

Now is time to dye Nay time was long ygoe,

O carefull verse

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth
fade,

And lyeth buried long in Winters bale

Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,

It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle ?

But thing on earth that is of most auaile,

As vertues braunch and beauties budde,

Rehuen not for any good

O heaueie herse, 90

The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes
must quaille,

O carefull verse

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to
sayne)

For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere

So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,

With cakes and cracknells and such country
chere

Ne would she scome the simple shepheards
swaine,

For she would cal hem often heme

And giue hem curds and clouted Creame

O heaueie herse, 100

Als *Colin cloule* she would not once disdayne

O carefull verse

But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heaure
chaunce,

Such pleasaunce now displast by dolours dint

All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the
daunce,

And shepherds wonted solace is extinct

The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,

The faded flowres her corse embraue

O heaueie herse, 110

Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with teares
besprint

O carefull verse

O thou greate shepherd *Lobbin*, how great is
thy grieve,

Where bene the nose gayes that she dight for thee

The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemaree ?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee

Ah they bene all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away

O heaueie herse, 120

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree

O carefull verse

Ay me that dreerie death should strike so
mortall stroke,

That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course

The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,

The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr source,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead
perforce

The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne

O heauie herse, 130

The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former
foode,

And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to
weepe

The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring
sheepe

Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,

The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch
O heauie herse, 140

And *Philomele* her song with teares doth steepe
O carefull verse

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing
and daunce,

And for her girland O liue braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduance
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to
weare

Now bringon bitter Eldre braunches seare,

The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent
O heauie herse, 150

Morne now my Muse, now morne with heaure
cheare

O carefull verse

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper
hope

Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for
nought,

And shooting wide, doe misse the marked
scope

Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)

That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought

For what might be in earthlie mould,

That did her buried body hould,
O heauie herse, 160

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought

O carefull verse

But maugre death, and dreaded sibters deadly
spight,

And gates of hel, and fyne furies forse

She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,

Her soule vnbodyed of the burdenous corpse

Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse ?

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,

Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent

O happye herse, 170

Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes
sourse,

Oioyfull verse,

Why wayle we then ? why weary we the Gods
with playnts,

As if some euill were to her betight ?

She raignes a goddesse now among the saintes

That whilome was the saynt of shepheards
light

And is entalled nowe in heauens bight

I see thee blessed soule, I see,

Walke in *Elisian* helde so free

O happy herse, 180

Might I once come to thee (O that I might)

O loyfull verse

Vnwise and wretched men to weete whats good
orill,

We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert

But knewe we fooles, what it vs brings vntil,

Dye would we dayly, once it to expert

No daunger there the shepheard can astert

Fayre helde and pleasaunt layes there bene,

The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene

O happy herse, 190

Make hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,

O loyfull verse

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the
next ?)

There hues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,

There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,

And loyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse

The honor now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,

While here on earth she did abyde

O happy herse, 200

Cease now my song, my woe now wasted is

O loyfull verse

THENOT

Ay francke shepheard, how bene thy verses
meint

With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,

Whether reioyce or weepe for great constrainte ?

Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gotte

Vp *Colin* vp, ynough thou morned hast,

Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast

Colins Embleme

La mort ny word 210

GLOSSE

Louisaunee)myrth Souenaunce) remembraunce
Hene) honour

Welked) shortned or empayred As the Moone
being in the waine is sayde of Lidgatc to welk

In lowly lay) according to the season of the moneth
November, when the sonne draweth low in the
South toward his Tropick or returne

In 6shes haske)the sonne, re'gneth that is, in the
signe Pisces all Nouember A haske is a wicker
pad, wherein they vse to cary fish

Virelaies) a light kind of song

Bee hatred) For it is a saying of Poetes, that the)
haue dronk of the Muses well Castahas, whereof
was before sufficiently sayd

Drenment) dreery and neauy cheere

The great shepheard) 13 some man of high degree,
and not as some vainely suppose God Pan The
person both of the shepheard and of Dido is
vnknown and closely buried in tho Authors
conceipt But out of doubt I am, that it is
not Rosalind as some I imagin for he speaketh soone
after of her also

Shene) fayre and shining May) for mayde

Tene) soi row Guerdon) rew ard

Bynempt) bequethed

Cosset) a lambe brought vp without the dam

Vnkempt) Incotnpti Not comed, that is rude and
vnhandsome

Melpomene) The sadde and waylefull Muse vsed
of Poets in honor of Tragedies as saith Virgile
Melpomene Tragico proclamat maesta boatu

Vp gnesly gosts) The maner of Tragical Poetes,
to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes
so is Hecuba of Funpides, and Tantalus Drought
in of Seneca And the rest of the rest

Herse)is the solemne obsequie in funeralles

Wast of) decay of so beautifull a peece

Carke) care+

Ah why) an elegant Epanorthosis As also soone
after Nay time was long ago

Flouret) a diminutue for a little floure This is
a notable and sententious comparison A ~~minore~~
ad maius

Reliuen not) hue not againe s not in theyr earthly
bodie s for in heauen they enjoy their due
reward

The branch) He meaneth Dido who being, as it
were the may nebaunch now with cred the buddes
that is beutie (as he sayd aloie) can no more
flourish

With cakes) fit for shepherds bankets

Heame) for home After the northerne pro
nouncing

Tinct) deyed or stayned

The gaudie) the meaning is. that the things, which
wen the ornaments of her life are made the
honor of her funeral, as is vsed in burials

Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to
haue bene the louer and deere frende of Dido

Rushings) agreeable for such base gyftes

Faded locke s) dried leaues As if Nature her selfe
bewayled the death of the Mayde

Sourse) spring

Mantled medowes) for the sondry flowres are like
a Mantle or couerlet wrought with many colours

Phileme) the Nightingale Whome the Poetes
make once to haue bene a Ladye of gr< at beauty,
till being rauished by hir sisters husbände, she

desired to be turned into a byrd of her name
Whose complaints be very well set forth of
Ma George Gaskin a wittie gentleman, and the
very chefe of our late rymers, who and if some
partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well
knowne he altogethyer wanted not learning) no
doubt would haue attayned to the excellenye of
those famous Poetes For gifts of wit and
naturall promptnesse appeare in hym about
dantly

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing
of their funerall Pompe And properly the signe
of all sorow and heauinesse

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropos,
daughters of Herebus and the Nighle, whom the
Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were
a long threde, which they drawe out in length,
till his fatal howre and timely death be come,
but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged
then one of them that is Atropos, is sayde to
haue cut the threde in twain Hereof commeth
a common verse

Clotho colum baliulat, laehesis trahit, Atropos
occat

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized with
great wisdom and passionate w>th great
affection

Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead
corse

Furies) of Poetes be feyned' to be three, Persephone
Alecto and Megera, which are sayd to be the
Aouthours of all euill and mischiefe

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of hell

Betight) happened

I see) A liuely Icon, or representation as if he saw
her in heauen present

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place
of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules
doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse

Dye would) The [very expresse](#) saying of Plato in
Phaedone

[Aster](#)) befall Vnwares

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink
and foodE of the gods Ambrosia they liken to
Manna in scripture and Nectar to be white like
Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that
spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet
appareth But I haue already discoursed that
at large in my Commentarie vpon the dreames
of the sime [Aouthor](#)

Meynt) Mingled

Embleme

Which is as much to say, as death biteth not Tor
although by course of nature we be borne to dyt,
and being ripened With age, as with a timely
haruest, we must be gathered in time, or els of
out selues we fall like rotted ripe fruite from the
tree yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor
(as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill
desert For though the trespass of the first man
brought death into the world, as the guerdon of
sinne, yet being ouercome by the death of one,
that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer
sayth) the grene path way to lyfe So that it
agreeth wen with that was sayd, that Death
byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all

December.

*Ægloga Duodecima.*

ARGVMENT

THis Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan Wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the fowe seasons of the yearre, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye His manhood to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused through a Comet or blasinge starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the fruttes fall ere they be ripe His latter age to winters ckyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende

The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe, AH in the shadowe of a bushye brere, That Colin night, which wel could pype and singe,

For he of Tityrus his songs did lere,
There as he satte in secrete shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone
soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe
And when our flocks in tomischaunce mought fall,
Doest saue from mischief the vnwarie sheepe

Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch
and ward

I thee besече (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties tunc to shepheards Oaten reede,
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet
Whilome in youth, when flowrd my ioyfull spngg,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there
For heate of heedtlesse lust me so did sting, 21
That I of doubted daunger had no feare

I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde
With out en dreade of Wolues to bene espyed
I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game
And loyod oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee were tame
What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste
How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke, 31
All to dislodge the Rauens of her neste
Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe

DECEMBER

And for I was in thilke same looser yeares, I To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 (Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth, And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont 80
 Or I tomuch beleueed my shepherd peres) Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
 Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont ">
 A good olde shepherde, *Wrenock* was his I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
 name, 41 How *Phoebe* fayles, where *Venus* sittes and
 Made me by arte more cunning in the same when
 Fro thence I durst in derring doe compare And tryed time yet taught me greater thmges,
 With shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in The sodain rysing of the raging seas
 field The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
 And if that *Hobbinol* right ludgement bare, The power of herbs, both which can hurt and
 To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield ease
 For if the flocking Nymphes did folow *Pan*, And which be wont .t'enrage the restieset
 The wiser Muses after *Colin* ranne sheepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe
 But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde, But ah vnwise and witlesse *Colin cloude*, 91
 The shepheards God (perdie God was he none) That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede
 My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide, Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,
 My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye
 Loue they him called, that gaue me check ! bleede
 mate, Why huest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes
 But better mought they haue behote him wound?
 Hate Why dyest thou stil, and yet ahue art
 founde?
 Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewell, Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
 And Sommer season sped him to display Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe
 (For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell) The eare that budded faire, is burnt and
 The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray blasted,
 A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate, And all my hoped game is turnd to scathe 100
 That reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
 Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore, 61 Was nought but brakes and brambles to be
 When choise I had to choose my wandring waye mowne
 But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were
 Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe, at firste,
 The bush my bedde, the bramble was my And promised of timely fruite such store,
 bowre, Are left both bare and barrein now at erst
 The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
 stowre And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe,
 My haruest wast, my hope away dyd wipe.
 Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee, The flagrant flow res, that in my garden grewe,
 Working her formali rowmes in Wexen frame Bene withered, as they had bene gathered
 The grieshe Todestoolle growne there mought long no
 Isee long
 And loathed Paddocks lording on the same Theyr rootes bene dried vp for lacke of dewe,
 And where the chaunting birds luld me a Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among
 slecpe, 71 Ah who has wrought my *Rosalind* this spight
 The ghasstie Owle her griiuous ynne doth To spil the flowres, that should her girlond
 keepe dight
 Then as the springe giues place to elder time, And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
 And bringeth forth thefruiteof sommers pryde Vnto the shifting of the shepheards foote
 All so my age now passed youngthly pryde, Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe
 To thinges of ryper reason selfe applyed And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote
 And leard of lighter timber cotes to frame, The loser Lasse I cast to please nomore,
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro One if I please, enough is me therefore. 120
 shame

And thus of all my haruest hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care
Which, when I thought haue thresht in swelling
sheaue,

Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauenng wynd
So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite
My harueste hasts to stirre vp winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys
right 130

So nowhe stormes with many a sturdy dynde,
So now his blustng blast eche coste doth
scoure

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myneie the Crow his clawe dooth wright
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No sonne now shines, cloudes han allouercast

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and weary of thys stounde
Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree, 141
Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde

Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so hefe
Let me, ahlette me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater grieve
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull
breath,

And after Winter commeth timely death

Adieu delights, that lulled me aslecpe, 151
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my wisesse were
Adieu good *Hobtnol*, that was so true,
Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu

Col ins Embleme

GLOSSE

Titurus) Chaucer, as hath bene oft sayd)
Lambkins) young Iambus
Als of their) Semeth to express Virgils [versi](#)

Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros

Deigne) [vouchsafe](#)

Cabinet) Colinet) dimmutiues

Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard
to get out agayne

Peres) felowes and companions

Musick) that is Pot try as Terence say th Qurarte in
tractant musicam, speking of Poets

Derring doe) aforesayd

Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid
which is loue, had his abode in the whote signe
Leo, which is in midst of somer, a pretie
allegory, whereof the meaning is, that loue in
him wrought an extraord inane heate of lust

His ray) which is Cupides beame or flames of Loue
Comete) a biasing starre, meant of beautie,
which was the cause of his whote loue

Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure Also
a signe in heauen as it is here taken So he
meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect
to Venus, was the cause of all his [vnquietnes](#)
in loue

Where I was) a fine discretion of the chaunge of
hys lyfe and liking, for all things nowe sternal
to hym to haue altered their kindly course

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Pad locks and
Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not
remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesst they
be sturred

Then as) The second part That is his manhoode
Cotes) sheepecotes For such be the exercises of
shepheards

Sale) or Salowa kind of woodde like Wyllou fit
to wreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish
withall

Phaeb fayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, which is

alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in
heauen

Venus) s Venus starre otherwise called Hesperus
and Vesper and Lucfer, both because he seemeth
to be one of the brightest star res, and also first
ryseth and setteth last All which skill in starne s
being conuenient for shepheards to knowe as
Theocritus and the rest vse

Raging seas) The cause of the swelling and ebbing
of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone
sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and
decreasing

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying Vsed in
elder tymes, which they gathered by tin flying of
byrds, First fas is sayd) inuited by the
Thuscanes, and from them deruicd to the
Romanes, who (as is sayd in *Liuius*) were so
suptrsticiously rooted in the time, that they
agreed that euery Noblem in should put his
sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought
vp in that knowledge

Of nerbes) Tint wonderous things be wrought by
herbes, as will appoareth by the common working
of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderful
enchancements and sorct nes that haue bene
wrought by them, msomueh that it is sayde that
Circe a famous soreeresse turned men into
sondry kinds of beastes and Monsters, and onely
by herbes as the Poete sayth *Dea sæua poten*
tibus herbis &c

Kidst) knewest Eare) of come

Scathe) losse hindaunce

Luer among) Euer and anone

Thus is my) The thyrd part when in is set forth
his ripe yerres as an vntimely haruest, that
bringeth little fruite

The flagraunt flowres) sundry studies and laudable
partes of learning, when in how our Poete is
seenes, be they wisesse which are prime to his
study

So now my yeere)The last part, wherein is described
his age by comparison of wyntre stormes
Carefull cold) for care is say a to coole the blood
Glee) mirth

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary heares scattred
lyke to a gray frost
Breeme) sharpe and bitter

Adiew delights) is a conclusion of all Where in
sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was
touched in this booke In the first verse his
delights of youth generally In the second, the
loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of
sheepe, which is the argument of all Æglogues
In the fourth his complaints And in the last two
his professed frendship and good will to his good
friend Hobbinoll

Embleme

The meaning wherof is that all thinges perish and
come to tntyr last end, but workes of learned
wits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer
And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though]
ful indeed of great wit and learning, yet of no so
great weight and importaunce boldly sayth

Exege monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nee imber nee aquilo vorax &c I

Therefore let not be enuiied, that this Poete in **his**
Epilogue sayth he hath made a Calender, that
shall endure as long as time &c following the
ensample of Horace and Ouid in the like

Grande opus exegi quod nee Iouis iranee ignis,
Nee ferrum potent nee edax abolere vetustas &c

*Loe Ihaue made a Calender for every yeare,
That Steele in strength, and time tn durance shall
outweare*

*And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his
sheepe,*

*And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to
keepe*

*Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free Passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte*

*Dare not to match thyppye with Tityrus hys style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman
playde a whyle*

*Butfollowe them far re off, and their high steppes
adore,*

The belter please, the worse despise, laske nomor!

Merce non mercede



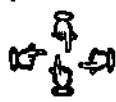
Imprinted at London by Hugh
singlet on, owelling in Creebe lane
at the signe of the gylden
Tunn neere vnto
Ludgate



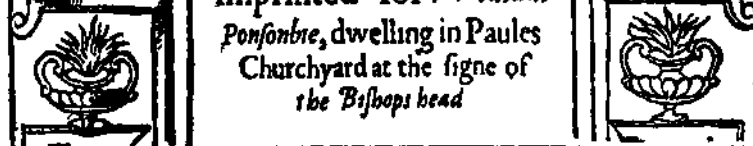
Complaints.
Containing sundrie
small Poemes of the
Worlds Vanitie.

Whereof the next Page
maketh mention.

By ED. SP



LONDON.
Imprinted for William
Ponsonbie, dwelling in Paules
Churchyard at the signe of
the Bishops head



A note of the sundrie Poemes contained in this Volume.

1 <i>The Rutnes of Time</i>	6 <i>Muiopotmos, or The Tale of the Butterflie</i>
2 <i>The Teares of the Muses</i>	7 <i>Visions of the Worlds vanitie</i>
3 <i>Virgils Gnat</i>	8 <i>Bellayes visions</i>
4 <i>Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale</i>	9 <i>Petrarches visions</i>
5 <i>The Rutnes of Rome by Bellay</i>	

The Printer to the Gentle Reader.

SINCE my late setting forth of the *Fame Queene*, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you, I haue sithence endeouored by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe, some of them hauing bene diuershe imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure ouer Sea Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together these fewe parcels present, which I haue caused to bee imprinted altogether, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them being all complaints and

meditations of the worlds vanitie, vne graue and profitable To which effect I vnderstand that he besides wrote sundrie others, namelie Ecclelastes, and *Canlicum canticorum* translated, *A senights slumber. The hell of louers, his Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to Ladies, so as it may seeme he ment them all to one volume Besides some other Pamphlets loosely scattered abroad as *The dying Pellican, The howers of the Lord, The sacrifice of a sinner, The seuen Psaltnes, &c* which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine too, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth In the meane time praying you genthe to accept of these, and graciouse to entertaine the new Poet, *I take leave*



Dedicated
To the right Noble and beauti-
full Ladie_y the La. Marie
Countesse of Pembroke

M.OST Honourable and bountifull Ladie,
there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my
bresl, the seede of most entire hue and humble
affection vnlo that most braue Knight your noble
brother deceased, which taking roote began in his
life time somewhat to bud forth and to shew
themselves to him, as then in the weakenes of
their first spring And would in their riper
strength {had it pleased high God till then to
drawe out his dates} spired forth fruit of more
perfection But since God hath disdeigned the
world of that most noble Spirit, which was the
hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my
young Muses, together with him both their hope
of ante further fruit was cut off and also the
lender delight of those their first blossoms nipped
and quite dead Yet sithens my late cumming
into England, some frends of mine (which might
much preuaile with me, and indeede commaund
me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duette
I was tied to him as also bound vnto that noble
house, (of which the chiefe hope then rested in
him) haue sought to reutue them by vpbraiding

me for that I haue not shewed ante thankfull
remembrance towards him or any of them, but
suffer their names to sleep in silence and forget
fulnesse Whome chetfle to sattsfie, or els to
auoide that fowle blot of vnthankfulnesse, I haue
concerned this small Poeme, intituled by a generall
name of the worlds Rumes yet spectallie in-
tended to the renowning of that noble race, from
which both you and he sprong, and to the eterniz-
ing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased
The which I dedicate vnto your La. as whome it
most spectallie concerneth and to whome
I acknowledge my selfe bounden, by manie
singular fayours and great graces
I pray for your Honourable
happtnesse and so
hitmblie kisse your
handes

Your Ladships euer

humblie at commaund

E S

The Ruines of Time.

*I*T chaunced me on day beside the shore
Of siluer streaming Thamests to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memone,
Nor anie little moniment to see,
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say

There on the other side, I did behold
A Woman sitting sorrowfulhe wailing,

Rending her)eolow locks, like wyrie golde, 10
About her shoulders careieshe downe trailing,
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth
railing
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heauen shee seemd on high to
weld

Whether she were one of that Riuers Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere loue lament,

I doubt, or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent,
Or th'ancient *Genius* of that Citie brent
But seeing her so piteoushe perplexed, 20
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed

Ah what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue ?
Whose happines the heauens enuying,
From highest staire to lowest step me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne
Much was I moued at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riuen in my brest 30
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,
That shedding teares awhile I still did rest,
And after did her name of her request
Name haue I none (quoth she) nor anie bang,
Bereft of both by Fates vniust decreeing

I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of *Britannes* pride, deliuered vnto me
By *Romane* Victors, which it wonne of yore ,
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see 40
Verlatne I was, what bootes it that I was
Sith now I am but weedes and wastfull gras
O vaine worlds glorie, and vnstedfast state
Of all that hues, on face of sinfull earth,
Which from their first vntill their vtmost
date

Tast no one hower of happines or merth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creep out of their mothers wombs,
So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb
Why then dooth flesh, a babble glas of 50
breath,

Hunt after honour and aduancement vaine,
And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine, !
As if his daies for euer should remaine
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie
Looke backe, who list, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisdome knew the perfect somme
Where those great warriors, which did ouer
comme 61

The world with conquest of their might and
maine,
And made one meare of th'earth and of their
raine

What nowe is of th'*Assyrian* Lyonesse,
Of whome no footing now on earth appeares ?

! What of the *Persian* Beares outrageousnesse,
Whose memone is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the *Grecian* Libbard now ought heares,
That ouerran the East with greedie powre, 69
And left his whelps their kingdomes todeuoure?
And where is that same great seuen headed
beast,

That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheast,
And in the necke of all the world did ride ?
Where doth she all that wondrous welth now
hide?

With her own weight down pressed now shee
lies,

And by her heaps her hugenesse testifies
O *Rome* thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst heauens with equal
vewe 80

Deignd to behold me, and their gifts bestowe e,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew
And of the whole world as thou wast the
Empresse,

So Iof this small Northerne world was Princesse
To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
I Adorned with purest golde, and precious stone ,
To tell my riches, and endowments rare
That by my foes are now all spent and gone
To tell my forces matchable to none, 89

Were but lost labour, that few would beleuee,
And with rehearsing would me more agreeue
High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princehe pallaces,
Large streetes, braue houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All those (O pitie) now are turnd to dust,

And ouergrown with blacke obliuions rust
Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples store,
In *Britannu* was none to match with mee, 100
That marne often did able full sore

Ne *Troynouan* I though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compared bee ,
That stout *Pendragon* to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seauen yerres about me dwelt
But long ere this *Bunduca* Britonnesse
Her mightie hoast against my bulwarkes
brought,

Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse,
That lifting vp her braue heroick thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the *Romaws*
fought, no
Fought, and in field against them thrice pre
uailed

Yet was she foyled, when as she me assailed

And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall,
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full
deere,

And prizde with slaughter of their Generall
The monument of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
But now to nought through spoyle of time is
wasted

Wasted it is, as if it neuer were, 120
And all the rest that me so honor'd made,
And of the world admired eu'ne where,
is turnd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade,
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell

Where my high steeples whilom vsde to stand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand,
for the Shriche owle to build her balefull
bowre 130

And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes and whining
Plouers

And where the christall *Thamts* wont to slide
In siluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whose flowrie banks on either side
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull lollitee
Were wont to play, from all annoyance tree,
There now no riuers course is to be scene, 139
But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great grieve
Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained,
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltlcs blood oft
stained,

From my vnhappy neighborhood farre fled,
And his sweete waters away with him led
There also where the winged ships were scene
In liquid waues to cut their fomie waie, 149
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
Of fish, which they with baits vsde to betraye,
Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
Nor euer ship shall saile there ame more
They all are gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And moume my fall with dolefull dreriment
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoned with compassion kinde, 160
And mitigates the anguish of the minde

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie
Nor anie hues that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of postentie,
Saeue One that maugre fortunes miurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort
Cambden the nounce of antiquitie,
And lanterne vnto late succeeding age, 170
To see the light of simple ventie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage
Cambden, though time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy lust labours euer shall endure
But whie (vnhappy wight) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of postentie,
And all my antique momments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed, 180
So soone as fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were neuer borne
It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to game his grace
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine
I saw him die, I saw him die, as one 190

Of the meane people, and brought forth on
beare

I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare
Seare anie left to close his eylds neare,
Scarce anie left vpon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to saie
O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke Your selues halfehappy then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering 200
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you throw
All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That euerie shower will wash and wipe away,
All things doo change that vnder heauen abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie
Therefore what euer man bearest worldlie sway,
Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie,
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die 210
He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Saeue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid
His hope is faild, and come to passe his deead,
And euill men, now dead, his deeds vpbraid
Spite bites the dead, that huing neuer baid

He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
 Into the hole, the which the Badger swept
 He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
 And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
 That as he glasse vpon the water shone, 220
 Which vamsht quite, so soone as it was sought
 His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
 Ne anie Poet seekes him to reuiue,
 Yet manie Poets honourd him aliue
 Ne doth his *Colin*, carelesse *Colin Cloute*,
 Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,
 Ne tell his sorrow to the listring rout
 Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to
 praise

Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
 Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame 230
 Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for
 shame

And who so els did goodnes by him game,
 And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
 Whether he shepherd be, or shepheards swaine,
 (For manie did, which doo it now denie)
 Awake, and to his Song a part applie
 And I, the whitest you mourne for his decease,
 Will with my mourning plaints your plaint
 increase

He dyde, and after him his brother dyde, 239
 His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
 That whilst he liued, was of none enuyde,
 And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
 Deare vnto all that true affection beare
 But vnto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,
 His noble Spouse, and Paragon of fame
 He whilst he liued, happie was through thee,
 And being dead is happie now much more,
 Liuing, that linkend chaunst with thee to bee,
 And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
 As liuing, and thy lost deare loue deplore 250
 So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
 Dost hue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse
 Shall hue, and surely it shall hue for euer
 For ever it shall hue, and shall rehearse
 His worthe praise, and *vertues* dying neuer,
 Though death his soule doo from his bodie seuer
 And thou thy selfe herein shalt also hue,
 Such grace the heauens doo to my verses giue

Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die, 260
 Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
 And noble Patrone of weake pouertie,
 Whose great good deeds in country and in towne
 Haue purchast him in heauen an happie crowne,
 Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
 And left his sonne t'ensue those steps of his

He noble bud, his Grandsires liuelie hayre,
 Vnder the shadow of thy countenance
 Now ginnes to shoote vp fast, and flourish fayre
 In learned artes and goodhe gouernance, 270
 That him to highest honour shall aduance
 Braue Impe of *Bedford*, grow apace in bountie,
 And count of wisdome more than of thy
 Countie

Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,
 That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring
 Out of this stocke, and famous familie,
 Whose praises I to future age doo sing,
 And forth out of her happie womb did bring
 The sacred brood of learning and all honour,
 In whom the heauens powrde all their gifts
 vpon her 280

Most gentle spirite breathed from aboue,
 Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
 In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
 Appeared in their natie proprietis,
 And did enrich that noble breast of his,
 With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
 Worthie of heauen it selfe, which brought it
 forth

His blessed spirite full of power diuine
 And influence of all celestiall grace,
 Loathing this sinfull earth and earthhe slime,
 Fled backe too soone vnto his natie place, 291
 Too soone for all that did his loue embrace,
 Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
 Robd of all right and true nobihtie

Yet ere his happie soule to heauen went
 Out of this fleshhe goale, he did deuise
 Vnto his heauenlie maker to present
 His bodie, as a spotles saenhse,
 And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
 Should powre forth th'offring of his guittles
 blood 300

So life exchanging for his countries good

O noble spirite, hue there euer blessed,
 The worlds late wonder, and the heauens
 new toy,
 Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed
 With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds aroy
 But where thou dost that happines enioy,
 Bid me, O bid me quickhe come to thee,
 That happie there I maie thee alwaies see

Yet whilst the fates afford me vitall breath,
 I will it spend in speaking of thy praise, 310
 And sing to thee, vntill that timelie death
 By heauens doome doo ende my earthlie daies
 Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
 And into me that sacred breath inspire,
 Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

Then will I sing but who can better sing,
 Than thine owne sister, peerles Ladie bright,
 Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
 Sorrowing tempered with deare delight
 That her to heare I feeble spright 320
 Robbed of sense, and raushed with loy,
 O sad loy made of mourning and any

Yet will I sing but who can better sing,
 Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selves valiance,
 That whilest thou liuedst, madest the forrests
 ring,
 And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and
 daunce,
 And shepheards leaue their lambs vnto mis
 chaunce,

To runne thy shrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare
 O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were
 But now more happie thou, and wretched wee,
 Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
 Whiles thou now in *Elision* fields so free,
 With *Orpheus*, and with *Linus*, and the choice
 Of all that euer did in rimes reioyce,
 Conseruest, and doost heare their heauenhe layes,
 And they heare thine, and thine doo better
 praise

So there thou huest, singing euermore,
 And here thou huest, being euer song
 Of vs, which liuing loued thte afore,
 And now thee worship, mongst that blessed
 throng 340

Of heauenhe Poets and Heroes strong
 So thou both here and there immortall art,
 And euerie where through excellent desart

But such as neither of themselues can sing,
 Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
 Die in obscure obliuion, as the thing
 Which neuer was, ne euer with regard
 Their names shall of the later age be heard,
 But shall in rustie darknes euer he,
 Vnles they mentioned be with infarnie 350

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue
 What to be great? what to be gracious?
 When after death no token doth suruiue,
 Of former being in this mortall hous,
 But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious,
 Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,
 And hath no hope of happinesse or blis

How manie great ones may remembred be,
 Which in their daies most famous hedid fionsh
 Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see,
 But as things wipt out with a sponge to perishe,
 Because they liuing, cared not to cherishe
 No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
 Which might their names for euer memorize

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye hue,
 That of the *Muses* ye may friended bee,
 Which vnto men eternitie do giue,
 For they be daughters of Dame memorie,
 And *hue* the father of eternitie,
 And do those men in golden thrones repose,
 Whose merits they to glonfie do chose 371
 The seuen fold yron gates of grislie Hell,
 And horrid house of sad *Proserpina*,
 They able are with power of mightie spell
 To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie
 Out of dread darknesse, to eternall day,
 And them immortall make, which els would die
 In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles he
 So whilome raised they the puissant brood
 Of golden girt *Alcmena*, for great merite, 380
 Out of the dust, to which the *Oetæan* wood
 Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spinte
 To highest heauen, where now he doth inhente
 All happinesse in *Hebes* siluer bowre,
 Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure
 So raisde they eke faire *LeJaes* warlick twinnes,
 And interchanged life vnto them lent,
 That when th'one dies, th'other then beginnes
 To shew in Heauen his brightnes orient,
 And they, for pittie of the sad wayment, 390
 Which *Orpheus* for *Eurydice* did make,
 Her back againe to life sent for his sake

So happie are they, and so fortunate,
 Whom the *Pierian* sacred sisters loue,
 That freed from bands of impacable fate,
 And power of death, they hue for aye aboue,
 Where mortall wreares their bhs may not
 remoue
 But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
 On *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* do feede

For deeds doe die, how euer nobhe donne, 400
 And thoughts of men do as themselues decay
 But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
 Recorded by the *Muses*, hue for aye,
 Ne may with storming showers be washt away?
 Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
 Nor age, nor enuie shall them euer wast

In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine
 Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aspired,
 Or huge Colosses, built with costhe paine,
 Or brasen Pillours, neuer to be fired, 410
 Or Shrines, made of the mettall most desired,
 To make their memories for euer liue:
 For how can mortall immortalitie giue?

Such one *Mausolus* made, the worlds greatwonder,
 But now no remnant doth thereof remaine
 Such one *Marcellus*, but was torne with thunder
 Such one *Lisippus*, but is wome with raine

Such **one** King *Ednond*, but was rent for gaine
All such vaine monuments of earthlie masse,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe

But fame with golden wings aloft doth flie, 421
About the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beate the azure
skie,
Admir'd of base borne men from farre away
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heauen, on *Pegasus* must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glonfide

For not to haue been dipt in *Lethe* lake,
Could saue the sonne of *Thetis* from to die ,
But that blinde bard did him immortall make
With verses, dipt in dew of *Castae* 431
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong man, whose vertue found
So braue a *Trompe*, thy noble acts to sound

Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good *Melibæ*, that hath a Poet got,
To sing his liuing praises being dead,
Deseruing neuer here to be forgot,
In spight of enuie, that his deeds would spot
Since whose decease, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of armes doo wander vnrewarded

Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did gneue the noble spright
Of *Salomon* with great indignities,
Who whilome was alieue the wisest wight
But now his wisedom is disprooued quite ,
For he that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th'one and th'other in his deeper skill

O grieve of griefes, O gall of all good heartes,
To see that vertue should dispised bee 450
Of him, that first was raisde for vertuous parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot vp, that nigh him planted bee
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor alieue, nor dead be of the Muse adorned

O vileworlds trust, that with such vaine illusion
Hath so wise men bewicht, and ouerkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion,
O vainesse to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward grieve infest
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee 461
And in my case their owne ensample see

And who so els that sits in highest seate
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call,
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be moued to pittie mee

Thus hauing ended all her piteous plaint, 470
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
That I through inward sorrowe wexen faint,
And all astonished with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say
But bate long time in sencelesse sad affright,
Looking still, if I might of her haue sight

Which when I missed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned greued home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that same womans piteous paine, 480
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
That f rosen horror ran through euene part

So inlie greewing in my groning brest,
And deepehe musing at her doubtfull speach,
Whose meaning much I labored forthto wreste,
Being about my slender reasons reach
At length by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eies strange sights presented were,
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare 490

i
I saw an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre beholde,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire,
To which th'*Assyrian* tyrant would haue made
The holie brethren, falshe to haue praide

But th'Altare, on the which this Image staid,
Was (O great pitie) built of brickeie clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid, 500
With showers of heauen and tempests wome
away
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes la\,
Scorned of euene one, which by it went,
That I it seing, dearelie did lament

Next vnto this a statehe Towre appeared,
Built all of richest stone, that might bee found,
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vpreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground
Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in holie writ, 510
King *Ninus* worke, might be compar'd to it

But O vaine labours of terrestnall wit,
That buildes so stronghe on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle
I saw this Towre fall sodamlie to dust,
That nigh with grieve thereof my heart was
brust

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
 Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights, 520
 Such as on earth man could not more deuize,
 With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull
 sprights,
 Not that, which *Merlin* by his Magicke slights
 Took for the gentle squire, to entertaine
 His fayre *Belphæbe*, could this gardine staine
 But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine,
 Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
 In earthlie blis, and loy in pleasures vaine,
 Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
 That where it was scarce seemed anie sight ? 530
 That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
 Could not from teares my melting eyes with
 holde 4

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
 Of wondrous power, and of exceeding stature,
 That none durst vewe the horror of his face,
 Yet was hemildef of speach, and meeke of nature
 Not he, which in despite of his Great our
 With railing teames defied the Iewish hoast,
 Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast
 For from the one he could to th'other coast, 540
 Stretch his strong thighcs, and th'Occean
 ouerstnde,
 And reach his hand into his enemies hoast
 But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride,
 One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,
 That downe hee fell into the deepe Abisse,
 Wheredrownd with him is all his earthlie blisse

5

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
 Ouer the Sea from one to other side,
 Withouten prop or pillour it t'vpholde,
 But like the coulored Rainbowe arched wide
 Not that great Arche, which *Traian* edified, 551
 To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
 Was matchable to this in equall vewing
 But (ah) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
 In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
 Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring ?
 This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastened well,
 Gan Lille, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
 Ne of so braue a building ought remained, 559
 That grieve thereof my spinte greatly pained

6

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
 Lying together in a mightie caue,
 Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
 That saluage nature seemed not to haue,
 Nor after greedie spoyles of blood to craue
 Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
 Although the compast world were sought around

But what can long abide aboue this ground
 In state of blis, or stedfast happnesse ?
 The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping
 sound, 570
 Was but earth, and with her owne weightmesse
 Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
 That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
 Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate

Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,
 At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
 That all my senses were bereaued quight,
 And I in minde remained sore agast,
 Distraught twixt feare and pitie, when at last
 I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called, 580
 That with the sudden shrill I was appalled
 Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
 That all is vanitie and grieve of minde,
 Ne other comfort in this world can be,
 But hope of heauen, and heart to God inclinde,
 For all the rest must needs be left behinde
 With that it bad me, to the other side
 To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide

1

H Vpon that famous Riuer further shore,
 There stood a snowie Swan of heauenly hiew,
 And gentle kmde, as euer Fowle afore, 591
 A fairer one in all the goodlie cnew
 Of white *Sinmonian* brood might no man view
 There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
 Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie
 At last, when all his mourning melodye
 He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
 Feeling the fit that him foreward to die,
 With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
 And out of sight to highest heauen mounted 600
 Where now he is become an heauenly signe,
 There now the loy is his, here sorrow mine

2

Whilest thus I looked, loe adowne the *Lee*,
 I sawe an Harpe stroong all with siluer twyne,
 And made of golde and costlie yuorie,
 Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been
 The harpe, on which *Dan Orpheus* was seene
 Wyld beasts and forrests after him to lead,
 But was th'Harpe of *Philisides* now dead
 At length out of the Riuer it was reard 610
 And borne aboue the cloudes to be diu'd,
 Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was
 heard
 Of the stiings, stirred with the warbling wind,
 That wrought both loy and sorrow in my mind
 So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,
 The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern
 Beare

3

Soone after this I saw on th'other side,
 A curious Coffe made of *Heben* wood,
 That in it did most precious treasure hide,
 Exceeding all this baser worides good 620
 Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
 It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
 That sight thereof much griev'd my pensieue
 thought

At length when most in perill it was brought,
 Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,
 Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
 And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
 About the reach of anie liuing sight
 So now it is transform'd into that starre,
 In which all heauenly treasures locked are 630

4

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
 Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
 That might for anie Princes couche be red,
 And deckt with daintie flow res, as if it shold
 Be for some bride, her lyouous night to hold
 Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay,
 A fairer wight saw neuer summers day

I heard a voyce that called farre away
 And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
 For lo her Bridegrome was in readie ray 640
 To come to her, and seeke her lous delight
 With that she started vp with cherefull sight,
 When suddainly both bed and all was gone,
 And I in languor left there all alone

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
 \ Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,
 The same that was bred of *Medusaes* blood,
 On which *Dan Perseus* borne of heauenly seed,
 The faire *Andromeda* from perill freed
 Full mortally this Knight ywounded was, 650
 That streames of blood forth flowed on the
 gras

Yet was he deckt (small loy to him alas)
 With manie garlands for his victories,
 And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
 Through braue atcheiuements from his enemies
 Fainting at last through long infirmities,
 He smote his steed, that straight to heauen
 him bore,
 And left me here his losse for to deplore

6

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
 Vpon a brazen pillour standing hie, 660
 Which th'ashes seem'd of some great Prince to
 hold,
 Enclosde therein for endles memone
 Of him, whom all the world did glorifie
 Seemed the heauens with the earth did disagree.
 Whether should of those ashes keeper bee

At last me seem'd wing footed *Mercurte*,
 From heauen descending toappease their strife,
 The Arke did beare with him about the skie,
 And to those ashes gaue a second life,
 To hue in heauen, where happines is rife 670
 At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
 And I for dole was almost like to die

L'Envoy

Immortall spirite of *Philisides*,
 Which now art made the heauens ornament,
 That whilome wast the worlds chiefst riches,
 Giue leaue to him that lou'de thee to lament
 His losse, by lacke of thee to heauen hent,
 And with last duties of this broken verse,
 Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable Herse
 And ye faire Ladie th'honor of your daies, 680
 And glone of the world, your high thoughts
 scorne,
 Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise,
 With some few siluer dropping teares t'adorne
 And as ye be of heauenhe off spring borne,
 So vnto heauen let your high minde aspire,
 And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire



THE

Teares of the Mu- -es.

By ED. SP.

LOMDOⁿ-

Imprinted VVilliam
ponfonbie, dwelling in Paules
Churchyard at the signe of
the Boshops head.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

the Ladie Strange

Most braue and noble Ladie, the things that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as {without my simple lines testmonie) are throughlie knowne to all men, namely, your excellent beautie, your veriuous behaior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord the verte Paterne of right Nobilite But the causes for which ye haue thus deserued of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some prtuate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part worthte, I deuised this last slender meanes, both to inti-

mate my humble affection to your Ladiship and also to make the same vmuersallie knowne to the world, that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance ther of, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence of your own excellent deserts So recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leaue

Your La humbly euer

Ed Sp

The Teares of the Muses.

Rehearse to me ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great *Apolloes* wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of *Helicone*,
Making your musick of hart breaking mone

For since the time that *Phoebus* foolish sonne
Ythundered through *Ioues* auengefull wrath,
For trauersing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path, 10
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented

Nor since that faire *Calliope* did lose
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her loy,
Her *Palici*, whom her vnkindlv foes
The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space,
Was euer heard such wayling in this place

For all their groues, which with the heauenly
noyses 19
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound,
Andth' hollow hills, from which their siluervoyces
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies

The trembling streames which wont in chaneis
cleare

To romble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught tobear
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft,

Now forst to ouerflowe with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie
eares 30

The loyous Nymphes and light foote Faeries
Which thether came to heare their musick
sweet,

And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble shifting feete,
Now hearing them so heauily lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd fairt and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serue their will, 40
Was turned now to dismall heauesnesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull vghnesse.

Ay me, what thing on earth that all thing
breeds,

Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
Hath stirred vp so mischieuous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heauenly harts,
And pierce Immortall breasts with mortall
smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concedes,
To me those secret causes to display, 50
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensw

Clio

Heare thou great Father of the Gods on hie
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts
And thou our Syre that rainest in *Castalie*
And mount *Parnasse*, the God of goodly Arts
Heare and behold the miserable state
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull desolate 60

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought,
They not contented vs themselves to scorne,
Doo seeke to make vs of the world forlorne

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce ,
But they, whom thou great *Ioue* by doome
vniust
Didst to the type of honour earst aduance, 70
They now puft vp with sdeignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to shoote, vp still,
And grow to liight of kingdomes gouernment
They vnderkeep, and with their spreading armes
Doo beat their buds, that perish through their
harmes

It most behoues the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wisdom to sustaine,
And with their noble countenance to grace 81
The learned forheads, without gifts or game
Or rather leard themselves behoues to bee ,
That is the girlond of Nobilitie

But (ah) all otherwise they doo esteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deeme ,
Base minded they that want intelligence
For God himselfe for wisdom most is praised,
And men to God thereby are nighest raised 90

But they doo onely stne themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie ,
In th'eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boast of Armes and Auncestne
But vertuous deeds, which did those Armes first
giue

To their Grandsyres, they care not to atchiue

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To register, and sound in trump of gold ,
through their bad dooings, or base slothful
nesse,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told 100
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames

SPENSER

So shall succeeding ages haue no light
Of things forepast, nor moniments of time,
And all that in this world is worthie hight
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble haue to sing

With that she raynd such store of streaming
teares,

That could haue made a stonie heart to weep,
And all her Sioters rent their golden heares, III
And their faire faces with salt humour steep
So ended shee and then the next anew,
Began her gneuous plaint as doth ensew

Melpomene

O who shall powre into my swollen eyes
A sea of tearts that neuer may be dryde,
A brasen voice that may with shrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heauens and fill the ayer wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure, no
To waile the wretchednes of world impure ?

Ah wretched world the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle miquitie ,
Ah wretched world the house of heaunesse
Fild with the wrecks of mortall miserie ,
Ah wretched world, and all that is therein
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues of sin

Most miserable creature vnder sky
Man without vnderstanding doth appeare ,
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to
beare 130

Of wretched life the onely loy shee is,
And th'only comfort in calamities

She armes the brest with constant patience,
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts
She solaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldhe smarts
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his spnghts when they be
werie

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left 141
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway,
Full sad and dreadful is that ships euent
So is the man that wants mtendiment

Whie then doo foolish men so much despize
The precious store of this celestiall riches ?
Why doo they banish vs, that patronize
The name of learning ? Most vnhappye
wretches,
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne vnhappyes 150

My part it is and my professed skill
 The Stage with Tragick buskin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint and outcries
 shrii

Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne
 But none more tragick matter I can finde
 Than this, of men depnu'd of sense and minde

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedy,
 Full of sad sights and sore Catastrophes ,
 First comming to the world with weeping eye,
 Where all his dayes like dolorous Trophees, 160
 Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
 And he at last laid forth on balefull beare

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
 Fit for *Mege*ra or *Persephone*,
 But I that in true Tragedies am skild,
 The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me
 Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
 Because that mourning matter I haue none

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
 Her wretched hands in lamentable wise, 170
 And all her Sisters thereto answering,
 Threw forth lowd shrieks and drierie dolefull
 cries

So rested she and then the next in rew,
 Began her grievous plaint as doth ensew

Thalia

Where be the sweete delights of learnings
 treasure,

That wont with Comick sock to beautifie
 The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
 The listners eyes, and eares with melodic ,
 In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
 And maske in mirth with Graces well beseeene

O all is gone, and all that goodly glee, 181
 Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits
 Is layd abed, and no where now to see,
 And in her roome vnseemly Sorrow sits,
 With hollow browes and greisiv countenance,
 Marring my lyouys gentle dalliaunce

And him beside sits vgly Barbandsme
 And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
 Out of dredd darbies of the deep Abyssme,
 Where being bredd, he light and heauen does
 hate 190

They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
 And the faire Scene with rudenes foule disgu ze
 All places they with folhe haue possest,
 And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine
 But me haue banished, with all the rest
 That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
 Fine Counterfesaunce and vnhurtfull Sport,
 Debght and Laughter deckt in seemly sort

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
 With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance
 graced, 200

By which mans life in his hkest image
 Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced,
 And those sweete wits which wont the like to
 frame,

Are now despizd, and made a laughing game

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
 To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
 With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,
 Our pleasant *Willy*, ah is dead of late
 With whom all loy and lolly mentment
 Is also deaded, and in dolour drent 210

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrlitie,
 And scornfull Folhe with Contempt is crept,
 Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudne
 Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
 Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
 And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take,

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
 Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar
 flowe,

Scorning the boldnes of such base borne men,
 Which dare their follies forth so rashhe throwe,
 Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell, 221
 Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell

So am I made the seruant of the manie,
 And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
 Not honored nor cared for of anie ,
 But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne
 Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest
 I Vntill my cause of sorrow be redrest

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shriek,
 Pouring forth streames of tearcs abundantly,
 And all her Sisters with compassion like, 231
 The breaches of her singults did supply
 So rested shee and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew

Euterpe

Like as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
 Faire *Philomele*, when winters stormie wrath
 The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
 In colours diuers, quite despoyled hath,
 All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
 During the time of that her widowhead 240

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
 All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
 Whilest fauourable times did vs afford
 Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will.
 All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,
 I Like wofull Culuers doo sit wayling now

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to
flowre,

Hath marred quite ,and all their blossoms blasted
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit
t'abound, 251

Now without fruite or leaues are to be found
A stonie coidnesse hath benumbd the sence
And liuelie spirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than *Cymenans* dayhe night
And monstrous error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre
Image of hellish horroure, Ignorance,

Borne in the bosome of the black *Abyesse*, 260
And fed with furies milke, for sustenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse

By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night,
So hee his somnes both Syre and brother hight
He armd with blindnesse and withboldnes stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced,
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout

Of *Faunes* and *Satyres*, hath our dwellings raced
And our chast bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutishnesse and beasthe filth hath stained
The sacred springs of horsefoot *Helicon*, 271

So oft bedewed with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure *Caslation*,
The famous witnessse of our wonted praise,
They trampled haue with their fowle footings
trade,

And like to troubled puddles haue them made
Our pleasant groues, which planted were with
paines,

That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards
swaines

Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing, 280
They haue cut downe and all their pleasance
mard,

That now no pastorall is to bee hard
In stead of them fowle Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearfull howling do all places fill,
And feeble *Eccho* now laments and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill
So all is turned into wilderness,

Whilset Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse
And I whose loy was earst with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft, 290
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,
Doo mone my miserie in silence soft
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heauens affoord me remedy

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe
And pitious lamentation did make,
And all her sisters seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake
So rested shee and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensew 300

Terpsichore

Who so hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures
sweet,

Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes
spight,

To tumble into sorrow and regret,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Findes greater burthen of his miserie
So wee that earst in loyance did abound

And in the bosome of all bhs did sit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands croud,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit, 310
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Bee now become most wretched wightes on
ground

And in our royall thrones which lately stood
In th'hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of fowle infamy ,
Blind Error, scornfull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that wee should haue by
right

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries, 320
They cherehechaunt and rymes atrandon fling,
The

spawne of their ranke fantasies

They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify
All places they doo with their toyes possesse,
And raigne in liking of the multitude,
The schooles they fill with fond newfanglesse,
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes rude,
Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their
skill,

And say their musicke matcheth *Phoebus* quill
The noble hearts to pleasures they allure, 331
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine
Clerks they to loathly Idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice
So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
For their vsurped kingdomes maintenance,
The whiles we silly Maides, whom they dispeize,
And with reprochfull scorne discountenance,
From our owne natue heritage exile, 341
Walk through the world of euery one reuilde

Nor arue one doth care to call vs in,
 Or once vouchsafeth vs to entertaïne,
 Vnlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
 For pitties sake compassion our paine,
 And yeeld vs some reहे in this distresse
 Yet to be so relieu'd is wretchednesse

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
 Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all, 350
 So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
 Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call
 Therefore we mourne and pittillesse complaine,
 Because none liuing pittietiћ our paine

With that she wept and wofulhe waymented,
 That naught on earth her grieф might pacifie,
 And all the rest her doiefull dm augmented,
 With shrikes and groanes and grievous agonie
 So ended shee and then the next in rew,
 Began her piteous plaint as doth ensew 360

Erato

Ye gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
 Where ye in *Venus* siluer bowre were bred,
 Thoughts halfe deuine, full of the fire of loue,
 With beawtie kindled and with pleasure fed,
 Which ye now in secuntie possesse,
 Forgetfull of your former heauinesse

Now change the tenor of your loyous layes,
 With which ye vse your loues to deifie,
 And blazon forth an earthlie beauties praise,
 Aboue the compasse of the arched skie 370
 Now change your praises into piteous cries,
 And Eulogies turne into Elegies
 Such as ye wont whenas those bitter stounds
 Of raging loue first gan you to torment,
 And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
 Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
 Before your Loues did take you vnto grace,
 Those now renew as fitter for this place
 For I that rule in measure moderate
 The tempest of that stonnie passion, 380

And vse to paint in rimes the troublous state
 Of Louers life in hkest fashion,
 Am put from practise of my kindhe skill,
 Banisht by those that Loue with leawdnes fill
 Loue wont to be schoolmaster of my skill
 And the deuicefull matter of my song,
 Sweete Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
 But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
 Out of th'Almighties bosome, where he nests,
 From thence infused into mortall breasts 390
 Such high conceipt of that celestiall fire,
 The base borne brood of blindnes cannot gesse,
 Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Vnto so lof tie pitch of perfectnesse,

But rime at not, and doo rage in loue,
 Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue

Faire *Cytheree* the Mother of delight,
 And Queeneof beawtie, now thou maist go pack,
 For lo thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
 Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack, 400
 And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Loue,
 May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue

And ye three Twins to light by *Venus* brought,
 The sweete companions of the Muses late,
 From whom what euer thing is goodly thought
 Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate,
 Go beg with vs, and be companions still
 As heretofore of good, so now of ill

For neither you nor we shall anie more
 Finde entertainment, or in Court or Schoole
 For that which was accounted heretofore 411
 The learneds meed, is now lent to the foole,
 He sings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
 And they him heare, and they him highly
 prayse

With that she powred forth a brackish flood
 Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone,
 And all her Sisters seeing her sad mood,
 With lowd laments her answered all at one
 So ended shee and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew 420

Calliope

To whom shall I my euill case complame,
 Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
 Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
 Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart,
 But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
 With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment
 For they to whom I vsed to apphe
 The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,
 The goodly off spring of *loues* progeme,
 That wont the world with famous acts to fill,
 Whose huing praises in heroick style, 431
 It is my chiefe profession to comyle
 They all corrupted through the rust of time,
 That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
 Or through vnnoable sloth, or sinfull crime,
 That doth degenerate the noble race,
 Haue both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
 And name of learning vtterly doo some
 Ne doo they care to haue the aunscricie
 Of th'old Heroes memonzde anew, 440

Ne doo they care that late pos.entie
 Should know their names, or speak their praises
 dew

But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
 As they themselues shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
 Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bredd ?
 What oddes twixt *Irus* and old *Inachus*,
 Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd,
 If none of neither mention should make,
 Nor out of dust their memories awake ? 450
 Or who would euer care to doo braue deed,
 Or strue in vertue others to excell,
 If none should yeeld him his deserued meed,
 Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well ?
 For if good were not praised more than ill,
 None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill
 Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
 And golden Trompet of eternitie,
 That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
 And mortall men haue powre to deifie 460
Bacchus and *Hercules* I raisd to heauen,
 And *Charlematne*, amongst the Starns seauen
 But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
 And will henceforth immortalize no more
 Sith I no more finde worthie to commend
 For prize of value, or for learned lore
 For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raise,
 Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise
 Their great reuenues all in sumptuous pride
 They spend, that nought to learning they may
 spare, 470

And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,
 Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share
 Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
 Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake
 With that she lowdly gan to waile and shriek,
 And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,
 And all her sisters with compassion like,
 Did more mcrease the sharpnes of her showre
 So ended she and then the next in rew
 Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew 480

Vrania

What wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
 Of Starres conspiring wretched men t'afflict,
 Hath powd on earth this noyous pestilence,
 That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
 With loue of blindnesse and of ignorance,
 To dwell in darkenesse without souenance
 What difference twixt man and beast is left,
 When th'heauenhelight of knowledgeisputout,
 And th'ornaments of wisdom are bereft ?
 Then wandreth he in error and in doubt, 490
 Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,
 Through fleshes frailtie and decept of sin
 In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
 It is the onelie comfort which they haue,
 It is their light, their loadstarre and their day,
 But hell and darkenesse and the grislie graue

Is ignorance, the enemie of grace,
 That mindes of men borne heauenlie doth
 debace

Through knowledge we behold the worlds
 creation,
 How in his cradle first he fostred was, 500
 And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
 How things she formed of a formelesse mas
 By knowledge wee do learne our selues to
 knowe,

And what to man, and what to God wee owe
 From hence wee mount aloft vnto the skie,
 And looke into the Chnstall firmament,
 There we behold the heauens great *Hterarchie*,
 The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift moue
 ment,

The Spintes and Intelligences fayre, 509
 And Angels waighting on th'Almighties chayre
 And there, with humble minde and high
 insight,

Th'eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,
 His loue, his truth, his glone, and his might,
 And mercie more than mortall men can wev
 O soueraigne Lord, soueraigne happesse
 To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse
 Such happines haue they, that doo embrace
 The precepts of my heauenlie discipline,
 But shame and sorrow and accursed case
 Haue they, that some the schoole of arts
 diume, 520

And banish me, which do professe the skill
 To make men heauenly wise, through humbled
 will

How euer yet they mee despise and spight,
 I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
 And please my selfe with mine owne selfe
 delight,

In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought
 So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,
 And being dnuen hence, I thether fly
 Thence I behold the misene of men,
 Which want the blis that wisdom would them
 breed, 53°

And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den,
 Of ghostly darkenes, and of gastlie dreed
 For whom I mourneand for my selfe complaine,
 And for my Sisters eake whom they disdame
 With that shee wept and waild so pityoushe,
 As if her eyes had beene two springing wells
 And all the rest her sorrow to supple,
 Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery
 yells

So ended shee, and then the next in rew,
 Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensew 54

Polyhymnia

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
 Without vaine art or curious complements,
 And squallid Fortune into basenes flong,
 Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments
 Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
 To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee
 For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
 With which I wont the winged words to tie,
 And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
 Now being let to runne at libertie 550
 By those which haue no skill to rule them right,
 Haue now quite lost their naturall delight
 Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideously,
 With horrid sound though hauing little sence,
 They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poetry,
 And thereby wanting due intelligence,
 Haue mard the face of goodly Poesie,
 And made a monster of their fantasie
 Whilom in ages past none might professe 559
 But Princes and high Priests that secret skill,
 The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
 And with deepe Oracles their verses fill
 Then was shee held in soueraigne dignitie,
 And made the nourshng of Nobilitie
 But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her main
 tayne,
 But suffer her prophaned for to bee
 Of the base vulgar, that with hands vncleane
 Dares to pollute her hidden mystene
 And treadeth vnder foote hir holie things,
 Which was the care of Kesars and of Kings

One onelie hues, her ages ornament, 571
 And myrrour of her Makers maiestie,
 That with rich bountie and deare cherishment,
 Supports the praise of noble Poesie
 Ne onelie fauours them which it professe,
 But is her selfe a peereles Poetresse

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poetresse,
 The true *Pandora* of all heauenly graces,
 Diuine *Elisa*, sacred Emperesse
 Liue she fo euer, and her royall P'laces 580
 Be fild with praises of diuine wits,
 That her eternize with their heauenlie writs

Some few beside, this sacred skill esteeme,
 Admirers of her glorious excellence,
 Which being lightned with her beawties beme,
 Are thereby fild with happie influence
 And lifted vp above the worldes gaze,
 To sing with Angels her immortal praize

But all the rest as borne of saluage brood,
 And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
 Can no whit fauour this celestial food, 591
 But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
 And kept from looking on the lightsome day
 For whome I waile and weepe all that I may
 Eftsoones such store of tcares she forth did
 powre,
 As if shee all to water would haue gone,
 And all her sisters seeing her sad stowre,
 Did weep and waile and made exceeding
 mone,
 And all their learned instruments did breake,
 The rest, vntold, no louing tongue can speake

FINIS

Vtrgils Gnat.

Long since dedicated

To the most noble and excellent Lord,

the Earle of Leicester, late

deceased

WRong'd, yet not daring to expresse my
 paine,
 To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
 In clowdte teares my case I thus complaine
 Vnto your selfe, that onely prime are
 But if that any Oedipus vnnare
 Shall chaunce, through power of some dtutinn
 spight,

To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
 And know the purporle of my euill plight,
 Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
 Ne further seeke to glose vpon the text
 For grieve enough it is to grieued wight
 Tofeele his fault, and not be further vext
 But what so by my selfe may not be shoven,
 May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen

Vtrgils Gnat.

WE now haue playde (*Augustus*) wantonly,
 Tuning our song vnto a tender Muse,
 And like a cobweb weaumg slenderly,
 Haue onely playde let thus much then excuse
 This Gnats small Poeme, that th'whole history
 Is but a lest, though enaie it abuse
 But who such sport sand sweet delights doth blame
 Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name
 Hereafter, when as season more secure
 Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to
 thee 10

In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
 And for thy worth frame some fit Poesie,
 The golden offspring of *Lalona* pure,
 And ornament of great *loues* progenie,
Phæbus shall be the author of my song,
 Playing on yuone harp with siluer strong
 He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
 Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
 Faire *Xanthus* sprinkled with *Chimæras* blood,
 Or in the woods of *Aslery* abide, 20
 Or whereas mount *Parnasse*, the Muses brood,
 Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,
 And the swete waucs of sounding *Castaly*
 With liquid foote doth slide downe easily
 Wherefore ye Sisters which the glone bee
 Of the *Pierian* streames, fayre *Naiades*,
 Go too, and dauncing all in companie,
 Adome that God and thou holie *Pales*,
 To whome the honest care of husbandry
 Returneth by continuall successe, 30
 Haue care for to pursue his footing light,
 Through the wide woods, and groues, with green
 leaues dight

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
 Betwixt the Forrest wide and starne sky
 And thou most dread (*Octamus*) which oft
 To learned wits giuest courage worthily,
 O come (thou sacred childe) come sliding soft,
 And fauour my beginnings graciously
 For not these leaues dosing that dread full sound,
 When Glints bloud did staine *Phlegreæan*
 ground 40

Nor how th'halfe horsy people, *Ceniaures* hight,
 Fought with the bloudie *Lapithæas* at bord,
 Nor how the East with tyranous despight
 Burnt Atlick towres, and people slew with
 sword,
 Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
 Was digged downe, nor yron bands aboard
 The *Pontick* sea by their huge Navy cast,
 My volume shall renowne, so long since past

Nor *Hellespont* trampled with horses feete, 49
 When flocking *Persians* did the *Greeks* affray,
 But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
 Delights (with *Phæbus* friendly leaue) to play
 An easie running verse with tender feete
 And thou (dread sacred childe) to thee alway,
 Let euerlasting lightsome glory striue,
 Through the worlds endles ages to suruiue

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
 Mongst heauenly ranks, where blessed soules do
 rest,
 And let long lasting life with loyous glee,
 As thy due meede that thou deseruest best, 60
 Hereafter many yeares remembred be
 Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest,
 Liue thou for euer in all happnesse
 But let vs turne to our first businesse

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
 Vp to the heauenly towers, and shot each where
 Out of his golden Charet glistering light,
 And fayre *Aurora* with her rosie heare,
 The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
 When as the shepheard seeing day appeare, 70
 His little Goats gan driue out of their stalls,
 To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls

To an high mountaine top he with them went,
 Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills
 They now amongst the woods and thicketts
 ment,

Now in the valleeies wandring at their wills,
 Spread themselves farre abroad through each
 descent,

Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their
 fills,
 Some clambring through the hollow chffeson hv,
 Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby

Others the vtmost boughs of trees doe crop,
 And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly
 bud, 82

This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top
 Of some soft Willow, or new grown stud,
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth
 lop,

And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud,
 The whiles another high doth ouerlook
 Her owne like image in a christall brooke

O the great happines, which shepherds haue,
 Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
 With minde that ill vse doth before depraue,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate 92
 Of notise, and semblants outward braue,
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
 And rend the greedie mmdes of couetous men,
 Do euer creepe into the shepherds den

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him araves,
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye,
 Ne glistening of golde, which vnderlayes 99
 The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye
 Ne pictures beantie, nor the glauncing rayes
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by,
 Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
 Of *Bætus* or of *Alcons* vanity
 Ne ought the welky pearles esteemeth hee,
 Which are from Indian seas brought far away
 But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
 On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
 In sweete spring time, when flowres vanetie
 With sundrie colours paints the sprinckled lay,
 There lying all at ease, from guile or spight, III
 With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight
 There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
 His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine
 There his milk dropping Goats be his delight,
 And fruitfull *Pales*, and the Forrest greene,
 And darkesome caues in pleasaunt vallies pight,
 Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
 And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
 Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heate
 O who can lead then a more happie life, 121
 Than he, that with cleane minde and heart sincere,
 No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
 No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare,
 Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
 That in the sacred temples he may reare
 A trophee of his glittering spoiles and treasure,
 Or may abound in riches aboue measure
 Of him his God is worshippt with his sythe,
 And not with skill of craftsman polished 130
 He loyes in groues, and makes himselfe full
 blythe,
 With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered,
 Ne frankincens he from *Panehæa* buyth,
 Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
 And perfect pleasure buildes her loyous bowre,
 Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts
 deuowre
 This all his care, this all his whole indeuour
 To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in quiet matchles treasure,
 Content with any food that God doth send,
 And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle Ieisour,
 Vnto sweete sleepe he may securely lend, 142
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
 The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate
 O flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleasaunt springs
 Of *Tempe*, where the cuntry Nymphs are rife,
 Through whose not costly care each shepherd
 sings
 As merne notes vpon his rusticke Fife,

I As that *Ascrean* bard, whose fame now rings
 Through the wide world, and leads as loylull life
 Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
 In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle
 In such delights whilst thus his careless time
 This shepheard driues, vpleanmg on his batt,
 And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beames full hott,
 Into the highest top of heauen gan clime,
 And the world parting by an equall lott,
 Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
 As the great *Ocean* doth himselfe diuide 160
 Then gan the shepheard gather into one
 His stragghng Goates, and draue them to a foord,
 Whose caerule streame, rombling in Pible stone,
 Crept vnder mosse as greene as any goord
 Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
 When he his heard back from that water foord,
 Draue from the force of *Phoebeus* boyling ray,
 Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay
 Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood
 (O *Dehan* Goddesses) saw, to which of yore
 Came the bad daughter of old *Cadmus* brood,
 Cruell *Agæe*, flying vengeance sore 172
 I Of king *Nictileus* for the guiltie blood,
 Winch she with cursed hands had shed before,
 There she halfe frantick hauingslamed her sonne,
 Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonnt
 Here also playing on the grassy greene,
 Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
 With many Fairies oft were dauncing seem
 Not so much did Dan *Orpheus* represses, 180
 The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I weene,
 As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesses
 Staled thee, (O *Peneus*) pownng forth to thee,
 From cheereful lookes, great mirth and glad
 some gle
 The verie nature of the place, resounding
 With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
 A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
 In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
 To rest their limbs with weannes redounding
 For first the high Palme trees with braunches
 faire, 190
 Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
 And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes
 And them amongst the wicked *Lotos* grew,
 Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Vlysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
 Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
 And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
 The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay
 Of *Phaeton*, whose limbs with lightening rent,
 They gathering vp, with sweete teares did
 lament 200

And that same tree, in which *Demophoon*,
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left vnto many one
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall chames transformd to such an
one

The Oke, whose Acomes were our foode, before
That *Ceres* seede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first *Triptoleme* taught how to be sowne
Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ships braue ornament 210
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe
Which coueting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres diume,
Decks all the Forrest with embellishment, I
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrie vale,
And the sweete Cypressse, signe of deadly bale
Amongst the rest the clambring Yuie grew,
Knitting his wanton ames with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth
enfold 220

With her lythe twigs, till they the top suruey,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her olde reproach
But the small Birds in their wide boughes em
bowring,
Chanted their sundne tunes with sweete con-
sent,

And vnder them a siluer Spring forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmur sent,
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their larring voyces bent
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around
All which the ayne Echo did resound 232
In this so pleasant place this Shepherds flocke
Lay euene where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euene bush, and euene hollow rocke
Where breathe on them the whistling wind
mote best,

The whiles the Shepherd self tending hisstocke,
site by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbrng sleep oppressed him,
Displaid on ground, and seized euene lim 240
Of trechene or traines nought tooke he keep,
But looshe on the grassie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleep,
Which weighing down his drouping drowsiehedd,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all falshedd
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill
For at his wonted time in that same place 249
An huge great Serpent all with speckles pide,

To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace.
There from the boylmg heate himselfe to hide
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
And wrapt hisscalie boughs with fell despiht,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight
Now more and more hauing himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he hfteth vp on hie,
Andwith proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde,
His creste about spotted with purple die, 260
On euerie side did shine like scabe goide,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfulhe,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre
Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and most trustie
guide

Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fine eyes on euerie side, 270
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends, that mightthis passage stay
Much he dissaines, that anie one should dare
To come vnto his haunt, for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent,
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his lawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained,
And all his f oldes are now in length outstramed
Whom thus at point prepared, to preunt,
A little nourshg of the humid ayre, 282
A Gnat vnto the sleepee Shepherd went,
And marking where his ey lids twinckling rare,
Shewd the two pearles, which sight vntohim lent,
Through their thin couenns appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warndhim awake, from death himselfe to keep
Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpart,
And with his hand him rashly bruzmg, slewe
As in auengement of his heedles smart, 291
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart
When suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And feruent eyes to his destruction bent
All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight, 299
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde,
What God or Fortune would assist his might
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read yet hardie will he had
To ouercome, that made him lesse adrad

The scahe backe of that most hideous snake
 Enwrapped round, oft fainmg to retire,
 And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
 Whereas his temples did his creast front tyre,
 And for he was but slowe, did slouth off shake,
 And gazing ghastly on (for feare and yre 310
 Had blent so much his sense, that lessehefeard,
 Yet when he saw him slame, himselfe he cheard

By this the night forth from the darksome bowre
 Of *Herebus* her teemed steedes gan call,
 And laesie *Vesper* in his timely howre
 From golden *Oela* gan proceede withall,
 Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
 Semg the doubled shadowes low to fall,
 Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward
 fare,

And vnto rest his weane loyns prepare 320
 Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
 Was entered, and now loosing cuenc hm,
 Sweete slumbnng deaw in carelesnesse did
 steepe,

The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
 And in sad teames gan sorrowfully weepe,
 With greishe countenance and visage grim,
 Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
 In steed of good hastmng his cruelli fate
 Said he, what haue I wretch deseru'd, that thus
 Into this bitter bale I am outcast, 330

Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
 Was than mine owne, so long as it did last ?
 I now in lieu of paines so gracious,
 Am tost in th'ayre with euerie wmdie blast
 Thou safe dehuered from sad decay,
 Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display
 So huest thou, but my poore wretched ghost
 Is forst to feme ouer *Lethes* Riuier,

And spoyld of *Charon* too and fro am tost
 Seest thou, how all places quake and quier 340
 Lightned with deadly lamps on euerie post ?
Tistph&ne each where doth shake and shiuier

Her flaming fire brond, encountng me,
 Whose lockes vncombed cruelli adders be
 And *Cerberus*, whose many mouthes doo bay,
 And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed,
 Adowne whose necke in terrible aray,
 Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
 Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,

And bloodie eyes doo glister fine red, 350
 He oftentimes me dreadfulhe doth threaten,
 With painfull torments to be sorely beaten
 Ay me, that thankso muchshould faileof meed,
 For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
 Euen from the doore of death and deadhe dreed
 Where then is now the guerdon of my paine ?

Where the reward of my so piteous deed ?
 The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,
 And th'antique faith of Iustice long agone
 Out of the land is fled away and gone 360

I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
 And left mine owne his safetie to tender,
 Into the same mishap I now am cast,
 And shun'd destruction doth destruction render
 Not vnto him that neuer hath trespast,
 But punishment is due to the offender
 Yet let destruction be the punishment,
 So long as thankfull will may it relent

I carried am into waste wildernesse, 369
 Waste wldernes, amongst *Lymerian* shades,
 Where endles paines and hideous heauinesse
 Is round about me heapt in darksome glades
 For there huge *Olhos* sits in sad distresse,
 Fast bound with serpents that him oft inuades
 Par of beholding *Ephialtes* tide,
 Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide
 And there is mournful 1 *Tilyus* mmdedfull yet

Of thy displeasure, 0 *Latona* faire,
 Displeasure too impicable was it,
 That made him meat for wild fouls of the ayre
 Much do I feare among such fiends to sit, 381
 Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
 To the black shadowes of the *Stygian* shore,
 Where wretched ghosts sit wailing euermore
 There next the vtmost bnck doth he abide,
 That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
 Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh
 being dnde

His sense to seeke for ease turnes euery way
 And he that in autngement of his pride,
 For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray, 390
 Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
 Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none
 Go ye with them, go cursed damosells,
 Whose bridale torches foule *hrynnis* tynde,
 And *Hymen* at your Spousalls sad, foretells
 Tydngs of death and massacre vnkinde
 With them that cruelli *tolchid* mother dwells,
 I he which concei'd in her reuengefull mme,
 With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to
 slay,

And muredred troupes vpon great heapes to lay
 There also those two *Pandionian* maides, 401
 Calling on *Itts*, *Itts* euermore,
 Whom wretched boy they slew withguiltieblades
 For whome the *Tkraaan* king lamenting sore,
 Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowhe them vpbraydes,
 And fluttering round about them still does sore
 There now they all eternally complame
 Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine

But the two brethren borne of *Cadmus* blood,
 Whilst each does for the Soueraignty contend,
 Bhnde through ambition, and with vengeance
 wood, 411

Each doth against the others bodie bend
 His cursed Steele, of neither well withstood,
 And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend,
 That yet they both doe mortd'll foes remaine,
 Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine
 Ah (waladay) there is no end of paine,
 Nor change of labour may intreated bee
 Yet I beyond all these am carried fame,
 Where other powers farre different I see, 420
 And must passe ouer to th'*Ehstan* plaine
 There grim *Persephone* encountning mee,
 Doth vrge her fellow Furies earnestlie,
 With their bright firebronds me to ternfie
 There chast *Alceste* hues inuiolate,
 Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
 She did prolong by changing fate for fate
 Lo there hues also the immortall praise
 Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope and from her farre awayes 430
 A rulesse rout of yongmen, which her woo'd
 All slaine with darts, he wallowed in their blood
 And sad *Eurydice* thence now no more
 Must tume to life, but there detained bee,
 For looking back, being forbid before
 Yet was the guilt thereof, *Orpheus*, in thee
 Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
 That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
 And could bdeue that anie thing could please
 I ell *Cerberus*, or Stygian powres appease 440
 Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegelon*,
 Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, com
 passed

With rustie horror and fowle fashion,
 And deep digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
 With bloodic night, and darke confusion,
 And ludgement seates, whose Iudge is deadhe
 dred

A Iudge, that after death doth punish sore
 The faults, which life hath trespassed before
 But valiant fortune made *Dan Orpheus* bolde
 For the swift running nuers still did stand, 450
 And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
 fo follow *Orpheus* musicke through the land
 And th'Okes deep grounded in the earthly molde
 Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand,
 And the shrill woods, which were of sense
 bereau'd,
 Through their hard barke his siluer sound
 receau'd

And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
 Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,

I And didst (0 monthly Virgin) thou delay
 i Thy nightly course, to heare his melodic " 460
 The same was able with like louely lay
 The Queene of hell to moue as easily,
 To yeeld *Eurydice* vnto her fere,
 Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were
 She (Ladie) hauing well before approued,
 The feends to be too cruell and seure,
 Obseru'd th'appompted way, as her behouoed,
 Ne euer did her ey sight tume arere,
 Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking moued
 But cruell *Orpheus*, thou much crueller, 470
 Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the Gods decree,
 And thereby mad'st her euer damn'd to be
 Ah but sweete loue of pardon worthie is,
 And doth deserue to haue small faults remitted,
 If Hell at least things lightly done amis
 Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted
 Yet are ye both receiued into bhs,
 And to the seates of happie soules admitted
 And you, beside the honourable band
 Of great Heroes, doo in order stand 480

There be the two stout sonnes of *Aeacus*,
 Fierce *Peleus*, and the hardie *Telamon*,
 Both seeming now full glad and loyous
 Through their Syres dreadfull mnsdiction,
 Being the Iudge of all that horrid hous
 And both of them by strange occasion,
 Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
 Through *Venus* grace, and vertues cariage
 For th'one was rauisht of his owne bondmaide,
 The faire *Ixtone* captiu'd from *Troy* 490
 But th'other was with *Thetis* loue assaid,
 Great *Nereus* his daughter, and his loy
 On this side them there is a yongman layd,
 Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce and coy,
 That from th'Argohck ships, with furious yre,
 Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre
 0 who would not recount the strong dmorces
 Of that great warre, which Tronnes oft behelde,
 And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces, 499
 When *Teuctran* soyle with bloodie nuers swelde,
 And wide *Sigcean* shores were spred with coises,
 And *Stmots* and *Xanthus* blood outwelde,
 Whilst *Hector* raged with outrageous mmde,
 Flames, weapons, wounds in *Greeks* flete to
 haue tynde

For *Ida* selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
 Out of her mountames ministred supplies,
 And like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
 Store of firebronds out of her noursenes,
 Vnto her foster children, that they might
 Inflame the Nauie of their enemies, 510
 And all the *Rhetcean* shore to ashes tume,
 Wherelay theships, which theydidseeketoburne

Gainst which the noble sonne of *Telamon*
Opposd' himselfe, and thwarting his huge shield,
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeared anon
Hector, the glone of the *Trotan* field
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryue
The ratling heauens, and cloudes asunder dryue

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home againe
To *Argos*, th'other stroue for to defend
The force of *Vulcane* with his might and mame
Thus th'one *Aeacide* did his fame extend
But th'other loy'd, that on the *Phrygian* playne
Hauing the blood of vanquisht *Hector* shedd,
He compast *Troy* thrice with his bodie dedd

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull *Parts* sent, 530
And also him that false *Vlysses* slewe,
Drawne mtodanger through close ambushment
Therefore from him *Laertes* did his fame uue
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent
In working of *Strymontan Rhcesus* fall,
And efte in *Dolons* subtile surpsysall

Againe the dreadfull *Cycones* lum dismay,
And blacke *Lcestingones*, a people stout
Then greedie *Salla*, vnder whom there bay
Mame great bandogs, which her gird about
Then doo the *Aetnean* Cyclops him affray, 541
And deep *Charybdis* gulphing in and out
Lastly the squalid lakes of *Tartarte*,
And griesly Feends of hell him ternfie
There also goodly *Agamemnon* hosts,
The glone of the stock of *Tantalus*,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
Vnder whose conduct most victorious,
The *Dortck* flames consum'd the *Iliack* posts
Ah but the *Greekes* themselues more dolorous,
To thee, 0 *Troy*, paid penaunce for thy fall,
In x*WHellespont* being nigh drowned all 552
Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
Himselfe therefore to heauen should eleuate
For lof tie type of honour through the glaunce
Of enuies dart, is downe in dust prostrate,
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabihitie 560
TWArgolicke power returning home againe,
Enncht with spoyles of th'*Eritchontan* towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertame,
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre
No signe of storme, no feare of future pame,
Which scone ensued them with heauiie stowre

I *Nereis* to the Seas a token gaue,
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges claued
Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre, 570
The heauens on euerie side enclouded bee
Black stormes and fogs are blownen vp from farrt,
That now the *Pylote* can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doo make most dreadful

wane,
The billowes striuing to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens striuing them for to impeach

And m auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres and all the heauenly
powres

Conspire m one to wreake their rash contempt,
And downe on them to fall from highest towres
The skie in pieces seeming to be rent, 581
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful
showres,

That death on euerie side to them appeals
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly
feares

Some in the greedie flouds are sunke and drent,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne,
Some on th'*Eubotck* Cliffs in pieces rent,
Some scattred on the *Herceans* shores vnknowne,
! And mame lost, of whom no monument
Remanes, nor memorie is to be showne 590
Whilst all the purchase of the *Pkrtgian* pray
Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray

Here mame other like *Herots* bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
i Whom ye m goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in souereigntie,
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue
Here *Fabij* and *Deaj* doo dwell,
lloratij that in vertue did excell 600

And here the antique fame of stout *Camill*
Doth euer hue, and constant *Lurlius*,
Who stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For Countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T'appease the powers, and prudent *Mutius*,
Who m his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same
And here wise *Curius*, companion
Of noble vertues, hues in endles rest, 610
And stout *Flamtus*, whose deuotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest,
And here the praise of either *Sapton*
Abides in highest place aboue the best,
To whom the ruin d walls of *Carthage* vow'd,
I Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd

Liue they for euer through their lasting praise
 But I poore wretch am forced to retourne
 To the sad lakes, that *Phoebus* sunnie rayes
 Doo neuer see, where soules dooalwaiesmourne,
 And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
 Where *Phlegeton* with quenchles flames doth
 burne, 622
 By which iust *Minos* righteous soules doth seuer
 From wicked ones, to hue in blisse for euer

 Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
 Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron
 chaynes,
 Through doome of that their cruell Iudge,
 compell
 With bitter torture and impatient paines,
 Cause of my death, and rust complaint to tell
 For thou art he, whom my poore ghost com
 plaines 630
 To be the author of her ill vnwares,
 That cares hear'st my intolerable cares

 Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
 I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
 And leaue this lamentable plaint behmd
 But doo thou haunt the soft downe rolling nuer,
 And wilde greene woods, and fruitful pastures
 mmde,
 And let the flitting aire my vame words seuer
 Thus haumg said, he heauily departed 639
 With piteous cne, that anie would haue smarted

 Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
 Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous care*?
 His inly grieved minde full sore opprest,
 That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,
 For that Gnats death, which deeply was imprest
 But bends what euer power his aged yeares
 Him lent, yet being such, as through their might
 He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight

 By that same Riuier lurking vnder greene,
 Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place, 650
 And squaring it in compasse well besene,
 There plotteth out a tombe by measured space

 His yron headed spade tho making cleene,
 To dig vp sods out of the flowne grasse,
 His worke he shortly to good purpost,
 brought,
 Like as he had conceiu'd it in his thought

 An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
 Enclosing it with banks on euene side,
 And thereupon did raise full busily
 A little mount, of greene turfis edifice, 660
 And on the top of all, that passers by
 Might it behold, the toomb he did prouide
 Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
 That neuer might his luckie scape forget

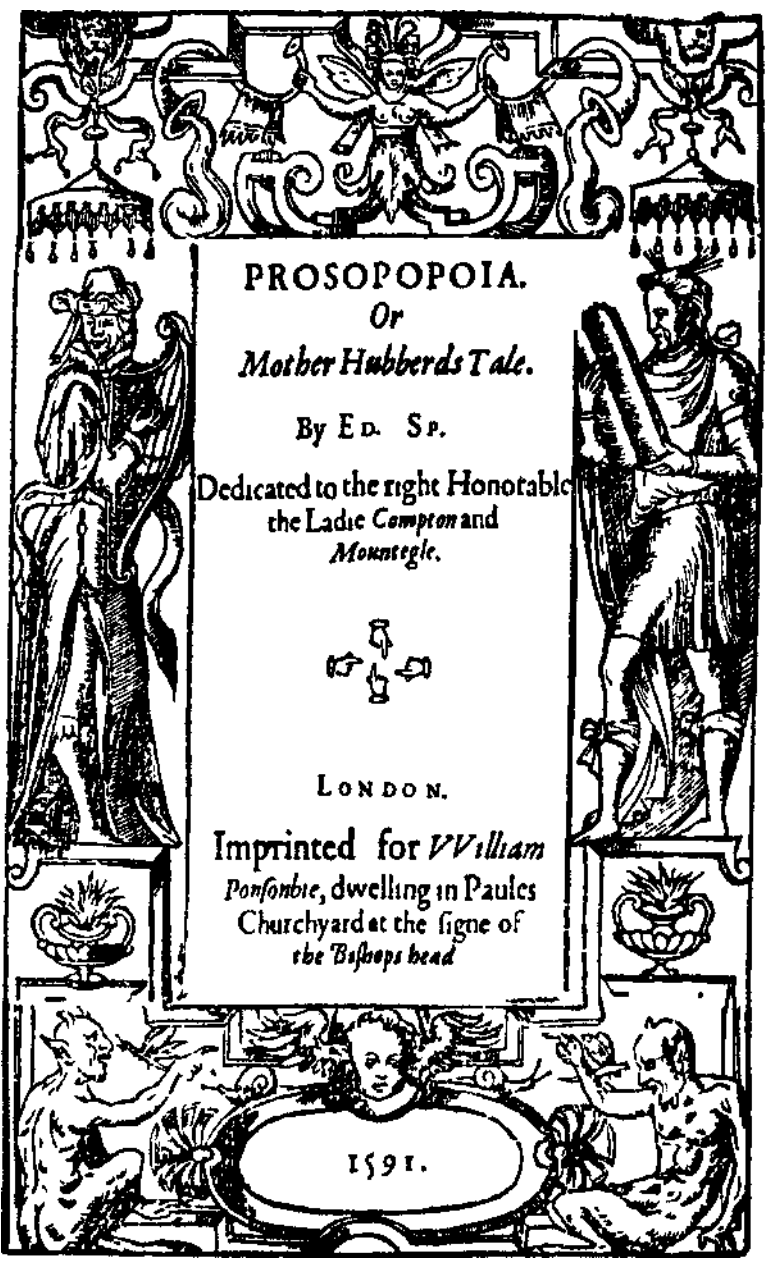
 And round about he taught sweete flowres to
 growe,
 The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
 The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
 The Mangolde, and cherefull Rosemarie,
 That *Spartan* Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does
 flowe,
 The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Costmarie,
 And Saffron sought for in *Cihcian* soyle, 671
 And Lawrell th'ornament of *Phoebus* toyle

 Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
 Matching the wealth of th'auncient Frankin
 cence,
 And pallid Yuie building his owne bowre
 And Box yet mindfull of his olde offence,
 Red *Atnaranthus*, lucklesse Paramour,
 Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience,
 Ne wants there pale *Narasse*, that in a well
 Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell 680

 And whatsoeuer other flowre of worth,
 And whatso other hearb of louely hew
 The loyous Spring out of the ground brings
 forth,
 To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new,
 He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
 In whose high front was writ as doth ensue

 To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saued,
 The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued

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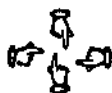


PROSOPOPOIA.

Or
Mother Hubberds Tale.

By E. D. S. P.

Dedicated to the right Honorable
the Ladie Compton and
Mounsegle.



LONDON.

Imprinted for *William*
Ponsonbie, dwelling in *Paules*
Churchyard at the signe of
the Bishops head

1591.

To the right Honourable, the
Ladie Compton and
tMountegle.

MOst faire and verluous Ladie, hauing
1VI often sought opportunity by some good
meanes to make knowne to your Ladiship, the
humble affection and faithfull duetie, which
I haue alwaies professed, and am bound to
beare to thai House, from whence yee spring,
1 haue at length found occasion to remember the
wme, by making a simple present to you of these
my idle labours, which hauing long sithens
composed in the raw conceipt of my youth,
1 lately amongst other papers lighted vpon, and
iwas by others, which liked the same, moued to
set them foorth Simple is the deuice, and the
composition meane, yet carrieth some delight,

euen the rather because of the simplicitie and
meannesse thus personated The same I beseech
your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of
that pofession which I haue made to you, and
keepe with you vniill with some other more
worthre labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands,
and discharge my vtmost dutie Till then wish
ing your Ladiship all increase of honour and
happinesse, I humbhe lake leaue

Your La euer

humbly,

Ed Sp

Prosopopoia: or
^Mother Hubberds Tale.

I T was the month, in which the righteous
Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds vpbraide,
Fled back to heauen, whence she was first con
ceiued,
Into her siluer bowre the Sunne receiued,
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chased Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th'ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th'earth plague, pestilence, and
death

Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raig'n'd emongst men, that manie did to die,
Depnu'd of sense and ordinarie reason, 11
That it to Leaches seemed strange and geason
My fortune wis mongst manie others moe,
To be parataker of their common woe,
And my weake bodie set on fire with gnefe,
Was rob'd of rest, and naturall reliefe
In this ill plight, there came to visite mee
Some friends, who sone my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of gladsome solace to deuise 20
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceaue
With talke, that might vnquiet fancies reau

I And sitting all in seates about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the weane howres
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures,
Some of braue Knights, and their renowned
Squires,

Some of the Faeries and their strange attires,
And some of Giaunts hard to be beleued, 31
That the delight thereof me much releued
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Ilight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
The rest m honest mirth, that seem'd her well
She when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a strange aduenture, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th'Ape by him mis
guided,

The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
All were my spinte heaueie and diseased, 40
He write in termes, as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may
No Muses aide me needes heretoo to call,
Base is the style, and matter meane withall

Whilome (said she) before the world was
ciuill,

The Foxe and th'Ape disliking of their euill
And hard estate, determined to seeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his
lyeke

For both were craftie and vnhappy witted,
Two fellows might no where be better fitted
The Foxe, that first this cause of griefe did finde,
I Gan first thus plame his case with words vnkmde

Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
 (Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide,)
 To whom may I more trustely complaine
 The euill plight, that doth me sore constrain,
 And hope thereof to finde due remedie ?
 Heare then my pame and inward agonie
 TTis manie yeares I now haue spent and worne,
 In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
 Dooing my Countrey seruice as I might, 61
 No lesse I dare saie than the prowdest wight,
 And still I hoped to be vp aduanced,
 For my good parts, but still it hath mis
 chaunced

Now therefore that no lenger hope I see,
 But froward fortune still to follow mee,
 And losels lifted high, where I did looke,
 I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke
 Yet ere that anie way I doo betake,
 I meane my Gossip prime first to make 70
 Ah my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape,)
 Deeply doo your sad words my wits awshape,
 Both for because your grieve doth great
 appeare,

And eke because my selfe am touched neare
 For I likewise haue wasted much good time,
 Still wayting to preferment vp to clime,
 Whilest others alwayes haue before me stept,
 And from my beard the fat away haue swept,
 That now vnto despair I gin to growe,
 And meane for better wmd about to throwe
 Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread 81
 Thy counsell two is better than one head
 Certes (said he) I meane me to disguise
 In some straunge habit, after vncouth wize,
 Or like a Pilgrime, or a Lymiter,
 Or like a Gipsen, or a Iuggekr,
 And so to wander to the worlds ende,
 To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend
 For worse than that I haue, I cannot meete
 Wide is the world I wote and euene streete 90
 Is full of fortunes, and aduentures straunge
 Continualhe subiect vnto change
 Say my faire brother now, if this deuice
 Doth like you, or may you to like entice
 Surely (said th'Ape) it likes me wondrous well,
 And would ye not poore fellowship expell,
 My selfe would offer you t'accompanie
 In this aduentures chauncefull leopardie
 For to wexe olde at home in ldenesse,
 Is disaduentrous, and quite fortunelesse 100
 Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee
 The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree
 So both resolu'd, the morrow next ensuing,
 So soone as day appeared to peoples vewing,
 On their intended lourney to proceede,
 And ouer night, whatso theretoo did neede,

Each did prepare, in readmes to bee
 The morrow next, so soone as one might see
 Light out of heauens wmdowes forth to lookc,
 Both their habiliments vnto them tooke, no
 And put themselues (a Gods name) on their way
 Whenas the Ape beginning well to wey
 This hard aduenture, thus began t'aduse ,
 Now read Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
 What course ye weene is best for vs to take,
 That for our selues we may a humg make
 Whether shall we professe some trade or skill ?
 Or shall we vane our deuice at will,
 Euen as new occasion appeares ?
 Or shall we tie our selues for certame yeares
 I To anie seruice, or to anie place ? 121
 For it behoues ere that into the race
 We enter, to resolue first herevpon
 Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
 Ye haue this matter motioned in season
 For euene thing that is begun with reason
 Will come by readie meanes vnto his end ,
 But things miscounselled must needs miswend
 Thus therefore I aduize vpon the case,
 That lot to anie certame trade or place, 130
 Nor anie man we should our selues apphe
 For why should he that is at libertie
 Make himselfe bond ? sith then we are free
 borne,

Let vs all seruiile base subiection scorne ,
 And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
 Let vs our fathers heritage diuide,
 And chalenge to our selues our portions dtw
 Of all the patnmonie, which a few
 Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land 140
 For now a few haue all and all haue nought,
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
 But that she gaue like blessing to each creture
 As well of worldly huelode as of life,
 That there might be no difference nor strife,
 Nor ought cald mine or thine thrice happie
 then

Was the condition of mortall men 50
 That was the golden age of *Saturne* old,
 But this might better be the world of gold
 For without golde now nothing wilbe got
 Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot
 We will not be of anie occupation,
 Let such vile vassalls borne to base vocation
 Drudge in the world, and for their huing rodde
 Which haue no wit to hue withouten toyle
 But we will walke about the world at pleasure
 Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure

Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggers bee
For they doo swmke and sweate to feed the
other,

Who hue like Lords of that which they doo
gather,

And yet doo neuer thanke them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame

Such will we fashion both our selues to bee,
Lords of the world, and so will wander free
Where so vs listeth, vncontrol'd of anie
Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so manie) 170

I lght not on some that may our state amend,
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end
Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinance

Yet well considering of the circumstaunce,
As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid,
And afterwards with graue aduizement said,
I cannot my lief brother like but well

The purpose of the complot which ye tell
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest

Of each degree) that Beggers life is best 180
And they that thmke themselues the best of all

Of times to begging are content to fall
But this I wot withall that we shall ronne

Into great daunger like to bee vndonne,
Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye,

Without pasport or good warrantie,
I'or feare least we like rogues should be

reputed,
And for eare marked beasts abroad be bruted

Therefore I read, that we our counsell call,
How to preuent this mischief ere it fall, 190

And how we may with most secuntie,
Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie

Right well deere Gossip ye aduizd haue,
(Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will saue

For ere we farther passe, I will deuise
A pasport for vs both in fittest wize,

And by the names of Souldiers vs protect,
That now is thought a ciuile begging sect

Be you the Souldier, for you hkest are
I'or manly semblance, and small skill in warre

I will but wayte on you, and as occasion 201
Falls out, my stife fit for the same will fashion

The Pasport ended, both they forward went,
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th'mtent,

In a blew lacket with a crosse of redd
And manie slits, as if that he had shedd

Much blood through many wounds therein
receaued,

Which had the vse of his right arme bereaued,
Vpon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,

"With a plume feather all to peeces tore 210
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut,

I And his hose broken high about the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with trauehng

But neither sword nor dagger he did beare,
Seemes that no foes reuengement he did feare,

I In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
I On which he leane'd, as one farce in elde

Shame light on him, that through so false
illusion,

Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abuson,
And that, which is the noblest mystene, 221

Brings to reproach and common Infamie
Long they thus trauailed, yet neuer met

Aduenture, which might them a working set
Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed

Yet for their purposes none fit espyed
At last they chaunst to meete vpon the way

A simple husbandman in garments gray,
Yet though his vesture were but meane and bace,

A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230
And more for thrift did care than for gay

clothing
Gay "without good, is good hearts greatest
loathing

The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe he was in sight,

That (if he er'd not) should them entertame,
And yeeld them timely profite for their pame

Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan vp to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,

As if good seruice he were fit to doo,
But little thrift for him he did it too 240

And stoutly forward he his steps did strame,
That like a handsome swame it him became

When as they nigh approached, that good man
Seeing them wander loosly, first began

T'enquire of customc, what and whence they
were?

To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
rhat hte in warres haue spent my deerest

blood,
And in long seruice lost both limbs and good,

And now constraint that trade to ouergie,
I dnuen am to seeke some meanes to hue

Which might it you in pitie please t'afford,
I would be readie both in deed and word, 252

To doo you faithfull seruice all my dayes
This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)

Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state
For miserie doth brauest mmdes abate,

And make them seeke for that they wont to
scome,

Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne
The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,

Was gneu'd, as he had felt part of his pame,
And well dispos'd him some reliefe to showe,
Askt if in husbandne he ought did knowe,

To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe,
 Or to what labour els he was prepar'd ?
 For husbands life is labourous and hard
 Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
 Of labour, that did from Ins liking balke,
 He would haue slipt the coller handsomly,
 And to him said, good Sir, full glad am I, 1,270
 To take what pames may anie humg wight
 But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
 To doo their kindly seruices, as needeth
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet
 feedeth,
 So that it may no painfull worke endure,
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure
 But if that anie other place you haue,
 Which askes small pames, but thriftines to saue,
 Or care to ouerlook, or trust to gather,
 Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father
 With that the husbandman gan him auize
 That it for him were fittest exercise 282
 Cattell to keep, or grounds to ouerseue,
 And asked him, if he could willing bee
 To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne ?
 Gladly (said he) what euer such like paine
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine
 But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
 (Might it you please) would take on me the
 keep 290
 For ere that vnto armes I me betooke,
 Vnto my fathers sheepe I vsde to looke,
 That yet the skill thereof I haue not loste
 Thereto right well this Curdog by my coste
 (Meaning the Foxe) will serue, my sheepe to
 gather,
 And dnuie to follow after their Belw ether
 The Husbandman was meanly well content,
 Triall to make of his endeouourment,
 And home him leading, lent to him the charge
 Of all his flocke, with libertie full large, 300
 Giuing accompt of th'annuall increace
 Both of their lambes, and of their woollcy fleece
 Thus is this Ape become a shepherd swame
 And the false Foxe his dog (God giue them
 pame)
 For ere the yeare haue halfe his course out run,
 And doo returne from whence he first begun,
 They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift
 Jlow whenas Time flying with winges swift,
 Expired had the terme, that these two lauels
 pould render vp a reckning of their trauels
 Vnto their master, which it of them sought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist what answer vnto him to frame,
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,

For their false treason and vile theeuene
 For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
 Had they to shew but euer as they bred,
 They slue them, and vpon their fleshies fed
 For that disguised Dog lou'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
 And when lambes fail'd, the old sheepes hues
 they reft, 322
 That how t'acquite themselues vnto their Lord,
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard
 The Foxe then counsel'd th'Ape, for to require
 Respite till morrow, t'answere his desire
 For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds
 The Goodman granted, doubting nought their
 deeds, 328
 And bad, next day that all should readie be
 But they more subtile meaning had than he
 For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
 For feare of afterclaps for to preuent
 And that same euenmg, when all shrowded were
 In careles sleep, they without care or feare,
 Cruelly fell vpon their flock in folde,
 And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde
 Of which whenis they feasted had their fill,
 For a full complement of all their ill,
 They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
 Carried in cloudes of all concealing night
 So was the husbandman left to his losse, 341
 And they vnto their fortunes change to tosse
 After which sort they wandered long while,
 Abusing manie through their cloaked guile,
 That at the last they gan to be descryed
 Of euerie one, and all their sleights espyed
 So as their begging now them failed quyte,
 For none would giue, but all men would them
 wyte
 Yet would they take no paines to get their
 huing, 349
 But seeke some other way to game by giung
 Much like to begging but much better named,
 For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed
 And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
 And th'Apeacassocke sidelong hangmg downe,
 For they their occupation meant to change,
 And now in other state abroad to range
 For since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
 They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd
 Who passing forth, as their aduentures fell,
 Through manie haps, which needs not here to
 tell, 360
 At length chaunst with a formall Priest to
 meete,
 Whom they in ciuill manner first did greeete,
 And after askt an almes for Gods deare loue
 The man straight way his choler vp did moue,

And with reproachfull teames gan them reuile,
 For following that trade so base and vile,
 And askt what license, or what Pas they had ?
 All (said the Ape as sighing wondrous sad)
 Its an hard case, when men of good deserung
 Must either driuen be perforce to steruing,
 Or asked for their pas by euene squib, 371
 That list at will them to reuile or snib
 And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
 1 wixt them that aske, and them that asked bee
 Natheles because you shall not vs misdeeme,
 But that we are as honest as we seeme,
 Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
 And then ye will (I hope) well moooued bee
 Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
 As if therein some text he studying were, 380
 But little els (God wote) could thereof skill
 For read he could not euidence, nor will,
 Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
 Ne make one tittle worse, ne make one better
 Of such deep learning little had he neede,
 Ne yet of Latme, ne of Greeke, that breede
 Doubts mongst Diuines, and difference of texts,
 From whence arise diuersitie of sects,
 And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd 389
 But this good Sir did follow the plame word,
 Ne medled with their controuersies vaine
 All his care was, his seruice well to same,
 And to read Homehes vpon hohdayes
 When that was done, he might attend his playes,
 An easie life, and fit high God to please
 He haumg ouerlookt their pas at ease,
 Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
 That no good trade of life did entertaine,
 But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,
 Seeing the world, in which they booties boad,
 Had wayes enough for all therein to hue, 401
 Such grace did God vnto his creatures giue
 Said then the Foxe, who hath the world not
 tnde,
 From the right way full eath may wander wide
 We are but Nouices, new come abroad,
 We haue not yet the tract of anic troad,
 Nor on vs taken anie state of life,
 But readie are of anie to make preife
 Therefore might please you, which the world
 haue proued, 409
 Vs to aduibe, which forth but lately moued,
 Of some good course, that we might vndertake,
 Ye shall for euer vs your bondmen make
 The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
 And thereby willing to affoord them aide,
 It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,
 Both by your wittie words, and by your werks
 Is not that name enough to make a huing
 To him that hath a whit of Natures giung ?

How manie honest men see ye arize
 Dayhe thereby, and grow to goodly prize ? 420
 To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,
 To Lords, to Principalis, to Prebendaries,
 All lolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
 Who euer them enuie yet spite bites neare
 Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
 Might vnto some of those in time arise ?
 In the meane time to hue in good estate,
 Louing that love, and hating those that hate,
 Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
 Content with little in condition sicker 430
 Ah but (said th'Ape) the charge is wondrous
 great,
 To feed mens soules, and hath an heauie threat
 To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man
 For they must feed themselves, doo what
 we can
 We are but charg'd to lay the meate before •
 Eate they that list, we need to doo no more
 But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
 The bread of life powr'd downe from heauenly
 place 438
 Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
 Did rule the Lewes, *All shalbe taught of God*
 That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,
 By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught
 He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee,
 We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee
 Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay,
 Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may,
 For not so great as it was wont of yore,
 It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore
 They whilome vsed duly euene day 449
 Their seruice and their holie things to say,
 At morne and euen, besides their Antheemes
 sweete,
 Their penie Masses, and their Complynnesmeete,
 Their Dinges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
 Their memories, their singings, and their gifts
 Now all those needlesse works are laid away
 Now once a weeke vpon the Sabbath day,
 It is enough to doo our small deuotion,
 And then to follow an) merrie motion
 Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list,
 Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist,
 But with the finest silkes vs to aray, 461
 That before God we may appeare more gay,
 Resembling *Aarons* glone in his place
 For farre vnfit it is, that person bace
 Should with vile cloaths approach Gods maiestie,
 Whom no vncleannes may approachen me
 Or that all men, which anie master seme,
 Good garments for their seruice should deserue,
 But he that serueth the Lord of hoasts most high,
 And that in highest place, t'approach him nigh,

And all the peoples prayers to present 471
 Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
 Both too and fro, should not deserue to weare
 A garment better, than of wooll or heare
 Beside we may haue lying by our sides
 Our louely Lasses, or bright shining Brides •
 We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
 But haue the Gospell of free libertie
 By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
 The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson , 480
 And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
 How to a Benefice he might aspire
 Mane there (said the Priest) is arte indeed
 Muchgood deep learning one thereout may reed,
 For that the ground worke is, and end of all,
 How to obtame a Beneficiall
 First therefore, when ye haue in handsome wise
 Your selfe attyred, as you can deuise,
 Then to some Noble man your selfe applye,
 Or other great one in the worldes eye, 490
 That hath a zealous disposition
 To God, and so to his religion
 There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
 Such as no carpers may contrayre reueale
 For each thing famed, ought more wane bee
 There thou must walke in sober gram tee,
 And seeme as Saintlike as Saint *Radegund*
 Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
 And vnto euene one doo curtesie meeke
 These looks (nought saying) doo a benefice
 seeke, 500
 And be thou sure one not to lacke or long
 But if thee list vnto the Court to throng,
 And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
 Then must thou thee dispose another way
 For there thou needs must learne, to laugh, to
 lie,
 To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
 To crouche, to please, to be a beetle stock
 Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock
 So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
 Vnlesse thou canst one coniure by deuice, 511
 Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick
 And if one could, it were but a schoole trick
 These be the wayes, by which without reward
 Liuing in Court be gotten, though full hard
 For nothing there is done without a fee
 The Courtier needs must recompenced bee
 With a Beneuolence, or haue in gage
 The *Primltas* of your Parsonage
 Scarce can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
 But that it must be gelt in pnuitie 520
 Doo not thou therefore seeke a liuing there,
 But of more priuate persons seeke eiswhere,
 Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
 Nc let thy learning question'd be of anie
 For some good Gentleman that hath the right
 Vnto his Church for to present a wi^ht,
 Will cope with thee in reasonable wise,
 That if the humg yerely doo arise
 To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
 Shall twentie haue, and twentie thou hast
 wonne 530
 Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
 And he will care for all the rest to shift,
 Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
 And that therein thou maist maintained bee
 This is the way for one that is vnlern'd
 Liung to get, and not to be discern'd
 But they that are great Clerkes, haue nearer
 wayes,
 For learning sake to huing them to raise
 Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are dnuen,
 T'accept a Benefice in peeces nuen 540
 How saist thou (friend) haue I not well dis
 count
 Vpon this Common place (though plaine, not
 wourst) ?
 Better a short tale, than a bad long shnuing
 Needes anie more to learne to get a humg ?
 Now sure and by my hallidome (quoth he)
 Ye a great master are in your degree
 Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
 And doo not doubt, but duly to enche
 My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare
 The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to
 fare 550
 So parted they, as cithers way them led
 But th'Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
 Through the Priests holesome counsell lately
 tought,
 And through their owne faire handling wisely
 wrought,
 That thty a Benefice twixt them obtained ,
 And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained ,
 And th'Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to btt
 Then made they reuell route and goodly glee
 But ere long time had passed, they so ill
 Did order their affaires, that th'euell will 560
 Of all their Panshnrs they had constraind ,
 Who to the Ordinance of them complain'd,
 How fowlie they their offices abusd',
 And them of crimes and heresies accusd',
 That Puisuants he often for them sent
 But they neglected his commaundement
 So long prsisted obstinate and bolde,
 Till at the length he published to holde
 A Visitation, and them cyted thether 569
 Then was high time their wits about to geathtr,
 What did they then, but made a composition
 With their next neighbor Priest for light con
 dition;

To whom their liuing they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night
So passing through the Countrey in disguise,
They fled farre off, where none might them
surprize,

And after that long straid here and there,
Through euene field and forrest farre and nere,
Yet ntuer found occasion for their tourne,
But almost steru'd, did much lament and I
mourne 580

At last they chaunst to meete vpon the way
The Mule, all detkt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and bosses, that full lowdly rung,
And costely trappings, that to ground downe
hung

Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise,
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meannesse, scarce vouchsafte them to
requite

Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his sprite,
Said, Ah sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay 590
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that euene bone doth
hide

Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo hue,
Or fortune doth you secret fauour giue
foolish Foxe (said the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed
for well I weene, thou canst not but enuie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne misene,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
I hat scarce thy legs vphold thy feeble gate
Ay me (said then the Foxe) whom euill hap
Vnworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence corr e
yee?

Or what of tidings you abroad doe heare?
Ne wes may perhaps some good vn weeting beare
From royal 1 Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the brauene that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found, he nothing can admire, 610
That hath not seene that heauens portracture
But tidings there is none I you assure,
Sae that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall
But tell vs (said the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway
That if such fortune doo to vs befall,
We may seeke fauour of the best of all
Marie (said he) the highest now in grace, 619
Be the wilde beasts, that swifttest are in chace,
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight

But chieflie, loyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaste with chame and circulet of golde
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
Ind buxome to his bands, is loy to see
So well his golden Circlet him besemeth
But his late chayne his Liege vnmeeteesteemeth,
For so braue beasts she loliueth best to see,
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to hue, 631
In case thou euer there wilt hope to thriue,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply
Els as a thistle-downe in th'ayre doth file,
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,
And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost
And yet full few, which follow them I see,
For vertues bare regard aduanced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit, 639

Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
That ye may better thriue than thousands moe
But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
That after we may fauour seeke to win?
How els (said he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may thmke of you in generall,
That to be in you, which is not at all
For not by triat which is, the world now deemeth
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth
Ne do I doubt, but that ye well can fashion
Your selues theretoo, according to occasion
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee,
So prouddie neighing from them parted hee
Then gan this craftie couple to deuize,
How for the Court themselues they might
aguize

For thither they themselues meant to addresse,
In hope to finde there happier successe,
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himselfe had clothed like a Gentleman, 660
And the she Foxe, as like to be his groom,
That to the Court in seemly sort they come
Where the fond Ape himselfe vprearing hy
Vpon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great Magntifico,
And boldhe doth amongst the boldest go
And his man Reynold with fine counterfeisance
Supports his credite and his countenance
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on euene side,
And stare on him, with big looks basen wide,
Wondning what mister wight he was, and
whence

For he was clad in strange accoutrements,
Fashion'd with quaint deuises neuer seene
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene;
Yet he them in newfangellesse did pas s
But his behaiour altogether was

Alia Turchesca, much the more admyr'd,
And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd 678
 To dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree,
 That all which did such strangenesse in him see,
 By secreete meanes gan of his state enquire,
 And pnuilly his seruaut thereto hire
 VWho throughly arm'd against such couerture,
 Reported vnto all, that he was sure
 A noble Gentleman of high regard,
 Which through the world had with long trauel
 far'd,

And seene the manners of all beasts on ground ,
 Now here arnu'd, to see if like he found 688
 Thus did the Ape at first him credit game,
 Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine
 With gallant showe, and dayhe more augment
 Through his fine f eates and Courtly complement,
 For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and
 spnng,

And all that els pertames to reuehng,
 Onely through kindly aptnes of his loynets
 Besides he could doo manie other poynts,
 The which in Court him serued to good stead
 For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
 Out of their hands, and mene leasings tell,
 And luggle finely, that became him well 700
 But he so light was at legier demame,
 That what he toucht, came not to light againe,
 Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
 And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke
 So would he scoffe them out with mockene,
 For he therein had great fehctie,
 And with sharp quips loy'd others to deface,
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased
 But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,
 To heare the lauell so good men to mp 712

For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
 And common Courtiers looe to gybe and fleare
 At euene thing, which they heare spoken ill,
 And the best speeches with ill meaning spill,
 Yet the braue Courtier, in whose beauteous
 thought

Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
 Ames good name for enuie or despite 720
 He stands on teammes of honourable minde,
 Ne will be carried with the common winde
 Of Courts inconstant mutabihtie,
 Ne after euerie tattling fable (lie,
 But heares, and sees the follies of the rest,
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best
 He will not creepe, nor crouche with famed
 face,

But walkes vpnght with comely stedfast pace,

And vnto all doth yeeld due curtesie, 729
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
 As that same Apish crue is wont to doo
 For he disdames himselfe t'embase theretoo
 He hates fowle leasings, and vile flattene,
 Two filthie blots in noble Gentry,
 And lothefull Idlenes he doth detest,
 The canker worme of euene gentle brest,
 The which 10 banish with faire exercise
 Of knightly feates, he dayhe doth deuise
 Now menaging the mouthes ot stubbornne
 steedes, 739

Now practising the prooue of warlike deedes,
 Now his bright armes assaying, now his spearc,
 Now the high aymed ring away to beare,
 At other times he casts to sew the chace
 Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
 T' enlarge his breath (large breath in armes most
 needful 1)

Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
 Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
 And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
 Without a gowned beast him fast beside ,
 A vaine ensample of the *Persian* pride, 750
 Who after he had wonne t'Assyrian foe,
 Did euer after scorne on foote to goe
 Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
 Himselfe hath weaned, he doth recoyle
 Vnto his rest, and there with sweete delight
 Of Musicks skill reuiues his toy led spnght,
 Or els with Loues, and Ladies gentle sports,
 The loy of youth, himselfe he recomforts
 Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause, 759
 His minde vnto the Muses he withdrawes ,
 Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladits of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light
 With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
 Of Natures workes, of heauenscontinuell course,
 Of forreine lands, of people different,
 Of kingdomes change, of diuers gournment,
 Of dreadfull battailes of renowmed Knights ,
 With which he kmldeth his ambitious spnghts
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The onely vpsot whereto he doth ayme
 For all his mmde on honour fixed is, 771

To which he leuels all his purposis,
 And in his Princes seruice spends his dayes,
 Not so much for to game, or for to raise
 Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
 And in his liking to wmnne worthie place ,
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meete to game him praise,
 For he is fit to vse in all assayes, 780
 Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
 Or else for wise and cruill gouernaunce

For he is practiz'd well in pohcie,
 And thereto doth his Courting most applie
 To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
 To marke th'mtent of Counsellis, and the change
 Of states, and eke of pnuate men some while,
 Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile,
 Of all the which he gathereth, what is fit
 T'ennch the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
 Which through wise speeches, and graue con-
 ference 791
 He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence
 Such is the rightfull Courtier m his kmde
 But vnto such the Ape lent not his minde,
 Such were for him no fit companions,
 Such would desceh his lewd conditions
 But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
 To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
 His witlesse pleaseance, and ill pleasing vaine
 A thousand wayes he them could entertame,
 With all the thnftles games, that may be found
 With mumming and with masking all around,
 With dice, with cards, with billiards farre vnfit,
 With shuttelcocks, misseemmg manhe wit,
 With courtizans, and costly notize,
 Whereof still somewhat to his share did nze
 Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
 A Pandares coate (so basely was he borne),
 Thereto he could fine louing verses frame,
 And play the Poet oft But ah, for shame
 Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
 Is vertue to aduance, and vice deride, 812
 Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
 Ne let such verses Poetrie be named
 Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
 Ahugre the sacred Muses, and it make
 A seruant to the vile affection
 Of such, as he depended most vpon,
 And with the sugne sweete thereof allure
 (hast Ladies eares to fantasies impure 820
 To such delights the noble wits he led
 Which hnn reheu'd, and their vaine humours
 fed
 With fruitles follies, and vnsound delights
 But if perhaps into their noble spnghts
 Desire of honor, or braue thought of armes
 Did euer creepe, then with his wicked charmes
 And strong conceits he would it dneue away,
 Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day
 And whenso loue of letters did inspire
 Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire, 830
 That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
 Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
 The Sectaries thereof, as people base
 And simple men, which neuer came m place
 Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mewd,
 Muttredof matters, as their bookes them shewd,

Ne other knowledge euer did attame,
 But with their gownes their grauitie maintaine
 From them he would his impudent lewde speach
 Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach, 840
 And mocke Diumes and their profession
 What else then did he by progression,
 But mocke high God himselfe, whom they pro-
 fesse ?
 But what car'd he for God, or godmesse ?
 All his care was himselfe how to aduance,
 And to vphold his courtly countenance
 By all the cunning meanes he could deuise,
 Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
 He made small choyce yet sure his honestie
 Got him small games, but shameles flattene,
 And filthie brocage, and vnseemly shifts, 851
 And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts
 But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
 Was his man Ray nolds purchase which he gam'd
 For he was school'd by kmde in all the skill
 Of close conueyance, and each practise ill
 Of coosinage and cleanly knaue,
 Which oft maintain'd his masters brauene
 Besides he vsde another shpprie slight,
 In taking on himselfe in common sight, 860
 False personages, fit for euerie sted,
 With which he thousands cleanly coosmed
 Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceau,
 With whom his credite he did often leaue
 In gage, for his gay Masters hopelesse dett
 Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
 Or sell fee simples in his Masters name,
 Which he had neuer, nor ought like the same
 Then would he be a Broker, and draw m 869
 Both wares and money, by exchange to win
 Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell
 Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
 Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
 Thereby to coosm men not well aware,
 Of all the which there came a secret fee
 To th'Ape, that he his countenance might bee
 Besides all this, he vsd' oft to beguile
 Poore suterb, that in Court did haunt some
 while
 For he would learne their busmes secretly,
 And then informe his Master hastily, 880
 That he by meanes might cast them to preuent,
 And beg the sute, the which the other ment
 Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
 Hie simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
 His Master, being one of great regard
 In Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
 In case his paines were recompens with reason
 So would he worke the silly man by treason
 To buy his Masters friuolous good will,
 That had not power to doo him good or ill

So pitifull a thing is Suters state 891
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
 That few haue found, and mame one hath mist,
 Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
 What hell it is, in suing long to bide
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent,
 To wast long nights in pensie discontent,
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow,
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow,
 To haue thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres,
 To haue thy asking, yet waite mame yeeres,
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares,
 To eate thy heart through comf or tesse dispaire,
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to
 ronne,
 To spend, to giue, to want, to be vndonne
 Vnhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend
 Who euer leaues sweete home, where meane
 estate
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate, 910
 Findes all things needfull for contentment
 meeke,
 And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seekt,
 Or hope to game, himselfe will a daw trie
 That curse God send vnto mine enemy
 For none but such as this bold Ape vnblest,
 Can euer thrue in that vnluckie quest,
 Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
 That by his shifts his Master furnish can
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely lude
 His craftie feates, but that they were descnde
 At length, by such as sate in lustice seate, 921
 Who for the same him fowlie did entreate,
 And hailing worthily him punished,
 Out of the Court for euer banished
 And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
 That wont prouide his necessities, gan
 To growe into great lacke, he could vpholde
 His countenance in those his garments olde
 Ne new ones could he easily prouide,
 Though all men him vnaced gan deride, 930
 Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
 Whose part once past all men bid take away
 So that he driuen was to great distresse,
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse
 Then closely as he might, he cast to leaue
 The Court, not asking any passe or leaue,
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,
 Ne euer stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
 fill that the Foxe his copesmate he had found,
 To whome complainyng his vnhappy stound,
 At last againe with him in trauell loynd, 941
 And with him far'd some better chaunce to
 fynde

So in the world long time they wandered,
 And mickle want and hardnesse suffered,
 That them repented much so foolishly
 To come so farre to seeke for misery,
 And leaue the sweetnes of contented home,
 Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome
 Thus as they them playnayed too and fro,
 Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did got,
 Lo where they spide, how in a gloomy glade,
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade, 952
 His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
 And hauing doft for heate his dreadfull hide
 Winch when they sawe, the Ape was son
 afrayde,
 And would haue fled with terror all dismaydt
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
 And bad him put all cowardize away
 For now was time (if euer they would hope)
 To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
 And them for euer highly to aduaunce, 961
 In case the good which their owne happie
 chaunce
 Them freely oflred, they would wisely take
 Scarse could the Ape yet speake, sodidhe quakt,
 Yet as he could, he askt how good might growe
 Where nought but dread and death do setme in
 show
 Now (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound
 May we his Crowne and Mace take from the
 ground,
 And eke his skinne the terror of the wood,
 Wherewith we may our selues (if we thinke
 good) 970
 Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all,
 Subiect vnto that powre imperiall
 Ah but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a wretch
 That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch
 When as he knowes his meede, if he be spidt,
 To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside *
 Fond Ape (sayd then the Foxe) into whose brest
 Neuer crept thought of honor, nor braue gest,
 Who will not venture life a King to be,
 And rather rule and raigne in soueraign see,
 Than dwell in dust inglorious and bact, 981
 Where none shall name the number of his place'
 One lousy houre in bhshfull happings,
 I :hose before a life of wrttchednes
 Be therefore counselled herein by me,
 And shake off this vile harted cowardrce
 If he awake, yet is not death the next,
 For we may couler it with some pretext
 Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme
 Else we may flye, thou to a tree mayst clyme,
 And I creepe vnder ground, both from hib
 reach 991
 Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach

The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and
quake,
Now gan some courage vnto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glorie and rash couetise
But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away ?
Marie that shall your selfe (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo, 1000
Of all the beasts which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee
Therefore, mine owne deare brother take good
hart,
And euer thinke a Kingdome is your part
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to aduenter,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of euerie leafe, that stir'd him by,
And euerie stick, that vnderneath did ly,
Vpon his tiptoes nicely he vnwent, 1009
tor making noyse, and still his eare he lent
To euerie sound, that vnder heauen blew,
Now went, now stept, now crept, now back
ward drew,
That it good sport had been him to haue eydc
Yet at the last (so well he him applyde,)
Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,
He all those royall signes had stolne away,
And with the Poxes helpe them borne aside,
Into a secret comer vnespide 1018
Whither whenas they came, they fell at words,
Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords
For th'Ape was stryfull, and ambicious,
And the Foxe guilefull, and most couetous,
That neither pleased was, to haue the rayne
Twixt them diuided into euen twame,
Hut either (algates) would be Lords alone
for Loue and Lordship bide no paragone
I am most worthie (said the Ape) sith I
For it did put my life in leopardie 1028
Thereto I am in person, and in stature
Most like a man, the Lord of euerie creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly soueraigne
Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape you are astray
For though to steale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did first deuise the plot by polhcie,
So that it wholly spnngeth from my wit
For which ilso I claime my selfe more fit
Than you, to rule for gouernment of state
Will without wisedome soone be ruinate
And where ye claime your selfe for outward
shape 1041
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite
But I therein most like to him doo mente

For my she wyles and subtil craftmesse,
The title of the Kingdome to possesse
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
Vnto this point, we will appease our mrre,
And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall haue both crowne and gouern
ment, 1050
Vpon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee,
And that ye let none other euer drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe
And herevpon an oath vnto me plight
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore for who would not oft
sweare,
And oft vnsweare, a Diademe to beare ?
Then freely vp those royall spoyles he tooke
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke, 1060
But it dissembled, and vpon his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seene
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene
There the two first, whome he encountred, were
The Sheepe and th'Asse, who stricken both with
feare
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye,
But vnto them the Foxe alowd did cry, 1070
And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
Vpon the payne that thereof follow may
Hardly naythles were they restrayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there dissuaded them from needlesse feare,
For that the King did fauour to them beare,
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his maiesty 1079
Vse them but well, with gracious elemeneye
As whome he knew to him both fast and true,
So he persuaded them, with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyued them with chearefull entertayne
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell ragged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion,
Vpon his fleshly corpe to make inuasion
But soone as they this mock King did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was 1093
He then to proue, whether his powre would pas
As currant, sent the Foxe to them straight way,
Commaunding them their cause of stnfe be-
wray,

And if that wrong on eyther side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend,
 In the meane time vpon the King t'attend
 The subtle Foxe so well his message sayd,
 That the proud beasts him readily obayd
 Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomach woxe,
 Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe,
That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
 And all the Beasts him feared as they ought
 And followed vnto his palaise hye,
 Where taking Conge, each one by and by
 Departed to his home m dreadfull awe, 1109
 Full of the feared sight, which late they sawe
 The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,
 Eftsones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
 Gan to prouide for all things in assurance,
 That so his rule might lenger haue endurance
 First to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
 That none might enter but with issue hard
 Then for the safeguard of his personage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage 1118
 Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
 But part by land, and part by water fed,
 For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported
 Then vnto him all monstrous beasts resorted
 Bred of two kmdes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beauers, and Centaures
 With those himselfe he strengthened mightelie,
 That feare he neede no force of enemye
 Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
 Like as the Foxe did guide his graces skill,
 And all wyld beasts made vassals of his
 pleasures,
 And with their spoyle enlarg'd his priuate
 treasures 1130
 No care of lustice, nor no rule of reason,
 No temperance, nor no regard of season
 Did thenceforth euer enter in his minde,
 But crueltie, the signe of curisll kinde,
 And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogauce,
 Such folloves those whom fortune doth ad
 uance
 But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part
 For whatsoeuer mother wit, or arte
 Could worke, he put in prooffe no practise she,
 No counterpoint of cunning pohcie, 1140
 No reach, no breach, that might him profit
 bring,
 But he the same did to his purpose wring
 Nought suffered he the Ape to giue or graunt,
 But through his hand must passe the Flaunt
 All offices, all leases by him lept,
 And of them all whatso he hkte, he kept
 lustice he solde miustice for to buy,
 And for to purchase for his progeny

I'll might it prosper, that ill gotten was,
 But so he got it, little did he pas 1150
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
 And with the sweete of others sweating toyle,
 He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
 And fild their mouthes with meeds of maleficts,
 He cloathed them with all colours saue white,
 And loded them with lordships and with might,
 So much as they were able well to beare,
 That with the weight their backs nigh broken
 were,
 He cliaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were
 set,
 And breach of lawes to prime ferme did let,
 No statute so established might bee, 1161
 Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
 Would violate, though not with violence,
 Yet \nder colour of the confidence
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
 And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone
 And euer when he ought would bring to pas,
 His long experience the platforme was
 And when he ought not pleasing would put b\,
 The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
 For to encrease the common treasures store,
 But his owne treasure he encreased more
 And lifted vp his loftie towrts thereby,
 That they began to threat the neighbour sky,
 The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fist
 To rume (for what thing can euer last ?)
 And whilest the other Peeres for pouertie
 Were forst their auncient houses to let he,
 And their olde Castles to the ground to fall,
 Which their forefathers famous ouer all 1180
 Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
 And for their memories long monument.
 But he no count made of Nobihtie,
 Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glonfie,
 j The Realmes chief e strength and gird of the
 crowne,
 All these through famed crimes he thrust adow nt,
 Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace
 For none, but whom he list might come in place
 Of men of armes he had but small regard,
 But kept them lowe, and streigned vene hard
 For men of learning little he esteemed, 1191
 His wisdome he aboue their learning deemed
 As for the rascall Commons least he cared,
 For not so common was his bountie shared,
 Let God (said he) if please, care for the manic,
 I for my selfe must care before els anie
 So did he good to none, to manie ill,
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
 Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him
 plaine,
 So great he was in grace, and rich throughgaine

Ne would he anie let to haue accesse 1201
 Vnto the Prince, but by his owne addresse
 For all that els did come, were sure to faile,
 Yet would he further none but for auaille
 For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
 The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
 What time the Ape the kmgdome first did game,
 Came to the Court, her case there to complaine,
 How that the Wolfe her mortall enemye
 Had sithence slaine her Lambe most cruelhe,
 And therefore crau'd to come vnto the King,
 To let him knowe the order of the thing
 Soft Gooddie Sheepe (then said the Foxe) not soe
 Vnto the King so rash ye may not goe,
 He is with greater matter busied, 1215
 Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed
 Ne certes may I take it well in part,
 That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
 And seeke with slaunders his goile name to blot
 For there was cause, els doo it he would not
 Therefore surcease good Dame, and hence depart
 So went the Sheepe away with heauie hart
 So manie moe, so euene one was vsed,
 That to gme largely to the boxe refused
 Now when high lone, in whose almightie hand
 The care of Kings, and power of Empires stand,
 Sitting one day within his turret hye,
 From whence he vewes with his blacklidded eye,
 Whatso the heauen in his wide vawte con tames,
 And all that in the deepest earth remaines,
 The troubled kmgdome of wilde beasts behelde,
 Whom not their kindly Souereigne did welde,
 But an vsurpmg Ape with guile suborn'd,
 Had all subuerst, he sdeignfully it scorn'd
 In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
 But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
 And dnuen downc to hell, his dewest meed
 But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed
 Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
 Him to auenge, and blot his brutish name
 Vnto the world, that neuer after anie 1241
 Should of his race be voyd of infamie
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
 To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
 From whence he neuer should be quit, nor stal'd
 forthwith he *Mercurte* vnto him cal'd,
 And bad him flie with neuer resting speed
 Vnto the for rest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
 And there enquiring primly, to learne, 1249
 What did of late chauce to the Lyon stearne,
 That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought,
 And whence were all those plaints vnto him
 brought
 Of wrongs and spoyles, by saluage beasts com
 mitted,
 Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted

Into his seate, and those same treachours vile
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile
 The Sonne of *Maia* soone as he receiue'd
 That word, streight with his azure wings he
 cleau'd 1258
 The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament,
 Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent
 Vnto the place, where his prescript did shoue
 There stoupmg like an arrowe from a bowe,
 He soft arriued on the grassie plame,
 And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
 Till that vnto the Pallace nigh he came
 Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame,
 And that faire face, and that Ambrosial 1 hew,
 Which wnts to deckethe Gods immortal crew,
 And beautefie the shinie firmament, 1269
 He doft, vnfit for that rude rabblement
 So standing by the gates in strange disguise,
 He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
 Both of the King, and of hi- gouement,
 And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment
 I And euermore he heard each one complaine
 Of foule abuses both in realme and rame
 I Which yet to proue more true, he meant to see,
 I And an ey witnes of each thing to bee
 Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
 Which maketh him inuisible in sight, 1280
 And mocketh th'eyes of all the lookers on,
 Making them thinke it but a vision
 Through power of that, he runnes through
 enemies swerds,
 Through power of that, he passeth through the
 herds
 Of rauenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
 Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle,
 Through power of that, his cunning theeuenes
 He wnts to worke, that none the same espies,
 And through the power of that, he putteth on
 What shape he list in apparition 1290
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand
 He tooke *Caduceus* his snakie wand,
 With which the damned ghosts he gouerneth,
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth
 With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
 And feare the harts of all his enemyes,
 And when him list, an vniuersall night
 Throughout the world he makes on euene
 wight, 1298
 As when his Syre with *Alcumena* lay
 Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,
 Both through the gard, which neuer did describe,
 And through the watchmen, whohim neuerspide
 Thenceforth he past into each secreet part,
 Whereas he saw, that sorely grieu'd his hart,
 Each place abounding with fowle muries,
 And fild with treasure rackt with robberies

Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
Which had been slaine, to serue the Apes
beheasts,

Gluttonie, malice, pride, and couetize,
And lawlesnes raining with notize, 1310

Besides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And cast to seeke the Lion, where he may,
That he might worke the auengement for this
shame,

On those two caytiues, which had bred him
blame

And seeking all the forrest busily, 1319

At last he found, where sleeping he did ly

The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,

From vnderneath his head he tooke away,

And then him waking, forced vp to rize

The Lion looking vp gan him auize,

As one late in a traunce, what had of long

Become of him for fantasie is strong

Arise (said *Mercurie*) thou sluggish beast,

That here best senseles, hke the corpse deceast,

The whilst thy kmgdome from thy head is rent,

And thy throne royall with dishonour blent

Anse, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,

And be aueng'd on those that breed thy blame

Theat enraged, soone he gan vpstart,

Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,

And rouzing vp himselfe, for his rough hide

He gan to reach, but no where it espide

Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,

And chafte at that mdignitie right sore

But when his Crowne and scepter both he
wanted,

Lord how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and
panted, 1340

And threatned death, and thousand deadly

dolours

To them that had purloyn'd his Princely

honours

With that in hast, disroabed as he was,

He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas,

And all the way he roared as he went,

That all the forrest with astonishment

Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein

Fled fast away from that so dreadfull dm

At last he came vnto his mansion, 1349

Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,

And manie warders round about them stood

With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,

That all the Pallace quaked at the sound,

As if it quite were nuen from the ground,

And all within were dead and hartles left,

And th'Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were
rest,

Fled here and there, and euerie corner sought,

To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought

But the false Foxe when he the Lion heard,

Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard,

And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping, 1361

With famed face, and watric eyne half e weeping,

T'excuse his former treason and abusion,

And turning all vnto the Apes confusion

Nath'les the royall Beast forbore beleewing,

But bad him stay at ease till further preeuimg

Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,

Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,

Vpon those gates with force he fiercely flewe,

And rending them in pieces, felly slewe 1370

Those warders strange, and all that els he met

But th'Ape still flying, he no where might get

From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame
he fled

All breathles, and for feare now almost ded

Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught,

And forth with shame vnto his ludgement
brought

Then all the beasts he causd' assembled bee,

To heare their doome, and sad ensample sec

The Foxe, first Author of that treachene,

He did vncase, and then away let fhe 1380

But th'Apes long taile (which then he had) lit
quight

Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight,

Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares hauc
left,

And of their tailles are vtterlie bereft

So Mother *Hubberd* her discourse did end

Which pardon me, if I amisse haue pend,

For weake was my remembrance it to hold,

And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde

FINIS.

Ruines of Rome; by Bellay.

YE heavenly spintes, whose ashie cinders he
Vnder deep rumes, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall neuer die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest,

If so be shrilling voyce of wight ahue
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep Abysses open nue,
That ye may vnderstand my shreiking yell

Thrice haumg seene vnder the heauens veale
Your toombs deuoted compasse ouer all, 10
ihrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,

The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing

2

Great *Babylon* her lughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot vp in ayre ,
Greece will the olde *Ephesian* buildings blaze ,
And *Nylus* nurslings their *Pyramides* faire ,

The same yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the
stone

Of *Ioues* great Image in *Olympus* placed, 20
Mausolus worke will be the *Cartans* glorie,
And *Crete* will boast the *Labyrinth*, now raced,

The antique *Rhodian* will likewise set forth
i he great *Colosse*, erect to *Memonc* ,
And what els in the world is of like worth,
bome greater It irncd wit will m igmfie

But I will sing about all momments
beucn *Roniane* lliis, the worlds 7 wonder
ments

Thou stranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* here
seekest,

Vnd nought of *Rome* in *Rome* percei'ust at all,
These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou
seest, 31

Olde Palaces, is that which *Rome* men call
Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what
wist,

And how that she, which with her mightie
powre

lam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last,
I he pray of time, which all things doth deuowre

Rome now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,
And onely *Rome* of *Rome* hath victone ,
Ne ought saue *Tyber* hastning to his fall

Remaines of all 0 worlds inconstancie 40
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay

She, whose high top aboue the starres did sore,
One foote on *Thetis*, th'other on the Morning,
One hand on *Scythia*, th'other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundnesse com
passing,

hue fearing, least if she should greater growe,
The old Giants should once againe vpnose,
Herwhelm'd with hills, these 7 hils, which be
nowe

Tombs of her greatnes, which did threaten the
skies 50

Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnal*,

Vpon her belhe th'antique *Palatine*,

Vpon her stomacke laid Mount *Qumnal*,

On her left hand the noysome *Esquihne*,

And *Cahan* on the right, but both her feete
Mount *Viminall* and *Avenlme* doo meete

5

Who lists to see, what euer nature, arte,
And heauen could doo, O *Rome* ,thee let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,

By that which but the picture is of thee 60
Rome is no more but if the shade of *Rome*
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,

It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magicke skill out of eternall night

The corpes of *Rome* in ashes is entombed,
And her great spintc reioyned to the spirite
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed,
But her brauewntmgs, w hich her famous merite

In spight of time, out of the dust doth reare,
Doo make her Idole through the world
appeare 70

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesses bright
In her swift charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so manie Gods she brought to light,
Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd.

This Citie, more than that great *Phrygian*
mother

Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe her equall match could see -

Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to
tremble 80

So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
That other earthhe power should not resemble

Her that did match the whole earths puis
saunce,

And did her courage to the heauens aduance

Ye sacred mines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of *Rome* retame,
Olde monuments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine

Triumphant Arcks, spyres neighbours to the
skie,

That you to see doth th'heauen it selfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie, 91

The peoples fable, and the spovle of all

And though your frames do for a time make
warre

Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate

Your workes and names, and vour last rehques
marre

My sad desires, rest therefore moderate

For if that time make ende of things so sure,
It als will end the paine, which I endure

8

Through armes and vassals *Rome* the world
subdu'd,

That one would weene, that one sole Cities
strength 100

Both land and sea in roundnes had suruew'd,

To be the measure of her bredth and length

This peoples vertue yet so fruitful I was

Of vertuous nephewes, that postentie

Stnumg in power their grandfathers to passe,

The lowest earth loin'd to the heauen hie,

To th'endthat hauing all parts in their power,

Nought from the *Romane* Empire might be
quight,

And that though time doth *Commonwealths*
deuowre, 109

Yet no time should so low embase their hight,

Thatherheadearth'dinherfoundationsdeep,

Should not her name and endles honour keep

9

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkinde,
Heauen eniuous, and bitter stepdame Nature,

Be it by fortune, or by course of kmde

That ye doo weld th'affaires of earththe creature

Why haue your hands long sithence traueiled

To frame this world, that doth endure so long'

Or why were not these *Romane* palaces 119

Made of some matter nolesse firme and strong?

I say not, as the common voyce doth say,

That all things which beneath the Moone haue
being

Are temporall, and subiect to decay

But I say rather, though not all agreeing

With some, that weene the contrane in
thought,

That all this whole shall one day come to
nought

10

As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by
charmes

Atcheiu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchd* land,

Out of the earth engendred men of armes

Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand ,

So this braue Towne, that in her youthlie
daies 131

An *Hydra* was of warnours glorious,

Did fill with her renowned nourshngs praise

The fine sunnes both one and other hous

But they at last, there being then not humg

An *Hercules*, so ranke seed to repress,

Emongst themselues with cruell fune stnumg,

Mow'd downe themselues with slaughter merci
ltse ,

Renewing in themselues that rage vnkinde,
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren
blmde 140

11

Mars shaming to haue giuen so great head

To his off spring, that mortall puibsaunce

Puft vp with pride of *Romane* hardie head,

jSeem'd about heautns powre it selfe to ad
uaunce,

Cooling againe his former kindled heate,

With which he had those *Romane* spirits fild ,

Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into the Gothicke colde hot rage mstil'd

Then gan that Nation, th'earths new Giant
brood,

To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre,

And beating downe these walls with furious
mood 151

Into her mothers bosome, all did marre ,

To th'end that none, all were it lone his sire
Should boast himselfe of the *Romane* Empire

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth

Heapt hils on hils, to scale the starne skie,

And fight against the Gods of heauenly berth,

Whiles *hue* at them his thunderbolts let flie,

All suddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,

The furious squadrons downe to ground did
fall, 160

That th'earth vnder her childrens weight did
grone,

And th'heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all

So did that haughtie front which heaped was

On these seuen *Romane* hils, it selfe vpreare

Ouer the world, and lift her loftie face

Against the heauen, that gan her force to
feare

But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,

I And Gods secure feare not her force at all

Nor the swift fune of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee {*Rome*} their conquest
made, 172

Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men vnstable,
Nor thou opposd' against thine owne puissance,
Nor th'horrible vpror of wmdes high blow
mg,

Nor swelling streames of that God snakie paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, haue thy pride so much abaced,
But that this nothing, which they haue thee
left, 181

Makes the world wonder, what they from
thee rett

14

As men in Summer fearles passe the foord,
Winch is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with lus tumbling streames doth beare
aboord

The ploughmans hope, and shepheards labour
vaine

And as the coward beasts vse to despise
The noble Lion after his hues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend 190

And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corpes of *Hector* colde ,
So those which whilome wont with pallid
cheekes

The Romane triumphs glone to behold,
Now on these ashit tombes shew boldnesse
vaine,

And conquer'd dare the Conquerour disdaine

Ye pallid spirits, and Ye ashie ghoasts,
Which loying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought forth those signs of your presumptuous
boasts 199

Winch now their dusty reiquies do bewray,
Tell me ye spirits (sith the darksome nuer
Of *Slyx*, not passable to soules rturning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doo not astraine your images still mourning)

Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here about him secretly doth hide)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old *Romane* works built with your
hands, 209

Now to become nought els, but heaped sands?

16

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
Eftsoonts of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a *Rocke* to breake with dreadfull poyse
Like as ye see fell *Boreas* with sharpe blast,
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled
skie,

Eftsoones hauing his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his weane cariere suddenly

And as ye see huge flames spred diuershe,
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to spyre,
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily
So whilom did this Monarchic aspyre 222
As waues, as winde, as fire spred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall

17

So long as *Ioues* great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous
might,

With which the Giaunts did the Gods assay
But all so soone, as scortching Sunne had
brent 229

His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspredd,
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horrcr, which made heauen adredd

Then was the Germane *Rauen* in disguise
That *Romane Eagle* seene to cleaue asunder,
And towards heauen freshly to arise
Out of these mountames, now consum'd to
pouder

In which the foule that serues to beare the
lightning,
lb now no more seen flying, nor alighting

18

These heapes of stones, these old wals which
ye see, 239

Were first enclosures but of saluage soyle,
And these braue *Pallaces* which maystred bee
Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile

Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornaments
And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with
Steele

Eftsoones their rule of yearly Presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great
deele,

Winch made perpetuall, roseto so great might,
That thence th' *Impenall Eagle* rooting tooke,
Till th' heauen it selfe opposing gainst her might,
Her power to *Peters* successor betooke, 250
Who shepheard hke, (as fates the same fore
seeing)

Doth shew, that all things turne to their first
being

O that I had the *Thractan* Poets harpe,
 For to awake out of th' infernall shade
 Those antique *Cesars*, sleeping long in darke,
 The which this auncient Citie whilome made
 Or that I had *Amphons* instrument, 341
 To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
 The stonie loynts of these old walls now rent,
 By which t*W**Ausonian* light might be restor'd
 Or that at least I could with pencill fine,
 Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,
 By pateme of great *Virgils* spirit diuine,
 I would assay with that which in me is,
 To builde with leuell of my loftie style, 349
 That which no hands can euermore comyle

26

Who list the *Romane* greatnes forth to
 figure,
 Him needeth not to seeke for vsage right
 Of line, or lead, or rule, or squire, to measure
 Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her
 hight
 But him behooues to vew in compasse round
 All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes,
 Be it where the yerely starre doth scortch the
 ground,
 Or where colde *Boreas* blowes his bitter stormes
Rome was th'whole world, and al the world
 was *Rome*,
 And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
 When land and sea ye name, then name ye
Rome, 361
 And naming *Rome* ye land and sea comprize
 For th'auncient Plot of *Rome* displayed
 plaine,
 The map of all the wide world doth containe

27

Thou that at *Rome* astomsht dost behold
 The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
 These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
 These wals, these arcks, these baths, these
 temples hie, 368
 Iudge by these ample ruines vew, the rest
 The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
 Since of all workmen helde in reckning best,
 Yet these olde fragments are for paternes
 borne
 Then also marke, how *Rome* from day to day,
 Repayning her decayed fashion,
 Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay,
 That one would rudge, that the *Romaine*
Damon
 Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
 Agame on foote to reare her pouldred corse
 SPENSER

28

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead,
 Yet clad with rehques of some *Trophees* olde,
 Lifting to heauen her aged hoane head, 381
 Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble
 holde,
 But halfe disbowel'd lies about the ground,
 Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
 And on her trunk all rotten and vnfound
 Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormnes,
 And though she owe her fall to the first wmd,
 Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
 And manie yong plants spring out of her nnde,
 Who such an Oke hath seene let him record 390
 That such this *Cities* honour was of yore,
 And mongst all *Cities* flonshed much more

29

All that which *Aegypt* whilome did deuise,
 All that which *Greece* their temples to embraue,
 After th'*Ionicke*, *Atticke*, *Doricke* guise,
 Or *Corinth* skil'd in curious workes to graue,
 All that *Lysippus* practike arte could forme,
Apelles wit, or *Phidias* his skill,
 Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
 And the heauen it selfe with her wide wondere
 fill, 400
 All that which *Athens* euer brought forth
 wise,
 All that which *Afrkeueei* brought forth strange,
 All that which *Asie* euer had of prise,
 Was here to see 0 meruelous great change
Rome liumg, was the worlds sole ornament,
 And dead, is now the worlds sole monument

30

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first
 shoues,
 Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth
 spring,
 And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
 Winch eare the frutefull grame doth shortly
 bring, 410
 And as in season due the husband mowes
 The wauing lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
 Which bound in sheaues, and layd in comely
 rowes,
 Vpon the naked fields in stackes he reares
 So grew the *Romane* Empire by degree,
 Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
 And left of it but these olde markes to see,
 Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill
 As they which gleane, the rehques vse to
 gather,
 Which th'husbandman behind him chanst to
 scater 420

31

That same is now nought but a champion
 wide,
 Where all this worlds pride once was situate
 No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
 By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate,
 Ne *Afrke* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spatrv*,
 Nor the bolde people by the *Thamis* bnncks,
 Nor the braue warhcke brood of *Aleamatne*,
 Nor the borne Souldier which *Rhine* running
 drinks

Thou onely cause, O Ciuill fune, art 429
 Which sowing in *th'Aemathtan* fields thy spight,
 Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart,
 To th'end that when thou wast in greatest hight
 To greatnes growne, through long prospentie,
 Thou then adowne might'st fall more horn
 blie

32

Hope ye my verses that postentie
 Of age ensuing shall you euer read "?
 Hope ye that euer immortalitie
 So meane Harpes worke may challenge for her
 meed?

If vnder heauen anie endurance were, 439
 These moniments, which not in paper writ,
 But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
 Might well haue hop'd to haue obtained it

Nath'les my Lute, whom *Phoebus* deign'd to
 giue,
 Cease not to sound these olde antiquities
 For if that tune doo let thy glorie hue,
 Well maist thou boast, how euer base thou
 bee,
 That thou art first, which of thy Nation
 song
 Th'olde honour of the people gown'd long.

L'Envy

Bellay first garland of free Poesie
 That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of
 braue wits, 450
 Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
 That long hast traueled by thy learned writs,
 Olde *Rome* out of her ashes to reuiue, *
 And giue a second life to dead decayes
 Needes must he all etemitie surume,
 That can to other giue eternall dayes
 Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy
 prayse
 Excelling all, that euer went before,
 And after thee, gins *Bartas* hie to rayse
 His heauenly Muse, th'Almightie to adore 460
 Liue happie spirits, th'honour of your name,
 And fill the world with neuer dying fame

FINIS.

MVIOPOTMOS,
Or
The Fate of the 'Butterflie.

By E D. S p

**Dedicated to the moft faire and
vertuousLadie: the Ladie
*Carey***

L o N D O N .

Imprinted for VVilian
***Ponfonbie*, dwelling in Paules**
Churchyard at the figne of
the Bifhopshead.

To the right worthy and vertuous Ladie; the La: Carey.

MOst braue and bountifull La for so
M excellent fauours as I haue receiued at
your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaues as tn
recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the
Gods for their dtuine benefites Therefore I haue
determined to gtue my selfe wholly to you, as quite
abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed
to your serutces which tn all right is euer held
for full recompence of debt or damage to haue
the person yeelded My person I wot wel how
htle worth it is But the faithfull minde and
humble zeale which I beare vnto your La may
perhaps be more of price, as may please you to
account and vse the poore seruice thereof, which
taketh glory to aduance your excellent partes and
noble vertues, and to spend U selfe in honouring

you not so much for your great bounty to my
self, which yet may not be vnmindeed, nor for
name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, beeing
also regardable, as for that honorable name,
which yee haue by your braue deserts purchast to
your self, and spred in the mouths of al men
with which I haue also presumed to grace my
verses, and vnder your name to commend to tfe
world this smal Poeme, the which beseeching your
La to take in worth, and of all things therein accord
ing to your wonted gractousnes to make a milde
construction, I humbly pay for your happines

Your La. euer
humbly,
E S

Muiopotmos: or The Fate of the ButterJlte.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stur'd vp through wrathfull Nemesis
despight,

Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and prooffe of mortall fight,
Through proud ambition, and hartswelling hate,
Whilset neither could the others greater might
Andsdeignfull scorne endure, that from small
larre

Their wraths at length broke into open warre
The roote whereof and tragical I effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne,
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct, 11
In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne,
Reuale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decayne
To lowest wretchednes, And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men ?
Of all the race of siluer winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure slues,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire, 20
Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all alieue did seeme the fairest wight
With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed,
Aboue th'ensample of his equall peares,

Did largely promise, and to him forered 29
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure proue such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne
The fresh yong file, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subiect his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But loy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayne coast,
And with vnweaned wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowmea sire 40

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie
Vp to the ciowdes, and thence with pineons
light,
To mount aloft vnto the Chnstall skie,
To vew the workmanship of heauens night
Whence downe descending he along would flie
Vpon the streaming nuers, sport to finde,
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous
winde

So on a Summers day, when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted, 50
And high in heauen Hyperions fierie childe
Ascending, did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures mild;
Yong Clarion with vauntfull lustie head,
After his guize did cast abroad to fare,
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare

His breastplate first, that was of substance
 pure,
 Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
 That mought his life from yron death assure,
 And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound
 For it by arte was framed, to endure 61
 The bit of balefull Steele and bitter stownd,
 No lesse than that, which *Vulcane* made to
 sheild
Achilles life from fate of *Troyan* field

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
 An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
 In saluage forrest by aduenture slew,
 And reft the. spoyle his ornament to bee
 Which spredding all his backe with dreadfull
 vew,
 Made all that him so horrible did see, 70
 Thinke him *Alcides* with the Lyons skin,
 When the *Ncemean* Conquest he did win

Vpon his head his glistering Burganet,
 The which was wrought by wonderous deuice,
 And curiously engrauen, he did set
 The mettall was of rare and passing price,
 Not *Bilbo* Steele, nor brasse from *Corinth* fet,
 Nor costly *Oricalche* from strange *Phamice*,
 But such as could both *Phoebeus* arrowes ward,
 And th'hayling darts of heauen beating hard

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore, 81
 Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
 Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore
 Like as a warlike Brigandme, applyde
 To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes
 afore,
 The engines which in them sad death doo
 hyde

So did this flie outstretch his fearefull homes,
 Yet so as him their terroure more adomes

Lastly his shinie wings as siluer bright,
 Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
 All Painters skill, he did about him dight 91
 Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
 In *Iris* bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
 Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre,
 Nor *luno*es Bird in her ey-spotted traine
 So manie goodly colours doth containe

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
 The Archer God, the sonne of *Cytheree*,
 That loyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
 And heaped spoyies of bleeding harts to see,
 Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token
 Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
 If ought against thine honour I haue tolde,
 Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full manie a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
 Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
 And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
 And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide,
 Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had
 doft, 109
 Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
 From him would steal them pnuilly away,
 And bring to her so precious a pray

Report is that dame *Venus* on a day,
 In spring when flowres doo clothe the fruitful
 ground,
 Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
 Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd,
 To gather flowres, her forehead to array
 Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
 Hight *Astery*, excelling all the crewe
 In curteous vsage, and vnstained hewe 120

Who being nimbler loynted than the rest,
 And more industrious, gathered more store
 Of the fields honour, than the others best,
 Which they in secret harts enuying sore,
 Tolde *Venus*, when her as the worthiest
 She praisd', that *Cupide* (as they heard before)
 Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
 Into her lap the children of the spring

Whereof the Goddess gathering lealous feare,
 Not yet vnmdfull, how not long agoe 130
 Her sonne to *Psyche* secrete loue did beare,
 And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
 Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare,
 Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,
 And giuing hastie credit to th'accuser,
 Was led away of them that did abuse her

Eftsoones that Damzel by her heavenly might,
 She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
 In the wide aire to make her wandring flight,
 And all those flowres, with which so plen
 teoushe 140
 Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
 She placed in her wings, for memorie
 Of her pretended crime, though crime none
 were
 Since which that flie them in her wings doth
 beare

Thus the fresh *Clarion* being readie dight,
 Vnto his journey did himselfe addresse,
 And with good speed began to take his flight
 Ouer the fields in his franke lustmesse,
 And all the champion he soared light, 149
 And all the country wide he did possesse,
 Feeding vpon their pleasures bounteoushe,
 ! That none gainsaid, nor none did him enuie

The woods, the nuers, and the meowes green,
 With his aire-cuttmg wings he measured wide,
 Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnseene,
 Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights vntnde
 But none of these, how euer sweete they
 beene,

Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t'abide
 His noicefull sense with euene change doth
 flit

No common things may please a wauennng wit

To the gay gardms his vnstaid desire 161
 Him wholly caned, to refresh his spnghts.
 There lauish Nature in her best attire,
 Powres forth sweete odors, and alluring sights,
 And Arte with her contending, doth aspire
 T'excell the naturall, with made delights
 And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
 In riotous excesse doth there abound

There he arnuing, round about doth flie,
 From bed to bed, from one to other border,
 And takes suruey with curious busie eye, 171
 Of euene flowre and herbe there set in order,
 Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
 Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface ,
 But pastures on the pleasures of each place

And euermore with most vanetie,
 And change of sweetnesse (for all change is
 sweete)

He casts his glutton sense to satisfie, 179
 Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete,
 Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie,
 Now in the same bathing his tender feete
 And then he peacheth on some braunch
 thereby,
 To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry

And then againe he turneth to his play,
 To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise
 The wholsome Saulge, and Lauender still gray,
 Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for
 eyes,
 The Roses ratgning m the pride of May, 189
 Sharpe Isope, good for greene wounds remedies,
 Faire Mangoldes, and Bees alluring Thime,
 Sweete Manoram, and Daysies decking prime

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
 Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galmgale,
 Fresh Costmane, and breathfull Camomill,
 Dull Poppie, and drmk-quickning Setuale,
 Veyne healing Veruen, and hed purging Dill,
 Sound Sauone, and Bazill hartie hale,
 Fat Colworts, and comforting Perseline,
 Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarne 200

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
 Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
 Of euene one he takes, and tastes at will,
 And on their pleasures greedily doth pray
 Then when he hath both plaid, and fed
 his fill,

In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
 And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
 Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly loyaunce

What more fehctie can fall to creature,
 Than to enioy delight with libertie, 210
 And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
 To rame in th'aire from earth to highest skie,
 To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious
 feature,
 To take what euer thing doth please the eie ?
 Who rests not pleased with such happmes,
 Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes

But what on earth can long abide in state ?
 Or who can him assure of liappie day ,
 Sith morning faire may bring fowle euening
 late,
 And least mishap the most blisse alter may ?
 For thousand perills he m close awaite 221
 About vs day he, to worke our decay ,
 That none, except a God, or God him guide,
 May them auoide, or remedie provide

And whatso heauens in their secret doome
 Ordained haue, how can fraile fleshly wight
 Forecast, but it must needs to issue come ?
 The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
 And th'armies of their creatures all and some
 Do serue to them, and with im(X)rtune might
 Warre against vs the vassals of their will 231
 Who then can saue, what they dispose to spill ?

Not thou, O *Clarion*, though fairest thou
 Of all thy kmde, vnhappye happie Flie,
 Whose cruell fate is wcuen eutn now
 Of *Ioues* owne hand, to worke thy miserie
 Ne may thee helpe the manie hartie vov,
 Which thy olde Sire with sacred pietie
 Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars
 spreut
 Nought may thee saue from heauens auncge-
 ment 240

It fortun'd (as heauens had behight)
 That in this gardin, where yong *Clarion*
 Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight
 The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,
 The shame of Nature, the bondsclau of spight,
 Had lately built his hatefull mansion,
 And lurking closely, in awytc now lay,
 How he might anie in his trap betray

MVIOPOTMOS

But when he sprde the lousy Butterflie
In this faire plot dispacmg too and fro, 250
Fearles of foes and hidden leopardie,
Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part apphe
His heart did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with ranckling poyson swelde,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion
helde

The cause why he this Flie so mahced,
Was (as in stones it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine finged workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished 261
Of *Pallas*, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer
ended

F01 the *Trtlonian* Goddesses haumg hard
Her blazed fame, which ail the world had fil'd,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her prais worthe workmanship to yeild
But the presumptuous Damzel rashly dar'd
The Goddesses selfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill 271
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with
quill

Minerva did the chalenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What stone she will for her tapet take
Arachne figur'd how *loue* did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe 278
Her through the sea did beare, so liuely scene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene

She seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play fellowes aide to call, and feare
The dashing of the waues, that vp she tooke
Her daintie feete, and garments gathered
neare

But (Lord) how she in euene member shooke,
When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Loue,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue ,
The one his bowe and shafts, the other Spring
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Syres new loue both triumphing
And mame Nymphes about them flocking round,
And mame *Tritons*, which their homes did
sound

I And round about, her worke she d'd empale
i With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
Enwouen with an Yuie winding trayle 299
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
; Such as Dame *Pallas*, such as *Enuie* pale,
That al good things with venemous tooth
deuowres,
Could not accuse Then gan the Goddesses
bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight

She made the stone of the olde debate,
Which she with *Neptune* did for *Athens* trie
Twelue Gods doo sit around in royall state,
And *loue* in midst with awfull Maestie,
To ludge the strife betweene them stirred late
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie 310
Eathe to be knowen , but *loue* about them all,
By his great lookes and power Impenall

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three forked
mace,
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he chalenge the place,
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous
might
Did surely deeme the victone his due 319
But seldome seene, foreiudgement proliueth true

Then to her selfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,
And steelhed speare, and monon on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlike field
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which streight forth
did yield
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admir'd , then all the stone
She compast with a wreathe of Olyues hoane

Amongst those leaues she made a Butterflie,
With excellent deuce and wondrous slight,
Fluttng among the Ohues wantonly, 331
That seem'd to hue, so like it was in sight
The veluet nap which on his wings doth he,
The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched homes, his hayne thies,
His glonous colours, and his ghstennng eies

Which when *Arachne* saw, as ouerlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare, 340
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victone did yeld her as her share
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne

That shortly from the shape of womanhed
 Such as she was, when *Pallas* she attempted,
 She grew to hideous shape of drynhed,
 Pined with gnefe of folhe late repented
 Eftsoones her white straight legs were altered
 To cooked crawling shankes, of marrowe
 empted, 350
 And her faire face to fowle and loatlisome hewe,
 And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe

This cursed creature, rmdfull of that olde
 Enfestred grudge, the which his mother felt,
 So soone as *Clarton* he did beholde,
 His heart with vengefyll malice inly swelt,
 And weauing straight a net with manie a folde
 About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
 With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
 So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide

Not arue damzell, which her vaunteth most
 In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne, 362
 Nor anie weauer, which Ins worke doth boast
 In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne,
 Nor anie shl'd in workmanship embost,
 Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingnng fine,
 Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
 With this so curious networke to compare

Ne doo I thmke, that that same subtil gin,
 The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftihe,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
 That all die Gods with common mockene 372
 Might laugh at them, and scorne their shame
 full sin,
 Was like to this This same he did appbe,
 For to entrap the careles *Clarion*,
 That rang'd each where without suspection

Suspection of friend, nor feare of foe,
 That hazarded his health, had he at all,
 But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
 In the pnde of his freedome pncipall 380
 Little wist he his fatal 1 future woe,
 But was secure, the liker he to fall
 He lkeest is to fall into mischaunce,
 That is regards of his gouemaunce

Yet still *Arapwll* (so his foe was hight)
 Lay lurking courtly him to surpense,
 And all his gins that him entangle might,
 Drest in good order as he could deuise
 At length the foolish Flie without foresight,
 As he that did all daunger quite despise, 390
 Toward those parts came flying careleshe,
 Where hidden was his hatetull cnemie

Who seeing him, with secrete roy therefore
 Did tickle inwardly in euene vame,
 And his false hart fraught with all treasons
 store,
 Was fil'd with hope, his purpose to obtame
 Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more
 Into his den, that his deceitfull trame
 By his there being might not be bewraia,
 Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made 400

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,
 Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,
 Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
 Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
 Ne stirreth hmbe, till seeing readie tide,
 He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
 One of the litle yonghngs vnawares
 So to his worke *Aragnoll* him prepares

Who now shall giue vnto my heaueie eyes
 A well of teares, that all may ouerflow ? 410
 Or where shall I finde lamentable cries,
 And mournfull tunes enough my grieft to
 show ?
 Helpe 0 thou Tragick Muse, me to deuise
 Notes sad enough, t'expresse tins bitter throw
 For loe, the drene stownd is now arnued,
 That of all happmes hath vs depnued

The luckles *Clarion*, whether cruell Fate,
 Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
 Or some vngracious blast out of the gate
 Of *Aeoles* raine perforce him droue on hed,
 Was (0 sad hap md howe vnfortunate) 421
 With violent swift flight forth caned
 Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
 Had framed for his finall ouerthrow

There the fond Flie entangled, struggled long,
 Himselfe to free thereout, but all in vaine
 For stnumg more, the more in laces strong
 Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wings twaine
 In lymie snares the subtyll loupes among,
 That in the ende he breathelesse did remame,
 And all his youthly forces idly spent, 431
 Him to the mercie of th'auenger lent

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
 Like a gnmme Lyon rushing with fierce might
 Out of his den, he seized greedehe
 On the resistles pray, and with fell spight,
 Vnder the left wing stroke his weapon she
 Into his heart, that his deepe groning spnght
 In bloodie streames foorth flea into the aire,
 His bodie left the spectacle of care 440

Visions of the worlds vanitie.

ⁱ
One day, whiles that my dayhe cares did
 slecpe,
 My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
 Began to enter into meditation deepe
 Of things exceeding reach of common reason,
 Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
 And all that humble is and meane debaced,
 Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
 Griefe of good mmdes, to see goodnesse disgraced
 On which when as my thought was thrughly
 placed,
⁹
 Vnto my eyes strange showes presented were,
 Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
 That yet those sights empassion me full nere
 Such as they were (faire Ladie) take in worth,
 That when time serues, may bring things
 better forth

²
 In Summers day, when *Phcebus* fairly shone,
 I saw a Bull as white as dnuen snowe,
 With gilden homes tmbowed like the Moone,
 In a fresh flowngg meadow lying lowe
 Vp to Ins eares the verdant grasse did growe,
 And the gay floures did offer to be eaten, 20
 But he with fates so did ouerflowe,
 That he allwallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
 Ne car'd with them his damtie lips to sweeten
 Till that a Brize, a scomed little creature,
 Through his faire hide his angne sting did
 threaten,
 And vext so sore, thatt all his goodly feature,
 And all his pknttous pasture nought him
 pleased
 So by the small the great is oft diseased

³
 Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie *Nile*,
 Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay 30
 In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
 That cram'dwithguiltlesblood, andgreedie pray
 Of wretched people trauiailing that way,
 Thoughtt all things lesse than his disdainful
 pride
 I saw a little Bird, cal'd *Tedula*,
 The least of thousands which on earth abide,
 That forst this hideous beast to open wide
 The grtisly gates of his deuoungg hell,
 And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
 Vpon his mwes, that with blacke venime swell
 Why then should greatest things the least
 disdame, 41
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

⁴
 The kingly Bird, that beares *loues* thunder
 clap,
 One day did scome the simple Scarabee,
 Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,
 That made all other Foules his thralls to bee
 The silly Fhe, that no redresse did see,
 Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
 And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
 Burnt vp his yong ones, and himselfe distrest,
 Ne suffred him in anre place to rest, 51
 But droue in *loues* owne lap his eggs to lay,
 Where gathering also filth him to infest,
 Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away
 For which when as the Foule was wroth,
 said *loue*,
 Lo how the least the greatest may reprove

⁵
 Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
 I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
 T hat makes the sea before his face to flye, 59
 And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
 The fomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
 The huge *Leutathan*, dame Natures wonder,
 Making his sport, that manie makes to weep
 A sword fish small him from the rest did sunder,
 That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,
 His wide Abysses him forced forth to spewe,
 That all the sea did roare likeheauens thunder,
 And all the waues were stain'd with filthie hewe
 Hereby I learned haue, not to despise,
 What euer thing seemes small in common
 eyes 70

⁶
 An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
 Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of
 speare
 With shields of brasse, that shone like burnisht
 golde,
 And torkhed sting, that death in it did beare,
 Stroue with a Spider his vnequall peare
 And bad defiance to his enimie
 The subtile vermin creeping closely neare,
 Did in his dncke shed poyson pnuihe,
 Which through his en trades spredding
 diuersly,
 Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells brust,
 And him enforst to yeeld the victone,
 That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust
 O how great vainesse is it then to scome
 The weake, that hath the strong so oft for
 lome

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,
Mongst all the daughters of proud *Ltbanon*,

Her match in beautie was not anie one
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred 90
A little wicked worme, percei'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed

Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde, and bartd she became

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,

To see so goodly thing so soone decayed

8

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeoushe, 100
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gdden towre, which shone exceedingly,

That he himselfe through foolish Vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
Was puffed vp with passing surquedne,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne,

Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nosthlns creeping, so him pained,
That casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and natue beautie
stained no

Let therefore nought that great is, therein
glone,

Sith so small thing his happmes may vane

9

Looking far fourth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant I espide,
through the maine sea making her merry
flight

Faire blew the winde into her bosome right,
And th'heauens looked louely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne fehctie did smile 120

All sodamely there cloue vnto her keele
A little fish, that men call *Retrwra*,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the
heelee,

That winde nor tide could moue her thence
away

Straunge thing me seemeth, that so small a
thing

Should able be so great an one to wring

10

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Haumg his hunger thoroughly satisfide,
With pray of beasts, and spoyle of lruing blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his
pride, 131

And all his glory in his cruell clawes
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile euen to his lawes,
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth
drawes,

And his proude heart is hid with fretting ire
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his
pawes,

And irom his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire,
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight
bo weakest may anoy the most of might

What time the Romame Empire bore the
rame 141

Of all the world, and flonsht most in might,
The nations gan their soueraigntie disdame,
And cast to quitt them from their bondage
quight

So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a maydc,
Possest nigh of the Capitol through shght,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewraydc

If then a Goose great *Rome* from rume staydc,
And lone himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preserud from being to his foes betrayde, 151
Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assur
ance,

Sith nought on earth can chalenge long
endurance?

12

When these sad sights were ouerpast and
gone,

My spnght was greatly moued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest
Thenceforth I gan in my engneued brest
To scorne all difference of great and small, 160
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
And vnawares doe into daunger fall

And ye, that read these mines tragically
Learne by their losse to loue the low degree,
And if that fortune chauce you vp to call
To honours seat, forget not what you be
lor he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnure

The Visions of 'Bellay.

I

IT was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heauy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The cartfull thoughts of mortall miseries

Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great nuers banck, that runnes by
Rome,

Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen whence all good gifts do
come,

And crying lowd, loe now beholde (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is 10
Lo all is nought but flying vanitee

So I that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay

2

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by lust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the
same,

All wrought with Diamond after Donck wize
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall m view,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
On hundred steps of *Afrike* golde enchase

Golde was the parget, and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde,
The floore of *Iasp* and *Einerande* was dight
0 worlds vainesse While thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest
seat,

And ouerthrew this frame with mine great

3

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond
bnght,

Ten feete each way in squire, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight, 31
So far as Archer might his leuel see

I he top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour,
And in tins golden vessell couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Lmperour

Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold,
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight
Alas this world doth nought but gneuaunce
hold 40

I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,
Which this braue monument with flash did
rend

4

I saw raysde vp on yuone pilloures tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters Alabaster, the fryses chnstall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke

On each side purtraid was a Victone,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of siluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares 50

No worke it seem'd of earthly craf tsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder dartes for *hue* his syre doth fit
Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,
bith that mine eyes haue seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree far seene,
Vpon seauen hills to spread his gladsome
gleame,

And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the banks of the *Ausonian* streame,
There many an auncient Trophee was
address, 61

And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that braue races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the *Iroyan* blood did flow

Rauisht I wis so rare a thing to view,
When lo a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronck to grone,
And since I saw the roote m great disdame
A twmne of forked trees send forth againe

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue 71
Noursing two whelpes, I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the
nones

I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And rommg through the field with greedie rage
I embrcw her teeth and clawes with lukewarm
blood

Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountames bordrmg *Lorn-*
bardie, 80
That with an hundred speares her flank wide
rended

I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne
soyle
Soone on a tree vphang'd I saw her spoyle

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,
Following th'ensample of her mothers sight

I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pmeones
To measure the most haughtie mountaines
hight, 91

Vntill she raught the Gods owne mansions
There was she lost, when suddaine I behelde,
Where tumbling through the ayre in fine fold,
All flaming downe she on the plame was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde

I saw the foule that doth the light dispise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise

8

I saw a nuer swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground work of an old great
wall, 100

I saw it couer'd all with gnesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall

Thereout a strange beast with seuen heads
arose,

That townes and castles vnder her brest did
coure,

And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall rauine to deuoure

Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kmde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull wmdie,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of *Sathian*
mew, 110

That sperst these cloudes, and in so short as
thought,

This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought

Then all astomed with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side long beard, and locks down hanging
loast,

Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe,
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,

Pourd forth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore afloat, 119
Whereon the *Troyan* prince spilt *Turnus* blood,

And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeld
To two young babes his left the *Palme* tree
stout,

His right hand did the peacefull *Oliue* wield,
And head with *Lawrell* garnisht was about

Sudden both *Palme* and *Oliue* fell away,
And faire greene *Lawrell* branch did quite
decay

Hard by a nuers side a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heauen with thousand
throbs,

And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling nuers sound thus tun'd her sobes

Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured
face ? 131

Where the great glone and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds fehctie had place,

When Gods and men my honour vp did raise ?
Suffisd' it not that ciuill warres me mide

Thewholeworldsspoile, but that thislly dranew,
Of hundred *Hercules* to be assaide,

With seuen heads, budding monstrous crimes
anew,

So many *Neroes* and *Caltgulaes*

Out of these crooked shores must dayly
rayse ? 140

11

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did see,

Wauing aloft with triple point to slue,

Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,

With balmie odours fiVd th'ayre farre and me
A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,

Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,

Whilst in the smoake she vnto heauen did stie
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth

threw 149

On eueric side a thousand shining beames

When sudden dropping of a siluer dew

(0 gneuous chance) gan quench those precious
flames,

That it which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld

12

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,

As cleare as Chnstall gainst the Sunnie beames,

The bottome yeallow, hkt the golden grayle

That bnght *Pactolus* washeth with his strcames,

It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could

long, 160

And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of nunie accords more sweete than Mermaids

song

The seates and benches shone as yuone,

And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about,
When from nigh hills with hideous outcne,

A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,

Which with their villemes feete the streame

did ray,

Threw down the seats, and droue the Nymphs
away

13

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad *Florentine* appeare, 170
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see,
Vpon the *Laline* Coast herselfe to reare
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enuie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull
threat,

This ship, to which none other might compare
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke vp these nches, second vnto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie *Nereus*
I saw both ship and manners each one, 180
And all that treasure drowned in the
mame
But I the ship saw after raisd' againe

14

Long haumg deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I saw a Citie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad,
But that on sand was built the goodly frame
It seem'd her top the firmament did ravse,
And no lesst nch than faire, right worthie
sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure

Much wondred I to see so faire a wall 191
When from the Northerne coast a storme
arose,
Which breathing fune from his inward gall
On all, which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire

15

At length, euen at the time when *Morpheus*
Most truhe doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Weane to see the heauens still wauennng thus,
I saw *Typhceus* sister comming neare, 200
Whose head full brauely with a morion
hidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods m Maiestie
bhe by a nuers bancke that swift downe
shdd,
Ouer all the world did raise a Trophee hre,
An hundred vanqmsht Kings vnder her lay,
With ames bound at their backs m shameful
wize,
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her nze
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of
thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden
wonder 210

FINIS.

*The Visions of Tetrarch.**formerly translated*

1

BEing one day at m' window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me
to see,
As much it gnelueth me to thmke thereon
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest God delite,
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other
white
With deadly force so m ther cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle
beast,
That at the last, and m short time I spide, 10
Vnder a Rocke where she alas opprest
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely dide
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie

2

After at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of Heben and white Yuone,
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to
bee,
The she eachwhere did show full bnght and
faire,
With rich treasures this gay ship freighted
was 20
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled vp the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that vnder water lay,
And penshed past all recouene
O how great ruth and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spinte with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found

Then heavenly branches did I see arise
 Out of the fresh and lustie Lawrell tree, 30
 Amidst the yong greene wood of Paradise
 Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see

Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
 Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
 That with their sweetnes I was rauish't nere
 While on this Lawrell fixed was mine eie,

The skie gan euerie where to ouercast,
 And darkned was the welkin all about, 38
 When sudden flash of heauens fire out brast,
 And rent dus royall tree quite by the roote,
 Which makes me much andeuer to complaine
 For no such shadow shalbe had againe

4

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
 A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
 Whereto approached not in ame wise
 The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne ,

But manie Muses, and the Nympts withall,
 That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
 To the soft mounding of the waters fall, 49
 That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce

But while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
 I saw (alas) the gaping earth deuoure
 The spring, the place, and all cleane out of
 sight

Which yet aggreeues my hart euen to this
 houre,

And wourds my soule with rufull memone,
 To see such pleasures gon so suddenly

5

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
 With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe ,
 Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
 That of some heauenly wight I had the vewe ,

Vntill he came vnto the broken tree, 61
 And to the spring, that late deuoured was
 What say I more ? each thing at last we see
 Doth passe away the Phoenix there alas

Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
 Himselfe smote with his beake, as m disdaine,
 And so forthwith in great despight he dide
 That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine,
 For ruth and pi tie of so haples plight
 O let mine eyes no more see such a sight 70

6

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
 That thinking yet on her I burne and quake,
 On hearbs and flowres she walked pensiuely,
 Milde, but yet loue she proudly did forsake

White seem'd her robes, yet wouen so they
 were,

As snow and golde together had been wrought
 About the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
 A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught,

Wherewith she languisht as the gathered
 floure,

And well assur'd she mounted vp to loy 80
 Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,

But bitter grieve and sorrowfull annoy
 Winch make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with stormes of fortune variable

When I behold this tickle trusties state
 Of vaine worlds glone, flitting too and fro,
 And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
 In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,

I wish I might this weane life forgoe,
 And shortly turne vnto my happie rest, 90
 Where my free spinte might not ame moe
 Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest

And ye faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
 All heauenly grace and vertue shrined is,
 When ye these rythmes doo re id, and vew the
 rest,

Loath this base world, and thinke of heauens
 bhs

And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
 Yet thinke, that death shall spoyle your goodly
 features

FINIS.

'Dapbnaida.

An Elegie vpon the

death of the noble and vertuous

Douglas Howard Daughter and

*hejre of Henry Lord Howard Vif-
connt Byrton, and Wife of Ar-
thurc Gorges Efqmer.*

*Dedicated to the Right honorable the Lady
Hefc/tf, Marquell of Northtmpton*



AT LONDON

*printed for William Ponfonby, dwelling in
Paules Churchyard at the signe of the
Bifoopshcad 1551.*

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VER-

tuous Lady Helena Marquesse of
North-hampton

I Hane the rather presumed humbly to offer
vnto your Honour the dedication of this little
Poeme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentle
woman of whom it is written, was by match neere
ahed, and m affection greatly denoted vnto your
Ladiship The occasion why I wrote the same,
was aswell the great good fame which I heard of
her deceased, as the particular goodwill which
I beare vnto her husband Master Arthur Gorges,
a louer of learning and vertue, whose house, as
your Ladiship by mortgage hath honoured, so doe
I find the name of them by many notable records,
to be of great anttquite in this Realme, and
such as haue euer borne thetnselues with honour
able reputation to the world, and vnspotted
hyaltie to their Prince and Countrey besides

so hneally are they descended from the Howards,
as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter
to Iohn Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir
Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grand
mother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges
Kntghtes And therefore I doe assure my selfe,
thai no due honour done to the white Lyon but
will be most gratefull to your Ladsthtp, whose
husband and children do so neerely participate
with the blood of that noble family So in all
dutie I recommede this Pamphlet, and the good
acceptance thereof, to your honourable fauour and
protection London this first of 1anuarie 1591

Your Honours humbly euer

Ed Sp

Daphnaida.

WHat euer man he be, whose heaue minde
With gnefe of mournfull great mishap
opprest,

Fit matter for his cares increase would finde
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest
Of one (I weene) the wofulst man aliuie,
Euen sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces nue
But who so else m pleasure findeth sense,
Or m this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight, 11
Though they of sorrow heauihe can sing,
For euen their heaue song would breede delight
But here no tunes,saue sobs and grones shall ring
In stead of them, and their sweete harmonie,
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doo weaue the direfull threds of destinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darkenes deepe come from the Stygian
strands, 20

And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene
In gloomie euening, when the weane Sun
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steeds now hauing ouer run
The compast skie, gan water in the west,

I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire

There came vnto my mmde a troublous thought,
Which dayly dooth my weaker wit possesse,
Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought 31
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heaueinesse,
Which she concerned hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainnesse and lifts wretched
nesse,

That yet my soule it deeply doth cmpassion

So as I mized on the miserie,
In which men hue, and I of many most,
Most miserable man, I did cspeie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray
And Iakob staffe in hand deuouthe crost, 41
Like to some Pilgrim come from farre away

His carelesse locks, vncombed and vnshorne,
Hong long adowne, and beard all ouer growne,
That well he seemd to be sum wight forlorne,
Downe to the earth his heaueie eyes were
throwne

As loathing light and euer as he went,
He sighed soft, and mly deene did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would haue rent

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere, 50
 And by the semblant of his countenance,
 Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
 Most like *Alcyon* seeming at a glaunce,
Alcyon he, the lolhe Shepheard swame,
 That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
 And fill with pleasance euery wood and plaine

Yet halfe in doubt because of his disguise,
 I softhe sayd *Alcyon* ? There with all
 He lookt a side as in disdamefull wise,
 Yet stayed not till I againe did call 60
 Then turning back he saide with hollow sound,
 Who is it, that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
 The wretchedst man that treacles this day on
 ground ?

One, whome like wofulnesse impressed deepe,
 Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
 And giuen like cause with thee to waile and
 weepe
 Griefe findes some ease by him that like does
 beare

Then stay *Alcyon*, gentle shepheard stay,
 (Quoth I) till thou haue to my trustie eare
 Committed, what thee dooth so ill apay 70

Cease foolish man (saide he halfe wrothfully)
 To seeke to heare that which cannot be told
 For the huge anguish, which dooth multiphe
 My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold
 Ne doo I care, that any should bemone
 My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
 But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone

Then be it so (quoth I) that thou art bent
 To die alone, vnptied, vnplained,
 Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient 80
 To tell the cause, which thee theretoo con
 strained

Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
 And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
 I hat thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt
 Who life does loath, and longs to bee vnbound
 From thestrongshacklesoffraile flesh (quothhe)
 Nought cares at all, what they tliat hue on
 ground

Detme the occasion of his death to bee
 Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
 Hun question made of his calamie, 90
 For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light
 Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
 And carest for one that for himselfe cares nought,
 (Signe of thy loue, though nought for my rehefe
 For my rehefe exceedeth hung thought)
 I will to thee this heauie case relate
 Then harken well till it to ende be brought,
 For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate

Whilome I vsde (as thou right well doest know)
 My little flocke on westerne downes to keepe,
 Not far from whence *Sabnnaes* streame doth
 flow, 101

And flowne bancks with siluer liquor steepe
 Nought carde I then for worldly change or
 chaunce,

For all my loy was on my gentle sheepe,
 And to my pype to caroll and to daunce

It there befell, as I the fields did range
 Fearelesse and free, a faire young *Lionesse*,
 White as the natue Rose before the change,
 Which *Venus* blood did in her leaues impresse,
 I spied playing on the grassie playne no
 Her youthfull sports and kindhe wantonnesse,
 That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine

Much was I moued at so goodly sight,
 Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
 And gan to cast, how I her compsse might,
 And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene
 So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
 That I her caught disporting on the grene,
 And brought away fast bound with siluer chame

And afterwards I handled her so fayre, 120
 That though by kind shee stout and saluage
 were,

For being borne an auncient *Lions* haire,
 And of the race, that all wild beastes do feare,
 Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,
 That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
 As the least lamb in all my flock that went

For shee m field, where euer I did wend,
 Would wend with me, and waite by me all day
 And all the night that I m watch did spend,
 If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay, 130
 Shee would all night by mee or watch, or sleepe,
 And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
 She of my flock would take full wane keepe

Safe then and safest were my sillie sheepe,
 Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast
 All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe
 My loue *Lionesse* without beheast
 So carefull was for them and for my good,
 That when I waked, neither most nor least
 I found miscaried or in plame or wood 140

Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did
 heare,

And oft their lasses which my luck enuide,
 Dayhe resort to me from farre and neare,
 10 see my *Lyonnesse*, whose praises wide
 Were spred abroad, and when her worthinesse
 Much greater than the rude report they tn'de,
 They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

Long thus I loyed in my happnesse, 148
 And well did hope my wy would haue no end
 But oh fond man, that in worlds ficklenesse
 Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend,
 That glories most in mortall miseries,
 And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
 To make new matter fit for Tragedies

For whilest I was thus without dread or dout,
 A cruell *Salyre* with his murdrous dart,
 Greedie of mischiefe ranging all about,
 Gaue her the fataill wound of deadlie smart
 And reft from me my sweete companion,
 And reft from me my loue, my life, my hart
 My *Lyonesse* (ah woe is mee) is gon 161

Out of the world thus was she reft awaie,
 Out of the world, vnworthie such a spoyle,
 And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter pray
 Much fitter than the *Lyon*, which with toyle
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament,
 Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soyle,
 And seeking misse, and missing doe lament

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
 That I for pittie of his heauie plight, 170
 Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to
 steepe

But when I saw the anguish of his spright
 Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe
 Certes *Alcyon*, painfull is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almost equall paine

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand
 The riddle of thy loued *Lionesse*,
 For rare it seemes in reason to be skand
 That man, who doth the whole worlds rule
 possesse,

Should to a beast his noble hart embase, 180
 And be the vassall of his vassallesse
 Therefore more plame aread this doubtfull case

Then sighing sore, *Daphne* thou knew est (quoth
 he)

She now is dead, ne more endured to say
 But fell to ground for great extremitie,
 That I beholding it, with deepe dismay
 Was much appald, and hight he him vpreannng,
 Reuoked life that would haue fled away,
 All were my self through grieve in deadly
 dreannng

Then gan I him to comfort all my best, 190
 And with mddle counsaile stroue to mitigate
 The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
 But he thereby was more empassionate
 As stubborn steed, that is with curb restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
 And breaking forth at last, thus dearnelie
 plained

What man henceforth, that breatheth vitall ayre,
 Will honour heauen, or heauenlie powers adore?
 Which so vnjuste doe their ludgments share,
 Mongst earthlie wightes, as to afflict so sore
 The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
 And do not spare the best or fayrest, more
 Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse

If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so fay re, sith fairenesse is neglected?
 Or whie be they themselues immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected?
 She faire, shee pure, most faire most pure shee
 was,

Yet was by them as thing impure reiected
 Yet shee in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas

In purenesse and in all celestiall grace, 211
 That men admire in goodlie wormkinde,
 Shee did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
 Liuing on earth like Angell new diumde,
 Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beautie much more beautifie

No age hath bred (since fayre *Asraa* left
 The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight,
 And when she parted hence, with her she reft
 Greit hope, and robd her race of bountie
 quight 221

Well may the shepheard lasses now lament,
 For dubble losse by her hath on them light,
 To loose both her and bounties ornament

Ne let *ghsa* royall Shepheardesse. *
 The prafes of my parted loue enuy,
 For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
 Powr'd vpon her like showers of *Laslaly*
 By her own Shepheard Colin her owne Shepheard,
 That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
 Of rustick muse full hardly to be bettcrd 231

She is the Rose, the glorie of the day,
 And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade,
 Mine, ah not mine, amisse I mine did say
 Not mine but his, which mine awhile her made
 Mine to be his, with him to hue for ay
 O that so faire a flower so soone should fade,
 And through vntimely tempest fall away
 She fell away in her first ages spring,
 Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her
 rinde, 240

And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes forth
 did bring,
 She fell away against all course of kinde
 For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong,
 Shewelaway like fruit blownedowne withwinde
 Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vndersong

What hart so stony hard, but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of incessant
teares ?

What *Timon*, but would let compassion creepe
Into his brest, and pierce his frosen eares ?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted haue, my heart blood dropping weares,
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome
fell 252

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with trauaile downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And clode her eyes with carelesse quietnesse,
1 he whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from smfull fleshlinesse

Vet ere that life her lodging did forsake, 260
She all resolu'd and ready to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me) this wise bespake,
Alcyon, ah my first and latest loue,
Ah why docs my *Alcyon* weepc and mourne,
And gneue my ghost, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had thanst some euill tourne ?

I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules vnto the bndale feast
Of his great Lord, must needes depart from
thee,

And straight obay his souerame behest 270
Why should *Alcyon* then so sore lament,
That I from misene shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment ?

Our daies are full of dolor and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease
Why then should I desire here to remaine ?
Or why should he that loues me, sone bee
For my dehuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward loyes to see ?

I goe, and long desired haue to goe, 281
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest,
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally him praise, that hath them blest,
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones
Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
My yong *Ambrosia*, in lieu of mee 290

Loue her so shall our loue for euer last
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long
So hauming said, away she softly past
Weep Shepheard weep, to make mine vnder
song

So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart and rend my bleedmgchest,
With those sweet sugred speaches doo compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possesst,
The first beginners of my endles care, 301

And when those pallid cheekes and ashy hew,
In which sad death his pourtraicture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearful
brow,

Which all the world subdued vnto i t,
How happie was I then, and wretched now ?

How happie was I, when I saw her leade 309
The Shepheards daughters dauncmg in arond ?
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse with rosie garland crownd ?
And when she list aduance her heavenly voyce,
Both Nimphs and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce
But now ye Shepheard lasses, who shall lead
Your wandnng troupes, or sing your vielayes ?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes ?

Let now your bhse be turned into bale, 320
And into plaints conuert your loyous playes,
And with the same fill euery hill and dale
Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne euer Shepheard sound his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleasance but let ghastnesse
And drery horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauinesse
Let birds be silent on the naked spray, 330
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching droughth drie vp the christall
wells,

Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no
flowres,

And th'ayre be filld with noyse of dolefull knells,
And wandnng spirits wilke vntimely howres
And Nature nurse of euery liumg thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long weannesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to
bring,

But hideous monsters full of vglmesse 340
For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnder song

My little flocke, whom earst I lou'd so well,
 And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,
 Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter *Astrofell*,
 And stinking Smallage, and vnsauene Rew ,
 And when your mawes are with those weeds
 corrupted,
 Be ye the pray of Woioues ne will I rew,
 That with your carkasses wild beasts be gluttet

Ne worse to you my sillie sheepe I pray, 351
 Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
 Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
 To careless heauens I doo day lie call
 But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,
 And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,
 Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye

The good and righteous he away doth take,
 To plague th'vnnghteous which ahue remame
 But the vngodly ones he doth forsake, 360
 By liumg long to multiphe their paine
 Els surely death should be no punishment,
 As the great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
 But rather riddance from long languishment

Therefore my *Daphne* they haue tane away,
 For wortheie of a better place was she
 But me vnworthie willed here to stay,
 That with her lacke I might tormented be
 Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay
 Penance to her according their decree, 370
 And to her ghost doo serueice day by day

For I will walke this wandnng pilgrimage
 Throughout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction wast my better age
 My bread shall be the anguish of my mmd,
 My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do
 raine,

My bed the ground that hardest I may finde,
 So will I wilfully increase my pame

And she my loue that was, my Saint that is,
 When she beholds from her celestiall throne,
 (In which shee loyeth in eternall bhs) 381
 My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
 And pitie me that liumg thus doo die
 For heauenly spirits haue compassion
 On mortall men, and rue their misene

So when I haue with sorowe satisfide
 Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me
 seeke,

And th' heauens with long languor pacifide,
 She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
 Will send for me, for which I dayhe long, 390
 And will till then my painfull penance eeke
 Weep Shepheard, weep to make my vnder song

Hencefoorth I hate what euer Nature made,
 And in her workmanship no pleasure finde
 For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade,
 So soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
 They tarne not, but flit and fall away,
 Leaumg behind them nought but grieve of
 mmde,
 And mocking such as thmke they long will stay

I hate the heauen, because it doth withhold
 Me from my loue, and eke my loue from me ,
 I hate the earth, because it is the mold 402
 Of fleshly slime and fraile mortahtie,
 I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes,
 I hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be,
 I hate the Sea, because it tearis supplies

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
 To see all things, and not my loue to see ,
 I hate the darknesse and the drery night,
 Because they breed sad balefulnessse in mee
 I hate all times, because all times dooflye 411
 So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
 But as a speedie post that passeth by

I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying
 I hate to heare, lowd complaints haue duld mine
 eares

I hate to tast, for food withholdes my dying
 I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares
 I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left
 I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with fcares
 So all my senses from me are bereft 420

I hate all men, and shun all womankind,
 The one, because as I they wretched are,
 The other, for because I doo not finde
 My loue with them, that wont to be their
 Starre

And life I hate, because it will not last,
 And death I hate, because it life doth marre,
 And all I hate, that is to come or past

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
 Because it changeth euer too and fro,
 And neuer standeth in one certaine state, 430
 But still vnstedfast round about doth goe,
 Like a Mill wheeke, in midst of misene,
 Driuen with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
 That dying hues, and huing still does dye

So doo I hue, so doo I dayhe die,
 And pine away in selfe consuming paine,
 Sith she that did my vitall powres supple,
 And feeble spirits in their force maintame
 Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
 My weane dales in dolor and disdame ? 440
 Weep Shepheard weep to make my vnder song

6

Why doo I longer hue m lifes despight ?
 And doo not dye then in despight of death
 Why doo I longer see this loathsome light,
 And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
 Sith all my sorrow should haue end thereby,
 And cares finde quiet, is it so vneath
 To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye ?

To hue I finde it deadly dolorous, 449
 For life drawes care, and care continuall woe
 Therefore to dye must needes be loyous,
 And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe
 But I must stay, I may it not amend,
 My *Daphne* hence departing bad me so,
 She bad me stay, till she for me did send

Yet whilest I m this wretched vale doo stay,
 My wearie feete shall euer wandnng be,
 That still I may be readie on my way,
 When as her messenger doth come for me
 Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse, 460
 Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,
 Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaumesse

But as the mother of the Gods, that sought
 For faire *Eurydice* her daughter deere
 Throughout the world, with wofull heauie
 thought,
 So will I trauell whilest I tame heere,
 Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lm,
 Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth neere
 To loose his teeme, will I take vp my Inne

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
 Shall euer lodge vpon mine ey lids more, 471
 Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting spnghts,
 Nor falling force to former strength restore
 But I will wake and sorrow all the night
 With *Phlumené*, my fortune to deplore,
 With *Phlutnène*, the partner of my plight

And euer as I see the starres to fall,
 And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
 Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call,
 How my faire Starre (that shinde on me so
 bright) 480
 Fell sodainly, and faded vnder ground ,
 Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
 And night without a *Venus* starre is found

But soone as day doth shew his deawie face,
 And calls forth men vnto their toylsome trade,
 I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
 Or some deepe caue, or sohtane shade,
 There will I sigh and sorrow all day long,
 And the huge burden of my cares vnlade 489
 Weep Shepheard, weep, to make my vndersong

Hencefoorth mine eyes shall neuer more behold
 Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
 Of ought that framed is of mortall moulde,
 Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight
 For all I see is vame and transitone,
 Ne will be helde in anie stedfast plight,
 But in a moment loose their grace and glone

And ye fond men on fortunes wheele that ride,
 Or in ought vnder heauen repose assurance,
 Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride 500
 Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance
 But ere ye be aware will flit away,
 For nought of them is yours, but th'onely vsance
 Of a small time, which none ascertame may

And ye true Louers, whom desastrous chaunce
 Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
 To mourne m sorrow and sad sufferance,
 When ye doo heare me in that desert place
 Lamenting lowde my *Daphnes* Elegie,
 Helpe me to wayle my miserable case, 510
 And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye

And ye more happie Louers, which enioy
 The presence of your dearest loues delight,
 When ye doo heare my sorrowfull annoy,
 Yet pittie me in your compassiōd spnght,
 And thmke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
 May happen vnto the most happiest wight,
 For all mens states alike vnstedfast be

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
 Your carelesse flocks on bis and open plaines,
 With better fortune, than did me succeed, 521
 Remember yet my vnderuerd paines,
 And when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
 Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swames
 That sad *Alcyon* dyde m fifes disdaine

And ye faire Damsels, Shepheards dere delights,
 That with your loues do their rude hearts
 possesse,
 When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
 Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cyparesse,
 And euer sprmckle brackish teares among, 530
 In pitie of my vnderuerd distresse,
 The which I wretch, endured haue thus long

And ye poore Pilgmnnes, that with restlesse toyle
 Wearie your selues in wandnng desert wayes,
 Till that you come, where ye your vovues
 assoyle,
 When passing by ye read these wofull layes
 On my graue written, rue my *Daphnes* wrong,
 And mourne for me that languish out my dayes
 Cease Shepheard, cease, and end thy vndersong

COLIN CLOVTS
Come home againe.

By Ed. Spencer.



LONDON
Printed for *W. Ponsford*.

1595.

TO THE RIGHT

worthy and noble Knight

Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine of her Maiesties
Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stannenes,
and Lieutenant of the Countie of
Cornwall

()

S^{IR}, that you may see thai I am not
swates ydle as yee thnke, though not
greatly well occupied, nor altogether vndutifull,
though not precisely officious, I make you present
of this simple pastorall, vnworthie of your higher
conceit for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing
with the truth in circumstance and matter The
which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of
paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknow
ledge my selfe bounden mlo you, for your singular

fauours and sundrie good turnes shewed tome at
my late being in England, and with your good
countenance protect against the malice of euill
moulhes, which are alwates wide open to carpe
at and misconstrue my simple meaning I pray
continually for your happinesse From my house
of Kilcolman the 27 of December 1591

Yours euer humbly.

Ed Sp

COLIN CLOVTS

come home againe.

THe shepheards boy (best known by that
name)

That after *Tityrus* first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet loue, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) vpon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his ptres,
The shepheard swames that did about him
play

Who all the while with greedie hstfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders
sound

At last when as he piped had his fill, 10
He rested him and sitting then around,
One of those grooms (a lolly groome was he,
As euer piped on an oaten reed,
And lou'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight *Hobbinol*) gan thus to him areed

Colin my liefie, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke ?
And I poore swame of many greatest crosse
That sith thy *Muse* first since thy turning
backe

Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
Hast made vs all so blessed and so blythe 21
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did he
The woods were heard to waile full many a
sythe,

And all their birds with silence to complaine
The fields with faded flowtrsdid seem tomourne,
And all their flocks from ftedmg to rcframe
The running waters wept for thy retorne,
And all their fish with languour did lament
But now both woods and fields, and floods
reviue,

Sith thou art come, their cause of menment, 30
That vs late dead, hast made againe aliuie
But were it not too painfull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to vs to tell

To whom the shepheard gently answered
thus,

Hobbin thou tempest me to that I couet
For of good passed newly to discus,
By dubble vsune doth twice renew it

COME HOME AGAINE

And since I saw that Angels blessed eie, 40
Her worlds bright sun, her heauens fairest
light,

My mind full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My hfs sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure
Wake then my pipe, my sleepe *Muse* awake,
Till I haue told her praises lasting long
Hobbm desires, thou maist it not forsake, 50
Harke then ye lolly shepheards to my song

With that they all gan throng about him
neare,

With hungne eares to heare his harmonie
The whiles their flocks deuoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at hbertie

One day (quoth he) I sat, (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of *Mole* that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,
Of the greene alders by the *Mullaes* shore
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to finc me
out, 60

Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshnllled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did yleepe,
The shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea
deepe

He sitting me beside in that same shade,
Prouoked me to plaie some pleasant fit,
And when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it 71
Yet aemuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe before that aemuled of many,
And plaid theron, (for well that skill he cond)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any
He pip'd, I sung, and when he sung, I piped,
By change of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither enuyng other, nor enuiud,
So piped we, vntill we both were weary

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine, 80
That *Cuddy* hight, him thus atweene bespake
And should it not thy readie course restraine,
I would request thee *Colin*, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hyrane, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loued lasse

Nor of my loue, nor of my losse (quoth he)
I then did sing, as then occasion fell
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me, 90
That made me in that desert chose to dwell

But of my nuer *Bregogs* loue I soong,
Which to the shiny *Mulla* he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long
As water doth within his bankes appeare

Of fellow ship (said then that bony Boy)
Record to vs that louely lay againe
The staie whereof, shall nought these eares
annoy,

Who all that *Colin* makes, do couet fame
Ileare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I to that shepheard told 101
No leasing new, nor Grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old
Old father *Mole*, (*Mole* hight that mountaine
gray

That walls the Northside of *Armulla* dale)
He had a daughter fresh as *Moure* of May,
Which gaue that name vnto that pleasant vale,
Mulla the daughter of old *Mole*, so hight
The Nymph, which of that water course has
charge,

That spnning out of *Mole*, doth run downe
right no

To *Butleuant*, where spreading forth at large,
It gliueth name vnto that auncient *Cittie*,
Which *Kilnemullah* deped is of old
Whose ragged rumes breed great ruth and
pittie,

To trauailers, which it from far behold
Full fame she lou'd, and was belou'd full fame,
Of her owne brother nuer, *Bregog* hight,
So hight because of this deceitful! traine,
Which he with *Mulla* wrought to win delight
But her old sire more carefull of her good, 120
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour
flood,

Which *Alio* hight, Broad water called farre
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that nuer for his daughter womne
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone
Nath lesse the Nymph her former liking held,
For loue will not be drawne, but must be
ledde,

And *Bregog* did so well her fancie weld, 130
That her good will he got her first to wedde
But for her father sitting still on hie,
Did wanly still watch which way she went,
And eke from far obseru'd with lealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton *Bregog* bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuise this slight
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That whilst the one was watcht, the other
micht

Passe vnespide to meete her by the way, 140
And then besides, those little streames so
broken

He vnder ground so closely did conuay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the *Mullats* water slide
So secretly did he his loue emoy
Yet not so secret, but it was descnde,
And told her father by a shepheards boy
Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water courses spill 151
So of a Riuer, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scatted all to nought,
And lost among those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name so deare his loue he bought

Which haumg said, him *Thestylts* bespake,
Now by my life this was a mery lay
Worthie of *Colun* selfe, that did it make
But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing ?
For I do couet most the same to heare, 161
As men vse most to couet forreme thing
That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare
His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindnesse, and of vsage hard,
Of *Cynthia* the Ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard
And euer and anon with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make his vndersong
Ah my louses queene, and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me
wrong? 171

Then gan a gentle bony lasse to speake,
That *Marin* hight, Right well he sure did
plaine
That could great *Cynthiaes* sore displeasure
breake,
And moue to take him to her grace againe
But tell on further *Colm*, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dis
suade

When thus our pipes we both had wearied
well,
(Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great lyking to my lore, 180
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot
The which to leaue, thenceforth he counseld
mee,
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his *Cynthia* to see
Whose grace was great, and bounty most
rewardfull

Besides her peerlesse skill in making well
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankynd did far excell 190
Such as the world admyr'd and praised it
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare
So to the sea we came, the sea ? that is
A world of waters heaped vp on hie,
Rolling like mountames in wide wilderness,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cne
And is the sea (quoth *Condon*) so fearfull ?
Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can
fear 201

Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gap-
ing direfull
Therm stil wait poore passengers to teare
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,
And yet would hue with heart halfe stonie
cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it scemes,
Bold men presuming life for game to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandnung
stremes 210
Seek waies vnknowne, waies leading down to
hell

For as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold an huge great vessell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,
As if it scord the daunger of the same,
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with some subtile matter,
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to moue it selfe vpon the water
Strange thing, how bold and swift the monster
was, 220
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor
raine,
Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did
passe

So proudly, that she made them roare againe
The same aboard vs gently did receaue,
And without harme vs farre away did beare,
So farre that land our mother vs did leaue,
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare
Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell, 229
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no liuing people dwell
Who me recomfortmg all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that *Cynthia* hight,
His liege his Ladie, and his hies Regent

If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth
keep ? 237

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe ?
These be the hills (quoth he) the surges hie,
On which faire *Cynthia* her heards doth feed
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in
chief,

Is *Triton* blowing loud his wreathed borne
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at euening and at morne
And *Proteus* eke with him does dnuie his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpiscas together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and
whether 251

And I among the rest of many least,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd
Where I will hue or die at her behest,
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heauenly
borne,

And of immortal race, doo still attend
To wash faire *Cynitha*s sheep, when they be
shorne,

And fo'd them vp, when they haue made an end
Those be the shepheards which my *Cynthia*
serue, 260

At sea, beside a thousand moe at land
For land and sea my *Cynthia* doth deserue
To haue in her commandement at hand
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde
Which sight much gladed me, for much afore
I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne 269
We *Lunday* passe, Dy that same name is ment
An Island, which the first to west was showne
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in icopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks
hemd,

Against the seas encrochmg crueltie
Those same the shepheard told me, were the
fields

In which dame *Cynthia* her landheards fed,
faire goodly fields, then which *Armulla* yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red
Hie first to which we nigh approached, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea, 281
Like to an home, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea

There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which vs did
beare

There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
And put vs all ashore on *Cynthias* land

What land is that thou meanst (then *Cuddy*
sayd) 290

And is there other, then whereon we stand ?

Ah *Cuddy* (then quoth *Colin*) thous a fon,
That hast not seene least part of natures worke
Much more there is vnkend, then thou doest
kon,

And much more that does from mens know-
ledge lurke

For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbageis
And all things else that huing creatures need
Besides most goodly nuers there appeare, 300
No whit inferiour to thy *Funchins* praise,
Or vnto *Alb* or to *Mulla* cleare

Nought hast thou foohsh boy seene in thy daies
But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
And is theyr heauen likewise there all one ?
And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone ?

Both heauen and heauenly graces do much
more

(Quoth he) abound in that same land, then this
For there all happie peace and plenteouse store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse 311
No wayhng there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosie,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sward,
No nightly bod rags, nor no hue and cries,
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or
daunger

No rauenuous wolues the good mans hope
destroy,

Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger
There learned arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price 321
Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon tier,
Aduancmg vertue and suppressing vice
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to vse
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse

But say on further, then said *Corylas*,
The rest of thine aduentures, that betyded
Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe,
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still vs
guyded, 331

Vntill that we to *Cynthtaes* presence came
 Whose glorie, greater then my simple thought,
 I found much greater then the former fame,
 Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,
 I would her lyken to a crowne of hilies,
 Vpon a virgin brydes adorned head,
 With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffodillies,
 Or like the circlet of a Turtle true, 340
 In which all colours of the rainbow bee,
 Or like faire *Phebes* garlond shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see
 But vaine it is to thmke by paragone
 Of earthly things, to mdge of things diume
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
 Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define
 Why then do I base shepheard bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
 More fit it is t'adore with humble mind, 350
 The image of the heauens in shape humane

With that *Alexis* broke his tale asunder,
 Saying, By wondring at thy *Cynthiaes* praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder,
 And her vpraising, doest thy selfe vpraise
 But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepheard strange, thy cause
 aduanced ?

The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare, 360
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly
 dight

For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
 And wondrous worth she mott my simple song,
 But 10yd that country shepheard ought could
 fynd

Worth harkenmg to, emongst the learned
 throng

Why ?(said *Alexis* then) what needeth shee
 That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
 And hath so many shepherds in her fee, 370
 To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe ?
 Or be the shepherds which do serue her laesie,
 That they list not their mery pipes apphe ?
 Or be their pipes vntunable and craesie,
 That they cannot her honour worthylye ?

Ah nay (said *Colin*) neither so, nor so
 For better shepherds be not vnder slue,
 Nor better hable, when they list to blow
 Their pipes aloud, her name to glonfie
 There is good *Harpalus*, now woxen aged 380
 In faithfull seruice of faire *Cynthia*
 And there is *Corydon* though meanly waged,
 Yet hablest wit of most I know this day

And there is sad *Alcyon* bent to mourne,
 Though fit to frame an euerlasting dittie,
 Whose gentle spright for *Daphnes* death doth
 tourn

Sweet layes of loue to endlesse plaints of pittie
 Ah pensue boy pursue that braue conceipt,
 In thy sweet Eglantine of *Mertflure*,
 Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height, 390
 That may thy *Muse* and mates to mirth allure.
 There eke is *Palm* worthie of great praise,
 Albe he enuie at my rustick quill
 And there is pleasing *Alcon*, could he raise
 His tunes from laies to matter of more skill
 And there is old *Palemon* free from sight,
 Whose careful pipe may make the hearer rew
 Yet he himselfe may re wed be more right,
 That sung so long vntill quite hoarse he grew
 And there is *Alabaster* thoroughly taught, 400
 In all this skill, though knowen yet to few
 Yet were he knowne to *Cynthia* as he ought,
 His Ehseis would be redde anew
 Who knows that can match that heroick song,
 Which he hath of that mightic Princesse made?
 O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that
 wrong,

To let thy fame he so in hidden shade
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
 To end thy glorie which he hath begun
 That when he finisht hath as it should be, 410
 No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun
 Nor *Po* nor *Tybur*s swans so much renowned,
 Nor all the brood of *Greece* so highly praised,
 Can match that *Muse* when it with bayes is
 crowned,

And to the pitch of her perfection raised
 And there is a new shepheard late vp sprong,
 The which doth all afore him far surpasses
 Appearing well in that well tuned song,
 Which late he sung vnto a scornfull lasse
 Yet doth his trembling *Muse* but lowly flie,
 As daring not too rashly mount on hight, 421
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
 In louses soft laies and looser thoughts delight
 Then rouze thy feathers quickly *Darnell*,
 And to what course thou please thy selfe
 aduance

But most me seemes, thy accent will excell,
 In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance
 And there that shepheard of the Ocean is,
 That spends his wit in louses consuming smart
 Full sweetly tẽpredd is that *Muse* of his 430
 That can empierce a Princes mightie hart
 There also is (ah no, he is not now)
 But since I said he is, he auite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone ana lies full low,
 Haumg his *Amaryllis* left to mone

Helpe, O ye shepheards helpe ye all in this,
 Helpe *Amaryllis* this her losse to mourne,
 Her losse is yours, your losse *Amyntas* is,
Amyntas floure of shepheards pride forlorne
 He whilst he hued was the noblest swaine,
 That euer piped in an oaten quill 441
 Both did he other, which could pipe, mamtaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill
 And there though last not least is *Aelion*,
 A gentler shepheard may no where be found
 Whose *Muse* full of high thoughts muention,
 Doth like himselfe Heroically sound
 All these, and many others mo remaine,
 Now after *Asrofell* is dead and gone
 But while as *Astro/ell* did hue and rame, 450
 Amongst all these was none his Paragone
 All these do flonsh in their sundry kynd,
 And do their *Cynthia* immortall make
 Yet found I lykmg in her royall mynd,
 Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake
 Then spake a louely lasse, hight *Luada*,
 Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast
 told,
 Which fauour thee, and honour *Cynthia*
 But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
 In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd, 460
 That seems, with none of them thou fauor
 foundest,
 Or art mgratefull to each gentle mayd,
 That none of all their due deserts resoundest
 Ah far be it (quoth *Colin Clout*) from me,
 That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserue
 For that my selfe I do professe to be
 Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serue,
 The beame of beautie sparkled from aboue,
 The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
 The blossome of sweet loy and perfect loue, 470
 The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie
 I To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
 To her my heart I nightly martyrize
 To her my loue I lowly do prostrate,
 To her my life I wholly sacrifice
 My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is
 shee,
 And I hers euer onely, euer one
 One euer I all vowed hers to bee,
 One euer I, and others neuer none
 Then thus *Melissa* said, Thrise happie Mayd,
 Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie 481
 That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast
 made
 Her name to echo vnto heauen hie
 But say, who eke vouchsafed thee of grace ?
 They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
 That all I praise, but in the highest place,
Vrania, sister vnto *Astrofell*,

In whose braue mynd, as in a golden cofer,
 AH heauenly gifts and rches locked are
 More rich then pearles of *Ynde*, or gold of *Opher*,
 And in her sex more wonderfull and rare 491
 Ne lesse praise worthie I *Theana* read,
 Whose goodly beames though they be ouer
 dight
 With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister
 bright,
 She is the well of bountie and braue mynd,
 Excelling most in glone and great light
 She is the ornament of womankind,
 And Courts chief garlond with all vertues dight
 Therefore great *Cynthia* her in chiefe grace
 Doth hold, and next vnto her selfe aduance,
 Well worthie of so honourable place, 502
 For her great worth and noble gouernance
 Ne lesse praise worthie is her sister deare,
 Faire *Marian*, the *Muses* onely darling
 Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
 With siluer deaw vpon the roses pearling
 Ne lesse praise worthie is *Mansilta*,
 Best knowne by bearing vp great *Cynthiaes*
 traine
 That same is she to whom *Daphnaida* 510
 Vpon her neeces death I did complaine
 She is the paterne of true womanhead,
 And onely mirrhor of feminine
 Worthie next after *Cynthia* to tread,
 As she is next her in nobihtie
 Ne lesse praise worthie *Galaihea* seemes,
 Then best of all that honourable crew,
 Faire *Galaihea* with bright shining beames,
 Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view
 She there then waited vpon *Cynthia*, 520
 Yet there is not her won, but here with vs
 About the borders of our rich *Coshma*,
 Now made of *Maa* the Nymph dehtious
 Ne lesse praiseworthy faire *Necera* is,
Necera ours, not theirs, though there she be,
 For of the famous Shure, the Nymph she is,
 For high desert, aduauant to that degree
 She is the blossome of grace and curtesie,
 Adorned with all honourable parts
 She is the braunch of true nobihtie, 530
 Belou'd of high and low with faithfull harts
 Ne lesse praiseworthy *Stella* do I read,
 Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
 Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
 Hath prais'd and rais'd aboue each othejr
 starre
 Ne lesse praiseworthy are the sisters three,
 The honor of the noble famiie
 Of which I meaneest boast my selfe to be,
 And most that vnto them I am so me

Phyllis, *Chanllts*, and sweet *AmaryUts*, 540
Phllths the faire, is eldest of the three
 The next to her, is bountifull *Ckarlths*
 But th'youngest is the highest in degree
Phyllis the floure of rare perfection,
 Faire spreading forth her leaues with fresh
 delight,
 That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
 Bereaue of sence each rash beholders sight
 But sweet *Ckarlths* is the Paragone
 Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
 Admyr'd of all, yet enuied of none, 550
 Through the myld temperance of her goodly
 raies
 Thnce happie do I hold thee noble swaine
 The which art of so rich a spoile posset,
 And it embracing deare without disdaine,
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest
 Of all theshepheards daughters which there bee,
 (And yet there be the fairest vnder skie,
 Or that elsewhere I euer yet did see)
 A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eie
 She is the pride and primrose of the rest, 560
 Made by the maker selfe to be admired
 And like a goodly beacon high address,
 That is with sparks of heauenle beautie fired
 But *Amaryllis*, whether fortunate,
 Or else vnfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from *Cupids* yoke by fate,
 Since which she doth new bands aduenture
 dread
 Shepheard what euer thou hast heard to be
 In this or that prayds diuersly apart, 569
 In her thou maist them ail assembled see,
 And seald vp in the threasure of her hart
 Ne thee lesse worthie gentle *Flauia*,
 For thy chaste lile and vertue I esteeme
 Ne thee lesse worthie curteous *Candida*,
 For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme
 Besides yet many mo that *Cynthia* serue,
 Right noble Nymphs, and high to be com
 mended
 But if I all should praise as they deserue,
 This sun would fade me ere I halfe had ended
 Therefore in closure of a thankfull mynd, 580
 I deeme it best to hold eternally,
 Their bounteousdeeds and noble fauoursshrynd,
 Then by discourse them to mdignifie
 So hauing said, *Aglaura* him bespake
Colin, well worthie were those goodly fauours
 Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
 And them requitest with thy thankfull labours
 But of great *Cynthiaes* poodnesse and high grace,
 Finish the stone which thou hast begunne
 More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case 590
 How to begin, then know how to haue donne
 For euene gift and euene goodly meed,
 Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day,
 And euene day, in which she did a deed,
 Demaunds a yeare it duly to display
 Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
 The which doth softly tinkle from the hiue
 Hable to melt the hearers heart vnweeting,
 And eke to make the dead againe aliue 599
 Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
 Which load the braunches of the fruitfull vine
 Offring to fall into epch mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine
 Her lookes were like beames of themormngSun,
 Forth looking through the windowes of the East
 When first the fleecie cattell haue begun
 Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast
 Her thoughts are like the fume of Franckm-
 cence,
 Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise
 And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro
 thence 610
 In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies
 There she beholds with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her owne creation
 Emongst the seats of Anglts heauenly wrought,
 Much hke an Angell in all forme and fashion
Colin (said *Cuddy* then) thou liast forgot
 Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie
 Such loftie flight, base shepheard seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie
 True (answered he) but her great excellence,
 Lifts me aboue the measure of my might 621
 That being fild with furious insolence,
 I feele my selfe like one yrap in spight
 For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speake it fitly forth
 And when I speake of her what I haue thought,
 I cannot thinke according to her worth
 Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
 And when as death these vitall bands shall
 breake, 630
 Her name recorded I will leaue for euer
 Her name in euery tree I will endosse,
 That as the trees do grow, her name may grow
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it know
 The speaking woods and murmuring waters fall,
 Her name He teach in knownen termes to frame
 And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
 He teach to call for *Cynthia* by name
 And long while after I am dead and rotten
 Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing
 rownd, 641
 My layes made of her shall not be forgotten
 But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd,

And ye, who so ye be, that shall suruiue
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be wnesse of her bountie here ahue,
Which she to *Colin* her poore shepheard shewed

Much was the whole assembly of those heards,
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake
And stood awhile astonisht at his words, 650
Till *Thestyhs* at last their silence brake,
Saying, Why *Colin*, since thou foundst such grace
With *Cynthia* and all her noble crew
Why didst thou euer leaue that happie place,
In which such wealth might vnto thee accrew ?
And back retumedst to this barreine soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with
toyle,

Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell
Happie indeed (said *Colin*) I him hold, 660
That may that blessed presence still enioy,
Of fortune and of enuy vncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states t'annoy
But I by that which little while I prouoed
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually houed,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee
I herefore I silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent, 669
Durst not aduenture such vnknown wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose vtmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then hauing leard repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there descryde

Shepheard (said *Thestyhs*) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enuiest, rather then of nght
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest
spie 679

Cause haue I none (quoth he) of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demead so well
But seife regard of puate good or ill,
Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell,
And eke to wame yong shepheards wandnng
wit,

Which through report of that hues painted
bhsse,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leaue their lames to losse, misled amisse
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard nt to lead m that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice and with
strife, 690

To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise and he doth soonest rise
rhat best can handle his deceitfull wit,
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights deuise,

Either by slaundnng his well deemed name,
Through leasngs lewd, and famed forgene
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie,
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie, 700
A filed toung furnisht with teames of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery
For arts of schoole haue there small counten
ance,

Counted but toyes to busie ydle brames,
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others games
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can applie
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie 710
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by homes, or asses by their eares
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts, that homes the highest beares
For highest lookes haue not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest
thoughts

But are like bladders blownen vp with wynd,
That being pnckt do vanish into noughts
Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away,
Such is their glone that in simple eie 721
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most
gay

So they themselues for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall,
With pnce whereof, they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rowmes in bowre and
hall

Whiles single Truth and simple honestie
Do wander vp and downe despy'sd of all,
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry 729
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call
Ah *Colin* (then said *Hobtnol*) the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on *Lobbin* (*Lobbin* well thou knewest)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As euer else in Princes Court thou vewest
Of which, among you many yet remaine, 739
Whose names I cannot readifv now ghesse
Those that poore Sutors papers do retame,
And those that skill of medicine professe
And those that do to *Cynthia* expound
The led den of straunge languages in charge.
For *Cynthia* doth in sciences abound,
And giues to their professors stipends large

Therefore vmustly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou miskkedst in a few

Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse generall,
Then that which pnuate errours doth purswe
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee,
Full many persons of right worthie parts, 752
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee,
For all the rest do most what fare amis,
And yet their owne misfarmg will not see
For either they be puffed vp with pride,
Or fraught with enuie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse diuide, 761
Or drowned lie m pleasures wastfull well,
In which like Moldwarps nouselmg still they
lurke,

Vnmyndfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse,
And do themselves for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie loue professe,
Whose seruice high so basely they enswe,
That *Cupid* selfe of them ashamed is,
And mustng all his men in *Venus* vew,
Denies them quite for seruitors of his 770

And is loue then (said *Corylas*) once knowne
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there ?
I weened sure he was our God alone
And only wound in fields and forests here

Not so (quoth he) loue most aboundeth
there

For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of loue, and loue, and loue my dearc,
And all their talke and studie is of it
Ne any there doth braue or valiant seeme,
Vnlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he
beares 780

Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares
But they of loue and of his sacred kre,
(As it should be) all otherwise deuise,
Then we poore shepherds are accustomed here,
And him do sue and,serue all otherwise
For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophage,
And vse his ydle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine 790
So him they do .not serue as they professe,
But make him strue to them for sordid vses,
Ah my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts
possesse,

Auenge thy selfe on them for their abuses
But we poore shepherds, whether rightlv so,
Or through our rudenesse into error led,
Do make religion how we rashly go,
To seruc that God, that is so greatly dred,

For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples, of one kynd,
For *Venus* selfe doth soly couples seeme, 801
Both maleandfemale, through commxtureioynd,
So pure and spotlesse *Cuptd* forth she brought,
And in the gardens of *Adorns* nurst
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That *loue* himselfe his powre began to dread,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new
From thence he shootes his arrowes euery where
Into the world, at randon as he will, 812
On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe vs pleaseth, saue or spill
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heauen vphfted hre,
That to true lous he may vs euermore
Preferre, and of thtir grace vs dignifie
Ne is thereshepherd,neyetshepherdsswaine,
What euer feeds m forest or in field, 820
That dare with euil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termesvnworthie yield

Shepherd it seemes that some celestial! rage
Of loue (quoth*Cuddy*) isbreath'd into thy brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage,
Of that high powre, where with thou art possesst
But neuer wist I till this present day
Albe of loue I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed 830
Well may it seeme by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest bee
So well thou wot'st the mystene of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present sec

Of lous perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said *Colin*) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t'expresse his powre diuine
tor long before the world he was y'bore
And bad aboue in *Venus* bosome deare 840
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare
For how should else things so far from attone
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be euer drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree ?
Through him the cold began to couet heat,
And water fire, the light to mount on hie,
And th'heaue downe to peize, the hungry t'eat
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie 850

So being former foes, they waxed friends,
And gan by litle learne to loue each other
So being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.

Then first gan heauen out of darknesse dread
 For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day
 Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
 Out of deep waters which her drown'd alway
 And shortly after, euerie liung wight 859
 Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature,
 Soone as on them the Suns life gluing light,
 Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
 Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
 And like himselfe desire for to beget,
 The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Doue
 Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet
 But man that had the sparke of reasons might,
 More then the rest to rule his passion,
 Chose for his loue the fairest in his sight,
 Like as himselfe was fairest by creation 870
 For beau tie is the bayt which with delight
 Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kynd,
 Beautie the burning lamp of heauens light,
 Darting her beames into each feeble mynd
 Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd,
 Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound,
 But being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
 Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd
 Then do they cry and call to loue apace,
 With praiers lowd importuning the skie, 880
 Whence he them heares, and when he list shew
 grace,
 Does graunte them grace that otherwise would die
 So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
 And rules the creatures by his powrfull saw
 All being made the vassalls of his might,
 Through secret sence which therto doth them
 draw

Thus ought all louers of their lord to deeme
 And with chaste heart to honor him alway
 But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
 Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay 890
 For their desire is base, and doth not merit,
 The name of loue, but of disloyall lust
 Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,
 But as Exuls out of his court be thrust

So hauing said, *Melissa* spake at will,
Colin, thou now full deeply hast diuyn'd
 Of loue and beautie, and with wondrous skill,
 Hast *Cypri* selfe depainted in his kynd
 To thee are all true louers greatly bound, 899
 That doest their cause so mightily defend
 But most, all women are thy debtors found,
 That doest their bountie still so much commend
 That ill (said *Hobbinot*) they him requite,
 For after loued euer one most deare
 He is repaid with scorne and foule despite,
 That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth
 heare

Indeed (said *Lucid*) I haue often heard
 Faire *Rosalind* of diuers fowly blamed
 For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
 That her bright glorie else hath much defamed
 But who can tell what cause had that faire
 Mayd 911

To vse him so that vsed her so well
 Or who with blame can mstly her vpbrayd,
 For louing not ? for who can loue compell?
 And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
 Rashly to wyten creatures so diume,
 For demigods they be and first did spring
 From heauen, though graft in frailnesse
 feminine

And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
 How one that fairest *Helene* did reuile 920
 Through ymdgment of the Gods to been
 ywroken

Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
 Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
 And made amends to her with treble praise
 Beware therefore, ye grooms, I read betimes,
 How rashly blame of *Rosalind* ye raise

Ah shepheards (then said *Colin*) ye ne weet
 How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw
 To make so bold a doome with words vnmet,
 Of thing celestiall which ye neuer saw 930
 For she is not like as the other crew
 Of shepheards daughters which emongst you
 bee,

But of diume regard and heauenly hew,
 Excelling all that euer ye did see
 Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
 But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie
 So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
 And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue
 Yet that I may her honour parauant, 941
 And praise her worth, though far my wit about
 Such grace shall be some guerdon for the gnefe,
 And long affliction which I haue endured
 Such grace sometimes shall giue me some
 reहेfe,

And ease of pame which cannot be recured
 And ye my fellow shepheards which do see
 And heare the languours of my too long dying,
 Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
 This simple trophe of her great conquest 951

So hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
 And after him vprose eke all the rest
 All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
 Warnd them to draw their bleatmg flocks to
 rest

FINIS

T



A S T R O P H E L .

A Paſtorall Elegie vpon
the death of the moſt Noble and valorous
Knight, Sir *Philip Sidney*.

Dedicated

*To the moſt beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Counteſſe
of Effex.*



Astrophel.

Shep **heards that wont on pipes of oaten reed,** or he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Soft times to plaine your loues concealed smother, amongst the shepheards in their shearing feast
And with your piteous layes haue learned to breed comers larke that with her song doth greet
Compassion in a counlrey lasses hart The dawning day forth comming from the East
Hearken ye gentle shepheards to my song. And layes of loue he also could compose
And place my dokfull plaint your plaints emong rise happie she, whom he to praise did chose
To you alone I sing this mournfull verse, Full many Maydens often did him woo,
The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
To you whose softened hearts it may empten he, make for them as he was wont to doo,
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel 10 For her that did his heart with loue inflame
To you I sing and to none other wight, For which they promised to dight, for him, 41
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrmonds trim
Yet as they been, if any nycer wit And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Shall hap to heare, or coul them to read Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit both christall wells and shadie groues forsooke,
Made not to please the liuing but the dead To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill
And if in him found pity euer place, And brought him presents, flowers if it were
Let him be moov d to pity such a case prime,

A Gentle Shepheard borne in Arcady,
 Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore
 About the grassie bancks of Hæmony,
 Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store
 Full carefully he kept them day and night,
 In fairest fields, and *Astrophel* he hight
 Young *Astrophel* the pride of shepheards praise,
 Young *Astropfiel* the rusticke lasses loue
 Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
 In all that setmly shepheard might behoue 10
 In one thing onely faying of the best,
 That he was not so happie as the rest
 Ior from the time that first the Nymph his
 mother

Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to
 feed,

A sclender swame excelling far each other,
 In comely shape, like her that had him breed,
 He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,
 And doubly faire wox both in mynd and face
 Winch daily more and more he did augment,
 With gentle vsage and demeanure myld 20
 That all mens hearts with secret raushment
 He stole away, and weetmgly beguyld
 Ne spight it selfe that all good things doth spill,
 Found ought in him, that she could say was ill
 His sports were faire, his loyance innocent,
 Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall
 And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
 Menly masking both in bowre and hall
 There was no pleasure nor delight full play,
 When *Astrophel* so euer was away 30

Or mellow fruit if it were haruest time
 But he for none of them did care a whit,
 Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore 50
 Ne for their gifts vnworthie of his wit,
 Yet not vnworthie of the countries store
 For one alone he cared, for one he sight,
 His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight
Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
 As faire as *Venus* or the fairest faire
 A fairer star saw neuer liuing eie,
 Shothersharp pointed beames through purestaire
 Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
 His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon
 her 60

To her he vowd the seruice of his daies,
 On her he spent the riches of his wit
 For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
 Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ
 Her, and but her, of loue he worthie deemed,
 For all the rest but litle he esteemed
 Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
 And verses vaine (yet verses are not vaine)
 But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowed,
 And bold atchieuements her did entertaine 70
 For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
 Both wise and hardie (too hardie alaa)
 In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
 In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepheards are emong
 In euery one he vanquisht euery one,
 He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,
 Or rather mfelicitie he found 80
 That euery field and forest far away,
 He sought, where saluage beasts do most
 abound

No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
 No chase so hard, but he therein had skill

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,
 Did prick him forth with proud desire or
 praise

To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad,
 His mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise
 What needeth penll to be sought abroad,
 Since round about vs, it doth make abroad?

It fortun'd, as he that perilous game 91
 In forreine soyle pursued far away
 Into a forest wide and waste he came
 Where store he heard to be of saluage pray
 So wide a forest and so waste as this,
 Nor famous *Ardeyn*, nor fowle *Arlo* is

There his welwouen toyles and subtil trames
 He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap
 So well he wrought with practise and with
 paines, 99

That he of them great troupes did soone entrap
 Full happie man (misweenmg much) was hee,
 So rich a spoile within his power to see

Eftsoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
 Full greedily into the heard he thrust
 To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
 Least that his toyle should of their troupes be
 brust

Wide wounds amongst them many one he made,
 Now with his sharp borespear, now with his
 blade

His care was all how he them all might kill,
 That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)
 III mynd so much to mynd anothers ill, in
 As to become vmmyndfull of his owne
 But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,
 That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies

So as he rag'd amongst that beastly rout,
 A cruell beast of most accursed brood
 Vpon him turnd (despeyre makes cowards stout)
 And with fell tooth accustomed to blood, 118
 Launched his thigh with so mischieuous might,
 That it both bone and muscles ryued quight

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
 And sohugestreames of blood thereout did flow,
 That he endured not the direfull stound,
 But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw
 The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
 And hauing none to let, to wood did wend

Ah where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
 To whom aliue was nought so deare as nee
 And ye faire Mayds the matches of his yeares,
 Which in his grace did boast you most to bee ?
 Ah where were ye, when he of you had need,
 To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed ?
 Ah wretched boy the shape of dreryhead,
 And sad ensample of mans suddein end
 Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
 Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or frend
 Whitest none is nigh, thine eylyds vp to close,
 And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose
 A sort of shepheards sewing of the chase,
 As they the forest raunged on a day 140

By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
 Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay
 Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,
 Had not good hap those shepheards thether led
 They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
 And in their armes then softly did him reare
 Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued lasse,
 His dearest loue him dolefully did beare
 The dolefulst beare that euer man did see,
 Was *Astrophel*, but dearest vnto mee 150
 She when she saw her loue in such a plight,
 With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed
 That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
 And her deare fauours dearly well adorned,
 Her face, the fairest face, that eye mote see,
 She likewise did deforme like him to bee
 Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
 As Sunny beames in fairest somers day
 She fiersly tore, and with outrageous wrong
 From her red cheeks the roses rent away 160
 And her faire brest the threasury of loy,
 She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy
 His palled face impictured with death,
 She bathed oft with teares and dried oft
 And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath,
 Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft
 And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
 But onely by his lookes did tell his thought
 The rest of her impatient regret,
 And piteous mone the which she for him made,
 No toong can tell, nor any forth can set, 171
 But he whose heart like sorrow did inuade
 At last when name his vitall powres had spent,
 His wasted lite her weary lodge forwent
 Which when she saw, she staled not a whit,
 But after him did make vntimely haste
 Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
 And followed her make like Turtle chaste
 To proue that death their hearts cannot diuide,
 Which liuing were in loue so firmly tide 180

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld,
 And pittymg this paire of louers trew,
 Transformed them there lying on the field,
 Into one flowre that is both red and blew
 It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
 Like *Astrophel*, which thereinto was made
 And in the midst thereof a star appears,
 As fairly formd as any star in skyes
 Resembling *Stella* in her freshest yeares,
 Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,
 And all the day it standeth full of deow, 191
 Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow
 That hearbe of some, Starlight is cald by name,
 Of others *Penthta*, though not so well
 But thou where euer thou doest finde the same,
 From this day forth do call it *Astrophel*
 And when so euer thou it vp doest take,
 Do pluck it softly for that shepherds sake
 Hereof when tydms far abroad did passe,
 The shepherds all which loued him full deare,
 And sure full deare of all he loued was, 201
 Did thether flock to see what they did heare
 And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed
 The same with bitter teares they all bedewed
 And euery one did make exceeding mone,
 With inward anguish and great gnefe opprest
 And euery one did wetp and waile, and mone,
 And meanes devis'd to shew his sorrow best
 That from that houre since first on grassie
 greene
 Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning
 seen 210

But first his sister that *Clorinda* hight,
 The gentlest sheheardesse that hues this day
 And most resembling both in shape and spright
 Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay
 Which least I marre the sweetnesse of the
 vearse,
 In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse

AY me, to whom shall I my case com
 plamc,
 That may compassion my impatient grieft ?
 Or where shall I enfold my inward paine,
 That my enriuen heart may find reहेft ?
 Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it show ?
 Or vnto earthly men that dwell below ?
 To heauens ? ah they alas the authors were,
 And workers of my vnremedied wo
 For they foresee what to vs happens here,
 And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so 10
 From them comes good, from them comes
 also ll,
 That which they made, who can them warne
 to spill

To men ? ah they alas like wretched bee,
 And subiect to the heauens ordinance
 Bound to abide what euer they decree,
 Their best redresse, is their best sufferance
 How then can they, like wretched, comfort
 mee,
 The which no lesse, need comforted to bee ?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
 Sith none ahue like sorrowfull remains 20
 And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
 To pay their vsury with doubled paines
 The woods, the hills, the nuers shall resound
 The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground

Woods, hills and nuers, now are desolate,
 Sith he is gone the which them all did grace
 And all the fields do waile their widow state,
 Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface
 The fairest flowre m field that euer grew,
 Was *Astrophel*, that was, we all may rew,
 What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne, 31
 Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a
 flowre ?

Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
 And cleane defaced in vntimely howre
 Great losse to all that euer him did see,
 Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee
 Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepherds
 lasses,

Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, isgon
 The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to
 ashes,

Neuer againe let lasse put gyrlond on 40
 In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres now,
 And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe
 Ne euer sing the loue layes which he made,
 Who euer made such layes of loue as hee ?
 Ne euer read the riddles, which he sayd
 Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee
 Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
 Your mery maker now alas is dead
 Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,
 Hath robbed you and reft fro me my loy 50
 Both you and me, and all the world he quight
 Hath robd of loyance, and left sad annoy
 loy of the world, and shepherds pride was
 hee,

Shepherds hope neuer like againe to see
 Oh death that hast vs of such riches reft,
 Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done ?
 What is become of him whose flowre here left
 Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone
 Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
 Nought like, but that he like a shade
 did pas 60

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace
By soueraine choyce from th'heuenly quires
select,

And lineally denv'd from Angels race,

 O what is now of it become, aread

 Ay me, can so diume a thing be dead ?

Ah no it is not dead, ne can it dre,

But hues for aie, in bhsfull Paradise

Where like a new borne babe it soft doth he

In bed of hlhes wrapt in tender wise 70

 And compast all about with roses sweet,

 And damtie violets from head to feet

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,

To him do sweetly caroll day and night

And with strange notes, of him well vnderstood,

Lull him a sleep in Angelick delight,

 Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee

 Immortall beauties, which no eye may see

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure

Of their diume aspects, appearing plaine, 80

And kindling loue in him aboue all measure,

Sweet loue still wyous, neuer feeling paine

 For what so goodly forme he there doth see,

 He may enioy from lealous rancor free

There liliueth he in euerlastmg blis,

Sweet spirit neuer fearing more to die

Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,

Ne fearing saluage beasts more crueltie

 Whilest we here wretches waile his pnuate lack,

 And with vame vowes do often call him back

But hue thou there still happie, happie spirit,

And giue vs leaue thee here thus to lament

Not thee that doest thy heauens loy inherit,

But our owne selues that here in dole are drent

 Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,

 Mourning in others, our owne miseries

Wftuch when she ended had, another swaine

Of gentle wit and daintie sweet deuce

Whom *Astrophel* full deare did entertaîne, 99

Whilest here he hv'd, und held in passing price,

Ilight *Theslyhs*, began his mournfull tourne,

And made the *Muses* m his song to mourne

And after him full many other moe,

As eueue one in order lov'd him best,

Gan dight themselues t'exprcsse their inward

woe,

With dolefull layes vnto the time address,

The which I here in order will rehearse,

As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse

The mourntfig Muse of Thestylis.

Come forth ye Nymphes come forth, forsake vour watrv bow res,
Forsake your mossy caues, and help me to lament

Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound

Of *Ltffies* tumbling streames Come let salt teares of ours,

Mix with his waters fresh O come, let one consent

Ioyne vs to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly wound

Which fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher powres

The dreery day m which they haue from vs yrent

The noblest plant that might from East to West be found

Mourne, mourn, great *Philips* fall, mourn we his wofull end,

Whom spitefull death hath pluct vntimely from the tree,

Whiles yet his yeares in flowre, did promise worthie frute

 Ah dreadfull *Mars* why didst thou not thy knight defend ?

What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours hath moued thee

Of such a shining light to leaue vs destitute ?

Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst vs behold,

Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,

And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute

Fame and rtnowme to vs for glorious martiall deeds

But now thy ireful bemes haue chill'd our harts with cold ,

Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land

Farre off to others now, thy fauour honour breeds,

And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our clime (I feare)

For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at hand,

Thou woldst haue heard the cry that woful England made,

Eke *Zelands* piteous plaints, and *Hollands* toren heare

Would haply haue appeas'd thy diuine angry mynd
 Thou shouldst haue seen the trees refuse to yeeld their shade,
 And wailing to let fall the honor of their head,
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kmde 30
 Vp from his tombe the mightie *Corineus* rose,
 Who cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,
 His hoary locks he tare, calling the heauens vnkinde
 The *Thames* was heard to roare, the *Reyne* and eke the *Mose*,
 The *Schald* the *Danow* selfe this great mischance did rue,
 With torment and with grief, their fountains pure and cleere
 Were troubled, and with swelling flouds declar'd their woes
 The *Muses* comfortles, the *Nymphs* with paled hue,
 The *Siluan* Gods likewise came running farre and neere,
 And all with teares bedewd, and eyes cast vp on hie, 40
 O help, O help ye Gods, they ghastly gan to crie
 O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
 And graunt that natures course may measure out his age
 The beasts their foode forsooke, and trembling fearfully,
 Each sought his caue or den, this cry did them so fright
 Out from amid the waues, by storme then stirr'd to rage
 This crie did cause to rise th'old father *Ocean* hoare,
 Who graue with eld, and full of maiestie in sight,
 Spake m this wise Refrain (quoth he) your teares and plaints,
 Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests no more 50
 No humble speech nor mone, may moue the fixed stint
 Of destinie or death Such is his will that paints
 The earth with colours fresh, the darkest skies with store
 Of starry lights And though your teares a hart of flint
 Might tender mike, yet nought herein they will preuaile
 Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to feele
 His vitill force to faint, and death with cruell dint
 Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
 With eyes lift vp to heav'n, and courage franke as Steele,
 With cheerfull face, where valour huely was exprest, 60
 But humble mynd he said O Lord if ought this fraile
 And earthly carcasse haue thy scruiue sought t'aduance,
 If my desire haue bene still to reheue th'opprest
 If Iustice to maintaine that valour I haue spent
 Which thou me gau'st, or if henceforth I might aduance
 Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou think best,
 Porbeare these vnripe yeares But if thy will be bent,
 If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set,
 Through pure and feruent faith, I hope now to be plast,
 In th'eueralasting blis, which with thy precious blood 70
 Thou purchase didst for vs With that a sigh he fet,
 And straight a cloudie mist his senses ouercast,
 His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
 Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
 Which languisheth being shred by culter as it past
 A trembling chilly cold ran thogh their vemes, which were
 With eies bnmfull of teares to see his fatall howre
 Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did declare,
 Next, murmuring ensue, at last they not forbear
 Plainc outcries, all against the heau'ns that enuiously 80
 'Depnv'd vs of a spright so perfect and so rare
 The Sun his hghtsom beames did shrowd, and hide his face

For gnefe, whereby the earth feard night eternally,
 The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the riuers turn'd their streames,
 And th'aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace
 And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie gleames,
 Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did seeme
 To rent the skies, and made both man and beast afear'd
 The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance foretold,
 By dernfull noise, and dogs with howling made man deeme 90
 Some mischief was at hand for such they do esteeme
 As tokens of mishap, and so haue done of old
 Ah that thou hadst but heard his louely *Stella* plame
 Her greuous Losse, or seene her heauie mourning cheere,
 While she with woe opprest, her sorrowes did vnfold
 Her haire hung lose neglect, about her shoulders twame,
 And from those two bright starres, to him sometime so deere,
 Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson downe
 Twixt hilly and the rose She wroong her hands with pame, 100
 And piteously gan say, My true and faithfull pheere,
 Alas and woe is me, why should my fortune frowne
 On me thus frowardly to rob me of my loy ?
 What cruell enuious hand hath taken thee away,
 And with thee my content, my comfort and my stay ?
 Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy
 When they did me assaie, in thee my hopes did rest
 Alas what now is left but grief, that night and day
 Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
 Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest ?
 O greedie enuious heau'n what needed thee to haue no
 Enricht with such a Jeweil this vnhappy age,
 To take it back againe so soone ? Alas when shall
 Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy graue
 My onely treasure hides the loyes of my poore hart ?
 As here with thee on earth I hv'd, euen so equall
 Methmkes it were with thee in heau'n I did abide
 And as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
 So reason would that there of thy most happie state
 I had my share Alas if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leaue me thus alone 120
 In darknesse and astray, weake, weane, desolate,
 Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
 Me with thee, to the place of rest where thou art gone
 This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her toong,
 And instead of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
 Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro
 And with her sobs and sighs, th'aire round about her roong
 If *Venus* when she waild her deare *Adonis* slaine,
 Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
 His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong, 130
 Would sure haue made thee milde, and mly rue her pame
Aurora halfe so faire, her selfe did neuer show,
 When from old *Tithons* bed, shee weeping did arise
 The bnded archer boy, like larke in showre of rame
 Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
 Vnder those cnstall drops, which fell from her faire eies,
 And at their brightest beames him proynd in louely wise.
 Yet sone for her grief, which he could not amend,

THE MOVRNING MVSE OF THESTYLIS

The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those lights,
 Those lights through which, his glory and his conquests shme 143
 The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,
 Along her yuorie brest the treasure of delights
 All things with her to weep, it seemed, did enclme,
 The trees, the hills, the dales, the caues, the stones so cold
 The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, rame and mist,
 lorbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe,
 Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of *Pirrha* shold,
 Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds vntwist
 For *Phoebus* gladsome raies were wished for m vaine,
 And with her quiuennng light *Laionas* daughter faire, 150
 And *Charles waine* eke refus'd to be the shipmans guide
 On *Neptune* warre was made by *Aeolus* and his trame,
 Who letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th'aire,
 So that on eu'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
 Or else were swallowed vp in open sea with waues,
 And such as came to shoare, were beaten with despaire
 The Medwaies siluer streames, that wont so still to slide,
 Were troubled now and wrothe whose hidden hollow caues
 Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
 Ay *Phillip* did resownd, aie *Phillip* they did crie 160
 His Nymphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil it craues)
 With haire spred to the wynd themselues to bath or sport,
 Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly
 I he pleasant damtie fish to entangle or deceiue
 The shtpheards left their wonted places of resort,
 Their bagpipes now were still, their louing mery layes
 Were quite forgot, and now their flocks, men might perceiue
 To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect
 And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and dayes,
 Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints and mone 170
 But thou (O blessed soule) doest haply not respect,
 These teares we shead, though full of louing pure affect,
 Hauing afhxt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
 Where full of maiestie the high creator reignes
 In whose bright shining face thy loyes are all complete,
 Whose loue kindles thy spright, where happie alwaies one,
 Thou hu'st m blis that earthly passion neuer staines ,
 Where from the purest spring the sacred *Nectar* sweete
 Is thy continuall drinke where thou doest gather now
 Of well employed life, th'inestimable games 180
 There *Venus* on thee smiles, *Apollo* giues thee place,
 And *Mars* in reuerent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
 And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most
 In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
 A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell
 Thy noble acts arew, whereby euen they that boast
 Themselues of auncient fame, as *Pttrrhys*, *Hanmball*,
Sapio and *Caesar*, with the rest that did excell
 In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire
 All haile therefore O worthie *Phillip* immortal, 190
 The flowre of *Sydneyes* race, the honour of thy name,
 Whose worthie praise to sing, my *Muses* not aspire,
 But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,
 Yet with their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
 Extend, that enuius rage, nor time might end the same.

A pastor all Aeglogue vpon the death of Sir Phillip Sidney Knight, c.

Lycon *Colin*

C *Olin*, well fits thy sad cheare this sad
stownd,
This wofullstownd, whereinall things complame
This great mishap, this greuous losse of ow res
Hear'st thou the *Orown*? how with hollow
sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say vnto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees,
Philtstides is dead Vp lolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn My hart with grief doth
freese, 10
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude But as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrow es of my hart
Colin Ah *Lycon*, *Lycon*, what need skill, to
teach
A gneued mynd powre forth his plaints -¹ how
long
Hath the pore Turtle gon to school (weenest
thou)
To learne to moume her lost make? No, no,
each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander
now ? 20
Seemeth their leaders bell their bking tunes
In dolefull sound Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that
prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Vnto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth vs inuite to make a sad consort, 31
Come let vs loyne our mournfull song with
theirs
Gnefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and *Eccho* will our words report
Lye Though my rude rymes, ill with thy
verses frame,
That others farre excell, yet will I force
My selfe to answer thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with his high name

But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave, vouchsafe (*O Pan*)
To pardon me, and here this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it 42
And eke ye rurall *Muses*, that do dwell
In these wilde woods, If euer piteous plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
With words of pure affect, his gnefe to tell,
Instruct me now Now *Colin* then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde
Colin *Philtstides* is dead O harmfull death,
O deadly harme Vnhappie *Albion* 50
When shalt thou see among thy shepheards all,
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom vneath
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill,
Curteous, valiant, and hberall
Behold the sacred *Pales*, where with haire
Vntrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill
And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send
A flood of teares to bathe the earth, and there
Doth call the heau'ns despightfull, enuius,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end 60
Of that same life, well worthie to haue bene
Prolongd with many yeares, happie and
famous
The Nymphs and *Oreades* her round about
UDO sit lamenting on the grassie grene,
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest
brests,
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To giue the fatall stroke The starres they
blame,
That deife or carelesse secme at their request
The pleasant shade of stitely groues they shun,
They leaue their cristall springs, where they
wont frame 70
Sweet bowres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,
To sport themselues free from the scorching
Sun
And now the hollow caucs where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire
They secke, and there in mourning spend
their time
With waillfull tunes, whiles wolues do howle
and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint
Lye *Philtstides* is dead O dolefull ryme
Why should ray toong expresse thee? who is
left 79
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they do faint,

Lycon vnfortunate ? What spitefull fate,
 What lucklesse destime hath thee bereft
 Of thy chief comfort, of thy onely stay ?
 Where is become thy wonted happie state,
 (Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
 Through pleasant woods, and many an vn-
 knowne way,

Along the bankes of many siluer streames,
 Thou with him yodest, and with him didst
 scale

The craggie rocks of th'Alpes and *Appemne* ?
 Still withi the *Muses* sporting, while those beames
 Of vertue kindled in his noble brest, 91
 Which after did so gloriously forth shine ?

But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
 All suddainly, and death hath them opprest
 Loe father *Neptune*, with sad countenance,
 How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
 Yonder, where th'Ocean with his rolling waues
 The white feete washeth (wailing this mis-
 chance)

Of *Douer* elides His sacred skirt about 99
 The sea gods all are set, from their moist caues
 All for his comfort gathered there they be
 The *Thamis* rich, the *Humber* rough and stout,
 The fruitfull *Seuerne*, with the rest are come
 To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
 The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall
 Of the dead corps passing through his king
 dome

And all their headb with Cypres gyrlonds
 crown'd

With wofull shrikes salute him great and small
 Eke wailfull *hecho*, forgetting her deare 109
Narctssus, their last accents, doth resownd

Col Philsides is dead 0 lucklesse age,
 0 widow w orld, 0 brookes and fountams cleere,
 0 hills, 0 dales, 0 woods that oft haue rong
 With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
 The fiercest wrath of lygre or of Beare
 Ye Siluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
 These thickets oft haue daunst after his pipe,
 Ye Nymphs and *Nayades* with golden heare,
 That oft haut left your purest cnstall springs
 To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe 120
 Away all griebe and sorrow from your harts
 Alas who now is left that like him sings ?

When shall you heare againe like harmonie ?
 So sweet a sownd, who to you now imparts ?
 Loe where engraue by his hand yet hues
 The name of *Stella*, in yonder bay tree.

L ÆGLOGVE 555

Happie name, happie tree, faire may you grow,
 And spred your sacred branch, which honor
 giues,

To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne
 Vnhappie flock that wander scattred now, 130
 What maruell if through grief ye woxen leane,
 Forsake your food, and hang your heads
 adowne ?

For such a shepherd neuer shall you guide,
 Whose parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane
Lye Philsides is dead 0 happie sprite,
 That now in heau'n with blessed soules doest
 bide

Looke down a while from where thou sitst
 aboue,

And see how busie shepherds be to endite
 Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
 And gratefull memory of their kynd loue 140
 Behold my selfe with *Colin*, gentle swame
 (Whose lerned *Muse* thou cherisht most why-
 leare)

Where we thy name recording, seeke to ease
 The inward torment and tormenting paine,
 That thy departure to vs both hath bred,
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease
 Behold the fountains now left desolate,
 And with red grasse with cypres boughes be
 spred,

Behold these floures which on thy graue we
 strew,

Which faded, shew the giuers faded state, 150
 (Though eke they shew their feruent zeale and
 pure)

Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew
 Whose praiers importune shall the heau'ns for
 That to thy ashes, rest they may assure
 That learnedst shepherds honor may thy name
 With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
 Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest
 flowrcs,

And that for euer may endure thy fame
Colin The Sun (lo) hastned hath his face to
 steep

In western waues and th'aire with stormy
 showres 160

Wames vs to dnuce homewards our silly sheep,
Lycon, fctt's rise, and take of them good keep

I *Virtutesumma aelerafortuna.*

An Elegie, or friends passion, for his *Astrophill*

Written vpon the death of the right Honourable sir
Phillip Sidney Knight, Lord gouvernour
of Flushing

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling doude, acclold the aire,
The skie like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected Phoebus golden haire,
The garnisht tree, no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird

There might you see the burly Beare
The Lion king, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
So was *Adeems* horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
With Loue mice stained the mulbene,
The fruit that dewes the Poets braine,
And *Phillis* philbert there away,
Compared with mirtle and the bay

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull *Ebonie*,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an *Amphitheater*

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie winged people sat,
Distinguished in odd degrees,
One sort in this, another that,
Here *Phlomrt*, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell 30

The skiebred *Egle* roiall bird,
Percht there vpon an oke aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer stird,
Example of immortall loue
The swan that sings about to dy,
Leauing *Meander*, stood thereby

And that which was of woonder most,
The Phoenix left sweet *Arable*
And on a *Caedar* in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicene,
As I coniecture by the same,
Preperde to take her dying flame

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one grouehng on the grasse
A man or stone, I knew not what
No stone, of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone

At length I might perceiue him reare
His bodie on his elbow end 50
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Seeming like one in vncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground

A gneuous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall strings,
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows
As doth the streame of many springs
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine 60

Incontinent with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heauily he gan to say

O sunne (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star is false, my comfort done,
Out is the applt of my eme, 70
Shine vpon those possesse delight.
And let me hue in endlesse night

O gnefe that liest vpon my soule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead,
Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,
Di'de in the brest of *Astrophill*

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts and shadie trees, 80
I am assurde ye long to kno,
40 What be the sorrowes me agreeu's,
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe

You knew, who knew not *Astrophthll*,
 (That I should hue to say I knew,
 And haue not in possession still)
 Things knowne permit me to renew,
 Of him you know his merit such,
 I cannot say, you heare too much

Within these woods of *Arcadie*,
 He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
 And on the mountaine *Parthente*,
 Vpon the chrySTALL liquid brooke,
 The Muses met him eu'ry day,
 That taught him sing, to write, and say

When he descended downe the mount,
 His personage seemed most diume,
 A thousand graces one might count,
 Vpon his louely cheerfull eie
 To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
 You were in Paradise the while

A sweet attractiue kinde of grace,
 A full assurance giuen by lookes,
 Continuall comfort in a face,
 The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
 I trowe that countenance cannot Tie,
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eie

Was neuer eie, did see that face,
 Was neuer care, did heare that tong, 110
 Was neuer minde, did mnde his grace,
 That euer thought the trauell long,
 But eies, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
 Were with his sweete perfections caught

O God, that such a worthy man,
 In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
 Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
 And we to wish for him in vaine,
 O could the stars that bred that wit,
 In force no longer fixed sit

Then being fild with learned dew,
 The Muses willed him to loue,
 That instrument can aptly shew,
 How finely our conceits will moue,
 As *Bacchus* opes dissembled harts,
 So loue sets out our better parts

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
 Most rare and rich of heavenly bhs,
 The highest in his fancie stood,
 And she could well demente this,
 Tis likely they acquainted soone,
 He was a Sun, and she a Moore

Our *Astrophthll* did *Stella* loue,
 O *Stella* vaunt of *Astrophthll*,
 Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
 Where wilt thou finde an *Astrophthll*,
 The rose and lillie haue their prime,
 And so hath beautie but a time

Although thy beautie do exceed,
 In common sight of eu'ry eie, 140
 Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
 It is apparant more thereby,

He that hath loue and mdgement too,
 90 Sees more than any other doo
 Then *Astrophthll* hath honord thee,
 For when thy bodie is extinct,
 Thy graces shall eternall be,
 And hue by vertue of his mke,
 For by his verses he doth giue,
 To short hude beautie aye to hue 150

Above all others this is hee,
 Which erst approoued in his song,
 That loue and honor might agree,

100 And that pure loue will do no wrong,
 Sweet saints, it is no smne nor blame,
 To loue a man of vertuous name
 Did neuer loue so sweetly breath
 In any mortall brest before,
 Did neuer Muse inspire beneath,
 A Poets brame with finer store 160

He wrote of loue with high conceit,
 And beautie reard about her height

Then *Pallas* afterward attyrde,
 Our *Astrophthll* with her deuce,
 Whom in his armor heaten admyrde,
 As of the nation of the skies,

He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
 As he were dight with fiene Starrs
 The blaze whereof when *Mars* beheld,
 (An enuiouse eie doth see afar) 170

Such maiestie (quoth he) is seeld,
 Such maiestie my mart may mar,
 Perhaps this may a suter be,

120 To set *Mars* by his deitie
 In this surmize he made with speede,
 An iron cane wherein he put,
 The thunder that in cloudes do breede
 The flame and bolt together shut,
 With prime force burst out againe,
 And so our *Astrophthll* was slame 180

This word (was slaine) straightway did moue,
 And natures inward life strings twitch,
 The skie immediately aboue,

130 Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
 The wrastling winds from out the ground,
 Fild all the aire with ratling sound
 The bending trees exprest a grone,

And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
 The Forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
 The birds did tune their mourning call, 190
 And *Phlome*ll for *Astrophthll*,
 Vnto her notes annex a phill

The Turtle doue with tunes of ruthe,
 Shewd feeling passion of his death,
 Me thought she said I tell thee truthe,
 Was neuer he that drew m breath,
 Vnto his loue more trustie found,

Than he for whom our griefs abound
 The swan that was m presence heere,
 Began his funerali dirge to sing, 200
 Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
 But passe away with speedie wing

This mortall life as death is tnde,
 And death giues life, and so he di'de
 The generall sorrow that was made,
 Among the creatures of kinde,
 Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
 Her ashes flyng with the wmdde,

So as I might with reason see,
 That such a Phoenix nere should bee 210
 Haply the cinders driuen about,
 May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
 But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
 It cannot sinke into my mmdde,

That vnder branches ere can bee,
 Of worth and value as the tree

The Egle markt with pearcing sight,
 The mournfull habite of the place,
 And parted thence with mounting flight,
 To signifie to *Ioue* the case, 220
 What sorrow nature doth sustaine,
 For *Astrophill* by enuie slame

And while I followed with mine eie,
 The flight the Egle vpward tooke,
 And things did vanish by and by,
 And disappeared from my looke,
 The trees, beasts, birds, and groue was
 gone,
 So was the friend that made this mone

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
 A deepe compassion in my spright, 230
 My molting hart issue, me thought,
 In streames forth at mine eies aright,
 And here my pen is forst to shynke,
 My teares discollors so mine mke

*An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable
 sir Phillip Sidney knight: Lord
 gouernor of Flushing.*

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthe
 death,

And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, diume,
 Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
 Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath
 Yet nch in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
 And friendly care obscure in secret brest,
 And loue that enuie in thy life suppress,
 Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled
 more

And I, that in thy time and huing state, 9
 Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
 As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
 With words and teares now waile thy timelesse
 fate

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
 Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that nature gaue,
 The common mother that all creatures haue,
 Doth vertue shew and princely lineage shine
 A king gaue thee thy name a kingly minde,
 That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
 For this base world, and hath resumed it neere,
 To sit in skies, and sort with powres diume 20

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy
 youth,

The heauens made hast, and staid nor yeers,
 nor time,
 The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
 Thy will, thy words thy words the scales of
 truth

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee
 thence,

To treat from kings, with those more great
 than kings,

Such hope men had to lay the highest things,
 On thy wise youth, to be transported hence
 Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee
 call, 29

Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends
 Of worthy men, the marks, the hues and ends,
 And her defence, for whom we labor all
 There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious
 age,

Gnefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might
 Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,
 But past with praise, from of this worldly stage

Back to the campe, by thee that day was
brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame,
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians
shame,
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught 40
What hath he lost, that such great grace hath
woon,
Yoongyeeres, for endles yeeres, and hope vnsure
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,
Oh happie race with so great praises run
England doth hold thy lins that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want, the world, thy vertues
fame

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay vp thy ioue,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to
come, 50
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy soule and spright enrich the heauens
about
Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighs, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile
thy fall,
Enuie her stmg, and spite hath left her gall,
Malice her selfe, a mourning garment weares
That day their *Hanmball* died, our *Scipw* fell,
Scipio, *Cicero*, and *Petrarch* of our time,
Whose vertues wounded by my worthlesse
rime, 59
Let Angels speake, and heauen thy praises tell

Another of the same.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth
rage,
Staid are my thoughts, which lou'd, and lost,
the wonder of our age
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with
frost ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I know not what dead, quick,
I know not how

Hard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares
abound,
And enuie strangely rues his end, in whom no
fault she found,
Knowledge her light hath lost, valor hath blame
her knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the
worlds delight

Place pensiue woiles his fall, whose presence
was her pride,
Time cneeth out, my ebbe is come his life was
my spring tide, 10
Fame mounes in that she lost the ground of
her reports,
Ech liumg wight laments his lacke, and i l l in
sundry sorts

He was (wo worth that word) to ech well think
mg minde,
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose
vertue euer shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he
writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest
works of wit.

He onely like himselfe, was second vnto none,
Whose deth (though hfe) we rue, and wrong,
and al in vain do mone,
Their losse, not him waile they, that fill the
world with cries,
Death slue not him, but he made death his
ladder to the skies 20

Now smke of sorrow I, who hue, the more the
wrong,
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose
thred is al to long,
Who tied to wretched hfe, who looks for no
rehefe,
Must spend my euer dying daies, in neuer end-
ing grieve

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels run on,
Whose equall length, keep equall bredth, and
neuer meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my
sorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for
liking him so well

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking
dreaumes,
Farewell sometimes enioyed loy, eclipsed are
thy beames, 30
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quiet-
nes brings forth,
And farewel friendships sacred league, vniting
minds of woorth

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse minde,	Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no km to skill,
And all sports, which for hues restore, varietie assignes,	And endies gnefe, which deads my life, yet knowes not how to kill,
Let all that sweete is voyd, in me no mirth may dwell,	Go seeke that haples tombe, which if ye hap to finde,
<i>Pktlip</i> , the cause of all this woe, my hues con tent, farewell.	Salute the stones, that keep the lims, that held so good a minde.

FINIS.

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1595-

AMORETTI
AND
Epithalamion.

Written not longfince
by Edmundc
Sfenfir.



Printed for William

To the Right Worship- full Sir Robart Need- ham Knight.

Sir, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deseruing gentleman, maister Edraond Spenser whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, vnder your name to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof, doth in some respectes properly appertaine For, besides your ludge-ment and dehghte in learned poesie This

gentle Muse for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companie, (though to your selfe vnknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you, as meetest to glut her deserued countenance, after her retourne entertame her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte best beseeing your gentle mmde, and her merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more, but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull! affection

W P

G W. senior, to the Author

DArke is the day, when *Phoebus* face is shrowded,
and weaker sights may wander soone astray
but when they see his glorious raies vnclouded,
with steddly steps they keepe the perfect way
So while this Muse in forraime landes doth stay,
inuention weepes, and pens are cast aside,
the time like night, deprivd of cheareful day,
and few do wnte, but (ah) toosoonemay slide
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
and with thy wit dylustrate Englands fame,
dawning thereby our neighbors auncient pride,
that do for poesie, challengee cheefest name
So we that hue and ages that succede
With great applause thy learned works shall reede

*Ah Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Pytyng to shepherds thy sweete roundelaies
or whether singing in some lofty vatne,
herouk deedes, of past, or present dales
Or whether in thy louely mstrts praise,
thou hst to exercise thy learned quill,
thy muse halhgotsuch grace, and power to please
with rare inuention bewlifed by skill
As who therein can euer toy their fill !
O therefore let that happy muse proceede
to dime the height of overtues sacred hill,
where endles honor shall be made thy meede
Because no malice of succeeding daies,
can rase those records of thy lasting praise*

GW I

SONNET I

HAppy ye leaues when as those lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead doing might,
shall handle you and hold in loues soft bands,
lyke captmes trembling at the victors sight
And happy lines, on which with starry light,
those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look
and reade the sorrowes of my dying snnght,
written with teares in harts close bleeding book
And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
of *Helicon* whence she denued is,
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
my soules long lacked foode, my heauens bhs
Leaues, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please
alone,
whom if ye please, I care for other none

SONNET 11

VNquiet thought, whom at the first I bred,
Of th'mward bale of my loue pined hart
andsithens haue with sighes and sorrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood
and seeke some succour both to ease my smart
and also to sustayne thy selfe with food
But if in presence of that fayrest proud
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet
and with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat
Which if she graunt, then hue, and my loue
cherish,
if not, die soone, and I with thee will perish

SONNET III

THe souerayne beauty which I doo admyre,
 witness the world how worthy to be
 prayzed
 the light wherof hath kindled heauenly fyre,
 in my fraile spirit by her from basenesse
 rayseed
 That being now withher huge bnghtnesse dazed,
 base thing I can no more endure to view
 but looking still on her I stand amazed,
 at wondrous sight of so celestially hew
 So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,
 it stopped is with thoughts astonishment
 and whtn my pen would write her titles true,
 it rausht is with fancies wonderment»
 Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
 the wonder that my wit cannot endite

SONNET IIII

NEw yeare forth looking out of Ianus gate,
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight
 and bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date
 bidsalloldthoughtstodiem dumpish spright
 And calling forth out of sad Wmters night,
 fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse
 bower
 wils him awake, and soone about him dight
 his wanton wings and darts of deadly power
 For lusty spring now in his tunely howre,
 is ready to come forth him to receiue
 and wames the Earth with diuers colord
 flowre,
 to decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weaue
 Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth
 doth raine,
 prepare your selfe new loue to entertaine

SONNET V

RVdely thou wrongest mydeare harts desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride
 the thing which I doo most in her admire,
 is of the world vnworthy most enuide
 or in those lofty lookcs is close implide,
 scorm of base things, and sdeigne of foule dis
 honor
 thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
 that loosely they ne dare to looke vpon her
 Such pride is praise, such porthnesse is honor,
 that boldncd innocence beares in hir eies
 and her faire countenance like a goodly
 banner,
 spreads in defiance of all enemies
 Was neuer in this world ought worthy tnde,
 without some spark of such self pleasing
 pride.

SONNET VI

BE nought dismayd that her vnmoued mind
 doth still persist in her rebellious pride
 such loue not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
 the harder wonne, the firmer will abide
 The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
 is long ere it conceiue the kindling fyre
 but when it once doth burne, it doth dimde,
 great heat, and makes his flames to heauen
 aspire
 So hard it is to kindle new desire,
 in gentle brest that shall endure for euer
 deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
 with chast affects, that naught but death
 can seuer
 Then thmke not long m taking litle paine,
 to knit the knot, that euer shall remaine

SONNET VII

FAyre eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
 what wondrous vertue is contaynd in you,
 the which both lyfe and death forth from you
 dart
 into the obiect of your mighty view ?
 for when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
 then is my soule with life and loue inspired
 but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
 then doe I die, as one with lightning fyled
 But since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
 looke euer louely, as becomes you best,
 that your bright beams of my weak eies
 admyred,
 may kindle liuing fire within my brest
 Such life should be the honor of your light,
 such death the sad ensample of your might

SONNET VIII

MORE then most faire, full of the liuingfire,
 Kindled aboue vnto the maker neere
 no eies but wytes, in which al powers conspire,
 that to the world naught else be counted deare
 Thruh your bright beames doth not the
 blinded guest,
 shoot out his darts to base affections wound
 but Angels come to lead fr ule mindes to rest
 in chast desires on heauenly beauty bound
 You frame my thoughts and fashion me within,
 you stop my tounge, and teach my hart to
 speake,
 you calme the storme that passion did begin,
 strong thruh your cause, but by your vertue
 weak
 Dark is the world, where your light shined
 neuer,
 well is he borne, that may behold you euer

SONNET IX

Long while I sought to what I might com
pare
those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark
spright,
yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
resemble th'ymage of their goodly light
Not to the Sun for they doo shine by night,
nor to the Moone. for they are changed
neuer,
nor to the Starres for they haue purer sight,
nor to the fire for they consume not euer,
Nor to the lightning for they still perseuer,
nor to the Diamond for they are more
tender,
nor vnto Christall for nought may them
seuer,
nor vnto glasse such basenesse raought
offend her,
Then to the Maker selfe they liket be,
whose light doth lighten all that here we see

SONNET X

VNnghteous Lord of loue, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be
the whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
of her freewill, scorning both thee and me
See how the Tyrannesse doth loy to see
the huge massacres which her eyes do make
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,
that thou of them mayst mightie vengeance
take
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake
and that high look, with which she doth
comptroll
all this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,
and al her faults in thy black booke enroll
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
as she doth laugh at me and makes my pain
her sport

SONNET XI

DAyly when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth
she cruell warnour doth her selfe addresse
to battell, and the weary war renew'th
Ne wilbe moou'd with reason or with rewth,
to graunt small respit to my restlesse toile
but greedily her fell intent pourseweth,
Of my poore life to make vnpiitted spoile
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify
but then she seekes with torment and tur
moyle,
to force me hue, and will not let me dy
All paine hath end and euery war hath peace,
bat mine no price nor prayer may surcease

SONNET XII

One day I sought with her hart thnlimgeies
to make a truce, and termes toentertaine.
all fearelesse then of so false enimies,
which sought me to entrap in treasons frame
So as I then disarmed did remame,
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth did thicke about me
throng
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
was forst to yeeld my seife mto their hands
who me captiuing streight with rigorous
wrong,
haue euer since me kept in cruell bands
So Ladie, now to you I doo complame,
against your eies that mstice I may game

SONNET XIII

IN that proud port, which her so goodly
graceth,
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie
and to the ground her eie lids low embaseth,
most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Myld humblesse mixt with awfull maiesty
Forlookmgon theearth whence she wasborne,
her mmde remembreth her mortaltie,
what so is fayrest shall to earth returne
But that same lofty countenance seemes to
scome
base thing, and thmke how she to heauen
may clime
treadingdowneearthaslodisomeandforlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with drossy
slime
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
such lowiinesse shall make you lofty be

SONNET XIII

Retourne agayne my forces late dismayd,
Vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite,
great shame it is to leaue like one afrayd,
so fayre a peece for one repulse so light
Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater
might,
then those small forts which ye were wont
belay
such haughty mynds enur'd to hardy fight,
disdayne to yield vnto the first assay
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
and lay incessant battery to her heart,
playnts, prayers, vows, ruth, sorrow, and
dismay,
those engins can the proudest loue conuert
And if those fayle, fall downe and dy before her,
so dying hue, and huing do adore her

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary
toyle,
do seeke most pretious things to make your
gain,
and both the Indias of their treasures spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine ?
For loe my loue doth in her selfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found,
if Saphyres, loe her eies be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe hir lips be Rubies sound
If Pearles, hir teeth be pearles both pure and
round,
if Yuorie, her forehead yuory weene,
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground,
if siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold

SONNET XVI

ONE day as I vnwanly did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall
light
the whiles my stonrsht hart stood in amaze,
through sweet illusion of her looks delight
I mote perceiue how in her glauncmg sight,
legions of loues with little wings did fly
darting their deadly arrowes fyry bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by
One of those archers closely I did spy,
aymmg his arrow at my very hart
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzeil broke his mismtended dart
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne,
yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine

SONNET XVII

THE glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
Made to amaze weake mens confused skil
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
what pen, what pencill can expresse her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
least trembling it his workmanship should
spill,
yet many wondrous things there are beside
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, that rob sence from the
hart
the louely pleasance and the lofty pride,
cannot expressed be by any art
A greater crafesmans hand thereto doth neede,
that can expresse the life of things indeed

SONNET XVIII

THE rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest Steele in tract of time doth
teare
and dnzlmg drops that often doe redound,
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
and long mtreaty, soften her hard hart
thatshe will once vouchsaf emy plaint toheare,
or looke with pittie on my payneful smart
But when I pleade, she bids me play my part,
and when I weep, she sayes teares are but
water
and when I sigh, she sayes I know the art,
and when I waile she turnes hir selfe to
laughter
So doe I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
whiles she as Steele and flint doth still re
mayne

SONNET XIX

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already
sounded
that warnes al louers wayt vpon ther king,
who now is commmg forth with girland
crouned
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds re
sounded
their anthemes sweet deuized of loues prayse,
that all the woods theyr ecchoes back re
bounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes
Butmongsthemall, whichdidLoueshonorrayse
no word was heard of her that most it ought,
but she his precept proudly disobayes,
and doth his ydle message set at nought
Therefore O loue, vnlesse she turne to thee
ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be

SONNET XX

IN vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
and doe mynehumbled hart before her poure
the whiles her footshe in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and reigneth ouer euery beast in field,
in his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
the silly lambe that to his might doth yield
But she more cruell and more saluage wyld,
then either Lyon or the Lyonesse
shames not to be with guilllesse bloud defylde,
but taketh glory in her cruelsesse
Fayrer then fayrest, let none euer say,
that ye were blooded in a yeilded pray

SONNET XXI

WAs it the worke of nature or of Art,
 which tempred so the feature of her face,
 that pride and meeknesse mixt byequall part,
 doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
 For with mild pleasance, which doth pride
 displace,
 she to her loue doth lookers eyes allure
 and with sterne countenance back againe doth
 chace
 their looser looks that stir vp lustes impure
 With such strange termes her eyes she doth
 inure,
 that with one looke she doth my life dismay
 and with another doth it streight recure,
 her smile me drawes, her frowne me driues
 away
 Thus doth she traine and teach me with her
 lookes,
 such art of eyes I neuer read in bookes

SONNET XXII

THis holy season fit to fast and pray,
 Men to deuotion ought to be inclind
 therefore, I lykewise on so holy day,
 for my sweet Saynt some seruice fit will find
 Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
 in which her glorious ymage placed is,
 on which my thoughts doo day and night
 attend
 lyke sacred priests that neuer thmke amisse
 There I to her as th'author of my blisse,
 will builde an altar to appease her yre
 and on the same my hart will sacrific,
 burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre
 The which vouchsafe O goddesse to accept,
 amongst thy dearest rehcks to be kept

SONNET XXIII

Penelope for her Vltsses sake,
 Deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue
 in which the worke that she all day did make
 the same at night she did againe vnreave
 Such subtle craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
 th'importune suit of my desire to shonne
 for all that I in many dayes doo weaue,
 in one short houre I find by her vndonne
 So when I thmke to end that I begonne,
 I must begin and neuer bring to end
 for with one lookeshespils that long I sponne,
 and with one word my whole yeares work
 doth rend
 Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
 whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least
 wynd

SONNET XXIII

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
 And rare perfection of each goodly part
 of natures skill the onely complement,
 I honor and admire the makers art
 But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
 which her fayre eyes vnwares doe worke in
 mee
 that death out of theyr shiny beames doe
 dart,
 I thmke that I a new Pandora see,
 Whom all the Gods in counccill did agree,
 into this smfull world from heauen to send
 that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
 for all their faults with which they did offend
 But since ye are my scourge I will intreat,
 thai for my faults ye will me gently beat

SONNET XXV

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
 And know no end of her owne mysery
 but wast and weare away in termes vsnure,
 twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully
 Yet better were attonce to let me die,
 and shew the last ensample of your pride
 then to torment me thus with cruelty,
 to proue your powre, which I too wel haue
 tnde
 But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide,
 a close intent at last to shew me grace
 then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
 as meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace
 And wish that more and greater they might be,
 that greater meede at List may turne to mee

SONNET XXVI

Sweet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere,
 Sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough,
 sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere,
 sweet is the nrbloome, but his braunches
 rough
 Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
 sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill,
 sweet is the broome flowre, but yet sowre
 enough,
 and sweet is Moly, but his root is ill
 So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,
 that maketh it be coueted the more
 for easie things that may be got at will,
 most sorts of men doe set but little store
 Why then should I accompt of litle pame,
 that endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine

AMORETTI

SONNET XXVII

Faire proud now tell me why should faire be proud,
 Sith all worlds glone is but drosse vncleane
 and in the shade of death it self e shall shroud,
 bow euer now thereof ye little weene
 That goodly Idoll now so gay besene,
 shall doffe her fleshs borowd fayre attyre
 and be forgot as it had neuer beene,
 that many now much worship and admire
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 ne any mention shall thereof remame
 but what this verse, that neuer shall expyre,
 shall to you purchas with her thankles pame
 Faire be no lenger proud of that shall perish,
 but that which shal you make immortall,
 cherish

SONNET XXVIII

The laurell leafe, which you this dav doe weare,
 glues megreat hope of your relenting mynd
 for since it is the badg which I doe beare,
 ye bearing it doe seeme to me mchnd
 Tlie powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
 let it it kewise your gentle brest inspire
 with sweet infusion, and put you m mind
 of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues
 attyre
 Proud *Daphne* scorning Phæbus louely fyre,
 on the rhessalian shore from him did flie
 for which the gods in theyr reuengefull yre
 did her transforme into a laurell tree
 Then fly no more fayrt loue from Phebus chace,
 but in your brest lus leafe and loue embrace

SONNET XXIX

See how the stubborne damzell doth depraue
 my simple meaning with disdainfull scome
 and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
 accompts my self e her captiue quite forlorne
 The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,
 yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
 and they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
 to sing the glory of their famous deedes
 But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
 let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
 that her great triumph which my skill ex
 ceeds,
 I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all
 Then would I decke her head with glorious
 bayes,
and nil the world with her victorious prayse

SONNET XXX

My loue is lyke to yse, and I to fyre,
 how comes it then that this her cold so
 great
 is not dissolu'd through my so hot desyre,
 but harder growes the more I her intreat?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 is not delayd by her hart frozen cold
 but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 and feele my flames augmented manifold?
 What more miraculous thing may be told
 that fire which all thing melts, should harden
 yse
 and yse which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
 should kindle fyre by wonderfull deuyse?
 Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
 that it can alter all the course of kynd

SONNET XXXI

AH why hath nature to so hard a hart
 giuen so goodly giftes of beauties grace?
 whose pryde deprauas each other better part,
 and all those pretious ornaments deface
 Sith to all other beastes of bloody race,
 a dreadfull countenance she giuen hath
 that with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,
 and warne to shun the daunger of theyr
 wrath
 But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
 through sweet allurement of her louely hew
 that she the better may in bloody bath
 of such poore thralls her cruell hands embrew
 But did she know how ill these two accord,
 such cruelty she would haue soone abhord

SONNET XXXII

The paynefull smith with force of feruent
 heat,
 the hardest yron soone doth mollify
 that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,
 and fashion to what he it list apply
 Yet cannot all these flames m which I fry,
 her hart more harde then yron soft awhit
 ne all the playnts and prayers with which I
 doe beat on th'anduytle of her stubberne wit
 But still the more she feruent sees my fit,
 the more she fineseth in her wilfull pryde
 and harder growes the harder she is smit,
 with all the playnts which to her be applyde.
 What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 and she to stones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET XXXIII

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
to that most sacred Emperesse my dear
dred,
not finishing her Queene of faery,
that mote enlarge her humg prayes dead
But lodwick, this of grace to me aread
doe ye not thinck th'accomplishment of it,
sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
all were it as the rest but rudely writ
How then should I without another wit,
thinck euer to endure so taedious toyle,
sins that this one is tost with troublous fit,
of a proud loue, that doth my spirite spoyle
Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe tograwnt me rest,
or lend you me another humg brest

SONNET XXXIII

LYke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
by conduct of some star doth make her way,
whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
out of her course doth wander far astray
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with cloudes is ouercast,
doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
through hidden perils round about me plast
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
my *Hehce* the lodestar of my lyfe
will shine again, and looke on me at last,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy grief
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
in secret sorow and sad pensiuenesse

SONNET XXXV

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetize,
still to behold the obiect of their paine,
with no contentment can themselues suffize
but hauing pine and haumg not complaine
For lacking it they cannot lyfe sustayne,
and hauing it they gaze on it the more
m their amazement lyke *Narcissus* vaine
whose eyes him staru'd so plenty makes me poore
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they
brooke,
but lothe the things which they did like
before,
and can no more endure on them to looke
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
andall their showes butshadows, sauing she

SONNET XXXVI

TELL me when shall these wearie woes haue
end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment neuer cease
but al my dayes in pining languor spend,
without hope of aswagement or release
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes
but that their cruelty doth still mcrease,
and dayly more augment my miseryes
But when ye haue shewed all extremityes,
then thmke how litle glory ye haue gayned
by slaying him, whose lyfe though ye despyse,
mote haue your life in honour long main
tayned
But by his death which some perhaps will mone,
ye shall condemned be of many a one

SONNET XXXVII

WHat guyle is this, that those her golden
tresses,
She doth attyre vnder a net of gold
and with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
that which is gold or heare, may scarce be
told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
she may entangle in that golden snare
and being caught may craftily enfold,
theyr weaker harts, which are notwel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe
stare
henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
in which if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any being free,
to couet fetters, though they golden bee

SONNET XXXVIII

ARion, when through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas
through the sweet musick which his harp did
make
allu'd a Dolphin him from death to ease
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
some dainty eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
nor moue the Dolphin from her stubborne will
But in her pride she dooth perseuer still,
all carelesse how my life for her decaye
yet with one word she can it saue or spill,
to spill were pittie, but to saue were prayse.
Chose rather to be prayd for doomg good,
then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET XXXIX

Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
 Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art
 with which she wons to temper angry loue,
 when all the gods he threats with thundring
 dart
 Sweet is thy vertue as thy selfe sweet art,
 for when on me thoushinedst late in sadnesse,
 a melting pleasance ran through every part,
 and me reuiued with hart robbing gladnesse
 Whylest rapt with loy resembling heauenly
 madnes,
 my soule was rauisht quite as in a trauce
 and feeling thence no more her sorowes sad
 nesse,
 fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce,
 More sweet than Nectar or Ambrosiall meat,
 seemd euery bit, which thenceforth I did eat

SONNET XL

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 And tell me whereto can ye lyken it
 when on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
 an hundred Graces as in shade to sit
 Lykest it seemeth in my simple wit
 vnto the fayre sunshine in somers day
 that when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
 through the broad world doth spread his goodly
 ray
 At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
 and euery beast that to his den was fled
 comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 and to the light lift vp theyr drouping hed
 So my storme beaten hart likewise is cheared,
 with that sunshine when cloudy looks are
 cleared

SONNET XLI

Is it her nature or is it her will,
 to be so cruell to an humbled foe ?
 if nature, then she may it mend with skill,
 if will, then she at will may will forgoe
 But if her nature and her wil be so,
 that she will plague the man that loues her
 most
 and take delight t'encrease a wretches woe,
 then all her natures goodly guifts are lost
 And that same glorious beauties ydle boast,
 is but a bayt such wretches to beguile
 as being long in her lous tempest tost,
 she meanes at last tomake her piteous spoyle
 O fayrest fayre let neuer it be named,
 that so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed

SONNET XLII

The loue which me so cruelly tormenteth,
 So pleasing is in my extreamest pame
 that all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
 the more I loue and doe embrace my bane
 Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
 to be acquit fro my continuall smart
 but loy her thrall for euer to remayne,
 and yield for pledge my poore captiued hart,
 The which that it from her may neuer start,
 let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant
 chayne
 and from all wandring lous which mote
 peruare,
 his safe assurance strongly it restrayne
 Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
 and doe me not before my time to dy

SONNET XLIII

Shall I then silent be or shall I speake ?
 And if I speake, her wrath renew I shall
 and if I silent be, my hart will breake,
 or choked be with ouerflowing gall
 What tyranny is this both my hart to thrall,
 and eke my tounge with proud restraint to tre?
 that nether I may speake nor thinke at all,
 but like a stupid stock in silence die
 Yet I my hart with silence secretly
 will teach to speake, and my iust cause to
 plead
 and eke mine eies with meeke humility,
 loue learned letters to her eyes to read
 Which her deep wit, that true harts thought
 can spel,
 will scone conceiue, and learne to construe
 well

SONNET XLIIII

When those renoumed noble Peres of
 Greece,
 through stubborn pnde amongst themselves
 did lar
 forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
 then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar
 But this continuall cruell cruill warre,
 the which my selfe agamst my selfe doe make
 whilest my weak powres of passions warreid
 arre,
 no skill can stnt nor reason can aslake
 But when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
 then doe I more augment my foes despight
 and grieue renew, and passions doe awake
 to battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight
 Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
 the more I fynd their malice to mcrease

SONNET XLV

L Eaue lady in your glasse of chnstall clene,
 Your goodly selfe for euermore to vew •
 and in my selfe, my inward selfe I meane,
 most liuely lyke behold your semblant trew
 Withm my hart, though hardly it can shew
 thing so diuine to vew of earthly eye,
 the fayre Idea of your celestiall hew,
 and euery part remames immortally
 And were it not that through your cruelty,
 with sorrow dimmed and deformd it were
 the goodly ymage of your visnomy,
 clearer then chnstall would therein appere
 But if your selfe m me ye playne will see,
 remoue the cause by which your fayre
 beames darkned be

SONNET XLVI

W Hen my abodes prefixed time is spent,
 My cruell fayre straight bids me wend
 my way
 but then from heauen most hideous stormes
 are sent
 as willing me against her will to stay
 Whom then shall I or heauen or her obey ?
 the heauens know best what is the best forme
 but as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
 my lower heauen, so it perforce must bee
 But ye high heuens, that all this sorowe see,
 sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe
 aswage your stormes, or else both you ana she,
 will both together me too sorely wrack.
 Enough it is for one man to sustaine
 the stormes, which she alone on me doth
 raine

SONNET XLVII

T Rust not the treason of those smyhng
 lookes,
 vntill ye haue theyr guylefull traynes well
 tryde
 for they are lyke but vnto golden hookes,
 that from the foolish hsh theyr bayts doe hyde
 So she with flattng smyles weake harts doth
 guyle
 vnto her loue, and tempte to theyr decay,
 whome being caught she kills with cruell pryde,
 and feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray
 Yet euen whylst her bloody hands them slay,
 her eyes looke louely and vpon them smyle
 that they take pleasure in her cruell play,
 and dying doe them selues of payne beguyle
 O mighty charm which makes men loue theyr
 bane,
and thinck they dy with pleasure, hue with
 payne

SONNET XLVIII

I nnocent paper, whom too cruell hand
 Did make the matter to auenge her yre
 and ere she could thy cause wel vnderstand.
 did sacrificze vnto the greedy fyre
 Well worthy thou to haue found better hyre,
 then so bad end for hereticks ordayned
 yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
 but plead thy maisters cause vniustly payned
 Whom she all carelesse of his grief e constrained
 to vtter forth the anguish of his hart
 and would not heare, when he to her com-
 playned,
 the piteous passion of his dying smart
 Yet hue for ever, though against her will,
 and speake her good, though she requite
 it ill

SONNET XLIX

F Ayre cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell ?
 Is it because your eyes haue powre to kill ?
 then know, that mercy is the mighties lewelly,
 and greater glory thinke to saut, then spill
 But if it be your pleasure and proud wdl,
 to shew the powre of your imperious eyes
 then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
 but bend your force against your enemies
 Let them feele th'utmost of your crueltytycs,
 and kill with looks, as Cockatrices doo
 but him that at your footstoole humbled
 lies,
 with mercifull regard, giue mercy too
 Such mercy shil you make admyred to be,
 so shall you hue by giung life to me

SONNET L

L ong languishing in double malady,
 Of my harts wound and of my bodies gnefe,
 there came to me a leach that would apply
 fit medicines for my bodies best reहेf
 Wayne man (quod I) that hast but little pнеf
 in deep discouery of the mynds disease,
 is not the hart of all the body chiefe ?
 and rules the members as it selfe doth please
 Then with some cordialls seeke first to appease
 the inward languour of my wounded hart,
 and then my body shall haue shortly ease
 but such sweet cordialls passe Physitions
 art,
 Then my lyfes Leach doe you your skill reueale,
 and with one salue both hart and body heale

Fovvre Hymnes,

MADE BY
EDM, SPENSSR,



LONDON,
Printed for William Ponfonby.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VER-

tuous Ladies, the Ladie Margaret Countesse
of Cumberland, and the Ladie Mane
Countesse of Warwicke.

HAmng in the greener times of my youth,
composed these former two Hyrnnes in the
praise of Lone and beautie, and finding that the
same too much pleased those of like age and dis-
position, which being too vehemently carted with
that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyfon
to their strong passion, then hony to their honest
delight, I was moued by the one of you two most
excellent Ladies, to call in the same But being
vnable so to doe, by reason that many copies
thereof d ere formerly scattered abroad, I resolu'd
at least to amend, and by way of retractation to
reforme them, making in stead of those two
Hyrnnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie,
two others of heavenly and celesttall The which
I doe dedicate toynly vnto you two honorable

sisters, as to the most excellent and rare orna-
ments of all true lone and beautie, both in the
one and the other knde, huttibly beseeching you
to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept
this my humble seruice, in lieu of the great graces
and honourable fauours which ye doily shew
unto me, vntill such time as I may by belter
meanes yeeld you some more notable testimoh

And euen so I pray for your happinesse

Greenwich this first of September,

1596

Your Honors most bounden euer
in all humble seruice

Ed Sp

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Cue, that long since hast to thy mighty powre,
Perforce subdu'd my poore captiu'd hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doest tyrannize in euere, weaker part,
Fame would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
By any seruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee
And now t'assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in ray need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name, 10
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wyde wounds em-
brewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdued
Onely I feare my wits enfeebl'd late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou liast
me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me, to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouerspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, 20
I should enabled be thy actes to sing

Come then, O come, thou mightie God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou doest sit in *Venus lap* aboue,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is,
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle fume, kindled of thy lire

And ye sweet Mues, which haue often prou'd
The piercing points of his auengefull darts,
And ye faire Nymphs, which oftentimes haue
loued 31

The cruell worker of your kindly smart,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,
For to receiue the triumph of your glorie,
That made you mene oft, when ye were sorie

And ye faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterue their harts, that needeth nourture
most, 39

Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your Soueraigne king

GREAT god of might, that reignest in the
mynd,

And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
And in their romng taking great delight,
Who can expresse the glone of thy might ?

Or who ahue can perfectly declare, 50
The wondrous cradle of thine mfancie ?

When thy great mother *Venus* first thee bare,
liegote of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne natiuitie,

And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares
And yet the eldest of the heavenly Peares
For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse,
Out of great *Chaos* vgly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse
kept, 60

Loue, that had now long time securely slept
In *Venus* lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by *Clotho* being waked

And taking to him wings of his owne heate,
Kindled at first from heauens hfe-giuing fy re,
He gan to moue out of his idle seate,
Weakely at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hyre,
And like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight
Through all that great wide wast, yet wanting
light 70

Yet wanting light to guide his wandrmg way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundrie parts he from them selues did
seuer,

The which before had lyen confused euer

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to raunge them selues in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspyre 80
Bach against other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Loue relented their rebellious yre

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe them selues within their sundrie rames,
Together lmkd with Adamantine chames,
Yet so, as that in euery huing wight 90
They mixe themselves, and snew their kindly
might

So euer since they firmly haue remained,
And duly well obserued his beheast,
Through which now all these things that are
contained

Within this goodly cope, both most and least
Their being haue, and dayly are increast,
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Wh'ch in the barrame cold he doth inspyre

Thereby they all do hue, and moued are.
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd, 100
Whilest thty seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame, which they in burning
fynd

But man, that breathes amore immortallmynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie

For haumg yet in his deducted spnght,
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Vnto like goodly semblant to aspyre
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth desyre
That seemes on earth most heavenly, to em
brace, 111

That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race

For sure of all, that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more diume doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th'immortall flame
Of heavenly light, then Beauties glorious beame
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fraile men, whose eyes seek heauenly things to
see,

At sight thereof so much enrauisht bee ? 119

Which well perceiumg, that imperious boy,
Doth therwith tip his sharp empoisned darts,
Which glancing through the eyes with coun
tenance coy,

Rest not, till they haue pierst the trembling
harts,

And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and dnnketh vp the
lyfe

Of carefull wretches with consuming gnefe

Thenceforth they playne, and make ful piteous
mone

Vnto the author of their bilefull bane,
The dates they waste, the nights they gneue
and grone,

Their hues they loath, and heauens light dis-
dame, 130

No light but that, whose lampe doth yet
remaine

Fresh burning m the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye

The whylst thou tyrant Loue doest laugh and
scorne

At ther complaints, making their paine thy
play,

Whylest they lye languishing like thrals for
lorne,

The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay,
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her,
Whose loue before their life they doe prefer

So hast thou often done (ay me the more)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so
sore

That whole remaines scarce any little part,
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest

Why then do I this honor vnto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name, 149
Since thou doest shew no fauour vnto mee,
Ne once moue ruth m that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame ?
Certes small glory doest thou wmn hereby,
To let her hue thus free, and me to dy

But if thou be mdeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind
presenter

Of liuing wights, the soueraine Lord of all,
How falles it then, that with thy furious
feruour,

Thou doest afflict as well the not deseruer, 159
As him that doeth thy louely heasts despize,
And on thy subjects most doest tyrannize ?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee
serue,

That ere thou doest them vnto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if they will euer swerue,
And mayest them make it better to deserue,
And hauing got it, may it more esteeme
For things hard gotten, men more dearely
deeme

So hard those heauenly beauties be enfyred,
As things diuine, least passons doe impresse,
The more of stedfast myndes to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse
But baseborne myndes such lamps regard the
lesse,

Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre,
Such fancies feele no loue, but loose desyre

For loue is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly smfull lust, 179
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen fly,
But like a moldwarpe m the earth doth ly

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselues
enure

To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre,
Which kindleth loue in generous desyre,
And makes him mount aboue the natie might
Of heaue earth, vp to the heauens hight

Such is the powre of that sweet passion, 190
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet neuer satisfyde with it,
Like *Tantale*, that in store doth sterued ly
So doth he pine in most satiety, 201
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceiued fyre

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attame,
His care, his toy, his hope is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof, all other blisse seemes vaint
Those happie man, might he the same possesse,
He fames himselfe, and doth his fortune blest

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he him selfe doth weene,
That heauens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue scene,
His harts enshrined saint, his heauens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his faynmng eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts fehcitye

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may do, her fauour to obtaine,
What braue exploit, what penllhardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what aduenturous
paine, 221
May please her best, and grace vnto him game:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, m his breast he beares

OF LOVE

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But canest him to that which he hath eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
swords and speares

Ne ought so strong that may his force with
stand,

With which thou arimest his resistlesse hand

Witnesse *Leander*, in the Euxine waues, 231
And stout *Aeneas* in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaiues,
And *Orpheus* daring to prouoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retyre
For both through heauen and hell thou makest
way,

To win them worship which to thee obay

And if by all these perils and these paynes,
He may but purchuse lykmg in her eye,
What heauens of ioy, then to himselfe he faynes,
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory, 241
What euer ill before he did aby
Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
To hue thus happie as her grace to game

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and stnieth still
Tapproch more neare, till in her inmost brest,
He may embosomed bee, and loued best,
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone 250
for loue can not endure a Paragone

The feare whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish
pame'

And to his fayning fansie represent
Sights neuer setne, and thousand shadowes
vame,

To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle brame,
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not beleuee,
Least part of th'euils which poore louers greeue

The gnawing enuie, the hart fretting feare,
I he vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delays, the woes,
The fayned friends, the vnassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a louers life a wretches hell

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker worme, that monster Gelosie,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to misene,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie 270

Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed
In gentle loue, that all his loyes defaced

By these, O Loue, thou doest thy entrance
make,

Vnto thy heauen, and doest the more endeere,
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,
As after stormes when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright and glorious doth
appeare,

So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatone,
Dost beare vnto thy blisse, and heauens glone

There thou them placest in a Paradize 280
Of all delight, and loyous happie rest,
Where they doe feede on Nectar heauenly wize,
With *Hercules* and *Hebe*, and the rest
Of *Venus* dearhngs, through her bountie blest,
And lie like Gods in yuone beds arayd,
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

There with thy daughter *Pleasure* they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay 289
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,
After full loyance of their gentle game,
Then her they crowne their Goddesse and their
Queene,

And decke with floures thy altars well besene

Ay me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might my selfe assure,
That happie port for euer to recure

Then would I thmk these paines no paines at
all,

And all my woes to be but penance small 300

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heauenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Boue all the gods, thee onely honoring,
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king,
Till then, dread Lord, vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee«

AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

AH whither, Loue, wilt thou now come mee ?
What wondrous fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee ?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindest much more great desyre,
And vp aloft about my strength dost rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse

That as I earst in praise of thine owne name,
bo now in honour of thy Mother deare, 9
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The rausht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule enchauntmg
might

Therto do thou great Goddess, queene of
Beauty,
Mother of loue, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose souerayne grace and kindly
dewty,
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy loue kindling
light,
Tilluminate my dim and dulled eyne, 20
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thine

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortal beame,
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
rhat now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart

WHat time this worlds great workmaister
did cast
To make al things, such as we now behold, 30
It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could ,
rhat now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare

That wondrous Paterne wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in secret store,
Or else in heauen, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie which all men adore, 40
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell

Thereof as euery earthly thing partakes,
Or more or lesse by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which duns the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight
For through infusion of ctestiall powre, 50
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life full spirits priuily doth powre
Through all the parts, tint to the lookers sight
They seeme to please That is thy souerame
might,
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest
streame

That is the thing which giliueth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that lundleth huely fyre,
Light of thy lampe, which shynmg m the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre, 60
And robs the harts of those which it admyre,
Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poysned
arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost
marrow

How vainely then doe ydle wits muent,
That beatie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade, 69
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition
Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eycs vnto the
hart,

And therein stirre such rage and restlesse
stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours
smart ?

Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection m the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense and reason blynd ?
Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most damtie odours yield, 80
Worke like impression in the lookers view ?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oftymes, we Nature see of Art
Excell, in perfect humming euery part

But ah, beleue me, there is more then so
That workes such wonders in the minds of men
I that have often prou'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by tryall, and confesse it then, 89
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are spnnckled, shal
decay,

And those sweete rosy leaues so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay
That golden wyre, those sparcklmg stars so
bright

Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kmdleth louers fire,
Shall neuer be extmguisht nor decay, 101
But when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Vnto her natie planet shall retyre,
For it is heauenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie

For when the soule, the which dermed was
At first, out of that great immortal Spnght,
By whom ill hue to loue, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light 110
And huely spirits from that fayrest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his fine carre

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through euery part she doth the same 1m
presse,

According as the heai ens haue her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be ;
placed,

Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th'heauenly riches, which she robd erewhyle
Therof it comes, that these faire soules, which
haue 120

The most resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselues most beautifull and braue
Their fleshly bowre, most ht for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a sotraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene,
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene

So euery spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight 130
With chearefull grace and amiable sight
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make

OF BEAVTIE 591

Therefore where euer that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
Abeauteous soule, with faire conditions thowed,
Fit to receiue the seede of vertue strewed
For all that faire is, is by nature good,

That is a signe to know the gentle blood 140
Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,

Either by chauce, against the course of kynd,
Or through vnaptneffe in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection
And oft it falles (ay me the more to rew)

That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew, 150
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of smne, and sinners scorne,
Whilest euery one doth seeke and sew to haueit,
But euery one doth seeke, but to depraue it

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it vnto ill
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will
Nathelasse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
How ever fleshes fault it filthy make 160
For things immortall no corruption take I

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare orna
ments,

And huely images of heauens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glonedarkned quight
But mindfull still of your first countries sight
Doe still preserue your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteou
face

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloiall lust, faire beauties foulest blame, 170
That base affections, which your eares would
bland,

Commend to you by loues abused name ,
But is mdeede the bondslau of defame,
Which will the garland of your glone marre,
And quench the light of your bright shynmg
starre

But gentle Loue, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And adde more bnghtnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your hkenesse doth display,
Like as two mirrours by opposd reflexion, 181
Doe both expresse the faces first impression

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
 It you 3behoves to loue, and forth to lay
 That heavenly riches, which in you ye beare,
 That men the more admyre their fountaine may,
 For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
 If it in darknesse be enshrined euer,
 That it of loumg eyes be vewed neuer ?

But m your choice of Loues, this well aduize,
 That hkest to your selues ye them select, 191
 The which your forms first sourse may sym
 pathize,

And with like beauties parts be inly deckt
 For if you loosely loue without respect,
 It is no loue, but a discordant warre,
 Whose vnhke parts amongst themselves do
 larre

For Loue is a celestiall harmonie,
 Of hkely harts composd of starres concent,
 Which loyne together m sweete sympathie,
 To worke ech others loy and true content,
 Which they haue harbourd since their first
 descent 201
 Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did
 see

And know ech other here belou'd to bee

TTien wrong it were that any other twame
 Should in loues gentle band combyned bee,
 But those whom heauen did at first ordaine,
 And made out of one mould the more t'agree
 For all that like the beautie which they see,
 Streight do not loue for loue is not so light,
 As streight to burne at first beholders sight

But they which loue indeede, looke otherwise,
 With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
 Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes,
 A more refyned forme, which they present
 Vnto their mind, voide of all blemishment,
 Which it reducing to her first perfection,
 Beholdeth free from fleshs frayle infection

And then conforming it vnto the light,
 Which in it selfe it hath remaining still
 Of that first Sunne, yet sparklmg in his sight,
 Thereof he fashions in his higher skill, 221
 An heavenly beautie to his fancies will,
 And it embracing in his mind entyre,
 The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
 As outward it appeareth to the eye,
 And with his spirits proportion to agree,
 He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
 And fully setteth his fchecitie,

Counting it fairer, then it is indeede, 230
 And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceede.

For louers eyes more sharply sighted bee
 Then other mens, and in dcare loues delight
 See more then any other eyes can see,
 Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
 Which carne prime message to the spright,
 And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
 As plame as light discouers dawning day

Therein they see through amorous eye-glaunces,
 Armies of loues still flving too and fro, 240
 Which dart at them their litle fierie launces,
 Whom haung wounded, backe againe they go,
 Carrying compassion to their louely foe,
 Who seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
 Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect

In which how many wonders doe they reede
 To their concept, that others neuer see,
 Now of her smiles, with which their soules they
 feede,

Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
 Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee,
 But when her words embassade forth she sends,
 Lord how sweete musicke that vnto them lends

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
 A thousand Graces masking in delight,
 Sometimes within her eye lids they vnfold
 Ten thousand sweet rxlgards, which to their
 sight

Doe seeme like twinckhng starres in frostie
 night
 But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
 So many millions of chaste pleasures play

All those, 0 *Cylherea*, and thousands more 260
 Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend
 To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
 That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
 And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend,
 That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne
 enstall
 And spred thy louely kingdome ouer all

Then *lb iryumph*, 0 great beauties Queene,
 Aduance trie banner of thy conquest hie,
 That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
 May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie, 270
 Adore the powre of thy great Maiestie,
 Singing this Hymne m honour of thy name,
 | Compuld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In heu whereof graunt, 0 great Soueraine,
That she whose conquering beautie doth cap-
ture
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may hue,
And this same life, which first fro me she
reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued

280

And you faire *Venus* dearhng, my deare dread,
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddess of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal
read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew rehefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning grieve,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty
hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death

FINIS

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Loue, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,
From this base world vnto thy heauens
hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soueraine
might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly sight,
rhat I thereof an heauenly Hymne may sing
Vnto the god of Loue, high heauens king

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praise of that mad fit, which fooles call
loue,
I liaue m th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection moue 11
But all those follies now I do reproue,
And turned haue the tenor of my string,
The heauenly prayes of true loue to sing

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your selues at my wide sparcklmg
fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my
blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame
For who my passed follies now pursewes, 20
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes

Before this worlds great frame, in which al
things
Are now contamd, found any being place
Ere flitting Tune could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Spheres, and parts their houres by
space,
That high eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by moue

It lou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd,) and of it selfe begot 30
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of smfull blot,
The firstling of his loy, m whom no lot
Of loues dislike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd

With him he raignd, before all tune prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them denued,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright,
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of earthly
wight 40
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse

Yet 0 most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisdoms trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercie wrought
Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get 51
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood though not in powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An mfinite increase of Angels bnght,
All ghstring glorious in their Makers light
To them the heauens illimitable hight,
Notthisroundheauen, whichwe from hence behold,
Adornd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shynnggold,
He gaue as their inheritance to hold, 61

That they might serue him m eternall blis,
And be partakers of those loyes of his

There they in their trinall triphcities
 About him wait, and on his will depend,
 Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
 When he them on his messages doth send,
 Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
 Where they behold the glorie of his light,
 And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night

Both day and night is vnto them all one, 71
 For he his beames doth still to them extend,
 That darknesse there appeareth neuer none,
 Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,
 But there their termelesse time in pleasure
 spend,
 Ne euer should their happnesse decay,
 Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pnde impatient of long resting peace,
 Did puffle them vp with greedy bold ambition,
 That they gan cast their state how to increase
 About the fortune of then: first condition, 81
 And sit in Gods owne seat without commission
 The brightest Angell, euen the Child of light,
 Drew millions more against their God to fight

Th' Almighty seeing their so bold assay,
 Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
 And with his onely breath them blew away
 From heauens hight, to which they did uspyre,
 To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
 Where they in darknesse and dread horror
 dwell, 90
 Hating the happie light from which they fell

So that next off-spring of the Makers loue,
 Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
 Degendenng to hate, fell from about
 rthrough pnde, (for pride and loue may ill
 agree)
 And now of smne to all ensample bee
 How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
 Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
 Still flowing forth his goodnesse vnto all, 100
 Now seeing left a waste and cmptie place
 In his wyde Pallace, through those Angels fall,
 Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
 A new vnknown Colony therein,
 Whose root from earths base groundwork
 shold begin

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
 Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might
 According to an heauenly patterne wrought,
 Which he had fashion'd in his wise foresight,
 He man did make, and breath'd a liuing spright
 Into his face most beautifull and fayre, in
 Endew'd with wisdomes riches, heauenly, rare

Such he him made, that he resemble might
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could,
 Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,
 He made by loue out of his owne like mould,
 In whom he might his mightie selfe behould
 For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to see,
 That like it selfe in louely shape may bee

But man forgetfull of his makers grace, 120
 No Jesse then Angels, whom he did enscew,
 Fell from the hope of promist heauenly place,
 Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
 And all his off spring into thralldome threw
 Where they for euer should in bonds remane,
 Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at first
 Made of meere loue, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst,
 In that deepe horror of despayred hell, 130
 Him wretch in doole would let no lenger dwell,
 But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extrecme

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
 In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
 He downe descended, like a most demissc
 And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attvire,
 That he for him might pay smnes deadly hye,
 And him restore vnto that happie state,
 In which he stood before his haplesse fate 140

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde
 Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas
 (ould make amends to God for mans misgyde,
 But onely nun himselfe, who selfe did sylee
 So taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
 For mans deare sake he did a man become

And that most blessed bodie, which wis borne
 Without all blemish or reprochfull blinic,
 He freely gaue to be both rent and torne 150
 Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
 Reuyhng him, that them most vile became,
 At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
 And slew the mst, by most vniust decree

0 huge and most vnspeakeable impression
 Of lous deepe wound, that pierst the piteous
 hart

Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
 And sharply launching euery inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
 Doing him die, that neuer it deserued, 160
 To free his foes, that from his heart had
 •swerued

What hart can feele least touch of so sore
 launch,
 Or thought can think the depth of so deare
 wound ?

Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet neuer
 staunch,

But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,
 To heale the sores of smfull soules vnsound,
 And dense the guilt of that infected cryme,
 Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme

0 blessed well of loue, 0 floure of grace,
 0 glorious Morning starre, 0 lampe of light,
 Most huely image of thy fathers face, 171
 Eternall King of glorie, Lord of might,
 Meeke lambe of God before all worlds beight,
 How can we thee requite for all this good ?
 Or what cm prize that thvmost precious blood ?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this loue,
 But loue of vs for guerdon of thy paine
 Ay me, what can vs lesse then that behoue ?
 Had he required life of vs againe,
 Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with game?
 He gaue vs life, he it restored lost, 181
 Then life were least, that vs so litle cost

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band,
 Ne ought demands, but thit we louing bee,
 As he himselfe hath lou'd vs afore hind,
 And bound therto with an eternall band,
 Him first to loue, that vs so deircly bought,
 And next, our brethren to his image wrought

Him first to loue, great right and reason is,
 Who hrst to vs our life and being gaue , 191
 And after when we fared had amisse,
 Vs wretches from the second death did saue ,
 And Last the food of lift, which now we haue,
 Euen himselfe in his deare sacrament,
 To feede our hungry soules vnto vs lent
 Then next to loue our brethren, that were made
 Of that selfe mould, and that selfe makershand,
 T hat we, and to the same againe shall fade,
 Where they shall haue like heritage of land,
 How euer here on higher steps we stand , 201
 Which also were with selfe same price re
 deemed

That we, how euer of vs light esteemed
 And were they not, yet since that louing Lord
 Commaunded vs to loue them for his sake,
 Euen for his sake, and for his sacred word,
 Which in his last bequest he to vs spake,
 We should them loue, and with their needs
 partake,
 Knowing that whatsoere to them we giue,
 We giue to him, by whom we all doe hue 210

Such mercy he by his most holy reede
 Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,
 Ensampld it by his most righteous deede,
 Shewing vs mercie, miserable crew,
 That we the like should to the wretches shew,
 And loue our brethren, thereby to approue,
 How much himselfe that loued vs, we loue

Then rouze thy selfe, 0 earth, out of thy soyle,
 In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne
 And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
 Vnmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne, 221
 Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
 That thou his soueraine bountie mayst behold,
 And read through loue his mercies manifold

Begmne from first, where he encradled was
 In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
 Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
 And in what rags, and in how base aray,
 The glory of our hcaenly riches lay, 229
 When h.im the silly Shepheards came to see,
 Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the stone of his life,
 His humble carriage, his vnfaultry wayes,
 His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
 His pames, his pouertie, his sharpe assayes,
 Through which he past his miserable dayes,
 Offending none, and doing good to all,
 Yet being mahst both of great and small

And looke at last how of most wretched wights,
 He taken was, betrayd, and false accused, 240
 How with most scornefull taunts, and fell
 despights

He was reuyld, disgrast, and foule abused,
 How scourgd, how crowrd, how buffeted, how
 brused,

And lastly how twixt robbers crucifyde,
 With bitter wounds through hands, through
 feet and syde

Then let thy flinty hart that feeses no pame,
 Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
 And let thy bowels blecele in euery ame,
 At sight of his most sacred heauenly corse,
 So tome and mangled with malicious forse,
 And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows
 wrought, 251

Melt into teares, and grone m gneued thought
 With sencck whereof whilest so thy softened
 spirit

Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
 Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
 Lift vp thy mind to th'author of thy weale,
 And to his soueraine mercie doe appeale,
 Leame him to loue, that loued thee so deare,
 And in thy brest his blessed image beare 259

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and
mind,
Thou must him loue, and his beheasts em-
brace,
All other knies, with which the world doth
blind

Weake fancies, and stirre vp affections base,
Thou must renounce, and vttlerly displace,
And giue thy selfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himselfe to thee

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And raiusht with deuoung great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with loue, and set thee all on fire 270
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestially beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth
daze

With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and lunning the spright

Then shall thy raiusht soule inspired bee 281
With heavenly thoughts, farre aboue humane
skil,

And thy bright radiant eyes shall plamely see
TV Idee of his pure glorie, present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enagement of celestially loue,
Kindled through sight of those faire things
aboue.

FINIS.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUVTIE.

RApt with the rage of mine own raiusht
thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heauen wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty breathing sweet
delights,

Do kindle loue in high conceived spnghts
I fame to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to fade, and tongue to fold

Vouchsafe then, O thou most almightie Spnght,
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge
flow,

To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thme eternall Truth, that I may show 11
Some litle beames to mortall eyes below,
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feedon vaine delight,
Transported with celestially desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselues vp
hyer, 19

And karne to loue with zealous humble dewty
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beauty

Beginning then below, with th'easie vew
Of thybase world, subiect to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th'immortall sky,
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath

Then looke who list, thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde vnverse, and therein reed 31
The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures
aime

All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with adhnorable beautie deckt

First th'Earth, on adamantine pillars founded,
Amid the Sea engirt with brasen bands ,
Then th'Aire still flitting, but yet firmly
bounded

On euene side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer consum'd nor auencht with mortall
hands, 40

And last, that mightie shining chnstall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
That still as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie, it at last ascend:
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and
fayre

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye 50
On that bright shynie round still mouing Masse,
The house of blessed Gods, which men call Skye,
All sowed with ghistng stars more thicke then
grasse,

Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway

And tell me then, what hast thou euer seene,
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that iis, most sharpe and keene,
Endure their Captains flaming head to see? 60
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre aboue these heauens which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in light,
Vnmoung, vncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne t'llummate their spheres,
But their owne natue light farre passing theirs

And as these heauens still by degrees arize, 71
Vntill they come to their first Mouers bound, !
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And came all the rest with him around,
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last anue
To the most faire, whereto they all do stnue

Faire is the heauen, where happy soules haue
place,
In full enioyment of fehicie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the diume eternall Maestie, 81
More faire is that, where those *Idees* on hie,
Enraunged be, which *Plato* so admyred,
And pure *Intelligences* from God inspyred

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe rame
The soueraine *Powres* and mightie *Potentates*,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States,
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly *Dominations* are set, 90
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet

Yet farre more faire be those bright *Cherubins*,
Which all with golden wings are ouerdight,
And those etemall burning *Seraphnts*,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light,
Yetfairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th*Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end

! These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties loynd together were
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse,
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Cease then my tongue, and lend vnto my mynd
Leaue to bethmke how great that beautie is,
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I fynd
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wisdom, and his bhs,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himselfe a sight

Those vnto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th'image of his grace,
As in a looking glasse, through which he may
Be seene, of all his creatures vile and base,
That are vnable else to see his face,
His glorious face which glistereth else so bright,
That th'Angels seiues can not endure his sight

But we fraile wights, whose sight cannot sus-
tame 120

The Suns bright beames, when he on vs doth
shyne,

But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eye,
The glory of that Maestie diume,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are
darke,

Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent,
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke, 130
To reade enregistred in euery nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule
do blynd,

And like the natue brood of Eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of glone fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence, 141
Before the footestoole of his Maiestie,
Throw thy selfe downe with trembling inno-
cence,

Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye
On the dred face of that great *Deity*,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be
But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close couered with the Lambes integrity, 149
From the mst wrath of his auengefull threate,
That sits vpon the righteous throne on hy
His throne is built vpon Eternity,
More firme and durable then Steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth
passe

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Vnder the rigour of his mdgement mst,
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and
bright, 160

That all about him sheddeth glorious light
Light farreexceedingthat bright blazing sparke,
Which darted is from *Titans* flaming head,
That with his beames enlumeth the darke
And dampish aire, wherby al things are red
Whose nature yet so much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards, which thereon do gaze
But that immor tall light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more
cleare, 170

More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And euen the thoughts of men, do plaine
appeare

For from th'eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beames
doe breed

With the great glorie of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightness from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnsound
And vnderneath his feet are to be found 180
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his auenging yre
There in his bosome *Sapience* doth sit,
The soueraine dearling of the *Deity*,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse maiesty
And all with gemmes and lewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her natiue brightnes seem more cleare

And on her head a crowne of purest gold 190
Is set, in signe of highest soueraignty,
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the euer moung sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subiected to her powre imperiall

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe!
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do m state remame, 200
As their great Maker did at first ordame,
Through obseruation of her high behest,
By which they first were made, and still in
creast

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And Angels eke, in beantie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more mcreast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought 210

Ne could that Painter (had he hued yet)
Which pictured *Venus* with so curious quill,
That all postentie admyred it,
Haue purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill,
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire, as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this beauty souerayne

But had those wits the wonders of their dayes
Or that sweete *Tetan* Poet which did spend
His plenteous vame in setting forth her prayse,
Seene but a glims of this, which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Aboue that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world shold with his rimes be
fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
Presume to picture so diume a wight,
Or hope t'expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beantie fills the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint

Let Angels which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens king
Enough is me t'admyre so heauenly thing,
And being thus with her huge loue possessd,
In th'only wonder of her selfe to rest

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold,
 Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
 And lets his owne Beloued to behold: 241
 For in the view of her celestiall face,
 All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,
 Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
 Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she out of her secret treasury,
 Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
 Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden ly
 Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
 Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre, 250
 Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
 And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
 Vouchsafeth to her presence to receaue,
 And letteth them her louely face to see,
 Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceaue,
 And sweete contentment, that it doth bereaue
 Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
 And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things, 260
 As carries them into an extasy,
 And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings,
 Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky,
 And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
 That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
 And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
 Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:
 But all that earst seemd sweet, seemes now
 offense, 269
 And all that pleased earst, now seemes to paine.
 Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
 Is fixed all on that which now they see,
 All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

I And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame
 The hearts of men with selfe consuming fyre,
 Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull
 blame;

And all that pompe, to which proud minds
 aspyre

By name of honor, and so much desyre,
 Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
 And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse. 280

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
 And senses fraught with such satietie,
 That in nought else on earth they can de-
 light,

But in th'aspect of that felicitie,
 Which they haue written in their inward ey;
 On which they feed, and in their fastened
 mynd

All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed
 On idle fancies of thy foolish thought, 289
 And with false beauties flattrring bait misled,
 Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
 Which all are fled, and now haue left thee
 nought,

But late repentance through thy follies prief;
 Ah cease to gaze on matter of thy grief.

And looke at last vp to that soueraine light,
 From whose pure beams al perfect beauty
 springs,

That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,
 Euen the loue of God, which loathing brings
 Of this vile world, and these gay seeming
 things;

With whose sweete pleasures being so possesst,
 Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer
 rest. 301

Prothalamion

Or

A Spoufall Verfemadeby

Edm. Sfenfer.

IN HONOV^R OF THE DOV-
ble manage of the two Honorable & vertuous

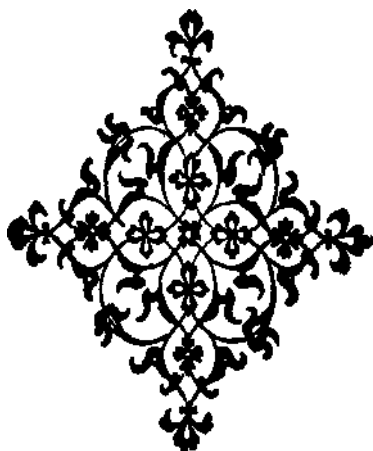
Lddiesjhe Ladte Elizabeth and the Ladtf Katherine

Somcrftt, Daughters to the Right Honourable the

Earie of Woreester and espoufd to the two worthto

*Gentlemen M.HtmyGtlf*rd. tod*

M.welhen peiar Elquyas,



AT LONDON.
Primedformta *Fwprby*

MISCELLANEOVS SONNETS.

I

To the right worshipfull my singular good Frend,
M. Gabnell Haruey, Doctor of the Lawes.

HAruey, the happy aboutest men,
I read, that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note, with critique
pen,

The sharpe dislikes of each condition,
And, as one carelesse of suspicion,
Ne fawnest for the fauour of the great,
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat
But freely doest of what thee list entreat,

Like a great lord of peerlesse liberty;
Lifting the good up to high Honours seat,
And the euill damning euermore to dy;
For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull
writing'

So thy renownme hues euer by endighting
Dublin, this xvnj of July, 1586

Your deuoted frend during life,

EDMVND SPENCER.

II

Prefixed to *Nenmo, or A Treatise of
Nobility, &c.*

WHo so wil seeke by right deserts t'attaine,
Vnto the type of true Nobility,
And not by painted shewes and titles vaine,
Denued farre from famous Auncestrie
Behold them both in their right visnomy
Here truly pourtrayt, as they ought to be,
And strung both for termes of dignitie,
To be aduanced highest in degree

And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The odds twixt both, of both them deem anight,
And chuse the better of them both to thee
But thanks to him that it deserues, benight;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truly it translated,

ED. SPENCER.

III

Upon the Histone of George Castnot, alias Scanderbeg,
king of the Epirots, translated into English.

Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightiepeeres,
And old Heroes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes, and filld their childrens
eares ?

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their Colosses great,
Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did
raise,

Their huge Pyramids, which do heauen threat
Lo one, whom later age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great,
Great both by name, and great in power and
might,

And meriting a meere triumphant scaffe
The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels

ED

IV

Prefixed to *The Commonwealth and Government of
Venice*

THe antique *Babel*, Empresse of the East,
Vpreard her buildinges to the threatned
slue

And second *Babell*, tyrant of the West,
Her ayry Towers upraised much more high
But with the weight of their own surquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the earth did
feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly,

Yet shewing by their heapes how great they
were

But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre *Venice*, flower of the last worlds delight,
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceeds in pohcie of right

Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As *Lewkenors* stde that hath her beautie told

EOM SPENCER

APPENDIX
OF EPIGRAMS AND SONNETS
FROM:

A THEATRE
wherein be repre-
fented as wel the miferies & ca-
lamities that follow the bo-
luptuous Worlbtngs

*As alfo the greate ioyes and
plefures which the faith-
full do enioy.*

An Argument both profitable and
delectable, to all that fincerely
loue the word of God.

*Deutfed by S. Iohn van-
det Noodt.*

 Seene and allowed according
to the order appointed,

¶ Imprinted at London by-
Henry Bynneman.

Anno Domini, 1569.

CVM PRIVILEGIO.

Epigrams.

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things kapned me to see,
As much it gretliueth me to thtnke thereon
At my right hande, a Htnde appearde to me,
So fawe as mought the greatest God dehte
Two egre Dogs dyd hr pursue m chace,
Of which the one was blacky the other white
With deadly force so m their cruell race
They ptnchte the haunches of this gentle beast,
Thai at the last, and in shorte time, I spied,
Vnder a rocke, where she (alas) opprest,
FeU to the grounde, and there vntimcly dtde
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me waile so horde a deslime

AFter at Sea a tall Ship dyd appere,
Made all of Heben and white luorte,
The satles of Golde, of Stilke the tackle were
Milde was the winde, calme seemed the sea to be
The She eche where did shew full bright andfatre
With rtche treasures this gay ship freighted was
But sodatne storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tombled vp the sea, that she, alas,
Stroke on a rocke that vnder water lay
O great misfortune, O great grufe, 1 say,
Thus in one moment to see lost and drownde
So great riches, as lyke can not be founde

THen heavenly branches did I see arise,
Out of afresh and lusty Laurell tree
Amidde the yong grene wood Of Paradise
Some noble plant 1 thought my selfe to see,
Suche store of birdes therein yshrouded were,
Chaunling in shade their sundry melodie
My sprites were rautshl unth these pleasures there
While on tins Laurell fixed was mine eye,
The She gan euery where to ouercast,
And darkned was the welhn all aboute,
When sodaine flash of heauens fire outbrast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote
Whch makes me much and euer to complatne,
For no such shadow shal be had againe

Withn this wood, out of the rocke did rise
A Spring of water nuldely romblyng downe,
Whereto approached not in any wise
The homely Shepherde, nor the ruder cloune,
But many Muses, and the Nymphes unthall,
That sweetely m accorde did tune their voice
Vnto the gentle sounding of the waters fall
The sight wherof dyd make my heart rewyce
But while I toke herein my chiefe delight,
I sawe (alas) the gaping earth deuoure
The Spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight
Whiche yet agreues my heart euen to this houre

ISaw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
With turtle wines and crest of a olden hew.
Siraange btrde he was, wherby I thought anone,
That ofsonic heauenly wight I had the vew
Vniill he came vnlo die broken tree
And to the spring that late deuoured was
What say I more? Eche thing at length we see
Doth passe away the Phoenix there, alas.
Spying the tree destroyde, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaitie,
And so forthmtli m great despite he did
hor pitte and hue my heart yet burnes in patne

T last so fair e a Ladie did I spie,
That in thinking on hir I burne and ouake^
On herbes andfloures she ivalked pensiuely
Mxide, but yet hue she proudly did forsake
White seemed hir robes, yet wouen so they wer
As snowe and golde together had bene wrought
Aboue the waste a darke cloude shrouded hir,
A stinging Serpent by the heele hir caught,
Wherewith she languish as the gathered floure
And well assurde she mounted vp to joy
Alas in earth so nothing doth endure
But bitter grieve that dothe our hearts amy

MY Song thus now m thy Conclusions,
Say boldly that these same six visions
Do yelde vnto thy lorde a sweete request.
Ere it be long within the earth to rest

Sonets.

ITwos the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulnesse ofslepe,
The carefull trauatles of the painefull day
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes
On that great nuers banke that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my propre name,

He bade me vpwarde vnio heauen looke
He crtde to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What vnder this great Temple is contatnde,
Loe all is nought butflyting vamlie
So I knowing the wordes vnslodfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmounies the force of tyme,
In God alone do slay my confidence

ON hill, a frame an hundred cubttes hie
 I saw, an hundred plders eke about,
 All of fine Diamant decking the front,
 And fashwnd were they all m Donke wise
 Offbricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
 But shining Chrystall, which from top to base
 Out of deepe vauie threw forth a thousand rayes
 Vpon an hundred steps of purest golde
 Golde was the parget and the sielyng eke
 Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates
 The floore was laspts, and of Emeraude
 O worldes vatnenesse A sodem earthquake he,
 Shaking the hill euen from the bottome deepe,
 Tkrew downe this building to the lowest stone

TWen dtd appeare to me a sharped spire
 Of diamant, ien feete eche way in square,
 Iustly proporttonde vp vnto his height,
 So hie as mought an Archer reache with sight
 Vpon the top therof was set a pot
 Made of the mettall that we honour most
 And in this golden vessell couched were
 The ashes of a myghtie Emperour
 Vpon foure corners of the base there lay
 To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde
 A worthie lombefor such a worthie corps
 Alas, nought in this worlde but grieve endures
 A sodatne tempest from the heauen, I saw,
 With flushe stroke downe this noble monument

Isaw raise vp on plders of luorie,
 Whereof the bases were of richest golde,
 Vie chapters Alabaster, Chrystall frises,
 The double front of a triumphall arke
 On eche side poriratte was a victorie
 With golden wings in habile of a Nymph
 And set on hie vpon triumphing chaire,
 The auncient glorie of the Rornane lordes
 The worke did shewe it selfe not wrought by man,
 But rather made by his owne skilfull hande
 That forgeth thunder dartes for loue his sire
 Let me no more see faire thing vnder heauen,
 Sth I haue seene so faire a thing as this,
 With sodame falling broken all to dust

Hen I behelde the jaire Dodonian tree,
 Vpon seu en hilles throw forth his gladsome
 shade,
 And Conquerers bedecked with his leaues
 Along the bankes of the Italian sream
 There many auncient Trophées were erect,
 Many a spoilt, and many goodly signes,
 To shewe the greatnesse of the stately race,
 That erst descended from the Trotan blond

Rauisht I was to see so rare a thing,
 When barbarous villaines tn dsordred heape,
 Outraged the honour of these noble bowes
 I hearde the tronke to grone vnder the wedge
 And since I saw the roote in hie disdaine
 Sende forth againe a twinne of forked trees

Saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,
 With feeble flight venture to mount to heauen
 By more and more she gan to trust htr wings,
 Still folowing th'exemple of hir damme.
 / saw hir rise, and with a larger flight
 Surmount the toppes euen of the hiesl htles,
 And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings to reache
 The place where is the temple of the Gods,
 There was she lost, and sodenly I saw
 Where tombhng through the aire in lompe of fire,
 All flaming downe she fell vpon the plaine
 I saw hir bodie turned all to dust,
 And saw the foule that shunnes the cherefull light
 Out of hir ashes as a worme arise

THen all astounded with this nightly ghost,
 I saw an hideous body big and strong,
 Long was his beard, and side did hang his hair,
 A grisly forehed and Saturnekke face
 Leaning against the belly of a pot
 He shed a water, whose oulgushing sream
 Ran flowing all along the creekie shoare
 Where once the Troyan Duke with Turnus fought
 And at hisfeete a bitch Wolfe did giue sucke
 To two yong babes In his right hand he bare
 The tree of peace, in left the conquering Palme,
 His head was garmsht with the Laurel bow
 Then sodenly the Palme and Oliue fell,
 And faire greene Laurel withered vp and dide

Hard by a nuers stde, a wailing Nimphe,
 Folding hir artnes with thousand sighs to
 heauen
 Did tune hir plaint to jailing niters sound,
 Renting hir faire visage and golden haire,
 Where ts (quod she) this whtlome honored face ?
 Where is thy glory and the aunaent pratse,
 Where all worldes hap was reposed,
 When erst of Gods and man I worshpt ?
 Alas, suffisde it not that ciuile bate
 Made me the spoile and bootie of the world
 But this new Hydra mete to be assailde
 Euen by an hundred such as Hercules,
 With seu en springing heds of monstrous crimes.
 So many Neroes and Caltgulaes
 Must stll bring forth to rule this erohed shore.

VPon a hill saw a kindled flame,
 Mounting like wanes with triple point to
 heauen,
 Which of incense of precious Cedar tree
 With Balmehke odor did perfume the are
 A bird all white, well fetherd on far wincen
 Hereout didflie vp to the throne of Gods,
 And stnging with most pleasant melodic
 She climbed vp to heauen in the smoke
 Of this faire fire the faire dispersed rayes
 Threw forth abroad a thousand shining homes,
 When sodain dropping of a golden shoure
 Gan quench the glysiering flame 0 greuous
 chaunge!
 That which erstwhile so pkasaunt scent did yelde,
 Of Sulphure now did breathe corrupted smel

I Saw afresh spring rise out of a rocke,
 Clere as Chrystall against the Sunny beames,
 The bottome yellow like the shining land,
 That golden Pactol dnuen vpon the plaine
 It seemed that arte and nature stnued to xoyne
 There in one place all pleasures of the eye
 There was to heare a noise alluring slepe
 Of many accordes more swete than Mermaids
 song,
 The states and benches shone as luone,
 An hundred Nymphes sate side by side about,
 When from nte hilles a naked rout of Faunes
 With hideous cry assembled on the place,
 Which with their feete vncleane the water fouled,
 Threw down the seats, and drone the Nympts to

A T length, euen at the lime when Morpheus
 A Most truly doth appeare vnto our eyes,
 Wcarte to see ih' ticonslance of the heauens
 I saw the great Typhæus sister come,
 Hr heed full brauely with a mortan armed,
 In mateste she seemde to matche the Gods
 And on the shore, horde by a violent streame,
 She raisde a Trophee ouer all the worlde
 An hundred vanquisht kings gronde at hir feete,
 Their armes m shamefull wise bounde at their
 backes
 While I was with so dreadfull sight afrayde,
 I saw the heauens wane against hir tho,
 And seeing hir striken fall with clap of thunder,
 With so great noyse I start in sodaine wonder

I Saw an vgly beast come from the sea,
 That seuen heads, ten crounes, ten homes did
 beare,
 Haumg theron the vile blaspheming name
 The cruell Leopard she resembled much
 Feete of a beare, a hums throte she had

The nughtie Dragon gaue to hir his power
 One of hir heads yet there I did espie,
 Still freshly bleeding of a grieuous wounde
 One cnde aloude What one is like (quod he)
 This honoured Dragon, or may him withstands ?
 And then came from the sea a sauage beast,
 With Dragons speche, and shewde his force by fire,
 With wondrous stignes to make all wights adore
 The beast, in setting of hir image vp

I 'Saw a Woman sitting on a beast
 Before mine eyes, of Orenge colour hew
 Honour and dreadfull name of blasphemie
 Filde hir with pride And seuen heads I saw,
 Ten homes also the stately beast did beare
 She seemde with glorte of the scarlet fatre,
 And with fine perle and golde pufl vp in heart
 The wine ofhooredome in a cup she bare
 The name of Mysterte writ in hir face
 The bloud of Martyrs dere were hir dehte
 Most fierce and fell this woman seemde to me
 An AngeU then descending downefrom Heauen,
 With thondrting voice crde out aloude, and sayd,
 Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen

THen might I see vpon a white horse set
 The faithftdl man with flaming counte-
 nance,
 His head did shine with crounes set iherupon.
 The worde of God made him a noble name
 His precious robe I saw embrued with bloud
 Then saw I from the heauen on horses white,
 A puissant armte come the selfe same way
 Then cried a shining Angell as me thought,
 That birdes from aire descending downe on earth
 Should wane vpon the kings, and eate their flesh
 Then did I see the beast and Kings also
 Ioynynge their force to slea the fathfull man
 But this fierce hatefull beast and all hir tratne,
 Is pittlesse throwne downe in pit of fire

I Saw new Earth, new Heauen, sayde Saint
 Iohn
 And be, the sea (quod he) ts now no more
 The holy Cilte of the horde, from hye
 Descendeth garnishl as a loued spouse
 A voice then sayde, behold the bright abode
 Of God and men For he shall be their God
 And all their teares he shall wipe cleane away
 Htr brtghnesse greater was than can befounde
 Square was this Citie, and twelue gates it had.
 Ecke gate was of an orient perfect pearle,
 The houses golde, the pauement precious stone
 A Ituely streame, more cleere than Chrystall is,
 Ranne through the md, sprongfrom triumphant
 seat
 There growes lifesfrutie vnto the Churches good

¶THREEPROPER,,
and wittie, familiar Letters:
lately pafled betvvene t w o V

niuerfitie men touching the Earth-
quake in Apull laft, and our English
refoutmed Vei drying

*With the Preface of a wellwiller
to them both*



IMPRINTED AT LON-
don, by H.Bynneman, dwelling
in Thames fheate, neere vnto
Baynardes Caftell.

Anno Domini. 15 8 O

Cum gratia & prtmlegio H^ge Manstatis

TO THE CVRTEOVS

Buyer, by a V Velwiller of the two Authours.

Cvrteous Buyer, (for I write not to the enuious Carper) it was my good happe, as I intercreate it, nowe lately at the fourthe or fiftē hande, to bee made acquainted wyth the *three Letters following* by meanes of a faithfull friende, who with muchē entreaty had procured the copying of them oute, at *Intmeritos* handes And I praye you, interpretē it for your good happe, so soone after to come so easilye by them, throughē my meanes, who am onely to craue these twoo thinges at your handes, to thinke friendely of my friendly meaning, and to take them of me wyth this Presumption, *In exiguo quandoque cespile latet lepus* and many pretious stones, thoughtē in quantitie small, yet in quahtie and valewe are esteemed for great The first, for a good familiar and sensible Letter, sure hkeeth me verye well, and gylueth some hope of good mettall in the Author, in whome I knowe myselfe to be very good partes otherwise But shewe me, or *Immertlo*, two Englyshe Letters in Printhe, in all pointes equall to the other twoo, both for the matter it selfe, and also for the manner of handling, and saye, wee neuer sawe good Englyshe Letter in our hues And yet I am credibly certified by the foresaide faithfull and honest friende, that himselfe hat he written manye of the same stampe bothe to Courtiers and others, and some of them discoursing vpon matter of great waignt and importance, wherein he is said, to be fully as sufficient and hable, as in these schollery pointes of Learning The whiche Letters and Discourses I would very gladly see in Writing, but more gladly in Printhe, if it might be obtayned And at this time to speake my conscient in a worde of *these two following*, I esteeme them for twoo of the rarest, and finest Treaties, as wel for ingenious deuismg, as also for significant vttering, and cleany conueying of his matter, that euer I read in this Tongue and I hartily thanke God for bestowing vpon vs some such proper and hable men with their penne, as I hartily thanke the Author himselfe, for vsmg his pleasaunte, and witty Talente, with so muchē discretion, and with so little harme, contrarye to the veme of moste, whych haue thys singular conceyted grace in writing If they had bene of their owne setMng forth, I graunt you they might haue bene more curious,

but beeyng so well, and so sufficiently done, as they are, in my simple ludgement,
and haung so many notable thinges in them, together with so greate vanetie of

Learning, worth the reading, to pleasure you, and to helpe to garnish our

Tongue, I feare their displeasure the lesse And yet, if they thinke I

haue made them a faulte, in not making them pny to the Publi

cation I shall be alwayes readve to make t hem the beste

amendes I can, anyother friendly waye Surely, I wishe

them bothe hartilye wel in the Lord, and betake

you and them to his mercifullgouernemente,

hoping, that he will at his pleasure con

uertesuchegood and diuingiftsas

these, to the setting out of his

own glory, and the bene

fite of his Churchē

This XIX of

Iune 1580.

()

*Tour, and their vnfayned
frend, in the Lorde,*



Three proper wittie familiar Letters, lately passed be-

twene two Vniuersitie men, touching the Earthquake in April last,
and our English reformed Versifying

To my long approoued and singular
good iiiende, Master G H

Good Master H I doubt not but you haue some great important matter in hande, which al this while restraineth youre Penne, and wonted readnesse in prouoking me vnto that, wherein your selfe nowe faulte If there bee any such thing in hatching, I pray you hartily, lette vs knowe, before al the worlde see it But if happily you dwell altogether in *Iustimans* Courte, and giue your selfe to be deuoured of secrete Studies, as of all likely hood you doe yet at least impart some your olde, or newe, Latine, or Englshe, Eloquent and Gallant Poesies to vs, from whose eyes, you saye, you keepe in a manner nothing hidden Little newes is here stirred but that olde greate matter still depending His Honoure neuer better I thinke the *Earth quake* was also there wyth you (which I would gladly learne) as it was here with vs ouer throwing diuers old buildings, and peeces of Churches Sure verie straunge to be hearde of in these Countries, and yet I heare some saye (I knowe not howe truely) that they haue knowne the like before in their dayes *Sed quid vobis videtur magnis Philosophis* ? I like your late Englshe Hexameters so exceedingly well, that T also enure my Penne sometime in that kmde whyche I fynd mdeede, as I haue heard you often defende in worde, neither so harde, nor so harshe, that it will easily and fairly, yeelde it selfe to oure Moother tongue For the onely, or chiefest hardnesse, whych seemeth, is in the Accente whyche sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneeth lfaunouredly,

comming shorte of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the Number, as in *Carpenter*, the middle sillable being vsed shorte in speache, when it shall be read long in Verse, seemeth like a lame Gosling, that draweth one legge after hir and Heauen, being vsed shorte as one sillable, when it is in Verse, stretched out with a *Diastole*, is like a lame Dogge that holdes up one legge But it is to be wonne with Custome, and rough words must be subdued with Use For, why a Gods name may not we, as else the Greekes, haue the kngdome of oure owne Language, and measure our Accentes, by the sounde, reseruing the Quantitie to the Verse Loe here I let you see my olde vse of toying in Rymes, turned into your artificial straightnesse of Verse, by this *Tetrastuon* I beseech you tell me your fancie, without parciahtie
See yee the blindefoulded pretie God, that feathered

Archer,
Of Louers Miseries which maheth his bloodte Game ?

Wote ye why, his Moother with a Veale hath coouered his Face ?

Trust me, least he my Looe happely chaunce to beholde

Seeme they comparable to those two, which I translated you *ex tempore* in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster ?

That which I eate, did I toy, and that which I greedily gorged,

As for those many goodly matters leaft, I for others

612 THREE PROPER AND WITTIE FAMILIAR LETTERS.

I would hartily wish, you would either send me the Rules and Precepts of Arte, which you obserue in Quantities, or else followe mine, that *M. Philip Sidney* gaue me, being the very same which *M. Drant* deuised, but enlarged with *M. Sidneys* own iudgement, and augmented with my Obseruations, that we might both accorde and agree in one: leaste we ouerthrowe one an other, and be ouerthrowen of the rest. Truste me, you will hardly beleue what greate good liking and estimation Maister Dyer had of youre *Satyricall Verses*, and I, since the viewe thereof, hauing before of my selfe had speciall liking of *Englishe Versifying*, am euen nowe aboute to giue you some token, what, and howe well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you trliueth, I minde shortely at conuenient leysure, to sette forth a Booke in this kinde, whyche I entitle, *Epithalamion Tkamesis*, whyche Booke I dare vndertake wil be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the Inuention, and manner of handling. For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames: I shewe his first beginning, and offspring, and all the Countrey, that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the Riuers throughout Englande, whyche came to this Wedding, and their righte names, and right passage, &c. A worke beleue me, of much labour, wherein not with-

standing Master *Holinsked* hath muche furthered and aduantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines, in searching oute their firste heades, and sources: and also in tracing, and dogging out all their Course, til they fall into the Sea.

*O Tite, siquid, ego,
Ecquid erit prclij*

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my *Dreames*, and dying *Pellicane*, being fully finished (as I partelye signified in my laste Letters) and presentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whyche I praye you hartily send me with al expedition: and your frendly Letters, and long expected Iudgement wythall, whyche let not be shorte, but in all pointes suche, as you ordinarily vse, and I extraordinarily desire. *Multum vale. Westminster. Quarto Nonas Aprilis 1580. Sed, amabb te, Mewn Corculum tibi se ex ammo commendal plurtmum: jaindiu mirata, te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse. Vide quwso, ne id tibi Capitale sit: Mihi certe quidem erit, neque tibi hercle impune, vt opinor, Jterum vale, et quant voles sœpe*

Yours alwayes to commaunde
IMMERITO.

Tostscripte.

I take best my *Dreames* shoulde come forth alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse, (running continually in maner of a Paraphrase) full as great as my *Calendar*. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of *E. K.* and the Pictures so singularly set forth, and purtrayed, as if *Michael Angela* were there, he could (I think) nor amende the best, nor reprehende the worst. I know you

woulde lyke them passing wel. Of my *Stem-mala Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry Apostrophies therein, addressed you knowe to whorne, muste more aduisement be had, than so lightly to sende them abroad: howbeit, trust me (though I doe neuer very well,) yet in my owne fancie, I neuer dyd better: *Veruntamen te sequor solum: nunquam veti assequar.*

A Pleasant and pitthy familiar discourse, of the Earthquake in Apiill last

To my Joouing friende, *M Immento*.

S Ignor ImmerilOy after as many gentle God morrowes, as your self, and your sweete Harte hsteth May it please your Maister shippe to dispense with a poore Oratour of yours, for breaking one pncippall graund Rule of our olde muolable Rules of Rhetonck, in shewing himselfe somewhat too pleasurably disposed in a sad matter (of purpose, to meete with *A coople of shrewde withe new married Gentlewomen*, which were more Inquisitiue, than Capible of Natures works) I will report you a prettie conceited *discourse*, that I hid with them no longer agoe, than yester night, in a Gentcmans house, here in *Essex* Where being in the company of certame courteous Gentlemen, and those two Gentlewomen, it was my chauce to be well occupied, I war rant you, at Cardes, (which I dare saye I scarcely handled a whole tweluemoonth before) at that very instant, that the Earth vnder vs quaked, and the house shaken aboute bestdes the mooing, and ratling of the Table, and fourmes, where wee sat Wherevpon, the two Gentlewomen haumg continually beene wrangling with all the rest, and especially with my selfe, and euen at that same very moment, niking a great loude noyse, and much a doo Good Lorde, quoth I, is it not woonderful straunge that the delicate voyces of two so propper fine Gentlewoomen, shoulde make such a suddaync terrible Earthquake ? Imagining in good fawth, nothing in the worlde lesse, than that it shoulde be any Farthquake in deede, and imputing that shaking to the suddayne sturring, and remooung of some cumberous thing or other, in the vpper Chamber ouer our Heades which onely in effect most of vs noted, scarcely perceyuing the rest, beemg so closely and eagerly set at our game, and some of vs taking on, as they did But beholde, all on the suddayne there commeth stumbling

into the Parlour, the Gentleman of the house, somewhat straungely affrighted, and in a manner all agast, and telleth vs, as well as his Head and Tongue woulde giue him leaue, what a woonderous violent motion, and shaking there was of all things in his Hall sensibly and visibly seene, as well of his owne selfe, as of many of his Seruauntes, and Neighbours there I straiter wayes begmriyng to thinke somewhat more seriously of the matter Then I pray you, good Syr, quoth I, send presently one of your seruauntes farther into the Towne, to enquire, if the like hath happened there, as most likely is, and then must it needes be some Earthquake Whereat the good fearefull Gentleman being a little recomforted, (as misdoubting, and dreading before, I knowe not what in his owne House, as many others did) and immediately dispatching his man into the Towne, wee had by and by certayne woord, that it was generall ouer all the Towne, and within lesse than a quarter of an howre after, that the very like behappened the next Towne too, being a farre greater and goodlver Towne The Gentlewoomens hartes nothing acquainted with anv such Accidentes, were maruellously daunted and they, that immediately before were so eagerly, and greedily praying on vs, began nowe forsooth, very demurely, and deuoutely to pray vnto God, and the one especially, that was euen nowe in the House toppe, I beseeche you hartily quoth shee, let vs leaue off playing, and fall a praying By my truely, I was neuer so scared in my lyfe, Me thmkes it nmruellous straunge What good Partener? Cannot you pray to your selfe, quoth one of the Gentlemen, but all the House must heare you, and ring All in to our Ladyes Mattins ? I see woomen are eury way vehement, and affectionate Your selfe was liker euen nowe, to make a fraye, than to pray and

will you nowe needes in all hast bee on both your knees? Let vs, and you say it, first dispute the matter, what daunger, and terror it carryeth with it God be prayesd, it is already ceased, and heere be some present, that are able cunningly, and clearkly to argue the case I beseeche you master, or mystresse, your zealous and deuoute Passion awhile And with that turning to me, and smiling a little at the first Nowe I pray you, Master *H* what say you Philosophers, quoth he, to this suddayne Earthquake^p May there not be some sensible Naturall cause therof, in the concauities of the Earth it self, as some forcible and violent Eruption of wynde, or the like? Yes no doubt, Sir, may there, quoth I, as well, as an Intel tible Supernaturall and peraduenture the great aboundaunce and superfluity of waters, that fell shortly after Michaelmas last, beeyng not as yet dried, or drawen vp with the heate of the Sunne, which hath not yet recovered his full attractme strength and power, might minister some occasion thereof, as might easily be discoursed by Naturall Philosophic, in what sorte the poores, and ventes, and crannies of the Earth being so stopped, and fylled vp euery where with moysture, that the wmdie Exhalations, and Vapors, pent vp as it were in the bowels thereof, could not otherwise get out, and ascende to their Naturall Originall place But the Termes of Arte, and verie Natures of things themselues so vtterly vnknown, as they are to most heere, it were a peece of worke to lave open the Reason to euery ones Capacitie

I know well, it is we that you meane, quoth one of the Gentlewomen (whom for distinction sake, and bicause I imagine they would be loath to be named, I will hereafter call, Mystresse *Inquisitua*, and the other, Madame *Incredula*) now I beseeche you, learned Syr, try our wittes a little, and let vs heare a peece of your deepe Uniuersitie Cunning Seeing you Gentlewomen will allgates haue it so, with a good will, quoth I and then forsooth, very solemnly pawing a while, most grauely, and doctorally proceeded, as followeth

The Earh^h you knowe, is a mightie great huge body, and consisteth of many diuers, and contrarie members, and vaines, and arteries, and concauities, wherein to auoide the absurditie of *Vacuum*, most necessarily, be very great store of substantiall matter, and sundry Acciden tall humours, and fumes, and spintes, either good, or bad, or mixte Good they cannot possibly all be, whereout is mgendred so much bad, as namely so many poysonfull, and vene-

I mous Hearbes, and Beastes, besides a thousand infectiue, and contagious things else If they be bad, bad you must needes graunt is subject to bad, and then can there not, I warrant you, want an Obiect, for bad to worke vpon If mixt, which seemeth most probable, vet is it impossible, that there should be such an equally and proportionable Temperature, in all, and singular respectes, but sometime the Euill (in the diuels name,) will as it were mterchangeably haue his naturall Predominaunt Course, and issue one way, or other Which euill working vehemently in the partes, and mahtiously encountering the good, forcibly toseth, and cruelly disturbeth the whole Which conflict indureth so long, and is fostred with aboundaunce of corrupt putrified Humors, and ylfauoured grosse infected matter, that it must needes (as well, or rather as ill, as in mens and womens bodyes) burst out in the ende into one penillous disease or other, and sometime, for want of Naturall voydng such feuerous, and flatuous Spintes, as lurke within, into such a violent chill shiuening shaking Ague, as euen now we see the Earth haue Which Ague, or rather euery fitte thereof, we schollers call grossely, and homely, *Terra motus*, a moouing, or stirring of the Earth, you Gentewomen, that be learned, somewhat more finely, and daintily, *Terra metus*, a feare, and agony of the Earth we being onely mooued, and not terrified, you being onely in a manner terrified, and scarcely mooued therewith Nowhere, (and it please you) lyeth the poynt, and quidditie of the controuersie, whether our *Molus*, or your *Metus*, be the better, and more consonant to the Principles and Maximes of Philosophy? the one being manly, and deuoyde of dreade, the other woomannish, and most wofully quuiening, and shiuening for very feare In sooth, I vse not to dissemble with Gentewoomen I am flatly of Opinion, the Earth whereof man was immediately made, and not wooman, is in all proportions and similitudes hker vs than you, and when it fortuneth to be distempered, and diseased, either in part, or in whole, I am perswaded, and I beleue Reason, and Philosophy will beare me out in it, it only mooliueh with the veryimpulsieue force of the malady, and not trembleth, or quaketh for dastardly feare

Nowe, I beseeche you, what thinke ye, Gentlewomen, by this Reason? Reason, quoth Madame *Incredula* By my truly, I can neither picke out Rime, nor Reason, out of any thing I haue hearde yet And yet me thinkes all should be Gospell, that commeth from you

Doctors of Cambridge But I see well, all is I not Gould, that glistereth In deede, quoth Mistresse *Inqutstilia*, heere is much adooe, I trowe, and little helpe But it pleaseth Master *H* (to delight himselfe, and these Gentlemen) to tell vs a trim goodly Tale of Robinhood, I knowe not what Or suer if this be Gospell, I dowte, I am not in a good beleefe Trust me truly, Syr your Eloquence farre passeth my Intelligence Did I not teile you aforehand, quoth I, as much? And yet would you needes presume of your Capacities in such profound mysteries of Philosophic, and Pnuities of Nature, as these be? The very thinking whereof, (vnlesse happily it be *per fidem imphalam*, in beleeuing, as the learned beleue, And saying, It is so, bycause it is so) is nigh enough, to caste you both into a fitte, or two, of a daungerous shaking feauer, vnlesse you presently seeke some remedie to preuent it And in earnest, if ye wyll giue me leaue, vpon that small skill I haue in Extrinsecall, and Intrinsecall Physiognomie, and so forth, I will wager all the money in my poore purse to a pottle of Hypocrase, you shall both this night, within somewhat lesse than two howers and a halfe, after ye be layed, *Dreame* of terrible straunge Agues, and Agonies as well in your owne prettie bodies, as in the mightie great body of the Earth You are very menly disposed, God be praysed, quoth Mistresse *Inqutstilia*, I am glad to see you so pleasurable No doubt, but you are maruellous priuie to our dreames But I pray you now in a little good earnest, doo you Schollers thmke, that it is the very reason in deede, which you spake of euen now? There be many of vs, good Mistresse, quoth I, of that opinion wherin I am content to appeale to the knowledge of these learned Gentlemen here And some againe, of our finest conceited heades defend this Position, (a very straunge Paradox in my fancie) that the Earth haung taken in too much drinke, and as it were ouer lauish Cups, (as it hath sensibly done in a maner all this Winter past) now staggereth, and reeleth, and tottereth, this way and that way, vp and downe, like a drunken man, or wooman (when their Alebench Rhetonck comes vpon them, and specially the moouing Comethicall figure *Potty-posts*), and therefore in this forcible sort, you lately sawe, payneth it selfe to vomit vp againe, that so disordereth, and disquieteth the whole body within And, forsoothe, a few new Contradictors fellowes make no more of it, but a certame vehement, and passionate

neesmg, or sobbing, or coffing, wherewithall they say, and as they say, say with great Physically and Naturall Reason, The Earth in some place, or other, euer lightly after any great, and suddayne alteration of weather, or diet, is exceedingly troubled, and payned, as namely this very Time of the yeare, after the extreeme pynching colde of Winter, and agayne in Autumne, after the extreeme parching heate of Sommer But shall I tell you, Mistresse *Inqutstilia*? The soundest Philosophers in deede, and very deepest Secretaries of Nature, holde, if it please you, an other Assertion, and mamtaine this for truth (which at the leastwise, of all other seemeth maruellous reasonable, and is questionlesse farthest off from Heresie) That as the Earth, vppon it, hath manystately, and boysterousand fierce Creatures, as namely, Men and Women, and diuers Beastes, wherof some one is in maner continually at vanaunce and fewde with an other, euermore seeking to be reuenged vpon his enimie, which eft soones breaketh forth into professed and open Hostilitie and then consequently followe set battels, and mortall warres wherin the one partie bendeth all the force of his Ordinance and other Martiall furniture against the other so likewise within it too, it hath also some, as vengibly and forwardly bent, as for Example, Woormes, and Moules, and Cunnyes, and such other vhauntly highmmded Creatures, the Sonnes and daughters of Mars, and *Bellona* that nurrish ciuill debate, and contrane factions amongst them selues which are seldome, or neuer ended too, without miserable bloudshed, and I deadly warre and then go me their Gunne3 lustily off, and the one dischargeth his Peece couragiously at the other and there is suche a Generall dub a dubbe amongst them, and such horrible Thundering on euery syde, and suche a monstrous cruell shaking of one an others Fortes and Castek, that the whole Earth agayne, or at the least, so muche of the Earth, as is ouer, or neere them, is terribly hoysed, and———No more Ands, or Ifs, for Gods sake, quoth the Madame, and this be your great Doctorly learning Wee haue euen Enough alreadye for our Money and if you shoulde goe a little farther, I feare mee, you v, oulde make vs nyghe as cunning as your selfe and that woulde bee a great disgrace to the Uniuersitie Not a whitte, gentle Madame, quoth I, there be of vs, that haue greater store in our bowgets, than we can well occupie our selues, and therefore we are glad as you see,

when by the fauourable, and gratiuous aspect of some blessed Planet, and specially our *Mercury*, or your *Venus*, it is our good Fortune, to lighte on such good frindes, as you, and some other good Gentlewomen be, that take pleasure, and comfort in such good things Wherat Mistresse *Inqumtiua*, laughing right out, and beginning to demaunde I know not uhat, (me thought, shee made, as if it shoulde haue been some goodly plausible Jest, wherat shee is, and takes her selfe prettily good) Well, vtell, Master H quoth the Gentleman of the house, now you

haue playde your part so cunningly with the Gentlewomen, (as I warrant you shall be remembred of *Inqutsttiua*, when you are gone, and may happily forget her which I hope, Mistresse *Incredula* will do sometime too, by hir leaue) I pray you in earnest, let vs men leame some thing of you too and especially I would gladly heare your Iudgement, and ! resolution, whether you counte of Earthquakes, as Naturall, or Supernaturall motions But the shorter, all the better To whom I made answere, in effect, as followeth

Master H^s short, bu : sharpe, and learned Iudgement of Earthquakes.

TRuely Syr, vnder correction, and in my fancie The Earthquakes themselves I would saye are Naturall as I verily beleue the Intemall Causes thereof, are I meane those two Causes, which the Logicians call, the Materiall, and the Formall Marry, the Externall Causes, which are the Efficient and Finall, I take rather of the two, to be supernaturall I must craue a little leaue to la'e open the matter

The Matenall Cause of Earthquakes, (as was superficially touched in the beginning of our speache, and is sufficiently prouoed by *Arts totle* m the seconde Booke of his *Meteors*) is no doubt great abundance of wyndc, or stoare of grosse and drye vapors, and spintes, fast shut vp, and as a man would say e, emprysoned in the Caues, and Dungeons of the Earth which winde, or vapors, seeking to be set at libertie, and to get them home to their Naturall lodgings, in a great fume, violently rush out, and as it were, breake prison, which forcible Eruption, and strong breath, causeth an Earthquake As is excel'ently, and very huely expressed of *Outd*, as I remember, thus

*Vts fera veniorum cæcis inclusa cauermis,
Exspirare aliqui cupiens, luclataque frusira
Liberiore frut coelo, cum car cere Rtma
Nullaforet, toto nee peruia flatibus esset,
Exlentam tutnefeat humum, ceu spirilus oris,
Tendere vesicant solet, and so forth*

The formall Cause, is nothing but the very manner of this same Motion, and shaking of the Earth without and the violent kmde of stnuing, and wrasthng of the windes, and Exhalations within which is, and must needes be done in this, or that sort, after one fashion, or other Nowe syr, touching the other two

Causes, which I named Externall The first immediate Efficient, out of all Question, is God himselfe, the Creatour, and Contmuer, and Corrector of Nature, and therefore Supernaturall whose onely voyce carneth such a reuerend and terrible Maiestie with it, that the very Earth againe, and highest Mountames quake and tremble at the sounde and noyse thereof the text is rife in euery mans mouth *Locutus est Dominus et contremutt Terra* howbeit, it is not to be gamesayd, that is holden of all the auncient Naturall Philosophers, and Astronomers, for the principall, or rather sole Efficient, that the Influence, and hcate of the Sunne, and Starres, and specially of the three superior Planets, *Saturnc*, *Iupter*, and *Mars*, is a secondane Instrumentall Efficient of such motions

The finall, not onely that the wynde shoulde recouer his Naturall place, than nhich a naturall reasonable man goeth no farther, no not our excellentest profoundest Philosophers themselves but sometime also, I graunt, to testifie and denounce the secrete wrathe, and indignation of God, or his sensible punishment vppon notorious malefactours, or, a threatening Caueat, and forewarning for the inhabitants, or the like, depending vppon a super naturall Efficient Cause, and tending to a supernaturall Morall End

Winch End, (for that I knowe is the very poynt, whereon you stande) albeit it be acknowledged Supernaturall and purposed, as I sayd, of a supernaturall Cause, to whom nothing at all is impossible, and that can worke supernaturally, and myraculously without ordinane meanes, and infenour causes yet neuertheless is, we see, commonly performed,

by the qualifying, and conforming of Nature, and Naturall things, to the accomplishment of his Diuine and incomprehensible determination For being, as the olde Philosophers call him, very Nature seife, or as it hath pleased our later schoolemen to terme him, by way of distinction, *Natura Naturans*, he hath all these secundane mferiour thmges, the foure Elementes, all sensible, and vnsensible, reasonable, and vnreasonable Creatures, the whole worlde, and what soeuer is containyd in the Compas of the worlde, being the workmanship of his owne hands, and, as they call them, *Natura naturala*, euer pliable and flexible Instrumentes at his Commaundement to put in execution such Effectes, either ordmane or extraordinary, as shall seeme most requisite to his eternall Providence and now in these latter dayes, very seldome, or in manner neuer worketh any thing so myraculously, and extraordinarily, but it may sensibly appeare, he vseth the seruice and Mmisterie of his Creatures, in the atcheeu- mg thereof I denie not, but Earthquakes (as well as many other fearefull Accidentes in the same Number,) are terrible signes, and, as it were certaine manacing forerunners, and fore- warners of the great latter day, and therefore out of controuersie the more reuerendly to be considered vppon and I acknowledge con- sidering the Euentes, and sequeles, according to the collection and discourse of mans Reason, they haue seemed to Prognosticate, and threaten to this, and that Citie, vtter ruyne and destruction to such a Country, a generall plague and pestilence to an other place, the death of some mightie Potentate or great Prince to some other Realme or Kmgdome, some cruell imminent warres and sundry the like dreadfull and particular Incidentes, as is notoriously euident by many olde and newe, very famous and notable Histories to that effect Which of all other the auncient Ronuines, long before the Natiuitie of Christ, did most religiously or rather superstitiously obserue, not without a number of solemne Ceremonies, and Hollydayes for the nonce, euer after any Earthquake, making full account of some such great ruffall casuality or other, as otherwhyles fell out in very deede and namely, as I remember, the yeare *Ante helium Soctale*, which was one of the lament- ablest, and myserablest warres, that *Italy* tuer sawe and *Phme*, or I knowe not well who, hath such a saying *Roma nunquam I tremuit, vl non futurus ahquts portenderelur instgnts Euenlus*

I But yet, notwithstanding, dare not I afore hand presume thus farre, or arrogate so much vnto my selfe, as to determine precisely and peremptorily of this, or euery the like singular Earthquake, to be necessarily, and vndoubtedly a supernaturall, and immediate fatall Action of God, for this, or that singular intent, when as I am sure, there may be a sufficient Naturall, eyther necessane or contingent Cause in the very Earth it selfe and there is no question, but the selfe same Operation in *Genere*, or in *specie*, may at one tyme, proceeding of one Cause, and referred to one End, be preter- naturall, or supernaturall at another tyme, proceeding of an other, or the same Cause, and referred to an other End, but Ordinance, and Naturall To make shorte, I cannot see, and would gladly learne, howe a man on Earth, should be of so great authontie, and so familiar acquaintance with God in Heauen, (vnlesse haply for the nonce he hath lately intertained some few choise singular ones of his prune Counsell) as to be able in such specialties, with- out any lustifyable certificate, or warrant to reueale hys incomprehensible mysteries, and definitiue to giue sentence of his Maiesties secret and inscrutable purposes As if they had a key for all the lockes m Heauen, or as if it were as cleare and resolute a case, as the Eclipse of the Sunne, that darkened all the Earth, or at the least all the Earth m those Countries, at Christes Passion, happening altogether prodigiously and Metaphysically in *Plenilunio*, not according to the perpetuall course of Nature, m *Nouilumo* m so much that *Dtonmus Areopagiia*, or some other graunde Philosopher, vpon the suddayne con- templation thereof, is reported in a certaine Patheticall Ecstasie to haue cryed out, *Aut rerum Natura pailur, aut Mundt machina destruetur* as my minde giliueth me, some of the simpler, and vnskilfuller sort, will goe nye to doe vpon the present sight, and agony of this Earthquake Marry the Errour I graunt, is the more tollerable, though perhappes it be otherwhiles, (and why not euen now,) a very presumptuous Errour in deede, standing only vpon these two weake and deceitfull groundes, CREDUHTIE and Ignorance if so be inwardly (not onely m Externall shewe, after an Hypo- cnticall, and Phansaicall manner) it certainly doo vs good for our reformation, and amend- ment, and seeme to preache vnto vs, *Penitentiam agile*, (as in some respect euery suche straunge and rare Accident may seeme) how Ordinance, and Naturall! so euer the Cause shall

appeare otherwise to the best learned especially, as the Earthquake shall be knowne to endure a longer, or a shorter Tyme, or to be more or lesse generall, in more, or fewer places Which two differences, touching the quantitie of Tyme, and Place, after I had a little more fully prosecuted, alledging certame particuler Examples thereof, howe in some places huge Castels, in some Townes, in some great and mightie Cities, in some Shires and Seigniories, and Prouinces, in some whole Countryes, and Regions haue been perilously mouued and shaken therewith in one place, a long time together in an other place, not so long, or at seuerall and parted times in another, very short, as, God be thanked here euen now and finally by the way, shewing a thirde and most notable difference of all, (as well for the present or imminent terrour and daunger, as otherwise) by the sundry *sptaes*, and formes which *Aristotle*, *Phnie*, and other Meteorologicians haue set downe of Experience, as they haue heard, or read, or seen the earth to quake, to sturte, and hoise vp Houses, Walles, Towers, Castelles, Churches, Minsters, whole Townes, whole Cities, whole Prouinces, without farther harme to ruinate and ouerthrowe, and destroy some to yawne and gape, and open lyke a graue, and consequently to swallow vp and deuour other and sometime also to drinke vp whole nuers, and mightie bigge running waters withall, or to chaunge and alter their common woonted course some other way to sinke and fall downewardes to cast out and vomitte vp either huge vaste heapes, as it were Mountaines of Earth, or large Ilandes in the mayne Sea, neuer remembred, or seen before or great ouerflowing waters, and fountaynes or hotte scalding sulphurous lakes or burning sparkles and flames of fire to make a horrible hissing, gnashing, ratling, or some like wondrousfull strange noyse, (which all Effectes are credibly reported, and constantly auouched, of our most famous and best allowed Philosophers) a fewe such particularities, and distinctions, compendiously and familiarly coured ouer The good Gentleman gaue me hartily, as appeared, very great thanks, and tolde me plainly, he neuer either read, or heard halfe so much of Earthquakes before confessing withall, that he yellded resolutely to my opinion that an Earthquake might as well be supposed a Naturall Motion of the Earth, as a preternaturall, or supernaturall ominous worke of God and that he thought it hard,

and almost impossible, for any man, either by Philosophic, or Diuinitie, euermore to determine flatly the very certaintie either way Which also in conclusion was the verdit, and finall resolution of the greater and sager part of the Gentlemen present. and namely of an auncient learned common Lawyer, that had been Graduate, and fellow of a Colledge in Cambridge, m *Queene Maries* dayes Who tooke vpon him, to knit vp the matter, and as he said, determine the controuersie, with the authoritie of all the naturall Philosophers, old or newe, Heathen or Christian, Catholique or Protestant, that euer he read, or heard tell of There Physickes quoth he, are in euery mans hands they are olde enough to speake for them selues, and wee are young enough to turne our Bookes They that haue Eyes and Tongues, let them see, and reade But what say you nowe, quoth I, to the staying and quieting of the Earthe, beeing once a moueing* May it not seeme a more myraculous worke, and greater wonderment, that it shouide so suddamely staye againe, being mouued, than that it shouide so suddamely mouue, beyng quiet and still? Mouue or turne, or shake me a thing in lyke order, be it neuer so small, and lesse than a pyennes Head, in comparison of the great mightie circuite of the Earth, and see if you shall not haue much more a doo to staye it presently, beeing once sturred, than to sturte it at the very first Whereat the Gentleman smylmg, and looking merrily on the Gentlewomen, heere is a schoole poynt, quoth he, that by your leaues, I beleuee will poase the better scholler of you both But is it not more than tyme, thynke ye, wee were at Supper? And if you be a hungered, Maister II you shall thanke no body but your selfe, that haue holden vs so long with your profounde and clerkly discourses, whereas our manner is to suppe at the least a long howre before this tyme Beyng set, and newe occasion of speche ministered, our Supper put the Earthquake in manner out of our myndes, or at the leastwise, out of our Tongues sauing that the Gentlewomen, nowe and then 3pleasantly tyhyng betweene them selues, especially Mystresse *Inquiltua*, (whose mmde did still runne of the drinking, and Neesing of the Earth,) repeated here, and there, a broken peece of that, which had been already sayde before Supper With deepe ludgement no doubt, and to maruellous great purpose, I warrant you after the manner of women Philosophers, and Diuines

And this summarily in Effect was our yesternyghtes graue Meteorologicall Conference, touching our Earthquake here in the Country which being in so many neighbour Townes, and Villages about vs, as I heare say of this morning, maketh me presuppose, the like was wyth you also at London, and elsewhere farther of And then forsoothe, must I desire Maister *Intnerlto*, to send me within a weeke or two, some odde fresh pauling threehalfepennie Pamphlet for newes or some Balductum Tragical Ballet in Ryme, and without Reason, setting out the right myserable, and most wofull estate of the wicked, and damnable worlde at these penlous dayes, after the deuisers best manner or whatsoeuer else shall first take some of your braue London Eldertons in the Head In earnest, I could wishe some learned, and well aduized Uniuersitie man, woulde vndertake the matter, and bestow some paynes in deede vppon so famous and materiall an argument The generall Nature of Earthquakes by definition, and the speciall diuersitie of them by diuision, beyng perfectly knowen (a thing soone done) and a complete Induction of many credible and autenticall, both olde and newe, diume and prophane, Greeke, Lattine, and other Examples, (with discretion, and Iudgement, compylcd and compared together) being considerably and exactly made, (a thing not so easily done) much no doubt myght be alledged too or fro, to ternifie or pacifie vs, more or lesse If it appeare by generall Experience, and the foresayde His toncall Induction of particulars, that Earth quakes, *sine omm exceptione*, are ominous, and significatiue Effectes, as they saye of Comets, and came euer some Tragical and horrible matter with or after them as eyther destruction of Townes and Cities, or decay of some mightie Prince, or some particular, or generall plague, warre, or the lyke, (vt *supra*) what soeuer the Materiall, or Formall cause be, Natural, or supernaturall, (howbeit for myne owne part I am resolu'd, as wel for the one, as for the other, that these two I speake of, both Matter and Fourme, are rather Naturall in both, than otherwise) it concerneth vs, vpon the vewe of so Effectuall and substaunciall euidence, to conceiue seriously, and reuerently of the other two Causes the first, supreme Efficient, whose Omnipotent Maiest e hath nature self, and all naturall Creatures at com maundement and the last finally, which we are to mdge of as aduisedly, and prouidently, as possibly we can, by the consideration, and

comparison of Circumstances, the tyme when the place where? the qualities, and dispositions of the persons, amongst whom such, and such an Ominous token is giuen Least happily through ouer great credulitie, and rashnesse, we mistake *Non causam pro causa*, and sophistically be entrapp'd *Elencho Finium* Truly, I suppose, he had neede be an excellent Philosopher, a reasonable good Historian, a learned Dunne, a wise discrete man, and generally, such a one as our Doctor *Still*, and Doctor *Byng* are in Cambridge, that shoulde shew himselfe accordingly in this argument, and to the Iudgement and contentation of the wisest, perfourme it exactly My selfe remember nothing to the contrane, either in Philosophic, or in Histories, or in Diuinitie either, why I may not safely and lawfully subscribe to the Iudgement of the noble *Italian* Philosopher, and most famous learned Gentleman, whilest he liued, Lord of *Mirandola*, and Erie of *Con cordia*, Counte Iohnnes *Franciscus Ptcus*, in my opinion, very considerably, and partly Philosophically, partly Theologically set downe, in the sixt Chapter of his sixt Booke, against Cogging deceitfull Astrologers, and Southbayers, *De return Prcenotione, pro verilate Relhigionis, contra Supersiliosas vamlates* In which Chapter, (if happily you haue not read it already,) you shall finde many, but specially these three notable places, most effectuall and directly pertinent to the very purpose The first more vniuersall *Naturæ opere fieri non potest, vt Ostentis, vt Monstrum magni lili, seu dextrin, seu sintstri euentus portendantur, et ab ahqua pendeant proxima causa, quæ et fuiura etiam projerat Imposiura Damonum, vt id fiat, vidert potest Sed et plceraque non mon slosa, non prodigtosa per sese, pro monstris tamen, et porlenis, habert possunt, et solent a qutbusdam, quibus Return Natura non satis comperta est, causarum entm ignoratto, noua in re Admrattionem pant Propter quam, philosophart homines capisse, in exordijs primes philosophic scribtt Aristoteles* Wherein those two seuerall points, *Impostura Damonum*, and *Ignoratto causarum*, are no doubt maruellous probable, and moste worthy bothe presentlye to bee noted nowe, and more fully to be discussed hereafter appearing vnto me the verie right principall Causes of so manye erroneous opinions, and fantasticall superstitious dreames in this, and the like behalfe

The seconde more speciall, as it were hitting the white in deede, and cleauing the Pmne in sunder

Idem in Terra mottbus etiam, quod in Jul gunbusjulminibusque interpretandis, obseruauit Antiquitas Cuius Rei liber, Græco eloquio, nuper ad manus peruertit, in Orpheum relatus Autorem sed per absurdum nimis, ut quod frequentissimè fit, pro vario terra anhelitu, pro ventorum uolentia, vaporumque conductione, (marke you that?) ex eo rerum futurarum significationem petere, quorum nee effectus esse possunt, nee causa, praterquam forte mortis inferenda tibi, qui fulmen exceperit, aut qui terrarum hiatus penerit Sed nee ab eadem proxima deducta causa possunt, a qua et futura pendeant res, ut supra deductum est

And then shortly after, the thirde, most agreeable to the seconde, as flatly determining on my side, and as directly concluding the same position as may be

Nee sane Orpheus ille, si iamem Orpheus iuit, ullam affert omnino causam, cur quispiam ex terra motibus, vrbium, hominum, regionum euenia præsagire possit Solum vano narrat arbitrio si terra continet motus noctu, si astate, si hyeme, si aurora, si interdiu, quid portet datur Qua certè, et santore possunt arbitrii refelut, et Expertentia testimonio, ut arbitror, non secus inderi, ac supra Tagis portenta tmsimus, Haruspici dicitur

A most excellent sounde Iudgement in my conceit and ful well beseming so Honorable and admirable a Witte, as out of Question, *Picus Mirandula* had who being yet scarcely thirty yeeres of age, for his singularity in all kind of knowleege, as well diuine as prophane, was in Italy and France, as *Paulus Ioutus* reporteth, surnamed *Phamix*, as the odde, and in effecte the onely singular learned man of Europe and to make shorte suche a one, in most respects, as I wouide wishe nowe to be tempering with this newe notorious incident staying my selfe in the meane while vpon this probable and reasonable *Interim* of his and preferring it before at the fruolous coniecturall Allegations, and surmises, that oure counterfaite, and reasonless *Orphei* oppose to the contrarye But, Iesu, what is all this to Master *Immento*? Forsooth I knowe not by what mischaunce, these miserable balde odious three halfe penny fellows, alas, a company of silly beetleheaded Asses, came into my minde, that wil needes be sturning, and taking on in euerye suche rare and vnaccustomed euent, as if they sawe farther in a Millstone, than all the worlde besides, whereas euene man, that hath but halfe an eye in his head, seeth them to be more bhnde, than anye Buzzarde, or Bayarde,

*Scriptum indocti, doctique Poemata passim, and surely, as the worlde goeth nowe in Englande, rather the firste, for aught I see, than the laste 0 interim miseras Musas, et misera biles Where the faulte shoulde rest, viderint Oculi, atque capita Retp Mht quidem tshtc, nequit seriur admodum, neque metitur Non vakU mea nouos Bibliotheca libros desiderat, setpsa, id est, quos habet, veleribus contenta est Quid plura? Tu vale, mi Immento, atque tta tibi persuade, Aliquid esse eum, qui tstorum longi est dissimilimus, quos Typographi nostri habent venales maxime Commende mee to thine owne good selfe, and tell thy dying Pelh cane, and thy Dreames from me, I wil nowe leaue dreaming any longer of them, til with these eyes I see them forth indeede And then againe, I imagine your *Magmificenza*, will holde vs in suspense as long for your nine Englshe *Commedies*, and your Latine *Stemmata Dudleiana* whiche two shal go for my money, when all is done especiallye if you woulde but bestow one seuennights polshing and trimmmg vpon eyther Whiche I praye thee hartly doe, for my pleasure, if not for their sake, nor thine owne profite My *Schollers Loue*, of *Reconcilement Of contraries*, is shrunke in the wetting I hadde purposed to haue dispatched you a Coppie thereof, long ere this but, no remedie, hitherto it hath alwayes gone thus with me Some newe occasion, or other, euer carneth me from one matter to another, and will neuer suffer me to finishe eyther one or other And truly, *Experto crede*, it is as true a Verse as euer was made, since the first Verse, that euer was made *Plunbus intensus minor est ad singula sensus* whiche my *Anticosmopolitia*, though it greue him, can beste testifie, remayning still as we saye, in *statu, quo*, and neither an mche more forward, nor backward, than he was fully a twduemonth since in the Courte, at his laste attendance vpon my Lorde there But the Birde that will not sing in Aprill, nor in May, maye peraduenture sing in September and yet me thinkes, *Sat aid, si sat bene*, if I coulde steal but one poore fortnight, to peruse him our afreshe, and copy him out anewe Whiche I hope in God to compasse shortly But I beseech you, what Newes al this while at Cambridge? That was wont to be euer one great Question What? *Det mihi Mater ipsa bonam vemam, etus ut aliqua mihi hceat Secrela, vni cutdam de eodem gremio obsequentsimo filio, reuelare et sic paucis habelo Nam alth fortasse pluribus: nunc non placet, non vacat, mokstum esset.**

Tully, and Demosthenes nothing so much studied, as they were wonte *Lime*, and *Salust* possiblye rather more, than lesse *Luctan* neuer so much *Aristotle* muche named, but little read *Xenophon* and *Plato*, reckned amongst Discourers, and conceited Superficial fellowes much verball and sophistical tangling little subtle and effectual disputing noble and royall Eloquence, the best and persuasiblest Eloquence no such Orators againe, as redheaded Angelles An exceeding greate difference, betweene the countenaunces, and portes of those, that are braue and gallaunt, and of those, that are basely, or meanly apparelled betwene the learned, and vnlearned, *Tully*, and *Tom Tooly*, in effect none at all

Matchauell a great man Castillo of no small reputation *Pelrach*, and *Boccace* in euery mans mouth *Galaleo*, and *Guazzo* neuer so happy ouer many acquainted with *Vmco Aretino* **The French and Italian when so** highlye regarded of Schollers? The *Latme* and **Greeke, when so lightly? The Queene mother** at the beginning, or ende of euerye conference **many bargames of Mounsieur Shymeirs** a noble gallant fellowe all inquisitiue after Newes, newe Bookes, newe Fashions, newe Lawes, newe Officers, and some after newe Elementes, and some after newe Heauens, and Helles to *Turkiske affaires* familiarly knowne Castels builded in the Ayre muche adoe, and little helpe *lacke* would fame be a Gentle manne in no age so little so muche made of, euery one highly in his owne fauour, thinking no mans penny, so good siluer as his own Something made of Nothing, in spite of Nature Numbers made of Ciphars, in spite of Arte Geometrical Proportion seldome, or neuer vsed, Anthmetically ouermuch abused Oxen and Asses (notwithstanding the absurditie it seemed to *Plautus*) draw both together in one, **and the same Yoke Conclusw fere sequitur deteriorem partem** **The Gospell taughte, not** learned Chantie key colde nothing good, but by Imputation the *Ceremomall* Lawe, in worde abrogated the *ludiall* in effecte disannulled the *Morall* indeede abandoned the *Ligkle*, the *Lighte* in euery mans Lippes, but marke me their eyes, and tell me, if they looke not hker Howlets, or Batten, than Egles as of olde Bookes, so of auntient Vertue Honestie, Fidehtie, Equitie, newe Abridgements euery

day freshe span newe Opinions Heresie in Diuinitie, in Philosophic, in Humamtie, in Manners, grounded muche vpon heresy *Doctors* contemned the Text knowne of moste, vnderstood of fewe, magnified of all, practised of none the *Diuell* not so hated, as the *Pope* many Inuectiues, small amendment Skill they say controlled of Will and Goodnesse mastered of Goods but Agent, and Patient muche alike, neither Barrell greatly better Herring No more adoe aboute *Cappes* and *Surplusses* Maister *Cariwright* nighe forgotten The man you wot of, conformable, with his square Cappe on his rounde heade **and Non resident at pleasure and yet Nonresidents** neuer better bayted, but not one the fewer, either I beleuee in Acte, or I beleuee, in Purpose A number of our preachers sibbe to *French Souldiors*, at the first, more than Men, in the end, lesse than Women Some of our pregnantest and soonest ripe Wits, of *Hermogenes* mettall for al the world Olde men and Counsaillours amongst Children Children amongst Counsaillours, and olde men Not a fewe dubble faced *lam*, and chaungeable *Camehons* ouermanye Clawbackes, and Pickethanks Reedes shaken of euene Wind Jackes of bothe sides Aspen leaues painted Sheathes, and Sepulchres Asses in Lions skins Dunglecockes shpperye Eles Dormise I blush to thinke of some, that weene themselves as fledge as the reste, being, God wot, as kallowe as the rest euery yonker to speike of as politique, and as great a Common wealths man as Bishoppe *Gardner*, or Doctor *Witlon* at the least as if euene man nowe adayes haung the framing of his own *Horo-scope*, **were borne in decwio eeh domiaho**, and had al the Wit, Wisedome, and Worshipp in the world at commaundement *Sed heus in aurem Memimstiri quod ait Varro* *Omnes videmur nobis esse belli, Jesliul, saperdx, cum sumus*¹ *Canopi David, Vltses, and Solon*, fayned themselves fooles and madmen our fooles and madmen fame themselves *Dauids*, *Vhsses*, and *Solons* and would goe nigh to deceiue the cunningest, and best experienced *Metaposcopus* in a country It is pity faire weather should euer do hurt, but I know what peace and quietnes hath done with some melancholy pickstrawes in the world as good vnspoken as vnamented And wil you needes haue my Testimoniall of youre olde Controllers

¹ In Nonius Marcellus *de Compndiosa Doctrina* s.v. *saperdix* The true reading is *cum sumus sapiens*, but the first edition (c.1470) gives *canopi* (possibly a misreading of CAUPED), corrected to *canoptict* in the editions of 1471 and 1483

622 THREE PROPER AND WITTIE FAMILIAR LETTERS.

new behavior? A busy and dizey heade, a
brazen forehead a ledden braine a wooden
wit a copper face a stony breast a fac-
tious and efuifh hearthe a founder of nouel-
ties a confounder of his owne, and his friends
good gifts a morning bookeworm, an after-
noone maltworm a right Iuggler, as ful of his
sleights, wyles, fetches, casts of Legerdemame,
toyes to mocke Apes withal, odde shifts, and
knauish practizes, as his skin can holde He
often telleth me, he looliueth me as himselfe,
but out lyar out, thou lyst abhominablv in
thy throate Iesu, I had nigh hand forgotten
one thing, that ywis somtime I think often
ynough vpon Many Pupils, Iackemates, and
Hayle fellows wel met, with their Tutors, and
by your leaue, some too, because forsooth they
be Gentlemen, or great heires, or a little neater
and gayer than their fellows, (shall I say it
for shame? beleuee me, tis too true) their very
own Tutors Ah mala Licentia, ab initio non
fuit sic Stulta est omnis ljuvenihs Doctnna,
sine vinh quadam Disciphna Quast verb
paupertonbus duntaxat puerts, ac non tnulto
maps generosce, alque nobih Iuuentuti con-
ueniat, pristina tlltus Institutions, atque Edu-
catumis seuenlas, et tngenwz, et prudentis,
et erudita, et cum Tutons persona, turn pu-
pilb, eltam ipst perquam accomodated Vsque
quaque sapere oportet id ent telum acerrimum
Ccetera fert, vt ohm Bellum inter Capita, et
membra conhnualum ~~id est~~ publicas de
fensa scholts, prmatls confirmata panelibus,

omnibus has ostenlata, Scire tuum nihil est,
nisi te scire, hoc sciat alter Plurimi passim
fit Pecunia, Pudor parui penditur Nihili
hahentur Literae Mih crede, credendum nullh
O amice, amicus nemo Quid tu interim?
Quomodo te inqmes, gerts? Quomodo? Opli-
mum est aliena frui msania Video taceo,
rideo Dixi Et lamen addam, quod ail Satyrt-
cus ttle

Vtuendum est red?, turn propter plurima, turn
his

Prcectput causis, vt hnguas Mancipiorum
Contemnas

E meo muniapio, Poslndie quhm superiores
de Terraemotu sermones haberenlur, id est, ni
Jailor, Aprths septimo, Vespert With as
many gentle Goodnights, as be letters in this
tedious Letter

Nosl manum tanquam tuam

POSTSCRIPTE

This Letter may only be shewed to the two
odde Gentlemen you wot of Marry I would
haue those two to see it, as sone as you may
conueniently

Non multts dormto non multis scrto non
cupto placere multis Alij altos numeros laudant,
prcejerunt, veneranlur Ego fere apud nos, fert
apud vos Tnnitatem

Verbum sapientit sat nosti ccetera et tres
Charttes habes ad vnguem

A Gallant familiar Letter, containing an Ansvvere to that of M. Immento, with sundry proper examples, and some Precepts of our Engshe reformed Versifying

To my very friend At *Immmto*

Signor *Immertto*, to passe ouer youre neede-
lesse complaint, wyth the residue of your
preamble (for of the *Earthquake* I presuppose
you haue ere this receyued my goodly dis
course) and withall to let my late Englishe
Hexametes goe as hghtlye as they came I
cannot choose, but thanke and honour the
good Aungell, (whether it were *Gabrtell* or
some other) that put so good a motion into
the heads of those two excellent Gentlemen
M Sidney, and *M Dyer*, the two very Dia
mondes of hir Maiesties Courte for many
speciall and rare qualities as to helpe for
warde our new famous enterprise for the Ex
changing of Barbarous and Balductum Rymes
with Artificiall Verses the one being in
manner of pure and fine Goulde, the other but
counterfet, and base ylfauoured Copper I
doubt not but their liuelie example, and Prac
tise, wil preuaile a thousand times more in
short space, than the dead Aduertizement,
and persuasion of *M Ascham* to the same
Efecte whose *Scholemaisler* notwithstanding
I reuerence in respect of so learned a Motiue
I would gladly be acquainted with *M Dranis*
Prosodye, and I beseeche you, commend me
to good *M Sidneys* Iudgement, and gentle
M Immeritos Observations I hope your nexte
Letters, which I daily exspect, wil bring me in
farther familie and acquaintance with al
three Mine owne Rules and Precepts of Arte,
I beleewe wil fal out not greatly repugnant,
though peradventure somewhat different and
yet am I not so resolute, but I can be content
to reserue the Coppyng out and publishing
therof, vntil I haue a little better consulted
with my pillowe, and taken some farther aduize

of *Madame Sperienza* In the meane, take this
for a general Caueat, and say I haue reuealed
one great mystene vnto you I am of Opinion,
there is no one more regular and mstifiable
direction, eyther for the assured, and infallible
Certamtie of our English Artificiall Prosodye
particularly, or generally to bring our Lan
guage into Arte, and to frame a Grammer or
I Rhetonke thereof than first of all vniuersally
to agree vpon *one and the same Ortopgraphie*, in
all pomes conformable and proportionate to
our *Common Natural Prosodye* whether *Sir*
Thomas Smithes in that respect be the most
perfit, as surely it must needes be very good
or else some other of profounder Learning, and
longer Experience, than *Sir Thomas* was,
shewing by necessane demonstration, when
he is defectiue, wil vndertake shortly to sup
phe his wantes, and make him more absolute
My selfe dare not hope to hoppe after him, til
I see something or other, too, or fro, publickely
and autentically established, as it were by a
generall Counsel, or acte of Parliament and
then peradventure, standing vpon firmer
grounde, for Companie sake, I may aduventure
to do as other do *Inlenm*, credit me, I dare
geue no Preceptes, nor set downe any *Cerlaine*
General Arte and yet see my boldnesse, I am
not greatly squaimishe of my *Particular*
Examples, whereas he that can but reasonably
skil of the one, wil giue easily a shreude gesse
at the other considering that the one fetcheth
his original and offspring from the other In
which respecte, to say troth, we *Beginners* haue
the start, and aduantage of our Followers, who
are to frame and conforme both their Examples,
and Precepts, according to that President

which they haue of vs as no doubt *Homer* or some other in *Greece*, and *Enmus*, or I know not who else in *Latine*, did prewdice, and ouer rule those, that followed them, as well for the quantities of syllables, as number of feete, and the like • their onely Examples going for current payment, and standing in steade of Lawes, and Rules with the postentie In so much that it seemed a sufficient warrant (as still it doth in our Common Grammer schooles) to make τ in τμή, and v, m *Vnus* long, because the one hath τμή δ' in Δις ἑοι, and the other, *Vnus homo nobis*, and so consequently in the rest But to let this by disputation passe, which is already so throughly discoursed and canuassed of the best Philosophers, and

namely *Aristotle*, that poynt vs, as it were with the forefinger, to the very *founiawes* and *head springes* of Artes, and Artificiall preceptes, in the *Analiitiques*, and *Meiaphysikes* most excellently set downe in these foure *Golden Trmes*, the famousest Termes to speake of in all *Logtque* and *Phihsophie*, *ἐμπειρία, ἱστορία, θεωρία, ἐπιστήμη* shall I now by the way sende you a *lanuarie gift* in *Apnll* and as it were shewe you a *Christmas Gambowld* after *Easter* ? Were the manner so very fine, as the matter is very good, I durst presume of an other kinde of *Plaudite* and *Gramerae*, than now I will but being as it is, I beseeche you set *parciahtie* aside, and tell me your maister ships fancy

A New yeeres Gift to my old friend Maister Georg e Bdchaunger In commendation of three mostpreaous Academes, Virtue, Fame, and Wealth and finally of the foiuth, A Good Tongue

Vertue sendeth a man to Renowne, Fame
lendeth Aboundaunce,
Fame with Aboundaunce makelh a man ihrise
blessed and happie
So the Rewarde of Famous Verluue makes many
wealthy,
And the Regard of Wealthie Vertue makes many
blessed
0 blessed Vertue, blessed Fame, blessed Aboun
daunce
0 that I had you three, with the losse of thriie
Lomencementes
Nowe farewell Mistresse, ulom lately I loued
about all,
These be my three bonny lasses, these be my three
bonny Ladyes,
hot the like Trimtie againe, saue onely the
Trtmie about all
Worship and Honour, first to the one, and then
to the other
4 thousand good leaues be for euer graunted
Agrippa
For squibbwg and declayming against many
fruidlesse
Artes, and Craftes, deuisde by the Diuls and
Sprites, for a torment,
And for a plague to the world as both Pandora,
Prometheus,
And that cursed good bad Tree, can iestifie at
all times [these
Meere Gewegawes and Babies, in comparison of

Toyes to mock Apes, and Woodcockes, in com
panson of these
lughng castes, and kniclaches, in comparism
of these
Yet behande there is one thing, worth a prayer at
all tymes,
A good Tongue, in a mans Head, A good Tongue
in a womans
And iuiat so preaou, matter, and foode for a
good Tongue,
As blessed Vetluue, blessed Fame, blessed Aboun
davnee

L'Enuoy

Maruell not, what I tneane to send these Verses
at Euensong
On Neweyeeres Euen, and Oldyeeres Eiid, as a
Memento
Trust me, I know not a ritcher lewell, newish or
oldish,
Than blessed Vertue, blessed Fame, blessed
Abundaunce,
0 blessed Vertue, blessed Fame, blessed Aboun
daunce,
0 that you had these three, with the losse of Fortie
Valetes,

He that wisheth, you may hue
to see a hundreth Good Newe
yeeres, euery one happier, and
merrier, than other

Now to requite your Blindfolded preiie God,
 (whenn by the way I woulde gladly learne,
 why, *The*, in the first, *Ye* in the first, and
 thirde, *He*", and *My*, in the last, being shorte,
Me, alone should be made longer in the very
 same) Imagm me to come into a goodly
 Kentishe Garden of your old Lords, or some
 other Noble man, and spying a flonshing Bay
 Tree there, to demaunde *ex tempore*, as fol
 loweth Thmke vppon *Peirarches*

*Arbor vittoriosa, Inomfale,
 Onor d' Imperadori, e di Poele*

and perhappes it will aduance the wynges of
 your Imagination a degree higher at the
 least if any thing can be added to the loftmesse
 of his conceite, whom gentle *Misresse Rosa
 hnde*, once reported to haue all the *Intelh
 gences* at commaundement, and an other time,
 Christened her *Segmor Pegaso*

Encomium Lauri

What might I call this Tree ? A Laurell ?
O bonny Laurell
Neeedes to thy boives will I bow this knee, and
vayle my bonetlo
Who, but thou, the tenowne of Prince, and
Princely Poeta
Th'onefor Crownejor Garland Mother thanhelh
Apollo
Thrice happy Daphne thai turned was to the
Bay Tree,
Whom such seruauantes serue, as challenge seru
of all men
Who chiefe Lorde, and King of Kings, but
//j'Emperour only ?
And Poet of right slampe, ouerawith th'Em
perour himselfe
Who, but knowes Aretyne, das he not halfe
Prince to the Princes
And many a one there liues, as nobly minded at
all poyntes
Now Farewell Bay Tree, very Queene, and
Goddesse of all trees,
Ritches! perle to the Crowne, and fayres! Floure
to the Garland
Fame wod I crane, might I so presume, some
farther acquainiaunce,
O that I might? but I may not doe to my
destime therefore
Trust me, not one more loyall seruauunl longes to
thy Personage,
But what sayes Daphne ? Non omm dormio,
worse lucke

*Yet Farewell, Farewell, the Reward of those,
 thai I honour*
Glory to Garden Glory to Muses Glory to
Vertue

*Partim Iout, et Palladi,
 Partim Apolhni et Musis*

But seeing I must needes bewray my store,
 and set open my shoppe wyndowes, nowe I
 pray thee, and coniure thee by all thy amorous
 Regardes, and Lxorcismes of Loue, call a
 Parliament of thy Sensible, and Intelligible
 powers together, and tell me, in Tom Trothes
 earnest, what *Il secondo, et famoso Poeta*,
Messer Immenio, sayth to this bolde Satyn[c]all
Libell lately deuised at the instance of a cer
 tayne worshipfull Hartefordshyre Gentleman,
 of myne olde acquayntaimce in *Gratiam
 quorundam Illustrium Anglofrancitorum, he
 et vbique apud nos voltantium Agedmn verb,
 nosti homines, ianquam tuam ipsius cutem*

Speculum Tuscanismi

Since Gatateo came in, and Tuscanisme gan
vsurpe,
Vanitie aboue all Villame next her, Statelynes
Empresse
No man, but Minion, Stowie, Lowte, Plaine,
swayne, quoth a Lording
No wordes but valorous, no worhes but uoomanish
onely
For life Magnificoos, not a beck but glorious in
shew,
indeede mostfrtuolous, not a looh but Tuscanish
alwayes
His cringing side necke, Eyes glauncing, Fis
namie smirking,
With forefinger kisse, and haue embrace to the
footewarde
Largebelled Kodpeasd Dublet, vnkodpeased halje
hose,
Siraite to the dock, like a shirie, and close to the
britch like a diehng
A little Apish Batle, cowed fast to the pale,
like an Oyster,
French Camarick Ruffes, deepe tilth a wnesse,
starched to the purpose
Euery one A per se A, his tennes, and hauertes
in Print,
Delicate in speech, queynle in araye conceited
in all poyntes
In Courtly guyles, a passing singular odde
man,
For Gallanies a braue Myrrour, a Primerose of
Honour,

*A Diamond for nonce, a fellow perelesse in
England*

*Not the like Discourser/or Tongue, and head to
be found out*

*Not the like resolute Man, for great and serious
affaires,*

*Not the like Lynx, to spie out secretes, and pnu-
ties of States*

*Eved, like to Argus, Earde, like to Midas, Nosd,
like to Naso,*

*Wmgd, like to Mercury, fitlst of a Thousand for
to be employde,*

*This, nay more than this doth practtse of Italy
in one yeare*

*None doe I name, but some doe I know, that
a peece of a tweluemonth*

*Hath so perfied outly, and inly, both body, both
soule,*

*That none for sense, and senses, halfe matchable
with them*

*A Vulturs smelling, Apes tasting, sight of an
Eagle,*

*A spiders touching, Hartes hearing, might of
a Lyon*

*Compounds of ansedome, mite, prowes, bounlie,
behauiour,*

*All gallant Vertues, all quahttes of body and
souk*

*0 thrice tenne hundreth thousand times blessed
and happy,*

*Blessed and happy Trauaiee, Trauailer most
blessed and happy*

*Penatibus Hetruscis lanbusque nostns In
quilinis*

Tell me in good sooth, doth it not too
evidently appeare, that this English Poet
wanted but a good patterne before his eyes, as
it might be some delicate, and choyce elegant
Poesie of good M Sidneys, or M Dyers, (ouer
very Castor, and Pollux for such and many
greater matters) when this trimme geere was
in hatching Much like some Gentlewoman,
I could name in England, who by all Phisick
and Physiognomie too, might as well haue
brought forth all goodly faire children, as they
haue now some ylfauored and deformed, had
they at the tyme of their Conception, had in
sight, the amiable and gallant beautifuli Pic-
tures of Adorns, Cuptdo, Ganymedes, or the
like, which no doubt would haue wrought such
deepe impression in their fantasies, and imagi-
nations, as their children, and perhaps their
Childrens children too, myght haue thanked
them for, as long as they shall haue Tongues in
their heades

But myne owne leysure fayleth me and to
say troth, I am lately become a maruellous
great stranger at myne olde *Mistresse Poetries*,
being newly entertayned, and dayly employed
in our Emperour *Iustintans seruice* (saumg that
I haue alreadie addressed a certaine pleasur-
able, and Morali Politique Naturall mixte
deuise, to his most Honourable Lordshippe, in
the same kynde, wherevnto my next Letter,
if you please mee well, may perchance make
you prime) marne nowe, if it lyke you m the
meane while, for vanetie sake, to see howe
I taske a young Brother of myne, (whom of
playne Iohn, our Italian Maister hath Cnstened
his *Piccwlo Gtouanmbattista*.) Lo here (and
God will) a peece of hollydayes exercise In
the morning I gaue him this *Theame* out of
Omd, to translate, and vane after his best
fashion

*Dum fueris fadtx, multos numerabis Amicos,
Tempora si fuermt ntibltla, solus eris
Aspicias, vt veniant ad Candida tecta columbce ?
Acapiat nullas sordida Turns Aues ?*

His translation, or rather Paraphrase before
dinner, was first this

I

*Whilst your Bearnes are falte, whilst Cofers
stufd with aboundaunce,*

*Freendes will abound If bearne waxe bare,
then adieu sir a Goddes name*

*See ye the Dooues ? they breede, and feede in
gorgeous Houses*

*Scarce one Doooue doth hue to retaine in ruinous
Houses,*

And then forsooth this to make proofe of
his facultie in Pentameters too, affecting a
certaine *Rithmus* withall

2

*Whilst your Ritches abound, your friends will
play the Placeboes,*

*If your wealth doe decay, friend, like afeend,
will away,*

*Dooues light, and delight in goodly faire tyled
houses,*

*If your House be but olde, Doooue to remoue be
yebolde*

And the last and largest of all, this

3

*/f so be goods encrease, then dayly enereaseth
a goods friend*

*If so be goods decrease, then stratte decreaseth
a goods friend*

*Then God night goods friend, who seldome
proueetk a good friend,*

*Giue me the goods, and giue me the good friend,
take ye the goods friend*

*Douehouse, and Louehouse, in writing differ
a letter*

*In deede scarcely so much, so resembleth an other
an other*

*Tyle me the Dooehouse trimly, and gallant,
where the like storehouse ?*

*Fyle me the Dooehouse leaue it vnansome,
where the like poorehouse ?*

*Looke to the Louehouse where the resort is,
there is a gaye shoue*

*Gynne port, and monyfaile straight sports and
Compante faileth*

Beleeue me, I am not to be charged with
about one, or two of the Verses and a foure
or fiue wordes in the rest His afternoones
Theame was borrowed out of him, whom one in
your Coate, they say, is as much beholding
vnto, as any Planet, or Starre in Heauen is
vnto the Sunne and is quoted as your self
best remember, in the Close of your October

*Giunto Alessandro a la famosa iomba
Delfero Ackille, sospirando disse,
Ofortunato, che si chiara tromba
Trouastt*

Within an houre, or there aboutes, he
brought me these foure lustie Hexameters,
altered since not past in a worde, or two

*Noble Alexander, when he came to the tombe of
Achilles,*

*Sighing spake with a bigge voyce, O thrice
blessed Achilles,*

*That such a Trump, so great, so loude, so glorious
hastfound,*

*As the renowned, and surprizing, Archpoet
Homer*

Vppon the viewe whereof, Ah my Syrrha,
quoth I here is a gallant exercise for you in
deede we haue had a little prettie tnnall of
you(r) Latin, and Italian Translation Let me
see now I pray, what you can doo in your
owne Tongue And with that, reaching
a certame famous Booke, called the newe *Shep
hardes Calender* I turned to Willyes, and
Thomaltns Emblemes, in *Marche* and bad
him make them eyther better, or wors in
English verse I gaue him an other howres
respite but before I looked for him, he sud
dainly rushed vpon me, and gaue me his
deuse, thus formally set downe in a faire
peece of Paper

I Thomaltns Embleme.

*Of Honny, and of Gaule, in Loue there is store,
1 he Honny is much, but the Gaule is more*

2. Willyes Embleme

*To be wize, and eke to Loue,
Is graunled scarce to God aboute*

3. Both combined in one.

*Loue is a thing more fell, than full of Gaule, than
of Honny,
And to be wize, and Loue, ts a worke for a God,
or a Goddes peere*

With a small voluntane Supplement of his
owne, on the other side, in commendatior of
hir most gracious, and thrice excellent Maiestie
*Not the like Virgin againe, in Asia, or Afric, or
Europe,
For Royall Vertues, for Maiestie, Bountie, Be
hamour*

Raptim, vti vides

In both not passing a worde, or two, corrected
by mee Something more I haue of his, partly
that very day begun, and partly continued
since but yet not so perfidy finished, that
I dare committe the viewe, and examination
thereof, to Messer *Immeritoes* Censure, whom
after those same two incomparable and my-
raculous *Gemini*, *Omni exceptitone maiores*, I
recount, and chaulk vppe in the Catalogue of
our very pnncipall Englishe *Aristarcht* How-
beit, I am nigh halfe perswaded, that in tyme
(*siquidem vltima prtmts respondeat*) for length,
bredth, and depth, it will not come far behnde
your *hpththalmion Thamesis* the rather, hau-
ing so fayre a president, and patterne before
his Eyes, as I warrant him, and he presumeth
to haue of that both *Master Collmshead*, and
M Holh(n)shead too, beingtogether therein* But
euer, and euer, me thinks your great *Catoes*,
Ecquid erit pretij, and our little *Catoes*, *Res age
quae prosunt*, make suche a buzzing, and ringing
in my head, that I haue little loy to animate,
and encourage either you, or him to goe forward,
vnlesse ye might make account of some certame
ordinane wages, at [at] the leastwise haue your
meate, and drinke for your dayes workes As
for my selfe, howsoeuer I haue toyed, and
trifled heretofore, I am nowe taught, and I
trust I shall shortly learne, (no remedie, I must
of meere necessitie giue you ouer in the playne
fildes) to employ my trauayle, and tyme wholly

or chiefly on those studies and practizes, that carrie as they saye, meate m their mouth, hau-
mg euermore their eye vppon the *Title De pane lucrando*, and their hand vpon their half penny For, I pray now, what faith *M Cuddie*, alias you know who, in the tenth *Æglogue* of the foresaid famous new Calender ?
Pters, I haue piped erst so long with payne,
That all myne Oien reedes been rent, and wore,
And my poore Muse hath spent htr spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne
Such pleasure makes the Grashopper so poore,
And hgge so layde, when winter doth her strayne

The Dapper Ditties, that I woont deuize,
Tofeede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Dehghten much what I the beltyr joy ?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prize
I beate the bushe, the birdes to them doe flye,
What good thereof to Cuddy can arise ?

But Master Collin Chute is not euery body, and albeif his olde Companions, *Master Cuddy*, and *Master Hobbinoll* be as little beholding to their *Mistresse Poetne*, as euer you wilt yet he peraduerture, by the meanes of hir special fauour, and some personall priuiledge, may happely hue by *dying Pelluanes*, and purchase great landes, and Lordshippes, with the money, which his *Calendar* and *Dreames* haue, and will aflourde him *Extra wcum*, I like your *Dreames* passingly well and the rather, bicause they fauour of that singular extraordinary veme and inuention, whiche I euer fancied moste, and in a manner admired onelye m *Lucian*, *Petrarche*, *Arettne*, *Pasquill*, and all the most delicate, and fine conceited Grecians and Italians (for the Romanes to speake of, are but verye Ciphars in this kinde) whose chiefest endeuour, and drifte was, to haue nothing vulgare, but in some respecte or other, and especially in liuely *Hyperbohcall Amphifications*, rare, quemt, and odde in euery pointe, and as a man woulde saye, a degree or two at the leaste, aboue the reache, and compasse of a common Schollers capacitie In whiche respecte notwithstanding, as well for the singulartie of the manner, as the Diuinitie of the matter, I hearde once a Diuine, preferre *Saint Johns Reuelahon* before al the veriest *Mæta physicall Visions*, and lollyest conceited *Dreames* or *Extasies*, that euer were deuised by one or other, howe admirable, or superexcellant soeuer they seemed otherwise to the worlde And truely I am so confirmed m this opinion, that when I bethmke me of the verie notablest, and moste wonderful Propheticall, or Poetical

I Vision, that euer I read, or hearde, me seemeth the proportion is so vnequall, that there hardly appeareth anye semblance of Comparison no more in a manner (specially for Poets) than doth betweene the incomprehensible Wise dome of God, and the sensible Wit of Man But what needeth this digression betweene you and me ? I dare saye you wyll holde your selfe reasonably wel satisfied, if youre *Dreames* be but as well esteemed of in Englande, as *Petrarches Visions* be in Italy whiche I assure you, is the very most I wish you But, see, how I haue the *Arte Manor aue* at commaundement In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene* howbeit by good chaunce, I haue nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case, than I founde hir And must you of necessitie haue my Iudgement of hir in deede ? To be plame, I am voyde of al iudgement, if your *Nine Comætes*, whervnto in imitation of *Herodotus*, you giue the names of the *Nine Muses*, (and in one mans fansie not vnworthily) come not neerer *Artostoes Comcedtes*, eyther for the finenesse of plausible Elocution, or the rare nesse of Poetical Inuention, than that *Eluish Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso*, which not withstanding, you wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope to ouergo, as you flatly professed your self in one of your last Letters Besides that you know, it hath bene the vsual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in *Italic*, rather to shewe, and aduaunce themselues that way, than any other as namely, those three notorious discoursing heads, *Bbiena*, *Machauel*, and *Arettne* did, (to let *Bembo* and *Anosto passe*) with the great admiration, and wonderment of the whole countrey being in deede reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt *oi Witte*, and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with *Aristophanes* and *Menander* in Greek, or with *Plautus* and *Terence* in Latin, or with any other, in any other tong But I wil not stand greatly with you in your owne matters If so be the *Faerye Queene* be fairer m your eie than the *Nine Muses*, and *Hob goblin* runne away with the Garland from *Apollo* Marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there an End for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Angell putte you in a better minde

And yet, bicause you charge me somewhat suspitiouslye with an olde promise, to dehueryou of that lealousie, I am so farre from hyding I mine owne matters from you, that loe, I muste

needes be reueahng my fnendes secreates, now
an honest Countrey Gentleman, sometimes a
Scholler • At whose request, I bestowed this
pawling bongrely Rime vpon him, to present

his Maistresse withall The parties shall bee
namelesse saumg, that the Gentlewomans
true, or counterfaite Christen name, must
necessarily be bewrayed

To my good Mistresse Anne: the very lyfe of my lyfe, and onely beloued Mystresse.

GEnile Mistresse Anne, / am plaine by
nature

I was neuer so Jarre in hue with any creature
Happy were your seruaut, if hee coulde bee so
Anned,

And you not vnhappy, if you shoul be so
manned

I lone not to gloze, where I loue mdeede,
Nowe God, and good Saint Anne sende me
good speede

Suche goodly Vertues, suche amiable Grace,
But I must not fall a pray sing I wante Time,
and Place

Oh, that I had mine olde Wittes at commaunde
ment

I knowe, what I coulde say without controle
ment

But let this suffice thy desertes are suche

That no one in this dwlde can loue thee too
muche

My selfe moste vnworthy of any suche fochcilte,
But by imputation of thy gracious Curtesie

I leaue to loue the Muses, since I loued thee,
Alas, what are they, when I thee see ?

Adieu, adieu pleasures, and profits all

My Hart, and my Soule, but at one bodyes call

Woulde God, I might saye to hir My hart-
roote is thine

And, (O Pleasure of Pleasures) Thy sweete
hattroote mine

Nowe I beseeche thee by uhaisoeuer thou fouest
beste,

Let it be, as I haue saide, and, Soule, take thy
reste

By the faith of true Loue, and by my truest Truly,
Thou shalt neuer putte forth thy Loue to greater
Vsurie

And for other odde necessities, take no rare,
Your seruauis Dgemonium shall ridde you of
that feare

I seme but two Saints, Saint Penny, and Saint
Anne,

Commende this I muste, commaunde that I
canne

Nowe, shall I be plaine ? I praye thee euen most
hartily,

Requite Loue, with Loue and farewell most
hartily

Postscript

I But once loued before, and shee forwoth was
a Susanne

But the Heart of a Susanne, not worth the
Havre of an Anne

A Sus to Anne, if you can any Latine, or Pewter
Shee Flesh, hir, Mother Fish, hir Father a
terye Neivler

I woulde once, and might after, haue spedde a
Gods name

But, if she coye it owe, she is none of my
Dame

Nowe I praye thee moste hartly, Thncegentle
Mistresse Anne,

Lookefor no long serutce of so plaine a manne

And yet I assure thee, thou shalt neuer want any
seruue,

If my selfe, or my S Penny may performe thy
wishe

And thus once againe, (full loath) I take my leaue
of thy sweete harte,

With as many loumg Farewels, as be louing
pangs in my heart

He that longeth to be thine owne
inseparably, for euer and euer.

God helpe vs, you and I are wisely employed,
(are wee not ?) when our Pen and Inke, and
Time, and Wit, and all runneth away in this
goodly yonkerly veine as if the world had

nothing else for vs to do or we were borne to I be the only *Nonprofiaents* and *Nthilagents* of the world *Cuiusmodi tu nugis, atque menus nisi vna tneum (qui solem quodam tureiuran do, atque voto obstrtingor, rehcto isto amoris Poculo, tuns Poculum primo quoque tempore exkaurire) tarn tandem ahquand* *valdeas, (quod lamen, vnum tibi, credo, tibi aduocatu vtdehiur) nihil dicam amplus, Valeas E meo mumapio Nono Calendas Matas*

But hoe I pray you, gentle sirra, a word with you more In good sooth, and by the faith I beare to the Muses, you shal neuer haue my subscription or consent (though you should charge me wyth the authoritie of fiew hundreth Maister Drants,) to make your *Carpenter* our *Carpenter*, an mche longer, or bigger, than God and his Enghshe people haue made him Is there no other Polhcie to pull downe Ryming, and set vppe Versifying, but you must needes correcte *Magnificat* and againste all order of Lawe, and in despite of Custome, forcibly vsurpe, and tyrannize vppon a quiet companie of wordes, that so farre beyonde the memone of man, haue so peaceably enioyed their seuerall Pnuiledges and Liberties, without any disturbance, or the leaste controlement? What? Is *Horaces Ars Poettca* so quite out of our Enghshe Poets head, that he muste haue his Remembrancer, to pull hym by the sleeue, and put him in mind, of, *Penes vsum, et tus, et norma loquend?* Indeed I remember, who was wont in a certame brauene, to call our *M Valanger Noble M Valanger* Else neuer heard I any, that durst presume so much ouer the Enghshe, (excepting a fewe suche stammerers, as haue not the mastene of their owne Tongues) as to alter the Quantitie of any one syllable, otherwise, than ouer common speache, and generall receyued Custome woulde beare them oute Woulde not I laughe, thinke you, to heare Messer *Immerito* come in baldely with his *Matestie, Royaltie, Honestie, Scienses, Faculties, Excellent, Tauernour, Manfully, Faithfully*, and a thousande the like in steade of *Matfste, Royaltie, Honfstie*, and so forth? And trowe you anye coulde forbear the bytmg of his Lippe, or smyling in his Sleeue, if a lolly fellowe, and greate Clarke, (as it mighte be youre selfe,) reading a fewe Verses vnto him, for his own credite and commendation, should nowe and then, tell him of, *bargaineth, followtng, harrowing, thoroughly, Trauatlers, or the like*, in steade of, *bargaineth, following, harffwing*, and the reste? Or will *Segnior Immerito*, because, may happe, he hathe a fat bellyed

Archedeacon on his side, take vppon him to controll Maister Doctor Watson for his *All Trauatlers*, in a Verse so highly extolled of Master Ascham? or Maister Ascham himselfe, for abusing *Homer*, and corrupting our Tongue, in that he saith

Quite ihrofighe a Doore fltwe a shafte with a brassehead?

Nay, haue we not sometime, by your leaue, both the Position of the firste, and Dipthong of the seconde, concurring in one, and the same syllable, which neuerthesse is commonly and ought necessarily to be pronounced short? I haue nowe small time, to bethinke me of many examples But what say you to the second in *Merckaundise?* to the third in *Couenainteth?* and to the fourth in *Appurtenainces?* Durst you aduenture to make any of them long, either in Prose, or in Verse? I assure you I knowe who dareth not, and suddenly feareth the displeasure of all true Englishmen if he should Say you *suddamly*, if you hste: by my *certainly*, and *certainly* I wil not You may preceiue by the *Premises*, (which very worde I woulde haue you note by the waye to) the Latme is no rule for vs or imagine afore hande, (bycause you are like to proue a great Purchaser, and leaue suche store of money, and possessions behinde you) your *Executors* wil deale *fraudulently*, or *violently* with your *succssour*, (whiche in a maner is euery mans case) and it will fall oute a resolute pomte the third in *Execiutores, frauduleler, violeter*, and the seconde in *Successor*, being long in the one, and shorte in the other as in seauen hundreth more suche as, *disciple, recited, excited tenement, orilour, laudible* and a number of their fellows are long in English, short in Latme long in Latine, short in English Howbeit, in my fancy, such words, as *violently, diligently, magnificently, indifferently*, seeme in a manner reasonably indifferent, and tollerable either waye, neither woulde I greatly stande with him, that translated the Verse

Cur mittis violas? vt me vvlentwrs vras?

Why send you violets? to burne my poore hart violently

Marry so, that being left common for verse, they are to be pronounced shorte in Prose, after the maner of the Latmes, in suche wordes as these, *Cathedra, Volucres, mediocres, Celebres*

And thus farre of your *Carpenter*, and his fellows, wherein we are to be moderated, and ouerruled by the vsuall, and common receiued

sounde, and not to deutse any counterfaite fantastick Accent of oure owne, as manye, other wise not vnlearned haue corrnptely and ridiculouslye done in the Greeke

Nowe for your *Heauen, Seauen, Eleauen*, or the like, I am likewise of the same opinion as generally in all words else we are not to goe a little farthei, either for the *Prosody*, or the *Orthography*, (and therefore your *Imaginane Diastole* nothing worthe) then we are licenced and authorized by the ordmane vse, and custome, and propnetie, and Idiome, and, as it were, Maistie of our speach whiche I accounte the only infallible, and soueraigne Rule of all Rules And therefore hauing respecte there vnto, and reputing it Petty Treason to reuolt therefro dare hardly eyther in the *Prosodie*, or in the *Orthography* either, allowe them two sillables in steade of one, but woulde as well m Writing, as in Speaking, haue them vsed, as *Monosyllaba*, thus *heavn, seavn, a leavn*, as Maister Ascham in his *Toxophilus* doth *Yrne*, commonly written *Yron*

Vp to the pap his string did he pull, his shajte to the harde vrne

Especially the difference so manifestly appearing by the Pronunciation, betweene these twoo, a *leavn a clocke* and a *leaven of Dowe*, whiche *lea ven* admitteth the *Diastole*, you speake of But see, what absurdities thys yl fauoured *Orhographye*, or rather *Pseudography*, hath engendred and howe one errour still breedeth and begetteth an other Haue wee not, *Mooneth*, for *Moonthe silhence*, for *since whitest*, for *whltste phanlasie*, for *phansie euen*, for *evn Diuel*, for *Diul Cod hys wrath*, for *Goddess wrath* and a thou sande of the same stampe wherein the corrupte *Orthography* m the moste, hath beene the sole, or pnncipall cause of corrupte *Prosodye* in ouer many ?

Marry, I confesse some wordes we haue indeede, as for example, *ayer*, either for beauti full, or for a *Marte oyer*, bothe *pro aere*, and *pro hcerede*, for we say not *Heire*, but plaine *Aire* for him to, (or else *Scoggms Aier* were a poore lest) whiche are commonly, and maye indifferently be vsed eyther wayes For you shal as well, and as ordinarily heare *fayer*, as *faire*, and *Ater*, as *Aire*, and bothe alike not onely of diuers and sundrye persons, but often of the very same otherwhiles vsing the one, ptherwhiles the other and so *died*, or *dyde spied*, or *spide tryed*, or *tride fyre*, or *fyre myer*, or *myre* wyth an infynite companye of

the same sorte sometime *Monosyllaba*, sometime *Polysyllaba*

To conclude both pointes in one, I dare sweare prmatly to your selfe, and will defende pubhquely againste any, it is neither Heresie, nor Paradox, to sette downe, and stande vpon this assertion, (notwithstanding all the Preludices and Presumptions to the contrarie, if they were tenne times as manye moe) that it is not, either Position, or Dipthong, or *Diastole*, or anye like Grammer Schoole Deuice, that doeth, or can indeede, either make long or short, or encrease, or diminish the number of Sillables, but onely the common allowed, and receiued *Prosodye* taken vp by a vniuersall consent of all, and continued by a generall vse, and Custome of all Wherein neuerthelesse I grant, after long aduise, and diligent obseruation of particulars, a certain Uniform Analogie, and Concordance, being m processe of time espyed out Sometime this, sometime that, hath been noted by good wits in their *Analyses*, to fall out generally alyke? and as a man woulde saye, regularly m all, or moste wordes as Position, Dipthong, and the like not as firste, and essentiall causes of this, or that effecte, (here lyeth the point) but as Secundarie and Accidentall Signes, of this, or that Quahtie

It is the vulgare, and naturall Mother *Prosodye*, that alone worketh the feate, as the onely supreme Foundresse, and Reformer of Position, Dipthong, *Orthographie*, or what soeuer else whose Affirmaties are nothing worth, if she once conclude the Negatiue and whose *secundce mtentiones* muste haue their whole allowance and warrant from hir *prince* And therefore in shorte, this is the vene shorte, and the long Position neither maketh shorte, nor long in oure Tongue, but so farre as we can get hir good leaue Peraduenture, vpon the diligent suruewe, and examination of Particulars, some the like Analogie and Uniformity, might be founde oute m some other respecte, that shoulde as vniuersally and Canonically holde amongst vs, as Position doeth with the Latmes and Greekes I saye, (peraduenture,) bycause, hauing not yet made anye speciall Obseruation, I dare not precisely affirme any generall certaintie albeit I presume, so good and sensible a Tongue, as ours is, beeyng wythall so like itselfe, as it is, cannot but haue something equipollent, and counteraileable to the beste Tongues, in some one such kmde of conformitie, or other And this forsooth is all the Artificiall Rules and Pre

632 THREE PROPER AND WITTIE FAMILIAR LETTERS.

cepts, you are like to borrowe of one man at this time

*Sed amabo ite, ad Corculum tut dehcatisissimas
Lteras, propedtem, quant potero, accuratissmd
tot interim illam exqutsttsstms salutibus, atque
salutalionibus impertens, quot habet in Capt
tulo, capillos setmaureos, semiargenteos, semi
gemmeos Quid quarts? Per luam Venerem
altera Rosalndula est eamque non alter, sed
idem tile, (tua, vt ante, bona cum gratia) copiose"
atnol Hobbinolus O mea Domtna Immerto,
mea bellisstma Colltna Cbuta, multo plus pluri-
mum salue, atque vale*

You knowe my ordmane *Postscript:* you may communicate as much, or as little, as you list, of these Patchenes, and fragments, with the two Gentlemen but there a straw, and you loue me not with any else, friend or foe, one, or other vnlesse haply you have a special desire to imparte some parte hereof, to my good friend M *Daniel Rogers* whose curtesies are also registred in my Marble booke You know my meaning

Nostt manum et stylum

G

¶ TVVOOTHER,

very commendable Letters,
of the fame mens writing both touching the forefaid

Artificiall Verifying, and certain other Particulars

*More lately deltuered vnto the
Printer.*



IMPRINTED AT LONDON,
by H.Bynneman, dwelling
in Thames itreate, neere vnto
Baynardes Caftell.

Anno Domini, 1580

Cum gratia & pnuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis

To the Worshipfull his very singular good friend, Maister G. H. Fellow of Trinitie Hall in Cambridge

GOOD Master G I perceiue by your most courteous and frendly Letters your good will to be no lesse in deed, than I alwayes esteemed In recompence wherof, think I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech, nor wrytmg, nor aught else, whensoever, and wheresoeuer occasion shal be offred me yea, I will not stay, till it be offred, but will seeke it, in al that possibly I may And that you may perceiue how much your Counsel in al things preuaileth with me, and how altogether I am ruled and ouer ruled thereby I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to subscribe to your aduizement • being notwithstanding resolu'd stil, to abide your farther resolution My principal doubts are these First, I was minded for a while to haue intermitted the wrytmg of my writings leaste by ouer much cloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt of my self, or else seeme rather for game and commoditie to doe it, for some sweet nesse that I haue already tasted Then also me seemeth the work too base for his excellent Lordship, being made in Honour of a pnuate Personage vnknowne, which of some yllwillers might be vpbraided, not to be so worthie, as you knowe she is or the matter not so weightie, that it should be offred to so weightie a Personage or the like The selfe former Title stil liketh me well ynough, and your fine Addition no lesse If these, and the like doubt, may be of importance in your seeming, to frustrate any parte of your aduice, I beseeche you, without the leaste selfe loue of your own purpose, counsell me for the beste and the rather doe it faithfullie, and carefully, for that, in all things I attribute so much to your Iudgement, that I am euermore content to admmilate mine owne determinations, in respecte thereof And indeede for your selfe to, it sitteth with you now, to call your wits, and senses together, (which are alwaics at call) when occasion is so fairly offered of Estimation and Preferment For, whiles the vron is

hote, it is good striking, and minds of Nobles vane, as their Estates *Verum ne quid durtus*

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Maister G and forthwith write me those two or three special points and caueats for the nonce, *De quibus tn supertmbus tilts melhltsi' mis, longissimisque Ltteris tuts* Your desire to heare of my late beemg with hir Maiestie, muste dye in it selfe As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Master Sidney, and Master Dyer, they haue me, I thanke them, in some vse of familiarity of whom, and to whome, what speache passeth for youre credite and estimation, I leaue your selfe to conceiue, haumg alwayes so well conceiued of my vnflamed affection, and zeale towards you And nowe they haue proclaimed in their *ἔριω παράγω*, a generall surceasing and silence of balde Rymers, and also of the verie beste to m steade whereof, they haue by autho(n)tie of their whole Senate, prescribed certaine Lawes and rules of Quantities of English sillables, for English Verse haumg had thereof already greate practise, and drawn mee to their faction Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one, that writing a certaine Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister Sidney, was for hys labor scorned if at leaste it be in the goodness of that nature to scarce Suche follie is it, not to regarde aforehande the inclination and quahtie of him, to whome we dedicate oure Bookes Suche mighte I happily mcurre, entituhng *My Slomber*, and the other Pamphlets, vnto his honor I meant them rather to Maister Dyer But I am, of late, more in loue with my Englishe Versifying, than with Ryming whyche I should haue done long since, if I would then haue followed your counsell *Sed te solum mm turn suspicabar cum Aschamo sapere nunc Aulam video egregios alere Poelas Anghcos* Maister E K hartily desireth to be commended vnto your Worshippe of whome, what accompte he maketh, youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue.

by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses of your selfe

Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight but comming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October, to Mystresse Kerkes, to haue it dehuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke whereby I perceiue you other whiles continue your old exercise of Versifying in English, whych glorie I had now thought shoulde haue bene onely ours heere at London, and the Court

Truste me, your Verses I like passingly well, and enuye your hidden paines in this kinde, or rather mahgne, and grudge at your selfe, that woulde not once imparte so muche to me But once, or twice, you make a breache in Maister Drants Rules *quod tamen condonabimus tanto*

Poetae, iuequae tpsius maximae in hts rebus autoritali You shall see when we meete in London, (whiche, when it shall be, certifye vs) howe fast I haue followed after you, in that Course beware, leaste in time I ouertake you *Veruniamen te solum sequar, (vt scepenumerb sum professus), nunquam sani assequar, ditm vtuam* And nowe requite I you with the like, not with the verye beste, but with the verye shortest, namely with a fewe *Iambtckes* I dare warrant, they be precisely perfect for the feete (as you can easily judge) and vane not one inch from the Rule I will imparte yours to Maister Sidney, and Maister Dyer, at my nexte going to the Courte I praye you, keepe mine close to your selfe, or your verie entire friends, Maister Preston, Maister Still, and the reste

lambicum Trimetrum

V*Nthappie Verse, the wintesse of my vnhappie stale,
Make thy selfe flullnng wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth vnto my Loue, whersoever she be
Whether lying reastlesse in heauy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheetfull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on htr heauenhe Virginals
If in Bed, tell htr, that my eyes can take no reste
If at Boorde, tell htr, that my mouth can eate no meate
If at htr Virginals, tel hir, 1 can heare no mirth
Asked why? say Waking Loue suffereth no sleepe
Say, that raging Loue dothe appall the weake stomacke
Say, that lamenting Loue marreth the Mustcall
Tdl htr, that htr pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe
Tell hir, that htr beaulte was wonte to jeede mine eves
Tell hir, that hir sweeie Tongue was wonte to make me mirth
Nowe doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindly reste
Nowe doe I dayly slarue, wanting my liuely foode
Nowe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth
And if I waste, who will bewaile my heauy chaunce?
And if I starue, who will record my cursed end?
And if I dye, who will saye this was, Immento?*

I thought once agayne here to haue made an ende, with a heartie Vale, of the best fashion but loe, an ylfauoured myschaunce My last farewell, whereof I made great accompt, and muche maruelled you shoulde make no mention thereof, I am nowe tolde, (in the Diuels name) was thorough one mans negligence quite forgotten, but shoulde nowe vndoubtedly haue bene sent, whether I hadde come, or no Semg it can now be no otherwise, I pray

you take all together, wyth all their faultes and nowe I hope, you will vouchsafe mee an answeare of the largest size, or else tell you true, you shall bee verye deepe in my debte notwythstandyng, thys other sweete, but shorte letter, and fine, but fewe Verses But I woulde rather I might yet see youre owne good selfe, and receiue a Rciprocall farewell from your owne sweete mouth

¹*Ad Ornatissimum virum, multis iamdiu
nominibus clausissimum, G. H. Immento
sut, mox in Gal It as nauigaturt,*

ΕΥΤΥΧΕΙΝ.

S*Ic mains egregium, sic non inimicus Amicum*

*Sicque nouus veterem tubet ipse Poeta Poetam,
Saluere, ac cælo post secula multa secundo
lam reducem, cælo mage, quam nunc ipse,
secundo*

*Vlier Ecce Deus, (modo sit Deus ille, remxum
Qut vocet in scelus, et mratos perdat amores)
hcce Deus mihi clara dedit modo stgna Mannus,
Et sua vehgero lenis parat Æquora Ltigno,
Mox sulcanda, suas etiam paler Molus Iras
Ponit, et ingentes aminos Aquiloms——
Cuncla vijs sic apta tnetis ego solus ineplur
Nam mihi nescw quo mens saucia vulnere,
dudum*

*Fluctuat ancipiti Pelago, dum Nauila proram
Inuahdam validus rapit hue Amor, et tapit illuc
Consihijs Ratio meltoribus vsa, decusque
Immortale leui diffessa Cupidims Arm
Angimur hoc dubio, et portu vexamur in ipso
Magne pharetraii nunc tu coniemplor Amoris,
(Id tibi Dijnotnen precor hand impune remillant)
Hos nodos exsolue, et ens mihi magnus Apollo
Spmlus ad summos, sew, te generosus Honores
Exstimulat, maiusque docet spirare Poetam,
Quam leuis est Amor, et tamen haud leuts est
Amor omnis*

*Ergo nihil laudi reputas auale perennm,
Pnceque sacrosancta splendoris imagine iantt,
Calera, qua vecors, vli Numina, vulgus adorat,
Pradia, Amicillas, vrana pecuha, Nummos,
Quaque placent oculuts, Jormas, speclacula,
Amores*

*Conculcare soles, vt humum, et luctbria sensus
Digna meo eerie" Harueto sententia, digna
Oratore amplo, el generoso peclore, quam non
Sloica jorntdet veterum Sapientia vincts
Sancire ceternis sapor haud tamen omnibus
idem,*

*Ditcilur ejtelt proles facunda Laerte,
Quamhbet ignolt laclata per aquora Call,
Inque procelloso longum exsul gurgtte ponio,
Pra tamen amplexu lachrymosæ Comugis, Ortus*

*Cælestes Diuumque thoros spreuisse beatos
Tantum Amor, et Muher, vet Amore potentior
Illum*

*Tu tamen illudis iua Magmficentia ianta est
Præque subumbrala Splendoris Imagine tanti,
Præque illo Mentis famosis nomine parlo,
Cælera, quæ Vecors, vti Numina, vulgus adorat,
Præcedia, Amiatias, armenta, pecuha, nummos,
Quaque placent oculis, formas, speciacula,
Amores,*

*Quceque placent on, quaque auribus, omnia
temnis*

*Næ tu grande sapis, Sapor at sapientha non est
Omnis et in paruis bene qui scit desipuisse,
Sæpe superciltijs palmam sapientibus aufert
Ludit Anstippum modo Ulica Turba Sopkorum,
Milia purpureo moderantem verba Tyranno
Ludit Anstippus dictamtna vana Sophorum,
Quos leuis emensi male lorquel Cuhas vmbra
El quisqun placmsse sludet Herotbus altis,
Desipuisse sludet, sic gratia crescit meptis
Demque Laugens quisquis sua tempora vtllis
Insigntre volet, Populoque placere fauent,
Desipere msanus disat, turpemque pudendæ
Slutittia laudem quant Pater Ennius vnus
Dictus in innumens sapiens laudatur at ipse
Carmma vesano fudisse liquentia vino
Nee tu pace tua, nosIn Cato Maxime sæcli,
Nomen honorali sacrum mercare Poetæ,
Quantamuis illuslre canas, et nobile Carmen,
Ni stultire veks, sic Slultorum omnia plena
Tula sed in medio superest via gurgtte, nam Qut
Nee rehqtis nimium vult desipuisse vidert,
Nee sapmsse nimis, Sapientem dtxeris mum
Hinc te merserit vnda, illtnc combusserit Ignis
Nee tu dehctas nimis aspernare fluentes,
Nee sero Dominam vementem in vota, nee
Aurum*

*Si sapis, ablatum, (Curijs ea, Fabriajsque
Linque vins misens miseranda Sophismata
quondam*

*Grande sui decus if, noslrt sed dedecus æut)
Nee sectare nimis Res vltraque crimine plena*

¹ [An Enclosure with the preuous letter This is the last farewell' there referred to, written on 5 Oct 1570, but not forwarded owing to some one's negligence, now recovered by Spenser, and d nclosed with his later letter of 15th and 16th Oct J

Hoc bene qui collet, (st quts tamen hoc bene collet)

*Scribe, vel invito sapntem hunc Socrate solum
Vis facit vna pios: luslos facit altera: et altra
Egegte cordata, ac forita peclora verum
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci
Dij miht dulce diu dederant verum vtile nun
quam.*

*Vtile nunc etiam, vtinamquoque dulce dedissent.
Dij mht, (quippe Dijis æquialia maxima
paruis)*

*Ni ntmis inuideant tñoraltbus esse beajtis,
Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul vtile, tanta
Sed Fortuna iua est. pariter quceque vtile,
quæque*

*Dulce dal ad placitum' sæuo nos sydere nati
Qwæsitum mus earn per tñospita Caucasa
longe,*

*Perque Pyrenæos monies, Bahlonaque turpem,
Qudd si quasitum nee tbt trivenermus, mgens
Æquor inexhaustis permensi erroribus, vllrd
Fluctibus in medys soctj quæremus Vlyssis
Passibus inde Deam fessis comitabmur agram,
Nobile cuifurium qucerenti defuit orbis
Namque sinu pudet in patrto, tenebnsque pu
dendis*

*Non nimis ingento Iuuenem infælice, virentes
Offiajs frustra deperdere utlibis Annos,
Frugibus el vacuus speralis cernere spicas
Ibimus ergo staltm. (qms eunti fausia prece
tur?)*

*El pede Clivosas jesso calcabimus Alpes
Quis dabit tnterea conditas rore Bntanno,
Quis tibi litterulas? quis carmen amore pelul
cum?*

*Musa sub Oebahj desueta cacumine monlis,
Flebit inexhausto tarn longa silenlia tlanclu,
Lugebitque sacrum hchrymis Helicona tacentem
Harueiusque bonus, (chorus licet omnibus idem,
Idque suo merito, prope suauior omnibus mus)
Angelus et Gabriel, (quamuis comitatus amias
hnumens, gtnumque choro slipalus amamo)
Immento tamen mum absentem sape requirel,
Oplabilque, Vtinam meus he Edmundus adesset,
Qui noua scripsisset, nee Amores conticuisset
Ipse suos, el sape ammo, verbisque benipnts*

*Fausta precarellur: Deus ilium aliquando re
ducat, etc.*

*Plura vellem per Charlies, sed non licet per
Musas*

*Vale, Vale plurimum, Mi amabilissime
Harueie, meo cordi, meorum omnium longe
charusime.*

I was minded also to haue sent you some English verses or Rymes, for a farewell. but by my Troth, I haue no spare time in the world, to thmke on such Toyes, that you knowe will demaund a freer head, than mine is presently. I beseechyou by all yourCurtesies, and Graces, let me be answered, ere I goe: which will be, (I hope, I feare, I thinke) the next weeke, if I can be dispatched of my Lorde I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintained most what of him. and there am to employ my time, my body, my mmd, to his Honours seruice Thus with many superhartie Commendations, and Recommendations to your selfe, and all my friendes with you, I ende my last Farewell, not thinking any more to write vnto you, before I goe and withall committing to your faith full Credence the eternall Memone of our euer lasting friendship, the muiolable Memone of our vnspotted friendshippe, the sacred Memone of our vowed friendship which I beseech you Continue with vsuall writings, as you may, and of all things let me heare some Newes from you As gentle M Sidney, I thanke his good Worship, hath required of me, and so promised to doe againe Qui monet, vt facias, quod lam jaas, you knowe the rest You may alwayes send them most saftly to me by Mistress Kerke, and by none other Soonce againe, and yet once more, Farewell most hartily, mine owne good Master H and loue me, as I loue you, and thinke vpon poore Immerito, as he thmketh vppon you.

Leycester House. This 5 of October 1579.

*Per mare, per terras,
Vmus, mortuusque,
Tuus Immerito,*

To my verie Friende, M Itnmento

Liberahsstmo Signor Immertio, in good soothe my poore Storehouse will presently affourd me nothing, either to recompence, or counteruaile your gentle Masterships, long, large, lauish, Luxurious, Laxatiue Letters withall, (now a Gods name, when did I euer in my life, hunt the Letter before ? but, belike, theres no remedie, I must needes be euen with you once in my dayes,) but only forsoothe, a few Millions of Recommendations, and a running Coppie of the Verses enclosed Which Verses, (*extra tocum*) are so well done in *Lallin* by two Doctors, and so well Translated into English by one odde Gentleman, and generally so well allowed of all, that chaunced to haue the perusing of them that trust mee, *G H* was at the first hardly mtreated, to shame himselfe, and truly, now blusheth, to see the first Letters of his name, stande so neere their Names, as of necessitie they must You know the Greeke prouerb, *πρῶτος καὶ πρῶτος διακρίσις*, and many colours, (as in a manner euery thing else) that seuerally by themselves, seeme reasonably good, and freshe ynough, beyng compared, and ouermatched wyth their betters, are maruclously disgraced, and as it were, dashed quite oute of Countenance I am at this instant, very busilye, and hotly employed in certame greate and serious affayres whereof, notwithstanding (for all youre vowed, and long experimented secrecie) you are not like to heare a worde more at the moste, till I my selfe see a World more at the leaste And therefore, for this once I beseech you (notwithstanding your greate expectation of I knowe not what Volumes for an aunswere) content your good selfe, with these Presentes, (pardon me, I came lately out of a Scriueners shop) and in lieu of many gentle Farewels, and goodly Godbewyes, at your departure gyue me once againe leaue, to playe the Counsaylour a while, if it be but to lustifie your liberall Mastershippes, *Noslri Calo maxime seech* and I coniure you by the Contents of the Verses, and Rymes enclosed, and by al the good, and bad Spintes, that attende vpon the Authors themselves, immediatly vpon the contemplation thereof, to abandon all other fooleries, and honour Vertue, the onely immortall and suruiuing Accident amongst so manye mortall, and

euer perishing Substaunces As I strongly presume, so good a Texte, so clearkly handlede, by three so famous Doctours, as olde *Matster Wythipole*, and the other two bee, may easily, and will fully perswade you, howsoever you tush at the fourths vnsutable Paraphrase But a worde or two, to your large, lauish, laxatiue Letters, and then for thys time, *Adieu* Of my credite, youre doubtles are not so redoubted, as youre selfe ouer suspiciously imagine as I purpose shortely to aduize you more at large Your hotte yron, is so hotte, that it striketh mee to the hearte, I dare not come neare to strike it The Tyde tarryeth no manne, but manye a good manne is fayne to tarry the Tyde And I knowe some, whyche coulde be content to bee theyr own Garners, that are gladd to thanke other for theyr courtesie But Beggars, they save, muste be no choosers

Your new founded *ἄριστος πάγιον* I honour more, than you will or can suppose and make greater accompte of the two worthy Gentlemen, than of two hundreth *Dionni Areapagtitce*, or the verye notablest Senatours, that euer *Athens* dydde affourde of that number

Your Englishe *Trimetra* I lyke better, than perhappes you will easily beleue and am to requite them wyth better, or worse, at more conuenient leysure Marry, you must pardon me, I finde not your warrant so sufficiently good, and substauntiall in Lawe, that it can perswade me, they are all, so precisely perfect for the Feete, as your selfe ouer partially weene, and ouer confidently auouche especiallye the thirde, whyche hathe a foote more than a Lowce (a wonderous deformitie in a nghte and pure *Senarte*) and the sixte, whiche is also in the same Predicament, vnlesse happily one of the feete be sawed off wyth a payre of *Synscopes* and then shoulde the Orthographic haue testified so muche and in steade of *Heauenli Virginals*, you should haue written, *Heaunli Vtrgnals* and *Vtrgnals* againe in the ninth, and should haue made a Curtoll of *Immerit*, in the laste being all notwithstanding vsuall, and tollerable ynoughe, in a mixte, and licentious *lambicke* and of two euilles, better (no doubt) the fyrste, than the laste a thyrd superfluous Billable, than a dull *Sponde-*

Then me thmketh, you haue in my fancie som what too many *Spondees* beside and whereas *Trochee* sometyme presumeth in the firste place, as namely in the second Verse, *Make thy, whyche thy*, by youre Maistershippes owne authontie muste needes be shorte, I shall be fame to supplye the office of the *Arte Memoria* true, and putte you in minde of a pretty Fable in *Abstemio* the Italian, implying thus much, or rather thus little in effect

A certaine lame man beyng invited to a solempne Nuptiall Feaste, made no more adoe, but sate me hyra roundlye downe foremoste at the hyghest ende of the Table The Master of the feast, suddainly spying his presumption, and handsomely remooung him from thence, placed me this hauiting Gentleman belowe at the nether end of the bourd alledgmg for his defence the common verse *Sedes nulla datur, praterquam sexta Trodueo* and pleasantly alluding to this foote, which standing vpon two syllables, the one long, the other short, (much like, of a like, his guesstes feete) is al wayes thrust downe to the last place, in a true Hexameter, and quite thrust out of doores in a pure, and lust *Senarie* Nowe Syr, what thmke you, I began to thmke with my seife, when I began to reade your warrant first so boldly, and venterously set downe in so formall, and autentique wordes, as these, *Precisely perfit, and not an inch from the Rulen* Ah Syrrha, and Iesu Lord, thought I, haue we at the last gotten one, of whom his olde frendes and Companions may lustly glory, *In eo solum peccat, quod nihil peccat* and that is yet more exacte, and precise in his English Comickall Iambickes, than euer *M Watson* himselfe was in his *Lattin* Tragicall Iambickes, of whom *M Ascham* reporteth, that he would neuer to this day suffer his famous *Absolon* to come abrode, onely because *Anapceslus in Locis paribus*, is twice, or thrice vsed in steade of *Iambus*? A small fault, ywisse, and such a one in *M Aschams* owne opinion, as per chance woulde neuer haue bene espyed, no neither in *Italy*, nor in *Fraunce* But when I came to the curious scanning, and fingering of euery foote, and syllable Lo here, quoth I, *M Watsons Anapastus* for all the worlde A good horse, that tnpeth not once in a Iourney and *M Immerilo* doth, but as *M Watson*, and in a manner all other *Iambict* haue done before him marry he might haue spared his preface, or at the least, that same restrictiue, and streightlaced terme, *Precisely*, and all had been well enough: and I assure

you, of my selfe, I beleue, no peece of a fault marked at all But this is the Effect of war rantes, and perhappes the Errour may rather proceede of his Master, *M Dranies* Rule, than of himselfe Howsoeuer it is, the matter is not great, and I alwayes was, and will euer continue of this Opinion, *Pauca nullis con donanda vitta Virtualibus*, especially these being no *Vitia* neither, in a common and hcencious *Iambtcke Verum ista obiter, non quidem con traduendi ammo, aut etiam comgendi mihi crede sed nostro illo Academico, prtislinoque more ralwcinandt* And to saye trliueth, partly too, to requite your gentle courtesie in begin nmng to me, and noting I knowe not what breache in your gorbellyed Maisters Rules which Rules go for good, I perceiue, and keepe a Rule, where there be no better in presence My selfe neither sawe them, nor heard of them before and therefore will neither praise them, nor dispraise them nowe but vpon the suruiewe of them, and further conference, (both which I desire) you shall soone heare one mans opinion too or fro Your selfe remember, I was wonte to haue some preiudice of the man and I still remame a faouourer of his deserucl, and mat commendation Marry in these poyntes, you knowe, *Partialitie* in no case, may haue a foote and you remember mine olde Stoicall exclamation *Fie on childish affection, in the discoursing, and deciding of schoole matters* This I say, because you charge me with an vnknowne authontie which for aught I know yet, may as wel be either vn-sufficient, or faultie, as otherwise and I dare more than halfe promise, (I dare not saye, warrant) you shall alwayes in these kinde of controuersies, finde me nighe hande answerable in mine owne defence *Reliqua omnia, quae de hac supersunt Anghcorum versuum ratwne, in ahud tempus reseruabtmus, octosum magis* Your Latme Farewell is a goodly braue yonkerly peece of work, and Goddilige yee, I am alwayes maruellously beholding vnto you, for your bountifull Titles I hope by that time I haue been resident a yeare or twoo in *Italy*, I shall be better quahfyed in this kind, and more able to requite your lauishe, and mag nificent liberahtie that way But to let Titles and Tittles passe, and come to the very pomte in deede, which so neare toucheth my lusty Trauayler to the quicke, and is one of the *predoninant humors* that raigne in our common Youths *Heus mi tu, bone proce, magne muhercularum amalor, egregte Pamphile, eum aliquando tandem, qui te manet, qui muheroses*

omnes, qui vntuersam Fcemmistarum sectam, Respice finem And I shal then be content to appeale to your owne learned experience, whether it be, or be not, too too true *quod did solet a nu, scepe a te ipso nonnunquam ab expertis omnibus quolidie Atnare amarum Nee deus, vt perkibent, Amor est, sed amator, error et quicquid in eandem solet sententiam Empiriws aggregari Ac sate tnihi qmdem Agnppa Ouidtanam illam, de Arte Amandi, **ἐπιγασφί** videtur correxisse, meritoque, de Arte Mereiruandi, inscnpsisse Nee vero mepte alms, Amatores Alchumistis eomparauit, aureo argenteosque montes, atque fontes lepide somniantibus, sed interim misere immambus Car bonum iumis propemodum occæcatis, atquel edam suffocatis prceterquam celebratum ilium Adami Paradtsum, ahum esse quendatn præ dicauit, stullorum quoque Amatorumque mirahlem Paradisum ilium vere, hunc phantastio, janaticeque beatorum Sed hæc alias, fortassis vberius* Credite me, I will neuer linne baitying at vou, til I haue rid you quite of this yonkerly, and womanly humor And as for your speedy and hasty traueil me thinks I dare stil wager al the Books and writings m my study, which you know, I esteeme of greater value, than al the golde and siluer in my purse, or chest, that you wil not, (and yet I muste take heede, how I make my bargame with so subtle and intricate a Sophister) that you shall not, I saye, bte gone ouer Sea, for al your saying, neither the next nor the nexte weeke And then per aduerture I may personally performe your request, and bestowe the sweetest Farewell, vpon your sweetmouthed Mastershippe, that so vnsweete a Tong, and so sowre a paire of Lippes can affoorde And, thinke you I will leaue my Il *Pellegrino* so? No I trowe Mv Lords Honor, the expectation of his

friendes, his owne credite and preferment, tell me, he muste haue a moste speciall care, and good regarde of employing his trauaile to the best And therefore I am studying all this fortnight, to reade him suche a lecture in *Homers Odyssees, and Virgib Aeneads, that I* eklare vndertake he shall not neede any further instruction, m *Mauler Turlers Trauayler, or Maister Zumgers Meihodus Apodemica* but m his whole trauaile abroade, and euer affei at home, shall shewe himselfe a verie huelle and absolute picture of *Vlysses and Aeneas* Wherof I haue the stronger hope he muste needes proue a most capable and apt subiecte (I speake to a Logician) hauing the selfe same Goddesses and Graces attendant vpon his body and mind, that euemore guided them, and their actions especially the ones *Minerua*, and the others *Venus* that is (as one Doctor ex poundeth it) the polhtique head, and wise gouernement of the one and the amiable behauiour, and gracious courtesie of the other the two verie prmcpall, and moste singular Companions, of a right Trauailer and as perhaps one of oure subtle Logicians woulde saye, the two inseparable, and indivisible accidents of the foresaide Subiects *De quibus ipsis, cceterisque omnibus artificis Apodemici instrumentis mpmnisque de Homericæ ilia, diuinaque herba ῥῶλον δὲ αὐτὸ καλίστουσι θικ* lqua *Vlysses* suum *Mercurius, adser sus Cyrcca et pocula, et carmma, et venena, Imorbosque omnes prremunimt et coram, vti spero, breui et longe, vti soleo, copiosius • et fortasse etiam, aliquanlh, quam soleo, cum sub Ulius cum vero Polhhce, Praymalteceque maps Interim tnbus ens syVahs contentus, ac valebis Trinitie Hall, Stilin my Gallerie 23 Octob 1579* In histe

Yours, as you know G H

*Certaine Latin Verses, of the frailtte and
mutabilitie of all things, sailing onely Ver-
tue made by M. Doctor Norton, for the right*

Worshipfull, M Thomas Sackfoide, Master of
Requestes vnto hir Maiestie.

Th **T** Empora furtiuo morsu laniantur amena,
S Sensim fioreſcunt, occubitura breuit
A Anni vere salt, Sento tnox conficiendus,
C Cura, labor ditani, turn eademque premunt ?
F Fallax, vel vtgth studio Sapientia porta
O Ok, et magnatum gloria scepe tacet,
R Res inter vanasfluimus, rutmusque gradatim
D Dulcia Virtutis præmia sola manent

The same paraphrastically varied by M.
Doctor Gouldingam, at the request of olde
M Wythipollof Ipswicne

T **T** Empora furtiuo labuntur dulaa atrsu,
S Subſiduntque breui, qua viguere diu
A Aulumno capitur, quicquid nouus educat annus *
C Curta luentutis gaudia, Fata ſecant
F Fallax Ambitio eſt, atque anxia cura tenendi,
O Obſcurum decus, et nomen inane Soph
R Res Fors humanas incerto turbine voluit,
D. Dulaa Virutis præmia ſola manent

Olde Maister Wythlpok *owne Translation.*

Ov merry dayes, by theeuish bit are pluckt, and torne away,
And euery lustie growing thmg, in short time doth decay.
The pleasaunt Spring times loy, how soone it groweth olde ?
And wealth that gotten is with care, doth noy as much, be bolde.
No wisdomed had with Trauaile great, is for to trust in deede,
For great Mens state we see decay, and fall downe like a weede
Thus by degrees we fleete, and sinke in worldly things full fast,
But Vertues sweete and due rewardes stande sure in euery blast.

The same Paraphrastically varied by

Master **G. H at M. Petet Wythipolles**

request, for his Father.

These pleasant dayes, and Monthes, and yeares, by stelth do passe apace,
And do not things, that florish most, soone fade, and lose their grace ?
Iesu, how soone the Spring of yeare, and Spring of youthfull rage,
Is come, and gone, and ouercome, and ouergone with age ?
In paine is game, but doth not paine as much detract from health,
As it doth adde vnto our store, when most we roll in wealth ?
Wisedome hir selfe must haue hir doome, and grauest must to graue,
And mightiest power sib to a flower what then remaines to craue ?
Nowe vp, now downe, we flowe, and rowe m seas of worldly cares,
Vertue alone eternall is, and shee the Laurell weares.

L'Enuoy,

Soone said, soone writ, soone learnd. soone trimly done m prose, or verse
Beleeud of some, practizd of fewe, from Cradle to their Herse.

Vtriult, non tibi Fect

M, Peter Wythipoll.

EtVirLuti,etmihi:

Virtuti, adlaudem:

Mihi,advsum.

CRITICAL APPENDIX.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The first three books of *F. Q.* were originally published in 1590. Books IV-VI, with a second edition of Books I-III, appeared in 1596. The fragmentary Book VII appeared first in the Folio of 1609. Except for this fragment, the text here printed is based on 1596. Some printers' errors have been corrected by reference to 1590, with its valuable list of *Faults Escaped*, cited in these notes as *F.E.* The authority of 1609 has been preferred in half a dozen places. The later folios of 1611-12-13, 1617, and 1679, have no independent authority. Spenser's poetical works were subsequently edited by J. Hughes, 1715; H. J. Todd, 1805; F. J. Child, 1855; J. P. Collier, 1862; R. Morris, 1869; A. B. Grosart, 1882-4; R. E. Neil Dodge, 1908. The *F. Q.* was also edited separately by J. Upton, 1758, R. Church, 1758-9, and Kate M. Warren, 1897-1900. J. Jortin's *Remarks on Spenser's Poems* (1734) contain some good emendations.

DEDICATION. The words 'and of Virginia' and *to live with the eternilie of her fame' were added in 1596.

BOOK I.

Proem iv. 5. my] mine 1590.

I. ii. 1. But] And 1590. The 'But' of 1396 marks the contrast between the Knight's 'jolly appearance and his dedicated purpose.

v. 1. an innocent] and innocent 1590: an Innocent 1609.

ix. 6. sweete bleeding] sweet, bleeding 1609. But 'sweete' is probably adverbial.

ix. 9. seeldom] sildom 1609 *passim*. See on IV. xxiii. 5 below.

xii. 5. your hardy stroke 1390, &c.: *corr. F. E.* The corrections of *F.E.* are frequently ignored by 1596.

xv. 6. poisonous] poisnous 1590. Spenser was more tolerant of resolved feet by 1596.

xx. 4. vildly] vilely 1609 *passim*. The spelling 'vild' is rare after 1600.

SPENSER

I. xxi. 5. spring] ebbe 1590, &c.: *corr. F.E.*, to auale] t'auale 1590: *corr. F.E.* See note on I. xii. 5 above. The correction of 't'auale' was obviously made by 1596 independently.

xxii. 3. longer] lenger 1590. But cf. I. xxvi. 8.

xxviii. 8. passed] passeth 1596, 1609.

xxx. 9. sits] fits 1609. But see Glossary.

xxxi. 6. you] the 1590.

xlvi. 9. with om. 1596, 1609. 1609 made little use of 1.590.

I. 3. thought haue] thought t'haue 1609.

liii. 6. since no'vntruth] sith n'vntruth 1609. In the quartos 'sith' and 'since' are used indifferently: 1609 tries to confine 'sith' to the causal, 'since' to the temporal sense.

II. xi. 3, 4. anon: shield, 1590, 1596: *corr. 1609*. The punctuation of 1609 is more logical than that of the quartos.

xvi. 8. idely, 1590, 1396: idely 1609.

xvii. 5. cruell spies] cruelties 1590, &c.: *corr. F.E.*

xxii. 5. your] thy 1590. Cf. 1. xxxi. 6 above.

xxvii. 9. so dainty] so, Dainty 1609—to show that Spenser is quoting the proverb 'Quae rara, cara'

xxix. 2. shade him] shade 1596: shadow 1609, supplying the omission by conjecture. See note on I. xlviii. 9 above.

xxix. 3. ymounted] that mounted 1590, 1 &c.: *corr. F.E.*

xxxii. 9. ruefull plaints] tuefull plants 1590. *F.E.* corrects 'tuefull', but not 'plants'.

xl. 1, xii. 5. Thens forth] Then forth 1590, 1596: *corr. F.E.*

III. xi. 1. To whom] Whom 1596.

xxv. 7. inquire] inquire 1596. The rhyme favours 1590.

xxxii. 9. Who told her all that fell] told, 1609—taking the words to mean 'Who told all that befell her'. We should perhaps read 'all that her fell'.

xxxiv. 9 spurd] spurd 1590

xxxvi 7 mourning] morning 1596"

xxxvii 7 the] that *F E*, referring probably to this line (*The references m F E are to pages only*)

IV xii 2 a om 1596 7 Realmes] Realme 1390

xvi 3 hurtlen] hurlen 1609, and so at Bk I, iv xl 1, and Bk II, V viii 7 9 ghtterand] glitter and 1596, 1609

xx 3 From] For 1596, 1609

xxm 5 seldome] seeldome 1590, sildom 1609 7 dry dropsie] dire dropsie conj Upton, after Horace s' 'dime hydrops'

xxn 9 fite] first 1590, &c *corr F E*

xxvii 6 Lucifera] Lucifer' 1590 See note on I xv 6 above

xl 4 Sans loy] Sansfoy 1590 6 cause of my new loy] cause of new joy 1590, 1596 *corr F E*

V 1 9 heotn 1596

11 This stanza is imitated m Peele's *David and Bethsabe*, written probably before 1590

11 5 hurld] hurls 1590, 1596 hurles 1609 *corr F E*

vn 9 helmets hewen deepe] hewen helmets deepe 1590

xv 2 thirstie] thristy 1590 3 bath] bathe 1590, 1609

xvn 5 can] gan 1590 For 'can' = 'did' see Glossary

xxm 8 Nightes children] Nightes drad children 1609, not observing that 'Nights' is dissyllabic

xxiv 9 for] and 1596, 1609

xxvi 6 am] ame 1590 Otherwise eye-rhymes are common m both quartos

xxxvii 6 cliffs] chfts 1590, &c *corr F E* So at Bk I, IX xxxiv 6 But Spenser found that he needed 'chft' for the rhyme in Bk I, vni xxu 5

xh 2 nigh] high 1596, 1609

xl 4 woundes] woundez 1609, observing the dtssyllable

h 5 that] the 1390, &c *corr F E*

VI 1 5 in] it 1590, &c *corr F E*

v 5 win] with 1596, 1609

viii 7 mishapen] mishappen 1590 mishapen 1596

xiv 2 doubled] double 1609

xv 2 Or] Of 1596, 1609 It conj Hughes

xxin 8 noursled] nousled 1590 *passim* 1596 uses 'nousele' as 'nuzzle'

xxvi 5 fierce and fell] swifte and cruell

1390 *corr F E* 9 as a tyrans law] as tyrans law 1596 as proud tyrans law 1609

xxxix 7 quoth he] qd she 1590

xlv 1 fell] full 1590

xlvi 8 So they to fight] So they two fight 1596, 1609

VII v 9 did] do 1590

xx 3 the] that 1390

xxn 9 sight om 1590

xxxu 8 Whose] Her 1590 This stanza is imitated m 2 Tamburlame, iv 4, acted some years before 1590

xxxvii 7 trample] amble 1590 This is clearly an author's, not a printer's, change

xln 6 inquire] inquare 1590

xhn 4 whitest] whiles 1590 6 runne] come 1590 *ronne F E* 9 Gehons] Gebons 1596, 1609

xlvi 9 haue you] haue yee 1590

VIII Arg 3 the Gyant] that Gyaunt 1590, &c *corr F E*

1 6 through] thorough 1590

111 1 the] his 1590

x 3 auantage] aduantage 1590

xi 5-9 Imitated in 2 Tamburlame, iv 3, see note on VII xxxu above 9 murmuring] murmuring 1590, &c *corr F E*

xxi 5 thei] his Growrt—after Church But 'their' may mean 'Orgogho's and Duessa's'

xx iv 6 his] her 1590

xxvii 7 eyes] eye 1590

xxxi 5 sits] fits 1596, 1609 But see I xxx 9 above and Glossary

xh 7 and om 1596

xlv 4 delight] dislike con) Joriin others despight As 'delight' is repeated from I 3, the form of the error is no guide

IX IX 3 the] that 1590 5 Ttmons] Cleons 1590 *corr F E*

xi 4 vn a wares] vnwares 1596

xn 9 on] at 1590, 1596: *corr F E* and 1609

xv 8 vow] vovd 1590, perhaps rightly

xvii 9 as] the 1596, 1609

xxiv 4 aspide] espide 1609

xxxi s mealt'th] mealt'h 1590, be *corr ed* after Bk I I, II iv 5

xxxu 7 nor glee] nor fee con) Church, cf Bk I, X xlm 6 Against this cf Bk. VI, v xxxix 3, VII xlix 9

xxxi 3 ypight] yphght 1590

xxxi 6 cliffs] chfts 1590 &c *corr F E* See on v xxxviii 6 above

- In 1 saw] heard 1590 3 reliu'd] 'drowned' in the quarto of Colin Clout
 relieu'd 1609 762 The true reading may be 'yelped'
 lin feeble] seely 1596 silly 1609, xxxix 4, 7 sting and string transposed in
 Comparison with VII vi 5, xi 8 of this Book, 1596, 1609
 where 'feeble' and 'fraile' occur together xn xh 4 Nor 1609 For 1590, 1596
 lines which this was meant to recall, make it Spenser may have written' For' Negatives are
 certain that 'seely' (=feehe) is a misprint for similarly confused in Bk V, vi xxvi 5 and 6
 'feeble' li li 7, 8 The early editions have a semi colon
 at 'spred' and a comma at 'darke', making
 X vn 8 simple true Cf note on 1 IX 6 \ 8 rejer to the lark
 above
- xv 4 well] for 1590 gan] can 1609 XII ill 5 fond] found 1596, 1609
 See note on v xvn 5 above vn 3 sung] song 1590—an eye rhyme but
 xvi 8 be] her 1590, &c corr FE ambiguous
 xx 5 om 1590, 1596 add 1609 This xi 5 talents] talents 1590, &c corr FE
 is one of the places which lead us to assign some i 1 pleasure] pleasures 1596, 1609
 independent authorship to 1609 xvn 1 that] the 1596, 1609 4 note]
 no'te 1609, 1611
 xxvii 6 His bodie in salt water smarting xxi 7 To tell that dawning day is drawing
 sore] His blamefull body in salt water sore neare] To tell the dawning day is dawning
 1590 Another clear case of author's correc- neare 1596, 1609
 tion, designed to remove ambiguity xxvn 7 of] and 1596, 1609
 xxxiv 8 worldes] worlds 1609 See on xxvin 7 her] his 1596, 1609 Cf xl 9
 v xxin 8 and xlv 4 above below
 xxxvi 6 Their 1609 There 1590, 1596 xxxvm 3 frankencense 1596, 1609—
 9 call in commers by] call in commers by possibly a deliberate achaism 1590 has
 1590 frankencense Cf note on Bk II, vn IV 8
 xxxix 4 clothes] clothez 1609 See on xl 9 His] Her 1596, 1609
 v xlv 4 above
- In 6 Brings] Bring 1590, 1596
 lvn 5 pretious] piteous 1590, &c corr
 FE
- hx 2 frame] fame 1590, &c corr FE
 lxn 4 (Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in
 like pame] As wretched men, and hued in like
 paine 1590 8 and batailles none are to
 be fought] and bitter batailles all are fought
 1590 9 As for loose lous are vaine] As
 for loose lous they are vame 1590 But of
 Bk V, in xxn 5 and 6
 lxiv 7 doen nominate] doen then nomi-
 nate 1596
 lxv 3 place] face 1590
- XI ill This stanza appears for the first
 time in 1596
 v 1 his] this 1590, &c corr FE
 vi 9 scared] feared 1590, &c corr
 FE
- via 7 vast] vaste 1590 wast 1596
 xi 5 as] all 1590, &c corr FE
 xxvi 6 swunged] singed 1609 needlessly
 ihejorm 'swinge' is still common in dialect
 xxvn 2 vaunt] daunt 1596, 1609
 xxx 5 one] it 1590, &c corr FE
 xxxvn 2 yelled] yelded 1590, 1596 But
 elsewhere 'yelled' in F Q Cf, however ,
 'drowned' in the quarto of Colin Clout
 762 The true reading may be 'yelped'
 xxxix 4, 7 sting and string transposed in
 1596, 1609
 xh 4 Nor 1609 For 1590, 1596
 Spenser may have written' For' Negatives are
 similarly confused in Bk V, vi xxvi 5 and 6
 li li 7, 8 The early editions have a semi colon
 at 'spred' and a comma at 'darke', making
 \ 8 rejer to the lark
 XII ill 5 fond] found 1596, 1609
 vn 3 sung] song 1590—an eye rhyme but
 ambiguous
 xi 5 talents] talents 1590, &c corr FE
 xvi 1 pleasure] pleasures 1596, 1609
 xvn 1 that] the 1596, 1609 4 note]
 no'te 1609, 1611
 xxi 7 To tell that dawning day is drawing
 neare] To tell the dawning day is dawning
 neare 1596, 1609
 xxvn 7 of] and 1596, 1609
 xxvin 7 her] his 1596, 1609 Cf xl 9
 below
 xxxvm 3 frankencense 1596, 1609—
 possibly a deliberate achaism 1590 has
 frankencense Cf note on Bk II, vn IV 8
 xl 9 His] Her 1596, 1609

BOOK II

Proem v 4 else] elles 1590 beames]
 beamez 1609

I 1 7 caytiues hands] caytiue hands
 1609 'caytiue bands' has been conjectured
 II 7 natiue] naties 1596, 1609

III 9 be] he 1609
 iv 6, 7 These lines are transposed in 1596,
 1609

viii 5 with faire] with a faire 7596

xvi 1 hefe] life 1590

xviii 6 did he] he did 1590

xxxi 2 handling] handing 1596,

xxxin 8 thnse] these 1590, &c corr

FE

xxxix 4 dolour] labour 1396, 1609

xl 4 gore] gold 1596, 1609

xhv 6 reuenging] auenging 1590

xhx 9 Mordant] Mordant 1590, 1596;

but of Argument

lvn 4 fry] frieze or fnze conj Church
 'Fnze' (=freeze) gives the contrast desired
 the spelling 'fryze' would explain the corrup-
 Hon better

lix 1 equall] euill 1596, 1609

- II iv 3 m lieu of] in loue of conj Church, vn 7 chace] *The rhyme requires 'pray', and so Collier suggested Spenser has this error—the substitution for a rhyming word of a metrically equivalent synonym which does rhyme—in nine places in FQ*
- IX i whose] those 1596, 1609
 xxi 1 cald] calth 1596, 1609—owing to the following 'forth'
 xxni 2 boldly] bloudy 1596 boldy 1609
 xxvii 2 both their champions] both her champions 1590 both their champion 1596, 1609
 xxix 2 *The quartos omit the comma after 'Erinny's', and insert it after 'harts'*
 xxx 1 there] their 1590, 1596
 xxxiv 9 thought their] though ther 1590 ? 'thought her' ?
 xxxvn 1 Fast] First 1590, &c corr F E
 xl 5 peaceably] peaceable 1596, 1609
 xli 6 make] *The rhyme requires 'hold'.* See on II vii 7 above
 xlii 4 introlld] entrolld 1590 enrolld conj edd
- III iv 5 A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find] A pleasing vaine of glory he did find 1590 *The reading of 1596 gives a play on words that is quite Spenserian*
 ix 7 From] For 1396
 xviii 6 deuce] aduise 1596, 1609
 xx 5 As ghastly bug their haire on end does reare] As ghastly bug does vnto them afleare 1590 'vnto' corr to 'greatly' FE *Spenser may have originally written 'appeare'*
 xxv 1 Vpon her eyelids many Graces sate] *In his Glosse on June in S C, E K quotes from Spenser's Pageaunts the line 'An hundred Graces on her eyelidde sate'*
 xxviii 7 play] *The rhyme requires 'sport'* See on II vii 7 above
 xxxviii 4 haue I] I haue 1590—transposed in 1596 for euphony
 xlii 4 one foot] on foot 1590, 1596
 xlii 9 erne] yerne 1609 *In the sixteenth century these two forms are both used to mean either 'long' or 'grieve'*
- IV Arg 3 Phedon] Phaon 1590
 x 4 He is not] He is no 1590, &c corr F E
 xviii 6 one] wretch 1590 8 occasion] her guilful trech 1590 9 light vpon] \
- wandning ketch 1590, *These corrections all hang together, and are clearly Spenser's*
 xxxv This stanza was quoted by Abraham Fraunce in his *Arcadian Rhetorike* two years before F Q was published Fraunce quotes it as from the 'Fame Queene, 2 booke, cant 4', showing that by 1588 this part of the poem had been arranged as we have it
 xxxvi 2 into] vnto 1596
 xli 2 Pyrrochles 1590, &c, passim corr F E
 xlv 5 thus to fight] that did fight 1590
- V Arg And Furors chayne vntyes
 Who him sore wounds, whiles Aim to Gymochlesfor ayd flyes 1590
 v 9 do not much me faile] doe me not much fayl 1590
 vni 7 hurtle] hurle 1596 hurlen 1609
 xu 8, 9 *The meaning seems to be 'Nor judge of thy might by fortune's unjust judgement, that hath (curse on her spite) thus laid me low'* For 'maugre' see Glossary
 xix 4 shee] hee 1590, 1596 7 do] garre 1590—rejected as a provincialism per haps not elsewhere in F Q, though used in SC
 xxvn 3 her] his 1596
 xxix 5 pricking] prickling 1590
 xxxi 5 Gaynd in Netneal] In Netmus gayned 1590 Nemus F E
 xxxiv 8 So, them deceiues] So, he them deceiues 1590, 1596
- VI 1 7 restrame] abstaine 1590 8 their] her 1590
 iii 4 that nigh her breth was gone] as I merry as Pope lone 1590 6 might to her] to her might 1590
 v 6 cut away] ? cut a way ?
 xu 9 her sweet smels throw] throwe her sweete smels 1590
 xiv 9 a loud lay] a loue lay 1590
 xvm 7 griesly] gnesy 1590 cf V xxix 5 above
 xxvn 9 there] their 1590, 1596
 xxix 2 importune] importance 1596 important 1609
 xxxviii 8 There by] Thereby 1590, 1596
 xlni 7 lent this cursed light] lent but this his cursed light 1590
 xlv 3 Burning] But 1596
- VII iv 4 yet] it 1596, 1609 8 vpsi-downe] vpside downe 1590 *This looks like a deliberate return to an archaic form*

vii 3 heapes] hils 1590
 xn 9 as] in 7590
 xvm 2 that otn 1596
 xxi 5 infernall] internall 7590
 xxiv 7 ought] nought 1500
 xxxvii 1 as] an 1590 5 came] cam 1590
 xl 5 that] the 7590, &c con F E
 7 But] And 7590 golden] yron 7590
 xli 3 his] to 7596, 1609

In 6 With which] Which with 1590, 7596
 Which with 7609

lx 4 intertemper] more temperate 1590

VIII iii 8 Come hither, come hither]
 Come hither, hither 1609

xxv 1 his cruell] same 1590, 1596 con
 F E Which those same foes that doen
 awaite hereby 1609

xxix 7 vpreare] The rhyme requires
 'vpheau' See on 11 vii 7 above

xl 4 so wisely as it ought] so well, as he
 it ought 1590, i e so well as he who owned it
 Perhaps a conection of the printer, who mis
 understood 'ought'

xliv 8 but bit no more] but bit not thore
 7590—'thore' being probably—'there', on
 the analogy of tho ' = ' then'

xlvm 8 Prince Arthur] Sir Guyon 1590,

IX vii 5 Now hath] Seuen times 1590
 6 Walkt round] Hath walkte 1590 Cf
 Bk I, ix xv

IX 1 weete] wote 1590, &c

xv 3 Capitaine] Capitaine 1590, 1596

xvi 8 with om 1596

xxi 1 them] him 1596

xxxvn 8 you loue] your loue 7590, 7596

xxxvni 2 mood] word 7590 6v con
 Drayton teste Collier (Collier professed to
 have a copy of the 1611 folio that had belonged
 to Drayton and had corrections in his hand)
 9 twelue moneths] three years 7590 See
 on ix vii 5 above

xlx 4 reason] season Drayton teste Collier

X vi 6 safeties sake] safety 1590—a
 trisyllable

vii 7 liued then] liueden 7590

xv 9 mummfience] munificence 7590, 1609

One of the few places in which 7590 and 1609
 combine against 7596

xix 5 in that impatient stoure] vpon the
 present floure 1590

xxiv 8 Scutht quiridk om 1590 9 Ex
 tant copies of 7590 in Bodl and B M have
 only 'But', but F E 'Seuilh Scutht' shows

that some copies of 1590 had 'Seutht', and
 Church, Upton, and Todd had copies with the
 line in full

xxxiv 6 Then] Till 1596 When 7609

xxxvn 3 with] vp 7596

xxxvni 2 of] or 7596, 7609

xlm 1 Sisillus] ShHus 7590, &c The
 correct spelling is given by Geoffrey of Mon
 mouth

xhx 8 defrayd] did defray 1596, 1609—
 mistaking the rhyme scheme

li 7 Both in his armes, and croune] Both
 in armes, and crowne 1596 In armes, and
 eke in croune 1609

Ixv 9 enforst] haue forst 1590

lxvn 2 Ambrose] Ambrise 1596, 1609
 'Ambrose' in Geoffrey of Monmouth

XI ix 9 they that Bulwarke sorely rent]
 they against that Bulwarke lent 7390

x 2 dessignment] assignment 1590

xi 4 dismayd] mismayd (i e mismade)
 con) Jorttn

xiii 5 assay led] assayed 7590

xxiii 8 support] disport 7596, 1609

xxvii 5 Who] But 7590

xxx 9 suruiue] reuiue 1590 con F E

xxxii 5 vnrest] infest 7590

XII Arg 1 by] through 7590 passing
 through] through passing 7590

xiii 9 honor] temple 7590

xx 8. their] the 1596, 1609

xxi 1. heeafull] earnest 1590

xxii 9 Monoceros] Monoceroses Child after
 Jorttn, but the accentuation 'unmeasured'
 is paralleled by 'treasures' tn Visions of
 Peirach, 116

xxxix 8, vpstartmg] vpstaring 1590

xlm 5 Nought feared their force] Nought
 feared they force con] Church 1 e 'they had
 no fear of force' With 'their', 'feared'
 must be taken to mean 'frightened'

li 1 Thereto] Therewith 7590

lxi 8 tenderly] fearefully 7590

lxxx 4 the same] that same 7590

lxxxii 7 spoye] spoyld 1596, 1609

BOOK III

Proem iv 2 Your seife you] Thy selfe thou
 1590

I xli 8 lightly] highly 7590, 7596—
 evidently a misprint

xlvn 7 which] that 1590—changed becasse
 of that' in the next line*

lvi 8 Basaomani] *Basamano 1590 'Bascomant' was perhaps coined as a substantive from 'basao le mam'*

lx 8 wary] weary 1596,1609

II IV 1 Guyon] *should be Redcrosse*

vm 5 Which I toproue] Which to proue, I 1590

xxx 5 in her warme bed her dight] her in her warme bed dight 1590

xxxvi 1 others] other 1590

xhx 7 a earthen Pot] an earthen Pot

1609 Spenser may have intended to pronounce 'yearthen'

III iv 8 protense] *pretence 1596,1609*

xxxv 1 thy] the 1596, 1609

xhv 5 yeares om 1596, 1609 shall be full supphde 1609 6 to] vnto their 1590—**making a hexameter**

1 9 (asearst)ow 1590,1596 add 1609 hir 3 (whom need new strength shall teach)] (need makes good schollers) teach 1590

IV viii 9 these] *thy 1590*

xv 6 speare] spsares 1590,1596

xxxui 4 raynes] traines 1596,1609

xxxix 9 sith we no more shall meet] till we againe may meet 1590 *Spenser has remembered that Cymoent is a heathen goddess*

lix 5 Dayes dearest children] The children of day 1590

V v 5 A] *And 1596, 1609—perhaps due to 'And' in the next line*

xi 1 ye] you 1596,1609

xxi 9 bloud] flood 1590

xxxvii 2 Had vndertaken after her, arnu'd] Had undertaken, after her arnu'd 1609 **1596 has no point 6 follow]** followed 1590, perhaps rightly

xxxix 9 his] their 1590

xl 4 loues sweet teene] sweet loues teene 1590 9 huing] liking 1590

hi 6 admire] admire 1590, 1596—*connecling it with 'In gentle Ladies brest'*

lin 3 Realmes] Reames 1590 *But cf Bk V, VII xxiii 6, 8, 9*

VI III 9 was] *were 1590*

vi 5 his beames] his hot beames 1609

xn 4 beau tie] beauties 1596, 1609

xxv 4 Which as a fountame from her sweet lips went] From which, &c., 1590, 1596 **con 1609 Of which con] Church**

xxvi 4 both farre and nere om 1590

xxvin 6 thence] hence 1596,1609

xxxix 1 and to all] and all 1611—10

avoid the trisyllabic foot

xl 6 spyde] *The rhyme requires 'saw' See on II vn 7 above*

xlm 5 heauy] heavenly 1590

xlx 4 And dearest loue, om 1590,1596 **add 1609 See on Bk I, x xx 5**

VII IX 3 two] *to conj Hughes*

xin 6 had gazed] *Todd and Morris imply that some copies of 1596 read 'hath'*

xvni 5 be by] by 1590 be 1596, 1609 that] by 1590

xxn 5 Monstrous mishapt] Monstrous, mishapt 1590 *See on Bk I, I ix 6*

xxxiv 2 enclose] *The rhyme requires 'contame' See on II vn 7 above*

xlii 7 saw, with great remorse] saw with great remorse, 1590,1596

xlx 1 the om 1596, 1609 wake] awake 1609

xlvm 4 And many hath to foule confusion brought] Till him Chylde *Thopas* to confusion brought 1590

1 2 thrust] thurst 1596,1609

VIII 11 7 broken] *golden 1590,*

v 1 aduise] deuce 1590

v 1 4 a womans] *to womans 1590*

xxm 8 the same] this same 1590

xxx 3 frory] frowy 1590, 1596 *But see xxxv 2 below, and Glossary under 'frowie'*

IX iv 5 her] *his 1609*

xiu 9 And so deride them each] And defide them each 1596 And them defied each 1609

xiv 7 to kenell] in kenell 1590

xxn 1 Mmerua] *Bellona 1590*

xxiv 5 most om 1596

xxvn 5 that] with 1590

xlvm 6 to sea] to the sea 1596

X vm 9 To take to his new loue] *To take with his new loue 1590*

xiu 8 would beare] did beare 1590

xvm 4 Then] So 1590

xxxi 3 with thy rudenesse beare] that with rudenesse beare 1590 7 vertues] virtuous 1590

xl 3 wastefull] faithfull 1590

xlvi 6 th' Earthes] the Earthes 1609—**not observing the dissyllable**

XI 11 3 golden] goldmg 1590, 1596
iv 4 that I did euer] all, that I euer 1590
9 him did] did him 1590

IX 6 Or hast thou, Lord,] Or hast, thou
Lord, 1390, 1596

xu 1 smgultes] singulfes 1590, 1596
*There is the same misspelling in F Q Bk V,
VI xliii, C C 168, and Tears of the Muses, 232*
xix 9 death] life conj Jorttn, which gives
the sense required

xxii 8 Foolhardy as th' Earthes children,
the which made] Foolhardy as the Earthes
children, which made 1590

xxvi 8 and with imperious sway] and
imperious sway 1596 and his imperious
sway 1609

xxvii 7 entred] decked 1590

xxvm 8 Like a] Like to a 1590

xxxix 6 each] his 1590 8 Stag conf
Jortin Hag 1590, &c Jortin's conjecture
is demonstrated by comparison with *Natalis
Comes, Mythologia*, iv 10, on which *Spenser
drew for this Canto*

xlvi 9 heauen bright] heuens hight conf
Church

XII v 7 concent] consent 1396

ix 3 other] others 1590, 1596

xii 6 wingheeld] winged heeld 1590

xvn 6 a firebrand she did tosse] a fier
brand she tost conf Church

xviii 8 an hony lady Bee] an hony laden
conf Upton

xxi 7 fading] failing conf Church

xxiii 5 hand om 1590, 1596 corr F E

xxvi 7 with that Damozell] by the Damo-
zell 1590—which makes the *Damozell Bnlo
marl*

xxvii 3 and bore all away] nothing did
remayne 1590

xxxiii 3 her selfe] the next 1590

xxxiv 4 her] him 1590, 1596 Cf next
note

xlii 2 She] He 1590 4 She] He
1590 : corr FE 5 her] him 1590
corr FE *Spenser seems momentarily to
have forgotten Britomart's sex*

BOOK IV

Title5 TELAMOND] Triamond in ii xxxi 8,
&c

Poem v 5 thereof] whereof 1609

I xu 6 then] and 1609

xvi 7 none] one 1609

III in 5 As] And 1609

xxi 7 knowen] known 1609

xxu 7 aduizing] avismg 1609 See *Glos.
sary under 'aduize'*

III ix 6 n'ote] not 1596 9 of] at
1609

xviii 2 so deadly it was ment] so deadly
was it ment 1609

xix 5, 6 The wane fowle that spies him
toward bend

His dreadfull souse, auoydes it shunning
light]

The wane fowle that spies him toward bend,
His dreadfull souse auoydes, it shunning
light 1609

xliii 5 quiet age] quiet age, suggested to
Jortin by ajriend, is adopted by Morris Not
elsewhere in F Q

3 To] Too 1596

hi 1 feast] feasts 1609

IV 1 4 minds] hues 16(II)-12-13 (No
genuine 1611 copy of Books IV-VI is known
to the editors Morris reports hues 1609
not so in our copies)

II 3 els] als 1609 'Els' separates, 'als'
joins the two comparisons 4 Scudamour]
Blandamour 1679 rightly

viii 2 Ferrau] Ferrat 1596 Ferraug in
II iv below

x 5 worse] worst 1596

xvii 4 maiden headed] satyr headed conf
Church, comparing Bk III, VII xxx 6.
Perhaps *maiden headed' = 'belonging to
one of the Knights of Maidenhead'

xix 7 an heap] a heap 1609

xxiv 1 beamhlce] brauehke 1596 But
Upton reports 'beamlike' from one of his
copies of 1596

xlvi 1 t' auenge] t' euenge 1596

V iv 4 Lemno] Lemnos 16(n)-12-13

vni 1 that] the 1609

ix 8 Then] The 1609

xvi 1 that] the 1609

xxv 5 one] once 1596

xxxii 3 his] her 1596

VI xxiv 8 his om 1609, to avoid the
trisyllabic foot

xxviii 6 He] Her 1596 Him conf
Upton

xliv 4 in the morrow] on the morrow
1609

xlvi 5 who she had left behind] whom
16(II)-12-13, but not in our copies of 1609

VIII i dart] darts 1609
 IV 6 snatched
 from ground] snatch
 vp from the ground 1609
 x 9 ouersight] ore sight 1609
 xii 1 caytiue] captiue Collier, &c But
 cf Bk I, VII xix 3
 xxii 1 Nor] For Collier
 xxv 1 Which] With 1596
 xxx 11 7 oft] eft con] Hughes, for the
 rhyme
 xxxin 1 Thence forth she past] Thence
 forth she past 1596
 xxxiv 1 the sad Æmylia] the said Æmylia
 1596
 xli 6 euer] neuer 1609
 VIII x 4 ribbands] ribband 1609
 xu 3 him] her conj Church
 lxiv 1. this] his (1611)-12-13, but not our
 copies of 1609
 IX Arg 2 Pceana] Æmylia conj Church
 rightly
 1 8 vertuous] vertues 1596
 III 3 these] this 1609
 xi 9 him] them conj Hughes
 xvn 5 quest] guest 1596, 1609
 xxvi 1 There] Their 1596 Then conj
 Church
 xxx 8 repayed] repayed 1596
 xxxvn 2 Knight] Knights conj Upton
 xxxix 8 a wretch and] a wretch I and
 1596
 X viii 8 his] Upton reports 'this* from
 one of his quartos
 IX 1 earne] yearne 1609 passim
 xvn 5 adward] award 1609
 xix 1 meanest] nearest 1596
 xxin 2,8 ghesse and bee are transposed
 in all but two of our copies
 xxvn 1 Hylas] Hyllus 1396 Hylus
 1609 But cf Bk III, XII vii 9
 xxxv 6 and hell them quight] The
 meaning is either 'And hell requite them' or
 'And cover them (1 e the lands) quite'
 But 'hell' = cover ts not elsewhere in F Q,
 though 'vhele' = uncover occurs in Bk II,
 XII lxiv 8 Hence 'mell' = confuse has been
 suggested But even so there is a difficult
 parenthesis
 xin 6 eldest] elder 1609
 h 9 girlondsl gardians conj Church
 guerdons conj Collier
 lv 8 wane] weane conj Upton
 lvi 4 To laugh at me] To laugh on me
 1609

XI iv 6 seuen] three occurs in two copies
 of 1396, and in all of 1609
 xvn 6 times] The rhyme requires 'age'
 But see on Bk I I, n vn 7 above
 xxx 5 none] one 1609
 xxxiv 5 Grant] Quant 1596, 1609 corr
 Child after Upton The 'Grant' is the
 Granta, 1 e the Cam
 xlv 4 deluded] diuided 1609 passim
 xlv i louely] louing 1609
 xlviii 8 Eudore] Endore 1596, 1609
 corr Child
 In 7 but] both conj edd, needlessly
 'floods and fountames, though derived from
 Ocean, are akin to sky and sun
 XII iv. 9 disauentrous] disaduentrous
 1609
 x 4 shall] should 1609
 xni 1,2 Thus whilst his stony heart with
 tender ruth
 Was toucht, and mighty courage molhfide]
 rhus whilst his stony heart was toucht with
 tender ruth,
 And mighty courage something molhfide
 1609
 Spenser probably altered the text, meaning to
 mit 'tender'
 xxx 4 t'adward] t'award 1609

BOOK V

Proem 11 2 at earst] as earst 16(11)-12-
 13 But cf Bk VI, III vni 7
 vn 8 thirtie] thirteen conj Child, which is
 md to be astronomically correct
 xi 2 stead] place 1596 The rhyme
 'equires' 'stead'—see on Bk II, II vu 7
 ibove This is the only correction of this
 nature in 1609, and has been accepted as
 Spenserian 9 Artegall\ Arthegall 1609
 bassim, and so generally in Bk III
 II Arg 3 Munera] Momera 1596, 1609
 :orr Hughes
 II 7 As] And 1596
 iv 1 hee] she 1596
 xi 4 Who] Tho conj Church When
 Morris No correction is needed
 xxxn 4 earth] eare 1596
 xxxvin 1 these] those 1609
 xlv i way] lay 1609, to avoid the identical
 •hyme
 III xi 7,9 the other] th' other 1596,
 1609
 xl 6 we] were 1596

IV 13 Had need haue] Had neede of I
16(II)-12-13

xxii 2 pmnoed] pmnioned 16(II)-12-13

xxvi 1 Terptne] Turpine 1596

xxxvi 1 watchmen] watchman 1609
8 their Queene her selfe, halfe like a man]
their Queene her selfe halfe, like a man 1596
their Queene her self, arm'd like a man
1609—perhaps rightly

xxxvii 1 neare] newe conj Church 3 so
few] to feare conj Collier One or other cor-
rection seems needed for the rhyme Church's
is the better

xxxix 3 doale] doile 1596 diuide]
dauide 1596 Probably 'a' and V inter-
changed For 'doale' = portion see Glossary
xlvm 3 Clann] Clarinod' 1609 passim
yesterday] yeester day 1596, but Spenser
has 'yester elsewhere

V xx 8 a napron] an apron 1609

xxxviii 8 And, though (vnhke) they
should for euer last] And, though vnlike, they
should for euer last 1596 The meaning of
1609 is 'Though—which is unlikely—they
should last, & c'

xli 2 he] she 1609

VI IV 7 from] for 1609

v 6,7 For houres but dayes, for weekes,
that passed were,

She told but moneths, to make them seeme
more few 1596,1609

Church would transpose 'houres' and 'dayes'
'weekes' and 'moneths' Spenser perhaps
means that she said 'three months' for
'twelve weeks' and then ignored the noun

xvi 7 That this is things compacte] thing
conj Church

xvii 5 Heard] Here 1596

xxiv 1 their] her 1609

xxv 9 Your nights want] your Knight's
want aw; Church

xxvi 5 Ne lessel Sense requires 'Ne
more', but no authority for this Spenser
probably meant at first to turn the sentence
differently

xxxiii 7 auenge] reuenge 16(U)-12-13—
Morris and Grosart report 'reuenge' 1609,
not so our copies

xxxiv 7 their] that 1609

VII vi 9 her wreathed taile] his wreathed
taile conj Church—cf stanza xv below

xxxvni 5 bad] sad 1609

VIII xl 6 knowen] knowne 1596

IX xxvi 4 FONT] FONS 1596,1609.

xlv 1 appose] oppose 1609

X III 6 Armericke] Americke conj Todd,
very plausibly, otherwise 'Armericke' can only
mean *Armonc'

vi 4. and of her Peares] and her Peares
1609, to avoid the trisyllabic foot

vin 4 Idols] Idol conj Church

xxiv 5 farewell open field] well fare conj
edd needlessly 'farewell' here-welcome

xxvi 3 so now ruinate] now so ruinate
conj Church

xxxvii 6 hard preased] had preased 1609

XI xxiv 7 And Eagles wings] An Eagles
wings 1609

xl 6 She death shall by] She death shall
sure aby 16(II)-12-13, to complete the penta-
meter

xli 6 know] knew 1596, 1609 • corr
Hughes

li 1 this] his 1609

lv 9 corruptfull] corrupted 16(u)-12-
13, Moms and Grosart report 'corrupted'
1609; not so our copies

lx 2. had] haue 1609

lxi 7 meed] The rhyme requires 'hyre'
But see on Bk II, 11 vii 7 8 froward]
forward 1596 See Glossary

XII 1 9 enduren] endure 1506

xiv 8 steale] Steele 1609 But see Glo\$
sary

xvii 5 such] sure 1609

BOOK VI

I vin 7 wretched] wicked 16(II)-12-13

xxvni 6 Ere he] Ere thou 1596

xl 9 yerne] earne 1609

II III 2 deed and word] act and deed
1596 3t4 eyese eares] eares eyes
corr edd, but there is no evidence that the
error is not Spenser's own

xxxix 2 implements] ornaments 1609—
probably an editorial improvement

III x 2 Would to no bed] Would not to
bed 1609

xxi 8 default] assault conj Collier with
much plausibility

xxiii 2 Serena] Crispina 1596 Bodl—
corr at press

xxiv 5 in vame om 16(n)-12-13, to
reduce the line to a pentameter

xxviii 6 soft foot[ing] softng foot 1590*,
1609 corr 1679

xxxv 3 which] That 1596 Bodl —corr at
press

xxxvii 9 did for her] for her did 1596
Bodl —corr at press

xlni 4 approue] reproue 1596 7 re
proue] approue 1596

IV IV 7 stroke] strokes 1609
v 7 He stayd not t' aduize] He stayd
not to aduize 1609

xni 8 Where] There 1596

xvi 8 hurts] hurt 16(n)-12-13, for the
sake of the grammar

xxx 5 these] those 1609

xxxiii 2 sides] side 1609

V Arg 1 Matilda] Serena corr Hughes,
rightly

xxviii 2 hue] hues 1609

xxxix 3 glee] gree 1609 For 'gree' of
Bk V, VI xxi 7, for 'glee', Bk I, IX
xxxii 7

xli 2 there] their 1596

VI Arg 3 'He' refers to Prince Arthur, but
no correction is possible

xvii 7 Calidore] Calepine corr Hughes,
rightly

xxxv 6 fight] right 1596

xxxvi 1 thy] this 1609

VII 1 1 the] a 1609

xxxv 8 there] their 1609

xhx 9 Words] Swords con] Church,
plausibly

VIII xvu 6 From] For 1596

xlx 9. a loud] aloud 1609

xlvi 3 toyles] toyle 1609 6 lost] tost
Drayton teste Collier

1 4 what they ought] what shee ought
1609, taking 'ought' = owned

IX iv 9 time] tine con] Church

vi 5 him] them 1596

xxvi 1 eare] care 1609

xxviii 6 the heauens] th' heauens 1596,
1609

xxxvi 8 Oenone] Benone 1596, 1609
corr Hughes

xlx 9 bought] sought con] Church

xlvi 5 which there did dwell] which there
did well 1596, 1609 corr 16(n)-12-13

X 11 9 in the port] on the port 1596 The
reading of 1609 recalls 'in portu nauigare',

but that means 'to be out of danger' Possibly
1596 preserves some lost nautical phrase

xxiv 7 froward] forward 1596, 1609
corr 16(II)-12-13 Cf Glossary on SC

for April ' they (the Graces) be painted
naked, the one haung her backe toward
us, and her face fromwarde'

xxxiv 9 to helpe her all too late] to helpe
ere all too late Drayton teste Collier

xxxvi 6 And hewmg off her head, (he)
it presented] (he) om 1596, 1609

xliv 3-7 | 1609 marks a parenthesis and
reads 'And' for 'But' ml 8

XI xi 6 that] the 1609

xix 4 pretended] protended con] Collier

xxiv 1 rehu'd] reuiu'd 1609

XII xii 8 loos] praise 1609—possibly
Spenser's own correction, because of the preced-
ing 'losse', or the editor of 1609 did not
recognize 'loos'

xl 7 learned] gentle 1609—from the next
line

xli 3 clearest] cleaneest con] Hughes, per
haps rightly

BOOK VII

VI x 1 That] Tho Hughes

xxii 9 hot] her Hughes

xxxviii 2 wealths] wealth Hughes, &c,
perhaps rightly

xlv 4 Fanchm] called Funchm in CC
301 The Funchm is a tributary of the
Blackwater Here Spenser perhaps intended
an etymological connexion with Faunus

VII 11 3 feeble] sable 1609 corr
Hughes

IX 7 Plaint of kindes] Plaint of kinde
Upton after Chaucer, Parlement of Foules 316

x 4 mores] more Hughes, &c c hers
exphin' mores' as = roots, see Glossary

xvi 3 thy] my 16(II)-12-13

lv 7 same] fame 16(II)-12-13

VIII 11 9 Sabaoths] Sabbath's Upton and
Church, distinguishing between 'Sabaoth' =
hosts and 'Sabbath' = rest But this seems
to spoil the point of the stanza

LETTER TO RALEIGH

1 16 by accidents] by accidents 1590

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER.

Five Quarto editions of the *Shep Cal* appeared in the poet's lifetime—in 1579, 1581, 1586, 1591, and 1597. They are referred to below as Qq 1-5 respectively. An exhaustive collation of these editions proves conclusively that though some of the corrections may have been made at Spenser's instigation, he cannot be regarded as in any way responsible for the general form of the text after Q 1. Each Q was printed from its predecessor, and the first Folio, 1611 (F), from Q 5. Each edition corrects a few errors, reproduces many, and initiates others. The present text, therefore, is printed from Q z, and the following notes record departures from Q z, adding a few characteristic readings from other copies to illustrate their relation with one another.

EPISTLE

p 417, 1 41 oftentimes Qq 2-5 ofen times Q

p 417, A 56 cleane Qq 3-5, F deare Q 1 clean Q 2

p 417, B14 not seene Qq 5-5, F no seme Qq z, 2

p 417, B38 though it cannot Qq 3-5, F though cannot Qq z, 2

p 418, A 32 liabilities Qq 3-5, F liabilities ? Qq z, 2

GENERALL ARGVMENT

p 419, A12 more Shepherds, then Goat hears Q 5, F most shepheards, and Gote hears Qq 1-4

p 419, A16 muention Qq 2-5, F inueri aonQz

p 420, A20 Abib .F Ab'il Qq z-5

p 420, B32 Shepheard Q 2 Sepheard Q 1 shepheards Qq 3-5, F

JANUARY

49 hower, Qq 2-5, F hower Q z

FEBRUARY

137 Wherefore I rede thee hence to remove F

142 ouercrawed Qq 3-5, F ouerawed Qq 1, 2, overcrawed is the northern form of overcrowned Cf *Hamlet*, V 11 368

151 ponder Qq z-3 pond Qq 4, 5, F

This error of Qq 4, 5, and F led to the inclusion of 'pond' in Johnson's Dictionary as a genuine Spenserian form

176 woundes Qq 2-4 wounds Qq 1, 5, F.

218 earth Qq 1-5 ground F

229-30 late For disconsolate,

Qq 1-3 late Yor (sic) disconsolate,

Q 4 late, Yore disconsolate Q 5, F

MARCH

4 nigheth F highest Qq 1-5 Morris suggests 'nighes'

57 greene Qq 3-5, F greene, Qq 1, 2

85 seeing, I Q 5, F seeing I, Qq 1-4

Gloss to 23 by loue sleeping Qq r, 2 by our sleeping Qq 3, 4 by sleeping Q 5, F

Gloss to 23 pleasures, Q 5, F pleasures Qq 1-4

Gloss to 79 wandring Qq 1-3 wingdnnng Q 4 winged Q 5, F A good example of the gradual corruption of the text, and its emenda Hon by the printer without reference to earlier Qq

APRILL.

39 Forsake Qq 2-5, F For sake Q z

64 angehck Q 1 angehke Q 2 angellike Ql 3-5 angel like F

113 not not Qq r, 2

135 finesse, Qq 1-4 finenesse, Q 5, F

Gloss to 50 simplee Qq 1-4 plainly Q2, F

Gloss to 63 Embellish) beautifye Qq z, 2 Emblemish) beau tifie Q 3 Emblemish) beautified Q 4 Emblemisht) beautified Q 5 embelhsht, beautified F

Gloss to 120 Behtight F Bedight Qq 1-5

MAYE

ARG 1 fift Q 5, F firste Qq z-4

7, 8 woods buds Q 5, F Wods . .

Buds Qq z-3 Woods Boods Q 4

8 bloosmmg Qq z-3 blossoming Qq 4, 5, F

36 swinke ? Q 5, F swinck Qq 1-4

54 great Q 5, F gread Qq 1-4

82 worldly Qq 2-5, F wordly Q 1

113 shepheards Qq 2-5, F shephears Q1

177 reason, Q 5, F reason Qq 1-4

187 blossomes Qq, F, it is probable, however, that Spenser wrote 'bloosmes', for

'bloosmes' is the form given in the Gloss upon this passage Cf also Jan 34, Dec 103

192 jolhtee | Qq 1-5, F omit full stop

214 stroke 1 Qq 1-5, F omit full stop

261 were Q 5, F were, Qq 1-4

Gloss to 75 Algrind Q 5, F Algrim Qq 1-4

Gloss to 189 παθός | παθός Q 1 Pathos Qq 2,35,F Patdosg*

IVNE

16 shroud F shouer Qq 1-5

21 shipheardes Q1

23 Rauens F. Rauene Qq 1, 2 Rauen Qq 3-5

38 steps F steps Qq 1-5

89 Now dead he is, &c This stanza is omitted from Q 5 and F

Gloss to 57 is is Q1

Gloss to 103 undermine Q 5, F under mynde Qq 1, 2 underminde Qq 3, 4

IVLYE

14 tickle Q 5, F trickle Qq 1-4

99 the starres Qq 1-5 a starre F

177 glitterand Q 1 glitter and Qq 2-5, F gold, Qq 4,5, F gold Qq 1-3

208 melhng Qq 2-5, F melling, Qi

215 gree, & 3-5, F gree Qqi,2

219 ill, Qq 2-5, F ill Q 1

233 Thomahns (conj, v 340) Palinodes Qq 1-5, F

Gloss to 8 Seneneca (sic) Q 1 lapsu Qq 3-5, F lapsus Qq 1,2

Gloss to 33 then Qq 3-5, F and Qq 1,2

AVGVST

16 a PERIGOR (sic) Q1

84 thy F my Qq 1-5

104 curelesse conj Collier carelesse Qq, F

105 bought, Qq 2-5, F bought Q1

134 h m gi-

148 deede Qq 3-5, F deede, Qq 1,2

154 a part (ty 3-5 apart Qq 1, 2, F

SEPTEMBER

59 hond Qq 3-5, F hande Qq 1, 2

139 endured Qq 3-3, F endured Qq 1,2

145 yead F yeeld Qq 1-5

153 Chnsiendome Q 1

163 prune Of 4,5, F pnue Qq 1-3

165 theyr Qq 2, 3 thoyr Q 1 their Q14,5, F

169 They Q 5, F The Qq 1-4

196 away, Qq 3-5, F away Qq 1,2

201 thanck Q 5, F thanck Qq 1-4

207 a Hobbinoll Qq 2-5 Diggon Q1

255 can Qq 3-5, F can Qq ,21

Gloss to 20 Thrice F These Qq 1-5

Gloss to 96 practises Q1

Gloss to 151 Date omitted Qq, F

Gloss to 162 Privy F Preuely Qq

Gloss to Emblem, p 456, B4 looking Q1

Gloss to Emblem, p 456, B5 poore, Qq 2-5, F poore Q1

OCTOBER

ARG 1 wiske Q1

2 chace, Q 5, F chace Qq 1-4

6 dead Q5,F dead? Qq 1-4

76 rybaudrye Qq 4, 5, F rybaudrye Qq 1-3

79. thy Qq 3-5, F the Qq 1,2

96 a CVDDIE Qq 3-5,F om Qq 1,2

Gloss to 27 mattes Q1

Gloss to 27 Arabian Qq 3-5, F Aradian Qqi,2

Gloss to 78 Sarcasmus Qq 3-5, F Sacras mus Qq 1 2

NOVEMBER

4 misgouernaunce F misgouernaunce,

14 taske, F taske Qq 1-5

85 doth displaye So Qq, F Hughes corrects to hath display'd, for the sake of rime, and that was doubtless Spenser's intention

115 colourd So Q1 Spenser intended the reader to dwell upon the 'l', so as almost to live the word the metrical value of a trisyllable

128-9 mourne, tourne, Qq 2-5 F morune, torune Q 1

132 carefull Q I

159 hould, (ty 4,5, F hould Qqi-3

Gloss to 30 Castahas Qq 5-5, F Casthas Qqi,2

Gloss to 83 diminutue Qq 3-5, F dunumtine Qq 1,2

Gloss to 107 Tinct Qq 3-5, F Tuict Qq 1,2

Gloss to 145 the signe of Qq 3-5, F the of Qq 1, 2

Gloss to 158 Atropos, daughters Qq 3-5, F Atropodas, lighters Qq 1, 2

Gloss to 158 Atropos Qq 3-5, F Atrhops Qq 1,2

Gloss to 186 express Qq 3-5, F epresse Qq 1,2

DECEMBER

- 33 stroke Q 5 stroke, Qq 1-4, F
 38 Muse, F 2 Muse Qq 1-5, F
 43 derung doe (v Gloss, p 120, 1 1)]
 derring to Qq, F
 64 playe, playe Qq 1, 2 play Qq 3-5, F
 69 see Qq 2-5, F se Q1
 89 t'enrage Q 5, F to tenrage Qq 1, 2
 tenrage Qq 3, 4
 106 before, Qq 4, 5, F before (ty 1-3
 113 *Rolahnd Q1*
 114 dight ? Qq 3-5, F dight, Qq 1, 2

Colins Embleme] A// Qq and F fail to
 give the Embleme to December It is first
 found in Hughes (2715)—Vivitur ingenio
 caetera mortis erunt It is possible that
 Hughes found it in some copy of a Q or F,
 but more likely that he supplied it himself
 Gloss to 17 Cabinet Qq 3-5, F Eabmet
 Qq 1, 2
 Gloss to Embleme quod Qq 3-5, F quae
 Qq 1, 2
 Gloss to Embleme ferrum Qq 3-5, F :
 i erum Qq 1, 2

COMPLAINTS 1591.

The text is based on the Q of 1591, the only
 edition of *Complaints* published in the lifetime
 of Spenser. Different extant copies of this Q
 supply for a few passages different readings.
 Our text is printed from the Bodleian copy,
 and variants are quoted from the *Huth Q*.
 At the British Museum, among the *Harleian*
MSS, is a transcript of *Complaints* dating
 from 1596, which supplies a few variants.
 These are quoted as *Harl MS F* also in
 places enables us to correct the text, and in
 places gives new readings. The more im-
 portant of these are recorded below, but
 where *F* merely corrects the punctuation of
 Q the change has not been recorded unless it
 seems peculiarly significant and interesting.

THE RVINES OF TIME

- 316, 323 I sing F I sing, Q
 333 and with *Linus*, *Huth Q* and with
Linus Q with *Linus*, F
 365 couetize F couertize Q
 413 give Q, F
 414 *Mausolus F Mansolus Q*
 447-8 For such as now have most the
 world at will, Scorn their F
 451 such as first were F
 453 him Q them F
 454 O' let not those, F.
 455 Ahue nor dead, F
 551 which F with Q
 571 Was but of earth, and with her
 weightnesse F
 574 worlds F* words Q

THE TEARES OF THE MVSES

- 113 anew Q, F rew conj Collier, desire
 ll 177, 233, &c

- 232 singulfs F smgulfs Q, v F Q 11.
 xi 12 1 note
 288 Ignorance of I 259 ignorance Q, F
 310 wit Q, F
 399 defaced F defaced Q
 486 souenaunce Harl MS souerance
 Q, F
 566 be F beee Q
 600 louing Q living F

VIRGILS GNAT

- 122 heart] hear Q hart 2?
 149 *Ascceancorr forhn Asiraan Q, F*
 233 Shepheards F Speheards Q
 308. creast front tyre F creast front-
 tyre Q
 340. Seest thou not, F
 387 throat F threat Q
 406 fluttering F flattering Q
 536 subtile F slye Q
 575. billowes Harl MS billowe Q, F

MOTHER HVBBERDS TALE

[In all F copies that I have examined MH T,
 is dated either 1611 or 1612]

- 53 Gossip F Goship Q
 67. high F up on high Q
 87. worlds Q, giving a syllabtc value to the
 ' r' wordes F
 185 Wildly to wander thus F
 308. wmgcs Hughes wings Q, Ff
 453 Dingcs F Dirges Q
 626 bands Q, F
 648 at all, F, Harl MS all Q
 830 kindly wise desire Q, F. kindle wise
 Drayton teste Collier
 913 will a daw trie Q a daw will try F,

- i e will prove himself a fool Grosarl quoted a manuscript in his possession reading one day will cry, but the emendation is unnecessary* 196 *Huth Q omits Dull*
 1108 Conge F Cougeg 250 *dispacng Q displacing Huth Q, F.*
 1224 boxe Q, F, Harl MS Grosart 354 *EnfestredQ Enfested Huth Q, F*
quoted a manuscript reading foxe, but the change is unnecessary 'boxe' = 'exchequer, treasury, a' porter's box' for gratuities 370 *framde craftiue Huth Q, F did sliely frame Q*
 1231 *The cony J C Smith And Q,F* 391 *thoss Q*
 1289 *on] on, Q, F*

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE

- 110 *natiue Huth Q, F natures Q*

RVINES OF ROME

- 21 *Mausolus F Mansolus Q glone Q,F*
 32 *Palaces, is that] Palaces is that, Q Palaces, is that, F*
 48 *The old Giants Huth Q Th'old Giants Q The Giants old F*
 56 *Vmtnall Huth Q, F VimmialQ*
 145-6 *heate, fild Q,F*
 210 *Now to become F To become Q*
 243 *ornaments] ornament Q, F*
 414 *stackes F stalkes Q*
 435 *verses F yerses Q*

MVIOPOTMOS

- (Dated 1590 in *Complaints*, and printed separately from the rest of the volume)
 149 *champion he Q champaine o're he*

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY

- For the 1569 version of *The Visions of Bellay* and *The Visions of Petrarch*, v Appendix
 12 *inconstances,] inconstancies Q, F*
 22 *On Morris conj One Q, F Ajrtkc*
golds Q, F Ajrikes gold Morris con]
 38 *great Lyons Q Lyons great F*
 43 *pillers 1560 pillowes Q, F.*
 113 *astomedF astomedQ*

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH

- 27 *monentQ*
 29 *Then 1569 TheQ,F*
Q omits 7 above this sonnet
 85 *behold Morris beheld Q, Ff*

DAPHNAIDA. 1591

- Q 1 = 1591 22 = 1596 The text printed from Q 1, obvious errors of punctuation silently corrected from Q 2 and F, all other changes recorded below
The dedicatory Utter is missing in B M copy of Q1
 13 *honourable F honoable Q*
 388 *th'heauensF th'eauensft*
 391 *till Hughes 1715 tell Qq, F*
 422-3 *one, other, Q 2 one other*
 477 *star res Q I starre Q 2, F*
 487 *deepegi deereQ2,F*
 549 *a sdeinfull F asdeinull Qq*

COLIN CLOVTS COME HOME AGAINE 1595

Published with *Astrophel*, &c, m 1595
 Our text follows Q, but is in places emended from F These emendations, except in slight matters of punctuation, are recorded below
 Of the non Spenserian poems some (pp 556-60) had already appeared in a Miscellany entitled *The Phoenix Nest* (1593) The text found therein gives some slight variants, which are quoted below as 1593

COLIN CLOVT

- 1 *knownF knownQ*
 168 *sngulfts F singulfts Q*
 380 *Harpalus, aged] Harpalus aged, Q Harpalus, aged, F*
 382 *Corydon F aCorydong*
 487 *VramaF VrianaQ*
 600 *clusters F glustersQ*

- 601 braunches] *Collier* bunches *Q, F*
 670 Durst *F.* Darestg
 699 needs *Todd* needs, *Q, F*
 757 fare *F* far(?)
 861 life guung *F* 2 like gluing *Q, F*
 884 the *F* their *Q*

ASTROPHEL

- 50 often *F* oh*Q*
 89 needeth *F* need *Q*
 116 brood] brood *Q, F*
 158 day] day *Q, F*
 200 deare,] deare *Q*
The Lay of Clorinda] 17 wretched *Q*
 35 did see *F* see *Q*

THE MOVRNING MVSE OF
THESTYLIS

The Mourning Muse] Each line of *Q* is
 printed in *F* as two short lines, the second
 without capital Utter

- 1 your *F* you *Q*
 16 Thou *F* Tho *Q*
 20 thy *Hughes* 1715 their *Q, Ff*
 80 heau'ns*F* heau's *Q*
 129 testified *F* testied *Q*
 153 heau'ns*F* heau's *Q*

AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION,
FOR HIS ASTROPHILL

- 2 glasse *P N* (1593) *F* 2 grasse *Q, F*
 24 Ampitheater *Q, F*
 29 in *P N* is *Q F*
 36 Meander, *F* Meander *Q, P N*
 45 what] that, *Q, P N* that *b*
 72 night *F* mighty, *P N*
 97 the mount *P N*, *F* to the mount
 109 neuer *P N, F* euer *Q*
 134 Astrophill *P N*, *F* Astrophnll*Q*
 181 This *P N, F* His *Q*
 195 thee truthe 2, *P N* the truth *F*

AN EPITAPH, &c

- 36 oi*Q, P N* off *F*
Another of the same] *P N* adds excellently
 written by a most worthy Gentleman *F*
divides into two each line of Q
 2 age *F* age, *Q, P N*
 25 parallels *F* parables *Q, P N*
 39 seeke *P N, F* seeks *Q*

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION 1595

First published in 1595, in a small 18^o
 volume, the text of which is reproduced in
 this volume. The punctuation, which is very
 faulty, has been corrected chiefly from *F*
 Other emendations are recorded below

AMORETTI

- 11 neighbors *F* neigoures 18^o
 2 roundelaies *F* roudelaies 18^o
 VII 2 you,] you 18^o *F*
 VIII 5 the *F* printedy 18^o
 X 11 pride,] pride *F, 18^o*
 XI 8 vnpiteid 18^o
 XIII 6 borne, *F* borne 18^o
 XVII 7 workmanship *F* wormanship
 18^o
 XIX 4 crouned, 18^o, *F*
 XXI 6 loue *F* loues 18^o
 8 impure, 18^o, *F*
 XXIII 4 unreaue, 18^o, *F*
 XXVIII 2 giues*F* guies 18^o
 XXIX 4 forlorne, 18^o, *F*
 XXXII 9 fit- 18^o, *F*
 XXXIII. 9 wit,] wit 18^o. wit? *F*

HALAMION 1595

- XXXVIII 8 will, 18^o, *F*
 XLV 6 eye i8*F*
 XLVIII 10 the *F* th' 18^o
 L 2 grieffe, *F* greife 18^o
 LIII 1-2 hyde beasts, fray,] hyde,
 beasts fray 18^o hyde beasts,
 fray *F*
 6 semblant 18^o semblance *F*
 10 ornament 18^o, *F*
 LVI s sure 18^o, *F*
 LVIII 3 supposeth, 18^o, *F*
 7 prayd, 18^o, *F*
 LIX 4 start, 18^o *F*
 LX 4 spehare *F* spehare 18^o
 LXII 4 ensew, 18^o, *F*
 LXIII 9, 11 atchyue, depnue, 18^o,
 LXIII 8 spred, 18^o, *F*
 12 Iessemynes, 18^o, *F*
 LXV 1 vaine 18^o, *F*
 LJCVIII 3 hell, *F* helli 18^o
 4 away, 18^o, *F*
 6 thou *F* thou 18^o
 LXXI 9 aboue,] about, 18^o, *F*
 LXXIII 2 tyejtye 18^o, *F*

LXXV 2 away *F* a way 18°
 LXXVII 11 paradise] paradise. 18°
 Paradyse. *F*
 LXXXVIII 9 the Idaea *F* th'Idaea 18°.
 LXXXIX 3 vow *F* 2 vew 18°, *F*.

EPITHALAMION

61 take,] take 18° *F*

67 deerel dorc 18° *F*
 218 play] play , 18°, *F*
 239 band ?] band, 18°, band *F*.
 290 nightes dread] mghtsdread 18° nights
 sad dread *F*. *Cf FQ* 1 v 23 note,
 341 Pouke] Ponke 18°, *F*
 356 poure *F* ponre 18°
 385 thy *F* they 18°.

FOURE HYMNES. 1596.

First published in 1596 (0 The text follows *Q* with some emendations of punctuation from *F*

AN HYMNE OF LOVE

83 hated *F* hate *Q*

AN HYMNE IN HONOV R OF
BEAVTIE

14 soule *F* 3(1679) fouleg, *F*
 47 clotheth *Q* closeth *F*

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.
 214 mercie, miserable crew,] mercie
 miserable crew, *Q* mercy (miserable crew) *F*
 245 feet & syde *Q* feet, through side *F*
 266 to thee *Q* for thee *F*

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAVTIE.

50 eye] eye, & *F*
 121 Suns bright *Q* Sun bright *F*
 165 And dampish] The dark & dampish
Q The darke damp *F*
 170 more bright, *F* *Q* omits
 270 to paine] to paine, *Q* a paine *F*
 294 on *F* no *Q*
 298 the loue *Q* the true loue *F*

PROTHALAMION. 1596

First published in 1596 (*Q*) The text follows *Q*, with some emendations of punctuation from *F*

102 your *F* you *Q*

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

Printed from copies of the volumes in which they originally appeared

I From *Four Letters, and Certame Sonnets Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused, &c* London Imprinted by John Wolfe, 4to, 1592

II From *Nennio, Or a Treatise of Nobility, &c* Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptista Nenna of Bari Done into English by William Jones, Gent, *Q*, 1595

III From *Historie of George Castriot, sur*

named Scanderbeg, King of Albanie and Containing his famous actes, &c Newly translated out of French into English by Z I Gentleman Imprinted for W Ponsonby,

IV From *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice* Written by the Cardinal Gasper Contareno, and translated out of the Italian into English by Lewis Lewhenor, Esquire London Imprinted by John Windetfor Edmund Mattes, &c, 1599

III 1 vaunt] vaunt, 1596

GLOSSARY.

The Faerie Queene is referred to by book, canto, and stanza, thus: in. iv. 41.

Cross-references are not as a rule given to variant spellings showing the following interchanges of letters: 1, y; e, ee, ea; o, oa, oo; w, w; s, z; c, s.

- a, in: *a Gods name* p. 418, *S. C. Sept. 100*, *Hubberd* 111, *Three Lett.* pp. 611, 626, 629, *Two Lett.* p. 639.
- aband, to abandon, 11. x. 65.
- abase, to lower, 11. i. 26, iv. vi. 3, vi. vi. 31, viii. 5.
- abashed, *pa. part.* astonished, 1. xii. 29; discomfited, 11. iv. 8.
- abashment, fear, astonishment, 111. viii. 16, 34. 1
- abate, to diminish, decrease, tr., 1. iii. 7, 11. ii. 19, v. ix. 35; to depress, *Hubberd* 256.
- abeare, *refl.* to comport oneself, v. xii. 19, vi. ix. 45.
- abet, *sb.* instigation, abetment, iv. iii. n.
- abet, *vb.* to support, uphold, 1. x. 64, iv. iii. 6, vi. v. 22.
- abide, to attend, 1. v. 17; to await, remain, rest, stop, in. v. 11, v. viii. 5, *Two Lett.* p. 635; *pret.* (1) abid, 11. iv. 32, (2) abode, 111. xii. 1 37 J to abide by, accept, v. i. 25; to endure, suffer, 11. i. 20, *Thest.* 154.
- abie, *see* aby.
- abiection, to cast down, throw down (with idea of degradation), in. xi. 13, v. ix. 9.
- abode, *sb.* delay, 111. viii. 19; stay, 11. i. 1.
- abolish, to annul, destroy, 11. iv. 45.
- aboard, aboard, alongside, in. x. 6; abroad, ,adrift, astray, *Hubberd* 324, *R. R.* 185; abroad, across, *Gnat* 46.
- abouto, about, 1. ix. 36.
- aboue, upstairs, iv. xii. 20.
- abray, for abrayd (see next), to awake (*intr.*), iv. vi. 36.
- abrade, abrayd, *pret.* abrayd, to awake, arouse, startle, in. i. 61, x. 50, xi. 8, iv. iv. 22.
- abridge, to cut off, cut short, *Daphn.* 445.
- abridgement, cutting short, in. viii. 2.
- abuse, *sb.* injury, wrong, 11. v. 21,
- abuse, *vb.* to deceive, 1. i. 46, 11. i. Arg. 19, *Muiop.* 277; to ill-treat, misuse, vi. i. 22.
- abusion, deception, n. xi. 11, iv. i. 7, v. xii. 40, *Hubberd* 1363; disgrace, discredit, *Hubberd* 220.
- aby, abie¹, to pay the penalty for, expiate, 11. iv. 40, viii. 33, iv. vi. 8; to endure, suffer, 111. iv. 38, *R. T.* 101; to endure, to remain, in. vii 3, x. 3, viii. vi. 24.
- aby² for abide (q.v.), abide by, submit to vi. ii. 19.
- abyss, gulf, interior, *Worlds Vanitie* 66.
- accident, attribute, *Two Lett.* p. 639.
- accloy, to clog, choke; to encumber, render heavy, 11. vii. 15, *S. C. Feb.* 135; accloid, *pa. part.*, *Elegie* 2.
- acompt, accoumpt, *sb.* account, vi. viii. 22, p. 419, *Hubberd* 307, *S. C. Oct. Arg.* 7.
- accounted, *pa. part.* accounted, considered, 1. x. 6.
- accord, *sb.* consent, agreement, 11. iv. 21, ix. 2.
- accord, *vb.* to agree, *S. C. Feb. Arg.* 7; *pa. part.* iv. ix. 40; to reconcile, iv. v. 25.
- acordaunce, agreement, 111. iii. 30, v. viii. 14.
- according, according to, 1. x. 50, xii. 15, 11. iv. 26, xi. II; accordingly, 11. x. 71.
- accoste, accoaste, to adjoin, border on, v. xi. 42 j to fly near to or skim along the ground, vi. ii. 32.
- accoumpt, *vb.* to take into account, consideration, *Amor.* Son. 26.
- ace our age, accdurance, to encourage, 11. ii. 38, in. viii. 34.
- accounting, *pres. part.* entertaining (courteously), ii. ii. 16.
- accoustrement, apparel, *Hubberd* 672.
- accoy, *pa. part.* accoyd, accoied, to appease, soothe, iv. viii. 59; to daunt, subdue, *S. C. Feb.* 47-
- accoyl, to gather together, assemble, 11. ix. 30.
- accrew, to collect, combine, iv. vi. 18; to increase, v. v. 7, *R. R.* 207; to come as an addition or increase, *S. C.* p. 417, *Clout* 655.
- accusement, accusation, v. ix. 47.
- accustom, to be used, wont, 111. i. 13.
- achates, provisions, 11. ix. 31.
- acquainted, *pret.* became acquainted, *Elegie* 13-
- acquit, to free, release, deliver, v. iv. 39, viii. 6; *pa. part.* (1) acquit, 1. vii. 52, *Amor.* Son. 42; (2) aoquight, 11. xii. 3; to perform, act, *refl.* vi. ii. 24.
- adamant, diamond (fig.), crystal, iv. xi. 31.
- adamant rocke, hard rock, 1. vii. 33.
- adaw, to daunt, subdue, in. vii. 13, v. ix. 35, *S. C. Feb.* 141; to become subdued, iv. vi. 26;

- adawed, adaw'd, />a part daunted, terrified, v v 45, S C Feb 3 I41
- adadays, daily, S C March 42
- addeeme, to award, adjudge, v III 15, vi viu 22
- addoom, to adjudge, VII VH 56
- addresse, skill, dexterity, *Hubberd* 1202
- addresse, vb to prepare, direct (*refl*), 1 v 6, iv viu 10, v III 4, to direct one's course (*refl*), in iv 6, x 40, *Hubberd* 657, to clothe (*refl*), vi ix, 36 address, *pa, part* prepared, ready, set up, iv III 14, vi ix 40, S C Aug 128, *Bellay* 61, *Clout* 562, *Past Elegit* 106, p 550, arrayed, clothed, equipped, armed, 1 II 11, HI vi 39
- adioyned, *pret* approached, drew near, III vii 42
- admirable, wonderful, 1 vii 36
- admiraunce, admiration, v x 39
- admire, to wonder, wonder at, 11 Prol 4, iv v 38, vi viii 27
- adnihilate, to annihilate, destroy, *Two Lett* P 635
- adore, to adorn, iv xi 46
- adorne, adornment, iii xii 20
- adowne, adv down, 1 vii 24, vi viu 49, *Past, Aeglogue* 132, *Hubberd* 1186, *prep* 1 vn 31.
- adrad, adred(de), *pa part* frightened, 1 1 1 62, iv III 25, vm 47, *Gnat* 304, R R 232, adrad, *pret* was afraid, v 1 22
- aduantaged, *pret* benefited, *Three Lett* p 612
- aduatumce, to extol, praise, 1 v 16, S C Oct 47, Nov 7, to claim, ii iv 36, aduaunst, *pa part* moved, impelled, 11 1 20
- aduentnre, sb enterprise, 1 ix 6; chance, accident, iv 11 20, III 20, v viii 15
- adventure, aduenter, vb to attempt, venture, v iv 31, *Hubberd* 1005, *Three Lett* p 623
- aduwed, *pa part*, viewed, surveyed, v III 20
- aduisse, auisse, -ze, to perceive, view, notice, look at, 1 v 40, 11 ix. 38, 59, xii 66, iii ix 23, xu 10, iv II 22, iv 25, vi xn 16, to consider, bethink oneself, remember (often *refl*), 1 1 33, III 19, vm 15, 11 Prol 2, vi 27, in 1 18, II 22, III 6, 59, iv xu 28, vi xn. 12, vii vi 21, *Hubberd* 1238, to advise, iv viii 58
- aduisement, advice, counsel, consideration, 1 iv 12, ii v 13, ix 9, p 412, S C Oct Arg 16, *Hubberd* 176, *Two Lett* p 635
- adward, sb award, iv x 17
- adward, vb to award, iv xii 30
- aegide shield, the aegis or shield of Minerva, *Mutop* 321
- rmule, to emulate, rival, *Clout* 72, 73
- aerie, aerial, in the air, 11 III 19
- Aetion, pseudonym = Drayton, *Clout* 444
- Aetn', Etna, volcano, HI 11 32
- afarrs, afar, *Elegie* 167
- afeared, affeard, *ppl adj* frightened, afraid, II III 45, in x 52, iv 1 50
- affPamisht, *ppl adj* hungry loue-affamisht, *Amor* Son 88
- affeaure, to frighten, n III 20
- affect, sb kind feeling, affection, passion, vi i 45, v 24, *Past Aeglogue* 46, *Amor* Son 6, imitation, counterfeit, *Love* 180
- affect, vb to like, have a preference for, vi vi 7, x 37
- affection, passion, 11 iv 34, xi 1, in in 1, vi vi 7
- affectionate, *pa part* well a = having become very affectionate, well beloved, in III 62
- affiance, betrothal, 11 iv 21
- affide, see affy
- affixed, fixed, set, III 11 11
- afflicted, *ppl adj* cast down, humble, *Amor* Son 2
- afford, affoord, to bestow, give, ii viii 19, vi 1 26, to consent, 11 vi 19
- affrap, to strike, 11 1 26, in 11 6
- affray, sb fear, terror, v x 19
- affray, vb to frighten, terrify, III v 27, S C June (*Glosse*, p 443)
- affray, *pa part*, frightened, afraid, v ix 24
- affrended, *pa part* made friends, reconciled, iv III 50
- affret, encounter, onslaught, m ix 16, iv 11 15, III 6, 11
- affright, sb fear, fright, 11 III 19, xi 16
- affright, *pa part* frightened, II v 37
- affront, to face, confront, oppose, attack, I vni 13, iii iv 7, iv iii 22
- affy, to betroth, espouse, vi III 7, affide, -yde, *pa part* iv viii 53, v III 2, vi III 49, entrusted, v v 53
- aflot, in a state of overflow or submersion, *Bellay* 119
- afore, before, beforehand, in front, 1 xii 1, iv vii 7, v v 3, xii 6, R R 258
- afore hand, formerly, *H Love* 186
- afterclaps, unexpected strokes or events, *Hubberd* 332
- after-send, to pursue, send after, 1 v 10
- agaat, aghast, *pret* frightened, terrified, 1 ix 21, III v 3, vii vi 52
- age, iv III 43 See quiet age

GLOSSARY

- agent, one who acts, *Three Lett* p 621
- aggrace, *sb* favour, goodwill, 11 vii 56
- aggrace, *agraoe, vb* to favour, *agragr, pret*, 1 x 18, to add grace to, 11 xii 58
- aggrate, to please, gratify, 11 v 33, IX 34, xn 42, iii vi 50, vii 36, v xi 19, vi x 33, *Team* 406 *intr* iv 11 23
- aglet, aygulet, tag, spangle, 11 iii 26, vi 11 5
- agonyes, strifes, contentions, which were held to be due to Saturn's influence, 11 ix 52
- agragr, *see* aggrace
- agree, to settle, 11 iv 3
- agreeable, in accord, similar, *Three Lett* p 620
- agreeably, similarly, vi vii 3
- agreeue, to cause to grieve, *R T* 91, *Elegie* 82
- agrise, agrize, to cause to shudder, horrify, 11 vi 46, iii ii 24, vn vn 6, *Impers* v x 28, *agryz'd, ppl adj* of horrible appearance, iv viii 12
- aguise, aguize, to array, deck, equip, fashion, 11 i 21, 31, vi 7, in 11 18, v iii 4, *Hubberd* 656
- a hungered, hungry, *Three Lett* p 618
- aime, to guess, conjecture, *H Beutte* 33
- Alabaster**, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 400
- alablaster, alabaster, m 11 42, vi viii 42, *Bellay* 45
- alard, *pa part* allayed, *Daphn* 173
- Albanese-wyse, after the manner of the Albanese (Albanians?), in xii 10
- albe, albee, although, 1 x 44, *S C Jan* 67, *Apr* 99, iii spite of, v viii 3, *S C May* 265
- Alcon**, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 394
- Aleyon**, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 384
- allege, allegge, alleviate, assuage, iii 11 15, *S C March* 5
- allegeaunce, alleviation, m v 42
- alew = halloo, lamentation, v vi 13
- algate, algates, entirely, altogether, always, 11 i 2, 11 iv 26, iv vi 13, 44, by any means, *Hubberd* 1025, at all, iii any way, iii viii 9, nevertheless, v viii 5, *S C Nov* 21
- Algrm**, *pseudonym*, *S C July* 213
- alienate, *pa part* alienated, withdrawn, *S C Apr* Arg 9
- all, though, although, 11 xii 57, in i 21, vi 47, vu 9, 40, *S C June* 72, *all were it* = although it were, *S C May* 58 **all** and some, entirely, altogether, in xii 30 **all** as, as if, *S C Feb* 4 **all for**, just because, *S C Sept* 109, I I I, 114
- Alia** Turchesoa, in the Turkish fashion, *Hubberd* 677
- almner, almoner, 1 x 38
- almdst, v v 10
- alone, only, iv v 25
- along, without interruption, throughout, iii, iv 3
- alow, *vb* to praise, p 409
- alow, *adv* below, vi, viii. 13
- al Portugese, in the Portuguese fashion, *Hubberd* 212
- als, alls, also, 11 i 7, iv iv 2, xi 31, vi xii 11, p 410, *S C March* 40, both (*als and*), *S C July* 8
- alsoone, as soon, *£ C July* 101
- altogether, without exception, *S C July*, P 447
- always, always, v ix 24, *Clout* 888
- amain, amayne, at once, hastily, 1 vi 41, with force, violently, in xi 41, iv in 47, v 38, vi vi 27, viii 27
- amarous, lovely, 11 xii 64
- Amaryllis, a shepherdess, *Clout* 435, 540
- amate¹, to dismay, daunt, cast down, 1 i 51, in iv 27, vu 35, xi 21, vn vi 19 *amated*, *pa part* dismayed, overwhelmed, 11 11 5, v xi 64
- amate², to keep company with, 11 ix 34
- amaze, amazement, in vii 7, iv 11 17, r vii 25, *Amor Son* 16, *Epith* 181
- amb&ssage, embassy, *Hubberd* 472
- ambtishment, ambush, iv x 30, *Gnat* 532
- amearst, *pa part* punished, amerced, *Amor Son* 70
- amenage, to domesticate, control, 11 iv 11
- amenance, amenaunoe, bearing, conduct, behaviour, n viii 17, ix 5, 11 i 41, iv 11 5, *Hubberd* 781
- amend, to retrieve, restore, in 11 12 3
- amendment, amends, 11 i 20
- amiable, iv x 31, 56
- amis¹, hood, cape (orig an article of costume of the religious orders, made of, or lined with, grey fur), 1 iv 18
- amis², misdeed, fault, ii 1 19
- amisse, wrongly, in mistake, *Daphn* 234
- amounted, *pret* mounted, ascended, 1. ix. 54
- amoue, ammue, to move, stir, cause emotion, 1 iv 45, ix 18, in ix 24, to touch, iii xi 13, to arouse (from sleep, &c), *Daphn* 545
- Amyntas**, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 434
- and, if, *Three Lett* p 632
- anduile, anduyle, anvil, 1 xi 42, iv iv 23, *Amor Son* 32
- angelio, angelic, *Astrophel*, p 550 i 76.
- I annexe, to add, iv viii 35.

- annoy, anoy, grief, annoyance, i vi 17, 11 11 43, ix 35, R T 305, 322, *Petrarch* 82, *Daphn* 514, *Amor* Son 02
- anon, anone, again, v vm 9, at once, immediately, v xi 37
- answer, aunswere, to make a responsive sound, re-echo, 11 xii 33, to repeat (correspondingly), iv v 33, to return, requite, v 1 24
- anticke, sb antique, relic, ancient or strange figures or designs, n III 27, vu 4, in xi 51
- antioke, Antique, adj former, ancient, olden, R R 232, 266, *Amor* Son 69
- apace, copiously, iv xi 11, fait, v viii 5
- apay, appay, *pa part* apaid, apayd, to please, satisfy, 11 xn 28, iv IX 40, S C Aug 6, *Daphn* 70, to repay, requite, v v 33, *til apaid~ill* requited, 11 ix 37, v xi 64
- appall, to check, quell, weaken, 11 11 32, III 44, III 1 46, to fail, falter, iv vi 26
- apparounoe, appearance, III 1 52
- apparition, appearance, semblance, *Hubberd* 1290
- appeach, to accuse, be an accusation to, n vm 44, xi 40, v v 37, ix 47
- appeals, appele, *praters to a* - to say prayers, in 11 48, to remind, v ix 39
- appease, to check, cease, 1 III 29
- appellation, appeal, vi vi 35
- apply, *Pa part* applide, aplyde, to employ, use, 1 1 38, to ply, follow, 1 x 46, to steer, direct, 11 v 10 (*reff*), vi 5, vu 1, v iv 21, xi 6, to administer, 11 xn 32, to prepare, make ready, *Muiop* 84
- appose, to examine, question, v ix 44
- approuance, approval, 11 xn 76, *Epith* 144
- aproue, approuen, to prove, demonstrate, test, 1 vi 26 ix 37, HI 1 27, iv x 1, v x 5 vi viii 14, *Elegie* 152, to commend, approve, 1 26 approved adj *adj* tested, 11 v 8
- arboret, small tree, shrub, 11 vi 12
- arck, arke, box, chest, iv iv 15, arch, R R 89, 368, *Bellay* 46, *Mtsc Sonn* III, *Epigrams* p. 607
- aread, areed, *pa part* ared, to counsel, advise, teach, 1 Prof 1, to tell, make known, proclaim, describe, show, 1 vm 31, 33, ix 23, 28, x 17, 11 III 14, 111 iv 59, v xii 9, vii vi 46, *Love* I I, *Clout* 15, to divine, guess, discover, detect, understand, 11 1 7, iv v 15, v III 35, xii 9, vi vu 10, to decide, adjudge, vii vii Arg, to take, assume, vi ix 33
- areare, arere, back, backward, bel ind, behind hand, 11 xi 36, in vii 24, x 23, vi iv 5, *Gnat* 468
- aret, see arret
- arew, in a row, v xii 29, in order, consecutively, *Thest* 186
- argument, theme, subject, m ix 1, proof, token, manifestation, vi vii 1
- aright, rightly, vi vu y, direct, *Epitaph* (1) 13
- a rights, aright, rightly, v x 4
- arise, to rise, *Hubberd* 419, 426
- arming a sworf = sword forming part of arms or armour, 11 vi 47
- armorie, armour, 1 1 27, m III 59
- arras, tapestry, 1 iv 6, III xi 39
- arraught, pret of *arreach*, to seize, 11 x 34
- array, aray, to afflict, v 11 25, vi 11 42
- arreare, to raise, vi viii 23
- arret, aret, to entrust, deliver, consign, 11 viii 8, xi 7, III vii 7, iv v 21
- as, as if, as though, 1 viii 23 1 9, xi 21 I 4, 11 ix ii, iii vii 36, S C Dec no as that, in such a manner as, 1 1 30 as then, till then, v iv 36
- ascertains, *Daphn*, 504
- askaunce, sideways (with idea of disfavour), II vii 7, III 1 41, S C March 21
- askew, askewe, sidelong (cf askaunce), asquint, angrily, III x 29, v xii 29, S C Mar *Glosse*, *Amor* Son 7
- aslake, to assuage, appease, 1 III 36, *Amor* Son 44, *Beautie* 4
- aslombering, *pres part* slumbering, 11 xii 72
- aslope, aslant (FIG), IH iv 52
- aspect, 11 xu 53, iii vi 12, vii 22, xii 7, 14, iv x 39
- aspire, *pa part* aspyred, to inspire, iv x 26, to desire, aim at, v ix 41, to ascend, rise up, R T 408
- assaile, to attack, i vii 6
- assay, sb value, quality, 1 11 13, III iv 18, v vii 37, tribulation, affliction, 1 vu 27, *Petrarch* 25, trial, attempt, assault, attack, 11 III 12, 15, v iv 23, v 52, *Beaut* 88, to all aswyse= at every juncture, on every occasion, v ix 39
- assay, vb, *pa part* assaid, to try, test, touch, I iv 8, vm 2, 11 III 4, vi ix 33, to assail, assault, afflict, 1 11 24, vi ii, iv ix 30, *Gnat* 491, to affect, v xi 64, S C Aug 5
- assemblaunce, assembly, v iv 21
- assieged, besieged, 11 xi 15
- assignment, design, 11 xi 10
- assize, measure, *Bellay* 16
- assot, to befool, besot, bewilder, beguile, ii x 8 *pa part* assott, S C Mar 25, assotted III viii 22
- assoyle, assoile, to absolve, free, release, 1 x 52, 11 v 19, 111 vii 32, VLV 37, via 6, R R 263, *Daphn* 259, to dispel, iii 1 58, IV v 30

Amor Son 11, *Proth* 100, to expiate, iv vi 25, to determine, VII vii 38, to discharge, acquit oneself of, *Daphn* 535, *Amor* Son 80

assurance, certainty, III iv 9, security, v xi 35

assure, to secure, keep safe (*also fig*), 11 viii 30, iii 11 23, v xii 2, to be sure, assert, 11 x 8, to make sure of, have confidence n, *Bellay* 87

assynd, pret pointed out, 1 VII 28

astart, astert, to start up, III 11 29, to happen to, befall, S C Nov 187

astate, state, condition, S C Sept 24

astond, astound, *ppl adj* stunned, amazed, 1 11 31, vii 7, *Daphn* 314

astomed, *ppl adj* = *pa part* of *astony*, stunned, 1 11 15, S C July 227, astonished, *Bellay* 113

astonish, to stun, iv viii 43

astonying, *ppl adj* causing amazement, confounding, v 11 54

astound, *pret* struck, iv vii 9

astrofell, astrophel, a bitter substance, perhaps *astrophyllum* star-leaf, or *Aster Trtpo' hum* *Daphn* 346, *Past Elegte* 196

Astrof ellpseudonym = Sir Philip Sidney, *Clout* 449, 45c

atchieuen, to finish, conclude (successfully), 1 v 1

atonce, attonce, immediately, 1 III 5, xi 13, together, III III 40, x 17, already, S C Feb 38

atone, attone, together, 11 1 42, III ix 2, iv iv 14, ix 30, v xi 43, S C May 30, *Teares* 418, agreed, united, 11 1 19, agreement, *Clout* 843, at once, immediately, iv xii 9

attach, *pret, pa part* attacht, -ed, to seize, iv ix 6, v v 18, vi vii 35, 36, to attack, III viii 33, vi III 10

attame, to reach, manage, iv vn 2 7, vi vm 15

attaint, to sully, stain, 1 vu 34, iv 1 5

attemper, to moderate, regulate, 11 11 39, xm 51, to attune, bring into harmony, 11 xu 71, S C Apr 5, *JuneS*

attempted, tempted, v xi 63

attendement, intention, vi vi 18

attent, sb attention, iii ix 52, vi ix 37

attent, *ppl adj* attentive, intent, vi ix 26

attone, see atone

attonement, agreement, concord, reconciliation, v viii 21

attones, together, S C March 53

attrapt, furnished, dressed (of a horse), iv iv 39

attribute, vb v iv 28

atweene, *adv* in between, *Clout* 81, *Epth* '55

atweene, atwene, *prep*, between, 11 1 58, vi vi 37

atwixt, *adv* in between, at intervals, III xu 2

aumayld, *pa part* enamelled, 11 III 27

autenticall, authentic, iv xii 32

autentique, authentic, *Two Lett* p 640,

author, iii vi 9

auaile, sb value, profit, benefit, v r 49, S C Nov 87, *Hubberd* 1204

auaile, auale, vb to fall, sink, descend, lower, 1 1 21, iv III 46, 5 C Jan 73, Feb 8, Sept 251, to dismount, alight, 11 ix 10

auaunt, to advance, 11 III 6, to depart, be off, vi vi 21

auauntage, advantage, II v 9

auenge, revenge, iv 1 52, 11 15

auengement, vengeance, I iv 34, II iv 6, III v 24, *Hubberd* 1317

auentre, to push, thrust forward, III I 28, iv III 9, vi 11

auise, auize, &c, see *aduse*

amsefull, attentive, observant, iv vi 26

auoided, *pa part* emptied, II ix 32, departed, withdrawn, III 1 58

auouche, to prove, establish, I x 64, to state, maintain, *Two Lett* pp 618, 639

auoure, avowal to make a «to answer for, vi III 48

auow, to vow, III iv 10

awaite, sb watch, ambush, iv x 14, v ix 9

aware, wary, alert, v xi 13

awarned, *pa part* warned, III x 46

awayes, away, *Gnat* 430

awhape, to terrify, iv vn 5, v xi 32, *Hubberd* 72

ay, ever, III I 60, in xi 41, S C Feb 198

ayer, air, *Teares* 118

aygulet, see *aglet*

ayme, sb intention, design, II vi 10

aymed, *ppl adj* intended, desired, II iv 46, III vn 40

ayrie, airy, v viii 34 Cf *ayer*

B

babe, doll, S C May 240

bable, bauble, toy, *Three Lett* p 624

bace, sb prisoner's base, v viii 5, to bid bace = to challenge, in xi 5, *bydding base*

prisoner's base, S C Oct 5

bace, *adj* low, deep, i v 31, II xii 8, III u

backbite, to slander, *Hubberd* 719

backstartmg, starting back, v xi 6L

- baffuld, disgraced as a perjured knight, v in 37, vi II Arg 27
- baid, *see* bay
- baile, *sb* charge, custody, vii vi 49, pledge, security, S C May 131
- baile, *vb* to deliver, liberate, iv IX 7
- bait, bayt, to bait (a bull, &c.), I xu 35, II vii 42, vi v 19
- baite, to feed on a journey, II 32
- balduotum, trashy, rubbishy, *Three Lett*, PP 619, 623
- bale¹ {for baile, qv}, release, S C Aug
- bale², injury, fatal influence, ii 16, S C Nov 84, sorrow, grief, I II 28, ix 29, n ii 45, vi x 3,8
- bale³, fire (cf, bale²), I ix 16
- balefull, harmful, injurious, deadly, I II 2, III III 8, *subjectively*, full of pain, painful, S C Jan 27
- balefulness, distress, sorrow, II xu 83
- balke, *sb* (*fig*), omission, exception, *lit* ridge or piece of land left unploughed by accident, vi xi 16
- balke, *vb* to quibble, bandy words, in II 12, to stop short, refrain, iv x 25, to miss, stray from, S C Sept 93, to he out of the way, *Hubberd* 268
- ball, to bawl, howl, S C Sept 190
- ballance *patreof* b = balances, scales, v 1 II, II 30
- balleardes, billiards, *Hubberd* 803
- ban, *banne*, *vb* to curse, iv ix 9, v vm 28, 39, vi II 21 *pret* band, v II 18, xi 12, *pa part* band, *H Love* 184
- band, *sb* bond, vi xn 36, pledge, vi 1 31, captivity, bondage (also *plur*), iv xi I, vi xn 39
- band, *vb*¹ to assemble, I iv 36
- band, *vb*² to ban, banish, iii II 41
- bandog, mastiff, bloodhound, S C Sept 163, *Gnat* 540
- bane, destruction, death, II xi 29
- banes, banis, I xii 36
- banket, banoket, banquet, I xi 2, in vi 22, iv II 20
- banne, *sb* curse, III vii 39
- barmerall, small streamer attached to lance of knight, vi II 26
- barbes, armour of war horse, II II II
- barbican, watch tower, II ix 25
- bard, adorned with bars, II III 27
- bare, *pret*, bore, II II 5, v Prol I, S C Dec 124.
- bascioman, kissing of the hand, in 1 \$6
- base', lower part, v ix 16, pedestal, *Bellay* 44
- base², bass voice, low, deep sound, it xu 33, a bass singer, T M 28
- basen, Basin *b wide* = as wide as a basin, *Hubberd* 670
- basenese, low estate, condition, vi III 1
- basenet, a steel headpiece, vi 1 31
- bases¹, a plaited skirt appended to the doublet, reaching from the waist to the knee, v v 20
- bases² *bases light* = sportive races, \ 1 x 8
- bash, to be abashed, daunted, II iv 37
- bastard, base, I vi 24, II III 42
- baste, to sew, stitch, v v 3
- bate¹, to abate, diminish, v ix 35, *Epigrams* p 607
- Interpret* bit, II v 7
- bate³, *pa pirt* fed (cf baite), S C Sept 44.
- bate⁴, to bait (cf bait), vi II 40
- batt, bat, stick, club, *Gnat* 154, *Hubberd* 217
- battailous, ready for bittle, warlike, pugacious, 1 v 2, n VII 37, III III 47, v v 21, vi II 41
- batteillant, engaged in battle, combatant, *Worlds Vamte* 101
- battill, to become fit, vi vii 38
- batton, club, baton, vi vii 46
- bauldrick, baudricke, belt, girdle, i vii 29, II III 29, *Proth* 174, the zodiac, viewed as a gem-studded belt, v 1 II
- bay, *sb* extremity, vi i 12 *at, unto* a b = at close quarters, iii 1 22, iv vi 41
- bay, *vb* to bay, bark, I v 30, *Gnat* 345
- pret* baid, R T 215
- baye, to bathe (cf embay, i ix 13, &c.), i II 3
- bayes, baies, laurels (*Jig*), iv 1 47, vi vi 4
- baylieffe errant, a sheriffs offirer going about the country executing writs, &c, vi vii 35
- bayt, *sb* bait, enticement, artifice, II v 9, II 10, vi ix 23
- bayt, *vb*¹ to abate, let rest (*see* bate'), II xii 29
- bayt, *vb*² to speak gently or with bated breath, iii x 6
- bayted, *pa part* fed, *Three Lett* 621
- bazil, a genus of aromatic, shrubby plants (*Ocymum*, N O *Labatce*), *Mmop* 188
- be, bee, been, *pa part* iv III 21, s C Sept 146
- beades, bedes, prayers *bidding* his b = saying his prayers, II 30, x 3
- bead-men, men of prayer, I x 36
- beadroll, list, iv II 32
- beame¹, gleam, glitter (*fig*), I xii 23, II II 45, ray, glance (*fig*), *Clout* 493, 518

- beame*, spear, shaft, III. VII 40
 bear, totake (as a companion), 1 iv 2 {*pa part* borne), *beare up* = to put the helm 'up', I xii I
 beare, bere, bier, II xu 36, vi II 48, III 4, R T 191, *transf* tomb, sepulchre, m in II, *trans/* corpse, burden, *Past Elegie* 149
 beame, barn, granary, *Three Lett p* 626
 beastly, *adj* animal, i III 44
 beastly, *adv* in a disgusting manner, in vm 26
 beastlyhead, beasthood, beastliness, *your b* = your 'beastly' self, your personality as a beast, S C May 265
 beat, to overcome, v 1 1
 beath'd, heated, iv VII 7
 beaupere, companion, III 1 35
 beck, nod, *Three Lett p* 625
 beoke, beak, II xi 8
 become, to come to, go to, 1 x 16, in iv 1, to suit, be becoming to, 1 x 66, II II 14, vm 23, to happen, III ix 32
 bed, to order, command, 1 ix 41, to pray (cf bid), vi v 35
 bedide, *pret* dyed, iv iv 24
 bedight, to equip, vi v 7 bedight, *pa part* adorned, equipped, in vi 43, iv iv 39, *Gnat* II 3, afflicted, II vi 50, *til b* == (1) stricken, n 1. 14, S C Oct 89, (2) disfigured, II VII 3
 beduck, to dip, dive, II vi 42
 beetle stock, the stock or handle of a beetle *Hubberd* 507
 befall, to be fitting, 1 x 14, to occur, happen to be, *Gnat* 72 befel'd, *pa part*, iv III 50
 beforne, *adv* before, S C May 104 *prep*, May 160
 begin, beginning, III III 21
 begor'd, stained with gore, iv xi 3
 beguile, to deprive, II II 46, *Hubberd* 1285, *pa part* disappointed, foiled, 1 xi 25
 behalfe in this b = in this matter or respect, *Three Lett p* 619
 behalue, behalf, iv iv 27
 be happen, to happen, v xi 52
 behaue, to conduct, regulate, II II 40
 beheast, behest, command, bidding, 1 vi Arg, II II 32, in iv 31, iv ix 31, R T 73, *Dapkn* 137, 270, *Hubberd* 1308, *Love* 93
 benight, *pa part* benight, to deliver, grant, entrust, x 50, ii viii 9, iv xi 6, to call, name, 1 x 64, III VII 47, S C Apr 120, May 201, to speak, address, iv II 23, vi 38, v iv 25, to adjudge, pronounce, consider, iv 1 44, III 31, v 7, to ordain, decide ii III I, *Mutop* 241, *H Love* 173, to command, II iv 43 behot, behote, *pret*, *pa part* held out hope, I xi 38, iv iv 40, called, S C Dec 54
 be-hold, to hold, retain, capture, S C Sept 229, behoofe, advantage, profit, iv VII 37
 behot, *see* benight
 behoue, to be proper, fitting, to be incumbent, necessary, iv ix 31, vi v 20 behooued, *pa part*, *Gnat* 467
 belaccoyle, greeting, welcome, iv vi 25
 belamoure, lover, II vi 16, a flower (unidentified), *Amor* Son 64
 belamy, lover, ii VII 52
 belay, to besiege, encompass, *Amor* xiv belayd, *pa part* adorned, vi II 5
 beldame, form of address to an aged woman, in II 43
 belgard, kind, loving look, II III 25, in ix 52, *Beautie* 256
 belme, bilme, byliue, forthwith, quickly, immediately, 1 v 32, ix 4, n vm 18, in, 1 18, v. 16, x i o, 5 C Sept 227
 bell to bear the b — to obtain the prize, gam the victory, iv iv 25, v 13
 bellibone, fair maid, bonny lass, S C Apr 92, Aug 61.
 belyde, *pret* counterfeited, III x 7
 bend, band, II III 27, VII 30, v v 3, S C May 32
 bene, beene, are, 1 1 10, in 1 26, x. 16, iv 1 24, II 24, E C Apr 124, Oct 87, *Past Elegie* Introd 12, *Beautie* 269
 benefioiall, a letter presenting to a benefice, *Hubberd* 486
 beneuolence, gift, *Hubberd* 517
 bent, sb aim, purpose, intention, S C Epistle P 417
 bent, *adj* obedient, S C Sept 149
 bents, stalks of reed like grass, vi iv 4
 bequeathed, *ppl adj* committed, entrusted, 1 x 63
 bere¹ *see* beare
 bere², to bear, carry, iv xu 15
 bereaue, to deprive of, 1 1 52, to take away, remove, destroy, get rid of, II VII 19, v iv 10, vi 2 beraft, *pa part* bereft, robbed, iv II 10 bereaued, *pa part* stolen, carried off, v. III 30, taken away, *Hubberd* 208
 berobbed, *pa part* robbed, 1 vin 42, v vuu 46
 beseeke, to beseech, iv III 47
 beseme, beseem, to befit, become, seem, be seemly, 1 viii 32, II ix 26, 37, in. 1 55, iv ix 20, v v 38, S C Aug 36 beseeming, *ppl adj*, *Three Lett* 620
 beseene, *pa part* provided, treated, v x 17,

- VII vii **ii.** *well b* = of good appearance, good looking, **i** xii 8, **iii** iii 58, *Gnat* 651. accomplished, versed, read, *Teares* 180 *gay b* = gaily appparelled, adorned, *Amor* xxvii
- beait**, to become, befit, **II** vii. 10 **besitting**, *ppl. adj* **iv** II 19
- bespake**, *pret* addressed, **v** iv 50
- bespredde**, *pa part* adomed, **III** x 44
- besprint**, *ppl adj*, **S C Nov** III **besprent**, *pa part*, **S C Dec** 135, besprinkled
- bestame**, to stain, **iv** vu 27
- bested**, **bestad**, *pa part* situated, placed, in **x** 54. *bestadde*, deposed, ordered, **S C Aug** 7 *til*, *sore*, *sorely b* = hard pressed, placed in a dangerous situation, **1** 1 24, **II** 1 30, 52, **iv** VII 46, **v** i 22, **vi** 1 4, **vi** 18, *ill bestedde* **iv** 1 3 **bestedde**, **bestad**, *pret* beset, **iii** v 22, **iv** III 25
- bestow**, to place, arrange, **II** ix. 28
- bestrad*, *pret* bestrode, **v** n 13
- bet*, *pret* beat, **i** III 19, **II** II 22, **xu** 63 *pa part* beaten, **1** VII 28, *storme bet*, **II** xu 32
- betake**, to betake oneself, **1** v 28, **ix** 44, to deliver, give to, **vi** xi 51 **betooke**, *pret* to entrust, **III** vi 28
- beteeme**, to grant, **gne**, **II** viii 19
- bethinke**, to make up one's *mind*, **1** vi 16
- bethrall**, to make captive, **i** viii 28
- betide**, to befall, happen, **II** 1 35, **III** v. **II**
- betided**, *pret.*, *Hubberd* 37, *Clout* 329
- betid**, *pret.* **II** vin 24, **iv** xu 4, **v** III 10, **xu** 32 **betight**, *pa part*, **S C Sept** 173, **Nov** 174. **betidde**, *pa part* **n** 1 26
- bett**, **better**, **S C Oct.** 15
- beuer**, the lower part of a helmet, **1** vu 31, **II** 1 29, **iv** vi 25
- beuy**, company (of ladies), **II** ix. 34, **v** ix 31, **S C Apr.** II 8, *Gosse* p 434
- bewaile**, to mourn? (*perA an error*), **1** vi 1
- bewray**, to disclose, reveal, betray, **1** iv 39, **v** 30, in **III** Arg, **v** in 2-, **vi** III 1, *Worlds Vamtie* 148, **S C Jan** *Glosse*, **March** 35, *Hubberd* 1096 **bewraide**, *pret* in **iv** 61, perceived, **iv** ix 28
- biekermert**, strife, bickering, **v** iv 6
- bid**, to pray, **1** 1 30 *See* **beades**
- bide**, **byde**, to endure, **1** III 31, to remain, **abide**, **1** x 66, **II** II 9, **vi** 10, **iv** 1 24
- bide**², to bid, offer, in **vm** 16
- biggen**, cap (of a child), **S C May** 241
- bight**, to bite, **1** xi 16
- Bilbo**, *Bilbao*, noted for its swords, *Mmop* 77
- beliue**, *see* **beliue**
- bil**, **bill**, a sword, weapon, **v** xi 58 *forrtst b. m* a digging or pruning implement, **m** v 21
- bin**, *pa part* been, **1** 1, 33, *pres are*, **v** 1.13
- birchen**, of a birch-tree, **v** xi 58
- bit**, bite, **v** vm 49
- bittur**, bitter, **II** viii 50
- blacksmith**, **iv** v 33
- blame**, *sb* injury, hurt, **1**, **II** 18, **III** 1 9, fault, *Beautte* 155
- blame**, *vb* to find fault with, **S C July** 38, to bring into discredit, **vi** ui II
- blanok**, entirely confounded, discomfited, in **17**
- bland**, to sooth, flatter, cajole, *Beautte* 171
- blandishment**, cajolery flattery, **1** ix 14, *Hubberd* 1274
- blasphemous**, **m** vu 39, **v** II 19
- blasphemy**, **ix** xu 25
- blast**, to wither, **iii** v 48
- blaze**, to proclaim, describe, depict, portray, **I** extol, **1** xi 7, **v** III 2, **ix** 25, **p** 410, **S C** p 417, **Apr** 43, *Mmop* 265, to shine, **1** iv 16 **blazed**, *pa part* embla7oned, **v** III 14
- blazer**, one who proclaims, extols, 'trum peter,' **II** ix 25
- blazon** (*broade, oul*), to make known, proclaim, describe, **1** Prol 1, *Teares* 102
- blemishment**, blemish, **iv** u 36
- blend**, *vb*¹ to blind, dazzle, **II** xn 80, **iv** III 1 35 *blent*, *pa part* **II** iv 7, *Gnat* 311
- blend**, *vb*² to mix, mingle, defile, obscure, **I** blemish, **II** vu 10, **iii** ix 1 *blent*, *pa part* **1** vi 42, **II** iv 26, **v** 5, **xn** 7, **III** ix 33, **xu** 29, **v** III 37, **vi** 13, *Hubberd* 1330
- blere**, to deceive, **S C July** 36
- blesse**, *sb* bliss, **1** x Arg, **iv** x 23
- blesse**, *vb*¹ to preserve, protect, guard, **1** II 18, **VII** 12, **iv** vi 13
- blesse**, *vb*² to wave, brandish, **1** v 6, **viu** 22
- bhn**, to cease from, stop, in **v** 23
- blmcked**, affected with a blink, **III** ix 5
- blind**, dark, without openings, **iv** xi 2
- bliat**, *pret*¹ blessed, **iv** VII 46, **£ C July** 174
- blist**, *pret*² brandished, **vi** vm 13 **c£**
- blesse**, *vb*²
- blith**, joyfully, **1** xi. 4
- bluie**, forthwith, **II** at 18 *Cf* **beliue**
- blonoket**, grey *b Uveryes* = grey coats, **S C May** 5
- blont**, rough, rude, unpolished, **S C Sept** 109 *Cf* **blunt**
- I blooded**, *pa. part* wet or smeared with blood, *Amor* Son 20
- bloodshed**, **II** vi 34
- bloo8me**, blossom, bloom, **iv** vm 2, **vi** Prol 4, 8 **C Jan** 34
- bloosming**, *ppl adj* **S C May** 8, *pres part.* [**p** 411 blossoming, flowering.

- blot, *sb* blemish, disgrace, vi xii 41, *Clout* 697.
 blot, blotten, *vb* to sully, defame, blemish, iv, 1 4, 5¹) v ix 38, vi xii. 28
 blubbred, *ppl adj* tear-stained, swollen, 1 vi 9, II 1 13, v 1 13, *Daphn* 551
 blunt, uncultivated, vi xi 9
 boad¹, to bode, indicate, vu vi 23.
 boad, bode², *pret* sojourned, dwelt, abode, v xi 60, *Hubberd* 400 Cf bide¹
 bodrag, bo(r)dragmg, hostile incursion, raid, II x 63, *Clout* 315
 bollet, bullet, 1 VII 13
 bolt, arrow, S C *March* 70
 bond, *pa part* bound, 1 1. 3, iv vm 21, *Hubberd* 133
 bondage, II xi 1
 bone, leg, S C *March* 52
 bonefter, bonfire, *Epth* 275
 bonetto, bonnet, cap, *Three Lett* p 625
 bongrely, bungling, slovenly, *Three Lett* p 629
 borne, bony, comely, beautiful, *Clout* 80, 96, 172
 bonilasse, a beautiful girl, S C *Aug* 77-8
 booke-redd, *ppl adj* educated, *Hubberd* 358
 boone, petition, prayer, in VII 34, iv. II 50, v ix 34
 boorde, *see* bord
 boot, gain, advantage, profit, III xi 9, v ix 10, booty, VII VII 38
 boote, *vb* to avail, profit, 1 III 20, II 1 16, v 3, HI xi 16, iv xii 25, S C *Sept* 137
 bootelesse, unprofitable, useless, 1 II 2, *adv* *Hubberd* 400
 bord, boord, *sb* table, III x 6, *Two Lett* p 636, conversation, intercourse, iv iv 13, coast, vi xii I, at b = against, alongside, *Gnat* 42
 bord, boord, *vb* to speak, address, accost, II II 5, iv 24, ix 2, VII 16, III III IQ, to border on, approach, iv xi 43
 bordraging, *see* bodrag
 bore, *pa part* borne, iv iv 4
 borrell, rude, rustic, S C *July* 95
 borrow, borowe, pledge, security, S C *May* 131, *Sept* 96, *Hubberd* 852 by my dear b = by our Saviour (Glosse), S C *May* 150
 bosome, iv xi 43
 bosse, projection in centie of shield, 1 II 13, v xi. 53, *Worlds Vamtie* 150
 bouget, bow-, leathern pouch, III x 29, *Three Lett*, p 615
 bought, coil, fold, knot, 1 1 15, xi. II, *Gnat* 255
 bould, to sift, II iv 24
 bound, to go y lead, 1 x 67
 bounce, to beat, thump, III xi 27
 bounteous, virtuous, III 1 49, II 10, xI 10
 bountie, -y, goodness, virtue, II III 4, 24, in 1 49, ix 4
 bountiest, most virtuous, III v 8
 bountihed, bountyhed, generosity, II x 2, III 1 41, III 47
 bourdon, burden, accompaniment (of a song), *Past Aeglogue* 77
 bourne, boundary, II vi 10
 bout, about, vi v II
 bouzmg, *ppl adj* drinking, tipping, 1 if. 22
 boue, above, iv iv 37, R T no
 bow-bent, bent like a bow, v Prol 6
 bowr, muscle, 1 viii 41
 bowre, *sb* bower, inner room, chamber, 1 1 55, III 1 58
 bowre, *vb* to lodge, shelter, vi Prol 4, vi x 6
 boystrous, rough, rude, 1 vui 10
 brace, to encompass, S C *Sept* 124
 brag, proudly, boastfully, S C *Feb* 71
 bragging, proud, boastful, S C *Feb* II 5
 bragly, ostentatiously, boastfully, S C *March*
 brake, fern, bracken, II xi 22, S C *Dec.* 102
 brame, longing, iii II 52
 bransle, dance, III x 8
 brast, *pret* burst, 1 v 31, viii 4, iii VII 40, iv III 12, v viii 8, xi 28, *Petrarch* 39
 braue, splendidly, finely, 1 iv 8, beautiful, fair, II III 24, xu 83, R T 94
 brauely, gaily, splendidly, II vi 13
 brauery* finery, 6¹ C *Epistle* p 418, *Hubberd* 608, 858, *Three Lett* p 625
 brawned, brawny, well-developed, 1 vm 41,
 bray, braie, to resound, cry out, gasp out, utter, give forth, 1. vi 7, vm II, n 1. 38, v. xi 20
 braynepan, skull, vi vi 30
 breach, breaking, injury, 1 viii 34, II xii 56, gap, fissure, fracture, II VII 28, sobbing breaches = sobs which break out intermittingly, III iv 35, violation, vi II 42, *Hubberd* I 141
 breaded, braided, plaited, II II 15, m II 50
 breare, briar, 1 x 35, III xi 37 See also
 brere
 breath'd, *pret*, rested, vi xi. 47.
 breathfull, full of breath, iv v 38
 breohe, breech, breeches, v ix 10, S 0 j *Feb* 242
 breed, to cause, produce, 1, VII 17, iii 1. 37, I *Clout* 697

- breme, breem, cold, chill, rough, harsh, vii vii 40, *S C Feb* 43, *Dec* 148
 bren, brenne, to burn, in III 34 brent, *preU* x, ix 10, iii 1 47, *pa part S C May* 267, *ppl adj* 1 xi 28, *R T* 19
 brere, briar, in 1 46, *S C May* 10, *Amor Son* 26
 brickie, fragile, brittle, iv x 39, *R T* 499
 bridale? wedding, wedding feast, iv. xi 9, v II 3, *Prot h* 17
 brigandine, a small, light vessel for fighting, iv II 16, *Mutop* 84
 brigant, brigand, vi x 39
 brim, edge (of shield), iv III 34, edge (of horizon), v ix 35, edge, limit, vi VII 26
 brimston, II x 26
 britch, breeches, *Three Lett p* 625 cf breche
 bnae, bryze, gadfly (*mod breeze*), vi 1 24, *Worlds Vamtte* 24
 broad-blazed, widespread, widely proclaimed, 1 X I I
 brocage, pimping, procuration, *S C p* 416, *Hubberd* 851
 broch, to begin, commence, iii 1 64
 brode, abroad, afar, 1 iv 16, iv III 5
 brond, brand (of lightning), 1 vii. 21, sword, brand, 1 iv 33, II vii 22, 37
 bronds = embers, brands, II vii 36
 brondiron, sword, III xu 24, iv iv 32, vi VIII 10.
 brood, parentage, extraction, lineage, race, 1 III 8, x 64, II VII 8?, v VII 31
 brooding, breeding, v xi 23
 brooke, to endure, bear, remain, III iv 44, iv II 40, vi iv 21
 broome, broom (plant), vi ix 5
 brouze, twig, III, x 45
 brouzed, *pa part* eaten (by cattle), *S C Feb* 236
 brunt, stroke, assault, II vm 37, v. xi 59, *S C p* 427, *Amor* xii. at the instant *b* = suddenly, at starting, vi. xi 9
 brusd, to, see tobrusd
 brust, to burst, *S C p* 4/5, *pret* in 1 48, viii 25, v vui 22, *Worlds Vamtte* 80, *pa part* broken, burst, iv iv 41, v xi 31, *Past. Elegit* 106, *pres. part* brusting, iii iii 19*
 bruted, bruited, noised abroad, *Hubberd* 188
 brutnesse brutishnesse, brutality, stupidity, II vii 12, iv vii 45, *Teares* 270
 bubble glss, glass as thin as a bubble, *R T* 50
 buckle, to make ready, gird oneself (in armour), v xi 10, *reft* v VII 16, vi vii. 12
 buegle, glass beads, *S C Feb* 66
 buffe, blow, stroke, 1 II 17, xi 24, II II 33
 bug, apparition, goblin (cf *mod* bugbear), II III. 20, xu 25
 bugle, wild ox or buffalo, 1 vm 3
 bulke, hull or hold of a ship, v xi 29
 bullion, solid gold or silver, m 1 32
 Bunduo, Boadicea, II x 54
 burdensous, heavy severe, v VII 19, *S C May* 132
 burganet, steel cap used by infantry, especially pikemen, II vii 45, m v 31, *Mutop* 73
 burgein, to bud, VII VII 43
 basket, small bush, *S C May* 10
 buskin, high boot, 1 vi 16, = tragedy, *S C Oct* II 3
 busse, a kiss, III x 46
 but, unless, *S C May* 265, only, *S C Aug* II 2. but i''-unless, in III 16, iv vm 23, *S C Sept* 143
 buzome, yielding, unresisting, obedient, 1 xi 37, in II 23 vi viii 12, *S C Sept* 149, *Hubberd* 626
 by-, see bi-
 by-accident, side issue, p 407
 by and by, immediately, 1 x 1, II vu 20, *J vm. 4, Hubberd* 1092, in succession, one by one?, VII vu 27
 byddmg base, see bace sb
 by-disputation, incidental argument, *Three ! Lett p* 624
 bynempt, named, mentioned, *S C July* 214, declared, uttered (on oath), promised, II 1 60, *S C Nov*, 46 (*Glosse bequethed*)
 byte, to eat, 1 1 23
 Byze, Byzantium, *R R* 296

C

- cabinet, arbour, bower, II xu 83, *S C Dec* 17, cottage, dwelling, *Daphn* 558
 ceerule, deep blue, azure, *Gnat* 163
 caitiue, caytiue, sb villain, wretch, n i l, vii 37
 oaitiue, caytiue, adj captive, 1 vu 19, ix II, mean, base, II III 35, in vu 16
 calamit, an aromatic herb of the genus *Calamintha*, in II 49
 call, sb netted cap or head-dress, 1 vui 46
 campbora, a tree or plant which yields camphor, III u 49
 carmariok, cambric, *Three Lett p* 625
 oamus, oamis, a light, loose dress of silk, a chemise, shirt, tunic, II III 26, v v 2

can, knows, *S C Feb* 77.

can, or gan, did, 1 1 8, x\ 39, iv. III 20, iv 29, vi 3

canapee, canopy, 1 v 5

cancered, venomous, corrupt, 1 iv 30, n i l, malignant, ill tempered, envious, III ix 3, *Clout* 680

canker worme, caterpillar or insect larva which destroys plants, *S C Feb* 179

Candida, pseudonym, *Clout* 574

canon bitt, a «mooth, round bit, 1 VII 37

cantion, song, *S C* p 458

canuase, to discuss, *S C* p 420

capias, writ of arrest, vi VII 35

capitayn, captain, II xi 14

capon, a term of reproach, coward, iii viii 15

caprifole, honeysuckle or woodbine, III vi 44

captiaunce, **captiuaunce**, captivity, III VII 45, v vi 17

captiue, to capture, v VII 2 **captfud**, *pret* II iv 16 **captfued**, **oaptiu'd**, *pa part* in 1 2, v vi II, vi VII 13, *Gnat* 490

capucoio, hood of a cloak, in xu 10

card, chart, map, II vu 1, m II 7

care, object or matter of concern, II x 37, trouble, sorrow, grief, iv VII 5, v xi 13, vi III 24

carefull, full of care, sad, sorrowful, 1 \ 44, vi 6, vin 15, III 1 58, iv vu 41, *S C Jan* \ Arg 49, 78, *May* 190, *Nov* 61

carelesse, unconscious, free from care, 1 it 45, *Daphn* 137, untended, uncared for, iv 38

cariere, career, course, *R R* 218

carke, sorrow, grief, 1 1 44, *S C Nov* 66

carle, churl, base fellow, 1 ix 54, II xi 16, III ix 3, iv v 44, vi III 34

carol, **carroll**, *sb* song, *Clout SjEpith* 259

carol, **carroll**, *vb* tr to sing, vi ix 9, *tntr* to sing a lively or joyous strain, vi ix 5, *S C Feb* 61, *Oct* 52, (of birds) *Epith* 79

caroling, *sb* singing, vi ix 35, *H Beauite* 262

carriage, **cariage**, burden, vi III 34, action, conduct, *Gnat* 488, behaviour, demeanour, *Hubberd* 777

carrol, see **carol**

caruen, to cut, *S C Sept* 41

caruer, (tree) used for carving work, 1 1 9

case, condition, plight, iv VII 38, *Proth* 140 **cast**, 56 bout, III x 351 4, couple (of falcons), vi VII 9, time, opportunity, vi viii 51, throw, *S C Epistle* p 417, trick, *Three Lett* p 6221 8 *nere* their utmost *c* = almost dead, vi v 9

cast, *vb* to resolve, purpose, plan, 1 x 2, x

68 (*refl*), xi 28, iii vii 38, vi v 17, *S C Mar* 63, *Oct* 2, to attempt, *S C Feb* 189, *Oct* 103, *Hubberd* 27, to consider,,? *C Sept* II 4

castory, colour (red or pink), extracted from *castoreum*, II ix 41

casualtye, chance, haphazardness, *S C* p 416

causen, to explain, III ix 26

caue, to make into a cave, iv v 33

cease, to stop, check, v iv 20

cemitare, scimitar, v v 3

centonel, sentinel, 1 ix 41, iv II 36

certes, certainly, 1 VII 52, in II 9, vu 58

certifye, to notify, *Two Lett* p 636

cesse, to cease, iv ix 1

cesure, stop, interruption, interval, II x 68

chaffar to *c words* = to bandy words, II v 2 **chaffred**, *pa part* sold, exchanged, *S C Sept* 10, *pret Hubberd* II 59

chaire, dear, iii v 51

challenge, **challenge**, *sb* claim, II vut 27, accusation, iv ix 36

challenge, *vb* to claim, 1 iv 20, iv 1 35, II 23, iv 8, v 23, *Hubberd* 137, to track (the quarry), II 1 12

chamelot, camlet (an Eastern fabric) *water c* = camlet with a wavy or watered surface, iv xi 45

chamfred, furrowed, wrinkled, *S C Feb* 43

champion, **champion**, open country, plain, v II 15, VII vi 54, *R R* 421, *Mutop* 149 *plaine c* = open country, vi iv 26

championnesse, female champion, **warrior**, iii xu 41

chappellane, chaplain, confessor, m vu 58 **chapter**, capital of a column, *Bellay* 45, *Epigrams* p 607

character, image, form, v vi 2

chargefull, onerous, vi ix 32

Chanllis, pseudonym, *Clout* 540

charet, **charret**, chariot, 1 v 38, iii vii 41, *Teares* 9

charme, *sb* song, *Teares* 244

charme, *vb* to plav, tune, v ix 13, *S C Oct* II 8, *Clout* 5

chast, pure, stainless, 1 v 38

chaufe, **chauff**, *sb* rage, passion, v II 15, vi II 21, v 19

chaufe, *vb* to rub, 1 VII 21, VII VII 29, to chafe, become angry, 1 vu 37, II iv 32, vi xu 36, to rage, II III 46, iv 29

chauffed, *fpl adj* heated, rubbed, **chafed**, 1 III 33, irritated, 1 III 42, xi 15

chauncefull, **risky**, **hazardous**, *Hubberd* 98

chaunge, to cause a change, vi ix 32

chaw, *sb* jaw, 1 iv 30

- chaw, *vb*, to chew, i iv 30, III x 18, v vi 19, xu 39, *Gnat* 86, to meditate on, II iv
- chayre, throne, *Teares* 510
- cheapen, to become cheered up, courageous, i x 2, to encourage, 1 III 34, *pa part* entertained, regaled, III 1 42
- cheere, chere, cheare, countenance, II 2, II 42, iv 1 50, aspect, *S C Feb* 26, food, *S C July* 188, mood, iv II 51, *S C Apr* 69, Nov 151, *Past Aeglogue* 23
- checked, chequered, II VII 18
- checklaton, ciclaton, a stuff of silk or cloth of gold, vi vii 43
- chepe, *sb* price, charge, vi xi 40.
- cherelie, cheerfully, cheerily, *Teares* 321
- chenping, *vbl sb* chirping, *S C June* 55
- cherishment, tenderness, cherishing, *Teares* 576
- cherry, to cheer, delight, vi x 22
- cheuisaunce, enterprise, II ix 8, in vii 45, xi 24, *S C May* 92
- cheuisaunce, a flower (wall-flower?), *S C Apr* 143
- Chickens *faithlesse chickens*, heathen brood, in III 46
- chiefs, head, top, *S C Nov* II 5
- chill, to shiver (with cold), *Hubberd* 993
- chimney, fireplace, II iv 29
- chine, back, vi iii 3
- chippes, parings of bread-crust, *S C July* 188
- chorle, churl, III vu 15
- chyld, to give birth to, vi VII 17
- chynd, *pret* split asunder, broke, iv vi 13
- ciuil, civilized, *Hubberd* 45
- ciuilite, civilization, vi Prol 4, courtesy, chivalry, III 1 44, vi 1 26
- clad, to clothe, vi iv 4
- clambe, *pret* climbed, VII vi 8
- clame, to call, shout, iv x II
- clap, *sb* stroke, iv x 9, *Gnat* 519
- clap, *vb* to shut, slam, in xii 3
- dark, clerk, scholar, v x 1, *Teares* 335
- claupe, *pret* cleaved, *Gnat* 568
- clawbacke, sycophant, toady, *Three Lett* p 621
- cleane, clene, cleene, entirely, *adv* 1 1, 50, iv vu 13, v x 25, vu vu 52, *S C pp* 426, 443, 447, *adj* pure, 1 x 58
- cleanly, *adj* artful, *Hubberd* 857, *adv* artfully, *Hubberd* 862
- clearly, learnedly, *Three Lett* p 614
- deep, depe, to call, name, II III 8, ix 58, iv x 34, vi x 8, *Worlds Vamtie* 58, *Clout* 113
- clemence, demency, v vii 22
- clew, plot—/// a ball of thread, n 1 8 j ball (of silk), HI VII i 4
- clieffe, cliff, iv VII 5
- clift¹, cliff, 1 vin 22, II VII 4, 7, 8, HI iv 7
- olifb*, chink, opening, crack, iv ix 27
- dim, to climb, iii iv 42
- clmok, chink, keyhole, *S C May* 251
- clipping, *pres part* clasping, embracing, in vui 10
- clogd, encumbered, burdened, in x 35
- clombe, *pret* mounted, climbed, 1 x 49, m III 61, iv v 46
- close, secret, hidden, III 1 56, IV iv i6, *Bellay* 174, *Amor Son* 25
- closely, secretly, 1 vi 32, in II 28, vi 16, *Hubberd* 331
- clouch, clutch, III x 20, v ix II
- clout, shred, rag, 1 ix 36, cloth, *S C May* 242
- clouted¹, *ppl adj* covered with a clout or cloth, *S C Mar* 50
- clouted² (cream), *pp/ adj* clotted, *E C Nov* 99
- cloue, *pret* cleaved, II II 3, vi 31 clouen, *pa part* 1 v 12
- cloyd, *pret* pierced, gored, in vi 48
- clyme, to climb, mount, 1 iv 17
- coast S quarter, region, III III 6
- coast¹ on even c —on equal terms, II III 17
- cf cost
- coasted, *pret* approached, v ii 29
- coch, coach, iv III 46
- cockatrice, serpent, identified with the basilisk, fabulously said to kill by its mere glance, *Amor Son* 49
- cock-bote, a small, light boat, III viii 24
- cocked (hay), heaped up, made into haystacks, *S C Nov* 12
- cooke, cockle, a weed which grows in corn fields, *S C Dec* 124
- cognzaunoe, recognition, II 1 31
- colled, *pret* embraced, iii II 34
- colour, *vb* to disguise, hide, vi x 37
- colourable, specious, plausible, deceptive, in III 19, *S C May Arg* 9
- colourably, with a hidden meaning, meta phonically, *S C p* 427
- coloure, *sb* pretence, *S C p* 455
- coloured, *ppl adj* disguised, hidden, *S C Feb* 162
- colt wood, leaves, &c of coltsfoot, in II 49
- colwort, plant of the cabbage kind (genus *Brasstca*), *Mutop* 200
- Comber, to encumber, *S C Feb* 133 00m-bred, *ppl adj* hindered, impeded, * vm 10
- combrous, cumbrous, harassing, 1 1. 33, II. ix 17

- combyned, joined, fastened, IV x 40, *Beautie* 205
- comen, common, usual, S C *June* 45
- comraandement, command, control, *Clout*
- common, common, to converse, II ix 41, v ix 4
- comment, to devise, invent (of a false statement), vii vii 53
- commixtion, copulation, vi vi 12
- commixture, mingling, mixture, vi 1 8, copulation, *Clout* 802
- commodity, -ie, advantage, vi xi 10, *Two Lett.* p 635
- commonly, familiarly, in intimate union, 1 x 56
- compacte, agreed, arranged, v vi 16
- compacted, close, III 1 23
- compacture, compact structure, II ix 24
- compame, sb companion, iv 1 38
- compantie, vb to be a gay companion *Hubberd* 506
- compare, compaire¹ (with), to vie with, rival, II v 29, *Muiop* 2II, *Elegie* 18
- compare², to acquire, 1 iv 28
- compasse, proportion, II ix 24, extent, range, III ix 46 in *compas* = around, in III 10
- compassion, vb to pity, *Clorinda* 2
- compast, ppl adj round, circular, iv iv 30
- compdst, pa part contrived, III VII 18, arranged (in a circle), *Elegie* 23
- compel, to force to come, II 1 5, to force, constrain, 1 vi 26
- compile, compyle, to build, III III 10, to heap up, produce, III II 12, vi 1, to compose (of a song), iv viii 4, *Beautie* 273, to compose, settle, iv ix 17
- complaine, -piayne, to lament, S C *Nov* 44, to compose as a complaint, *Clout* 511
- complement, completeness, in v 55, politeness, courtesy, vi x 23, *Hubberd* 692, accomplishment, consummation, *Hubberd* 338, (mock) courtesy, civility, *Clout* 790
- complexion, quality, character, 'humour,' 'temperament,' II m 22, in vi 8, vi 38
- complish, to accomplish, fulfil, v xi 41
- complot, conspiracy, plot *Hubberd* 178
- oomplyne, the last senice of the day in the Catholic ritual, *Hubberd* 452
- comportance, bearing, behaviour, II 1 29
- composition, agreement, v x 27, agreement (to pay money), vi 1 43
- compound, to settle, compose, m in 23, to settle, agree (as to terms), v xii 4
- comprehend, to contain, iv 1 27
- comprize, to perceive, comprehend, II ix 49, to draw together, III vi 19, to contain, vi vin 18
- comprouinciall, of the same province, in III 32
- con, to know, S C *July* 45, *Sept* 90
- conceit, conceit, idea, v VII 38, conception, pp 407, 409, 435, *Elegie* 124, opinion, judgement, estimation, S C p 427, *Clout* P 536
- conceitfull, clever, vi xu 16
- conceiue, to perceive, v v 31, 35
- concent, ib harmony, m xii 5, *Beautie* 199
- concent, vb to harmonize, iv ii 2
- concrew, to grow into a mass, iv vii 40
- concurring, combining, *Three Lett* p 630
- cond, pret learned, S C *Feb* 92, *Clout* 74
- condigne, worthy, VII vi II
- condiscend, to consent, v 1 2=1
- conditions, qualities, III ix 4, *Beautie* 137
- conduct¹, management, II II 25
- conduct², guide, vi xi 35
- conference, conversation, *Two Lett* p 640
- confound, confounded, *Mmop* 262
- confusion, destruction, S C *May* 219
- conge, leave, farewell, II 1 34, III 2, III 1, *Hubberd* II 09
- congregate, pa part congregated, assembled, vii vi 19
- coniure, to entreat, 1 xii 27, to conspire, v x 26
- conne, can, S C *Eptstle* p 417, to know, S C *June* 65
- consent¹, wish, opinion, iv viii 50
- consent², harmony, *Gnat* 226 Cf concent
- consort, sb¹ companion, vii vi 51
- consort, b² accord, 1 xii 4, hirmony, singing together, III 1 40, *Past Aeglogue* 31
- consort, vb to combine, uuite, II xii 70, *Elegie* 76
- conspyre, to agree, S C p 458
- constraine, to bring about by force, v vi 19, to incur, *Hubberd* 561
- constraint, force, 1 vii 34, confinement, 1 x 2, distress, II II 8, S C *May* 249
- contagion, contagious quality or influence, v vii II, *Muiop* 256
- containe, to restrain, control, III ix 7, v xii 1, vi vi 7
- conteck, strife, discord, III 1 64, S C *May* 163, *Sept* 86
- contempt, contemned, despised, S C *Nov* 48
- contentation, satisfaction, *Three Lett* p 619
- continent, land, earth, III iv 30, v 25
- contmuance, stay, dehy, vi III 19
- contract, pa part contracted, III ix 4a

- contraire, to oppose, hinder, vii. vi 7
 contrary, contrane, n u 24, xi 6, iii II 40, iv 1 4a, III 27
 contriue, to pass, spend (time), II IX 48
 contremole, control, restraint, *Three Lett* P 629
 controuerse, controversy, dispute, iv. v 2
 conuaid, *pa part* removed, I II 24.
 conuenable, in agreement, conformable, S C *Sept* 175
 conuent, to summon together, vii vii 17
 conuert, reft to turn one's attention, v ix 37
 conueyanoe, underhand dealing *Hubberd* 856
 conuince, to conquer, III II 21
 coosen, *sb* kinsman, m III 13
 coosen, *adj* kindred, m iv 12
 coosin, *vb* to cozen, cheat, *Hubberd* 874
 oosmage, fraud, *Hubberd* 857
 coosined, *pret* defrauded, *Hubberd* 862
 cope, *sb* canopy, *Love* 95
 Cope, *vb* to make an exchange, *Hubberd* 527
 copes mate, partner, accomplice, *Hubberd* 939
 coportion, joint portion, vi n 47
 corage, mind, nature, I v 1, m II 10, anger, wrath, in x 30
 corbe, *sb* corbel, iv x 6
 corbe, *adj* bent crooked, S C *Feb* 56
 cordwayne, -waine, Spanish leather made originally at Cordova, II III 27, vi II 6
 cormoyrant, cormorant, II xii 8
 coronall, circlet for head, coronet, in v 53, wreath, garland, S C *Feb* 178, Epith 255
 coronation, carnation, S C *Apr* 138
 corpse, body (living), form, S C *Nov* 168, *Beaut* 1 e 135 corps, body (dead), I v 38
 corse, body (dead), I 1 24, II 24, body (living), J VII 40, II v 23, stature, form, I III 42
 oorsiu, *sb* corrosive (grief, annoyance), iv ix 14,
 Corydon, pseudonym, *Chut* 382
 Coshma, pseudonym, *Clout* 522
 cosset, hand-reared lamb, S C *Nov* 42, 46 206
 cost, coste, *sb* point (of compass), direction, vi xu I, side, *Hubberd* 294. *onequall cost* = on equal ground, on equal terms, iv III 24
 cost, *vb* to approach (cf coast), *Daphn* 39
 costmarie, an aromatic perennial plant allied to the pansy, *Gnat* 670, *Mutop* 195
 cot, boat, II vi 9
 cote, house, S C *July* 162, profession, S C *Sept* m.
 couch, to crouch, stoop, m 1 4, couched, *pa. part* set, placed, arranged, I xi 9, *Bellay* 35, coucht, *Elegte* 12 couched, *ppl*, *adj* lowered, I. III 34
 couchant, lying with the body rested on the legs and the head lifted up (*herald*), in II 20
 could, knew, vi v 36
 count, consideration, esteem, iv x 18 *care andc* = important consideration, v x 16
 countenance, *sb* demeanour, I iv 15, iv 1 5, position, standing, v ix 38, S C *May* So
 countenance, *vb* to make a show of, pretend, II II 16
 counter, *sb* encounter, *Teares* 207
 counter, *adj* opposing, vi xii 1
 counterbuff, to rebuff, S C p 427
 counter-cast, antagonistic artifice, vi III 16
 counterchange, requital, in ix 16
 counterfect, false, counterfeit, S C *Sept* 206
 counterfesaunce, -feisance, counterfeiting, deception, I vui 49, III viii 8, iv iv 27, *Teares* 197, *Hubberd* 667.
 counterpoise, to counterbalance, v u 46
 counterpoint, counter-stroke, *Hubberd* II 40
 counterpoynt, app plot, trick, stratagem, S C *May* Arg p 435
 counterpoys, to counterbalance, v II 30
 counteruailable, to be matched or set up as equivalent, *Three Lett* p 631
 counteruaille, to resist, II vi 29, VII iv 49, to reciprocate, *Two Lett* p 639
 countie, domain of a count, earldom, R T 273
 coupe, coop, cage, prison, S C *Oct* 72
 couplement, union (of two), iv m 52, *Proth* 95, couple, vi v 24
 couxd, *pret* covered, protected, II VII 9
 couurst, *pret* ran a course (m a tournament), iv iv 30, chased, v iv 44, ix 16 *coursed* (over) = s recounted quickly, *Three Lett* p 618
 court, to pay court to, make love to, II ix 34, *absol* II II 15 courting, *ppl adj*, R T 202
 courting, frequenting the court, practice of a courtier, *Hubberd* 784
 couth, could, II vu 58, S C *Jan* 10, *Feb* 190, *June* 41
 couert, concealing, n Prol 5, covered, secret, iv viii 9.
 couerture, shelter, S C *July* 26, dissimulation, deceit, *Hubberd* 683
 couet, to desire (with inf), I xu 20, II xii 20
 couetise, -lze, covetousness, I iv 29, III iv. 7, S C *Sept* 82, *Hubberd* 996, 1309
 cowardree, cowardice, *Hubberd* 986,
 couched, laid down, placed, *Three Lett*, p. 625
 cowheard, cowardly, v vin 50, x 15

cowherdize, cowardice, vi x 37
 coy, *adj* hidden, secluded, iv x 22
 coye, *vb* to act coyly, affect reserve, *Three Lett* p 629
 cracknelle, light, crisp biseuit, *S C Jan* 58, *Nov* 95
 craesie, cracked, *Clout* 374
 crag, cragge, neck, *S C Feb* 82, *Sept* 45
 craggy, rugged, rough, iv vii 25
 crake, *sb* boasting, II xi 10
 crake, *vb* to boast, brag, v III 16, vii vii 50
 crall, to crawl, 1 1 2, m III 26
 cranck, *adv* boldly, lustily, *S C Sept* 46
 crank, *sb* winding, vii vii 52
 craple, grapple, claw, v vm 40
 erased, *ppl adj* impaired, m IX 26
 cratch, manger, *H Love* 226
 creakie, full of creeks, *Bellay* II 9
 creast, helmet, iv iv 30 *creast-front* = front of excrescence on dragon's head, *Gnat* 308
 creasted, crested, adorned, iv 1 13
 cremosin, II xi 3, *S C Apr* 59, cremain, *S C Feb* 130, crimson
 crew, *sb* company, band, III vii II, vii vi 14, *Clout* 931
 crewe, *sb*² pot, *S C Feb* 209
 crime, wrongdoing, sin (*collect*), II xii 75, VII.vu 18, (criminal) cause, 1 xi 46, accusation, *S C Feb* 162
 crisped, *ppl adj* curled, II III 30
 critique, critical, *Misc Sonn* 1
 crocke, pot, jar, v II 33
 crooke, gallows (cross), v v 18, bending a path), vii vii 52
 croscut, to cut across, III x 59
 croslet, small cross, 1 vi 36
 croud, fiddle or viol, *Epith* 131
 crouper, crupper, III 16
 cruddle, to curdle, *S C Feb* 46
 cruddy, curdled, 1 v 29, iii III 47, iv 34
 crudled, *pp/adj* curdled, 1 vii 6, ix 52, *S C Feb Arg* II, *Past Elegie* 152
 cruell, cruelly, iv VII 30, *Clout* 909
 crumenall, purse, pouch, *S C Sept* II 9
 cud, inside of throat, place where cud is chewed?, *Gnat* 86
 cuffling, striking (= scuffling?), iv iv 29
 cull (*out*), to select, *Teares* p 480
 cullambyne, Columbine (name of flower) *Amor* Son 64
 culter, ploughshare, *Tkest* 75
 culuer, dove, II vii 34, *Teares* 246, *Amor* Son 89
 culuermg, culvenn, a kind of cannon, v x 34
 cumbrous, troublesome, II 23, *R T* 305
 cunnye, cony, rabbit, *Three Lett* p 615

curat, cunet, cuirass, v v 20, v vii 34, vi v 8
 cure, care, charge, 1 v 44
 curelesse, incurable, irremediable, iii x 59, vi vi 2, *S C Aug* 104
 curious, inquisitive, prying, m ix 26, elaborate, *Teares* 542, ingenious, *Clout* 8, *adv* carefully, iv x 22
 cursed, ill-fated, v vm 43
 curtaxe, cutlass, iv II 42
 curtoll, abbreviation, *Two Lett* p 639
 custome of c = as was usual, *Hubberd* 245
 cut, fashion, shape, *Hubberd* 211
 cypher, letter, character, III ii 25, 45

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dasdale, skilful, III Prol 2, fertile, iv x 45
 daffodillies, -downdilhes, daffodils, in iv 29, xi 32, *S C Jan* 22, *Apr* 140
 damt, choice, dainty, 1 x 2, III Prol 2, iv 1 5 dayntiest (*superl*), II xii 42
 dainty, daintiness, fastidiousness, 1 II 27
 dalliaunce, amorous talk or play, 1 viii 5, II II 35, *Teares* 186
 dalhe, to trifle, iv 1 36
 damb, dam (mill-d), v xi 31
 dambe, dam (of a hmb), *S C Aug* 39
 dame, lady, II vi 22
 damme, mother (of a bird), *Epigrams* p 607
 damn, damne, to condemn, v x 4, *Hubberd* 1244, *Misc Sonn* 1
 dammfyde, *pa part* injured, 1 xi 52, II vi 43
 damozell, damsel, II 1 19
 Dan, a title, Master, Sir, in vm 21, iv II 32
 Danisk, Danish, iv x 31
 Daphne, pseudonym, *Clout* 386
 dapper, neat, pretty, *S C Oct* 13
 dared, *pa, part* afraid, *S C Aug* 24
 darksom, dark, in III 12, 15
 darrame, darrayne, to set troops in array, prepare, for battle, 1 iv 40, vii II, II II 26, III 1 20, iv iv 26, v 24, v II 15, xii 9, to order, arrange (a battle), iv ix 4
 darre, to dare, iii Prol 2
 darred, *ppl adj* frightened, terrified (cf dared), vii vi 47
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 dayes-man, mediator, judge, II viii 28
 dayr'house, dairy, vii vi 48
 daze, to bewilder, III vii 7 dazd, dazed, *pa part* dazzled, bewildered, 1 1 18 viii 20, in vii 130 *Amor* Soa 3, *ppi aaj uss* VII ii 21.

- dead, to deaden, deprive of force, vigour, *Epitaph* (2) 38 deaded, *pa part* iv x 1 20, vi vii 25, xi 33
- dead-doing, death-dealing, murderous, ii iii 8, *Amor Son* I
- deadly, death-like, 1 III II, mortal, fatal, 1 vii 23, xi 49, *adv* III 1 38
- dealth, bestows, iv 1 6
- deare, *sb* injury, harm, 1 vii 48
- deare, *adj*¹ valuable, III iv 23, (as *sb*) darning, 1 vii 16
- deare, *adj*² sore grievous, II v 38, xi 34, hard, *Past Elegie* 124
- dearely, boldly, resolutely, II vm II, grievously, at great cost, 1 iv 42, v in 36, *R T* 504
- dearlmg, *sb* lover, iv viii 54, darling, *Ttares* 14
- dearlmg, *adj* darling, iv Prol 5
- deamelie, deamly, sorrowfully, dismally II 1 35, *Daphn* 196 See *aho* dernely
- deaw, *sb* dew, 1 1 36, 39
- deaw, *vb* to bedew, sprinkle, 1 xi 48, II II 6, V XII 13
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- debard, *pa part* stopped, v ix 36
- debate, *sb* struggle, battle, strife, content, n viii 54, x 38, iv Prol 1, vi III 22, viii 13, *Mutop* 305
- debate, *vb* to strive, contend, ii 1 6, iii ix 14, vi. iv 30
- debatement, strife, contention, II vi 39
- debonaire, gracious, courteous, 1 II 23, m I 26, v 8
- Debdra, in iv 2
- decay, *sb* destruction, death, 1 II 41, vi 48, II III 15, viii 51, xi 41, in VII 41, xi 52, v. vm 40, ix 31, xu 12 decayes, ruins, *R R* 454
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- deceaved, *pa part* taken away by deceit, v III 30
- deceit, *deceit*, *S C* p. 419, *Teares* 492
- decease, death, v x II
- decreed, *pa part* resolved on, determined, iv vi 8
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- deducted, *pp/ adj* reduced, weakened, *Love* 106
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- defaicted, *pa part* defeated, *S C* p 443
- defame, disgrace, dishonour, II v 26, III 1 27, v 1 28, III 38, ix 43, vi v 15
- defaste, *pa part* of 'deface', destroyed, II iv 14, III II 28 defast, broken (law), n viii 31
- defeasance, defeat, 1 xii 12
- defeature, undoing, rum, iv vi 17
- dfend, to ward off, II. xu 63, iv iii 32, *Gnat* 523
- deffly, deftly, skilfully, *S C Apr* III
- define, to decide, settle, iv III. 3
- deflore, to deflower, desecrate, *Beautee* 39
- deforme, hideous, deformed, 1 xii 20, II xii 24
- deformed, *pa part* rendered hideous, disfigured, II v 22
- deformed, *ppl adj* (*fig*), hateful, 1 ix 48
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- devices, delights, pleasures, II v 28, iv x 6, v III 40
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- dell, hole, *S C March* 51
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- demeand, *pret* behaved to, treated (well), *Clout* 681
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- depemoten, to depict, *S C Apr* 69 de-peincted, *pa part*, iii xi 7
- dependant, attached, hanging, in xii 10
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- depraue, to defame, pervert, v vii 32, xii 34, *Amor Son*. 29
- der-doing, doing of daring deeds, 1 vii 10
- dernely, dismally, grievously, in 1 14, xii. 34
- dernfull, mournful, *Thes* 90
- derring do, doe, daring deeds, ii iv 42, vi v.37, *S C Oct* 65, Dec.43.
- derring doer, daring doer, iv II 38
- derth, scarcity, 1 II 27.
- deryue, to obtain, appropriate, v ix 41
- deriued, *pa, part*, taken away, 1 III 2, carried across, iv III.13
- descant, melody sung extempore upon a plamsong, ground, or bass, to which it forms the *MyEpith* 81
- descriue, to describe, II III 25, vi xii 21
- descry, descrie, to perceive, discover, II iv 37, xii. 34, v III 32, to reveal, iv. 1 32, vi VII 12 desoride, -yde, *pret* perceived, *Hubberd* 1301, *Clout* 675, revealed, 1 x 34, *pa part* seen, revealed, vi in 2, *ppl adj* perceived, II xii 35
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- despiteous, malicious, II vii 62
- despoile, to undress, disrobe, 1 x 17, II xi 49
- desse, dais, iv x 50
- desynde, *pa part* destined, iv vii 30
- detaine, *sb* detention, v vi 15
- detect, to expose, accuse, v ix 48, to reveal, *Mutop* 13
- detestable, II xii 8
- detter, debtor, v v 37
- deuicefull, full of devices, ingenuity, ingenious, v in 3, x 1, *Teares* 385
- deuise, deuize, to talk, converse, discourse, 1 x 12, xii 17, iv vi 10, to describe, recount, III 1. 42, iv. viii. 3, *S C Jan* 65, to guess, II. ix 42, in x. 2 1, to phn, contrive, vi ix 30, 35, *R T* 295, to consider, vi iv 34, vii 6 deuized, *pa part* designed, drawn, II 1 31
- deuoyd, empty, 1 ix 15
- d6uoyr, duty, *S C Sept* 227
- dew, due, II vm 55, duly, v v 22
- dewelap, dewlap, fold of loose skin hanging from throat of cittle, *S C Feb* 74.
- dewest, most deserved, appropriate, *Hubberd* 1237
- dewfull, duefull, due, iv xi 44, vii vi 35
- diapase, diapason, II ix 22, *Teares* 549
- diapred, *pa part*, variegated (with flowers), *Epith* 51
- dide *bloudie d*, dyed with blood, II xi 21
- dieper, diaper, a textile fabric (cf diapred), *Mutop* 364.
- differd, *pret* deferred, postponed, iv iv 36
- difference, variation, II xii 71, alteration, II xii. 87
- diffused, *pp/ adj* dispersed, scattered, v xi 47
- dight, to deck, adorn, 1 iv 14, *S C May* II, to put on, 1 VII. 8, *Mutop* 91, *Hubberd* 1279, to prepare, make (*trans*), II xi 2, *Past Elegie* 41, to prepare (*refl*), vi II 18, v 40, *Hubberd* 233, to direct oneself, repair, go (*refl*), iv 1. 16, v iv 43, to perform, do, v II 18, to dress, vi xi 15 *dight, pa part* decked, equipped, adorned, 1 iv 6, ii xu 53, iv x 38, *S C Jan* 22, dressed, iv x 38, placed, set, in 1 39, made, fashioned, *S C Apr* 29
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- dill, an umbelliferous annual plant with yellow flowers, HI II 49, *Mutop* 197
- dint, *sb* mark, dent, 1 1 1, blow, v 1 10, stroke, *Thes* 58 *dolors d*=pang of grief, *S C Nov* 104
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- , dirge, *Hubberd* 453
dirk, to darken, *S C Feb* 134
dirke, *adj* dark, *S C Sept* 6
dirke, *adv* darkly (*fig*), *S C Sept* 102
disaccord, to refuse assent, vi III 7
disaduance, to draw back, lower, iv III. 8, iv 7.
disadventrous, disastrous, *Hubberd* 100
disaray, *sb* disorderly undress, II iv 40
disarayd, *pa part* stnpt, disrobed, 1 v 41, despoiled, *S C Feb*, 105, *pret* stnpt, 1 viii 46
disattyre, to undress, vi IX 17
disauance, to hinder, in xi 24.
disauentrous, unfortunate, disastrous, 1 vii 48, ix. II, iv viii 51, xii 4, v xi 55
disauenture, mishap, misfortune, 1 ix 45, vi III 15
disboweld, *ppl adj* disembowelled, *R R* 383
disburnded, *pret* unloaded, II vi II
discarded, *pret* cast or forced away (*Spent*), v v 8
discided, *pa part* cut (in two) *fig*, iv 1 27
discipled, *pa part* taught, disciplined, iv Prol 1
discipline, teaching, advice, *Hubberd* 547
disclame, to renounce, in x 15, iv v 25.
disolost, *pa part* revealed, recounted, III iv 13 **disclos'd**, unfastened, iv. v 16 **disclosing**, *pres part* unfolding
discoloured, *ppl adj* vanously coloured, 1 iv 31, III x 21, xi *tf*, *Epith* 51
discomfited, *ppl, adj* disconcerted, in 1 43
discommended, *pret* spoke disparagingly of, v. v 57.
discordfull, quarrelsome, iv II 30, iv 3
discounselled, *pret* dissuaded, II xii 34, III 1 II
discountenance, to show disapprobation of *Teares* 340
discoure, to discover, in. II 20, to reveal, III III 50, p 407 **diseouer**, to tell, reveal, iv. vi 4 **discovered**, *pa part* uncovered, 1 II 7 **disoure**, to reveal, II ix 42
discourerie, disclosure, v v 33
discourse, course of arms or combat, vi viii 14
disourteise, discourteous, III 1 55
discreet, becoming, suitable, moderate, II xu 71.
discust, *pa part* shaken off (*fig*), m 1 48
disdeigned, *pret*, thought unworthy, *R T*, p 471
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disentrayle, to draw forth from the entrails or inward parts, iv vi 16, v ix 19 **disen-trayled**, *ppl adj* iv III 28.
disgrace, ill-favouredness, v xii 28
disguizement, disguise, ii vii 14, iv v 29
dishabled, *pret* disparaged, n v 21
disherited, *pa part* dispossessed, banished from its rightful domain, *S, C Epistle* p 417
disinherit, to prevent from taking possession (*fig*), v v 36
disleall, disloyal, n v 5
dishkefull, distasteful, iv ix 40
disloignd, *pa part* distant, removed, iv x 24.
dismall day, one of the *dies mah* or unpropitious days, II vii 26, viii 51
dismay, *sb*, faintheartedness, terror, II xi 41, ruin, v II 50, **dismaying** influence, *Amor Son* 88
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dismayd, *ppl adj* ill-made, misshapen, ii XI II
dismayfull, appalling, v xi 26
dismayfully, in dismay, v viii 38
dismayld, *pret* stnpt the mail or, II vi 29
dispace, to walk or move about, *Gnat* 265 (*refl*) **dispacmg**, *pres part*, *Muiop* 250
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disparaged, *pa part* cast down, ii x 2
disparagement, disgrace of a misalliance, in viii 12, low rank, iv vii 16
dispart, to pan asunder, cleave, 1 x 53, ii xii 38, iv ix 1.
dispatcht, *pret*, freed, relieved, vi III 10
dispenche, *sb* dispensing or bestowing liberally, liberality, hospitality, II ix 29, xii 42, v xi 45
dispenche, *vb* to make amends, 1 III 30, v xi 45
dispiteous, un pitying, 1 II 15
display, to stretch out, spread out, II v 30, x 15, III II 47, *Epith*, 303, *intr*, *S C May* 196, to descry, discover, ii xii 76, to expose, II xii 66 **displaid**, *-yed*, *pa part* spread out, stretched out, 1 1 16, II v 32, *Gnat* 240, *Love* 286
disple, to subject to penance, 1 x 27
displeasanoie, displeasure, II x 28, iv vi 4

- displease, to annoy, in v 19
disport, entertainment, amusement, sport, pleasure, I II 14, II vi 26, iii 1 40
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dispred, dispredden, to spread out, abroad, I iv 17, II II 40, iii v 51, v xii 13, (*intr*) iv vii 40 disprad, *pa part* v xii 36
dispred, -dd, *pa part* and *ppl adj* II III 30, p 412 (*fig*). *Gnat* 242
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dispuruayance, want of provisions, iii x 10
disquietnesse, trouble, unrest, II vii 12
disseise, -ze, to deprive, dispossess, I xi 20, vii vii 48
disshiuered, *ppl adj* shattered to pieces, iv I 21
dissolute, enfeebled, weak, I vii 51, wanton, in viii 14
distaine, to stain, in iv 17 distamd, -ynd, *pa part* stained, I xi 23, in viii 49, S C Oct no, sullied, defiled (*fiJg*), II iv 22
distent, *pa part* extended, beaten out, II vii 5
3distrhonize, to dethrone, II x 44
distinct, *pa part* marked, vi III 23
distort, *ppl adj* distorted, wry, awry, iv I 28, v xii 36
distrame, to oppress, afflict, I vii 38, to pull off, tear asunder, II xii 82
distrught, *pa part* distracted, distressed, I ix 38, iv iii 48, R T 579, pulled asunder, drawn in different directions, iv vii 31, v v 2
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diuerse, diverting, distracting, I 1 10, 44, II II] 3, iv I 5
dfuersly, in different ways, v v 2
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doctorally, in the manner of a doctor, learnedly, *Three Lett* p 614
document, instruction, teaching, I x 1 9
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donne, dun, dark, S C May 265
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dowe, dough, *Three Lett* p 631
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 sorrow, 1 II 44, vm 9, in iv 30, S C, Nov
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pret 1 ix 54, earned on, iv. x 54
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 drove, struck, v xi 5. *drmen*, *pa part*
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 droome, drum, 1 ix 41.
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 drouer, boat (used for fishing), in vm 22
 drowsy-hed, drowsiness, 1 II 7
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 dumpish, dull, heavy, sad, iv u. 5, *Amor*
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 out, III II 15, v ix 47, to force open, in ix
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- eie, aye, ever, II III 19
- eine, eyes, p 409, *Elegte* 64 Cf eyen
- eke, *adv* also, II 1 21, p 4 II, S C Jan 51, MayS6, p 434
- eld, old age, age, 1 viii 47, x 7, II III 16, iv II 33, xi 24, vii vii 13, 31 S C Feb 54, 206, Dec 1 134
- elect, *ppl adj* chosen, III vii 22
- election, choice, v v 26, *Amor Son* 84
- elfe, (1) name applied to a knight, 1 1 17, v 2, II vii 7, (2) a masculine supernatural creature, II x 71, III III 26, (3) creature, iv v 34
- elfin, elfish, 1 iv 42, x 6, elf, 1 x 60
- Eliseis, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 403
- ell ope, to run away, v iv 9
- elocution, literary style, S C *Epistle* p 419
- els, else, already, formerly, 1 v 43, or else, II viii 33, S C *March* II4, otherwise, elsewhere, II IX 8, III vi 16, iv v 28, *Hubberd* 1203
- embaoe, -se, to humble, humiliate, III vii 15, vi 1 3, vi 2o(*refi.*), R R no, to lower, *Daphn* 180, *Amor Son* 13 embased, *pa part* degraded, *Amor Son* 82 embaste, *pret* dishonoured, in 1 12, *pa part* iii ix 33
- embard, *pa part* confined, imprisoned, 1 II 31, vu 44, III xi 16
- embase, embaste, see embace
- embdssade, *quast-adv* on an embassy, *Beautu*
- embassage, message, iii ix 28
- embathed, *ppl adj* fragrant (*elltp* for embathed in perfume), *Mutop* 194
- embatteld, -eild, *ppl adj* armed for battle, II v 2, v viii 34
- embaulm'd, *pa part* anointed, iv vii 40
- emby, to bathe, 1 x 27, II 1 40, xii 60 (*refi.*), to bask, *Mutop* 206 *embayd*, *pret* bathed (*fig*), pervaded, suffused, 1 ix 13, iii vi 7, *pa part* II viii 55, III xii 21
- embayed, *ppl adj* furnished with a bay, iv xi 44
- embayld, *pa part* enclosed, II III 27
- embellisht, *pa part* adorned, S C Feb II8
- embosome, to cherish, embrace (*fig*), II iv 25, to plunge, implant (*fig*), II xii 29
- embosse¹, *pa part* embost, adorned, in 1 32, iv. iv 15, 5 C.Feb 66
- embosse², *pa part* embost, driven to extremity, hard pressed (of a hunted animal), III 1 32, xii. 17, *embost* with *bale*=exhausted (cf *embosse*¹), 1 ix 29
- embosse³, to plunge, 1 xi 20, to cover, en-
- case, in 1 64 (cf *embosse*¹) embost, *pa part* covered, encased (in armour), 1 III 24, in *ease* *embost* = 'wrapped' in ease, vi iv. 40
- embowd, *pa part* encircled, i. ix 19 embowed, *ppl adj*, *Worlds Vanxtie* 17
- embowelled, *pa part* disembowelled, in VII 29; thrust into the bowels (*fig*), VI viu 15
- embowring, *pres part* sheltering (*intr*), *Gnat* 225
- emboyled, *ppl adj* agitated, 1 xi 28, *pres part* II iv 9, v 18, boiling (with anger)
- embrace¹, to fasten, buckle on (arms), II 1. 26
- embrace², to protect, in viii 29, to love, vi 1 3 embraste, *pret* grasped, II iv 14
- embracement, embrace, ii iv 26, III viu 10
- embraue, to adorn, II 1 60, S C Nov 109, R R 394
- embreaded, *pa part* plaited, braided, in vi 18.
- embrew, to plunge, 1 xi 36, II 1 37, iii xii 32, R R 330, to pour, emit moisture, II v 33, to stain (with blood), vi viii 40, *Bellay* 77, to imbue, *H Love* 47 embrewed, *ppl adj* olood stained, in vi 17
- embrodered, *ppl adj* embroidered, in xii 9, v III 33
- embusied, *pa part* occupied, iv vii 29
- erne, uncle, n x 47
- emeraude, emerald, II xu 54
- emmarble, to convert into marble (*fig*), *Love* 139
- emmoue, to move (*fig*), 1 II 21, II 1 50
- emmoued, *pa part* II vii 51, III xi 4, VII 2, enmoued, 1 vii 38, ix 48
- emong, among, II xii 10
- emongst, amongst, 1 Prol 1, viii 37, III 1 39, III 47
- empaire, 1 vii 41, II x 30, v iv 40, xi 48 (to injure), empare, 1 x 63 to diminish, impair,
- empale, to encircle, border, *Mutop* 297.
- emparlance, -aunce, treaty, parleying, iv ix. 31, v iv 50
- empart, to assign, iv vi 32
- empassion, to excite deeply, *Worlds Vantit* 12, *Daphn* 35 *pa part* empassioned, 1 III 2, III ix 38, xi 18, *Daphn* 515, empassionate, v ix 46, *Daphn* 193 stirred, excited by passion
- empeach, sb injury, detriment, II xii 56
- empeach, vb to hinder, 1 VII 34, ii, vii 15, iii III 53, xi 12, vi II 42. iv II. 19.
- empeopled, *pa part* established as the population, 1 x 56
- emperill, to imperil, endanger, iv iv 10
- empensht, -ed, /a *part* enfeeble, in vii. 20, S C.Feb 53.

GLOSSARY

empierce, to penetrate (*fig*), *Clout* 431
pret emperoed (*fig*), II II 1, **empierst**, I xi 53, II viii 45, iv xii 19 (*fig*), **empierced**, iii v 19, xi 41 **empierst**, *pa part* (*fig*), m ix 39 **empiereed**, *pp/adj* (*fig*), *Daphn* 6
empight, fixed in, implanted, penetrated *pret* II iv 46, in v 20, iv III 10, v x 32, *pa part* vi xii 27, *Beautte* 49
empire, vii u 21
emplonged, *pa part* plunged, III x 17
empoysned, *pa part* III v 49, *ppl adj* III vi 13 poisoned
empnze, -se, enterprise, undertaking (of a chivalrous nature), I ix 1, xu 18, II iv 12, VII 39, v III 15, iv 2, vi iv 33, *plur*, S C *Sept* 83
empurpled, *pa part* made purple, reddened, II xii 54, III vii 17, iv vii 6, *pret* III xii 33
empyring, *ppl adj* ruling, p 409
enaunter, in case, lest by chance, S C *Feb* 200, *May* 78, *Sept* 161
embracement, embrace, I II 5
enbrawd, *pa part* stained, I vii 17 See **embrew**
enchace, to set, serve as a setting for, I. VII 23 (*fig*), v I II, to depict, iv v 12, to engrave (*fig*), vi iv. 35. *pa part* enchaced, -sed, iv x 8, S C *Aug* 27, to close in, enclose, v x 34. *pa part* enchaste, *Hubberd* 624 enchaced, -sed, *pa part* adorned, II ix. 24, *Amor* Son 82
encheare, to cheer, encourage, VII vi 24
encheason, occasion, cause, II 1 30, S C *May* 147, *Sept* II 6
enclynd, *pret* assented, vi VII 37
encomberment, disturbance, vi viii 38
encroch, to come on, advance, vi xi 47, S C *Feb* 226
endamadge, to injure, II at 18, *pret* v vm 14; *pa part*, vi VII 38
endangerment, danger, v II 20
endeuourment, endeavour, *Hubberd* 298
endew, to endow, I iv 51, v I 2, vi x 14, VII TIL 45, S C p 433, *Beautte* 135
endighting, *vbl sb* inditing, composing, *Sonnets* p 603
endite¹, to censure, vi xii 41
endite², to give a literary form to, *Past Aeglogue* 33
endlong, from end to end, in ix 51, x 19
endosse, to inscribe, portray (on the back), v J xi 53 *Clout* 632
endure'd, *pret* hardened, strengthened, iv viii 27.

ene, even, S C *Dec* 93
enfelon'd, *ppl adj* infuriated, v viii 48
enflerced, *pa part* rendered fierce, II iv 8 Cf **efflerced**
enforce, to drive with force, iv iv 35, to emphasize, v ix 43, to strive, attempt, *Clout* 48.
enforme, to affect, inspire, vi vi 3
enfouldred, *ppl adj* like a thunder-cloud, I xi 40
enfrosen, *pa part* frozen (*fig*), *Love* 146
enfyre, to harden by fire, *Love* 169
engine, trick, plot, II 1 23, iv 27, *plur* wiles, in I 57, x 7, *Amor* Son 14
engirt, *pa part* girt, surrounded, iv VII 7, *H Beautte* 37
englut, to glut, fill (*fig*), II n 23
engore, to goad, infuriate (*fig*), II vm 42, to wound deeply (*refi*), vi VII 9 **engored**, *pa part* gored, wounded, III 1 38, v 28, *ppl adj* iv ix 31
engorge, to swallow up (*fig.*), II xu 3 **engorged**, *pp/adj* devoured (*fig*), I. xi 40
engraffed, *ppl adj* III II.17, *engraft*, *pa part*, iv II 10 implanted
engrained, *pa part* dyed, S C *Feb* 131, **Gnat** 666
engrasped, *pret* II viii 49, *pa part* II v 20 grasped, seized
engraue¹, to bury, I x 42, II 1 60
engraue³, to make (wounds) by incision, in vu 32, to cut into, in viii 37
engrieved, *ppl adj* ii iv 23 (ee), in I 59, iv vin 7, vi viii 34, *Worlds Vamtie* 159, *pa part* in vi 21 grieved
engrosse, to take possession of, in iv 38, to write in large letters, *Clout* 634 **engrost**, *pa part* thickened, rendered gross, dense, II vi 46, III iv 13
enhaunse, to raise, lift, I 1 17, v 47 (*fig*), II vi 31; to exalt, *Clout* 359 **enhaunced**, *ppl adj* lifted
enlarge, -en, to set free, I vii 37, II v 18, vm 61, ix 13 **enlargd**, *pa part* II v 19
enlumme, to illuminate, shed lustre on, n ix 4, v Prol 7, S C p 417, *pa part* *Amor* Son 66 (*fig*), *Love* 108 (*fig*)
enmoued, see **emmoue**
enrace, to implant, in v 52, *pa part* vi x 25, *Beautte* II 4
enragement, rapture, *H Love* 286
enranckled, *pa part* enraged, in vin 2
enraunged, -anged, -a *part* placed in a row, rank, arranged, I xi 13, xii 7, III vi 35, xii 5, *H Beautte* 83, *Proth* 122 **enraunging**, *pres part* ranging, rambling m, vi n 9

- enriuen, *ppl adj* torn, v *vm* 34, *Clortnda* 4 (fig).
 enrold, *pa part* enfolded, wrapped up, II *xu* 25, IV III 41, coiled, vi vi I I, *Gnat* 257, formed into a roll, vii *vu* 30
 ensample, imitation, p 40/, warning, *R T* 462
 enseam, to contain, *lv xi* 35
 ensew, ensewen, to follow, I *iv* 40, v 25, III 1 45, v *iv* 15, *Teares* 54 ensew'd, *fret* vi III 50, to pursue, in xi 5, (a profession) *iv* II 46 ensue, to Tesuk from, I *iv* 34, to follow, II III 2, to pursue (a profession), p 412, *pres part* *iv* IX 5 ensude, *pa, part* imitated, II xii 59
 ensnarle, to catch, ensnare, v *ix* 9
 entayl, *vb* to penetrate, cut, II *vi* 29, entayld, *w part* carved, II III 27
 entayle, *sb* carving, ornamentation, II *vii* 4
 entent, intent, intention, *S C. May* 102 Cf intent
 enterdeale, negotiation, v *vm* 21, intercourse, *Hubberd* 785
 enterprise, -ze, *sb* attempt, undertaking, I *vm* 15, v x Arg
 enterpris, -se, -ze, *vb* to entertain, n II 14, to attempt, undertake, II 1 19, v viii II, vi *vm* 18, to attempt to obtain, procure, *iv* VII 28 enterprizd, *pa part* undertaken, I VII 45 enterprised, *ppl adj* attempted, in xi 24
 entertame, to treat, I III 43, to accept, receive (pay), II *ix* 6, to show hospitality to, receive as a guest, v xii 10, *Hubberd* 235, to take (a way), vi *iv* 24, to encounter, meet with, vi xi 46, *Gnat* 563, to treat of, *Amor* Son 12, to engage in, *Hubberd* 398
 entertainment, provisions, hospitality, I x 37, ii » 35
 entertake, to entertain, v *ix* 35
 entertayne, hospitality, *iv vin* 27, v *ix* 37, reception, welcome, *Hubberd* 1085
 entire, *adj* fresh, I *vi* 44, all of one piece, I *vii* 33) perfect, genuine, sincere, I viii 40, in II 44, vii 16, *iv v* 4, *ix* 13, v xi 61, vi v 38, viii 3, *H Love* 157, strong, III 1 47 *parts entire* = inward, internal parts, *iv viii* 23, 48, v vii 37, *Amor* Son 6, 85, *H Love* 271, *mind e, Beautie* 223
 entire, *adv* entirely, altogether, II v 8, viii 15, vi viii 15, sincerely, earnestly, vi v 23
 entirely, earnestly, I xi 32, III ix 51, vi vii 22
 entitled, *pa part* dedicated, p 415
 entraile, twisting, coil, I 1 16
 entrailed, entrayld, entrayled, *pa part* entwined, interlaced, II III 27, v 29, in vi 44, xi 46, IV, III 42, *S C Aug* 30, *Proth* 25
 entrall, -e, interior, II xii 6, 25
 entrayle, mind, thought, vi xi 41
 entreat, to occupy oneself in, n VII 53, to treat, deal with, *iv x* 10, vi 1 40, *Hubberd* 922, *Mtsc Sonn* 1, to treat of, describe, v 11
 entrenched, *pa part* pierced, III xii 20
 enure, to make use of, *iv* II 29, to exercise, *Amor* p 578, *Three Lett* p 611 enur'd, *pa part* mured, accustomed, *iv vii* 27, vi *vin* 14, committed, v *ix* 39
 e'nufe, *sb* emulation, iii 1 18 6nuy, envy, in *iv* 47, v 54, ix 38
 enufe, *vb* to have malevolent feelings, be angry, II II 19 *pret* enuyde, *iv iv* 44
 enuy, to grudge, I *ix* 1, in v 50, vi viii 4
 enwallowed, *pa part* rolled, III *iv* 34, v xi 14
 enwombd, *pa part* pregnant, ii 1 50, x 50, v VII 16, contained (as in a womb), *R R*, 67
 enwrap, to capture (as in a fold), *Past Elegte* 98 enwrapt, *pret* wrapped, I xi 23
 epiphonema, sentence or reflection concluding a discourse, *S C* p 440 epiphonematos, in the form of an epiphonem, *S C* p 459
 equal, equitable, impartial, vii vi 351 1
 equalise, to equal, in *ix* 44
 equipage, *sb* equipment, retinue, I xi 6, *iv xi* 17, *S C Oct* II 4
 equipaged, *pa part* arrayed, equipped, ii *ix*
 equipollent, equivalent, *Three Lett* p 631
 ere, ever, *S C Oct* 33
 ere many yeares, many years ago, v *iv* 7
 erect, to set up, establish, vi vi 34
 erewhile, before, formerly, *iv xi* 2
 ermelm, ermine (animal), stoat, in II 25
 ermine, fur of ermine, in I 59
 erne, see earne
 errant, wandering, I x 10, in vii 6, vi v II
 erst, see earst
 eschew, to escape, *iv vin* 56, vi *viu* 50, to avoid, *Amor* Son 62 eschewd, *pa part* untroubled, avoided, ii x 13
 esloyne (*refl*), to withdraw, I *iv* 20
 espiall, sight, glimpse, *iv x* 17, appeance, v *iv* 15
 essoyn, exemption, I *iv* 20
 estate, state, condition, I in 7 *iv* 20, rank, vi II 27
 estraunged, *pa part* removed abroad, *S C, Epistle* P 418
 eterne, eternal, in vi 37, 47

eternize, to render eternal, immortal, *Teares* 582, *pa part* 1 x 59 eternize, *Amor Son* 75

ethe, see eath.

eugh, yew, 1 1 9

eughen, ewghen, of yew, 1 xi 19, *Hubberd* 747

Euphrates, iv xi 21

euangely, gospel, II x 53.

euent, fate, *Teares* 143, fortune, *Gnat* 534

euil, poor, unski ful, vi xi 40

ewfte, eft, newt, v x 23

exanimate, *ppl adj* lifeless, II xii 7

excheat, gain, 1 v. 25, personal property, which fell by excheat (*fig*), iii viii 16

excrement, overflow, iv xi 35

expell, to discharge (an arrow), II xi 24

experiment, *sb* experience, practice, II vii 1, v ii 17

experimented, *pp/adj* experienced, practised, proved, *Two Lett* p 639

expert, *vb* to experience, *S C Nov* 186

expert, *adj* or *pa part* experienced, tried, II viii 1, iv xi 19, v II 16, vi 1 36

expire, to fulfil a term, 1 vii 9, to breathe out, 1 xi 45, to bring to an end, iv 1 54, to continue for, iv vi 43

express, *pret* expelled, ejected, II x 43, *pa part* crushed out, II xi 42

extasie, astonishment, vii vi 23

extent, *pa part* stretched out, II vii 61.

extirpe, to root out, 1 x. 25.

extold, *pa part* raised, vii vii 37

extort, *pa part* extorted, v ii 5, III 30, x 25

extract, *pa part* descended, in IX 38

extreamitie, extreme suffering, *Daphn* 185

extreate, extraction, v x 1

extrinsecall, external, *Three Lett* p 615

exiil, exile, *Clout* 894

eyas (*attrib*), a young newly-fledged or trained hawk, 1. xi 34, *H hove* 24 (*fig*)

eyde, *pa part* perceived, caught sight off *Clout* 267 Cf eide

eye, a brood (of pheasants), *S C* p 434

eyen, -ne, eyes, 1 II 27, iv 9, 21, x 47, in vii 9, vi xi 22

F

face, to maintain a false appearance, v ix 5

fact, deed, 1. iv 34, ix 37, III viii 32, ix 38 v ix 43

fail, to deceive, ii v II, in xi 46, iv xii 23.

fain, -e, *adj* eager, 1 1 6, iv vi 33; apt, wont, iv VIII 37, glad, 1 vi 12, vi iv 16,

S C Feb 67, *May* 305, *adv* gladly, with pleasure, 1 iv 10, v xii 10

fain, fayne, *vb*¹ to delight, rejoice, v xii 36

fam'd, *pret* desired, in ix 24, vi III. 9

faynmng, *ppl adj* longing, wistful, *Love* 216

faine, fayne, feyne, feign, *vb*² to feign, pretend, 1 VII 38, xii 35, II 1 9, iv iv 47,

S C Sept. 137, to disguise, hide, II m. 20, to mistake, iv vii 15, to fashion, form, vi

VIII 44, to imagine wrongly, vi xii 19, *refl* to imagine, *Love* 210 famed, fayned,

pret were anxious, v VIII 24, *ppl adj* pretended, 1 1 50, II. 39, disguised, 1. xii. 10, iv 1 7, imaginary, m xii 43

faire, *adv* gently, 1 VII 29, cleverly, 1 VIII 7

fairly, completely, entirely, iv vi 13, gently, II vi 40

faitor, faytor, -our, vagabond, villain, impostor, 1 iv 47, xii 35, iv 1 44, III II, vi

1 18, iv 1, *S C May* 39, 170

fall, fallen, to befall, II xii 68, iv 1 44, *S C May* 50, *June* 76, *fall with* = to make (land), v xii 4

false, *adj* weak, insecure, 1 XI 54

false, *vb* to be false to, betray deceive, *S C* p 440, *ppl adj* 1 II 30, n VII. 44, III 1

47, *falsedhts blowes-made* a feint, II. v 9

falser, deceiver, *S C May* 305, *Dec* p 467

falses, *sb* falsehoods, v II 48

fancie, imagination, *Beautte* 222

fantasy, -ay, fancy, u xii 42, *S C Aug* 22, apprehension, vi ix 12

fare, so departure, journey, v x 16, food, *S. C. Jan* 44

fare, *vb* to go, proceed, i I II, III 16, n 1. 4, II 12, v x 17, to act, proceed, iv ix 27,

vi xi 48, xii 31, *jard with* « employed, used, iv iv 41

farre forth, farforth, far, in *Prol* 3, ix 53

fast, *ppl adj* having a face, II. xi 12.

fastned, *pret* attached herself, in II 26, took hold, v iv 15, *ppl adj* settled, con

firmed, *H Beautte* 286

fastnesse, security, safety, v ix 5, x, 18

fatal, ordained by fate, in III 2, ix 49.

fate, destined term of life, in VIII 2.

faulchin, falchion; a broadsword, v vii. 29

fault, to do wrong, offend, II xi 9, *S. C* p 419, to lack, be deficient iii, *S C* p 418, *Three Lett* p 611.

fblind, *pret* fawned, II ix 35

fauour, face, feature, v vii 39

fay¹, fairy, II x 71, iv III 2

fay⁸, faye, faith, v. VIII. 19, *S C. Sept.* 107

- feare, *sb* companion, vi viii 25, to *f* = together, II x 64 See *fere*
- fearefull, timid, vi VII 36
- fearen, to frighten, II VII 25, III iv 15, vi viii 47, vii vi 15
- feastfull, festival (*adj*), vi x 22
- feat, action, deed, II ix 6, v v 7
- feateously, dexterously, *Proth* 2 7
- feature, form, I viii 49, III ix 21, character, iv II 44
- feculent, foul, II VII 61
- fee, tenure, II II 13, wealth, property, II vii 56, IV 1 35, ix 13, v VII 43, S C May 106, service, vi x a 1, *Clout* 370
- feebled, *pa part* weakened, I viii 23
- feeblesse, weakness, iv VIII 37
- feld, *pa part* broken, I viii 47, overthrown, iv 1 34, iv 18, prostrated, VII VII 13, *pret* cast, II vi 32
- /ell, *sb* gall, rancour, iii xi 2
- fell, *adj* fierce, savage, 1 iw 10, iii xi 27, iv in 8, ix 20, v ix 1, *Clout* 808
- fell, *vb* *pret* befell, iv iv 23
- fellonest, most tierce, iv, II 32
- felly, fiercely, cruelly, 1 v 34, II xi 24, vi xi 48, *Muiop* 343, *Gnat* 277, *Amor* Son 5⁶
- felnesse, cruelty, fierceness, II VIII 37, iv vin 23, v VII 32
- felonous, fierce, fell, III 1 65
- feminitee, -le, womanhood, iii vi 51, *Clout* 513
- fensible, strong, fortified, II ix 21, iii x 10
- feood, feud, enmity, iv 1. 26
- fere, feare, companion, mate, 1 x 4, iv III 52, x 27, v III 22, vi II 31, xii 4, p 410
- ferme, enclosure, habitation (*fig*), in v 23, rent, *Hubberd* II 60
- ferry, terry-boat, II vi 19
- fet, to fetch, II ix 58, *pret* v III II, rescued, *Thest* 71, drew forth, *pa part* *H Beauie* 91, derived
- fetch, *vb* to reach, II VII 21 fetcht, *pa part* —taken, *Daphn* 439
- fetche, trick, *Three Lett* p 622
- feutre, fewer, to put a spear into the fewer 'or rest, iv iv. 45, vi 10
- flaunt, a warrant addressed to the Irish Chancery for a grant under the great seal Used gen. a warrant, *Hubberd* II 44
- field, (*her.*) the surface of an escutcheon or shield on which the 'charge' is displayed, II 1 18.
- file, *sb* catalogue, recital, VII vi. 37
- file, fyle, *vb* ¹ to render smooth, polish, 1 1 [35 (*fig*) iii ii 12 (*fig*), P 412 filed
- ppl adj* polished (*fig*), ii 1 3, *Clout* 701
- file, *vb* ² to defile, S C July 192 filed, *ppl adj* iii 1 62
- fill at *f* = in abundance, vi x 5
- fillet, ribbon for the head, 1 II 4.
- fine, end, II VII 59, iv III 37, in fine — finally, at last, S C Feb 217
- flngrrng, work done with the fingers, *Mutop* 366
- firme, to fasten, fix, II vii 1
- flsnamie, physiognomy, face, *Three Lett* p 625 Cf *physnomy*
- fit, fitt, *sb* ¹ attack (of illness, &c), condition, I 1 40, II 18, iv 45, xi 27, II VII 44, in. II 5, mortal crisis, feeling of impending death, 1 vi 37, II vii 66, R. T 598, painful experience, sorrow, iii 1 1, iv vi 30, access of rage, v iv 39, fitte, paroxysm, *Three Lett* p 614
- fit, *sb* ² strain of music, 1 xi 7, *Clout* 69
- fit, fitte, *vb* to be fitting, II II II, S, C Oct 88 fitted, *part* suited, iv 1 12
- flagg, to move feebly (of a bird's wings), p 411
- flaggy, -le, drooping, 1 xi 10, in iv 33, vi. 39, *Worlds Vamtie* 60
- flake, flash (of lightning, flame), iii II 5, *Epth*. 27
- flamed, *ppl adj* inflamed, II vi 8
- flaring, *ppl, adj* spreading, v xii 38
- flasht, *pret* dashed, splashed, II vi 42
- flasket, a long shallow basket, *Proth* 26
- flatling, with the flat side (of a sword), v v 18
- flatly, plainly, absolutely, *Hubberd* 324
- flatt, plain, S C Sept 105
- flatuous, full of air or wind, *Three Lett*, P 614
- Flauia, pseudonym, *Clout* 572
- flaw, rush, onset, v v 6
- fleare, to jeer, mock, *Hubberd* 714
- fledge, fledged, fully developed, *Three Lett* p 621
- fleet, to float, II \n 14, VII 14, iv ix 33, *Clout* 286, 596, to fly, flit, III ix 7
- fleshlinesse, lust, S C p 423
- flesht, *pa part* incited, vi viii 9
- flex, flax, in 1 47
- flit, *vb* to give way, 1 ii S, R T 514, to depart, II VII 66, to flutter, iii xi 42
- flitted, *pa part* 1 II 19, *ppl adj* 1 VII 21
- flit, *ppl adj* departed, II xii 44
- flitting, *ppl adj* fleeting, changing, 1 xi 18, II VIII. 2
- flit, flitt, *adj* swift, fleet, II iv 38, vi 20, iii xi 39, p 4 I I; fleeting, changing, in. 1 56, light, III x. 57

flong, *pa part* flung, *Teares* 543

flore, ground, II x 10, vi II 40

flote, to be flooded, in VII 34.

flouret, **flowrett**, little flower, II vi 7, S C Feb 182, Nov 83

flout, to mock, deride, vi VIII. I I, *pa part* VH vi 50

flowre, ground, vi VII 8. See **flore**

flowre, **floure**, **-deluoe**, **-delice**, flower of a plant of the genus *Ins*, u vi 161 iv 1 31, S C Apr 144.

flud, flood, VII VII 33,

flush, *sb* a flight of birds suddenly started up, v II 54.

flushing, *ppl adj* rushing, flowing quickly, iv vi 29

foen, see **fone**

foile, a thin sheet of metal, i tv 4

fold twice so many fold= twice as many, II VIII 41.

folded, *ppl*, *adj* shut in a fold (of sheep), S C p 467

folke-mote, assembly, iv iv 6

foltnng, *ppl adj* faltering, 1 vii 24, in xi 12.

foming, *pres part* giving forth as foam, 1 v 28, *ppl adj* covered with foam, 1 1 1

fon, fool, S C Feb, 69, Apr 158, Sept 68, Oct 91, Clout 292

fond, **fonde**, *adj* foolish, 1 IX 39, III 1 10, ii 44, xii 25, S C Sept 58, *feares* 327, *Gnat* 152, *Daphn*, 498

fond, *vb¹ pret* 1 x 66, *pa part* II xii 57, found

fond, *vb² pret*. tried, in VII 26

fondling, fool, vi vi 42

fondly, foolishly, in. xi 38, v iv 26

fondnesse, folly, S C May 38, *Amor* Son 37

fone, 1. ii 23, II VIII 21, in III 33, iv, v 26, v III 12, II 37, vi xi 20, *Bellay* 66,

foen, II III 13 **foes**

fonly, foolishly, S C May 58

food, feud, 1 VIII 9, II 1 3

foole-happie, lucky, 1 vi 1

foole-hardize, -lze, folly, foolhardness, ii II 17, iv. 42, R R 189

footewarde, towards the foot, *Three Lett* P 625

footing, *pres part* stepping, walking, 1 xi 8, vi III 28

footpace on f= on foot, iv VIII 34

for, notwithstanding, III iv 18, *what ts he for a* = what kind of a is he, S C Apr 17

for end, finally, in short, *Clout* 324

for that, because, v xi 54

for then, at the time, S C March 98

for thy, therefore, because, II 1 14, vii 65, ix. 49, iii iv 26, S C July 71

for why, because, iv xii 15

forbeare, to give up, forth, II 1 53, to leave alone, in. 1 22, to refrain from, cease, S C

Apr 15 **forborne**, *pa*, *part* refrained from using, v xi 52, spared, R R 310 **forbore**, *pa part* v xi 54

forby, by, v xi 17 **foreby**, near, close by, 1 vi, 39, VII 2, III v 17, v II 54, close by, past, m 1 15

fordoo, to destroy, v xii 3 **fordonne**, *pa part*, ruined, undone, 1 x 60, II 1 51, in vii 34, iv ix 28, iv v. 7 {auxiliary omitted}; *ppl adj* exhausted, ruined, overcome, 1 v 41, x 47, in III 34, iv iv. 38, *Amor* Son 80

forecast, to contrive, plan, 1 iv 45 **forecast**, *pa part* determined beforehand, in xii 29

foredamned, *ppl adj* utterly dunned, m x 56.

foregoe, to go before, precede, m v. 6

forewent, *pa. part* S C July II7

forelay, *pret* lay before, II III 29

forelent, *pa, part* given up or resigned beforehand, iv in 6

foreliftmg, lifting up in front, 1 xi 15

forepast, *ppl adj* bygone, past, iv 1 21, v III 40, *Amor* Son 62, former, iv III 44

forered, *pret* betokened, *Mutop* 29

foresay, to renounce, S C May 82 **foresayd**, *pa part* excluded, S C July 69

foreshowed, *pa part* ordained, VII vii 45

foreside, front, upper side {fig}, v in 39

foresight, in III 2, iv. Prol 1, VIII 44, x 20, *Mutop* 389

forestall, to prevent (by anticipation), 1 ix 45, II ix II **forestalled**, *ppl adj* taken beforehand, II iv 39

foretaught, *ppl adj*, previously taught, 1 vii 18

forewent, see **foregoe**

forgot, *pret* forgot, VII VII 7

forged, false, 1 II 36, vi xii 33, *Amor* Son 86

forgerie, -y, -ye, deceit, artifice, II xii 28, in 1 53, v xi 56, *Clout* 696, counterfeit, v iii 39

forgiue, to give, leave, vi ix 22

forgo, to give up, vi III 39 **forgon**, -e, *pa part* relinquished, II III 12, allowed to go, v VIII 9

forhaile, to distract (*Jig*), S C Sept 243

- for-hent**, *pa part* seized, overtaken, III iv 49
- forlent**, *pret* gave up, iii iv 47
- forlore**, *ppl adj* forlorn, destroyed, lost, **deserted**, 1 VII 39, m. v 50, *Clout* 182, *pa part* forsaken, abandoned, II III 31, iii vi 53, v viii 39, vi VII 12, *pret* deserted, abandoned, II VII 52, iii iv 34, IX 52.
- forlore**, *adj* abandoned, depraved, v xi 61
- forlorne**, *ppl adj* forlorn, ruined, abandoned, 1 VII 10, iii iii 42, *pa part* abandoned, deserted, iv VIII 15, *Clout* 90, led astray, *Worlds Vanttie* 84, bereft, deprived, S C **Apr** 4
- formall**, regular, S C *Dec* 68, *Hubberd* 301, *Clout* 862
- formally**, expressly, II VII 8r
- formerlie**, -ly, a little time before, II VII 67, first, beforehand, vi 1 38, III 38
- forpas**, to pass by, *Hubberd* 519, *pret* iii x 20
- forpined**, *ppl adj* wasted away, III x 57
- forray**, *sb* raid, in III 58, vi xi 42
- forray**, *vb* to ravage, raid, vi xi 40, *vin* VII 36, *pret* 1 xii 3
- forSst**, in x 41
- forsake**, to avoid, 1 xi 24, to renounce, II vi 21
- forslack**, to neglect, VII VII 45 **forslackt**, -ed, *pa part* v VII 3, vi xii 12
- forslow**, -sloe, to delay, hinder, iv x 15, VII, vi 16, S C *June* II 9
- forspent**, **fore**, *pa part* utterly wasted, ix 43, ^{iv} v 34
- forstall**, **forstallen**, to prevent, impede, in 1 46, v VII 4, S C *May* 273
- forswatt**, *ppl adj* covered with sweat, S C **April** 99
- forswonk**, *ppl adj* tired with hard work, S C *April* 99 **See swink**
- forthinke**, to renounce, iv xii 14, to regret, vi iv 32
- forthright**, straightway, immediately, n VII 35, straight forward, II xi 4, vi VII 7, S C *Aug* 83
- fortilage**, a small fort, II VII 43
- Fortune**, *sb* iv iv 37, v iv 6
- fortune**, *vb* to happen, I III 5, vi 20, iii II 22, v 18, vi VII 14, S C p 447, *Hubberd* 631
- fortunelesse**, unfortunate, iv viii 27
- fortunize**, to make fortunate, vi ix 30
- forwandrmg**, *pres part*, wandering astray, 1 vi 34 **forwarded**, *ppl adj* wandered astray, in xi 20
- forward**, **far**, in ix II
- forwarned**, *pa part* prevented, u 18
- forwasted**, *pret* 1 1 5, II x. 52, *ppl adj* 1 xi I laid utterly waste, ravaged
- forwearied**, *ppl adj* 1 1 32, ix 13, xi 45, *pa part* v v 50 utterly weaned
- forwent**, *pret of forgo*, left, in v 10, iv vi II, *Past Elegie* 174
- forworne**, *ppl adj* worn out, 1 vi 35
- foster**, **forester**, iii 1 17, iv 45, 50, v 13
- fouldrmg**, *ppl adj* thundering, II it 20
- foule**, **bird**, *Bellay* 97, *Sonnets* p 607
- fowle**, *adv* foully, iv vii 16
- foy**, allegiance, n x 41
- foyle**, *sb*¹ repulse, II III 13
- foyle**, *sb*² a thin layer (*Jig*), iv II 29
- foyle**, *vb* to defeat, overthrow, II x 48, v xi 31
- foynd**, *pret* lunged, thrust, ii v 9, Viii 47, iv III 25, v v 6
- foyson**, abundance, profusion, *Thest* 98
- fraight**, *ppl adj* fraught, I VII 35, S C *Sept* 84
- frame**, **sb** structure, construction, 1 x 59, II. II 12, III 1 31, *Clout* 287, web (*spiders*/), iv II 50, in, out off = in, out of condition, order, S C *Aug* 3, *Oct* 25,
- frame**, *vb* to make, form, 1 II 30, VII 13, in 1 24, III 12, *Teares* 203, *Muwp* 370, to support, 1 Viii 30, to direct, in 1 20, to set on the way, vi v 40, to plan, in x 16 J *refi* to direct, prepare, vi vi 25
- franchise**, privilege, iv ix 37
- franchisement**, deliverance, v xi 36
- francker**, *comp* more free, forward, II II 37, frank, free, *Hubberd* 531
- franckhn**, franklin, freeman, 1 x 6
- franion**, a loose woman, n II 37, v m 22
- fraught**, *adj* filled (*Jig*), v xi 8, 20
- fray**, *vb* to frighten, terrify, 1 1 38, 52, III 19, xii II, II Viii 46, VII 40, in III 12, v VII 15
- fraye**, *sb* battle, affray, iv 1 47
- frayle**, tender, in Viii 31, weak (*trans*/), iv vi 22
- j frend with God to f** = with God as help, 1 1 28, with love to f, in III 14
- frenne**, stranger, enem, S C *Apr*, 28
- fresh**, to freshen, revive, v v 45
- fret**, **sb** a carved border, iv xi 27
- fret**, **frett**, *vb* to devour, destroy, 1 vi 44, II ii 34
- fretted**, *pa part* adomed, II ix 37, III III 58
- friend**, to befriend, help, iv II 7, x 57
- frigot**, a light, swift vessel, frigate, II vi 7, xii 10

frise, fryse, fneze, decoration on a column, *Bellay* 45, *Sonnets* p 607
 friske, *sb* caper, gambol, iv. x 46
 Arise, *sb* frieze, coarse woollen cloth, VII vii 31
 fnse, *vb* to freeze {fig}, vi. x 33
 fro, from, I III 28, vi IX 33
 frohcke, *vb* to rejoice, be merry, vi III 9
 frolick, -e, *adj* joyful, merry, vi ix 42, VII vii 39
 fromwarde, *adv* turned away from, S C P 434
 front, *sb* forehead, I II 16
 fronting, *pres part* serving as a front to, *Betlay* 17
 forne, *pa part* frozen, S C Feb 243
 frory, frosty, frozen, III viii 30
 froth-fomy, foaming, I xi 23
 frounce, to gather m folds, I iv 14
 froward, *adj* perverse, II. II, 26, III v 7, *Hubberd* 66, *adv* = fromwaTd, away, vi x 24
 frowie, musty, stale, S C July iii
 fruit, offspring, S C p 435, fruit, S C Feb 128
 fry, *sb* swarm, I xii 7, S C Oct 14 fris, spawn, young fish, *Clout* 242
 fry, *fne, vb* tntr to boil, seethe (of water), II VII. 45, v II 15
 fryse, see frise
 fulfill, to fill, occupy, n xi 1 30
 fulmined, *pa part* fulminated, sent forth, III 11 5
 fume, *sb* tn a great/ - at great pressure (of vapour), *Three Lett* p 616
 fume, *vb* to pass away, *Clout* 720
 funerall, death, destruction, ii v 25, R T II 7, grave, monument, R R 37
 furniment, furnishing, fittings, iv ui 38
 furniture, gear, equipment, III 1 n, vi 18, S C p 430, *Mntop* 56 (plur), *Three Lett* P 615
 furre, furr, far, S C pp 418, 427, 458
 furst, first, III xi 1
 fylde, *pa part* telt, vi xii 21
 fyled, *pa part* filed, registered, vi VII 33
 fynd, *pa part* made fine, driven off (of chaff), S C Dec 125

G

gagd, *a part* pledged, risked, II III 14
 gage, *sb* pledge, I iv 39, xi 41, p 412, *Hubberd* 517, 865
 gainesay, *sb* contradiction, in II 15
 gain-, gamestrieue, to resist, strive against, II nr. 14, iv VII 12

gainsaying, *pres, part* protesting, p 408
 gainsaid, -sayd, *fret* opposed, II u 28, *pa part* denied, S C p 427
 galage, a wooden shoe (galoshe), S C Feb 244, Sept 131
 Galathea, pseudonym, *Clout* 516
 galingale, an aromatic East Indian plant, or English species of sedge, *Mutop* 194
 gall, bile, gall-bladder, I 1 19, II 6
 gallimaufray, jumble, medley, S C p 417
 gallow tree, gallows, *H Love* 1*3
 game, joke, I xii 8
 gamesom, -e, sportive, III iv 30, VII vi 51
 gan, did (properly began), I II 2, it vi 39, viii 8, in VII 45, 48, xviii to, v xi 2, *Daphn* I 115 Cf gin
 I gang, -e, to go, S C March 57, Sept 100, 155
 gard, protection, care, iii II 21
 garish, to cure, in v 41 Cf guarish
 garland, chief ornament, 'glory', R R 449
 garre, to make, cause, II v 19, S C April I, Spt 106
 gasp, to gasp (*Jig*), S C Nov 126 gasping, *ppl adj* gaping, gasping (fig) S C Apr 6
 gastfull, fearful, S C Aug 170
 gat, *pnt* got, iii v 7
 gate, *sb*¹ manner of going, gait, I vtu 12, m iv 32, v xii 14, S C p 467, *Daphn* 195, way, path, II xii 17.
 gate, *sb*² goat, S C May 177
 gate, *vb* pret got, obtained, *Jamor* Son 66
 gaule, gall, bitterness, *Three Lett* p 627
 gawdy green, green dyed with weld, yellowish green, S C May 4
 gaze atg, = astonished, bewildered, II u 5
 gazefull, gazing intently, lv x 28, *H Beautte* 29
 gazement, observation, v III 17
 gealosy, gelosy, -le, jealousy, I xii 41, II iv 34, *Love* 267
 geare, *sb* dress, apparel, II iv 26, fashion, iv xi 45, equipment, apparatus, v it 50, vi VIII 16, affair, matter, business, v VIII 30, vi III 6
 geare, *vb* to jeer, II vi 21
 geason, uncommon, extraordinary, vi iv 37, *Hubberd* 12, *Worlds Vanitte* 5
 geere, nutter, 'stuff', *Three Lett* p 626 Cf geare
 gelly, congealed, III iv 40
 gelt, *sb*¹ lunatic, iv VII 21
 gelt, *sb*² gold, S C Feb 65
 gelt, *pa part* gelded, VII vi 50, *Hubberd* 520 (fig)
 gent, gentle, 7 ix 6, 27, II 1 30, xi 17, III 1. I 44, iv 45, 49. TM 3

- gentlesse, gentleness vi iv 3
gere, foul matter, vi xii 28. Cf geare
gerVilan, brother, 1 v 10, 13, II viii 46
genie, to gnu, v VII 15 Cf gren
gesse, to deem, think, iv 1 7
gest¹, feat of arms, exploit, i. x 15, II ix
53, iv iv 36. x 4, Hubberd 978
gest², gesture, sign, II ix 26, countenance,
mien, bearing, m II 24, VIII 8, vi iv 14
gether, to gather, S C Apr 152
ghastmesse, tembleness, terror, ii III 44,
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ghastly, full of fear, III 1 62, terrible, III II
29
ghesse, to guess, to deem, judge, 1 vi 13, IV
v 45, vi II 45 ghest, *pa part* 1 vi 40
ghost, spirit, soul, 1 vii 21, II 1 42, iv III 13,
vii 41, person, creature, II III 26 ghoast,
apparition, vision, *Be Hay* II 3
ghostly, spiritual, Hubberd 280, 479
giambeux, leg-armour, greaves, II vv 29
gieft, gift, v x 14
gilden, *ppl adj* gilded, in iv 17, vi II 44,
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gillyflower, dovescented pink, *Amor Son*
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gin, so instrument of torture, rack, 1 v 35,
stratagem, plot, II III 13, 1" vii 7, snare, net,
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gin, gmne, gynne, *vb* to begin, 1 1 21, vi
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gipsen, gipsy, Hubberd 86
girland, -lond, gyrl-, band, vi ix 8, 'glory,'
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garland
giust, sb joust, tournament, 1 i, i, S C Oct 39
giust, *vb* to joust, tilt, III x 35, iv 1 II
glade, to gladden, vi x 44, *pret*, *Clout* 266
gladfull, joyful, iv vi 34, v III 34, 40, vin 6
gladfulness, joyfulness, *Mutop* 208
gladsome, cheerful, pleasant, Hubberd 20
glauie, iv. VII 28, glayue, v xi 58, glaiue,
iv x 19, Love 233 sword
glee, coupled with gold, app = glitter, 1 ix 32,
v xi 63, joy, mirth, happiness, iv ix 13, vi
III 43, exaltation, prosperity, S C Feb 224,
take in g = gladly accept, vi v 39
glenne, glen, valley, S C. Apr. 26
glib, a thick mass of nutterd hair on the fore-
head and over the eyes, iv VIII 12
glims, a momentary shining, glimpse, v vi 29,
vi VIII 48, *H Beutte* 221.
glister, to glitter, shine, in i 41, v ix 21,
C/ott/495 glistring, *ppl adj* II 14, IV 8,
vii. 34, m. xi 52, glyster, *Froth* 4
ghtterand, *ppl adj* glittering, shining, 1 iv
16, VII 29, ii xi 17, S C July 177,
glode, *pret* glided, passed, iv iv. 23
gloome, to gloom, become dusk, *Epith* 284
glose, -ze, to comment upon, interpret, *Gnat*
p 486, to flatter, talk speciously, *Three Lett*
p 629 glozmg, *ppl adj* flattering, deceit-
ful, in VIII 14
j glow, to be red as with glowing heat, iv VII 6
glutted, *pa part* filled, S C Sept 185
gnarre, to snarl, growl, 1 v 34.
gobbelme, goblin, II x 73
gobbet, piece (of flesh), lump (of food), 1 1
20, x 13, v VII 39
Godbewye, good-bye, *Two Lett* p 639
godded, *pret* deified, *Clout* 810
Goddilge ye, God yield you = God bless you,
Two Lett p 640
godhead, divinity, *Clout* 834
goe, *pa part* gone, S C July II 8
gondelay, gondola, II vi 2, II 1
good, goods, property, v 1 33, *knew his g.* =
knew how to behave, 1 x 7
goodly, *adv* courteously, 1 v 15, beautifully,
well, II VII 53, iv ix 14
goodlyhed, -lihead thy, *your g* = the per-
sonality of one who is goodly (a form of
adduss), II III 33, S C Feb 184, May 270,
goodly appearance, beauty, III II 38, vi II 25
gould, mangold, *Clout* 339
gorbellyed, /// corpulent, inflated, unwieldy,
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gore, to pierce, wound, II VII. 13, III II 63
gored, *ppl adj* 1 III 35, v 9
gore bioud, clotted blood, II 1 39
gorge, throat (internal), 1 1 19, vi iv 22,
maw, 1 xi 13
gorget, irmour for the throat, iv III 12
goshauke, a large short-winged hawk, v iv 42
gossip, relative, friend, 1 VII II, Hubberd 53,
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got, *pa part* won, iv 1 50, was got-had
betaken herself, iv xi 42
gourmandize, gur-, greediness, vi VIII 38,
x 34
gouernall, management, II VII 48
gouernance, -aunce, conduct, demeanour, II
12(), *Mwop* 384, *Clout* 503, restraint, II iv 7
gouernmg, *pres part* supporting, 1 vi 14,
vbl sb conduct, 1 VIII 28
gouernment, management (of body), 1 ix 10,
conduct, demeanour, iv v 20, v. VIII 3,
guidance, v iv 4.
grace, kindness, mercy, HI VII 59, favour,
Love 244, *Clout* 484, 500, *graces* = pleasing
qualities, *Epith* 107

- grace, *vb*, to favour, 1. x 64, vi xi 6, *Clout* 485 *graced*, *pp*/ *adj* favoured, embellished, VI. IX 8
- gracelesse, unfortunate, unlucky, IV III 8, cruel, merciless, v VII 18, S C *Aug* II 3
- grafted, *pa part* grafted, firmly fixed, S C *Feb* 242
- graft, *pa part*, *graft* i« = engrafted upon, *Clout* 918
- graille, -yle, gravel, 1 vii 6, v ix 19, 2k//ay¹⁵⁷
- graine rf/*rf in g = dyed thoroughly (orig in scarlet), 1 vii 1
- gramercy, -le, thank you, thanks, II vii 50, *sb*, *Three Lett* p 624
- grange, dwelling-place, vii vii 21
- grapple, s6 an instrument for grasping, v VIII 42
- graplement, clutch, grasp, II xi 29
- graphing, *pres part* gripping, wrestling, iv ix 29
- graae (*fig*), to move on devouring, to grow, be prevalent, S C *Sept* II 3
- graste, /a *part* graced, favoured, vi VII 16
- grate, to fret, harass, 1.1 19, II 1 56, m ix 14, *Hubberd* 1334
- gratulate, to greet, welcome, *Amor* *Ded* 1
- grayle', *grail*, holy vessel said to have been used at the Last Supper, II x 53
- grayle \ see *grail*
- greau, grove, thicket, in x 42, vi II 43
- gree¹, station, rank, degree, S C *July* 21 §
- gree², favour, goodwill, 1 v 16, II in 5, in *gree* = VIIth favour, p 410, to take it well in g = to take in good part, to consent, v vi 21
- greedie, -y (*transf*), greedily pursued, v iv 42, vi xi 17
- greet, to congratulate, 1 1 27, v III 14, 15, xi
- greete, s& weeping, lamentation, S C *Aug* 66
- greete, *vb* to weep, S C *Apr* 1
- gren, to grin, vi XII 27. *grenning*, *pres part* 1 vi II, *ppl adj* iv VII 24
- gride, -yde, to pierce (*lit* and *fig*), u VIII 36, HI u 62, ix 29, iv vi 1, *Gnat* 254 *gride*, -yde, *pa part* in II 37, S C *Feb* 4, *Aug* 95
- griefull, -ff, sorrowful, iv 1 16, vi VIII 40
- griesie, gryesy, grey, grizzled, 1 ix 35, in 167
- gnesly, -isely, -lie, *adj* hornble, gnm, ghastly, 1.1 37, v 20, 30, ix 21, II 1 39, vi 18, ix 29, VII 6, in 1 14, IV 52, vi 37, xii II, iv III 13, S C *Nov* 55, *Dec* 68, *adv* iv vi 40
- grieuauce, hurt, pain, iv. iv 26
- griued, *ppl adj* injured, i, VIII 17
- grm, to gnash (the teeth), v iv 37
- gripe, grype, *sb* grasp, v xi 27, vi iv 7
- gripe, *vb* to grasp, understand, p 408 *griped*, *ppl adj*, 1. xi 41, *grypt*, *pa part* vi III 28 *grasped*
- griple, s6 grasp, v II 14, *adj* grasping, greedy, 1 iv 31, *tenacious*, vi iv 6
- gronefull, full of groans, mournful, II xi 42
- groome, young man, iv v 36, v 1 12, vi iv 42, ix 5, *shepherd*, *Clout* 12
- groase, *adj* heavy, 1 xi 20, *sb* the whole, S C *Sept* 135
- grossenesse, stupidity, S C p 419
- ground, reason, cause, *Clortnda* 24
- grounded, /?? *adj* ill g seeds = seeds planted in bad soil, iv iv 1, *pa part* based, *Three Lett* p 621
- groundhold, anchors of a vessel, vi iv 1
- groueling, prone, hiving the face towards the ground, flat, ii 1 45, viii 32, xi 34, III 1 38, IV 17, v 23, vi 1 39
- groynd, *pret* growled, vi xii 27
- grudge, *sb* ill will, resentment, III iv 61, iv ix 32
- grudgemg, *vb* to complain, murmur, v VII 37 f *Pres Part* murmuring, II 1 42, *ppl adj* complaining, repining, 1 II 19, v x 37
- gruteh, to murmur, complain, II II 34
- gryfon, -phon, griffin, viilture, 1 v 8, n xi 8
- gryping, *vbl sb* grip, grasp, 1 xi 20 Cf *gripe*
- grysie, horrible, grim, grisly, II xi 12, m VII 19
- guansht, *pret* healed, iv iii 29 Cf *garish*
- guerdon, reward, 1 x 59, iv III 16, v III 14, S C *Nov* 45, *Clout* 943
- guilen, to beguile, deceive, III ix 7
- guiler, deceiver, II VII 64, III x 37
- guilt, gilded, VII VII 28
- guise, -ze, -yse, mode (of life), behaviour, 1 iv 20, vi 25, v xi 19, vi v 2, custom, mode, fashion, III 1 39, IV x 6, 49, vi II 6, condition, vi vi 32
- gulfe, voracious appetite, 'maw,' S C *Sept* 185
- gurmandize, see *gourmandize*
- gust, taste, flavour, VII VII 39
- gut, stomach, *Hubberd* 212
- gybe, to jibe, jeer, S C p 437, *Hubberd* 714
- gyeld, meeting-place of a guild, guild-house, II VII 43
- gynne, gynst, see *gin*
- gyre, whirl, revolution, II v 8, ring, circle, in 1 23
- gyu'd, *pa part* bound, fettered, v iv 35

H

haberjeon, -geon, a sleeveless coat of mail, II vi 29, in m 57, v v 2
 habiliment, *sing* 1 vi 30, *plm* 1 III 17, MI 5, II 1 22, vi iv 4, Hubberd no equipment, dress, clothes
 hability, ability, vi III 7
 habitaunce, dwelling, II VII 7
 liable, able, powerful, 1 xi 19, VII vii 31
 hacqueton, a stuffed jacket worn under the mail, II vii 38
 had ywist (*lit* had I known) = a vain regret, Hubberd 893
 hagard, wild, untamed, 1 xi 19
 hale, *sb* well-being, welfare, *Past Elegie* 103
 hale, hayle, *vb* to drag, pull, II iv 8, 14, iii iv 31, v II 26, vi 1 17
 halfen, half *half en eye* — half sight, one eye, in x 5
 halfendeale, *adv* half, iii ix 53.
 halhdome, only in asseveration by my h., Hubberd 545
 hallow, to consecrate, in iv 10, *pa part*, S C Feb 210
 hallowing, *pres. part* shouting, hallooing, vi vii 40
 ham, thigh, II III 27, v v 2
 han, *pi* have, S, C March 62, May 49, 168, July 40, 203, Sept 163, Oct 16, II 7, Dec 112
 hand out ofh = at once, m v 3, v iv 32
 handeled, *pret used*, in 1 ii
 handsell, reward, vi xi 15
 handsome, handy, suitable, in vii 60
 hap, *sb* lot, fortune, fate, 1 iv 49, II iv 43, iv II 43, vi iv 36, Worlds Vanttie 45, Epigrams p 607 t by hap — by chance, Amor p 577
 haplesse, bearing misfortune, iv iv 21
 happily, -ely, by chance, II Prol 3, iv iv. 6, xi 52, VII 32, S C March 31
 happy, successful, in 1 10
 harbenger, host, entertainer, Daphn 470
 harbour, -brough, shelter, II 7, S C June 18
 hard, *pret* heard, in II 21, Hubberd 267, *pa part* II ix 25
 hardiment, courage, boldness, audacity, 1 14, ix 12, II 1 27, II 37, III 1 2, v 10, v vip 23, Amor p 577, daring exploit, in ix 53
 hardnesse, rudeness, iv vii 60
 hardyhedde, -hed, boldness, audacity, courage, p 416, 1 iv 38, -R.K 143 (hardie head), Muiop 27

hamesse, arms, weapons, v iv 36, harnesses bearingst. armour-bearing, II xi 43
 Harpalus, pseudonym, Clout 380
 harrow, *interj* a cry of distress or alarm, II vi 43, 49, VII 46
 harrowd, *pret* harried, 1 x 40
 harten, to incite, encourage, R R 300, *pa part* iv ix 34
 hartie, courageous, 1 ix 25
 hartie-hale, healthy, Muiop 188
 hartlesse, -les, timid, without courage, disheartened, II II f, Hubberd 1355, Clout 9, 228
 hart roote, depth of the heart, S C Dec 93
 hart sore, cause of grief, II 1 2
 harts ease, tranquillity, peace of mind, Epitaph (2) 25
 haske, rush or wicker basket, S C Nov 16
 hatching, *vbl sb* process of production, Three Lett p 611
 hauberque, -berk, bergh, coat of mail, II VII 44, III iv 16, xi 52, IV ix 27
 naught, noble, 1 vi 29
 haulft, *pret* embraced, iv III 49
 halt, haughty, vi II 23
 haulting, *pp/ adj* halt, lame, Two Lett p 640
 haunt, haunten, to frequent, visit, 1 xi 2, £ C March III, July 78, to pursue, molest (*fig*.) 1 xi 27
 haueour, -lour, bearing, deportment, behaviour, II II. 15, III vi 52, xii 3, S C Api 66
 hayling, hay Id, *see* hale
 haynous, heinous, hateful, vi 1 18
 hazarded, *pret* endangered, Muiop 378
 hazardize, penlousposition, conditional VII 19
 hazardry, venturesomeness, II v 13, gaming, playing at dice, iii 1 57
 headinesse, hastiness, rashness, S C p 417.
 headlesse hood, *lit* hood without a head, hence, *perh* = brainless head, S C Feb 86
 headpeace, head, S C May 242
 heape, *sb* multitude, troop, 1 iv 16
 heaped, *ppl adj* profuse, v VII 23
 heard¹, herd, III vii 1, iv iv 35
 heard², keeper of a herd of cattle, vi ix 4, 10, 12
 heardgroomer, herdsman, vi xi 39, s C Feb 35, Aug 45
 heardman, herdsman, S C Feb Arg
 heare, *sb* hair, 1. VII 32, II ix 13, III xii 17, Thest 26, Past Aeglogue II 8
 heare, -y, to be spoken of, 1 v 23
 hearie, -y, hairy, m 1 16, iv VII 12
 heast, hest, bidding, command, behest, 1 vii 18, iv III 39, v v 25, 43, if Love 161, Amor p 578, vow, vi VII 24, name, iv xi 50.
 I heben, -e, *sb* ebony-tree, II VII 52, ebony-

- wood, *Petrarch* 16, *adj* of ebony wood, 1
 Prol 3, vii 37, iv v 8
 hedded, *ppl adj ill h* = with the head affected
 by wine, iv 1 3
 headstall, the part of a bridle that fits round the
 head, v III 33
 heed, *sb* care, caution, v x 1 18
 heed, *vb* to notice, perceive, v VIII 4
 heedfull, careful, v VIII 32.
 heedinesse, needfulness, caution, v vi 34,
 attentiveness, vi vi 26
 needy, heedie, careful, v i\ 13, *S C Sept*

 heeling, heel-piece of a stocking, *Hubberd* 213
 heft, *pret* raised, 1 xi 39, threw, iv III 12
 helme, helmet, iv II 17
 helpless, inevitable, that cannot be helped,
 1 iv 49, vii. 39, affording no help, from which
 rescue is impossible, II. xii 4
 hem, them, *S C May* 129, 304, 313, *June* 76,
Sept II 3, 157
 heme (1597 heame), < ufo home, 5* *C Nov* 98
 hend, to seize, grasp, v xi 27
 henge, axis (of earth), 1 xi 21
 hent, *pret* took, seized, ii II i, iv 12, xi 17,
 vii VII 32, *S C Feb* 195, *March* 89 *hent*,
hentest, in hand- undertook, iii VII 61, *S C*
July 37 *hent*, *pa part* taken, seized, ii
 iv 49, vi xi 31, *R T* 677
 hept, *pret* heaped, dealt in large quantities, III
 VII 33 Cf heaped,
 her¹, their, *S C May* 160, *Sept* 39
 her *, he, him, *S C Sept* I, 2, 3, 4
 herbar, herb-garden, II ix 46
 here by there, here and there, *S C Sept* 63
 hernesshaw, heron, vi VII 9
 hersall, rehearsal, iii xi 18.
 herse, ceremonial, III II 48, the solemn obse-
 quy in a funeral, *S C Nov* 60, 70 & c, 200
 hery, -ye, topraise, glorify, *S C Feb* 62, *Nov*
 10 *herried*, *hened*, *pa part* honoured,
 praised, II xii 13, in 1 43
 hest, see heast
 nether, hither, 1 1 43, vi VIII 46, *S C Apr*

 hetherto, hitherto, *S C p* 420
 hetherward, hither, *S C Aug* 46
 hew¹, form, shape, condition (hue), 1 1 46, II
 40, III II, ix 20, in. vi 33, 35
 hew², hacking, slaughter, vi VIII 49
 heydeguy, a kind of country dance, *S C*
June 27
 bidder, a young male sheep, *S C Sept* 211
 hide, tee hye
 night, *sb* • on h = aloud, vi vi 24
 bight, *vb*. to designate, choose, name, vi. VII.
 31, *pres* means, purports, *S C Sept* 17 a, Is
 called, p 409, *pret* was called, II u 35, m
 1 24, IV xi 50, *pa part* committed, entrusted,
 1 iv 6, iv x 38, called, II iv 41, ix 59, ap-
 pointed, designated, iv VII 17, assigned, or-
 dained, iv. vin 54, v iv 9, meant, directed,
 v xi 8, destined, vi iv 36, called, summoned,
Daphn II
 hild, *pret* held, iv. iti 42, xi 17
 hinder, *adj* back, at the back, 1 iv 5, iii vi
 32, *S C May* 243, *Mmop* 403
 hipp, fruit of the wild rose, *Hubberd* 948
 hippodame, sea-horse, II ix 50, III. xi 40
 hire, hyre, s6 wages, vi xii 6, reward, bribe,
 vii iv 43, 45
 hire, *vb* to bribe, *Hubberd* 682
 hoare, hore, frosty, II xii 10, iv xi 46, grey,
 1. iii 10, *Clout* 57, ancient, II vii *Arg*
 hoarie, hoary, grey, *Mutop* 328, *A frosts*
 hoar-frost, 1. x. 48, *S C Jan* 33
 hodgepodge, mixture, medley, *S C p* 417
 hold, *sb* refuge, shelter, II II 44.
 hole, whole, well, better (of a wound), III v
 43, VII 38
 holme, holm-oak, *Gnat* 215
 holpen, *pa part* helped, vi VIII 25
 homely, *adv* kindly, vi ix 17, familiarly,
Three Lett p 614
 hong, *pa part* hung, III vi 18
 hont, to hunt, *S C Dec* 82
 hood, state, condition, v VII 21.
 hoord, *vb* to conceal, iv. xi 43, vi iv 29,
pret piled, *Gnat* 657, *ppl*, *adj* stored up,
 treasured, iv ix 12
 hooued, *pret* waited, lingered, *Clout* 666
 Cf honing, *vb*²
 hopelesse, unhoped for, unexpected, in v 34
 hore, see hoare
 horld, *pa part* hurled, *R R* 274
 horrid, bristling, rough, 1 vii 31, III xi 44
 horror, roughness, 1 vi II,
 horsefoot Helicon, *Hippocrene H* (so called
 because it was fabled to have been produced by
 a stroke of Pegasus* hoof), *Tearres* 271
 hospitage, position of a guest, guestship, m
 x 6.
 host, host©, *vb* to entertain, receive as a
 guest, in ix *Arg*, iv via 27, to be a guest,
 lodge, vi ix. *Arg* to h = to be guests, *Gnat*
 190
 hoste, *sb* army, v xi 42
 hostlesse, inhospitable, iii xi 3
 hostry, lodging, shelter, v x 23
 hot, *hote*, *pret* was called, 1 xi 29, IV iv 40,
S C, Sept 194, named, mentioned, 5. *C July*
 164. Cf night, *vb*.

- heure, howre, time, II III 34, *plur* vi \ 35a. the seven daily offices of the church, *good A.* *good fortune, vi IX 39
 housiing, sacramental (*trans/*), I VII 37
 houe, *vb*² to rise, I II 31
 honing, *vb*² *pres part* floating, m yii 27
 houed, *pret* waited, lingered, iii x 20 Cf *houed*
 how be, although, S C July 95
 howlet, owl, owlet, *Three Lett* p 621
 hoye, a small vessel, II x 64
 hoyse, to raise up, *Three Lett* pp 615, 618
 hububs, shouts, noise, in x 43
 huckster *k man* — man who bargains, *Hubberd* 925
 hugger mugger, concealment, secrecy, *Hubberd* 139
 humine, human, iv II 51, *Clout* 351
 humblesse, humbleness, humility, I II 21, III 26, xii 8, *Amor* Son 2
 humors, -ours, fluids in the body which were supposed to affect or determine a person's temperament, R R 320, *proud h* = pride, I x 26, *sad h* = sadness, iv x 50, sleep, I I 36
 hurly-burly, commotion, tumult, v III 30
 hurtle, hurtlen, to rush, dash, I iv 16, 40, vii 17, iv iv 29, to brandish, wave, II vii 42
 hurtlesse, harmless, I vii 31
 husband, farmer, husbandman, iv III 29, *Hubberd* 266, *husbandfarme* = farm, iv iv 35.
 husher, usher, I iv 13.
 hy, hye, high, I 1. 8, *Proth* 28.
 hyacine, hyacinth (precious stone), II VII 54
 hydra, -dre, a fabulous many headed snake, supposed to have been killed by Hercules, II xii 23, vi xii 32
 hye, hie, to hasten, iv xi 6, S C Apr 128, May 317 hide, *pret* hastened, II xi 25
 hyldmg, base, worthless, vi v 25
 hynd, hynde, servant, rustic labourer, vi viii 12, x 3, xi 27, R R 244
 hypocrase, a cordial made of wine flavoured with spices, *Three Lett* p 615
- I
- idee, idea, conception, *H Love* 284
 idle, ydle, causeless, baseless, I xii 9, III vi 54, empty, I v 8
 idole, image, counterpart, imitation, II II 41, iv v 15
 ill-faate, evil-faced, ugly, II xii 36
 illfaouredly, in a bad or unpleasant way, *Three Lett* p 611 Cf *fauoured*.
 ill faoured, *ppl adj*, *evi* *Mooring*, n 1 15
 illude, to elude, evade, II v 9
 illustrate, to render illustrious, *Amor*, p 562
 image, *Teares* 201
 imbeziled, *pa part* taken away, stolen, R T p 470
 imbrast, *pa part* embraced, iv viii 59
 imbrew, to thrust, I vi 38, to stain, vi v 5, *pa part* spilt, in III 38 Cf *embrew*
 immeasurd, -ed, unmeasured, enormous, II x 8, xii 23
 immixing, *pres part* mingling, iv III 47
 imp, ymp, -e, *sb* scion, child, offspring (*ItU* and *fig*), i Prol 3, III v 53, VII 7, iv xi 10, vi II 38, p 410, R T 272, young shoot, scion, iv xi 26, v xi 16, *Teares* 75
 impacable, inappeasable, implacable, iv it 22, R T 395
 impart, to allow, grant, III II 1
 impe (a wing), *vb* to engraft feathers in a wing so as to improve the powers of flight, *H Beautie* 135 *ympt*, *pa, part* (*transf*), fastened, iv ix 4
 impeach, to hinder, prevent, *Gnat* 576 Cf *empeach*.
 imperceable, not pierceable, I xi 17
 impertinent, irrelevant, S C p 419
 impictured, *pa part* impressed as with a picture, *Past, Elegie* 163
 implacable, iii vii 35
 implore, entreaty, II v 37
 imployd, *pret* found employment for, *Epi-taph* (1) 25
 implye, to enfold, I iv 31, vi 6, to entangle I xi 23, to contain, in vi 34
 importable, unbearable, II viii 35
 importune, *adj* heavy, severe, grievous, I, xi 53, xii 16, II vi 29, vin 38, xi 7, vi. 1 20, *Mutop*. 230, troublesome, in III 44, *Daphn* 387, persistent, pertinacious, vi xi 6
 importune, *vb* to portend, import, in i 16
 importunely, importunately, urgently, II viii 4
 impresse, to affect, influence, *Love* 170
 imprest, *pret* stamped, marked, ii xi 5, produced by pressure, imprinted, iv III 34, *pa part* imprinted, iii xii 33
 improvided, unforeseen, I VII 34
 in, inne, abode, lodging, dwelling (*lit* and (*fig*) i i 33, VII 32, in III.30, *Daphn* 469
 inburning, *ppl adj* burning internally, iii 1 .53, iv vin 17
 incense, *sb*, *Bellay* 143, *Epigrams* p 608
 incessantly, immediately, without pausing, vi I sv 2

- incline, to apply oneself, vi in 3
 incontinent, forthwith, immediately, 1 vi 8,
 iv III 18, v ix 18, VII VII 17, *Elegie* 61
 indew, to put on, III vi 35 indewed, pret
 took in, 'inwardly digested,' III x 9 in-
 dewd, *pa part* invested, II II 6, iii III 38
 Cf endew
 indifferent, fair, just, in ii 1, impartial, v
 ix 36
 indifferently, impartially, VII VII 14
 indignaunoe, indignation, III xi 13
 mdigne, unworthy, iv 1 30
 indigmfle, to dishonour, treat with indignity,
Clout 583 -fyde, pret vi 1 30
 indited, *pa part* indicted, vi VII 35
 infant, a youth of noble or gentle birth, ii viii
 56, xi 25, v viii 41, vi viii 25
 inferd, *pa part* inflicted, vi viii 31
 infest, *adj* hostile, vi iv 5, vi 41
 infest, *vb* to attack, assail (*fig*), 1 xi 6,
Worlds Vamtie 53
 infestred, *ppl adj* festered, vi xi 24
 infinite, II ix 50, in vi 35
 inflame, to set on fire, *Gnat* 510
 influence, an ethereal fluid supposed to flow
 from the stars or heaven and affect the destiny
 of men, 1 viii 42
 inforcement, compulsion, v xi 52
 informed, *pa part* formed, fashioned, in
 vi 8
 infuse, infusion, *H Love* 47
 ingate, entrance, iv x 12, *R T* 47
 ingenerate, *ppl adj* innate, in vi 3
 ingoe, ingot, mass of cast metal, n vii 5
 inherite, to receive as one's lot, vi ix 25
 inholder, tenant, VII VII 17
 inly, inwardly, II xi 21, xii 28, III 1 55, II
 11, xi 27, vi v 38, VII vi 25, *S C May* 38
 (*Glosse* entirely), *Gnat* 275, *Mutop* 343, *Three*
Lett p 628, thoroughly, *S C Sept* 161
 inquire, to inquire, seek information, 1 i 31
 inquest, quest, search, knightly expedition,
 in II 4, v 1 13, vi xi 42
 inquire, -quyre, to call, name, n x 12, to
 seek, request v xi 58
 insight, in in ii, v ix 39
 insolence, pride, *Teares* 72, exiiltation,
Clout 622
 insolencie, pride, *S C May* II 8
 insolent, rude, barbarous, in iv 50
 mspyre, to breathe, blow, II III 30
 insu'th, follows, *Elegie* 83 Cf ensue
 intend, to call, name, VII vi. 9, *pret refl*,
 directed, II iv 46, *ppl adj* outstretched, 1 ix
 38; directed, iv 1 27
 intendiment, attention attentive considera-
 tion, 1 xii 31, knowledge, understanding, in
 v 33, VII 5, *Teares* 144
 intendment, intention, design, p 408
 intent, purpose, intention, II 1 22, vi VIII 15,
Gnat 274, *R R 288 Amor Son* 25, quest,
 v VIII. 3 in *this I* = in this respect, vi ix
 20
 mtentive, attentive, v ix 14
 mteresse, interest, VII vi 33
 interlace, to intermingle, cross each other
 intricately, v III 23 (*tntr*), *pres part* inter-
 spersing, vi. xii 33
 mtermedled, *pa part* intermixed, p 408
 intermitted, *pa part* suspended, left oft, *Two*
Lett p 635
 intimate, to communicate, in ix 30, vi in
 12
 mtire, sincere, genuine, v VIII 12 Cf en-
 tire
 mtreat, to prevail upon, induce, II u 35, to
 describe, treat of, v 1 1 Cf entreat
 mtreatfull, supplicating, full of entreaty, v
 x 6
 mtrmsecall, interior, internal, *Three Lett*
P 615
 mtrold, obscure reading in II II 44 (v II en-
 troid, enroll)
 mtuse, bruise, in v 33
 inure, to practise, exercise, *Amor Son* 21
 Cf. enure
 muade, to go, enter, II x 6, in vi 37, to
 intrude upon, attack, vi III 8
 muent, to find, discover, 1 vi 15, in v 10, v
 II 20, *Amor Son* 82
 inuest, to put on, iv v 18
 irke, to weary, iv VII 15
 irkesome, yrkesome, tired, 1 i 55, II 6
 irrenowmed, unrenowned, n 1 23
 isope, hyssop, *Mutop* 190
 issew, *sb issue*, in ix 15, xii 43
 isseVed, -'d, in VII 19, ix 15, xii 3, 5, 27,
 iv vi 3, v III 20, issuing, v iv 50,
 issu'd, v III 4, issue, *Elegie* 231 to
 issue

JO

- lacke of both sides, a person who sides first
 with one side and then with another, a
 trimmer, *Three Lett* p 621
 I lackemate, companion, *Three Lett* p 622
 Iacobs, Iakob staffe, a pilgrim's staff, 1 vi
 35, *Daphn* 41
 lade, contemptuous name for a horse, hack,
 in. 1 17, vi. vii 40, term of reprobation
 I applied to a woman, II, xi 31.

- iane, small silver com of Genoa introduced into England towards the end of the fourteenth century, III VII 58
- larre, discord, dissension, quarrelling, II II 26, iv 41, v 16
- iasp, jasper, *Bellay* 25
- lauel, -ell, rascal, *Hubberd* 309, 712
- leopard-dee, -le, danger, peril, *Hubberd* 98, in *his t* -into danger at his hands, II iv 43
- lessemyne, jasmine, *Amor* Son 64
- leases, straps of leither, silk, &c, fastened round the legs of hawks, vi iv 19
- lollity, -ee, revelry, II xii 60, III 1 40, S C *May* 192
- lolly, -le, gallant, brave, fine, II 1, II II, m 1 45, iv 1 32, cheerful, *Hubberd* 422, big, S C *Sept* 165
- lollyhead, jollity, merriment, vi xi 32
- lollyment, mirth, enjoyment, joyfulness, II vi 3, iv xi 12, vi II 16
- lott, least portion, 1 x 26
- lournall, daily, diurnal, 1 xi 31, p 210
- louysaunce, -isaunce, merriment, mirth, S C *May* 25, Nov 2
- louial, under the influence of the planet Jupiter, regarded as the source of joy and happiness, II, xii 51
- loy, to enjoy *loyed*, *ioyd*, *pret* 1 iv 46, II x 53, in 1 37 *loymg*, *pres part trans* deriving enjoyment from, III vi 48, to rejoice, delight, 1 vi 1, 17, *Mutop* 99 *ioy'd*, *pret*, *Hubberd*, 707 *loymg*, *pres part*, R R 198
- loyance, -aunce, enjoyment, mirth, joy, i iv 37, III xii 18, *Mutop* 208, *Past Elegie* 25, enjoyment (of a person), vi xi 7
- loynted, *pret* disjointed, dismembered, v xi 29
- luncats, -ates, sweetmeats, delicacies (junks), v iv 49, *Amor* Son 77
- K
- kaies, keys, iv x 18
- keasars, see kesars
- keep, *keepe*, *sb* heed, care, to take *k* = (1) to take heed, notice, 1 1 40, in x 38, \ IX 13, xii 42, *Gnat* 241, (2) to take care (of), S C *Dec* 8, that which is kept, a charge, S C *July* 133, keeping, care, charge, *Hubberd* 290
- keepe, *vb* to tend, guard, S C *May* 129, *July* 200, *Dec* 137
- keeping *bee at your k* = be on your guard, I xi 2
- keight, *pret* caught, III II 30, v vi 29
- I kemd, *pa pari* combed, v VII 4
- ken, to ascertain, discover, *Beautie* 88 *kend*, *pa part* known, 1 xii 1, ascertained, discovered, II VIII 19, recognized, S C *May* I 237 *kent*, *kend*, *pret* discovered, in VII 19; recognized, iv x 14, knew, v xi 20, ! caught sight of, described, v xi 43, *Clout* 272 *kenst* = *knowe* < t, S C *Feb* 85, *March* 28, *Apr* 21, *May* 215
- kernes, rustics, peasants, S C *July* 199
- kerue, to pierce, cut, iv 1 4
- kesars, keasars, kaisers, emperors, II VII 5, iv VII I, *Teares* 570
- kest, *pa part* 1 xi 31, *pret* II xi 42, vi xii 15 *cast*
- kestrell, *lit* a small hawk, applied as a contemptuous designation, base, II III 4
- ketch, to catch, II 1.4, in vi 37
- key colde, cold as a key (*Jig*), *Three Lett* p 621.
- kight, kite, n viii 16
- kind, kynd, -e, nature, 1 II 43, III 44, II II 36, v 28, in II 40, vi 8, fashion, manner, II III 40, III xii 22, sex, III II 4, family kin, p 4 II, respect, manner, S C p 418
- kindly, -ely, natural, innate, 1 III. 28, VIII II, x 47, III ix 33, *Two Lett* p 636
- kmred, kindred, n x 35, S C *May* 271
- kirtle, a tunic, originally a garment reaching to the knees or lower, 1 iv 31, S C *Aug* 67
- knack, trinket, knick knack, S C *May* 286
- knee, projection, crag, 1 ix 34
- knife, sword, II v 9
- knowe, />a *part* known, S C *Sept* 161.
- kodpeasd, pp/ *adj* furnished with a *cod-ptee* or bagged appendage to the front of the close-fitting hose or breeches worn by men from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, *Three Lett* p 625
- kon, to know, *Clout* 294 *kond*, *pret* v vi. 35 Cf *con*
- kurre, dog, cur, S C *Sept* 182
- kydst, *pret* knewest, S C *Dec* 92
- kynded, *pa part* begotten, v v 40
- L
- L, Lord, S C p 420
- lace, thread, iii II 50
- lacke, loss, absence, *Epitaph* (2) 12
- lackey, to act as a lackey, run as a footman, vi II 15
- lad, *pret* led, II xii 84, in xii 16, iv VIII 2, v VII 37
- lade, to load, v v 54

- laesie, -y, lazy, idle, 1 IV 36, m VII 12, S C. Feb. 9, July 33, *Clout* 372, 766
- laire**, resting-place (of a corpse), grave, n VHL 51
- lamentable**, lamenting, mournful, vi iv 29, nil 3
- lamping**, *ppl adj* flashing, resplendent, in III I, *Amor* Son I
- lanck**, slim, slender, III vi 18, ix 21
- landheartis**, flocks, *Clout* 277
- langourous**, sorrowful, II 1 9
- languishment, suffering, trouble, iv VIII 16, VII 23, R T 159
- lap**, to fold, wrap up, II in 30, III v 51, *pa part* lapped m, enfolded, surrounded with (*Jig*) v vi 6
- larded**, /' / fattened, S C Feb IIc
- lare, pasture, iv, VIII 29
- large**, at I = at length, iv vii 34
- largebelled**, *ppl adj* adorned with large bells, *Three Lett* p 625
- larumbell**, alarm bell, II ix 25
- latched**, *vb*¹ *pret* caught, S C March 93
- latch**, *vb*⁸ to fasten, S C May 291
- later**, recent, last, 1 1 32
- latest**, last, *Dapkn* 263
- lattice**, screen, in VII 15
- launce, scale, balance, III vii 4
- launch**, to pierce, vi II 6, VIII 48 launcht, *pret* 1 III 42. launched, *pret* darted, II vi 20 launcht, *pa part* 1 iv 46, iv vi 40, x i. launched, II 1. 38, in II 37, vi 52, *Amor* Son 57 launohedst, iv vii. I lauer, basin, II xii 62
- lawnds**, open spaces among woods, glades, iv x 24
- laxatiue**, profuse, copious, *Two Lett*, p 639
- lay**, **laye**, *sb*¹ song, 1 x 54, II x 59, p 409, 'strain,' II 1 35, vi xi 5, *Clout* 423
- lay**, *sb*^{6~}~lea, m VIII 15, x 23, *Gnat* n o
- lay**, *vb*. *lay on load*, *lode* = to deal heavy blows, II xi 29, iv iv 23, ix 22, 33, to deposit, II VII 3 *layd*, *pa part* brought down, reduced (of a swelling), S C Oct II9, *ppl adj* subdued, S C Oct 12
- laye**¹, ? place of rest, m VII 44, *pi*, S C Nov 15
- laye'**, laity, S C May 76
- laye***, law, II x 42
- lay-stall**, dung-heap, refuse-heap, 1 v 53
- lazars**, lepers, 1 iv 3
- lea**, open ground, meadow land, plain, S C. Feb. 158, *Jtdy* 122, the watry I = the water, iv ii 16
- leach**, doctor, 1 v 17, III III 18, iv 41, iv vii 1
- leach craft, medicine, III III 17
- leaohour, lecher, debauchee, 1 III Arg.
- leade, to live, pass one's life, S C July 102, 185
- leafe, trust, faith / and love, *Amor*. Son 28
- leake, leaky, 1 v 35, vi VIII 24
- leames, gleams, rays, *Epigrams* p 608
- leaneth, depends, S C p 420
- leany, lean, thin, S C July 199
- leapes, baskets in which to catch or keep fish, S C p 466
- leare, lore, 'art', III xi 16, iv III 40, vi iv 4 leares = lessons, III VII 21
- learned, *pa part* taught, 1 vi 12
- leasing, losing, lie, falsehood, 1 vi 48, II ix 51, xi 10, iv VIII 24, v II 33, S C May 285, *Hubberd* 699, 73}, *Clout* 696, lying, falsehood, S C 6ept 130, *Clout* 102
- least, *conj* lest, III VIII 24, v xi 26, vi VIII I, X' 43
- least, *adv* at I = at last, it x 68
- leau'd, *pret* raised, II x 31
- leauy, leafy, iv x 45
- ledden, speech, iv xi 19, *Clout* 744
- lee, river, v II 19, R T 603
- leese, to lose, S C Sept 135
- lefte, *pret* lifted, it, III 34
- legierdemame, sleight of hand, v ix 13, *Hubberd* 701
- leman, lemVIIan, lover, 1 1 6, vii 14, II v 28, III u 20, VIII 40, iv 1 9, v VIII 2
- lend, to give, II ix 58, to cause, iv xii 21, *pret* gave, dealt, n, v 6, v 1 21, *pa part* granted, given, v xi 42
- lengd, *pret* tarried, remained, S C May 250
- lenger, longer, 1 1 22, iii 19
- lere, *sb* lesson, S C May 262, instruction, lore, *Clout* 783, *plur* vi II 31
- lere, *vb* to learn, S C Dec 4
- lessoned, *pret* instructed, III vi 51
- lest, to listen, vi 1 17
- let, *sb* hindrance, obstacle, 1 VIII 13, II xi. 31, iv 1 12, hesitation, vi vi 20
- let, *vb*¹ to leave, II vi 16 let be (*tmper*) = cease from, II III 16
- let, *vb*² to hinder, prevent, 1 VII 20, II 1 47, VIII 28, III v 17, v II 4, ix 7, *Past Elegte* 126 let, *pa part* vi VII. I
- leuell, to direct, III ix 1 leveled, *pret*. II xii 34
- leuer, rather, 1 ix 32, in ii 6 me I were = I would rather, m v 7 Cf liefie, lieber
- leuin, lightning, in v 48, v. vi. 40, S C July 91, Aug 87 levin-brond = flash of lightning, vii. vi 30

- lew'd, poor, 'sorry,' *S C Feb* 245, foolish, *I ix 7, S C. May* 164, *June* 17, *pret* 1 II 22, in II 15, *him, thee, me, & c, hst (impers)* = it pleased him, & c, he liked, *I. vii. 35, II VII 18, 19, iv ix 35*
- lew'dly, wickedly, basely, *iv. VIII 24, vi vi 17, S C Feb 9*
- lew'dnesse, -nes, wickedness, *m iv 58, v*
- libbard, leopard, 1 vi 25, II III 28, VII VII 29
- lich, like III VII 29
- lidge, ledge, *v vi 36*
- lief, lief, *sb and adj* dear, beloved, 1 III. 28, *ix. 17, II 1 16, ix 4, in 1 24, II 33, iv III 52, vi xii 17, S C July* 165, *Clout* 16, agreeable, *iii. VIII, 42, lfe or loth, iii. ix 13, vi 1. 44, / or sorry, VII vi 8 = willing or unwilling liefer {comp}, preferable, II iv. 28, III 1 24 liefest (superl), dearest, II 1. 52, in II 33, x 15, S C Aug* 192
- liege, *sb* lord, superior to whom one owes allegiance and service, II III 8, *ix 4 (Jig), \i VII 23*
- liege, *adj* loyal, faithful, *Clout* 793
- liegeman, a vassal sworn to the service and support of his superior lord, II III 9, *plur m 1 30*
- hen, lyen, *pa part* lain, *iv ix 4, p 412*
- hfull, lyfull, giving or bestowing life, *vi xi 45, Epith* II 8
- hg, ligge, liggen, to he, *vi iv 40, S C May* 125, 217, *Sept* II 8, *Oct* 12, 63.
- light, *vb* to relieve, unload, 1 xii 42, to remove, III v 31, to happen, befall, *v xi 55*
- light, *pa patt* lit, 1 v 19, III 1 58
- light, *adv* easily, quickly, 1, VIII 10, *Hubbet d* 1056
- lightly, easily, in v 25, VIII 19
- lightsome, -som, radiant, 1 VII 23, III VII 48, VII. vii 51, *S C. Aug* 87, *Thest* 82
- lignage, lineage, 1 v 20
- like, to please, *Hubberd* 945, *likt, pret* II VII 27, to like well = to thrive, *S C July*
- like as, as if, *v v 2*
- likely, similar, alike, *Beautte* 198
- likelynesse, likeness, resemblance, *v VIII 39*
- hker, more like, *v x 21*
- Idled, *pret* put out (the tongue), 1 v 34
- limbeck, alembic, retort, VII vii 31
- limehound, bloodhound, *v II 25,*
- limming, *vbl sb* painting, *Beautte* 84
- limned, *pa part* depicted, *Teares* 202
- 1m, II 24, v 35, iii III 22, 30, viii 24, *Daphn* 467, linne, *Two Lett p* 641 to cease, *desist*
- line, lyne, linen, *v VII 6, Mutop* 364
- list, to wish, desire, choose, *fres* II. ix I, iii ix 7, *S C. May* 164, *June* 17, *pret* 1 II 22, in II 15, *him, thee, me, & c, hst (impers)* = it pleased him, & c, he liked, *I. vii. 35, II VII 18, 19, iv ix 35*
- hstfull, attentive, *v 1 25, Clout* 7
- I lite, lyte, *vb* to fall (of a blow), 1 \m 18, n VIII 38, to befall, *vi vi 17, to alight, vi VII. 40, to come across, discover, S C Sept* 259, *hie in* = to deal with, treat of, in II 3. Cf light, *vb*
- lites, lungs, *vi III 26*
- lmelihead, -hed, inheritance, II II 2 (cf huelod), living original, II ix 3, life, liveliness, *vi VII 20.*
- huelod, livelihood, income, prosperity, *v iv 9, Hubberd* 147.
- liuelood, vigour, *vi III 7*
- liuely, living, lifelike, 1 II 24, VII 20, II ix 2, in 1 38, VIII 5, 6, *H Love* 171, *adv in* a lifelike way, in xi 39
- huerey / and seisin = the delivery of property into the corporal possession of a person by handing over a token, *vi iv 37*
- Hues end, death, *R R.* 188
- load, blows, II II 23 See lay, *vb*
- loast, *ppl adj* loosened, unfastened, *Bellay* II 5 Cf lose
- loathfulness, reluctance, *iv VII 32*
- loathly, loathsom, *iv 1 27, v xi 31, Teares* 335
- Lobbin, pseudonym, *Clout* 736
- lodge, dwelling {jig}, ii VIII 32
- lodgings, bedrooms, sleeping quarters, 1 1 36
- loft, sky, upper region, 1 1 41, ceiling or flooring of a room, *v vi 27*
- lome, loam, clay, mud, *vi ix 16*
- lompe, mass, *Epigrams p* 607
- lompish, low spirited, dejected, III VII 18 Cf. lumpish
- long, to belong, 1 iv 48, iii III 58, vi II 8, p 409, *Three Lett p* 625
- loord, lout, in VII 12, *S C. July* 33
- loos, praise, renown, *vi VII 12*
- loose¹, to loosen, 1 VIII 19, to solve, *v xi 25*
- loose², to lose, 1 iv 39
- lope, *pret* leapt, *S C March* 81
- lopp, smaller branches and twigs of trees, such as are not measured for timber, / and topp, *SC Feb n(fig)*
- lord, to rule, domineer, *S C July* 176, *pres part, S C Bee* 70
- lordings, lords, *v II 38*
- lore, *sb* teaching, doctrine, 1. 1 5, II III, 2; advice, in xi 18, learning, *iv III 42, story, language, iv xi 23, speech, v xi 61*

lore, *pret* left, lost, iii xii 44, v x 38
lorne, *pa part*, left, deserted, 1 iv 2, S C
Sept 57, forlorn, S C *Jan* 62
lormg, *vbl sb* instruction, v VII 42
lorrell, rogue, blackguard, S C *July* 93 Cf
losell
lose, *losen*, to loosen, unfasten, II xii 67,
 III via 51, xii 2, to release, free, in vii 48,
 vi VII 29 **losed**, *pa part* released, R R
 264, *lo'Bt .pa part* released, set free, m IV
 13.
losell, -zell, profligate, scoundrel, II III 4,
 v uu 20, vi iv 10, S C p 447, *Hubberd*
 67, 813, *Teares* 226, 324 Cf *lorrell*
losse, destruction, 1 vii. 10
lot, division, II VII 19, share, iv iv 33,
 fate, vi 1 39
lothfull, lothe-, unpleasant, III iv 52,
hateful, loathsome, *Hubberd* 735, reluctant,
 bashful, *Hubberd* 1314
loup, loop, loophole, ii IX 10
loupes, loop (III needlework), *Mutop* 366
lout, **lowt**, to bow, 1 1 30, x 44, II III 13,
 ix. 26, in x 23, iv II 23, III 5, S C *July*
 137,/? T 202
loue-affamish, *Amor Son* 88 See *afifa-*
misht
louely, *adj* affectionate, loving, friendly, 1
 m. 30, iv ii 30, III 42, of love, iv vi 40,
 vi vii 28
lonely, *civ*. lovingly, II xii, 51, iv III 49.
louer, *louvre*, a domed turret-like erection
 with lateral openings for the passage of smoke
 or the admission of light, vi x 42
lowce, louse, *Two Lett* p 639
lowe, humble, meek, S C *July* 163
lowre, **loure**, to lour, scowl (/// and *Jig*),
 1 ii 22, in xii 24, iv v. 19, 24
lugs, poles, perches (measure of land), ii x II
lumining, *pres part* illumining, *H Lcve*
 280,
lumpish, heavy, clumsy, dull, 1 1 43, iii iv
 61
lurdane *feuerl* = fever lurdan, laziness, S C
 P 447
luskishnesse, laziness, slothfulness, vi 1 35
lust, desire, II II 39, iv. 1 34, IV 44, xi 51,
 pleasure, v. xi. 31
lust, *vb*, *pres* to please, choose, II vii II, to
 desire, wish for, S C *Nov* 21 *lust*, *pret*
 wished, v III 6, VIII. 22 Cf **list**
luster, lustre, brightness, v xii 58.
lustfull, vigorous, lusty, S C *Jan* 37
lustihede, 'head, -yhed, **lustie head**,
 lustfulness, hbidinousness, pleasure, 1. II 3,
 S. C *May* 42, 204, *Oct* 51, lustiness,

energy, vigour, III x 45, VII vii 33, *Mutop*
MiEpah 22
lustlesse, feeble, listless, 1 iv 20, in iv. 56,
 vi u 35, S C *Feb* 78
lusty, beautiful, pleasant, S C *Feb* 131
lybicke, Libyan, belonging to Libya, the
 ancient name of a large country III North
 Africa, II II 22
lymiter, a friar licensed to beg within certain
 limits, *Hubberd* 85
lynage, lineage, II 5 Ci *lignage*
lynoe, lynx, II xi 8
lythe, pliant, supple, S C *Feb* 74, *Gnat* 221

M

Maa, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 523
mace, sceptre, II. x 4
macerate, to fret, vex, *Gnat* 94
madding, *ppl adj* foolish, *Irenzied*, S C.
Apr 25, *July* 87
made, *pp/ adj* artificial, *Mutop* 166
mage, magician, in III 14
magnes stone, magnet, II xii 4
magmaflckce, renowned, glorious, v Prol II,
 P 410
magnify, to become greater {*refl*}, v III 17,
 to praise, *Teares* 324 *magnifilde*, *pret*
glonhed, in vii 31, *pa part* VII vi 26
Mahoune, Mahomet, iv vin 44.
maiden-headed, bearing a representation of
 the Virgin Mary, iv iv 17
mailes, mail armour (composed of interlaced
 rings or overlapping plates), iv II 17, v v 3
maine, mayne, s6 force, 1 vii II, vin 7, II
 xi 15, iv iv 18, 44, ocean I " VII. 34, VIII.
 51; *adj*, *ocean m* = ocean, iv v 45
mainly, **maynly**, strongly, violently, 1 VII
 12, in. 1 21
mainsheat, mainsail, v. xii 18
maintaine, *mafnatme*, to uphold (a quarrel),
 to back up, vi vi 35
main-, *mayntenaunce*, condition of life or
 subsistence, in vii 59, deportment, behaviour,
 S C *Sept* 169
maisterdome, **mayster-**, masterful behaviour,
 iv 1 46, mastery, victory, v II 15
maisterie, supenor force, in 1 25, *plur*
feats of strength, vi ix 43, *shetoes mays-*
terte, = performs wonderful feats, II vi. I.
maistring, **mayst-**, *ppl, adj* controlling, II
 v 2, in VII 2, iv ix 2, superior, v xiu 38,
 // *Beautte* 214
make, *sb* companion, mate, 1. vii 7, in. xii 2,
 VII 40, iv II 30, vi VIII 33, *Past Aeglogue*
 18, *Past. Elegie* 178, *Epith.* 87,

- make**, *vb* to compose verses, *S C Apr* 19, *June* 82 making, *vbl sb*, poetic composition, *S C*, p 416, *Clout* 188.
- malefices, evil deeds, *Hubberd II* 54
- malengine, deceit, in 1 53
- malicmg, *pres part vi x* 39, maliced, *pret.*, *Mutop* 257, mahst, *pa part, H Love* 238 to regard with malice, to envy
- maligne, to grudge, envy, *m IV* 39, *v VIII* 18, to speak evil of, *vi ix* 45
- mall, *sb*, a (wooden) club, mallet, *1 vii* 51, *1V v* 42
- mall, *vb* to knock down, *v xi* 8
- maltaient, ill will, malevolence, *III iv* 61
- mand, *pa part* tilled up with men, *vi xi* 46
- manner, custom, behaviour, *vi 1* 27, *allm* = all kinds of, *iv x* 7
- Mansiha, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 508
- mantle, to spread one wing and then the other over the corresponding outstretched leg for exercise, *vi II* 32, *Amor Son *J2(Jig)*
- many, manie, multitude, company, *1 xii* 9, *III ix* 11, *VII* 23, *iv xi* 18, *v xi* 3, 65, *S C May* 23, *Hubberd II* 94
- mard, *pret* marred, destroyed, *III 1* 30, *pa part* spoilt, in *x y*, *S C, Jan* 24
- marge, margin, edge, *II v* 6, *iv VIII* 61
- margent, margin, edge, *II VII* 63, in *iv* 34, *v x* 3
- Marian, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 505
- mari8hes, marshes, *v x* 23
- marke, a coin value 13s 4d., *iv iv* 15
- markewhite, bull's-eye of a target (*Jig*), *v v* 35.
- marie, earth, *II xi* 33.
- Mart, Mars, *1 Prol.* 3.
- mart², traffic, profit, *S C Sept* 37, *mar one's mart*, lit. spoil one's trade, rum one, *1 III Arg, Elegie* 172.
- martelled, *pret*, hammered, *m. vii* 42
- martyrest, tormentest, afflicttest, *iv VII* 2
- martyrize**, to make a martyr of (*trafts*), *Clout* 473
- maruaile, to wonder, marvel, *vi vi* 9
- maske, to disguise oneself, itself (as with a mask), *1. vi I, S C Jan, 24, Nov* 19, to conceal, in. *III* 51, to take part in a masque (*Jig*), *Teares* 180 masking, *ppl adj* as if forming a masque, in. *xii* 26
- masker**, one who takes part in a masque, in *VII* 6, *transf* deceiver, *R T*, 202
- massacre, *sb* and *vb* in *III* 35, *xi* 29, *VII vii*, 19, *Amor*, *Son* 10.
- masse**, wealth, in *x* 4, plastic substance, *iv x*, 39
- massepeme, lit an offering of money made at Mass, *S C* p. 443 (*attrib*)
- massy, -le, heavy, solid, in *III* 57
- mast, fruit of trees used as food for swine, *S C Feb* 109
- matchlesse, odd, not a pair, *iv 1* 28
- mate, *sb* fellow, *ii II* 8
- mate, *vb* to overcome, confound, *iv VIII* 17, *pa part* 1 ix 12 Cf amate
- mattms, morning song (of a bird), *Epth* 80
- maugre, maulgre, mauger, *m spite of, iv. 1* 48, *VII VII* 17, *S, C, Nov* 163, *Hubberd* 816, unwillingly, reluctantly, in *v. 7, xi* 27, *v 1* 29, a curse upon *I II v* 12, in *iv. 39*
- mauis, thrush, *Amor Son* 85, *Epith* 81
- may, maiden, *S C Nov* 39
- maydenhead, firstfruits, *S, Cp* 418.
- may-game, laughing-stock, object of ridicule, *v VII* 40
- mazd, mazed, mazde, *pret* wondered, *iv ix II, pa part* stupefied, bewildered, *iv 1* 43, *Bellay* 107, *ppl adj* *iv vi* 37, *v VIII 38*
- maze, bewilderment, stupor, *iv iv* 18
- mazeful, bewildering, confounding, *Epth* 190
- mazer, (1) a hard wood (properly maple) used as a material for drinking cups mazer bowle, *n xii*, 49, (2) a bowl or drinking cup made of such wood, *S C Aug* 26
- mazie, like a maze, *S C Dec* 25
- mealt'th, melteth, *1. ix* 31
- meane, *sb* medium, average, middling condition, *ii VII*, 16, *vi. ix II, x. 27, H, Love* 86, middle part in a musical composition, alto or tenor (*Jig*), *II. VII*, 33, means, in. *xii*, 40, in the *m* = in the meantime, *iu 1* 58, middle *m* = medium, *VII VII*, 22, by *meanes* = because of, on account of, *vi VIII*, 25.
- meane, *adj* ordm iry, middling, *m. 1*, 33
- meanesse, -nesse, humble birth, *iv. VII* 16, *vi III* 7
- meaner, one who intends or purposes, *III v*
- meaneth, intendeth, *iv vi* 6
- meanly, fairly, moderately, *Hubberd* 297
- meard, *pret* bounded, *R R* 296
- meare, *sb* boundary, in *ix* 46 (2) (*lit* and *fig*), *R T*
- meare, *adj* pure, *II xi*, 34.
- I measure¹, moderation, *vi. VIII* 43, *xi* 14
- measure², song, melody, *Teares* 547
- measured, *pret* proportioned, adjusted, *u. VII*.
- measurelesse, boundless, *Teares* 516.
- ¹ meawes, sea-gulls, *II. xii* 8

- medeewart, meadow-sweet (*Spterea Ulmaria*),¹ met, meet, fitting, vi VIII 45
 ii. via. 20
 medicynd, *pa part* cured, healed, *Clout* 877.
 medle, to mix, mingle, *S. C Aug* 144.
 medling, *pres part*, II 1 61 medled,
pret, *S C May* 263, *pa part*, *S C Apr*
 68
 meed, -e, reward, gam, 1, u 37, vii. 23, v
Prol 3, xi 61, *R T.* 398, booty, gain, 1
 vii. 14, requital, v. IX 42, *Hubberd* 3[^]1.
 meere, perfect, *Mtsc Sonnnu C* (*meare, adj*)
 meet, vb tobem accord, blend, II xii 71
meet, adj proper, 1 xii 39, ii xii 71
 meiger, thin, iv VIII 12
 meint, meynt, *pa, part* joined in marriage,
 HI. xii 36, mingled, mixed, & *C Nov* 203,
pret mingled, *S, C July* 84 Cf ment'
 melampode, black hellebore, *S C July* 80,
 106,
 melanchoiicke, v vi 19
 melancholic, -y, iv VII 2, vii 38, v. VII 17
 mell, to meddle, 1 1 30, vii vii 9, to mix
 together (*intr*), v ix 1 melling, *vbl, sb*
 interference, meddling, v xii 35, *S C July*
 208
 member, limb, in iv 37
 memories, services for the dead, *Hubberd* 454
 menage, *sb* handling, control, m xii 22,
 P 410
 menage, *vb* to handle (a horse), 1 vii 37,
 (a rod, weapons), II u 18, iv. 8, ix. 27, to
 control, vi ix 46, *H Beautte* 194
 mendes, amends, reparation, II 1 20
 mene, *sb* means, v ix 42, vt vi 9 Ct
 meane, *sb*
 ment¹, intended, purposed, meant, *pret*, II. III
 I I, in xii 33, v ix. 10, vi vii 29, *pa part*
 v ix. 7.
 ment², *pa part* joined, mixed, mingled, 1 n
 5, v. v 12, vi vi. 27.
 merclable, merciful, *S C Sept* 174
 mercie, -y, pardon, u. 1 27, favour, II v 18
 merciflde, *pa part*, pitied, vi. vii 32.
 mercilesse, obtaining no mercy, iv. VIII 64
 Meriflure, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 389
 merimake, merry-, merry-making, festivity,
 II vi 21, v x. 19, *S C May* 15, Nov 9
 menment, joy, merry making, m 1 57, iv
 II 5, *Clout* 20.
 meruaille, *vb* to marvel, wonder, iv vi 30
 mery, pleasant, delightful, charming, 1 x. 61,
Proih 128, sweet, having a pleasant voice,
 ii. v. 31
 mesprise, -prize¹, contempt, scorn, insolence,
 II VII 39, III ix 9, iv. iv II
 mesprize², mistake, II xii, 19
 Metaposoopus, *Three Lett* p 621
 mettall, mettle, quality, *Three Lett* p 610
 mew, -e, *sb* den, secret place, 1 v 20, II VII
 19, v ix 14, *Amor Son* 80, prison, place
 of confinement, II v 27, *Bellay* no
 mew, *vb* to shut up, confine, III ix 5, *pa*
part II in 34
 miokle, much, great, II 1 6, iv 7, III ix 20,
 ix 53, *S C July* 16, *Hubberd* 944
 mid, middle, midst, iv II 48
 middest, *adj* most central, in the middle,
 iv 15, II II 13, *sb* midst, middle, iv iv
 I 44, vi III 25, p 408
 ! mieue, to move, affect, iv xii 26
 militant, engaged III warfare, ir VIII 2
 mincing, *ppl adj* affected, II II 37
 mind, to bring to mmd, II II 10, to intend,
 contemplate, wish, II iv 40, *S C* p 420
 raineon, mistress, paramour, II II 37
 minime, a musical note, minim (*trans*/), vi
 x 28.
 miniments, things with which a person is
 provided, articles, iv VIII 6
 minisht, *ppl, adj* diminished, ! xi 43
 minister, to provide, furnish, HI VI 9 min-
 istered, *pret*, *Gnat* 505
 mirke, dark, obscure, *S C Sept* 103
 mirkesome, dark, obscure, 1 v 28
 mirrhour, mirror, 1 iv 10
 mis, to lack, II III 39, to go wrong, err, II
 in. 40, in. ix 2
 mi8amsed, *ppl adj* ill advised, m II 9
 misaymed, *ppl adj* badly aimed, 1 VIII 8
 miscall, to revile abuse, iv VIII 24
 mischalance, wrong challenge, iv III II
 mischance, unhappiness, *Clout* 427
 mischieTe, mischiefs, misfortune, III x 18,
 v. VIII 7
 misohfeuous, HI VI 14, iv vi 2, v vi 31.
 misconcept, misconception, iv vi 2
 miscounselled, *ppl adj* ill advised, *Hubberd*
 128
 miscreant, -aunt, wretch, villain, 1 v 13,
 vi 41
 miscreate, *pa part* wrongly created, n x
 38. miscreated, *ppl adj* misshapen, mis-
 formed, II vii 42
 misoreauance, false faith, II vii 51, *S C*
May 91
 misdeeme, to form an unfavourable judgement
 of, think evil of, 1 vii 49, misdempt, *pa*
part in, x. 29, to have a wrong opinion
 about, misjudging, 1 xi 55, vi *Prol* 4, *Hubberd*
 375 misdeeming, *ppl adj* dark, suspi-
 cious, 1 II 3, *vbl sb* misjudging, 1. iv 2

- misdesert, under VIII *gness*, vi 1 12.
mwddid, *pret* did wrong, iv. iv. 27.
 misdiet, improper feeding, I. iv. 23, II. xi 12
 midnight, *pa part* ill-clothed (fig.), v. VII 37
 misdonne, *tnf* to misdo, do wrong, III IX 7
 misdoubting, *pres part* fearing, suspecting,
 vi iv 47, xi 43
 miser, wretch, n 1 8, in 8
 misfare, mishap, misfortune, iv v 30, vi 2,
 VII 5, 27, xii 12, v xi 48, vi III 24, VII 14
 misfaring, *vbl sb* wrongdoing, *Clout* 758
 misfeigning, feigning with an evil intention,
 I III 40
 misgone, *pa part* gone astray, S C July 201
 misgotten, *ppl adj* ill-gotten, vi 1 18
 misgouvernaunce, mismanagement, misuse,
 S C. May 90, misbehaviour, S C Nov 4
 misguyde, *sb* wrongdoing, trespass, H Love 144
xmsguyde, *vb* to misdirect, vi III 47
 mishappen, to happen amiss, 1 III 20
 mishapt, *ppl adj* mishapen, iii vii 22
 misintended, *ppl adj* maliciously aimed,
Amor Son 16
 misleeke, to dislike, v II 49
 imslake, to disapprove of, 6 C May 162,
 to be ill-pleasing to, III VII 51
 mislme, to live a bad life, S C May 87
 misregard, hck or care, iv. VII 29
 missay, -e, to speak wrongly, say what is
 wrong, S C Sept 2, *pa part* missayd, \ 1
 xii 2, to speak evil of, abuse, S C Sept 106,
pa part, missayd, iv, vii 27
 misseeme, to misbecome, iii III 53, VII 26,
Hubberd 804
 misseemmg, *ppl adj* unseemly, 1 ix 23, II
 II 31, *vbl sb* false show, 1 VII 50
 mis-shape, deformity, v xii 29
 misshapen, *jpl adj* deformed, II xi 8
 missing, *pres part** failing, iv. xi 2
 mistake, to imagine erroneously, iv VII 55,
pret mistooke, in xi 13, niistooke, > rW
 fell upon grievously, v. VII 8
 mister, myster, (what, such) kind or sort of,
 1 ix, 23, III v 5, iv vii 10, VII 22, vi xi
 39, S C July 201, Sept 103
 misthought, wrong opinion, iv. VII 58
 mis-trayned, *pa part* misled, v xi 54
 mistreth, is necessary, in. vii 51.
 misusage, abuse, S C July 184
 miswanded, *ppl adj* gone astray, in VII 18
 misweene, to have a wrong opinion, think
 wrongly, II Prol. 3, *Past Elegie* 101. mis-
 ween'd, *pa part* mistaken, v. VII 46
 mis weening, *vbl sb* misjudgement, 1 iv 1
 miswend, to go astray (Jig), *Hubberd* 128
 miswent, *ppl adj* iv v 30.
 mizzle, to rain III fine drops, to drizzle, S C
 Nov. 208
 mo, moe, more, 1. ix. 44, in, xi. 45, iv 1 24,
other m = many others, S C May 68
 mochell, much, S C Feb 109, Aug. 23
 Cf. muchell
 mocke, act of derision, 5" C Aug, 120, *tnochs*
and mowes ~ derisive gestures, vi. vii 49
 mode, wrath, iv iv 5
 mold | mole, spot on the skin, vi xii 7
 mold³, see mould
 moldwarpe, -e, mole, *Clout* 763, *Love* 182
 mollify, to melt, soften (*lit*), *Amor* Son 32,
pa part mollifide, iii vi 7 *mollifide*,
pa part rendered less obdurate, iv xii 13
 molt, *pret* melted, II. v 8 molten, *ppl*
adj ¹ dissolved in emotion, *Gnat* 245
 moly, a herb of the lilaceous genus *Allium*,
Amor Son 26
 mome, blockhead, vii vi 49
 monastere, monastery, vi. VII. 23.
 mone, *sb* plea, iii ix 12, grief, vii v 4,
 lamentation, S C Apr 89 (*makes m*),
Teares 6
 mone, *vb* to bewail, bemoan, 1 iv 49, *Teares*
 292
 moniment, trace, something serving to iden-
 tify, 1 v 38, v. VII. 43, *Gnat* 589, mark,
 figure, II vii 5, VII. 80, record, II ix. 59,
 token, memorial, v. VIII 45
 monoceros, a fish with a 'horn', as a saw-fish,
 sword-fish, or narwhal, II VII. 23
 moralize, to supply with a moral, I Prol I
 mores¹, roots, plants, VII VII 10
 Mores², Moors, vi vii 43
 morion, -an, a kind of helmet, without
 beaver or visor, worn by soldiers in the 16th
 and 17th c., VII vii 28, *Murop* 322, *Bellay*
 201, *Epigrams* p 608
 morish, moorish, swampy, marshy, iv xi
 29, *Gnat* 261
 morrow, morow, -e, morning, in xii 28, v
 III 7, S C March 3, 46, May 19
 mortality, mortal existence, the estate of
 mortal man, 1 x I
 mortall, deadly, II. III. 22
 most, greatest, iv xii 9, VII VII 17, *most*
what as for the most part, S C July 46, Sept
 104, *Clout* 757
 mot, mote, *pres* may, II 1 33, vi VIII 46,
 x. 3, *Daphn* 265, *pret* sing might, could,
 1 II 29, II. III. 18, iv II 8, vii. 47, v VIII 26,
 moten, *plur*. III vi 31, must, III x 7, v.
 VII 5
 motioned, *pa part*, proposed, suggested,
 I *Hubberd* 125.

mott, *pret* measured, appraised, *Chut* 365
mought¹, *pret* might, could, 1 1 42, in x 18, v ix. 34, S C March 53
mought³, must, S C p 416, *May* 74, 157, *July* 153, *Sept* 133
mould, *sb*¹ dross, vi ix 3]
mould, **mold**, *sb*² form, shape, 1 a. 39, vii. 26, III II 25, iv. II 41, structure, 1 IV. 5, VII 33, bodily shape, body, II vii 42, stature, iv x 10
mould, *vb* to moulder (*fig*), II III 41.
mount, mound, *Gnat* 660, 686, *Clout* 284
mountenance, space, distance, extent, III vii 18, xi 20, v vi 36
mouth'd,pp/ *adj* having a mouth, ii xi 12
moue, to attempt, propose, iv ix 31, *moued speech* = spoke, vi III 14
moves, grimaces, vi vii 49
moyity, half, II xii 31
moyle, to defile, *H Love* 220
moystie, damp, vi ix. 13
muchell, much, great, 1 iv 46, vi 20, in VII 32, x 31 Ct nuckle
mum, not a word, iv vii 44
mumming, *vbl sb* masking, *Hubberd* 802
munificence, fortification, defence, ii x 15
mured, *pret* blocked up, closed, vi xii 34
murrins, plagues, diseases, iii III 40
murther, to kill, murder, vi vi 26
mute, *sb* wormerment, 1 xii 29
mus, *vb* to wonder, II 1 19
musicall, music, S C May 28
must, new wine, VII vii 39
mysterie, trade, profession, *Hubberd* 221

N

name, quality, reputation, 1 xii 13
namely, particularly, above all, VII vii 48
napron, apron, v v 20
narre, nearer, S C July 97, near, close, R R 213
nas, has not, S C May 61
nathemoe, II iv 8, nathemore, 1 VIII 1 }, ix 25, n v 8, in v 22, iv v 20, vi xii 32 never the more
nathlesse, *nathe-*, *-les*, *aytheles*, nevertheless, none the less, II 1 5, 22, v 6, in 1 55, iv v 20, vi 38, *Hubberd* 375, 1073, *Beauite* 159
nation, class, kind (of animals), n xii 36, *brntishnation* = animalcreation, *Pas/ Elegit* 98
natiue, **natural**, ii iv 1, v vi 27
nature, vi VIII 41
nay if nay = if not, *Daphn* 130
naythles, see *nathlesse*
ne, nor, not, i 1 22, vi 1, III iv 56^413, S C May 152, Nov 19, *ne* *ne-* neither nor, 1 vi II
Neeera, *pseudonym*, *Clout* 524
neat, cattle, vi ix 4
neate, clear, bright, *Gnat* II 9
neatheard, one who looks after cattle, S C A" *g* Arg 5
needments, necessities, 1 1 6, vi 35, *Clout* 195
neesmg, *vbl sb* sneezing, *Three Lett* p 615, (*fig*), 618
neglect, *pa part* neglected, *Thest* 96
nempt, *pa pari* named, called, m x 29
nephew, descendant, grandchild, 1 v 22, II VIII.29, in iv 22, R R 104
nest, lodging, retreat, iv v 32, vi xt 42
net, pure, clean, in VII 20, vi vii 45 CC
neate
nethelesse, nevertheless, S C pp 418, 419 Cf *nathlesse*
nether, no one, v vi 35
new, anew, again, v II 36, *of new* = ovet again, afresh, vi xi, 43
newell, novelty, S C May 276
newfanglesse, novelty of fashion, *mno* vation, 1 iv 25, *Hubberd* 675
nice, fastidious, particular, iv x 22, vi ix 7, *nicer* = too fastidious, 1. VIII 40
nicely, cautiously, gently, in xii 10
nioenesse, luxuriy, effeminacy, iv vii. 27.
nioetie, -itee, reserve, coyness, 1 x 7, n II 3
nigardise, niggardliness, meanness, iv vii 15, S C p 408
nigheth, approaches, S C March 4 Cf *nye*.
Inighly, niggardly, sparingly, S C July 171
ni'll, *nill*, will not, 1 ix 15, n VII 32, m v. II, xi 14, S C May 131, 151, *will* or *m//* = willing or unwilling, 1 III 43 **willed or niled**, *pret* were willing or unwilling, iv vii 16
mmblesse, *mmbleness*, v ix 29
nip, to slander, *Hubberd* 712
nis, *nys*, is not, S C May 144, June 19, Aug 38, Nov 9
noblesse, nobility, 1 vii 26
nominate, to name, designate, 1 x 64
nonce, *nones for (the) n* = for the purpose, but used as a metrical tag or stop-gap, *Bellay* 74, *Three Lett* p 626
noriture, **nour-**, nurture, upbringing, 1 ix 5, II III 2
Norueyses, Norwegians, in 33
nose thrill, nostril, 1. xi 22, m ix 22, xi 41.
note, *no'te*, know not, 1 xii 7, S C Sept. no; cannot, II Prol 4, could, might not,

II. iv 4,13, VII 39, III 50, vi 40, VII 26, iv VII 20, v III 7
nothing, *adv* not at all, **1** iv 4, II vi 15
notifide, *pa part* proclaimed, known, III III 44
nought, *adj* bad, useless, II IX 32
nould, -e, would not, 1 vi 17 v VIII 41, vi III 26, VII 36, f C Feb 192, 199
noule, head, VII VII 39
nource, -ice, nurse (*fig*), S C May II 8, R T 169
noursle, to train, foster, rear, vi iv 35 > *pret* I vi 23, v 1 6.
nourshng, nursing, object of a nurse's care (*trans*), II vin 20, *Teares* 564, *Gnat* 282, R R 299
nourtred, *pa part* trained, skilled, *Past Elegie* 71
nousell, to train, foster (*Jig*), S C p 443 Cf **noursle**
noushng, *pres part*, *Clout* 763, *ppl adj* iv xi 32 burrowing
nouells, news, S C Feb 95
noy, to annoy, vex, grieve, *Two Lett* p 643
noyd, *pret* 1 x 24, xi 45
noyance, annoyance, noxiousness, **1** 1 23, III VII 2
Noyes, Noah's, II x 15
noyous, troublesome, harmful, noxious, 1 v 45, vin 40, xi 50, II ix 32, III 1 43, *Teares* 483.
noysome, harmful, noxious, vi x 7, S C *July* 22, R R 54.
nye, to draw near, S C, May 316

O

oaker, ocher, R T 204
object, to reproach, accuse, vi vii 26
dblique, II ix 52
obliquid, directed obliquely, VII vii 54
obsequy, funeral rites, II 1 60
occasions, reasons, II v 21, pretexts, iv x 13
oddes, difference, v Prol I, advantage, vi II 18
of, by, 1 II 5, iv 17, v 8, 23, II VII 2, ix 18, VII 31, iv xi 25, v vin 16, oft, S C May 199, on, iv iv I 1 4
offal, dregs, scum (*Jig*), II III 8
offend, to harm, injure, II VIII 8, VII 63, iii x 1, vi. iv 25, ix 6
offer, attempt, v VIII 42
off-scum, scum, refuse (*Jig*), VII vi 30
off-shakt, *pa part* shaken off, II xi 33.
ofspring, origin, source, ii. x 69
on, one, R T 1

onely, alone, 1 VII 13, VII 29, iv vi 46, v xi 30, *Dapkn* 503; singly, iv VIII 28
on hed, ahead, *Muiop* 420
ope, open, iv III 46, vi vi 19
opprest, *pa part* fallen upon, taken by surprise, II VII 81
or, before, ere, *Hubberd* 501, *or* or—whether or, 1 vi 15
ordamd, *ppl adj* arrayed, drawn up (of a battle), II x 18, set up, v II 19
order, *sb usage*, practice, vi VIII 36, *plur* ranks, II ix 15
order, *vb* to prepare, arrange, II ix 31, III ix I I, *pa part* determined, S C p 423
ordmano, archbishop or bishop, one who has jurisdiction in ecclesiastical cases, *Hubberd* 562
ordnance, -aunce, arrangement, II ix 30, *Hubberd* 173, ordnance, artillery, II xi 14, equipment, fu'tmure, iii xi 53, decree, *Hubberd* II 62
oncalche, yellow ore or alloy of copper, *Muiop* 78
orifls, opening of a wound, iv VII 22
ongane, plant of the genus *Origanum*, probably Wild Marjoram, 1 II 40
orpine, a succulent herbaceous plant, *Sedum Telephium*, *Muiop* 193
other, one of the **two**, left (hand, leg), II iv 4, v VII 36, *other some*- some others, S C p 417, *otherwhere*, *other where* = elsewhere, II VII 45, vi xi 25, *otherwhiles*, *other whiles* = at times, sometimes, iii x 8, vi vii 49, *other others some* other, iv 1 7
ought, *pret* owned, 1 iv 39, II vin 40, vi VII, 16, owed, in 1 44
out *alasse*, excl of grief, *Am or* p 577
outbarre, to bar out, II x 63
out find, to discover, iv VII 25
outgoe, to exceed, surpass, iv v I I.
outhyred, /> *a part* let out for hire, v Prol 3
outlaunched, *pa part* thrust out, *Muiop* 82 Cf. *launce*, -ch
outleame, to find out, elicit, iv VIII 22
outly, outwardly, externally, *Three Lett* p 626
outrage, violent outcry, clamour, 1 xi 40, want of moderation, excess, II. u, 38
outragious, violent, v xi 29
outragned, *pa part*, reigned to the end of, II x 45
outstrained, *pa part* stretched out tightly, *Gnat* 280
out ward, to ward off, keep out, v 1 10
outware, to wear out, away (*fig*), iv II 33
outwore, /> r* /, -worne *pa part* spent passed

- (time), iii VII 29, *Amor*, Son 87, to wear longer than, S C p 467
- outwell, to pour forth, 1 1. 21 outwelde, *pret*, *Gnat* 502
- outwent, *pret* outstripped, v VIII 4, surpassed, S C Apr 16 Cf, outgo
- out win, to get out of, iv 1 20
- outwind, to disentangle, extricate, v III 9
- outwrest, to draw out, extract (*Jig*), II iv 2', outwrought, *pa part* completed, II vii 65
- ousell, blackbird, *Eptk* 82
- ouer all, in every part, all over, I xi 9, *Amor* Son 29, everywhere, 1 xi 46, *Hubberd* II 80
- ouerbore, *pret* overthrew, iv iv 40
- ouercame, *pret* covered, spread over, in vii 4
- ouercast, *pa part* covered over, II 1 24 Cf ouerkest
- ouercaught, *pret* overtook, iv VII 31
- ouercrawl, to exult over, 1 ix 50, *pa part* S C Feb 142
- overdight, over dight, *pa part* overspread, covered over, II VII. 53, iv v.n 34, *Clout* 493, *H Beautie* 93
- ouer-giue, ouergieue, to give, hand over, III III 41, to give up, *Hubberd* 249
- ouergo, to overcome, v. u. 7 ouergone, *pa part* excelled, S C Aug 128
- ouergrast, *pa part* overgrown withgrass, S C Sept 130
- ouerhaile, to draw over, S C Jan 75
- ouerhent, *pret* overtook, II x 18, III v 25, v III I 1, x. 36, *pa part* overtaken, III VII 19, v viii 4
- ouerkesl, *pret* in vi 10, *pa part*, R T 457 covered, overspread Cf overcast
- ouer lade, to overwhelm, v VII 19
- ouerlay, to overwhelm, v xi 51
- ouerlookey, to look over, peruse, III xii 36, to look after, oversee, *Hubberd* 279 ouerlookt, *pa part* considered, *Hubberd* 396
- ouerpasse, to cause to pass, alleviate, vi III 14 ouerpast, *pa part* passed over, I II 32
- ouerplast, *ppl adj* overhanging, 1 1 24
- ouer raught, *pa part* extended over, v VII 30, *pret* overtook, vi III 50
- ouer-red, *pret*, read over, III xi. 50
- ouerren, to oppress, v II 19, *pret* ouerran, v iv 44 ouerrun, *pa part* crushed, run down, v xi 6
- ouersee, to overlook, fail to see, ii ix 44, to overlook, look down upon, iv x 30, to overlook, look after, *Hubberd* 283
- ouerset, *ppl adj* oppressed, vi v 22
- ouer side, over the side of v vi 39
- oueraight, escape, i vi 1
- ouerstrooke, *pret* struck above, v. xi 13
- ouerswim, to swim over, III iii 33
- ouert, open, III ix. 46
- ouerthwart, opposite, iv x 51
- ouerture, open or exposed place, S C July 28
- ouerwent, ouer-went, *pret*, went over, traversed, ill iv 18, p 413, *pa part* overcome, overwhelmed, v viu 7, S C March 2
- owches, gems, jewels, 1 II 13, x 31, III iv 23
- owe: owe her/all = is bound to fall, R R 387
- owre, ore, II VII 5, III iv 18
- oystriges, ostriches, II xi 12
- pace, step, 1 iv 3, place through which one parses, tract, III 1 19
- pack, *vb* to go away, depart, VII vi 12, *go pack*, *Teares* 398
- packe, *sb* burden, vi II 21
- packed, *ppl adj* heaped up, amassed, S C P 441
- paddocks, toads, S C Dec 70
- pame, payne, *sb* pains, tare, 1 vi 33, II xi 15, punishment, II VII 21
- pame, payne, *vb refi* to take pains, exert oneself, 1 iv 15, v xii 10 paynd, *pret* iv vi 40
- painefull, payne-, troublesome, laborious, vi VII 35, careful, painstaking, *Two Lett* p 636
- paint out, to depict, S C June 79
- paire, to impair, 1 VII 41
- Palemon = Thomas Churchyard, *Clout* 396
- paled ¹ *ppl adj* *paled part per part* - furnished or marked with (vertical) stripes, in heraldry *paly*, vi II 6
- paled², *ppl adj* fenced in with pales, 1 v 5
- Palm, pseudonym, *Clout* 392
- pall, *sb* robe, cloak (esp of rich material), II ix 37, v v 24, S C July 173
- pall, *vb* to subdue, daunt, iv iv 5 palled, *ppl adj* enfeebled, *Past Elegie* 163
- palled, ? pallid, *Past Elegie* 163
- panachaea, a reputed herb of healing virtue, all heal, in v 32
- pance, paunce, pawnee, pansy, in 1 36, xi 37, S C Apr 142
- pangues, pangs in xi 44,
- pannikell, bum pan, skull, III v 23
- paragon, equal, ma ch, in II 13, iv ix II, vi ix II, *Clout* 451, emulation, comparison, in III 54, ix 2, iv v 9, v III 24, *Muiop* 274, *Clout* m, *Amor* Son 66, mate, companion, iv 33, S C P 458, consort in marriage, iv

- x 43, pattern or model of supreme excellence, vi 1 1,0/01^548, rival, competitor, *Hubberd*, 1026
- paramour, lover, 1 1,9 (*Jig*), iv v 5, S C i Apr 139, *Gnat* 678, rival, vi ix 39
- parauaunt, -ant, before, in II 16, in front, vi x 15, pre eminently, *Clout* 941
- parbreake, vomit, 1 1 20
- parcell, part, *H Beautie* 105
- pardale, panther or leopard, 1 vi 26
- parentage, parent, IIx27
- parget, ornamental work in plaster on a wall, ceiling, &c, *Bellay* 23, *Epigrams* p 607
- part, A6 side, v VII 3, vi vin 40, plur conduct, rubits, v ix 2, vi v 33, part per part, viII.6 (SECpaled)
- part, ub to share, divide, in ix 43, S C Apr 153 parted, pret departed, 1 III 22
- partake, to share (a thing) with another, v xi 32, to make a sharer 0/, II iv 20, ? to carry through (a purpose), in III 25, v 1 (pertake)
- particularities, particulars, *ThreeLett* p 618
- parture, departure, III via 46
- party, side, iv iv 20, vi 1 19
- pas, passe, to surpass, excel, 1 iv u, n vi 25, in iv 23, ix 50, IV II 2, v III 17, x 3, vi x 5, S C June 74, Aug 10, to disregard, take no notice, II vi 37, to care, reck, *Hubberd* II50, fas by-cue about, regard, to be beyond, *Clout* 837, pres part surpassing, *H Beautie* 70, ppl adj 1 x 24, 31, *Clorinda* too
- passant, (her) walking, looking towards the dexter side, with three paws on the ground and the dexter fore-paw raised, m 1 4
- passion, sorrow, grief, 1 II 26, iv vin 3
- passionate, adj that moves to compassion, pitiful, *Clout* 427
- passionate, vb to express with feeling, 1 xii 16
- passioned, pa part expressed with feeling, in xii 4
- pastor, -oure, shepherd, S C Sept 140, *Past Elegie* 9, p 409
- pasture, food, in x 59
- patcheries, things made of patches or fragments (*Jig*), *Three Lett* p 632
- patience, a species of dock, called by old herbalists *Patientia* (= *Rumex Patientia*. Linn), *Gnat* 678
- patronage, defence, II viii 26
- patronesse, female protector, 1 x 44
- paulting, paw-, trifling, paltrv, *Three Lett* pp 619, 629
- paund, pawnd, pa part pawnd, pledged, iv III 3, S C &ept 95
- pauihons, tents, tabernacles, S C p 420
- pauone, peacock, m xi 47
- pawnee, bee pance
- paynim, pagan, I iv 41
- paysd, pa part poised, IIx5 Cf peise
- pealing, pres part appealing, vii vii Arg
- peare, pere, peer, equal, II iv 18, com pamon, v 1 6, vi II 31, rival, *Worldi Vam-* "75
- pearling, pere-, pres part forming pearl-like drops, *Clout* 507, ppl adj, *Epth* 155
- peasant, attrib base, vi iii 31
- pease, pea, not worth a pease = of no value, S C Oct 69
- peaze, blow, in II 20 Cf peise
- peece, piece of work, structure, 1 x 59, (of a fortress, or stronghold), II xi 14, III x 10, v II 21, (of a sea-vessel), II xii 44
- peeced, ppl adj pieced, imperfect, S C Oct 87
- peeretree, pear tree, S C March III
- peeushnesse, folly, perverse conduct, vi vii 37
- peinct, to paint, S C Feb 121
- peise, -ze, to balance, weigh, v II 46, to pros downwards by its weight, *Clout* 849
- pele, peal, v ix 39
- pelfe, wealth, II vii 7, m ix 4, S C p 443
- pen, to restrain, confine, v II 19 pend, /> « part, S C Oct 72 Cf pent,
- pendant, something hanging (said of foliage or fruit), *Elegie* 5, plur ornaments hanging down from a vault or roof, iv x 6
- penie masses, masses at which offerings are made, *Hubberd* 452 Cf masse penie
- pennes, feathers, 1 xi 10
- pensifenesse, anxious thought, iv v 38
- pent.pa part enclosed, v ix 10
- penurie, lack of food, 1 ix 35, v v 22
- penurious, poverty-stncken, destitute, v v 46
- perceable, penetrable, 1 1 7
- percen, to pierce, 1 VII 33
- perdie, -y, indeed, verily, truly, certain!), *Interj* 1 vi 42, II III 18, III x 7, 39, xi 24, S C May 37, Aug 19, adv in II 27, S C March 104
- peregall, equal, S C Aug 8
- peremptone, -y, III vin 16, v ix 44
- perfit, perfect, *Two Lett* p 640
- perflted, pa part perfected, *Three Lett* p 626
- perforce, -forse, of necessity, II in 3, S C Nov 127
- perke, pert, S C Feb 8
- perlous, perilous, dangerous, II ix 17, III 1 19, vii 28, xii 42, iv x 28

- persant, piercing, I x 47, II III 23, that is pierced, in ix 20
 perse, to pierce, 1 ix 48 *perst, pa part* I III 1
 perselme, parsley, *Murop* 199
 perseuer, to continue, *Amor Son* 9 *perseuered, -uer'd, pret* III xii 2, iv x ii
 personable, handsome, well-made, in iv 5
 personage, representation of a person, image, II III 5, III u 26
 pursue, track, III v 28
 persuade, persuasion, v x 25
 pert, unconcealed, open, *S C Sept* 162
 pertake, to endure, iv via 9
 pheere, companion, *Thest* 100 *See fere*
 philbert, filbert-tree, *Elegie* 17
 phill. the last syllable of 'Astrophill', *Elegie* 192
 Philomele, *S C Nov* 141, Philumene, *Daphn* 475 the nightingale
 Phyllis, pseudonym, *Clout* 540
 physnomy, countenance, VII VII 5
 pible stone, pebbles, *Gnat* 163
 piekethanks, flatterers, sycophants, *Three Lett* p 621
 pickstrawes, infers, *Three Lett* p 621
 picturals, pictures, ii ix 53
 pide, particoloured, dappled, *Gnat* 250
 pight, *pret* placed, I II 42, pitched, alighted, v viii 8, *pa part* fixed, placed, set, I viii 37, x 43, xii 25, in v 40, vi ix 44, *S C Feb* 106, *Dec* 134
 pill, pil, to rob, plunder, v II 6, vi x 5, *Hubberduft, R R* 418
 pilloures, pillars, *Bellay* 43
 pillow, in iv 53
 pmckt, *pa part* ornamented, vi II 6
 pine, pyne, sb suffering, grief, I ix 35, v v 22, famine, hunger, *S C July* 24
 pine, vb pined, pyn'd, *pret* languished, i xii 19. *ppl adj* I viii 40, III III 53, iv VII 41, *pa part* I x 48, exhausted or wasted by suffering or hunger done to pine = caused to die, vi v 28
 pirmoed, *pa part* bound, pinioned, v iv 22
 pitch, sb altitude, elevation, I xi 31, extent, v II 34
 pitciht, *pret* fixed, fastened, v II 19 Cf pight
 piteously, compassionately, vi vii 37
 pitifull, compassionate, merciful, II v, 24
 pitteous, compassionate, pitiful, II x 44
 pittie, to move to pity, grieve, vi xii 9
 place, rank, I v viii 14, v ix 38, in p = on the spot, I v 36, come in p - be present, III ix 26, to take p = to find acceptance, III ix 26
 plaine, to complain, complain of, II III 13, viii 19, III v 39, xi 16, vi VIII 21 *playned,*
- playnd, pret* I 1 47, III v 44, xi 23, *S C Jan* 12.
 plamtiffe, plaintive, v iv 40
 platane, the oriental plane-tree, I 1 9
 plaudite, applause, *Three Lett* p 624
 pleasaunce, -auns, ples-, courtesy, pleasing behaviour, I II 30, pleasantness, I iv 38, joy, pleasure, enjoyment, *S C Jan Arg* 10, *S C Feb* 223, *Mar Arg* 3, *Amor Son* 17, 21, 89, delightful things, *S C May* 7, parts of a garden laid out ornamentally (*plur*), n xii 50
 pled, *pret* pleaded, v ix 43
 plesh, puddle, pool, II viii 36
 plight, sb fold, pleat, II III 26, ix 40, v ix 28, condition, m I 1, iv I 38, v xii 16, *S C Apr* 49, *Oct* 87, health, good condition, III VII 21, ix 19, attire, array, in xii 8
 plight, vb¹ plighted, pledged, ¹ *part* v xi 62, *pret. S C Aug* 25
 plight, vb² *pa part* plaited, woven, n vi 7, vi VII 43, *ppl adj* pleaded, III ix 21
 plot, map, chart, *R R* 363
 plough-yrons, coulter and share of a plough, VII VII 35
 ply, to apply (*refl*), III VII 12, to move towards, iv I 38
 poase, to puzzle, *Three Lett* p 618
 poesie, poesye, poem, motto or short inscription, *S C pp* 422, 423, 435
 poetresse, poetess, *Teates* 576
 point, sb full p = full stop, II x 68, to point-completely, fully, I 1 16, II 12, exactly, III II 16
 point, vb to appoint, I ix 41, *pret* iv vi 1 51, v VII 9, *Hubberd* III 5, *pa part* VII VII 12
 poise, poyse, force, I xi 54, v VII 21, *R R* 214, weight, v II 34
 poke, bag, pouch, iv VII 6
 polhcy, statecraft, I iv 12, II ix 48, 53, x 39, VII vi 6, p 410
 pols, levies a tax upon, \ II 6
 polygony, plant of the genus *Polygonum*, *Snakewood*, m v 32
 poore, to pour, *S C June* 80
 porcpisces, porpoises, *Clout* 249
 porphyre, porphyry, a beautiful hard rock, often used poetically to mean granite or marble, *R R* 441
 port, carriage, bearing, II III 28, III VIII 44, *Amor Son* 13, *Three Lett* p 621 (*plur*), station, rank, III vii 15, xi 46
 portance, -aunce, carnage, bearing, demean our, II III 5, ai, VII. 41, III II 27, vi v II, VII 6

- poirend, to signify, v VII 4
 portesse, portable breviary, 1 iv 19
 portluiesse, stateliness, dignity, *Amor* Son 5
 portly, stately, dignified, *Amor* Son 5, *Epith* 148
 possesse, to accomplish, obtain, in III 51, to occupy, *Mutop* 150
 post in *p* = in haste, at express speed, vi VII 35
 potshares, potsherds, broken pieces of earthenware, vi 1 37
 pottle, measure equal to two quarts, *Three Lett* p 615
 Pouke, Puck, an evil spirit or goblin, also called Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin, *Epith.Mi.*
 pouldred, *pa. pari* crushed, powdered, I VII 12, *ppl adj* spotted, III II 25, reduced to powder, *R R* 378
 pounce, claw or talon of a bird of prey, 1 xi 19, v iv 42
 pouncing, *pres part* poking, prodding, vi II 22
 pound *inp* = III a balance, v II 36
 pourtrahed, *pa part* drawn, portrayed, 1 viii 33, II ix 33, III 1 34
 pourtraict, *lb* image, representation, likeness, II III 22, VII 23, III Prol I, iv v 13,
 pourtraict, *por-, vb* to portray, iv v 12, p 407, 6' C p 417
 pourtraiture, -acture, -aicture, image, portrait, representation, 1. iv 17, *Hubberd* 6 II, *Dapfoi* 303
 pousse, pulse, pease, *S C Aug* 46
 powre, to pour, *R T* 131
 poynant, poin-, sharp, piercing, 1 VII 19, II viii 36, III 1 5, iv III 9
 practick, e, crafty, cunning, artful, 1 VII 34 II 1 3, III 9, skilful, iv III 7, v VII 29, vi 1 36
 practise, actions, conduct, in III 28, v vi 31, artifice, stratagem, *Hubberd* 8₀6
 practfz'd, *ppl adj* skilled, iv II 10 *practiz'd, pa part* plotted, schemed, v ix 41
 prancke, *vb* ¹ to fold, plait, 1 iv 14
 prancke, *vb* ² to dress, deck (*refl*), II II 36, to show off, II III 6
 pranke, *sb* evil deed, v 1 15
 pray, to take possession of, make prey of, v iv 14. prayde, *pa part* captured as booty (*gg*), vi x 35
 preace, -se, -sse, *sb* multitude, press, crowd, 1 III 3, II VII 46, III 1 23, iv III 4, iv 34 to put in preace = to exercise, put in practice, *S C Oct* 70
 preace, *vb* to press, strive, contend, 1 xii 19, I I *pret* pressed, thronged, II VII 44, *pres part* advancing, iv x 10, VII vi 10
 precedent, pattern, model, p 412
 preeumg, *vbl sb* trial, probation, *Hubberd* 1366
 preferre, to promote, *Clout* 818 *prefard, pret* preferred, liked, III VIII 14, *pa part* proffered, iv II 27
 preflxt, *pa part* fixed, settled (beforehand), v xi. 40
 preife, *see* prieife
 preiudice, *vb* to influence, *Three Lett* p 624
 preiudize, *sb* prognostication, presaging, II ix 49
 prepense, to consider, III xi 14
 prescript, command, instruction, *Hubberd* 1261
 present, immediate, instant, *S C* p 447
 president, precedent, example, v iv 2, *Three Lett* p 623
 prest, *adj* ready, at hand, II VIII 28, *pre* pared, iv III 22, *adv* quickly, immediately, VII vi 16
 pretence, design, intention, II iv i, v v 33, viii 10
 pretend, to attempt, if xi 15, *pa part* portended, vi iv 10, stretched out, vi xi 19
 preuent, to forestall, anticipate, *pres part* iv 1 41, vi viii 15, *pret* vi 1 38
 preuie, preuehe, *see* prime, priuely
 price, *sb* value, 1 x 31, *Clorvida* 100
 price, -ze, *vb* to pay the price for, pay for, I v 26, ix 37, *H Love* 175 *prizde, pa part* revenged, paid for, *R T* II 6
 prick, *vb* to spur, ride fast, *pres part* 1 1 I, *pret* II 1 50, v 1 19
 pricke, *sb* point, pitch, n VII I, target, bull's-eye, *S C Sept* 122
 pricket, a buck in its second year, *S C Dec* 27
 prieife, experience, 1 viii 43, II 1 48, IV 28, test, trial, 1 ix 17, vi iv 34, proved or tested power, 1 x 24, proof, 6 *C Aug* II 6
 preife, trial, *Hubberd* 408 *Cf* prooffe
 prieue, to prove, vi VII 18, *pa part* v iv I 33 *Cf* proue
 prime, spring, springtime, 1 II 40, vi 13, II VII 75, III vi 42, VII VII 18, 43, *S C Feb* 16, 167, *Past, Elegie* 47, sunrise, morning, II ix 25
 pnmitias, first fruits, *Hubberd* 518
 primrose, best, finest, *S C Feb* 166, *Clout* 560
 principals, the two principal feathers in each wing (*falconry*), *S C* p 418

- principle, beginning, x. xi 2
 prisd, *ppl* *adj* with the price fixed, vi xi 14
 prise, *sb*¹ price, vi xt 14, worth, value, R R 403 Cf *prie*, *sb*
 prise, *sb*² contest, enterprise, vi viii 25
 priuate, personal, particular, *Clortnda* 89
 pnuely, priuilly, -lie, preu-, secretly, 1 v 4, v, vii 14, S C May 252, Sept 160, *Worlds Vamtu* 78
 prime, preuie, priue, *adj* secret, & C March 35, *H Beautie* 2 36, secret, hidden, concealed, vi v 24, *EUgie* 179, S C Sept 162, to make *priuie*=*to make cognizant, familiar, S C March 30, *Hubberd* 70, *Three Lett* p 626
 priuitie, -y, design, *phn*, IV v I, secret thoughts, iv ix 19
 prize, prizde, *see* price, *vb*
 procure, to endeavour to cause, II II 32, xii 48, v ix 39, to cause, v VIII I, *pret* iv xii 23, *pa part* urged, pressed, in 1 I, *pret* induced, prevailed upon, vi viii 29
 prodigious, ominous, portentous, iv 1 13
 professe, to indicate, vi vi 10
 proffer, offer, vi ix 33
 progr6sse, journey, HI XI 20
 protect, to throw, cast, vi 1 45
 prolmg, *pres part* prowling, S C Sept 160
 prolong, to postpone, iv iv 12, to delay, v xi 1
 prone, yielding, in II 23
 prooffe, experience, iv vii 37, viii 44, effect v ix 42; *arnCdtov* = with tested weapons, *put* in *p* = tried, *Hubberd* 1252
 proper, own, m n 1, v iv 24, R R 431, *proper good*= private property, v 1 23.
 propertis, characteristics, II ix 58
 proteose, extension, duration, m III 4
 protract, duration, length, *Amor Son* 87
 proue, prooue, to try, test, 1 I 50, III xii 31, iv vi 4, vi xi 5, *Amor p* 578, *pret* III. 1 60, v II 46, to experience, endure, feel, iv vi 34, viii 3, ix v, *pret Chut*, 664
 prouokement, provocation, iv iv 4
 prow, brave, in III 28, *prowest* (*wperl*), 1 iv 41, v 14, III IK, viii. iS, in III 24
 prowess, prowess, 1 ix 17
 proynd, *pret* preened, *Thest* 137
 prune, to trim or dress the feathers with the beak, to preen, II III 36, *Teares* 402, *refl Past*, *Aeglogue* 24
 pryse, to pay for, iv xi 5 Cf price, *vb*
 puddle, foul, muddy water, iv v 33
 puissant (2 syll), mighty, powerful, 1 vi 45, iv xi 15
 ptiissa(u)n(ce)(3syll), power, 1 II 17, III xi 4
 pumy, pumie stones, pumice stones, u v 30, III v 39, S C March 89. *pumies*, *plur* pieces of pumice stone
 pupillage, minority, II x 64, (*jig*)p 412
 purohase, *sb* acquisition, 1 in 16, booty, vi xi 12, *Hubberd* 854, *Gnat* 591
 purchase, *vb* to obtain, II III 18, to acquire, win, v x, 24 *purchast*, *pret* won, v VIII 25, 26
 purfled, *pa part* decorated with an ornamental border, 1 II 13, II III 26
 purport, outward bearing, III 1 52
 purpos, -e, *sb* intention, 1 II 30, discourse, conversation, 1 vii 38, xii 13, III II 4, viii 14, iv 1 7, S C March Arg 3, *plur* riddles, games, in x 8, to purpose = to the purpose, n» iv 39, *p* was moved-it was suggested, in ix 32
 purpose, *vb* to discourse, II xii 16
 pursuiuant, -suiant, follower, attendant, II viii 2, warrant-officer, *Hubberd* 565
 puruay, to provide, II III 15 (of), v xii 10
 purueyance, provision, 1 xii 13, preparation, management, in 1 II, equipment, m 1 33, * 53
 puttock, kite or buzzard, n xi II, v v 15, xii 30
 pyonmgs, *vbl sb* diggings, excavations, n x 63

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- quadrate, rectangle, II ix 22
 quaille, to become dismayed, 1 ix 49, to be come feeble, fail, III II 27, to fade, wither, S C Nov 91, *quayld*, *quaild*, *pa part* subdued, overpowered, II iv 14, III viii 34
 quaint, quaint, fastidious, in vii 10, artful, iv 1 5, pretty, iv x 22, strange, iv VII 45, S C Oct II4, fine, elegant, vi ix 35, *adv* strangely, III vii 22
 qualifyde, *pa part* modified, moderated, ii vi 51
 quarrell, quar'le, square-headed arrow, II xi 24.33
 quarry, le, the bird flown at or killed by a bird of prey, II xi 43, III vii 39, v iv 42
 quart, quarter, region, II x 14
 quartred, *pret* divided into quarters (*her*), II 1 18
 quayd, *pa part* for *quayld*, daunted, subdued, 1 VIII 14
 queane, a worthless woman, iv viii 28
 quaint, *adj* See quaint.
 quaint, *pa part* extinguished, II v II
 quell, *trans* to frighten, daunt, v in, 16,

queld, pa part v iii 26, VII 16, to overcome, kill, vi x 36, *pa part* II VII 40, vi xii 30, *mir* to perish, vii VII 42, to abate, S C March 8
querae, to please, S C May 15
quest, expedition, search, III viii 53, iv vi 42
quick, vb to stir, v IX 33
quicke, adj alive, II 1 39, *sb* living thing, S C March 74.
quidam 8, somebodies, certain persons, S C P 419
qumdditie, essence, Three Lett p 614
quiet age, tranquillity, quietness, iv III 43
quight, adj free, R R 108
quight, vb to release, set free, 1 vin 10, to requite, repay, 1 x 67, III v 45, x 35 Cf quit
quight, adv quite, 1 1 45, III v 41, v xi 60, &c
quip, vb to jeer, vi vii 44
quips, sb sneers, taunts, Hubberd 707
quire, company, vi VIII 48 *quire, quyre*, a company of singers, II vi 24, *Clorinda* 63, *Amor** Son 19
quit, quite, quyte, to return (a salutation), 1 x 15, *quitted, pret* 1 1 30, to return, repay, requite, 1 II 17, VIII 26, vii vi 44, *Clout* 681, to free, release, 1 vi 6, vr VIII Arg, «SC Feb 213, *pa part* *quitt*, 1 v n, x 63, *quitted, pa part* taken away, iv 1 12 *quit, tnfr* *refl* to clear oneself of, II t 20
quite clame, to release, discharge, vi II 14
quod, quoth, said, Amor Son 50, *Amor* p 578, *Epigrams* ? 606-7
quooke, pret quaked, HI X 24, \ viii 9, vi VII 24, VII vi 30 Hubberd 1060

R

rab(b)lement, rabble, mob, 1 vi 8, n xi 17, III xi 46, Hubberd 1270, confusion, tumult, 1 xii 9
race, sb act of riding rapidly on horseback, onset, rush, iv vi 3, v x 34
race, vb ¹ to raze, destroy, II VII 83, III "• 34, v II Arg *raced, pret* v II 28, *pa part*, R R 22, *raced, pa part* erased, v ix 26
raced, vb ², *pa part* cut away, \ v II
rackt, pa part extorted, Hubberd 1306
*rad*¹, *prrt/* rode, v II 13
*rad*², *see* read, *vb*²
raft, pret cut away, 1 1 24, *pa part* deprived, S C Aug 14 Cf leave, left
rag'd, ragged, torn, v xii 28
ragged, rugged, 1 \ 38, vi iv 21, *Clout* II 4, rough, S C Feb 5

raid, pa part smeared, soiled, m VIII 32 Cf ray, 9b
raile, rayle, to flow, gush, i vi 43, II VIII 37, in xi 46, iv II 18, *Bellay* 155, *raylmg, ppl adj* III iv 57, *railing, pres part*, R T 12
ram, -e, vb to reign, 1 v 40, *Amor* Son 4
rame, rayne, raign, s6 kingdom, rule, domain, II vii 21, III iv 49, iv III 27, v *t 35, v \ 9, vii vii 15, R T 63
rakehell, rascal, scoundrelly, v xi 44
rakehellye, worthless, rascally, S C p 417
ramp, to rage, 1 III 41, v 28, *ramping, ppl adj* 1 in 5 *rampt, pret* seized, vi xii 29
rancke, ranke, sb row, iv v 33, v xi 9, series, E C p 419
rancke, adj violent, fierce, S C Feb 1, thick, dense, S C July 4
rancke, ranke, adv fiercely, violently, II III 6, iv v 33
ranckorous, bitter, sharp, S C Feb 185
random, random, II iv 7, III VIII 20, *Clout* 812
rape, sb robbery, iv vii 5
rape, vb to carry off, III x Arg
rapt, pa part carried off, seized, 1 iv 9, v VIII 43
rase, to erase, destroy, *Amor* G W to Author, to graze, III 1 65 *rast, pa part* ii. VII 80, in III.43, iv, 1 21 Cf race, *vb*¹
rash, to cut, slash, iv ii 17, v III 8
rashly, hastily, quickly, iii 1 62, xii 33, suddenly, iv II 17
raskall, base, worthless, 1 VII 9, II xi 19, III xi 46
rate, sb amount, allowance, iv vin 19, manner, iv x 52
rate, vb to reprove angrily, III ix 14, to drive away by rating, iv ix 31
rathe, soon, III in 28, S C Dec 98, swiftly, S C July 78. *rather, comp* earlier (born), S C Feb 83
*raught, >r*r* and *pa part* reached, 1 vi 29, II ix 19, vi 6, 8, vi xi 33, *handed*, 1 ix 51, II iv 5, *took, took away*, m 1 5, iv iv 20, vi xii 3, *granted, Hubberd* 441
raunch, to pull, pluck, S C Aug 97
raunge, row, vi VII 26, *fire-grate*, II vii 35, *raum, -e, plunder, booty, prey*, 1 v 8, xi 12, iv VII 5, *voracitv*, v xi 24
raushment, ecstasy, vi ix 26
raw-bone, raw-boned, showing the bone, 1 ix 35
ray, sb array, equipment, v n 50, R T 640, 1 order, v xi 34

GLOSSARY

- ray, *vb* to soil, defile, II. 1 40, vi iv 23, *Bellay* 167 *Set raid*
 rayle, *s6* abuse, iv 1 43
 rayle, *v6* to utter abusive language, complain, *S C May* 146, *pa part* II iv Arg railing, *ppl adj* abusive, -R 7* 538
 rayons, rays, *Bellay* 21
 reach, *s&* penetration, v. ix 39, device, scheme, *Hubberd* II 41
 reach, *vb* to give, yield, iv II 12, to launch, direct, a 1 m, *Hubberd* 840
 read, reed, -e, *sb* saying, motto, iv x 10, *S C July* n, speech, iv x 34, counsel, advice, iv xii 27, v Prol I 1, 1 26, vi II 30, vi 5
 read, rede, *vb*¹ to counsel, advise, 1 1 13, *S C Feb* 137, *Hubbeid* II 4, *Clout* 925, red, *pa part* w II 30
 read, -e, reed, -e, *vb*² to see, discern, distinguish, perceive, 1 1 21, *H. Love* 16, *pret rad*, *M* 1 4, red, *Epith* 189, *pa part* red, 1 \ i 36, viii 33, III 1 33, // *Beautie* 165, rad, III iv 2, iv vi 24, v VII 29, read, v, xii 39, redd, p 411, —to discover, guess, perceive, II VII 70, iv iv [^]9, v xxi 18, vi v 10, *Clout* 336, *pa part* red, iv vii 40, *Clout* 279, rad, v vi 10, —to tell, say, declare, II 1 17, 18, vii 7, III II 14, III 25, A 1 xi 29, *Hubberd* 604, *pret* red, in x 44, iv VII 25, v ix 43, vi x 30, *pa part* red, 1 x 67, v VIII 13, —to call, name red, *pret* III vi. 28, *pa part* 1 vii 46, II vi 9, —to deem, think, imagine, take to be, II VII 2, 7, 12, v III 21, vi II 25, III 31, VIII 31, *Mnc Sonn* 1, red, *pa part*, v Prol 2, R T 633 readen, to describe, in VII 26, *Tedd, pa part* n vii 51 red, *pa part* counted, iv xii 2, to foresee, predict, *Hubberd* 698
 reaedifye, to rebuild, II x 46
 re-allie, to form again, vii vi 23
 reame, realm, iv VIII 45
 reare, rearen, to raise, 1 v 13, vi 37, VIII 10, 40, x 35, II xi 17, III x 52, iv iv 41, vi 25, vi II 42, to aious, cause, bring about, II iv 5, vi 21, xii 22, III 1 9, iv I 34, to take away, in VIII 19, x 12, iv vi 6, to gather, collect, v VII 6, *refl* to rise up, *Hubberd* 237
 reason, ratio, proportion, II II 15, a reason able amount, *Hubberd* 887.
 reaue, to take away, 1 III 36, xii 41, II 1 17, xi 19, III VIII 14, v xi 27, *Hubberd* 24, reaued, *pret* *Beautie* 279, to deprive, II VIII 15, to release, p 412
 rebuke, shame, disgrace, III 1. 55
 rebut, to lecoil, 1 II 15, to repel, drive back, II u 23, rebutted, *pret* 1 xi 53, III. VIII 10, *pa part* iv iv. 18, rebutting, />r« *part* v x 35
 rechesse, reckless, *Hubberd* 950
 reclame, *sb* recall, bringing back, III x 16
 1 reclame, -ayme, *vb* to recall, v xii 9, to recant, vi III 43
 recomfort, to refresh, recreate {refl}, *Hubberd* 758
 recomfortless⁹, without comfort, v vi 24
 record, -e, to call to mind, meditate on, iv VII 19, to sing, *S C Apr* 30
 recourse, *tb* retiring (to rest), III ix 26, flow, iv vi 29, *had recourse* = *czmz* back, v II 2
 recoursing, *pres part* recurring, p 408
 recower, -coure, to recover, iv in 20, ix 25
 reeoyle, to retire, retreat, 1 x 17, v ix 9, *Hubberd* 754 recule, -cuile, to recoil, \ xi 47, vi 1 20
 recure, to restore (to health), 1 \ 44, ix 2, II 1 54, *Amor* Son 21, to recover, m \ 34, iv iv 37, viii 45, vi v 12, to remedy, II x 23, v x 26, *S C Feb* 154, p 417, to cure, heal, vi vi 1, 15, *Amor* p 578
 redisbourse, to pay back again, iv in 27
 redoubted, *ppl adj* revered, III ix 1, dreaded, feared, v 1 3
 redound, to flow, overflow, 1 vi 30 {fig} v ^x 33* *Amor* Son 18, *H Love* 165, *H Beautie* 75, to result, arise, III II 26, to be ledundant, in excess, i\ x 1 redounding, *ppl adj* overflowing, 1 in 8, *pre** *part* tilled, *Gnat* 189
 redresse, to cure, repair, put right again, 1 v 36, to put in order, vi v 10 redrest, *pa part* relieved, iv v 39
 reduce, to bring back, restore, \ 1 vi 3
 reeking, *pres part* smoking, & *C Sept* II 7
 reele, to roll, 1 v 35, *pret* staggered, in vii 42
 refection, refreshment, iv VII 34
 reflex, reflection, *Amor* Son 66
 reformed, />»*/ punished, chastised, v 1 21
 reframe, to restrain, iv ix 3
 reft, *pret* took away, iv II 4, v III 37, cut off, iv in 20, v xii 23, *pa part* seized, taken away, 1 III 41, ix 26, II xii 67, iv III 21, iv 8, bereaved, deprived, III iv 36
 ! Cf raft, reave
 lefuge, vi III 49
 regahtie, sovereignty, ii 1 57
 regard, *plur* interests, objects of care, II VII 33, considerations, v ix 43, *sing* value, vi xi 13, w r sin comparison, vi x 9, on account of, vi xi 14

- regardfull, heedtul, iv vii 22, worthy oi regard or esteem, *Clout* 185
- regiment, kingdom, domain, II ix 59, *Clout* 233, office of a ruler; II x 30, rule, power, III III 40, iv VIII 30, v viii 30, VII vi 2
- regret, -greet, sorrow, pain, II VIII 45, vi II 23, *Teares* 304
- rehearse, to relate, recount, R T 2nd, *Teares i, Past Elegie* 216
- remcreast, *pa part* increased again, vi vi 15
- rekes, recks, cares, S C July 34
- relate, to bring back, in VIII 51
- release, -ce, to revoke, remit, n 1 60, to gue up, iv II 19, to withdraw, vi 1 43
- pret* relest, transferred, iv iv 36, releast, relaxed, vi 1 36
- relent, *sb* delay, v vii 24
- relent, *vb* to slow, slacken, abate, II xi 27, in iv 49, vii 2, iv II 18, III 26, to repent, regret, m vi 25, to sotten, cause to relent, in vi 39, 40, to be gentle, *Amor Son* 82
- rehde, *pret* rallied, iv ix 26
- rehques, remains, II x 57
- rehue, -en, to come to life again, 5 C p 419, Nov 88 reliu'd, *pa part* revived, restored to life, 1 ix 52, III iv 35, VIII 3, vi xi 24
- remame *inr* = as an inheritance, m ix 37
- remeasure, to retrace, III vii 18
- remgdillesse, without hope of rescue, or cure, 1 v 36, III xii 34
- remerciéd, *pret* thanked, II xi 16
- remitted, *pa part* put back, reinstated, *Hubberd* 1254
- remorse, pity, II iv 6, III vii 43, biting or cutting force, iv II 15, *without t* = without irrigation, S C Nov 131
- remoue, to conceal, II iv 27, to change, III VIII 42 remoud, *pret* went away, in ix 43
- recounter, *sb* encounter, m 19
- rencountnng, *pre** *part* engaging in batt'e, 1 iv 39
- renfierst, *pa part* rendered fierce, II VIII 45
- renforst, *pret* made a strong effort, II iv 14, *pa part* forced again, II x 48
- renne, to run, S C Apr II 8, July 60, *pa part*, S C Aug 3, rennmng, *vbl sb*, *Past Elegie* 73
- renowmd, -ed, *pa part* renowned, F Q. *Dedic p* 2, II iv 41
- renowning, *vbl sb* making famous, glonfication, R T p 471
- rent, to propel violently, v x 34
- renuerst, *pret* v in 37, *pa part* 1 iv 41 reversed.
- repaire, to draw back, v xi 13
- repast, refreshment, repose, 1 II 4, v III 40
- Repent, *sb* Repentance, III xii 24
- repent, *vb* to grieve, mourn, III VIII 47
- repine, to grumble, complain, iv II 51, to fret or murmur at, vi VII 26
- repining, *ppl adj* angry, 1 II 17
- repleuie, to recover for, or restore to, the owner by replevin, 1 e upon his giving security to have the matter tried in a court of justice and to return the goods if the case is decided against him, iv xii 31
- report, to convey (news), II 1 33, x 3
- reprieft, reproof, reproach, 1 ix 29, II iv 28, III III 5, iv II, VIII 1
- reprieu, to rescue, II 1 55, v iv Arg, to reprieve, iv, xii 31
- reprize, to take again, II xi 44, iv iv 8
- requere, to demand, 1 III 12, vi 27, vi 1 43
- require, to request, ask, demand, iv 1 12, v 1 21, II 2, II, vi v II, 5 C Nov Arg, *Hubberd* 325
- requests, demands, II u 32
- requight, -quite, to pay back, revenge, 1 iv 42, to salute in return, ! x 49, *Hubberd* 587, *pret* requit, iv m 47 requit, *pret* repay ed, \ vii 33
- reseized, *pa part* restored, replaced, II x 45
- resemblance, -aunce, demonstration of affection, in vii 16, appearance, v ix 22
- resiant, resident, iv xi 28
- resolu'd, *pa part* relaxed, slackened, *Gnat* 141
- resort, visitng, frequenting of 1 person's company, in ix 5
- respect, care, attention, v xii 21
- respire, -yre, to take breath, rest, 1 vi 44, ix 8, xi 28, III III 36, VII 45, to breathe, II iv 16
- respondence, answer, response, II xii 71
- rest* set his r = took up his abode, vi x 2
- rest², a contriv mce to hold a lance or spear, v VIII 5, 9
- restore, *sb* restitution, m v 19, restoration, *Epuaph* (2) 34
- restore, *vb* to reward, 1 VIII 27
- resty, restive, v vin 39
- retourned, -turnd, *pret* turned (back), II III 19, III VIII 18
- retrate, *sb*¹ retiring, retreat, iv x 57
- retrate, *sb*², -ait, portrait, picture, II III 25, ix 4 *
- retrate, *vb* to retreat, 1 1 13, VIII 12, iv III 26
- retyre, retirement, vi ix 27
- reuell rout, uproarious revelry, *Hubberd* 558
- reuengement, revenge, *Hubberd* 216

reu[^]nue, v n 9
 reuerse, to bring back, i ix 48, to remove, divert, in II 4b, to return, in IV i₃R R 305
 reuest, to clothe, II 1 22
 reuoake, to check, restrain, II II 28, to withdraw, II VIII 39, iii xi 21
 reuolt, to turn back, nu xi 25
 reuyld, *pret* scolded, I xii II
 rew, si¹ row, order, in vi 17, 35, v v 22, m r em turn, older, *Teares* 173, 233, &c
 rew, && * rue, a perennial evergreen shrub, in II 49
 rew, *vb* to pity, I 1 51, vi 31, in v 30, to repent, lament, be sorry, I 1 53, v 42, II 1 25, v xi 30 Cf rue
 reynold, reynard, fox, *Hubberd* 556
 ribaudrie, rybaudrye, ribaldry, obscenm, S C Oct 76, *Teares* 213
 nbauld, a wicked, dissolute person, II 1 10, an obscene composition, S C p 459
 richesse, riches, I iv 28, II VII 24
 rid¹, *pret*, ride, v III 10, vi m 37
 rid², *pa part* {for red}, seen, perceived, VII v 1 54 See read, reed, vb²
 riddes, dispatches, I 1 36
 ndling, *ppl adj* that can expound riddles, divining, in xi 54
 rife, ryfe, *ad*; strong, deep, II II 32, abundant, *Gnat* 146, common, S C July II, *adv* deeply, Wrongly, abundantly, I ix 44, 52, in v 31, iv III 12, v ix 48, vi v 5
 rifye, copiously, abundantly, S C Dec 94
 rift, *& split, fissure, I II 30, fragment, n xii 4.
Tift, pa part rent asunder, I xi 54, II VII 23
 right, territory, domain, v viu 26
 rigorous, violent, fierce, I xi 16, in xii 27
 rigour, violence, force, I VIII 18, III v 23, v VIII 32
 rine, rinde, bark, rind, S C Feb ju³R R 389
 ring, to encircle vi Prol 7
 riotise, -lze, riotous life, conduct, expenditure, extravagance, I iv 20, xii 1 33, xii 25, *Hubberd* 805, 1310
 rip up, to open up, iv ix 37, S C Sept 13
 nuage, bank, shore, iv vi 20
 riue, ryue, to split, tear, pierce, I II 19, v II 50, *Gnat* 519, ryu'd, *pret* in v 37, *pa part* nu'd, ryued, in I 6, VIII 3, iv ni 18, *Past. Eleg:e* 120, nuen, *Hubberd* 540
 nze, to come to hand, II ix 59, to accrue, *Hubberd* 806
 rocke, distaff, iv II 48
 rode, roadstead, I xii 42, raid, vi VIII 35

TOiigpret rang in I 62
 ronte, ox or cow of a small breed or size, S C Feb 5.
 roode, cross, crucifix, vi v 35
 roome, place, position, II x 60
 rosiere, rose-tree, II ix 19
 rosmarine¹, rosemary, *Muiop* 200
 rosmarines², walruses, n VII 24
 rote, a mediaeval musical instrument, probably of the violin class, n x 3, iv ix 6
 roubles, rolls, records, vi VII 33
 rounded, *pret* whispered, III x 30
 roundelay, a short simple song with a refrain, S C June 49, Aug 56
 roundell, cirde, III iv 33 roundle, rondeau, rondel, short poem, S C Aug 125
 rout, crowd, troop, I iv 36, v 51, » »x 15, v » 5* v 5, vi ix 8, S C Oct 26, *Hubberd* 558
 rouze, rowze, to shake, ruffle, I xi 9, II in 35, rouzed, *ppl adj* I xi 9
 roue, to shoot with arrows (*Jig*), I Prol 3, in I 50, rou'd, roude, -ed, *pret* in ix 28, v v 35, S C Aug 79
 rowels, knobs on a horse's bit, I VII 37
 rowme, plare, space, room, I iv 13, S C Apr II4, S C Dec 68
 royne, to roar, gro[^]l v ix 33
 rubm, -e, rubv, n in 24 xii 54
 rudded, *pa part* reddened, *hpith* 173
 ruddock, redbreast, robin, *Eptth* 82
 rudenesse, uncouthness, S C p 416
 rue, to cause to pity, I II 21 ruing, *pres part* pitying, v x 4 Cf rew, vb
 ruefull, pitiful!, II VII 36
 ruefully, pitiably, in VIII 30
 ruefulness, dismalness, pathos, I iv 25
 ruffled, *pa part* in II 27, *ppl adj*, *Teares* 402 ruffled ruffling, *pres part* ruffling, in xi 32
 ruffin, <ib the ruff, *Acertna cernua*, iv xi 33
 ruffin, *adj* ruffian, disorderly, I iv 34
 ruinate, to rum, II xii 7, III VIII 28, R R 94, *pa part* v x 26, *Hubberd* 1040
 rulesse, lawless, *Gnat* 431
 rushrings, rings of lush, S C Nov II6
 ruth, pity, grief, I 1 50, in v 7, v ix 50, R T 480
 ruthfull, piteous, grievous, S C June II6
 rutty, full of ruts, *Proth* 12

8 ^tcltctet, S C pp 418, 447
 sacrament, solemn oath or engagement, v 1 25

- sacred, accursed, I viii 35, II. xii 37, v VII 1
 sad, grave, serious, 1 1 29, II u 28, dark
 coloured, sober-coloured, 1 x 7, xii 5, grievous, II 1 38, heavy, II 1 45, viii 30, constant, III xi 45
 safe, save, except, m vii 60
 safeguard, safety, III ix 41
 same, sayne, to say, *yd pers plur pres* in ix 40, vii vir 55, *mf*, S C May 158, *Sept* 108, 1 io, 123, Nov 93
 sake, cause, II 52, regard, consideration, 1 v 12
 sale, net made out of willow or willow branches, S C Dec 81
 salewd, *pret* saluted, greeted, iv vi 25 Cf 8 alued
 saliaunce, assault, sally, II 1 29
 saluage, *adj* savage, wild, 1 III 5 (*trantf*), in III 45, x 39, iv iv 42, vi 1 9, v 27, p 4 II, R T 564, *Teare* Sc, *sb* vi v 41
 salued, *piet* saluted, greeted, II VII 23
 salue, *sb* remed^d, 1 v 40, in iv 43, v 50, S C Aug 103, *Amor* Son 50
 salue, *vb*¹ to remedy, iv iv 27, p 417, *pret* remedied, made amends for, II x 21
 salue, *vb*² to save, v v 43, to arrange, contrive, iv 1 II, to preserve unblemished, iv iv 27
 saluing, *vbl sb* restoration, vindication, II 1 20
 sam, together, 1 x 57, S C May 168
 samite, rich silk fabric, in xii 13
 sample, example, S C July II 9
 sanguine, blood red colour, II 1 39, III viii 6
 sans, without, in the names *Sansfoy* faithless, *Sans joy* joyless, *Sans loy* lawless, 1 II 25
 sardonian, sardonic, v ix 12
 saufgard, guard, defence, II v 8
 saulge, sage, *Mmop* 187
 saue, to meet or overcome (a doubt), *Hubberd* 194
 sauegard, to guard, protect, in viii 46
 saume, small bushy evergreen shrub, *Jumperus Sabina*, bearing a small, round, bluish purple berry, III II 49
 saumg, without, in default of, S C p 419
 saurie, plant of the genus *Satureia*, used for flavouring, *Mmop* 198
 saw, decree, command, *Clout* 884
 say, saye *, a cloth of fine texture resembling serge, in the 16th c sometimes partly of silk, subsequently woollen, 1 iv 31, m xii 8, S C Aug 66
 say *, temper, vi xi 47
 scald, a scabby disease, 1 viii 47
 scalp, crown of the head, skull, v II 6
 scand, *pa part* examined, v ix 37, climbed, vii vi 8
 scanne, to attempt (a high ascent), S C Oct 88
 scape, *sb*, escape, deliverance, *Gnat* G64
 scape, *vb* to escape, 1 iv 3, in xi 34
 scarabee, beetle, *Worlds Vantie* 44
 scarmoges, skirmishes, n vi 34
 scath, harm, damage, injury, loss, 1 iv 35, xii 34, II v 18, in 1 37, x II, f C Dec 100, *Amor* Son 31, harmful nature, v viii 49
 scattered, *pa part* dropped, II II 2
 soatterhngs, vagrants, II x 63
 scene, stage, *Teare* * 192
 soerne, to discern, m x 22
 schoolery, education, *Clout* 702
 sclaunder, slander, v ix 26
 sclauie, slave, n vii 33
 sclender, slender, thin, in 1 47, VII 36, v vii 7
 scolopendraes, a kind of fabulous sea-fishes, II xii 23
 scope, object of desire or pursuit, in iv 52, extent, space, in ix 46, mark for shooting at (*ht andjj* ^), vi III 5, S C Nov 155, *Hubberd* 960
 score, number, vi ix 21
 scorse, *sb* exchange, II ix 55
 scorse, *vb*¹ to exchange, m ix 16
 scorsed, *vb* * *pret* chased, vi ix 3
 scould, *pret* scowled, n II 35
 scowre, to run, pursue, 1 II 20, *Gnat* 564
 scowrmg, *vbl sb* dirt or scum, *Gnat* 229
 scriene, screen, doorway, v ix 25
 senke, to shrike, vi iv 18
 serine, scryne, chest for the safe keeping of books and documents, 1 Prol 2, n ix 56
 scrip, bag, wallet, 1 vi 35
 scruze, to squeeze, in v 33, *scrudz*, *pret* II xii 56, *pa part* II xii 46
 scryde, />a *part* descried, perceived, v xii 38
 scuchin, scutchin, -ion, escutcheon, shield, coat of arms, in iv 16, iv 1 34, III 5, v xi 54
 scuith guiridh (Welsh), green shield, y
 scuith gogh, the red shield, n x 24
 adame, sdeigne, *sb* dis>dain, v v 51, *Amor* Son 5
 sdeigne, *vb* to disdain, in 1 55, p 4 II, *pret* sdeigned, III 1 40, *Hubberd* C79, *pa part* sdained, v v 44
 sdeignfull, a'deign, sdem-, disdainful, in VII io, v II 33, *Teares* 71, *Daphn* 549
 sdeignfully, disdainfully, *Hubberd* 1234, seabeate, *pa part* beaten by the sea, weather-beaten, S C Feb 34
 seard, *pret* burned, 1 xi 26

- seare, *adj* burning, i xi 13, sere, withered, S C Nov 147
- sea-satyre, some kind of maritime monster, II VII 24
- sease, to reach, attain, III v 19 seasd, *pret* penetrated, 1 xi 38 Cf seize
- sea-shouldrmg, *ppl adj* with shoulders that displace the sea, II VII 23
- seasure *made s* — took possession, iv ix 12
- seat, to he down, vi ix 4
- Secretaries of nature, men acquainted with the secrets of nature, *Three Lett* p 615
- sectaries, disciples, *Teares* 73, *Hubberd* 833
- secure, free from apprehension, careless, vi v 16, *Mutop* 382
- sec untie, carelessness, S C p 427
- see, seat, throne, III vi 2, dwelling-place, abode, iv x 30
- seeld, *adj* rare, uncommon, *Elegie* 171
- seeld, *adv* seldom, *Epitaph* (1) II
- seeled, *pa part* made blind, 1 VII 23
- seeling, ceiling, *Bellay* 23
- seely, simple, innocent, 1 vi 10, II III 6, S C July 30 Cf silly,
- seem, to be seemly, becoming, S C May 158, *Hubberd* 35, *Clout* 618
- seemelesse, unseemly, shameful, v n 25
- seemely, comely, handsome, II xii 27, III VII 19, v iv 4
- seeming, *vbl sb* opinion, *Two Lett* p 635
- seemlyhed, a becoming appearance, iv VIII M
- seene, *ppl adj* well \$ = well-versed, skilled, iv " 35, v III 5, S C p 417
- seism, vi iv 37 See liverey
- seize, seise, to fasten upon, 1 III 19, vin 15, v iv 40, to arrive at, attain, 1 xii 17, to penetrate, II vin 38, III VII 40 seized of, *pa part* -possessed of, vi iv 30, VII 5, *Hubberd* 1111
- selcouth, strange, iv VIII 14
- select, ^ *patt* chosen, *Clormda* 63
- selfe, himself, iv v 34, vi 17, *H Love* 145, herself, iv 1 2, *Gnat* 505, itself, iv VII 36
- sell, saddle, II II II, III 12, VIII 31, m 1 6, III 60, iv iv 30, vi 13
- semblably, similarly, p 4 II
- serrblance, -aunce, demeanour, expression, III VII 16, *joyous/aires*, iv VII 44, vi iv 14
- semblant, -aunt, likeness, resemblance, 1 II 12, p 413, *Amor* Son 45, outward appearance, II 1 21, ix 2, in II 38, 40, false appearance, pretence, II VII 49, III iv 54, *Gmz/93*, demeanour, iv x 31, vi x 23, signs, appearance, vi v 4, *fair s* = favour, v v 56
- semfnarie, seed plot, III vi 30
- senarie, verse consisting of six feet, each of which is either an iambus or some foot which the law of the verse allows to be substituted, *Two Lett* p 640
- sencelesse, insensible, unfeeling, *Amor* Son 30, 54
- senight, week, R T p 470
- sens, since, ago, iv v 23
- sense, sence, perception, 1 1 50, senses, feelings, iv vi 21 1 7, *Gnat* II
- sensefull, sensible, vi iv 37, ix 26
- sensibly, feelingly, sensitively, iv VIII 4
- sent, perception, 1 1 43, scent, m vii 23
- sented well s = gifted with keen perception, S C p 418
- sere, withered, S C Jan 37
- seru'd, brought into action, II x 55
- seruwe, to examine, survey, S C Feb 145
- set set by = make much of, esteem, iv vi 46, set (a person) by =s deprive him of, *Elegie* *74
- setuale, zedoary, East Indian plant having aromatic and medicinl properties *Muiop* 196
- seuerall, aJ/ diverse, 1 III 16, *adv* separately, in different directions, vi 1 10
- sew, to follow, pursue (*lit* and *Jig*), II II 17, III iv 50, x 9, iv ix 26, vi ix 2, x 2, xi 5, *Hubberd* 743. serve and sew, II VII 9, III v 47, seeke and sew, *Beautte* 153, to solicit, plead, iv VII 29
- shade, to shadow, represent, v vii 3, to hide, disguise, v VIII 14, ix 12
- shadow, dissimulation, pretence, w xi 6, shade, *Gnat* 143
- shagged, *pret* hung in a shaggy mass, v ix 10
- shaires, parts, divisions, II x 37
- shallop, sloop, a light boat, III VII 27
- shalldwes, in iv 9
- shame, to feel ashamed, II VII 23, v iv 24
- ahamefast, modest, bishful, 1 x 15, v v 25
- shamefastnesse, modesty, v III 23
- shard, bourn, boundary, II vi 38
- share, sb piece, portion, 1 II 18
- share, vb to cut, pierce, iv II 17, *pret* shard, shared, iv vi 19, v 1 10, v 9, divided, *Clout* 138
- sharpe, to sharpen, p 413, sharpened, *ppl adj* sharpened, tapering, R R 16
- shaume, musical instrument of the oboe class, 1 VII 13, \ v 4
- shauehngs, rascals, S C y 443
- sheare, sheere, *adj* clear, bright, in xi 7, VII vii 25
- sheare, there, vb to cut, divide, cleave, II vi 5, in iv 33, 42, iv v 34 sheard, *pret* II vi 31

- sheares, wings (is if made to cut the air),
ii VIII 5
- shed, to pour out, emit, *S C Oct 35, Worlds Vanitte 78, pa part n VII 30*
- sheene, shene, bright, beautiful, fair, II 1
IO, H 40, III 1 65, IV 51, V VM 29, X 25,
S C Nov 38
- shend, to disgrace, 1 1 53, II vi 35, VIII 12,
III ix *, IV 1 51, *SC July 172, to use*
injuriously, v iv 24, to surpass, *Proth 121*
shent, pret reproached, reprov'd, II v 5
disgraced, v III 37, *pa part disgraced, II 1*
ii, 27, III ix 33, v VIII 23, injured, III iv
55
- shere, bright, clear, in II 44, iv vi 20 Cf
sheare, *adj*
- shew, sheow, pretence, 1 1 46, III VII 29,
sign, trace, 1 III 10
- shidder, young female sheep, *S C Sept 2 II*
Cf hidder
- shield Gods = God forbid, *S C July 9*
shift, movement, in 1 61, artifice, *Clout 694*
shifted, pret succeeded, *Hubberd 659*
- shine, bright, iv III 3
- shmie-beame, glittering ray, v iv 45
- shit, *pa part shut, Clout 709*
- shiuering, *ppl adj* quivering, iv 1 49, II
H
- shole, troop, band, *S C May 20*
- shole, *adj* shallow, VII vi 40
- shonne, to shun, avoid, III i 52, vi VII 35,
Gnat 176
- shope, pret framed, shaped, v v 39
- shot, advanced (in >ears), v vi 19
- shouldred, *pa part* pushed, buffeted, *Clout*
709
- shred, *pa part* cut, *Thest 75*
- shrieches, shrieks, vi iv 18
- shrieck oule, scrich-, shriekowle, screech
owl,/? T 130, *Teare* 283, Epith 345*
- shrieue, to question, iv VII 26, to confess,
S C Aug 55
- shrifts, confessions, *Hubberd 453*
- shright, sb shriek, II VII 57, vi iv 2
- shright, pret shrieked, III VIII 32
- shrike, shriek, cry, R T 471, Teares 3^8,
Past Aeqlogue 108
- shrike, vb to shriek, iv v 41, *Teares 229*
- shrill, sb shrill sound, R T 581
- shrill, vb to give forth a shrill sound, re-
sound, vi VIII 46, *Daphn 323, Past Elegte*
44, shrild, pret, *S C Nov 71, Gnat*
- shrilling, *ppl ad*; shrill, resounding, in VIII
29, iv u 32
- shriuing, confession, *Hubberd 543*
- shrowd, -e, to take shelter, hide, 1 1 6, *S C*
Feb 122, Gnat 176 shrouded, shrowded,
pa part hidden, sheltered, *S C Mar 68,*
Apr 32
- shyne, brightness, 1 x 67
- sib, sibbe, sybbe, akin, related, III in 26,
vi VII 41, *S C May 269, trans/, Three*
Lett p 621, Two Lett, p 643
- sich, such, in VII 29, *S C Sept, 79, 165*
- sicker, adv certainly, surely, assuredly, *S C*
Feb 55, March 7, Apr 158, May 19, 55,
Aug 43, Sept 76, adj secure, Hubberd 430
- sickernes, safety, security, in VII 26, xi
55
- side, adv at the sides, *Epigrams p 607*
- siege, seat, throne, II II 39, VII 44
- sield, *pa part* 'ceiled', adorned on the wall
and ceiling, v v 21
- sielyng, ceiling, *Epigrams p 607*
- sient, scion, v 1 1
- sight, pret sighed, II 1 47, vi xi 25
- signe, emblem, ensign, iv 1 22, plur insignia,
Hubberd 1016
- sike, such, *S C Feb 2 II, May 82, July 201,*
203, Aug 50, 52, Sept 13, II 3, 140, Nov
II, 18
- silly, simple, innocent, harmless, 1 1 30, II 21,
vi 35, II III 36, in VII 8, x 45, *Teares 339*
- simplesse, simplicity, *S C July 172*
- sin, since, vi xi 44
- smamon, cinnamon, *S C Feb 136*
- singled, pret separated, emerged, iv iv 17
- singular, eminent, noble, *Msc Sonn 1*
- singults, -es, sobs, m xi 12, v vi 13, *Teares*
232, *Clout 168*
- sited, *pa part in** vi 31, site, *p** 210
situated, set
- sith, conj since, n 1 22, III 3, Vlli 2, p 411,
Mmp 219, stth that = since, 1 v 43, adv,
sith of late = since, recently, m VIII 36*
- sith, 81 thes, sb plur times, thousands, m
x 33, *S C Jan 49*
- sithens, ce, adv since, R T p 471, *Hub-*
berd 1210, R R II 7, Amor Son 3, ago,
S C March 46, conj 1 iv 51, ix 8, II vi 48
- sitte, sittes, is becoming, behaves, 1 i 30,
S C May 77, June 75, Nov 26
- situate, *pa part* situated, II VII 42
- skand, *pa part* understood, *Daphn 178*
- skanning, *ppl adj* understanding, p 409
Cf scand
- skill, sb sense of what is right and fitting, n
1 54, process of discrimination, v iv. I.
- skill, vb to care, III 1 50, vi iv 38, to avail,
matter, v iv 14, to have perception of, *Three*
Lett 623

GLOSSARY.

- Skilful, having a good knowledge of, vi v. 16
 skippet, small boat or skiff, u VII 14
 skreene, entrance door, v x 37 Cf *scriene*
 skyen, skies, 1 IV 9
 sky-threatening, towering up to the sky, v x
 23 See *threat*
 slacke, remiss, III vi 19
 slake, to slacken, neglect, III III 10, to abate,
 moderate, v vii 5, *pa part* relieved, rendered
 less acute, 1. VII 28
 slauered, *pret* slabbered, v VII 29
 sledge, hammer, II II 22
 sleight, slight, device, artifice, trickery, i III
 17, xii Arg, iv 1 44, vi. v 13, VII vi 27,
 \ii 25, *Hubberd* 346, *Worlds Vanitie* 147,
 trick, v ix 13, design, pattern, 1 VII 30
 slipper, slippery, unstable, S C Nov 153
 slipt the collar (*Jig*), drawn back, *Hubberd*
 269
 slombred, *ppl ad*; unconscious, 1 vii 15
 slombry, sleepy, III vi 26
 slouth, sloth, idleness, u v 35, II 1 23
 slug, to idle, live idly, II 1 23, III VII 12
 sly, wise, clever, II viii 47, cleverly made, II
 ix 46
 small, s6 little, vi ix 20
 smallage, wild celery, *Dapkn* 347
 smight, to smite, strike, II II 23 *smit*,
pret 1 u 18, v xi 7, vi xi 28, *pa part* III
 34 » 35 xi 12, iv 1 14 *smot*, *pret* in
 1 28, *pa part* III II 46
 smirke, neat, trim, S C Feb 72
 smothering, smothering, 1 xi 13
 smouldring, *ppl adj* suffocating, II v 3
 smouldry, suffocating, 1 vii 13, III xi 21
 snaggy, jugged, knotty, 1 VII 10
 snags, knots, stumps, II xi 23, iv vii 7
 snakie-paced, mowing like a snake, R R
 178
 snaky-wreathed, wrapped round with 1 snake
 or snakes, VII vi 18
 snar, to snarl, growl, vi VII 27
 snarled, //) *adj* twisted, tangled, in xii 17
 snebbe, snib, to reprove, chide, £ C Feb
 126, *Hubberd* 372
 snubbess, knobby protuberance*, snags, 1 viii
 7
 so, provided that, *Hubberd* II 50
 so that, as if, in II 19
 soare falcon, a falcon of the %st year,
H Beutte 26
 sock, light shoe worn by the ancient actors of
 comedy, hence comedy, *Teares* 176
 softly, gentle, vi VII 6
 sold, life pay, remuneration, II ix 6
 sold, *pa part* given, iv. x 54
 sole, foot, 1 x 9, lowest part, v II 28,
 solein, sad, £ C May 213
 solemnize, sb solemnization, 1 x 4
 s6lemniz'd, *pa part* celebrated, renowned,
 in II 18, eol^mniz'd, v. II 3
 soly, alone, iv ix 18, *Clout Sou*
 somd, *pa part* properly of a hawk, having
 the full complement of feathers (*Jig*), S C,
 p 418
 soraede, somewhat, S C May 56, Dec 40
 sometime, formerly, *Thest* 16
 somewhat, something, S C Nov 4
 somme, sum, whole, v vi 8
 sondry, separate, III vi 35
 sonet, song, S C Dec 15
 song, *pret* sang, II vi, 3, III v 40, S C
 Dec 15
 sonned, *ppl adj* exposed to the sun, S C
 Jan 77
 soote, adv sweetly, S C Apr *iu*, Oct 90
 sooth, soth, truth, S C May 158, p 443,
 Sept 154, adv truly, III III 13, 54, iv ix
 27, v x 9, vi II 9
 soothlich, in II 14, soothly, v x 8, vi II
 13 truly
 soothsay, prediction, prophecy, II ix 51, iv
 II 35, omen, portent, III vin 50
 sopps in wine, the common garden pink,
Dianthus plumarius, S C Apr, 138, May
 M
 sorrow, to cause sorrow to, to grieve, iv ix
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 sort, sb manner, fashion, 1 iv 37, iv II 29,
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- stole, mantle, 1 1 4, 45, VII 22
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- stonds, stands, defences, II xi 15
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- stoopegallaunt, (?), S C Feb 90
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- stramt, strain, v II 14
- strait, a narrow passage, n VII 40
- strake, *pret* struck, II in 32, III vii 44, v III 33, vi VII II, *Gnat* 307, *Petrarch* 23
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 submisse, submissive, humble, iv x 51
 subtle, delicate, finely-spun, II xii 77
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 supplie, to reinforce, *Teares* 537 supplyde, *pa part* made up for, vi vii 9
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 tablere, player on the tabor or drum, S C May 22
 tackles, tackle, equipment of a ship, I xii 42
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 taking, plight, condition, S C Apr 156
 talaunts, -ants, claws, I VIII 48, xi 41, xii ii
 tamburms, small tabors or drums, S C June 59
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 tassell gent, tercel, a male falcon or goshawk, III iv 49
 tasswaga, to assuage, S C Nov 2
 tawdrielace, a suk¹ lace¹ or necktie, originally lace sold at fairs during the festival of St Audrey (Ethelreda), S C Apr 135
 teade, -e, torch, I xii 37, *Mutop* 293, *Epith* 27
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 temed, *ppl adj* yoked in a team, m iv 34 Cf teemed
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- threttie, thirty, *S C Feb* 17
- thrid, thread, iv II 48, 50
- thrill, to pierce, penetrate (*lit and fig*), III v 20, thnld, thrilled, *pret* 1 vi 37, II xii 78, iv vii 31, *pa part* 1 VIII 39, 1" v. 21, iv vii 36, *ppl adj* III II 32, thrilling, *ppl adj* 1 III 42, *S C May* 208
- thrillant, piercing, penetrating, 1 xi 20, II iv 46
- thnse, by a great deal, in viii 7
- thrist, *sb* thirst, II vi 17
- thristed, *pret* thirsted, 1 vi 38
- thristy, le, thirsty, 1 x 38, II v 30, *S C May* 138
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- throw³, throe, thrust, throw (of a weapon), II v 9, VIII 41, III v 21, iv III 26, 33, v vii 35, *Teares* 134
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- todde, thick bush, *S C March* 67
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- tortious, wrong, wicked, injurious, II II 18, iv ix 12, v vin 30, 51, vii vi 10
- tosse, to agitate, 1 vii 27
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- touch, touchstone *true as t* - absolutely true, 1 III 2
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- tourney, *vb* to joust, tilt, ii 1 6
- touzd, *pa part* harassed, worried, II xi 33
- toward, approaching, near at hand, ii iv 22, in 1 9, *Daphn* 280, promising, *Muiop* 26
- t6wards, forward, II 1 26, III 34
- to worne, *pa part* worn out, v ix 10
- toy, *sb* play, amorous sport, II vi 37, xii 60
- toy, *vb tntr* to play, II ix 35
- toyles, nets, snares, *Past Elegte* 97
- trace, *sb* path, track, vi 1 6, *S C June* 27
- trace, *vb* to walk, 1 viii 31, *Gnat* 251, to travel, go forward, iv vii 28, viii 34, v ix 7, vi 1 7, III 29, to track, in vii 23, to step, pace, dance, vi ix 42
- tract, *sb*¹ course, process (of time), v iv 8, *S C May* II 7, *Amor Son* 18
- tract, *sb*² trace, track, footprint, 1 II, II III 19, vi iv 24, xii 22, *Gnat* 279, *Hubberd* 406
- tract, *vb* to trace, track, II 1 12, vi vii. 3, tracted, *pa part* ii vi 39
- trade, tread, track, II. vi 39, *Teares* 275,

- occupation, n xii 30, S. C., *June* 45, conduct, iii 1 67.
 tradefuli, busy III traffic, *Amor* Son. 15
 traduction, transfer, iv III 13.
 trainee, trayne, artifice, wile, snare, 1 vi 3, vii 1, IX 31, xii 36, III III I I, x II, iv VIIu 31, v viii 2, 19, xii 40, *Gnat* 241, *Mutop* 398, *Clout* II 8, *Past Elegie* 97, trail, track, v II 15, assembly, v II 33
 tramels, nets (for the hair), II II 15, III ix 20
 transfard, pret transformed, m xi 31
 translated, transferred, v vii 29
 transmew, to transform, transmute, 1 vii 35, II III 37, iii 1 38
 transmoue, to transform, in xi 43
 transuerse *by t* = m a haphazard way, vii vii 56
 trap, to furnish with trappings, II viii 16
 trap fals, trap doors so made as to give way beneath the feet, pitfalls, v II 7
 trast, pret moved, ran, v viii 37 Cf trace, vb
 traundayler, worker, *Two Lett* p 640
 traueled, -eiled, *pa part* troubled, S C *Jan. Arg* 6, laboured, R R II 7
 trauell, sb toil, travail, vi vii 19, ix 2
 trauell, vb to travail, labour (in childbirth) (fig), iv ix 17
 trayle, sb woven pattern, *Muiop* 299
 trayled, /a *part* interwoven with a pattern, v v 2
 trayned, *pa part* vi vi 39, *pret* vi vi 42 allured
 treachetour, traitor, II x 51, vi vii 7
 treachour, traitor, cheat, 1 iv 41, ix 32, II 1 12, iv 27, *Hubberd* 1255
 treague, truce, II II 33
 treat, sb parley, in vin 17
 treat, -en, vb to speak, talk (of), 1 vii 40, VIIu 43, iv, 1 16
 treaty, arrangement, III 1 II
 treen, of trees, 1 II 39, vii 26.
 trenchand, -ant, sharp, piercing, 1 1 17, xi 24, v v 9.
 trentals, services of thirty masses for the dead on as many successive days, *Hubberd* 453
 trespassed, *pa part* committed, *Gnat* 448
 trild, /re/ flowed, trickled, II xii 78
 trim, neat, well-formed, m 1 36, *Past. Elegie* 42, pleasing, in 1 40
 trimly, neatly, S C *Apr* 29
 trmall, threefold, 1 xii. 39, *H Love* 64
 triplicities, trinities, triads, 1 xii 39, *H Love* 64
 triumph, triumphing, iv II 24, iv 28
 trode, troad, -e, footstep, trace, track, path, iii ix 49, vi x 5, S C *July* 14, *Sept* 92, *Hubberd* 406
 tromp(e), trumpet, iii. iii 3, p. 412, trumpeter, herald, R T 434.
 troncheon, headless spear, cudgel, II viii 38, iv III 12
 troth, truth, II 1 II, II 34
 troublous, agitated, disturbed, II II 24, restless, II III 4
 throw(e), to believe, think, i! v 13, v II 34, S C *March* 56, *July* 107
 trump, trumpet, *Amor* Son 29, 85 Cf tromp
 truncked, *ppl adj* truncated, beheaded, 1 VIII 10, II v 4
 trusse, 56 bundle, 5 C *May* 239
 trusse, vb to seize and carry off, 1 xi 19, iv vii 18, to pack up, iii. x 46
 trustily, -ely, faithfully, vi III 19, with confidence, *Hubberd* 55
 truth, trust, care, 1 vi 12, II III 2
 try(e), trie, vb to experience, iv vii II, R T. 233, tride, *pret* iv vii 2, tryde, *pa part* vi III 2, to prove (oneself), *Hubberd* 913 tryde, *pa part* purified, II II 9
 tride, *ppl adj* firm, faithful, vi viii 33
 trye, *adj* choice, select, v II 26
 tunes, tones, strains, *Elegie* 193
 turmoyle, sb trouble, agitation, *Amor* Son II
 turmoyle, vb *intr* to labour amid trouble, *Gnat* 152, tr to disturb, agitate, R R 261, *Petrarch* 21. turmoild, *pa part* troubled, iv ix 39
 turney, sb tournament, encounter, iv vi 6, ix 36 Cf tourney
 turney, vb to joust, tilt, iv v 7, v III Arg Cf tourney
 turribant, turban, iv xi 28
 twame into even t = 3 into two even portions, *Hubberd* 1024
 tway, two, twain, 1 vii 27, i vi 3r, iii xi II, iv II 13, v iv 35, S C *July* 152
 twight, to twit, v vi 12
 twine, twyne, sb coil, band, 1 vi 14, S C *Aug* 30, Oct i n
 twine, vb to twist, iv II 51
 twinne, pair, couple, *Bellay* 70, *Epigrams* P 607
 twist, fabric made with a double and hence heavy thread, coarse cloth, *Hubberd* 460
 twyfold, twofold, 1 v 28
 tyhyhmg, *pres part* tittering, *Thee Lett* p 618
 tyned, *pret* were lost, perished, iv xi 36
 type, emblem, pattern, model, *Teares* 70, *Gnat* 557

- tyranne, tyrant, *S C Oct* 98
 tyrannesse, female tyrant, 1 v 46.
 tyrannical / . colours, *S C p* 447
 tyrannmg, tyrannizing, *iv vii* 1
 tyre, head dress, 1 x 3 1 Cf *tire, sb*²
 tyreimg, tired, fatigued, *III* 1 17, *vi vii* 40
 U
 vgly, horrible, 1 ix 48
 VIIbriere, a defence for the face, attached to a helmet, *m* 1 42, *iv iv* 44
 VIIacquanted, strange, unknown, 1 x 29
 VIIadvised, *ppl adj* unperceived, *p* 412
 VIIawares, suddenly, unexpected, *iv VII* 7
 Cf *VIIwares*
 VIIbid, *ppl adj* not prayed for, 1 ix 54
 VIIblest, *ppl adj* unwounded, *v II* 12
 VIIbrace, to unfasten, *II iv* 9
 VIIcase, to strip, *Hubberd* 1380, *pa part* revealed, *v III Arg*, 39, *Hubberd* 930
 VIIchearefull, cheerless, depressing, *Epith* 21
 VIIcivile, uncivilized, wild, *II vii* 3
 VIIcomely, unbecoming, *vi viii* 51
 VIIcomptrold, uncontrolled, *Clout* 662
 uncouth, strange, unusual, 1 1 15, *II v* 20, *vi* 43, *iii x* 34, *iv vii* 45, *x* 45, *v v* 37, *vii vii* 6, 35, unknown, *S C Spt* 60
 VIIcrudded, uncurdled, *Epith* 175
 VIIdefide, unchallenged, *II viii* 31
 underfong, to ensnare, entrap, deceive, *v II* 7, *S C June* 103, to undertake, *S C Nov* 22
 VIIder hand, secretly, *iv xi* 34
 VIIderkeep, to keep under, subdue, oppress, in *VII* 33, *Teates* 77
 VIIderlay, to overpower, surpass, *Gnat* 99
 VIIdermnde, to undermine, deceive, *v vi* 3²
 VIIdersaye, to say in contradiction, *S C Sept* 91
 VIIdersong, burden of a song, refrain, *S C Aug* 127, *Daphn* 245, 294, *Clout* 168, *Proth no*
 VIIdertake, to hear, understand, *v III* 34
 VIIdertane, *pa part* promised, *v viii* 3
 VIIvertime, the time of the middav meal (undern), *m vii* 13
 VIIderuerse, following or second verse, *S C p* 451
 VIIight, to take off, in *v* 31, *ix* 19, *v viii* 2, *pret* 1 *III* 4, *pa part*, *vi vii* 19, *pa part* unloosened, *II xii* 15, *III vi* 18
 VIIeasy, uncomfortable, disagreeable, 1 v 36
 VIIeath, -eth, VIIneath, *adj* difficult, 1 x y, *III v* 17, *IV vii* 40, *Daphn* 447, *adv* with difficulty, uneasily, 1 ix 38, *xi* 4, *II* 1 56, *iii* 1 p 430
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 VIIespyde, *pa part* unseen, *III* 1 37
 VIIeuen, ill-matched, *vi v* 9
 VIIilde, *ppl adj* unpolished, in *VII* 30
 VIIgentle, discourteous, rude, in 1 C7
 VIIgentlenesse, harshness, discourtesy, in v.
 2
 VIIguilty, innocent, in *II* 26
 VIIhable, unable, incapable, 1 *iv* 23, *vi* 1 16, in 46
 VIIhappy, -le, unfortunate, inauspicious, *II vi* 44, unsuccessful, *iv vi* 31, *unhappiemtted* — with minds full of tricks, *Hubberd* 49
 VIIhastie, slow, 1 *III* 4
 VIIheale, -hele, to disclose, uncover, *II xii* 64, *iv v* 10
 VIIherst, *pret* removed from a hearse or monument, *v iii* 37
 VIIhurtfull, doing no harm, *Teares* 197
 VIIkempt, rough, unpolished (*fig*), in x 29, *S C Nov* 51
 VIIkend, -t, unknown, *iv xi* 13, *p* 416
 VIIknde, unnatural, *iii II* 43, *Hubberd* 52
 VIIkmdly, unnatural, *II x* 9, *S C Jan* 26
 VIIkodpeased, *ppl adj* without a cod-piece, *Three Lett*, *p* 625 See *kodpeas*
 VIIlast, *pa part* unlaced, *vi* 1 39
 VIIlich, unlike, 1 v 28
 VIIlike, unlikely, *v v* 38
 VIIlustye, feeble, *S C p* 458
 VIInetthes, see VIIeath
 VIImanurd, *ppl adj* untilled, uncultivated, *II x* 5
 VIImard, *pa part* unspoiled, *vi x* 7
 VIImeete, unfit, unsuitable, unbecoming, unseemly, *m vi* 50, *iv* 1 27, *vi iv* 37, *VII* 22
 VIImercifully, extremely, *v VII* 31
 VIInoble, ignoble, base, *Teares* 435
 VIIplamed, -playnd, *ppl adj* not bewailed or lamented, *Daphn* 79, *pa part*, *Past Elegie* 136
 VIIproued, *ppl adj* not tested, untried, 1 *vii* 47
 VIIpuruaide, *pa part* deprived, *vii vi* 14
 VIIreaue, to disentangle, take to pieces, *Amor Son* 23
 VIIred, *ppl adj* untold, *iv xii* 2
 VIIredrest, *ppl adj* without redress, *iv viii*
 VIIreme'died (cf *reme'dillesse*), *Clounda* 8
 VIIreproued, *ppl adj* blame'ess, *ii vii* 16
 VIIrestfulnease, restlessness, uneasiness, *S C I p* 430

- VIIrument**, unruliness, **iv IX 23**
VIIruly, unrestrained, excessive, **vi vi 5**
VIIlseason, to strike or affect disagreeably, **P 413**
VIIlseen, unrevealed, incognito, **iv. iv. 3**
VIIlshed, *ppl. adj* unparted, **iv vii 40**
VIIlsoote, not sweet, **S C Dec II 8**
VIIlspide, *pa, part* unseen, **iri vi 7**
VIIlstayd, unsteady, **vi 1 20**
VIIlstedfastnesse, instability, *Epigrams* **p. 606.**
VIIlthnfty, wicked, **1 iv 35**
VIIlthxiftyhed, -ihead, unthnftmss, **II. xii 18**, **III xii 25**
VIIll, -til, unto, towards, **1 xi 4**, **S C Nov**
VIIltimely, unfortunately, **v v 29**
VIIltitled, *ppl. adj* without a title, claim, **v ix 42**
VIIltride, *ppl. adj* not felt, experienced, **iv vii II Cf try**, *vb*
VIIltrust, *ppl. adj* unbound, *Past. Aeglogue* **56**
VIIlualewd, *ppl. adj* inestimable, *Amor Son*
VIIlwares, unexpectedly, suddenly, **1 v 18**, **III, 1 37**, **iv iv. 31, 5 C March Arg, May 275**, unknown, **iv iv 27**, unknowingly, *Gnat* **631**
VIIlwarie, unexpected, **1 xii 25**
VIIlweetmg, *adj* not knowing, unconscious, **1 III 65, x 65, 66, i i. xii 22**, unknown, **III III 57**, *adv* unwittingly, **1 II 40**, *Hubberd* **606**
VIIlweetmgly, unwittingly, **v viii 15**
VIIlweldy, *adj* unwieldy, **1 VIIi 24**, *adv* in an unwieldy manner, **vi vii 28**
VIIlwist, unknown, **in II 26, ix 21, iv iv 27**, **v 1 9, 22**,
VIIlwont, unaccustomed, **vi xi 40**, **S C Feb 32**
VIIlworthy, undeserved, **vi iv 34**
VIIl wreaked, *pa part* unrevenged, **in xi g**
vpblowmg, *pres. part* blowing up, **in iv 13**
vp-blowne, *pa part* inflated, **i iv 21**
vpbounden, *a part* bound up, tied, **in ix 20**
vpbraide, reproach, abuse, **iv ix 24, 28**, **v xi 41**, *Hubberd* **2**
vpbrast, *pret* burst asunder, **vi xi 43**
vpbray, *vb* to bring reproach on, **II iv 45**, to upbraid, **iv 1 42**
vpbrayes, upbraidmgs, reproaches, **in vi. 50**
vpbrought, *pret* brought up, reared, **vi iv 38**
vpheard, *pret* encouraged, **vi 1 44**
vpfild, *pa part* filled up, **iv III 42**
vpchild, *pa part* upheld, **vi xi 21**
vphoorded, *ppl. adj* hoarded up, *Team* **553**
vpknit, to explain, sum up, **iv vi 30**
vpleanmg, *pres. pari*, leaning upon, *Gnat* **154**
vprear, -e, to raise up, **1 xi 15**, **n 1 29**, **III III 45**, **iv 1 55**, **vi 1 19, 31**, *Daphn* **187**
vpnghtly, honestly, really, **S C p 451**
vpryst, *pa part* risen up, **S C March 18**
vpstaring, *pres part* bristling, standing up, **1 ix 22**
vpstart, *adj* starting up, bristling, **III x 54**
vpstart, *vb* to start, rise up, **n iv 9**, **viii 18**, **vi VIIi 40**, **vpstartmg**, *ppl. adj* **II xi 39**
vpstayd, *pret* supported, **m. xii 21**, **iv 1 37**
vptyde, *pa part* tied up, wound up, **II II 1**, **vi iv 24**
vp-wound, *pa part* coiled up, **1 1 15**
Vrania, pseudonym, *Clout* **487**
vrrchins, hedgehogs, **ii xi 13**
vsage, behaviour, conduct, **iv vii 45**, *Minop* **120**
vsauce, -anoe, use, **n VII 7**, *Daphn* **503**
vse, *sb* habit, conduct, **n v 19**, **III xi 4**
vse, *vb* to be wont, accustomed, **iv v 3**, **v vin 17**, to practise, **iv v 3**, *did vse* = used, **iv vin 5**
vsurped, *pa part* used, affected, **S C Sept P 455**
vsury, -le, interest, **vi viii 9**, *Clout* **39**, *Clorinda* **22**
vtmost, last, **II i 49**, most outward, **II xii 20, 21**, **vi xii 26**, uttermost, **iii xi 25**, *H Love* **108**, furthest, **ii x 12**
vtter, *adj* outer, **II II 34**, **i v x II**
vtter, *vb* to put out or forth, **S C March 15**
vade, to vanish, depart, **in ix 20**, **v II 40**, **R R 279**
vaile, *vaile*¹, to let down, **in ix 20**, *Three Lett*, **p 625**.
*vaile*², to veil, conceal, **p 409**
vaine, *sb* poetic vein, **S C Oct 23**, humour, disposition, *Hubberd* **799**
vame, *arf/weak*, frail, **iv II 48**
vainesse, vanity, **R T 459**, *Bellay* **26**, folly, *Worlds Vanitie* **83**
valiaunce, valour, **n III 14**, **viii 51**, **III III 28**
valorous, brave, valiant, **n iv I**, **xi 34**
value, valour, **II vi 29**, **III xi 14**
valure, valour, *Epitaph* **(1) 46**
variable, various, **in v i, Proth** **13**

varlet, young man, II iv 37
 vaunoing, *pres part* advancing, iv iv 17
 vaunt, to display, exhibit, in II 16, vaunted, *pp/adj* iv iv 7
 vauntage, advantage, opportunity, iii vii 51
 vauntfull, boastful, *Muiop* 54
 vault, vawte, *sb* vault, II vii 28, IX 29, *Gnat* 444, *Hubberd* 1229
 vaute, *vb* to vault, jump, leap, *Hubberd* 693
 vaulted, *pa part* iii iv 43, *ppl adj*, *Clout* 6II vaulted, arched
 veale, iv v 10, *Three Lett* p 6 II, vele, I I 4, viii 19, II Pro) 5, III 1 59 veil (*ht and fig*)
 vellenage, slavery (*fig*), II xi 1
 vellet, velvet, *S C May* 185
 venery, hunting (*fig*), I vi 22
 vengeable, eager for vengeance, II iv 30
 vengeance, revenge, iv vii 30, vi iii 18
 venger, avenger, I III 20
 venim(e), venom, poison, *Muiop* 352, *Worlds Vamtie* 39
 vent, to snuff, *S C Feb* 75 vented, *pret* lifted up so as to give air, III 1 42
 ventayle, -taile, movable front or mouth-piece of a helmet, which may be raised to admit fresh air, III II 24, iv vi 19, v viii 12
 venterously, daringly, *Two Lett* p 640
 ventred, *pret* ventured, iv vii 31
 ventrous, venturous, daring, adventurous, II xii 44, iv II 27, vi 4, v x 30
 verdit, judgement, opinion, decision, vii vii 27, *Three Lett* p 618
 vere, to turn, shift, i xii 1, v xii 18
 vermeil, -eill, *sb* II x 24, *adj* III 1 46, iv ix 27, *Protk* 33 vermilion
 vermily, *sb* vermilion, III viii 6
 vermin, (a noxious) insect, *Worlds Vamtie* 77
 vertue, power, worth, v 1 10.
 vertuous, potent, powerful, II xii 86
 Vervuen, vervain, one of several weedy plants of the genus *Verbena*, which formerly had sacred associations, *Muiop* 197
 vestiment, vestment, garment, I III 17, III xii 29, v ix 10
 vetchy, of vetch, *S C Sept* 256
 vild, vylde, *adj* vile, I III. Arg, vi 3, III vii 15, v xi 18, *adv* vilely, vi 1 Arg.
 vildly, vilely, i. 1 20, III 43
 virelayes, a short light song or poem written to an old French measure, III x8, *S C Nov* 21, *Daphn*, 317.
 virginals, keyed instrument of the harpsichord class, *Two Lett*, p. 636
 visnomie, -y, visage, countenance, v, iv. II,

Muiop 310, *Amor Son* 45, *Misc Sonn* II
 Cf *physnomy*
 visour, mask, disguise, I vii 1
 vitall, necessary to life, life-giving, II 1 2, *R R* 342, *Daphn* 197
 voide, voyd, to avoid, turn aside, iv vi 3, *pa part* turned aside, removed, vi vii 43, cleared, removed, v iv 46, to go, depart, *S C Aug* 164, *Epitaph* (2) 35
 voydnesse, emptiness, *Clout* 850.
 vow, will, wish, vii vi 22
 viilgar, -e, the common people, I v 8, in. xii 4, v II 33, *Teares* 194

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wad, bundle, *H Love* 226
 wade, to go, pass, I 1 12
 wae, woe, *S C Sept* 25
 wag, to move, iv iv 18, v 1 22,
 wage, *sb* pledge, I iv 39
 wage, *vb* to let out for pay, ii vii 18
 waged, *ppl adj* paid, *Clout* 382
 wagmaires, quagmires, *S C Sept* 130
 waide, *pa part* weighed, proved, iv ix 38
 Cf way
 waift, waif, a thing blown by the wind or earned m by the sea, iv VII 31 Cf weft, *sb* waild, *pret* bewailed, *Thest* 128 Cf wayle
 wailefull, wayl-, mournful, III iv 38, v vi 26, *S C Feb* 82, *May* 201, *Muiop* 12
 wame, wayne, wagon, I iv 19, v 41, in iv 60
 warned, *pa part* carried along, moved, vii vi 10
 wait, -e, wayt, *vb* to watch for, II iv 17, to await, I v 3, v xii 12, to watch, iii xi 21
 wakefull, watchful, m ix 7
 waladay, *interj* alas! *Gnat* 417
 walke, to move, wage, II iv 5 walkt, *pret* rolled, iii xii 12
 wallowed, *ppl adj* grovelling, iii xi 7
 wan, *adj* pale, faint, II vi 41, sorrowful, sad, *S C Oct* 85 wanne, feeble, *S C Jan* 47
 wan, *vb pret* won, gained, II II 17, vi 41, vii 54
 wand, bough, branch, v ix 17
 wanton, playful, I xii 7, wild, III vi 22
 war, worse, *S C Sept* 108
 ward, *sb* guard, garrison, ii xi 15
 ward, *vb* to guard, I VIII 3, v ix 22, *S C July* 42, to wait off, repel, I ix 10
 ware, *adj* wary, sharp, I vii 1, aware, in ix 28
 ware, *vb pret* wore, I iv 47
 warelesse, unaware, unawares, iv II 3, v. v.

- 52, heedless, unwary, iv x 20, v v 17, unperceived, v 1 23
- warely, carefully, wanly, 1 xii 36
- war-hable, fit for war, II x 62
- wariment, caution, iv III 17
- warke, work, ii 1 32, S C May 145, Nov 65, *Bellay* 44
- war-monger, a mercenary soldier, in x 29
- warne, to deny, forbid, prevent, *Clorinda* 12
- warrant, rule, licence, *Two Lett* pp 639, 640
- warrayd, -eyd, -eid, *pret* waged war on, attacked, 1 v 48, II x 21, 50, *tntr* struggled, warred (*fig*), II v 48, *pa part* assailed, *Amor* Son 44
- warre, sb knob or protuberance on a tree, S C Aug. 26
- warre, *adv* in a worse manner, iv viii 31
- Cf war
- warriouresse, female warrior, v VII 27
- wasserman, male sea-monster of human form, II xii 24
- wast, sb waist, ii xi 12, v x 8
- wa8t(e), *adj* idle, useless, wasted, 1 1 42, 5 C Feb 133, stray, deserted, S C Sept 198
- wast, *vb* to lay waste, devastate, iv 1 45, wasted, *pa part*, S C Jan 19
- wast(e)full, desolate, waste, barren, i III 3, II vii 2, xii 8, iii xi 53, iv viii 8, S C June 50, devastating, S C Jan 2
- wastnesse, wildness, i iii 3
- watchet, light or pale blue colour, III iv 40, iv xi 27, *Elegit* 3
- water-sprinkles, drops, splashes of water, iv iii 25
- wav'd, *pa part* watered, having a sort of pattern on which there is a changeable play of light, iv xi 45
- wawes, waves, II xii 4
- waxe, to grow, become, ii x 30, waxen, *pa part*, *Hubberd* 599 Cf *wex*, *wox(en)*
- way, to weigh, v II 46, 49, to consider, esteem, vii vi 55, to weigh (*fig*), consider, vii viii 1, wayd, *pret* 1 x 40, *pa part* vii vii 58, *pa part* weighed, determined, iv 1 7
- way'd, *pret* journeyed, iv II 12
- wayle, to bewail, lament, mourn, *Daphn* 510, wayld, *pa part* 1 v 23
- wayment, sb lamentation, III iv 35, R T 390
- wayment, *vb* to lament, n 1 16, *Teares*
- weale, happiness, *Past Aeglogue* 134
- weanell, weanling, a lamb or kid newly weaned, S C Sept 198
- weare, to pass, spend (time), 1 1 31
- wearigh, wizened, withered, iv v 34
- weasand pipe, windpipe, iv in 12 Cf weasand
- weather, to expose to the air, v iv 42, *Mutop* 184
- weaued, *pret* wavered, v iv 10
- weed, undergrowth, iv vii 4
- weed(e), weeds, clothes, dress, attire, 1 Prol 1, vii 19, II III 27, iii 29, viii 16, p 409, S C July 168, *Hubberd* 1321, *Clout* 711
- weeke, wick, II x 30
- weeldesse, unwieldy, iv III 19
- ween(e), -en, to expect, suppose, think, 1 1 10, x 58, II iv 28, viii 26, iii II 13, vi 54, v II 25, to tell, iv xi 27
- weet(e), -en¹, to know, learn, perceive, discover, 1 III 6, vi 34, vii II, III III 19, II 6, v 31, IV 1 41, 43, vi II 30, *tow w=to* wit, i iii 17, III vi 54, iv iv 40, xi 28, v x 1, vi III 3
- weet², to wet, iv ix 33
- weetmg, knowledge, v x 39
- weetingly, wittingly, knowingly, vi III I I, *Past Elegie* 22
- weetlesse, unconscious, ignorant, thoughtless, in II 26, ix 41, vi viii 47, S C July 35
- weft, sb =waift, in x 36, iv II 4, v III 27, vi 1 18
- weft, *vb*, *pa part* wafted, carried, II vi 18, vi v 23, waived, avoided, iii iv 36
- weighing, *pres part* considering, S C p 417 Cf way
- welaway, exel of distress, *Amor* p 577
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0 Warie ne wisdom of the man, that would	
Of Honny, and of Gaule, in Loue there	
Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay	
C t when my spirit doth spred herbolder	
On high hills top 1 saw a stateiy frame	
On hill, aframe an hundred cubites hie	
One day as I VIIwanly did gaze	
One day I sought with her hart t	
One day I wrote her name vpon	
One day, whiles that my dayhi	
Our merry dayes, by theeu	
<i>Penelope</i> for her <i>Vltsses</i> sake	
<i>Piers</i> , I haue piped erst '	

Rapt with the rage of mine owne rauisht thought
 Receiue most noble Lord a simple taste
 Receiue most Noble Lord in gentle gree
 Redoubted Lord, in whose courageous mind
 Rehearse to me ye sacred Sisters nine
 Remembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit
 Renowmed Lord, that for your worthmesse
 Retourne agayne my forces late dismayd
 Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire

See how the stubborne damzell doth deprauē
 See yee the bhndefoulded pretie God, that feathered Archer
 Shall I then silent be or shall I speake ?
 She, whose high top about the starres did sore
 Shepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reed
 Sic malus egregium, sic non mimicus Amicum
 Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage
 Since *Galateo* came in, and *Tuscamsme* gan vsurpe
 Since I did leaue the presence of my loue
 Since I haue lackt the comfort of that light
 So long as *loues* great Bird did make his flight
 So oft as homeward I from her depart
 So oft as I her beauty doe behold
 Soone after this I saw an Elephant
 Soone said, soone writ, soon learnd soone trimly done in prose, or verse
 Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesses brght
 Sweet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere
 Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queeae of loue
 Sweet warnour when shall I haue peace with you ?

Tell me good Hobbmoll, what garres thee greete ?
 Tell me *Pertgot*, what shalbe the gamp
 Tell me when shall these weane woes haue end
 Tempora furtiuo labuntur dulcias irsu
 Tempora furtiuo morsu lamantast noena
 That Mantuane Poetes incomp int
 nje is now nought but Diaa,wide ,,

28
114, 1
71
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114
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e shepherds boy (best known by that name)

ic souerayne beauty which I doo admyre

he weary yeare his race now hauting run

The world that cannot deeme of worthy things

then all aatonied with this mighty ghoast

ben all astonned with this nightly ghost

fhenn did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright

i then did appeare to me a sharped spire

then heaucnty branches did I see arise

hen I behelde the faire Dodonian tree

aen might I see vpon a white horse set

n was the faire *Dodonian* tree far scene

re grewe an aged Tree on the greene

These Eeapes of stones, these old wals which ye see

chcse pleasant dayes, and Monthes, and ycares, by steith do passe apace

They that in course of heauenly spheares are skild

Tulke same Kidde (as 1 can well deuise)

This holy season fit to fast and pray

homabn, why sytten we soe

if ose prudent heads, that with thetre counsels wise

nou stranger, which for *Rome* in *Rom* her seekest

hou that at *Rom* astonisht dost behold

hrixe happie she, that is so well assured

Through armes and vassals *Rome* the world subdu'd

all those happy blessings which ye haue

lo be wixe, and eke to Louc

To looke vpon a worke of rare deuise

so praise thy hie, or watle thy wortheie death

thee that art the sommers Nightingale

you right noble Lord, whose carefull brest

sward the sea turning my troubled eye

Aist not the treason of those tmyng lookca

nemous tongue, tipt with vile adders *simg*

crtrue sendeth a man to Renowne, Faroe lendeth Abouodauoce ,

Inhappte Verse, the witsnesse of my VIIhanpie state

aquKt thought, whom at the first 1 bred

righteous Lord of loue, what law is this

then *Miptmum* thou mournefulst Muse of nync

pon a day as tone lay sweetly sktmbmg

son a hill saw a kindled flame

Vjon an hill f bright flame did! see .

" it a dreanK. or did I see it playne

it the worke of nature or of Art

We now haue p'ayde (*Augustim*) wantonly

WeaJcc is th'assu tance that weake flesh repuecth

What euer man he be, whose heauie mmde

W it pyie is this, that those bet gukhen Wen tresses

what might I call th isTree? A Livreell? bonny Laurel)

What time the Roma be Empire the rane

When 1 bchod that *hm uties* wynderment

when 2 heboid this tiekk tntstlesw state

ben my *abodes* prefix' time is apent

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