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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. Edmund Spenser.

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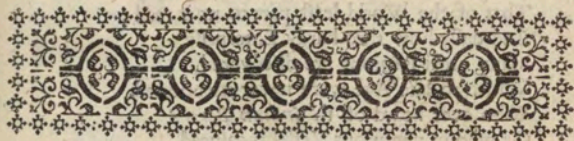
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Lud Du Guernier inv. et sculp.



THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY-QUEEN:

CONTAINING
The Legend of Sir *Guyon*, or of
Temperance.



I.
Right well I wote, most mighty Sovereign,
That all this famous antique History,
Of some, th' abundance of an idle Brain,
Will judged be, and painted Forgery,
Rather than Matter of just Memory;
Sith none that breatheth living Air, does
know,
Where is that happy Land of Fairy,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch Antiquities, which no body can know.

II.

But let that Man with better Sense advise,
That of the World least part to us is read;
And daily how thro hardy Enterprife,
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late Age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' *Indian Peru*?
Or who in venturous Vessel meafured
The *Amazons* huge River now found true?
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did ever view?

III.

Yet all these were, when no Man did them know;
Yet have from wisest Ages hidden been;
And later Times things more unknown shall show.
Why then should wisest Man so much misween,
That nothing is, but that which he hath seen?
What if within the Moon's fair shining Sphear,
What if in every other Star unfeen,
Of other Worlds he happily should hear?
He wonder would much more: yet such to some appear.

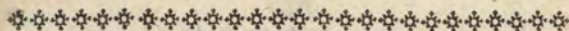
IV.

Of Fairy-Lond yet if he more enquire,
By certain Signs, here set in sundry place,
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his Sense to be too blunt and base,
That no'te without an Hound fine-footing trace.
And thou, O fairest Princess under Sky,
In this fair Mirror mayst behold thy Face,
And thine own Realms in Lond of Fairy,
And in this antique Image thy great Auncestry.

V.

The which, O pardon me thus to enfold
In covert Veil, and wrap in Shadows light,
That feeble Eyes your Glory may behold,
Which else could not endure those Beamez bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding Light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient Ear
The brave Adventures of this Fairy Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciously to hear,
In whom great Rule of Temp'rance goodly doth appear.

C A N



C A N T O I.

*Guyon, by Archimage abus'd,
The Redcross Knight awaits;
Finds Mordant and Amavia slain
With Pleasure's poison'd Baits.*

I.

THAT cunning Architect of cankred Guile,
Whom Princes late Displeasure left in Bands,
For falsed Letters, and suborned Wile,
Soon as the *Redcross* Knight he understands
To been departed out of *Eden* Lands,
To serve again his Sovereign Elfin Queen,
His Arts he moves, and out of captive Hands
Himself he frees by secret Means unfeen;
His Shackles empty left, himself escaped clean.

II.

And forth he fares, full of malicious Mind,
To worken Mischief and avenging Woe,
Wherever he that godly Knight may find,
His only Heart-sore, and his only Foe,
Sith *Una* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious Hands did erst restore
To Natives Crown and Kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enjoys sure Peace for evermore,
As weather-beaten Ship arriv'd on happy Shore.

III.

Him therefore now the Object of his Spight
And deadly Feud he makes: him to offend
By forged Treason, or by open Fight
He seeks, of all his Drift the aimed End.
Thereto his subtle Engines he does bend,
His practick Wit, and his fair filed Tongue,
With thousand other Sleights: for, well he kend,
His Credit now in doubtful Ballance hong;
For hardly could he hurt, who was already stong.

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IV:

IV.

Still as he went, he crafty Stales did lay,
 With cunning Trains him to entrap unwares,
 And privy Spials plac'd in all his way,
 To weet what course he takes, and how he fares;
 To catch him at advantage in his Snares.
 But now so wise and wary was the Knight,
 By trial of his former Harms and Cares,
 That he descry'd, and shunned still his slight:
 The Fish, that once was caught, new Bait will hardly bite.

V.

Nath'less, th' Enchaunter would not spare his Pain,
 In hope to win occasion to his Will:
 Which when he long awaited had in vain,
 He chang'd his mind from one to other ill;
 For, to all good he Enemy was still.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meet
 (Fair marching underneath a shady Hill)
 A goodly Knight, all arm'd in Harness meet,
 That from his Head no place appeared to his Feet.

VI.

His Carriage was full comely and upright,
 His Countenance demure, and temperate;
 But yet so stern and terrible in sight,
 That chear'd his Friends, and did his Foes amate:
 He was an Elfin born of noble State,
 And mickle Worship in his Native Land;
 Well could he tourney, and in Lists debate,
 And Knighthood took of good Sir *Huon's* hand,
 When with King *Oberon* he came to Fairy-Land.

VII.

Him als accompany'd upon the way
 A comely Palmer, clad in black Attire,
 Of ripest Years, and Hairs all hoary grey,
 That with a Staff his feeble Steps did stire:
 Left his long way his aged Limbs should tire:
 And, if by Looks one may the Mind aread,
 He seem'd to be a sage and sober Sire,
 And ever with slow Pace the Knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling Steed with equal Steps to tread.

VIII.

VIII.

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,
 He weened well to work some uncouth Wile;
 Eftfoons untwisting his deceitful Clew,
 He 'gan to weave a Web of wicked Guile,
 And with fair Countenance and flatt'ring Stile
 To them approaching, thus the Knight bespake:
 Fair Son of *Mars*, that seek with warlike Spoil,
 And great Atchievements, great your self to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your Steed for humble Miser's sake.

IX.

He staid his Steed for humble Miser's sake,
 And bade tell on the Tenor of his Plaint;
 Who feigning then in every Limb to quake,
 Thro inward Fear, and seeming pale and faint,
 With piteous Moan his piercing Speech 'gan paint:
 Dear Lady, how shall I declare thy Case,
 Whom late I left in langorous Constraint!
 Would God thy self now present were in place,
 To tell this rueful Tale; thy Sight could win thee Grace.

X.

Or rather would, O would it so had chann'd,
 That you, most noble Sir, had present been,
 When that leud Ribauld (with vile Lust advaunc'd)
 Laid first his filthy Hands on Virgin clean,
 To spoil her dainty Corse so fair and sheen,
 As on the Earth (great Mother of us all!)
 With living Eye more fair was never seen,
 Of Chastity and Honour Virginal:
 Witness ye Heavens, whom she in vain to help did call.

XI.

How may it be (said then the Knight half wroth)
 That Knight should Knighthood ever so have shent?
 None but that saw (quoth he) would ween for troth,
 How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
 Her looser golden Locks he wicely rent,
 And drew her on the Ground; and his sharp Sword
 Against her snowy Breast he fiercely bent,
 And threaten'd Death with many a bloody word;
 Tongue hates to tell the rest, that Eye to see abhor'd.

K 4

XII.

XII.

Therewith, amoved from his sober Mood ;
 And lives he yet (said he) that wrought this Act,
 And doen the Heavens afford him vital Food ?
 He lives (quoth he) and boasteth of the Fact,
 Ne yet hath any Knight his Courage crackt.
 Where may that Treachor then (said he) be found,
 Or by what means may I his footing tract ?
 That shall I shew (said he) as sure as Hound
 The Striken Dear doth challenge by the bleeding Wound.

XIII.

He stay'd not lenger Talk, but with fierce Ire,
 And zealous Haste, away is quickly gone
 To seek that Knight, where him that crafty Squire
 Suppos'd to be. They do arrive anon,
 Where sat a gentle Lady all alone,
 With Garments rent, and Hair disheveled,
 Wringing her Hands, and making piteous Moan ;
 Her swollen Eyes were much disfigured,
 And her fair Face with Tears was foully blubbered.

XIV.

The Knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
 Fair Lady, through foul Sorrow ill bedight,
 Great Pity is to see you thus dismay'd,
 And mar the Blossom of your Beauty bright :
 For thy, appease your Grief and heavy Plight,
 And tell the Cause of your conceived Pain ;
 For if he lives that hath you doen Despight,
 He shall you do due Recompence again,
 Or else his Wrong with greater Puissance maintain.

XV.

Which when she heard, as in despightful wife,
 She wilfully her Sorrow did augment,
 And offer'd hope of Comfort did despise :
 Her golden Locks most cruelly she rent,
 And scratch'd her Face with ghastly dreriment ;
 Ne would she speak, ne see, ne yet be seen,
 But hid her Visage, and her Head down bent,
 Either for grievous Shame, or for great Teen,
 As if her Heart with Sorrow had transfix'd been.

XVI.

XVI.

Till her that Squire bespake, Madam, my Lief,
 For God's dear Love be not so wilful bent,
 But do vouchsafe now to receive Relief,
 The which good Fortune doth to you present.
 For what boots it to weep and to wayment ?
 When Ill is chaunc'd, but doth the Ill increase,
 And the weak Mind with double Woe torment.
 When she her Squire heard speak, she 'gan appease
 Her voluntary Pain, and feel some secret Ease.

XVII.

Estsoon she said, Ah gentle trusty Squire,
 What Comfort can I woful Wretch conceive,
 Or why should ever I henceforth desire
 To see fair Heaven's face, and Life not leave,
 Sith that false Traitor did my Honour reave ?
 False Traitor certes (said the Fairy Knight)
 I read the Man, that ever would deceive
 A gentle Lady, or her wrong through Might :
 Death were too little Pain for such a foul Despight.

XVIII.

But now, fair Lady, comfort to you make,
 And read who hath ye wrought this shameful Plight ;
 That short Revenge the Man may overtake,
 Wherefo he be, and soon upon him light.
 Certes (said she) I wote not how he hight,
 But under him a grey Steed did he wield,
 Whose Sides with dapled Circles weren dight ;
 Upright he rode, and in his silver Shield
 He bore a bloody Cross, that quarter'd all the Field.

XIX.

Now by my Head (said Guyon) much I muse
 How that same Knight should do so foul amiss,
 Or ever gentle Damsel 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 witness well,
 When Arms he swore, and straight did enterpris
 Th'Adventure of the Errant Damozel,
 In which he hath great Glory won, as I hear tell.

K 5

XX.

XX.

Nathless, he shortly shall again be try'd,
 And fairly quit him of th' imputed blame;
 Else be ye sure, he dearly shall abide,
 Or make you good Amendment for the same:
 All Wrongs have mends, but no amends of shame.
 Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your Pain,
 And see the salving of your blotted Name.
 Full loth she seem'd thereto, but yet did feign;
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gain.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such, as she did feign,
 Ne yet her Person such, as it was seen;
 But under simple shew, and semblant plain
 Lurk'd false *Duess*a, secretly unseene,
 As a chaste Virgin that had wronged been:
 So had false *Archimago* her disguis'd,
 To cloak her Guile with Sorrow and sad Teen;
 And eke himself had craftily devis'd
 To be her Squire, and do her Service well aguis'd.

XXII.

Her late forlorn and naked, he had found,
 Where she did wander in waste Wildernesse,
 Lurking in Rocks and Caves far under ground,
 And with green Moss cov'ring her Nakedness,
 To hide her Shame and loathly Filthiness;
 Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud Ornaments
 And borrow'd Beauty spoil'd. Her nativeless
 Th' Enchaunter finding fit for his Intent,
 Did thus reveest, and deck'd with due Habilliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good Knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of Praise and Fame,
 To slug in Sloth and sensual Delights,
 And end their days with irrenowned shame.
 And now exceeding Grief him overcame,
 To see the *Redcross* thus advanced high;
 Therefore this crafty Engine he did frame,
 Against his Praise to stir up Enmity
 Of such, as Vertues like mote unto him ally.

XXIV.

XXIV.

So now he *Guyon* guides an uncouth way,
 Through Woods and Mountains, till they came at last
 Into a pleasant Dale, that lowly lay
 Betwix two Hills, whose high Heads overplac'd,
 The Valley did with cool shade overcast;
 Through midst thereof a little River roll'd,
 By which there sat a Knight with Helm unlac'd,
 Himself refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his Travel long, and Labours manifold.

XXV.

Lo! yonder he (cry'd *Archimago* aloud)
 That wrought the shameful fact which I did shew;
 And now he doth himself in secret shroud,
 To fly the Vengeance for his Outrage due;
 But vain: for ye shall dearly do him rue,
 So God ye speed, and send you good Success;
 Which we far off will here abide to view.
 So they him left, inflam'd with Wrathfulness,
 That straight against that Knight his Spear he did address.

XXVI.

Who seeing him from far so fierce to prick,
 His warlike Arms about him 'gan embrace,
 And in the Rest his ready Spear did stick;
 Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
 He 'gan r'encounter him in equal Race.
 They been ymet, both ready to affray,
 When suddenly that Warrior 'gan abase
 His threatned Spear, as if some new Mishap
 Had him betidde, or hidden Danger did entrap.

XXVII.

And cry'd, Mercy Sir Knight, and Mercy Lord,
 For mine Offence and heedless Hardiment,
 That had almost committed Crime abhor'd,
 And with reproachful shame mine Honour shent,
 Whiles cursed Steel against that Badg I bent,
 The sacred Badg of my Redeemer's Death,
 Which on your Shield is set for Ornament:
 But his fierce Foe his Steed could stay unneath,
 Who (prick'd with Courage keen) did cruel Battel breathe.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

But when he heard him speak, straightway he knew
 His Error, and (himself inclining) said ;
 Ah ! dear Sir *Guyon*, well becometh you,
 But me behoveth rather to upbraid,
 Whose hasty Hand so far from Reason stray'd,
 That almost it did heinous Violence
 On that fair Image of that heavenly Maid,
 That decks and arms your Shield with fair Defence :
 Your Court'sy takes on you another's due Offence.

XXIX.

So been they both attone, and doen uprear
 Their Bevers bright, each other for to greet ;
 Goodly Comportance each to other bear,
 And entertain themselves with Court'sies meet.
 Then said the *Redcross* Knight, Now mote I weet,
 Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce Saliance,
 And fell Intent ye did at earst me meet ;
 For sith I know your goodly Governance,
 Great Cause (I ween) you guided, or some uncouth Chance.

XXX.

Certes (said I) well mote I shame to tell
 The fond Encheafon that me hither led.
 A false infamous Faitour late besel
 Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
 And 'plain'd of grievous Outrage, which he red
 A Knight had wrought against a Ladygent :
 Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
 Where you he made the Mark of his Inrent,
 And now is fled ; foul shame him follow, where he went.

XXXI.

So can he turn his Earnest unto Game,
 Through goodly Handling and wise Temperance.
 By this, his aged Guide in Presence came ;
 Who soon as on that Knight his Eye did glance,
 Eftsoons of him had perfect Cognizance,
 Sith him in Fairy Court he late aviz'd ;
 And said, Fair Son, God give you happy Chance,
 And that dear Cross upon your Shield deviz'd,
 Wherewith above all Knights ye goodly seem aguiz'd.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Joy may you have, and everlasting Fame,
 Of late most hard Atchievement by you done,
 For which enrolled is your glorious Name
 In heavenly Registers above the Sun,
 Where you a Saint, with Saints your Seat have won :
 But, wretched we, where ye have left your Mark,
 Must now anew begin, like Race to run ;
 God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy wark,
 And to the wished Haven bring thy weary Bark.

XXXIII.

Palmer, (him answered the *Red-cross* Knight)
 His be the praise, that this Atchievement wrought,
 Who made my Hand the Organ of his Might ;
 More than good-will to me, attribute nought :
 For, all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, fair Sir, whose Pageant next ensues,
 Well mote ye thee, as well can wish your Thought,
 That home ye may report these happy News ;
 For, well ye worthy been for Worth and gentle Thews.

XXXIV.

So, courteous Conge both did give and take,
 With right Hands plighted, Pledges of good Will.
 Then *Guyon* forward 'gan his Voyage make,
 With his black Palmer, that him guided still.
 Still he him guided over Dale and Hill,
 And with his steady Staff did point his way :
 His Race with Reason, and with Words his Will,
 From foul Intemperance he oft did stay,
 And suffred not in Wrath his hasty Steps to stray.

XXXV.

In this fair wise they travell'd long yfere,
 Through many hard assays, which did betide ;
 Of which he honour still away did bear,
 And spread his Glory through all Countries wide.
 At last, as chaunc'd them by a Forest side
 To pass (for Succour from the scorching Ray)
 They heard a rueful Voice, that dearly cry'd
 With piercing Shrieks, and many a doleful Lay ;
 Which to attend, awhile their forward Steps they stay.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

But, if that careless Heavens (quoth he) despise
The Doom of just Revenge, and take delight
To see sad Pageants of Mens Miseries,
As bound by them to live in Life's despight;
Yet can they not warn Death from wretched Wight.
Come then, come soon, come sweetest Death to me,
And take away this long lent loathed Light:
Sharp be thy Wounds, but sweet the Medicines be,
That long captived Souls from weary Thralldom free.

XXXVII.

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward Fate
Hath made sad Witness of thy Father's Fall,
Sith Heaven thee deigns to hold in living State,
Long may'st thou live, and better thrive wishal,
Than to thy luckless Parents did befall:
Live thou, and to thy Mother dead atrest,
That clear she did from Blemish criminal;
Thy little Hands embrew'd in bleeding Breast,
Lo, I for Pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.

XXXVIII.

With that, a deadly Shriek she forth did throw,
That through the Wood re-echoed again:
And after, gave a Groan so deep and low,
That seem'd her tender Heart was rent in twain,
Or thrill'd with point of thorough-piercing Pain.
As gentle Hind, whose Sides with cruel Steel
Through launced, forth her bleeding Life does rain,
Whiles the sad Pangs approaching she does feel,
Brays out her latest Breath, and up her Eyes doth seal.

XXXIX.

Which when that Warrior heard, dismounting straight
From his tall Steed, he rush'd into the Thicket,
And soon arrived, where that sad Pourtraict
Of Death and Labour lay, half dead, half quick,
In whose white Alat after Breast did stick
A cruel Knife, that made a grievous Wound,
From which forth gush'd a Stream of Gore-blood thick,
That all her goodly Garments stain'd around,
And into a deep sanguine dy'd the grassy Ground.

XL.

XL.

Pitiful Spectacle of deadly Smart,
Beside a bubbling Fountain low she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding Heart,
And the clean Waves with purple Gold did ray;
Als in her Lap a little Babe did play
His cruel Sport, instead of Sorrow due;
For, in her streaming Blood he did embay
His little Hands, and tender Joints embrew;
Pitiful Spectacle, as ever Eye did view.

XLI.

Besides them both, upon the soiled Grass
The dead Corse of an armed Knight was spread,
Whose Armour all with Blood besprinkled was;
His ruddy Lips did smile, and rosy Red
Did paint his chearful Cheeks, yet being dead:
Seem'd to have been a goodly Personage,
Now in his freshest Flower of lustyhead,
Fit to inflame fair Lady with Love's Rage,
But that fierce Fate did crop the Blossom of his Age.

XLII.

Whom, when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His Heart 'gan wax as stark as Marble-stone,
And his fresh Blood did freeze with fearful Cold,
That all his Senses seem'd bereft atone:
At last, his mighty Ghost 'gan deep to groan,
As Lion grudging in his great Disdain,
Mourns inwardly, and makes to himself moan;
Till Ruth and frail Affection did constrain
His Courage stout to stoop, and shew his inward Pain.

XLIII.

Out of her gored Wound the cruel Steel
He lightly snatch'd, and did the Flood-gate stop
With his fair Garment; then 'gan softly feel
Her feeble Pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living Blood yet in her Veins did hop:
Which when he felt to move, he hoped fair
To call back Life to her forsaken Shop;
So well he did her deadly Wounds repair,
That at the last she 'gan to breathe out living Air.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving, greatly 'gan rejoice,
 And goodly Counsel (that for wounded Heart
 Is meekest Med'cine) tempred with sweet Voice;
 Ay me! dear Lady, which the Image art
 Of rueful Pity, and impatient Smart,
 What direful Chaunce, arm'd with revenging Fate,
 Or cursed Hand that plaid this cruel part,
 Thus foul to hasten your untimely date?
 Speak, O dear Lady, speak: Help never comes too late,

XLV.

There-with her dim Eye-lids she up 'gan rear,
 On which the dreary Death did sit, as sad
 As Lump of Lead, and made dark Clouds appear;
 But when as him (all in bright Armour clad)
 Before her standing she espyed had,
 As one out of a deadly Dream affright,
 She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:
 Strait down again her self in great despight,
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating Life and Light.

XLVI.

The gentle Knight, her soon with careful pain
 Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
 Thrice he her rear'd, and thrice she sunk again,
 Till he his Arms about her sides 'gan fold,
 And to her said: Yet if the stony Cold
 Have not all seized on your frozen Heart,
 Let one word fall that may your Grief unfold,
 And tell the Secret of your mortal Smart;
 He oft finds present Help, who does his Grief impart.

XLVII.

Then casting up a deadly Look, full low
 She sigh'd, from bottom of her wounded Breast;
 And after, many bitter Throbs did throw,
 With Lips full pale, and soltring Tongue oppres'd,
 These words she breathed forth from riven Chest:
 Leave, ah leave off, what-ever Wight thou be,
 To let a weary Wretch from her due Rest,
 And trouble dying Soul's Tranquillity;
 Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Ah! far be it (said he) Dear Dame from me,
 To hinder Soul from her desired Rest,
 Or hold sad Life in long Captivity:
 For, all I seek, is but to have redres'd
 The bitter Pangs, that doth your Heart infest.
 Tell then (O Lady) tell what fatal Prief
 Hath with so huge Misfortune you oppres'd?
 That I may cast to compass your Relief,
 Or die with you in Sorrow, and partake your Grief.

XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on high,
 As Heaven accusing guilty of her Death,
 And with dry Drops congealed in her Eye,
 In these sad Words she spent her utmost Breath:
 Hear then (O Man) the Sorrows that uneth
 My Tongue can tell, so far all Sense they pass:
 Lo, this dead Corpse, that lies here underneath,
 The gentlest Knight, that ever on green Grass
 Gay Steed with Spurs did prick, the good Sir *Mordant* was:

L.

Was (aye the while, that he is not so now!)
 My Lord, my Love; my dear Lord, my dear Love,
 So long as Heavens just with equal Brow
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above,
 One Day when him high Courage did emmove,
 (As wont ye Knights to seek Adventures wild)
 He pricked forth, his puissant Force to prove,
 Me then he left enwombed of this Child,
 This luckless Child, whom thus ye see with Blood defil'd.

LI.

Him fortun'd (hard Fortune ye may ghes)
 To come wheré vile *Acrasia* does won,
Acrasia, a false Enchaunteress,
 That many errant Knights hath foul fordone:
 Within a wandring Island, that doth run
 And stray in perilous Gulf, her Dwelling is;
 Fair Sir, if ever there ye travel, shun
 The cursed Land where many wend amiss,
 And know it by the Name; it hight the *Bower of Bliss*.

LII.

LII.

Her Bliss is all in Pleasure and Delight,
Where-with she makes her Lovers drunken mad;
And then, with Words and Weeds of wondrous Might,
On them she works her Will to uses bad.
My lifeft Lord she thus beguiled had;
For, he was Flefh: (all Flefh doth Frailty breed).
Whom, when I heard to been fo ill beftad,
(Weak Wretch) I wrapt my felf in Palmer's Weed,
And caft to feek him forth through Danger and great Dreed.

LIII.

Now had fair *Cynthia* by even tours
Full meafured three Quarters of her Year,
And thrice three times had fill'd her crooked Horns,
When as my Womb her burden would forbear,
And bade me call *Lucina* to me near.
Lucina came; a Man-child forth I brought: (were;
The Woods, the Nymphs, my Bowers, my Midwives
Hard help at need. So dear thee Babe I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deem'd, while fo my Dear I fought.

LIV.

Him fo I fought, and fo at laft I found,
Where him that Witch had thrall'd to her Will,
In Chains of Luft and leud Defires ybound,
And fo transformed from his former Skill,
That me he knew not, neither his own Ill;
Till through wife handling and fair governance,
I him recured to a better Will,
Purged from Drugs of foul Intemperance:
Then means I 'gan devife for his Deliverance.

LV.

Which when the vile Enchaunterefs perceiv'd,
How that my Lord from her I would reprieve,
With Cup thus charm'd, him parting the deceiv'd;
Sad Verfe, give Death to him that Death does give,
And lofs of Love, to her that loves to live,
So foon as Bacchus with the Nymph does link.
So parted we, and on our Journey drive,
Till coming to this Well, he ftout to drink:
The Charm fulfill'd, dead fuddenly he down did fink.

LVI.

LVI.

Which, when I Wretch-- Not one word more she faid,
But breaking off the end for want of Breath,
And fliding foft, as down to fleep her laid,
And ended all her Woe in quiet Death.
That feeing, good Sir *Guyon* could uneach
From Tears abftain; for Grief his Heart did grate,
And from fo heavy fight his Head did wreath,
' Accufing Fortune, and too cruel Fate,
Which plunged had fair Lady in fo wretched State.

LVII.

Then turning to the Palmer, faid: Old Sire,
Behold the Image of Mortality,
And feeble Nature cloth'd with flefhy Tire,
When raging Paffion with fierce Tyranny
Robs Reason of her due Regality,
And makes it Servant to her bafeft part:
The ftrong it weakens with Infirmity,
And with bold Fury arms the weakeft Heart;
The ftrong, through Pleafure fooneft falls, the weak through

LVIII.

(Smart
But Temperance (faid he) with golden Squire
Betwixt them both can meafure out a Mean,
Neither to melt in Pleafure's hot Defire,
Nor fry in heartlefs Grief and doleful Teen.
Thrice happy Man, who fares them both atween:
But, fith this wretched Woman overcome
Of Anguifh, rather than of Crime hath been,
Referve her Caufe to her eternal Doom;
And in the mean, vouchfafe her honourable Tomb.

LXIX.

Palmer (quoth he) Death is an evil Doom
To Good and Bad, the common Inn of Reft;
But, after Death, the Trial is to come,
When beft fhall be to them that lived beft.
But, both alike, when Death hath both fuppreff'd,
Religious Reverence doth Burial teen,
Which whofo wants, wants fo much of his Reft:
For, all fo great Shame after Death I ween,
As felf to dyen bad, unburied bad to been.

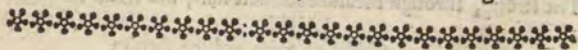
LX.

LX.

So, both agree their Bodies to engrave;
 The great Earth's Womb they open to the Sky,
 And with sad Cypress seemly it embrace;
 Then covering with a Clod their closed Eye,
 They lay therein those Corfes tenderly,
 And bid them sleep in everlasting Peace.
 But, e'er they did their utmost Obsequy,
 Sir *Guyon*, more Affection to increase,
 Bynempt a sacred Vow, which none should aye release.

LXI.

The dead Knight's Sword out of his Sheath he drew,
 With which he cut a Lock of all their Hair,
 Which meddling with their Devout and Earth, he threw
 Into the Grave, and 'gan devoutly swear;
 Such and such evil God on *Guyon* rear,
 And worse and worse, young Orphan, be thy pain,
 If I, or thou, due Vengeance do forbear,
 Till guilty Blood her Guerdon do obtain:
 So, shedding many Tears, they clos'd the Earth again.



CANTO II.

*Babe's bloody Hands may not be cleans'd:
 The Face of golden Mean
 Her Sisters, two Extremities,
 Strive her to banish clean.*

I.

THUS when Sir *Guyon* with his faithful Guide
 Had with due Rites and dolorous lament
 The end of their sad Tragedy up'ty'd,
 The little Babe up in his Arms he hent;
 Who with sweet Pleasance and bold Blandishment
 'Gan smile on them, that rather ought to weep,
 As careles of his Woe, or innocent
 Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deep
 In that Knight's Heart, and words with bitter Tears did steep.

II.

II.

Ah! luckless Babe, born under cruel Star,
 And in dead Parents baleful Ashes bred,
 Full little weeneft thou, what Sorrows a'e
 Left thee for Portion of thy Livelihed;
 Poor Orphan, in the wide World scattered,
 As budding Branch rent from the native Tree,
 And thrown forth, till it be withered:
 Such is the State of Men; thus enter we
 Into this Life with Woe, and end with Misery.

III.

Then soft himself inclining on his Knee
 Down to that Well, did in the Water ween
 (So Love does loath disdainful Nicety)
 His guilty Hands from bloody Gore to clean.
 He wash'd them oft and oft, yet nought they be
 (For all his washing) cleaner. Still he strove,
 Yet still the little Hands were bloody seen;
 The which him into great Amazement drove,
 And into divers Doubt his wavering Wonder clove.

IV.

He wist not whether Blot of foul Offence
 Might not be purg'd with Water nor with Bath;
 Or that high God, in lieu of Innocence,
 Imprinted had that Token of his Wrath,
 To shew how sore Blood-guiltines he hat'h;
 Or that the Charm and Venom, which they drunk,
 Their Blood with secret Filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the senseless Trunk,
 That through the great Contagion direful deadly stunk.

V.

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer 'gan to bord
 With goodly Reason, and thus fair bespake;
 Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,
 And of your Ignorance great marvel make,
 Whiles Cause not well conceived ye mistake.
 But know, that secret Vertues are infus'd
 In every Fountain, and in every Lake,
 Which who hath Skill them rightly to have chus'd,
 To proof of passing Wonders hath full often us'd.

VI.

VI.

Of those, some were so from their Source indu'd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitful Pap
Their Well-heads spring, and are with Moisture dew'd ;
Which feeds each living Plant with liquid Sap,
And fills with Flowers fair *Flora's* painted Lap :
But other some, by Gift of later Grace,
Or by good Prayers, or by other Hap,
Had Vertue pour'd into their Waters base, (place.
And thence-forth were renou'd, and sought from place to

VII.

Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,
Which to her Nymph besel. Upon a Day,
As she the Woods with Bow and Shafts did range,
The heartless Hind and Robuck to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunc'd to meet her by the way,
And kindling Fire at her fair burning Eye,
Inflamed was to follow Beauty's Chace,
And chased her, that fast from him did fly ;
As Hind from her, so she fled from her Enemy.

VIII.

At last, when failing Breath began to faint,
And saw no means to 'scape, of Shame affraid,
She sat her down to weep for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling loud for Aid,
Her dear besought, to let her die a Maid.
The Goddess heard, and suddain where she fate,
Welling out Streams of Tears, and quite dismay'd
With stony fear of that rude rustick Mate,
Transform'd her to a Stone from stedfast Virgin's State.

IX.

Lo ! now she is that Stone ; from those two Heads
(As from two weeping Eyes) fresh Streams do flow,
Yet cold through Fear, and old conceived Dreads ;
And yet the Stone her 'semblance seems to show,
Shap'd like a Maid, that such ye may her know ;
And yet her Vertues in her Water 'bide :
For, it is chaste and pure, as purest Snow,
Ne lets her Waves with any Filth be dy'd,
But ever (like her self) unstained hath been try'd.

X,

X.

From thence it comes, that this Babe's bloody Hand
May not be cleans'd with Water of this Well :
Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as besel,
That they his Mother's Innocence may tell,
As she bequeath'd in her last Testament ;
That as a sacred Symbol it may dwell
In her Son's Flesh, to mind Revengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endless Monument.

XI.

He hearkned to his Reason, and the Child
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to bear ;
But his sad Father's Arms with Blood defil'd,
An heavy Load himself did lightly rear ;
And turning to that place, in which whylear
He left his lofty Steed with golden fell,
And goodly gorgeous Barbes, him found not there.
By other Accident that earst besel,
He is convey'd ; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himself appease,
And fairly fare on foot, however loth :
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they travelled with little Ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a Rock adjoining to the Seas :
It was an auncient Work of antique Fame,
And wondrous strong by Nature, and by skilful Frame.

XIII.

Therein three Sisters dwelt of fundry sort,
The Children of one Sire by Mothers three ;
Who dying whilom, did divide this Fort
To them by equal Shares in equal Fee.
But strifeful Mind, and divers Quality
Drew them in parts, and each made other's Foe :
Still did they strive, and daily disagree ;
The Eldest did against the Youngest go,
And both against the middest meant to worken Woe.

XIV.

XIV.

Where, when the Knight arriv'd, he was right well
 Receiv'd, as Knight of so much Worth became,
 Of second Sister, who did far excel
 The other two; *Medina* was her Name,
 A sober sad, and comely courteous Dame:
 Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly Garments, that her well became,
 Fair marching forth in honourable wife,
 Him at the Threshold met, and well did enterprife.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly Bower,
 And comely courted with meet Modesty;
 Ne in her Speech, ne in her 'Haviour,
 Was Lightness seen, or looser Vanity,
 But gracious Womanhood, and Gravity,
 Above the Reason of her youthly Years.
 Her golden Locks she roundly did uptie
 In braided Tramels, that no looser Hairs
 Did out of order stray about her dainty Ears.

XVI.

Whilst she her self thus busily did frame,
 Seemly to entertain her new-come Guest,
 News hereof to her other Sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton Rest,
 Accounting each her Friend with lavish Feast:
 They were two Knights of peerless Puisseance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike Gest,
 Which to these Ladies love did countenance,
 And to his Mistress each himself strove to advance.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
 Was hight Sir *Hudibras*, an hardy Man;
 Yet not so good of Deeds, as great of Name,
 Which he by many rash Adventures wan,
 Since errant Arms to few he first began.
 More huge in Strength, than wife in Works he was,
 And Reason with Fool-hardise over-ran;
 Stern Melancholy did his Courage pass,
 And was (for Terror more) all arm'd in shining Bras.

XVIII.

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,
 He that fair *Una* late foul outraged,
 The most unruly and the boldest Boy
 That ever warlike Weapons menaged,
 And to all lawless Lust encouraged,
 Through strong Opinion of his matchless Might:
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
 By tortious Wrong, or whom bereav'd of Right.
 He now this Lady's Champion chose for Love to fight.

XIX.

These two gay Knights, vow'd to so divers Loves,
 Each other does envy with deadly Hate,
 And daily War against his Foeman moves,
 In hope to win more Favour with his Mate,
 And th' other's pleasing Service to abate,
 To magnify his own. But when they heard,
 How in that Place strange Knight arriv'd late,
 Both Knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fiercely unto Battle stern themselves prepar'd.

XX.

But ere they could proceed unto the place
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruel Combat join'd in middle space:
 With horrible Assault, and Fury fell,
 They heap'd huge Stroaks, the scorned Life to quell,
 That all on uproar from her settled Seat,
 The House was rais'd, and all that in did dwell;
 Seem'd that loud Thunder with Amazement great,
 Did rend the rattling Skies with Flames of fouldring Heat.

XXI.

The Noise thereof calth forth that stranger Knight,
 To weet what dreadful thing was there in bond;
 Where, when as two brave Knights in bloody Fight
 With deadly Rancour he enraunged fond,
 His Sunbroad Shield about his Wrist he bond,
 And shining Blade unsheath'd, with which he ran
 Unto that stead, their Strife to underfond;
 And, at his first arrival, them began
 With goodly means to pacify, well as he can.

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XXII.

XXII.

But they him spying, both with greedy Force
 At once upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortal Steel without Remorse,
 And on his Shield like iron Sledges bet:
 As when a Bear and Tyger, being met
 In cruel Fight on Lybick Ocean wide,
 Espy a Traveller with Feet surber,
 Whom they in equal Prey hope to divide,
 They stint their Strife, and him assail on every side.

XXIII.

But he, not like a weary Traveller,
 Their sharp Assault right boldly did rebut,
 And suffred not their Blows to bite him near,
 But with redoubled Buffes them back did put:
 Whose grieved Minds, which Choler did englut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathful Spight,
 'Gan with new Rage their Shields to hew and cut.
 But still when *Guyon* came to part their Fight,
 With heavy Load on him they freshly 'gan to smite.

XXIV.

As a tall Ship tossed in troublous Seas,
 Whom raging Winds, threatning to make the Prey
 Of the rough Rocks, do diversly diseafe,
 Meets two contrary Billows by the way,
 That her on either side do fore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy Grave:
 She, scorning both their Spights, does make wide way,
 And with her Breast breaking the foamy Wave,
 Does ride on both their Backs, and fair her self doth save.

XXV.

So boldly he him bears, and rusheth forth
 Between them both, by Conduct of his Blade.
 Wondrous great Prowess and heroick Worth
 He shew'd that day, and rare Ensamble made,
 When two so mighty Warriors he dismay'd:
 At once he wards and strikes, he takes and pays,
 Now forc'd to yield, now forcing to invade,
 Before, behind, and round about him lays:
 So double was his Pains, so double be his Praise.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Strange sort of sight, three valiant Knights to see
 Three Combats join in one, and to darraign
 A triple War with triple Enmity;
 All for their Ladies froward Love to gain,
 Which gotten was, but Hate. So Love does reign
 In stoutest Minds, and maketh monstrous War;
 He maketh War, he maketh Peace again,
 And yet his Peace is but continual Jar:
 O miserable Men, that to him subject are!

XXVII.

While thus they mingled were in furious Arms,
 The fair *Medina* with her Tresses torn,
 And naked Breast (in pity of their Harms)
 Amongst them ran; and falling them befor,
 Besought them by the Womb which them had born,
 And by the Loves which were to them most dear,
 And by the Knighthood which they sure had sworn,
 Their deadly cruel Discord to forbear,
 And to her just Conditions of fair Peace to hear.

XXVIII.

But her two other Sisters, standing by,
 Her loud gainfay'd, and both their Champion bad
 Pursue the end of their strong Enmity,
 As ever of their Loves they would be glad.
 Yet she, with pity Words and Counsel sad,
 Still strove their stubborn Rages to revoke:
 That, at the last, suppressing Fury mad,
 They 'gan abstain from Dint of direful Stroke,
 And hearken to the sober Speeches which she spoke.

XXIX.

Ah! puissaunt Lords, what cursed evil Spright,
 Or fell *Erinnys*, in your noble Hearts
 Her hellish Brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stir'd you up to work your wilful Smarts?
 Is this the Joy of Arms? Be these the parts
 Of glorious Knighthood, after Blood to thirst,
 And not regard due Right and just Desarts?
 Vain is the Vaunt, and Victory unjust,
 That more to mighty Hands, than rightful Cause doth trust.

XXX.

And, were there rightful Cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, fair it to accord,
 Than with Blood-guiltiness to heap Offence,
 And mortal Vengeance join to Crime abhor'd?
 O! fly from Wrath: fly, O my life's Lord.
 Sad be the Sights, and bitter Fruits of War,
 And thousand Furies wait on wrathful Sword;
 Ne ought the praise of Prowess more doth mar,
 Than foul revenging Rage, and base contentious Jar.

XXXI.

But lovely Concord, and most sacred Peace,
 Doth nourish Vertue, and fast Friendship breeds;
 Weak she makes strong, and strong thing does increase,
 Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
 Brave be her Wars, and honourable Deeds,
 By which she triumphs over Ire and Pride,
 And wins an Olive Garland for her Meeds.
 Be therefore, O my dear Lords, pacify'd,
 And this misseeming Discord meekly lay aside.

XXXII.

Her gracious words their Rancour did appall,
 And sunk so deep into their boiling Breasts,
 That down they let their cruel Weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty Crests
 To her fair Presence, and discreet Benefits.
 Then she began a Treaty to procure,
 And 'stablish Terms betwixt both their Requests,
 That as a Law for ever should endure:
 Which to observe, in word of Knights they did assure.

XXXIII.

Which to confirm, and fast to bind their League,
 After their weary Sweat and bloody Toil,
 She them besought, during their quiet Treague,
 Into her Lodging to repair awhile,
 To rest themselves, and Grace to reconcile.
 They soon consent: so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are well receiv'd, and made to spoil
 Themselves of soiled Arms, and to prepare
 Their Minds to Pleasure, and their Mouths to dainty Fare.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

And those two froward Sisters (their fair Loves)
 Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)
 And feigned Cheer, as for the time behoves;
 But could not colour yet so well the Troth,
 But that their Natures bad appear'd in both:
 For, both did at their second Sister grutch,
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden Moth
 The inner Garment fret, not th' utter touch; (much.)
 One thought their Cheer too little, th' other thought too

XXXV.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deem
 Such Entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speak, but evermore did seem
 As discontent for want of Mirth or Meat;
 No Solace could her Paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne Court, nor Dalliance:
 But with bent lowring Brows, as she would threat,
 She scold, and frown'd with froward Countenance,
 Unworthy of fair Ladies comely governance.

XXXVI.

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loofely light,
 And quite contrary to her Sister's kind;
 No measure in her Mood, no Rule of Right,
 But poured out in Pleasure and Delight:
 In Wine and Meats she flow'd above the Bank,
 And in Excess exceeded her own Might;
 In sumptuous Tire she joy'd her self to prank;
 But of her Love too lavish (little have she thank).

XXXVII.

First, by her side did sit the bold *Sans-loy*,
 Fit Mate for such a mincing Mineon,
 Who in her Looseness took exceeding joy;
 Might not be found a franker Franion,
 Of her leud parts to make Companion:
 But *Hudibras*, more like a Malecontent,
 Did see and grieve at his bold Fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his Hardiment,
 Yet still he sat, and inly did himself torment.

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XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both, the fair *Medina* fate,
 With sober Grace, and goodly Carriage;
 With equal measure she did moderate
 The strong Extremities of their Outrage:
 That forward Pair she ever would assuage,
 When they would strive due Reason to exceed;
 But that same froward Twain would accourage,
 And of her Plenty add unto their Need:
 So kept she them in order, and her self in heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fairly she attemper'd her Feast,
 And pleas'd them all with meet satiety:
 At last, when Lust of Meat and Drink was ceas'd,
 She, *Guyon* dear, besought of Courtesy,
 To tell from whence he came through Jeopardy,
 And whither now on new Adventure bound.
 Who, with bold Grace, and comely Gravity,
 Drawing to him the Eyes of all around,
 From lofty Siege began these words aloud to sound.

XL.

This thy Demand, O Lady, doth revive
 Fresh Memory in me of that great Queen,
 Great and most glorious Virgin Queen alive,
 That with her sovereign Power, and Scepter sheen,
 All Fairy Lond does peaceable susteen.
 In widest Ocean she her Throne does rear,
 That over all the Earth it may be seen;
 As morning Sun, her Beams dispredden clear;
 And in her Face, fair Peace and Mercy doth appear.

XLI.

In her, the Riches of all heavenly Grace
 In chief degree are heaped up on high;
 And all, that else this World's enclosure base
 Hath great or glorious in mortal Eye,
 Adorns the Person of her Majesty:
 That Men beholding so great Excellence,
 And rare Perfection in Mortality,
 Do her adore with sacred Reverence,
 As th' Idol of her Maker's great Magnificence.

XLII.

XLII.

To her, I Homage and my Service owe,
 In number of the noblest Knights on ground,
 'Mongst whom, on me she deigned to bestow
 Order of *Maidenhead*, the most renown'd,
 That may this day in all the World be found:
 And yearly solemn Feast she wonts to make
 The day that first doth lead the Year around;
 To which all Knights of Worth and Courage bold
 Resort, to hear of strange Adventures to be told.

XLIII.

There this old Palmer shew'd himself that day,
 And to that mighty Princess did complain
 Of grievous Mischiefs, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelm'd in deadly Pain,
 Whereof he crav'd redrefs. My Sovereign,
 Whose glory is, in gracious Deeds and Joys,
 Throughout the World her Mercy to maintain,
 Eftsoons devis'd Redrefs for such Annoys:
 Me (all unfit for so great purpose) she employs.

XLIV.

Now hath fair *Phæbe* with her silver Face
 Thrice seen the Shadows of the neather World,
 Sith last I left that honourable place,
 In which her Royal Presence is introl'd;
 Ne ever shall I rest in House nor Hold,
 Till I that false *Acrasia* have won;
 Of whose foul Deeds (too hideous to be told)
 I witness am, and this their wretched Son,
 Whose woful Parents she hath wickedly fordone.

XLV.

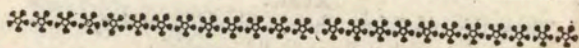
Tell on, fair Sir, said she, that doleful Tale,
 From which sad Ruth does seem you to refrain,
 That we may pity such unhappy Bale,
 And learn from Pleasure's Poison to abstain:
 Ill, by Ensamble, Good doth often gain.
 Then forward he his purpose 'gan pursue,
 And told the Story of the mortal Pain,
 Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew;
 As with lamenting Eyes himself did lately view.

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XLVI.

XLVI.

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deep,
Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,
 His flaming Head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his piteous Tale he end did make;
 Whilst with Delight of that he wisely spake,
 Those Guests beguiled, did beguile their Eyes
 Of kindly Sleep, that did them overtake.
 At last, when they had mark'd the changed Skies,
 They wist their Hour was spent; then each to rest him hies.



CANTO III.

*Vain Braggadochio, getting Guyon's
 Horse, is made the Scorn
 Of Knighthood true, and is of fair
 Belphebe foul forlorn.*

I.

SOON as the Morrow fair with purple Beams
 Dispers'd the Shadows of the misty Night,
 And *Titan* playing on the Eastern Streams,
 'Gan clear the dewy Air with springing Light;
 Sir *Guyon*, mindful of his Vow yplight,
 Uprose from drowsy Couch, and him address'd
 Unto the Journey which he had behight:
 His puissant Arms about his noble Breast,
 And many folded Shield he bound about his Wrest.

II.

Then, taking *Congé* of that Virgin pure,
 The bloody-handed Babe unto her Truth
 Did earnestly commit, and her conjure,
 In vertuous Lore to train his tender Youth,
 And all that gentle Nouriture ensu'th:
 And, that so soon as riper Years he raught,
 He might for Memory of that Day's Ruth,
 Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
 T' avenge his Parents Death, on them that had it wrought.

III.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now besel, on foot,
 Sith his good Steed is lately from him gone:
 Patience perforce; helpless what may it boot
 To fret for Anger, or for Grief to mone?
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
 So Fortune wrought, as under green Wood's side
 He lately heard that dying Lady groan,
 He left his Steed without, and Spear beside,
 And rusted in on foot, to aid her e'er she dy'd.

IV.

The whiles, a Losell wandring by the way,
 One that to Bounty never cast his Mind,
 Ne Thought of Honour ever did assay
 His baser Breast, but in his kestrel kind
 A pleasing Vein of Glory vain did find;
 To which his flowing Tongue, and troublous Spright
 Gave him great Aid, and made him more inclin'd:
 He, that brave Steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloin'd both Steed and Spear, and ran away full light.

V.

Now 'gan his Heart all swell in Jollity,
 And of himself great Hope and Help conceiv'd,
 That puffed up with Smoke of Vanity,
 And with self-loved Personage deceiv'd,
 He 'gan to hope, of Men to be receiv'd
 For such, as he him thought, or fain would be:
 But, for in-Court gay Portanee he perceiv'd,
 And gallant Shew to be in greatest gree,
 Estoons to Court he cast t' aavance his first degree.

VI.

And by the way he chanced to espy
 One sitting idle on a sunny Bank;
 To whom avaunting in great Bravery,
 As Peacock, that his painted Plumes doth prank,
 He smote his Courser in the trembling Flank,
 And to him threatned his heart-thrilling Spear:
 The feely Man, seeing him ride so rank,
 And aim at him, fell flat to ground for fear,
 And crying Mercy loud, his piteous Hands 'gan rear.

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VII.

VII.

Thereat the Scarecrow wexed wondrous proud,
 Through fortune of his first Adventure fair,
 And with big thundring Voice revil'd him loud;
 Vile Caitive, Vassal of Dread and Despair,
 Unworthy of the common breathed Air,
 Why livest thou, dead Dog, a lenger Day,
 And doost not unto Death thy self prepare?
 Die, or thy self my Captive yield for ay:
 Great Favour I thee grant, for answer thus to stay.

VIII.

Hold, O dear Lord, hold your dead-doing Hand,
 Then loud he cry'd; I am your humble Thrall.
 Ah Wretch (quoth he) thy Destinies withstand
 My wrathful Will, and do for Mercy call.
 I give thee Life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kiss my Stirrup; that thy Homage be.
 The Miser threw himself as an Offal
 Straight at his Foot in base Humility,
 And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

IX.

So, happy Peace they made, and fair Accord:
 Estfoons this Liege-man 'gan to wex more bold,
 And when he felt the Folly of his Lord,
 In his own kind, he 'gan himself unfold;
 For, he was wily witted, and grown old
 In cunning Sleights and practick Knavery.
 From that day forth he cast for to uphold
 His idle Humour with fine Flattery,
 And blow the Bellows to his swelling Vanity.

X.

Trompart, fit Man for *Braggadachio*,
 To serve at Court in view of vaunting Eye;
 Vain-glorious Man, when fluttering Wind does blow
 In his light Wings, is lifted up to Sky:
 The Scorn of Knighthood and true Chevalry,
 To think without Desert of gentle Deed,
 And noble Worth, to be advanced high:
 Such praise is Shame; but Honour, Vertue's Meed,
 Doth bear the fairest Flower in honourable Seed.

XI.

XI.

So forth they pass (a well comforted Pair)
 Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
 Who seeing one that shone in Armour fair,
 On goodly Courser, thundring with his Feet,
 Estfoons supposed him a Person meet
 Of his Revegge to make the Instrument:
 For since the *Redcrass* Knight he earst did weete,
 To been with *Guyon* knit in one Consent,
 The Ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

XII.

And coming close to *Trompart*, 'gan inquire
 Of him, what mighty Warrior that mote be,
 That rode in golden Sell with single Spear,
 But wanted Sword to wreak his Enmity.
 He is a great Adventurer, said he,
 That hath his Sword through hard Assay forgone,
 And now hath vow'd, till he avenged be
 Of that Despight, never to wearen none;
 That Spear is him enough to doen a thousand groan.

XIII.

Th' Enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well e'er long his Will to win,
 And both his Foen with equal Foil to daunt;
 Tho to him louting lowly, did begin
 To 'plain of Wrongs, which had committed been
 By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrass* Knight;
 Which two, through Treason and deceitful Gin,
 Had slain Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
 That mote him Honour win, to wreak so foul Despight.

XIV.

Therewith all suddenly he seem'd enrag'd,
 And threaten'd Death with dreadful Countenance,
 As if their Lives had in his Hand been gag'd;
 And with stiff force shaking his mortal Launce,
 To let him weete his doughty Valiaunce,
 Thus said; Old Man, great sure shall be thy Meed,
 If where those Knights for fear of due Vengeance
 Do lurk, thou certainly to me areed,
 That I may wreak on them their heinous hateful Deed.

XV.

XV.

Certes, my Lord (said he) that shall I soon,
 And give you eke good help to their decay :
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon,
 Give no odds to your Foes, but do purvay
 Your self of Sword before that bloody Day :
 For they be two the prowrest Knights on ground,
 And oft approv'd in many hard Assay ;
 And eke of surest Steel, that may be found,
 Do arm your self against that Day, them to confound.

XVI.

Dotard (said he) let be thy deep advise ;
 Seems that thro many years thy Wits thee fail,
 And that weak Eld hath left thee nothing wise ;
 Else never should thy Judgment be so frail,
 To measure Manhood by the Sword or Mail.
 Is not enough four quarters of a Man,
 Withouten Sword or Shield, an Host to quail ?
 Thou little worest what this right Hand can :
 Speak they, which have beheld the Battles which it wan.

XVII.

The Man was much abashed at his Boast ;
 Yet well he wist, that who so would contend
 With either of those Knights on even Coast,
 Should need of all his Arms, him to defend ;
 Yet feared lest his Boldness should offend :
 When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did swear,
 When with one Sword seven Knights I brought to end,
 Thenceforth in Battle never Sword to bear,
 But it were that which noblest Knight on earth doth wear.

XVIII.

Perdie, Sir Knight, said then th' Enchaunter blive,
 That shall I shortly purchase to your hond ;
 For now the best and noblest Knight alive
 Prince *Arthur* is, that wons in Fairy-lond :
 He hath a Sword that flames like burning Brond.
 The same (by my Advice) I undertake
 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.

XIX.

XIX.

He staid not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddain vanished out of his sight :
 The Northern Wind his Wings did broad display
 At his command, and reared him up light
 From off the Earth to take his airy Flight.
 They look'd about, but no where could espy
 Track of his Foot, then dead thro great Affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other fly :
 Both fled at once, ne ever back returned Eye.

XX.

Till that they come unto a Forest green,
 In which they shroud themselves from causeless Fear ;
 Yet Fear them follows still, where so they been.
 Each trembling Leaf, and whistling Wind they hear,
 As gestly bug their Hair on end does rear :
 Yet both do strive their Fearfulness to faine.
 At last they heard a Horn that shrilled clear
 Throughout the Wood, that echoed again,
 And made the Forest ring, as it would rive in twain.

XXI.

Eft thro the Thick they heard one rudely rush ;
 With noise whereof he from his lofty Steed
 Down fell to ground, and crept into a Bush,
 To hide his coward Head from dying deed.
 But *Trompart* stoutly stay'd to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftsoon there stepped forth
 A goodly Lady, clad in Hunter's Weed,
 That seem'd to be a Woman of great Worth,
 And by her stately Portance, born of heavenly Birth.

XXII.

Her Face so fair as Flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly Pourtrait of bright Angels Hue,
 Clear as the Sky, withouten Blame or Blor,
 Thro goodly Mixture of Complexions due ;
 And in her Cheeks the Vermil Red did shew
 Like Roses in a Bed of Lillies shed,
 The which ambrosial Odours from them threw,
 And Gazer's Sense with double Pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the Sick, and to revive the Dead.

XXIII.

XXIII.

In her fair Eyes two living Lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's Light,
And darted fiery Beams out of the same,
So passing pierceant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash Beholder's Sight:
In them the blinded God his lustful Fire
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For with drad Majesty, and awful Ire,
She broke his wanton Darts, and quenched base Desire.

XXIV.

Her ivory Forehead, full of Bounty brave,
Like a broad Table did it self dispread,
For Love his lofty Triumphs to engrave,
And write the Battles of his great Godhead:
All Good and Honour might therein be read;
For there their Dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweet Words, like dropping Hony, she did shed,
And 'twixt the Pearls and Rubins softly brake
A silver Sound, that heavenly Musick seem'd to make.

XXV.

Upon her Eyelids many Graces fate,
Under the Shadows of her even Brows,
Working Belgards, and amorous Retrate,
And every one her with a Grace endows:
And every one with Meekness to her bows
So glorious Mirrour of celestial Grace,
And sovereign Monument of mortal Vows,
How shall frail Pen describe her heavenly Face,
For fear, thro want of Skill, her Beauty to disgrace?

XXVI.

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad (for heat of scorching Air)
All in a silken Camus, lilly white,
Purpled upon with many a folded Plight,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden Aygulets, that glistred bright
Like twinkling Stars, and all the Skirt about
Was hem'd with golden Fringe

XXVII.

XXVII.

Below her Ham her Weed did somewhat train,
And her strait Legs most bravely were embail'd
In gilden Buskins of costly Cordwain,
All bar'd with golden Bends, which were entail'd
With curious Anticks, and full fair aumail'd:
Before they fastned were under her Knee
In a rich Jewel, and therein entrail'd
The end of all their Knots, that none might see,
How they within her Foldings close enwrapped be.

XXVIII.

Like two fair Marble Pillars they were seen,
Which do the Temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the People deck with Garlands green,
And honour in their Festival Resort:
Those same with stately Grace, and princely Port
She taught to tread, when she her self would grace;
But with the woody Nymphs when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chase,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her Hand a sharp Boar-spear she held,
And at her Back a Bow and Quiver gay,
Stuff'd with steel-headed Darts, wherewith she quell'd
The salvage Beasts in her victorious Play,
Knit with a golden Baldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy Breast, and did divide
Her dainty Paps; which like young Fruit in *May*,
Now little 'gan to swell, and being ty'd,
Thro her thin Weed their Places only signify'd.

XXX.

Her yellow Locks crisped, like golden Wire,
About her Shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the Wind amongst them did inspire,
They waved like a Penon wide dispred,
And low behind her back were scattered:
And whether Art it were, or heedless Hap,
As thro the flowing Forest rash she fled,
In her rude Hairs sweet Flowers themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh Leaves and Blossoms did enwrap.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Such as *Diana* by the sandy Shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* green,
Where all the Nymphs have her unwares forlore,
Wand'reth alone with Bow and Arrows keen,
To seek her Game: Or as that famous Queen
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Priam* she was seen,
Did shew her self in great triumphant Joy,
To succour the weak State of sad afflicted *Troy*.

XXXII.

Such when as heartless *Trompart* her did view,
He was disinay'd in his coward Mind,
And doubted whether he himself should shew,
Or fly away, or 'bide alone behind:
Both Fear and Hope he in her Face did find.
When she at last him spying, thus bespake;
Hail Groom, didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right Haunch earst my stedfast Arrow strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.

XXXIII.

Wherewith reviv'd, this Answer forth he threw;
O Goddess! (for such I thee take to be)
For neither doth thy Face terrestrial shew,
Nor Voice sound mortal; I avow to thee,
Such wounded Beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this Forest wild I came.
But mote thy goodly Head forgive it me,
To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That unto thee due Worship I may rightly frame.

XXXIV.

To whom she thus—; but ere her Words ensu'd,
Unto the Bush her Eye did sudden glance,
In which vain *Braggadochio* was mew'd;
And saw it stir: she left her piercing Launce,
And towards 'gan a deadly Shaft advance,
In mind to mark the Beast. At which sad *Stower*
Trompart forth step'd, to stay the mortal Chance,
Out-crying, O! whatever heavenly Power,
Or earthly Wight thou be, withhold this deadly Hour.

XXXV.

XXXV.

O stay thy hand! for yonder is no Game
For thy fierce Arrows, them to exercise;
But lo! my Lord, my Liege, whose warlike Name
Is far renown'd thro many bold Emprife;
And now in Shade he shrouded yonder lies.
She staid: with that, he crawl'd out of his Nest,
Forth creeping on his captive Hands and Thighs;
And standing stoutly up, his lofty Crest
Did fiercely shake and rouze, as coming late from Rest.

XXXVI.

As fearful Fowl, that long in secret Cave,
For dread of soaring Hawk, her self hath hid,
Not caring how her silly Life to save,
She her gay painted Plumes disordered,
Seeing at last her self from Danger rid,
Peeps forth, and soon renews her native Pride;
She 'gins her Feathers, foul disfigured,
Proudly to prune, and set on every side,
So shakes off Shame, ne thinks how earst she did her hide.

XXXVII.

So when her goodly Visage he beheld,
He 'gan himself to vaunt: but when he view'd
Those deadly Tools, which in her Hand she held,
Soon into other Fits he was transmew'd,
Till she to him her gracious Speech renew'd:
All hail, Sir Knight, and well may thee besal,
As all the like, which Honour have pursu'd
Thro Deeds of Arms, and Prowess Martial;
All Vertue merits Praise, but such the most of all.

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus; O fairest under Sky,
True be thy Words, and worthy of thy Praise,
That warlike Feats dost highest glorify.
Therein have I spent all my youthly Days,
And many Battles fought, and many Frays
Throughout the World, whereto they might be found,
Endeavouring my dreaded Name to raise
Above the Moon, that Fame may it refund
In her eternal Tromp, with laurel Garland crown'd.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

But, what art thou (O Lady) which dost range
 In this wild Forest, where no Pleasure is,
 And dost not it for joyous Court exchange,
 Amongst thine equal Peers, where happy Blifs
 And all Delight does reign, much more than this?
 There thou mayst love, and dearly loved be,
 And swim in Pleasure, which thou here dost mis;
 There mayst thou best be seen, and best mayst see:
 The Wood is fit for Beasts; the Court is fit for thee.

XL.

Whoso in Pomp of proud Estate (quoth she)
 Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly Blifs,
 Does waste his Days in dark Obscurity,
 And in Oblivion ever buried is:
 Where Ease abounds, it's eath to do amifs.
 But who his Limbs with Labours, and his Mind
 Behaves with Cares, cannot so easy mis:
 Abroad in Arms, at home in studious kind,
 Who seeks with painful Toil, shall Honour soonest find.

XLI.

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

XLII.

In Princes Court, the rest she would have said,
 But that the foolish Man (fill'd with Delight
 Of her sweet Words, that all his Sense dismay'd,
 And with her wondrous Beauty ravish'd quite)
 'Gan burn in filthy Lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard Arms her to embrace.
 With that, she swarving back, her Javelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

XLIII.

Which when the Peasant saw, amaz'd he stood,
 And grieved at her Flight; yet durst he not
 Pursue her Steps, thro' wild unknown Wood;
 Besides, he fear'd her Wrath, and threatned Shor,
 Whiles in the Bush he lay, not yet forgot:
 Ne car'd he greatly for her Presence vain;
 But turning, said to *Trompart*, What foul Blot
 Is this to Knight, that Lady should again
 Depart to Woods untouch'd, and leave so proud Disdain?

XLIV.

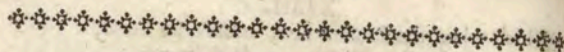
Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her pass at will,
 Left by her Presence Danger mote besal.
 For, who can tell (and sure I fear it ill)
 But that she is some Power celestial?
 For, whiles she spake, her great Words did appall
 My feeble Courage, and my Heart oppress,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.
 And I (said *Braggadocchio*) thought no less,
 When first I heard her Horn found with such Ghastlines;

XLV.

For, from my Mother's Womb this Grace I have
 Me given by eternal Destiny,
 That earthly thing may not my Courage brave
 Dismay with Fear, or cause one foot to fly,
 But either hellish Fiends, or Powers on high:
 Which was the cause, when east that Horn I heard,
 Weening it had been Thunder in the Sky,
 I hid my self from it, as one affeard;
 But when I other knew, my self I boldly rear'd.

XLVI.

But now, for fear of worse that may betide,
 Let us soon hence depart. They soon agree;
 So to his Steed he got, and 'gan to ride
 As one unfit therefore, that all might see
 He had not trained been in Chevalry.
 Which well that valiant Courser did discern;
 For, he despis'd to tread in due degree,
 But chauff'd and foam'd, with Courage fierce and stern,
 And to be eas'd of that base Burden still did yearn.



CANTO IV.

*Guyon does Furor bind in Chains,
And stops Occasion:
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By Strife is rail'd upon.*

I.

IN brave Pursuit of honourable Deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Between the vulgar and the noble Seed,
Which unto things of valorous Pretence
Seems to be born by native Influence;
As Feats of Arms, and Love to entertain:
But chiefly Skill to ride, seems a Science
Proper to gentle Blood: some others fain
To manage Steeds, as did this Vaunter; but in vain.

II.

But he (the rightful Owner of that Steed)
Who well could manage and subdue his Pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that black Palmer, his most trusty Guide;
Who suffer'd not his wandring Feet to slide.
But when strong Passion, or weak Flehliness
Would from the right way seek to draw him wide,
He would thro Temperance and Stedfastness,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong suppress.

III.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seem'd for to see
Some troublous Uproar or contentious Fray,
Whereto he drew in haste, it to agree.
A Madman, or that fained mad to be,
Drew by the Hair along upon the Ground
A handfom Stripling with great Cruelty,
Whom sore he beat, and gor'd with many a Wound,
That Checks with Tears, and Sides with Blood did all abound.

IV.

IV.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalk,
In ragged Robes, and filthy Disarray;
Her other Leg was lame, that she no'te walk,
But on a Staff her feeble Steps did stay:
Her Locks, that loathly were and hoary gray,
Grew all afore, and loofely hung unroll'd;
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her Face ill-favour'd, full of Wrinkles old.

V.

And ever as she went, her Tongue did walk
In foul Reproach, and Terms of vile Despight,
Provoking him by her ourageous Talk,
To heap more Vengeance on that wretched Wight:
Sometimes she raught him Stones, wherewith to smite,
Sometimes her Staff, tho it her one Leg were,
Withouten which she could not go upright;
Ne any evil means she did forbear,
That might him move to Wrath, and Indignation rear.

VI.

The noble *Guyon*, mov'd with great Remorse,
Approaching, first the Hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impetuous Force,
His mighty Hands did on the Madman lay,
And pluck'd him back; who all on fire straitway,
Against him turning all his fell Intent,
With beastly brutish Rage 'gan him asslay,
And smot, and bit, and kick'd, and scratch'd, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his Avengement.

VII.

And sure he was a Man of mickle Might,
Had he had Governance, it well to guide;
But when the frantick Fit inflam'd his Spright,
His Force was vain, and strook more often wide,
Than at the aimed Mark, which he had ey'd:
And oft himself he chaunc'd to hurt unwares,
Whilst Reason blent thro Passion, nought descry'd,
But as a blindfold Bull at random fares, (nought cares,
And where he hits, nought knows, and whom he hurts,

VIII.

VIII.

His rude Assault, and rugged Handeling,
 Strange seem'd to the Knight, that aye with Foe
 In fair Defence, and goodly managing
 Of Arms was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
 But more enforc'd thro his curriſh play,
 Him sternly grip'd, and haling to and fro,
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew himself unware, and lower lay.

IX.

And being down, the Villain fore did beat,
 And bruise with clownish Fists his manly Face:
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter Threat,
 Still call'd upon to kill him in the place,
 With whose Reproach and odious Menace
 The Knight emboying in his haughty Heart,
 Knit all his Forces, and 'gan soon unbrace
 His grasping Hold: so lightly did upstart,
 And drew his deadly Weapon, to maintain his part.

X.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cry'd,
 Not so, O *Guyon*, never think that so
 That Monster can be maister'd or destroy'd:
 He is no, ah! he is not such a Foe,
 As Steel can wound, or Strength can overthrow.
 That same is *Furor*, cursed cruel Wight,
 That unto Knighthood works much Shame and Woe;
 And that same Hag, his aged Mother, hight
Occasion, the Root of all Wrath and Despight.

XI.

With her, whoſo will raging *Furor* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenge;
 First her restrain from her reproachful Blame,
 And evil Means, with which she doth enrage
 Her frantick Son, and kindles his Courage.
 Then when she is withdrawn, or strong withstood,
 It's eath his idle Fury to assuage,
 And calm the Tempest of his Passion wood;
 The Banks are overflown, when stopped is the Flood.

XII.

XII.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first Emprise,
 And turning to that Woman, fast her Tent
 By the hoar Locks, that hung before her Eyes,
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
 Her bitter Railing and foul Revilement,
 But still provok'd her Son to wreak her wrong;
 But nathelss he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her ungracious Tongue,
 Thereon an iron Lock did fasten firm and strong.

XIII.

Then when as Use of Speech was from her rest,
 With her two crooked Hands she Signs did make,
 And beckned him, the last Help she had left:
 But he, that last-left help away did take,
 And both her Hands fast bound unto a Stake,
 That she no'te stir. Then 'gan her Son to fly
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
 But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
 And soon him overtook in sad Perplexity.

XIV.

In his strong Arms he stiffly him embrac'd,
 Who him gainstriving, nought at all prevail'd;
 For all his Power was utterly defac'd,
 And furious Fits at earst quite weren quail'd:
 Oft he renforc'd, and oft his Forces fail'd,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his Rancour slack.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hail'd,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his back,
 And both his Feet in Fetters to an iron Rack.

XV.

With hundred iron Chains he did him bind,
 And hundred Knots that did him fore constrain;
 Yet his great iron Teeth he still did grind,
 And grimly gnash, threatening Revenge in vain:
 His burning Eyes, whom bloody Strakes did stain,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth Sparks of Fire;
 And more for rank Despight, than for great Pain,
 Shak'd his long Locks, colour'd like Copper-wire,
 And bit his tawny Beard, to shew his raging Ire.

XVI.

XVI.

Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiv'd,
Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that Madman of Life nigh late depriv'd,
Lying on ground, all soil'd with Blood and Mire:
Whom, when as he perceived to respire,
He 'gan to comfort, and his Wounds to dress.
Being at last recur'd, he 'gan inquire,
What hard Mishap him brought to such Distress,
And made that Caitive's Thrall, the Thrall of Wickedness.

XVII.

With Heart then throbbing, and with watry Eyes,
Fair Sir, quoth he, what Man can shun the Hap,
That hidden lies unwares him to surprize?
Misfortune waits advantage to entrap
The Man most wary, in her whelming Lap.
So me, weak Wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting and unware of such Mishap,
She brought to Mischief thro Occasion,
Where this same wicked Villain did me light upon.

XVIII.

It was a faithless Squire that was the Source
Of all my Sorrow, and of these sad Tears,
With whom from tender Dug of common Nourse,
At once I was upbrought; and est when Years
More ripe us Reason lent to chuse our Peers,
Our selves in league of vowed Love we knit:
In which we long time, without jealous Fears,
Our faulty Thoughts continu'd, as was fit;
And for my part (I vow) dissembled not a whit.

XIX.

It was my fortune, common to that Age,
To love a Lady fair of great degree,
The which was born of noble Parentage,
And set in highest Seat of Dignity,
Yet seem'd no less to love, than lov'd to be:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithful still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
Love that two Hearts makes one, makes eke one Will;
Each strove to please, and other's Pleasure to fulfil.

XX.

XX.

My Friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my Love, and all my Privity;
Who greatly joyous seem'd for my sake,
And gracious to that Lady, as to me;
Ne ever Wight that mote so welcome be,
As he to her, withouten Blot or Blame;
Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same;
O wretched Man! that would abuse so gentle Dame.

XXI.

At last, such Grace I found, and Means I wrought,
That I that Lady to my Spouse had won;
Accord of Friends, Consent of Parents sought,
Affiance made, my Happinesse begun,
There wanted nought but few Rites to be done,
Which Marriage make; that day too far did seem:
Most joyous Man, on whom the shining Sun
Did shew his Face, my self I did esteem,
And that my falser Friend did no less joyous deem.

XXII.

But e'er that wished Day his Beam disclos'd,
He, either envying my toward Good,
Or of himself to Treason ill dispos'd,
One day unto me came in friendly Mood,
And told (for secret) how he understood,
That Lady whom I had to me assign'd,
Had both distain'd her honourable Blood,
And eke the Faith, which she to me did bind;
And therefore wish'd me stay, till I more Truth should find.

XXIII.

The gnawing Anguish and sharp Jealousy,
Which his sad Speech infix'd in my Breast,
Rankled so fore, and festred inwardly,
That my ingrieved Mind could find no Rest,
Till that the Truth thereof I did outwrest,
And him besought by that same sacred Band
Betwixt us both, to counsel me the best.
He then with solemn Oath and plighted Hand
Assur'd, e'er long the Truth to let me understand.
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M

XXIV.

XXIV.

E'er long, with like again he boarded me,
Saying, he now had boulded all the Flour;
And that it was a Groom of base degree,
Which of my Love was Partner Paramour,
Who used in a darksome inward Bower
Her oft to meet: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that hour,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused Love.

XXV.

This graceless Man, for furtherance of his Guile,
Did court the Handmaid of my Lady dear,
Who glad t' embosom his Affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appear.
One day to work her to his Will more near,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)
What great Despight doth Fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abase thy Beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser Light?

XXVI.

But if she had her least help to thee lent,
T' adorn thy Form according thy Desert,
Their blazing Pride thou wouldst soon have blent,
And stain'd their Praises with thy least good Part;
Ne should fair *Claribell*, with all her Art
(Tho she thy Lady be) approach thee near:
For proof thereof, this Evening, as thou art,
Array thy self in her most gorgeous Gear,
That I may more delight in thy Embracement dear.

XXVII.

The Maiden, proud thro Praise, and mad thro Love,
Him harkned to, and soon her self array'd;
The whiles to me the Treachour did remove
His crafty Engin, and as he had said,
Me leading, in a secret Corner laid,
The sad Spectator of my Tragedy:
Where left, he went, and his own false part play'd,
Disguised like that Groom of base degree,
Whom he had feign'd th' Abuser of my Love to be.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Essoons he came unto th' appointed Place,
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich array'd,
In *Claribella's* Clothes. Her proper Face
I not discerned in that darksome Shade,
But ween'd it was my Love, with whom he play'd.
Ah God! what Horrour and tormenting Grief,
My Heart, my Hands, mine Eyes, and all assay'd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes Prief,
Than Wound of jealous Worm, and Shame of such Reprief.

XXIX.

I home returning, fraught with foul Despight,
And chawing Vengeance all the way I went,
Soon as my loathed Love appear'd in sight,
With wrathful Hand I slew her innocent;
That after soon I dearly did lament:
For, when the Cause of that outrageous Deed
Demanded, I made plain and evident,
Her faulty Handmaid, which that Bale did breed,
Confess'd how *Philemon* her wrought to change her Weed.

XXX.

Which when I heard, with horrible Affright
And hellish Fury all enrag'd, I sought
Upon my self that vengeable Despight
To punish: yet it better first I thought,
To wreak my Wrath on him, that first it wrought.
To *Philemon*, false Faytour *Philemon*,
I cast to pay that I so dearly bought:
Of deadly Drugs I gave him Drink anon,
And wash'd away his Guilt with guilty Potion.

XXXI.

Thus heaping Crime on Crime, and Grief on Grief,
To Los of Love, adjoining Los of Friend,
I meant to purge both with a third Mischief,
And in my Woes Beginner it to end:
That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,
She last should smart with which cruel Intent,
When I at her my murderous Blade did bend,
She fled away with gasty Dreriment,
And I pursuing my fell Purpose, after went.

M 2

XXXII.

XXXII.

Fear gave her wings, and Rage enforc'd my Flight;
Thro Woods and Plains so long I did her chase,
Till this Madman (whom your victorious Might
Hath now fast bound) me met in middle Space:
As I her, so he me pursu'd apace,
And shortly overtook. I breathing Ire,
Sore chauffed at my Stay in such a case,
And with my Heat kindled his cruel Fire:
Which kindled once, his Mother did more Rage inspire.

XXXIII.

Betwixt them both, they have me doen to die,
Thro Wounds, and Strokes, and stubborn Handeling,
That Death were better than such Agony,
As Grief and Fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet sticks the mortal Sting,
That during Life will never be appeas'd.
When he thus ended had his forrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, fore have ye been diseas'd;
But all your Hurts may soon thro Temperance be eas'd.

XXXIV.

Then 'gan the Palmer thus: Most wretched Man,
That to Affections does the Bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But soon thro Suffrance grow to fearful end;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect Strength do grow,
Strong Wars they make, and cruel Battuy bend
'Gainst Fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love, this Squire have laid thus low.

XXXV.

Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love, do thus expel:
Wrath is a Fire, and Jealousy a Weed,
Grief is a Flood, and Love a Monster fell;
The Fire of Sparks, the Weed of little Seed,
The Flood of Drops, the Monster Filth did breed:
But Sparks, Seed, Drops, and Filth do thus delay;
The Sparks soon quench, the springing Seed outweed,
The Drops dry up, and Filth wipe clean away:
So shall Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love, die and decay.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Unlucky Squire, said *Guyon*, sith thou hast
Faln into Mischief thro Intemperance,
Henceforth take heed of that thou now hast past,
And guide thy Ways with wary Governance,
Lest worse betide thee by some later Chance.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin:
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do advance
Mine Auncettry from famous *Coradin*,
Who first to raise our House to Honour did begin.

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, lo! far away they spy'd
A Varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying Feet so fast their Way apply'd,
That round about a Cloud of Dust did fly,
Which mingled all with Sweat, did dim his Eye.
He soon approached, panting, breathless, hot,
And all so soil'd, that none could him descry;
His Countenance was bold, and bashed not
For *Guyon's* Looks, but scornful Eye-glance at him shot.

XXXVIII.

Behind his back he bore a brazen Shield,
On which was drawn fair, in Colours fit,
A flaming Fire in midst of bloody Field,
And round about the Wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I do burn. Right well beseeemed it
To be the Shield of some redoubted Knight;
And in his hand two Darts exceeding fit
And deadly sharp he held, whose Heads were dight
In Poison and in Blood of Malice and Despight.

XXXIX.

When he in Prefence came, to *Guyon* first
He boldly spake; Sir Knight, if Knight thou be,
Abandon this forestalled Place at erst,
For fear of further harm, I counsel thee,
Or 'bide the chance at thine own Jeopardy.
The Knight at his great Boldness wondered,
And tho he scorn'd his idle Vanity,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

XL.

Varlet, this Place most due to me I deem,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly :
But whence should come that harm which thou dost seem
To threat to him, that minds his Chance t' aby ?
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
A Knight of wondrous Power, and great Assay,
That never yet encounter'd Enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or foul dismay ;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his Presence stay.

XLI.

How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence ?
Pyrrochles is his Name, renowned far
For his bold Fears, and hardy Confidence,
Full oft approv'd in many a cruel War,
The Brother of *Cymochles*, both which are
The Sons of old *Acrates* and *Despight* ;
Acrates Son of *Phlegeton* and *Jar* :
But *Phlegeton* is Son of *Herebus* and *Night* :
But *Herebus* Son of *Eternity* is hight.

XLII.

So from immortal Race he does proceed,
That mortal Hands may not withstand his Might,
Drad for his derring Do, and bloody Deed :
For all in Blood and Spoil is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in Wrong and Right,
That Matter make for him to work upon,
And stir him up to Strife and cruel Fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearful Steed anon,
Lest thy Fool-hardize work thy sad Confusion.

XLIII.

His be that Care, whom most it doth concern,
(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 straight behight
To seek *Occasion*, whereso she be :
For he is all dispos'd to bloody Fight,
And breathes out Wrath and heinous Cruelty ;
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his Jeopardy.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Madman (said then the Palmer) that does seek
Occasion to Wrath, and Cause of Strife ;
She comes unsought : and shunned, follows eke.
Happy, who can abstain, when Rancour rise
Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty Knife :
Woe never wants, where every Cause is caught,
And rash *Occasion* makes unquiescent Life.
Then lo, where bound she fits, whom thou hast sought,
(Said *Guyon*) let that Messége to thy Lord be brought.

XLV.

That when the Varlet heard and saw, straightway
He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile Knight,
That Knights and Knighthood dost with Shame upbray,
And shew'st th' Ensample of thy childish Might,
With silly weak old Woman thus to fight ;
Great Glory and gay Spoil sure hast thou got,
And stoutly prov'd thy Puissance here in fight ;
That shall *Pyrrochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy Blood abolish so reproachful Blot.

XLVI.

With that, one of his thrillant Darts he threw,
Headed with Ire and vengeable Despight ;
The quivering Steel his aimed end well knew,
And to his Brest it self intended right :
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant Mark, advanc'd his Shield atween ;
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But back rebounding, left the Fork-head keen :
Eftsoons he fled away, and might no where be seen.



M 4

CAN

CANTO V.

*Pyrrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furor's Chain unbinds:
Of whom sore hurt, for his Revenge
Atin Cymochles finds.*

I.

Whoever doth to Temperance apply
His stedfast Life, and all his Actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater Enemy,
Than stubborn Perturbation, to the same:
To which right well the Wife do give that Name,
For it the goodly Peace of stayed Minds
Does overthrow, and troublous War proclaim:
His own Woes Author, whofo bound it finds,
As did *Pyrrochles*, and it wilfully unbinds.

II.

After that Varlet's Flight, it was not long,
Ere on the Plain, fast pricking, *Guyon* spy'd
One in bright Arms embattailed full strong;
That as the sunny Beams do glance and glide
Upon the trembling Wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling Fire,
That seem'd him to enflame on every side:
His Steed was bloody red, and foamed Ire,
When with the mairftring Spur he did him roughly fire.

III.

Approaching nigh, he never stay'd to greet,
Ne chaffer Words, proud Courage to provoke,
But prick'd so fierce, that underneath his Feet
The smouldring Dust did round about him smoke,
Both Horse and Man nigh able for to choak;
And fairly couching his steel-headed Spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy Stroke:
It booted nought Sir *Guyon*, coming near,
To think such hideous Puissance on foot to bear.

IV.

IV.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by
With his bright Blade did finite at him so fell,
That the sharp Steel arising forcibly
On his broad Shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
On his Horse Neck before the quilted Sell,
And from the Head the Body sundred quight:
So him dismounted low, he did compel
On foot with him to matchen equal Fight;
The trunked Beast fast bleeding, did him foully dight.

V.

Sore bruised with the Fall, he slow arose,
And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
Disleal Knight, whose coward Courage chose
To wreak it self on Beast all innocent,
And shun'd the Mark, at which it should be meant,
Thereby thine Arms seem strong, but Manhood frail:
So hast thou oft with Guile thine Honour blent;
But little may such Guile thee now avail,
If wanted Force and Fortune do not much me fail.

VI.

With that he drew his flaming Sword, and stroke
At him so fiercely, that the upper Marge
Of his seven-folded Shield away it took,
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 Soul from thence it would discharge;
Nathless, so fore a Buff to him it lent,
That made him reel, and to his Breast his Beaver bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that Blow,
And much aham'd, that Stroke of living Arm
Should him dismay, and make him stoop so low,
Tho otherwise it did him little harm:
Tho hurling high his iron-braced Arm,
He smote so manly on his Shoulder-Plate,
That all, his left Side it did quite disarm;
Yet there the Steel staid not, but inly bate
Deep in his Flesh, and open'd wide a red Floodgate.

M 5

VIII.

VIII.

Deadly dismay'd, with Horrour of that Dint,
Pyrrochles was, and grieved eke entire:
 Yet nathemore did it his Fury sting,
 But added Flame unto his former Fire,
 That well-nigh molt his Heart in raging Ire;
 Ne thenceforth his approved Skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurlen round in warlike Gyre,
 Remembered he, ne car'd for his Saufeguard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel Tiger far'd.

IX.

He hew'd, and lash'd, and foyn'd, and thundred Blows,
 And every way did seek into his Life:
 Ne Plate, ne Male could ward so mighty Throws,
 But yielded Passage to his cruel Knife.
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his Strife,
 Was wary wife, and closely did await
 Advantage, whilst his Foe did rage most rife:
 Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strait,
 And falsed oft his Blows, t' illude him with such Bait.

X.

Like as a Lion, whose imperial Power
 A proud rebellious Unicorn defies,
 T' avoid the rash Assault and wrathful Stower
 Of his fierce 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 Horn, sought of his Enemies,
 Strikes in the Stock, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty Victor yields a bounteous Feast.

XI.

With such fair Slight him *Guyon* often fail'd,
 Till at the last, all breathless, weary, faint
 Him spying, with fresh Onset he assail'd,
 And kindling new his Courage (seeming queint)
 Strook him so hugely, that thro' great Constraint
 He made him stoop perforce unto his Knee,
 And do unwilling Worship to the Saint,
 That on his Shield depainted he did see;
 Such Homage till that instant never learned he.

XII.

XII.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoop, pursued fast
 The present Offer of fair Victory,
 And soon his dreadful Blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty Crest so high,
 That strait on ground made him full low to lie;
 Then on his Breast his Victor Foot he thrust:
 With that he cry'd, Mercy, do me not die,
 Ne deem thy Force by Fortune's Doom unjust,
 That hath (mauger her Spight) thus low me laid in Dust.

XIII.

Estfoons his cruel Hand Sir *Guyon* staid,
 Tempring the Passion with Advise ment slow,
 And maistring Might on Enemy dismay'd;
 For th' equal Dye of War he well did know:
 Then to him said, Live, and Allegiance owe
 To him that gives thee Life and Liberty;
 And henceforth, by this Day's Ensamble trow,
 That hasty Wrath, and heedless Hazardry,
 Do breed Repentance late, and lasting Infamy.

XIV.

So up he let him rise: who with grim Look,
 And Count'nance stern upstanding, 'gan to grind
 His grated Teeth for great Disdain, and shook
 His sandy Locks, long hanging down behind,
 Knotted in Blood and Dust, for Grief of Mind,
 That he in Odds of Arms was conquered:
 Yet in himself some Comfort he did find,
 That him so noble Knight had mastered,
 Whose Bounty more than Might, yet both he wondered.

XV.

Which *Guyon* marking, said, Be nought aggriev'd,
 Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdued are:
 Was never Man, who most Conquests achiev'd,
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by War,
 Yet shortly gain'd, that Loss exceeded far:
 Loss is no Shame, nor to be less than Foe;
 But to be lesser than himself, doth mar
 Both Loser's Lot, and Victor's Praise so:
 Vain others Overthrows, whose self doth overthrow.

XVI.

XVI.

Fly, O *Pyrrochles*, fly the dreadful War,
That in thy self thy lesser Parts do move;
Outrageous Anger, and woe-working Jar,
Direful Impatience, and heart-murdring Love:
Those, those thy Foes, those Warriors far remove,
Which thee to endless Bale captiv'd lead:
But sith in Might thou didst my Mercy prove,
Of Courtesy to me the Cause ahead,
That thee against me drew with so impetuous Dread.

XVII.

Dreadless, said he, that shall I soon declare:
It was complain'd, that thou hadst done great tort
Unto an aged Woman, poor and bare,
And thrall'd her in Chains with strong Effort,
Void of all Succour and needful Comfort:
That ill beseems thee, such as I thee see,
To work such Shame. Therefore I thee exhort
To change thy Will, and set *Occasion* free,
And to her captive Son yield his first Liberty.

XVIII.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smil'd: And is that all,
Said he, that thee so sore displeas'd hath?
Great Mercy sure, for to enlarge a Thrall,
Whose Freedom shall thee turn to greatest Scath.
Nath'less, now quench thy hot emboiling Wrath:
Lo! there they be; to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the Path
Did lightly leap, where he them bound did see,
And 'gan to break the Bands of their Captivity.

XIX.

Soon as *Occasion* felt her self unty'd;
Before her Son could well assoil'd be,
She to her use return'd, and strait desy'd
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrochles*: Th' one (said she)
Because he won; the other, because he
Was won: so matter did she make of nought,
To stir up Strife, and do them disagree.
But soon as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she sought
To kindle his quench'd Fire, and thousand Causes wrought.

XX.

XX.

It was not long, e'er she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with *Pyrrochles* fight,
And his Redeem'r challeng'd for his Foe,
Because he had not well maintain'd his Right,
But yielded had to that same stranger Knight.
Now 'gan *Pyrrochles* wax as wood as he,
And him affronted with impatient Might:
So both together fierce engrasped be,
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their uncouth Strife does see.

XXI.

Him all that while *Occasion* did provoke
Against *Pyrrochles*, and new Matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to be wroke
Of his late Wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such Abuse, as Knighthood sham'd,
And him disabled quite. But he was wise,
Ne would with vain *Occasion* be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise:
Yet nothing could him to Impatience entice.

XXII.

Their fell Contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furor's* Might,
That he his Foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
And him in Blood and Dirt deformed quight.
His Mother eke (more to augment his Spright)
Now brought to him a flaming Fier-brond,
Which she in *Stygian* Lake (ay burning bright)
Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
That arm'd with Fire, more hardly he mote him withstand.

XXIII.

Tho' 'gan the Villain wax so fierce and strong,
That nothing might sustain his furious Force;
He cast him down to ground, and all along
Drew him thro' Dirt and Mire without Remorse,
And foully battered his comely Corse,
That *Guyon* much disdain'd so loathly sight.
At last, he was compel'd to cry perforce,
Help (O Sir *Guyon*) help most noble Knight,
To rid a wretched Man from hands of hellish Wight.

XXIV.

XXIV.

The Knight was greatly moved at his Plaint,
 And 'gan him dight to succour his Distress,
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave Restraint,
 Him staid from yielding pitiful Redress;
 And said, Dear Son, thy causeless Ruth repress,
 Ne let thy stout Heart melt in Pity vain:
 He that his Sorrow fought thro' Wilfulness,
 And his Foe fettred would release again,
 Deserves to taste his Folly's Fruit, repented Pain.

XXV.

Guyon obey'd; so him away he drew
 From needless Trouble of renewing Fight
 Already fought, his Voyage to pursue.
 But rash *Pyrrochles'* Varlet, *Atin* hight,
 When late he saw his Lord in heavy Plight,
 Under Sir *Guyon's* puissant Stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in sight,
 Fled fast away, to tell his Funeral
 Unto his Brother, whom *Cymochles* Men did call.

XXVI.

He was a Man of rare redoubted Might,
 Famous throughout the World for Warlike Praise,
 And glorious Spoils, purchas'd in perilous Fight:
 Full many doubtly Knights he in his days
 Had doen to death, subdu'd in equal Frays;
 Whose Carcases, for Terror of his Name,
 Of Fowls and Beasts he made the piteous Preys,
 And hung their conquer'd Arms for more Defame
 On Gallow-Trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

XXVII.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteress,
 The vile *Acrafa*, that with vain Delights,
 And idle Pleasures in her *Bower of Bliss*,
 Does charm her Lovers, and the feeble Sprights
 Can call out of the Bodies of frail Wights:
 Whom then she does transform to monstrous Hues,
 And horribly mishapes with ugly Sights,
 Captiv'd eternally in iron Mews;
 And darksom Dens, where *Titan* his Face never shews.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,
 To serve his Leman's Love: for he, by kind,
 Was given all to Lust and loose Living,
 Whenever his fierce Hands he free mote find:
 And now he has pour'd out his idle Mind
 In dainty Delices, and lavish Joys,
 Having his warlike Weapons cast behind,
 And flows in Pleasures, and vain-pleasing Toys,
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lascivious Boys.

XXIX.

And over him, Art striving to compare
 With Nature, did an Arbour green dispreed,
 Framed of wanton Ivy, flowering fair,
 Thro' which the fragrant Eglantine did spread
 His pricking Arms, entrail'd with Roses red;
 Which dainty Odours round about them threw:
 And all within with Flowers was garnished,
 That when mild *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
 Did breathe out bounteous Smells, and painted Colours shew.

XXX.

And fast beside, there trickled softly down
 A gentle Stream, whose murmuring Wave did play
 Emongst the pumy Stones, and made a Sound,
 To lull him soft asleep, that by it lay.
 The weary Traveller, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thirsty Heat,
 And then by it his weary Limbs display,
 Whiles creeping Slumber made him to forget
 His former Pain, and wip'd away his toilfom Sweat.

XXXI.

And on the other side a pleasant Grove
 Was shot up high, full of the stately Tree,
 That dedicated is t' *Olympick Jove*,
 And to his Son *Alcides*, when as he
 Gain'd in *Nemaa* goodly Victory:
 Therein the merry Birds, of every sort,
 Chaunted aloud their chearful Harmony;
 And made emongst themselves a sweet Consort,
 That quickned the dull Spright with musical Comfort.

XXXII.

XXXII.

There he him found all carelessly displaid,
 In secret Shadow from the sunny Ray,
 On a sweet Bed of Lillies softly laid,
 Amidst a Flock of Damzels fresh and gay,
 That round about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton Follies, and light Merriment;
 Every of which did loosely difarray
 Her upper Parts of meet Habiliments,
 And shew'd them naked, deck'd with many Ornaments.

XXXIII.

And every of them strove, with most Delights,
 Him to aggrate, and greatest Pleasures shew:
 Some fram'd fair Looks, glancing like evening Lights;
 Others, sweet Words, dropping like honey Dew;
 Some, bathed Kisses, and did soft embrue
 The sugred Liquor thro his melting Lips:
 One boasts her Beauty, and does yield to view
 Her dainty Limbs above her tender Hips;
 Another her out-boasts, and all for trial strips.

XXXIV.

He, like an Adder, lurking in the Weeds,
 His wandring Thought in deep Desire does steep,
 And his frail Eye with Spoil of Beauty feeds;
 Sometimes he falsely feigns himself to sleep,
 Whiles thro their Lids his wanton Eyes do peep,
 To steal a Snatch of amorous Conceit,
 Whereby close Fire into his Heart does creep:
 So, them deceives, deceiv'd in his Deceit,
 Made drunk with Drugs of dear voluptuous Receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there, when him he spy'd,
 Thus in still Waves of deep Delight to wade,
 Fiercely approaching, to him loudly cry'd,
Cymochles; Oh no! but *Cymochles*' Shade,
 In which that manly Person late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates*' Son?
 Or where hath he hung up his mortal Blade,
 That hath so many haughty Conquests won?
 Is all his Force forlorn, and all his Glory done?

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed Dart,
 He said; Up, up, thou womanish weak Knight,
 That here in Lady's lap entomb'd art,
 Unmindful of thy Praise and prowess Might,
 And weeteless eke of lately wrought Despight;
 Whiles sad *Pyrrochles* lies on senseless Ground,
 And groaneth out his utmost grudging Spright,
 Thro many a Stroak, and many a streaming Wound,
 Calling thy Help in vain, that here in Joys are drown'd.

XXXVII.

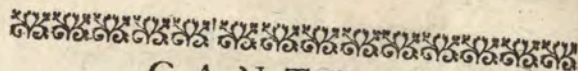
Suddenly out of his delightful Dream
 The Man awoke, and would have question'd more;
 But he would not endure that woful Theme
 For to dilate at large, but urged sore
 With piercing Words, and pitiful Implore,
 Him hasty to arise. As one affright
 With hellish Fiends, or *Furies* mad Uprore,
 He then uprose, inflam'd with fell Despight,
 And called for his Arms; for he would algates fight.

XXXVIII.

They been ybrought, he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way:
 Ne Ladies Loves, ne sweet Entreaties might
 Appease his Heat, or hasty Passage stay;
 For he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day
 (That day it self him seem'd all too long)
 On him, that did *Pyrrochles* dear dismay.
 So proudly pricketh on his Courser strong,
 And *Atin* ay him pricks with Spurs of Shame and Wrong.



CAN-



CANTO VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Mirth
Led into loose Desire;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his Bro-
ther burns in furious Fire.*

I.

A Harder Lesson, to learn Contineence
In joyous Pleasure, than in grievous Pain:
For, Sweetness doth allure the weaker Sense
So strongly, that uneachs it can refrain
From that, which feeble Nature covets fain:
But Grief and Wrath, that be her Enemies,
And Foes of Life, she better can restrain.
Yet Vertue vaunts in both their Victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shews goodly Maisteries.

II.

Whom bold *Cymochles* travelling to find,
With cruel purpose bent to wreak on him
The Wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his Mind,
Came to a River, by whose utmost brim
Waiting to pass, he saw whereas did swim
Along the Shore, as swift as Glaunce of Eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim
With Boughs and Arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little Forest seemed outwardly.

III.

And therein sat a Lady fresh and fair,
Making sweet Solace to her self alone:
Sometimes she sung as loud as Lark in Air,
Sometimes she laugh'd, that nigh her Breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her move cause of Merriment:
Matter of Mirth enough, though there were none,
She could devise, and thousand ways invent
To feed her foolish Humour, and vain Jolliment.

IV.

IV.

Which when far off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
He loudly call'd to such as were aboard,
The little Bark unto the Shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deep Ford.
The merry Mariner unto his Word
Soon harkned, and her painted Boat straightway
Turn'd to the Shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiv'd: But *Atin* by no way
She would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

V.

Estfoons her shallow Ship away did slide,
More swift than Swallow sheres the liquid Sky,
Withouten Oar or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged Canvas with the Wind to fly;
Only she turn'd a Pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding Wave,
Ne cared she her Course for to apply:
For, it was taught the way, which she would have,
And both from Rocks and Flats it self could wisely save.

VI.

And all the way, the wanton Damsel found
New Mirth, her Passenger to entertain:
For, she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry Tales to feign,
Of which a Store-house did with her remain:
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her words she drown'd with Laughter vain,
And wanted Grace in ut'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasure to a scoffing Game.

VII.

And other whiles vain Toys she would devise,
As her fantastick Wit did most delight:
Sometimes her Head she fondly would aguise
With gaudy Garlands, or fresh Flowrets dight
About her Neck, or Rings of Rufhes plight;
Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the Leaves light,
Or to behold the Water work, and play
About her little Frigot, therein making way.

VIII.

VIII.

Her light Behaviour, and loose Dalliance
 Gave wondrous great Contentment to the Knight,
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd Revenge, and cruel Fight,
 But to weak Wench did yield his martial Might.
 So easy was to quench his flamed Mind
 With one sweet Drop of sensuall Delight:
 So easy is, t' appease the stormy Wind
 Of Malice in the Calm of pleasant Womankind.

IX.

Divers Discourses in their way they spent,
 Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
 Both what she was, and what that Usage meant,
 Which in her Cot she daily practised.
 Vain Man, said she, that wouldst be reckoned
 A Stranger in thy Home, and ignorant
 Of *Phadria* (for so my Name is read)
 Of *Phadria*, thine own Fellow-Servant;
 For, thou to serve *Acrasia* thy self doost vaunt.

X.

In this wide Inland Sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle Lake*, my wandring Ship I row,
 That knows her Port, and thither sails by aim,
 Ne care, ne fear I, how the Wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
 Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourn,
 Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Jove*
 Can change my Chear, or make me ever mourn;
 My little Boat can safely pass this perilous bourn.

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toy'd,
 They were far past the Passage which he spake,
 And come unto an Island waste and void,
 That floated in the midst of that great Lake,
 There her small Gondelay her Port did make,
 And that gay Pair issuing on the Shore
 Disburnd her. Their way they forward take
 Into the Land that lay them fair before,
 Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentiful great store.

XII.

XII.

It was a chosen Plot of fertile Land,
 Emongst wide Waves set like a little Nest,
 As if it had by Nature's cunning hand,
 Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for Ensample of the best:
 No dainty Flower or Herb that grows on ground,
 No Arboret with painted Blossoms dress'd,
 And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
 To bud out fair, and her sweet Smells throw all around.

XIII.

No Tree, whose Branches did not bravely spring;
 No Branch, whereon a fine Bird did not sit:
 No Bird, but did her shrill Notes sweetly sing;
 No Song but did contain a lovely Dit.
 Trees, Branches, Birds, and Songs were framed fit
 For to allure frail Mind to careles Ease.
 Careles the Man soon wox, and his weak Wit
 Was overcome of thing, that did him please;
 So pleased, did his wrathful Purpose fair appease.

XIV.

Thus when she had his Eyes and Senses fed
 With false Delights, and fill'd with Pleasures vain,
 Into a shady Dale she soft him led,
 And laid him down upon a grassy Plain;
 And her sweet self, without Dread or Disdain
 She set beside, laying his Head disarm'd
 In her loose Lap, it softly to sustain,
 Where soon he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
 The whiles with a loud Lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.

XV.

Behold, O Man, that toil-some Pains dost take,
 The Flowers, the Fields, and all that pleasant grows,
 How they themselves do thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throws
 Out of her fruitful Lap: how, no Man knows,
 They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
 And deck the World with their rich pompous shows:
 Yet no Man for them taketh Pains or Care,
 Yet no Man to them can his careful Pains compare.

XVI.

XVI.

The Lilly, Lady of the flowering Field,
The Flower-de-luce, her lovely Paramour,
Bid thee to them thy fruitless Labours yield,
And soon leave off this toilsom weary stour:
Lo! lo! how brave she decks her bounteous Bower
With silken Curtains and gold Coverlets,
Therein to shew her sumptuous Belamour,
Yet neither spins nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
But to her Mother Nature all her Care she lets.

XVII.

Why then dost thou, O Man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of Nature Sovereign,
Wilfully make thy self a wretched Thrall,
And waste thy joyous Hours in needless Pain,
Seeking for Danger and Adventures vain?
What boots it all to have, and nothing use?
Who shall him rue, that swimming in the Main,
Will die for Thirst, and Water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitless Toil, and present Pleasures chuse.

XVIII.

By this, she had him lulled fast asleep,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with Liquors strong his Eyes did steep,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him left, and did her self betake
Unto her Boat again, with which she cleft
The slothful Waves of that great griesly Lake;
Soon she that Island far behind her left,
And now is come to that same place, where first she west.

XIX.

By this time, was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide Strond,
Where she was rowing, and for Passage sought:
Him needed not long call, she soon to hond
Her Ferry brought, where him she 'biding fond,
With his sad Guide; himself she took aboard,
But the *Black Palmer* suffred still to stond,
Ne would for Price, or Prayers once afford,
To ferry that old Man over the per'lous Ford.

XX.

XX.

Guyon was loth to leave his Guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not back retire;
For, the slit Bark, obeying to her Mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged Sir
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted Course
Through the dull Billows thick as troubled Mire,
Whom neither Wind out of their Seat could force,
Nor timely Tides did drive out of their sluggish Source.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted Guise,
Her merry fit she freshly 'gan to rear,
And did of Joy and Jollity devise,
Her self to cherish, and her Guest to chear:
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest Mirth and Pleasance to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and jeer,
And pass the Bounds of modest Merrinake,
Her Dalliance he despis'd, and Follies did forsake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former Stile,
And said and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant Isle,
Where sleeping late she left her other Knight.
But, when as Guyon of that Land had sight,
He wist himself amiss, and angry said;
Ah Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obey'd:
Me little needed from my right way to have stray'd.

XXIII.

Fair Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all;
Who fares on Sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne Wind and Weather at his pleasure call:
The Sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
The Wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here awhile ye may in safety rest,
Till Season serve new Passage to assay;
Better safe Port, than be in Seas distress'd.
There-with she laugh'd, and did her Earnest end in Jest.

XXIV.

XXIV.

But he, half discontent, mote nathelss
Himself appease, and issued forth on Shore ;
The Joys whereof, and happy Fruitfulness,
Such as he saw she 'gan him lay before,
And although pleasant, yet she made much more.
The Fields did laugh, the Flowers did freshly spring,
The Trees did bud, and early Blossoms bore,
And all the Quire of Birds did sweetly sing,
And told that Garden's Pleasures in their Caroling.

XXV.

And she, more sweet than any Bird on Bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to pass (as he could well enough)
Their native Musick by her skilful Art :
So did she all, that might his constant Heart
Withdraw from thought of warlike Enterprife,
And drown in dissolute Delights apart,
Where noise of Arms, or view of Martial Guise
Might not revive Desire of Knightly Exercise.

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her Will,
And ever held his Hand upon his Heart ;
Yet would not seem so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart :
But fairly tempring, fond Desire subdu'd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not hear, but her Disports pursu'd,
And ever bad him stay, till Time the Tide renew'd.

XXVII.

And now by this, *Cymochles'* Hour was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle Dream,
And shaking off his drowsy Dreriment,
'Gan him avise, how ill did him beseem,
In slothful Sleep his molten Heart to steam,
And quench the Brond of his conceived Ire.
Tho' up he started, stir'd with Shame extreme,
Ne stayed for his Damsel to inquire,
But marched to the Strond, there Passage to require.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompany'd with *Phadria* the fair :
Efsoons he 'gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreant Knight, and soon thy self prepare
To Battel, if thou mean her Love to gain :
Lo, lo already, how the Fowls in Air
Do flock, awaiting shortly to obtain
Thy Carcass for their Prey, the Guerdon of thy Pain.

XXIX.

And there-withal he fiercely at him flew,
And with important Outrage him assail'd ;
Who, soon prepar'd to Field, his Sword forth drew,
And him with equal Valour countervail'd :
Their mighty Strokes their Haberjeons dismail'd,
And naked made each other's manly Spalles ;
The mortal Steel dispiteously entail'd
Deep in their Flesh, quite through the iron Walls,
That a large purple Stream adown their Giambeux falls.

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never met before
So puissant Foe, with envious despight
His proud presumed Force increased more,
Disdaining to be held so long in Fight :
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his Might,
As those unknighthly Railings which he spoke ;
With wrathful Fire his Courage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his Powers, redoubled every stroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high at once their Hands enhaunc'd,
And both at once their huge Blows down did sway ;
Cymochles' Sword on *Guyon's* Shield yglaunc'd,
And thereof nigh one quarter shear'd away :
But *Guyon's* angry Blade so fierce did play
On th' other's Helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
That quite it clove his plumed Crest in tway,
And bared all his Head unto the Bone ;
Where-wit astonish'd, still he stood as senseless Stone.

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fair *Phadria*, that beheld
That deadly Danger, soon arween them ran;
And at their Feet her self most humbly fell'd,
Crying with piteous Voice, and Count'nance wan;
Ah, weal-away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruel Eyes endure so piteous fight,
To shed your Lives on ground? Wo worth the Man,
That first did teach the cursed Steel to bite
In his own Flesh, and make way to the living Spright.

XXXIII.

If ever Love of Lady did empierce
Your yron Breasts, or Pity could find place,
With-hold your bloody Hands from Battel fierce;
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly Strife a space.
They stay'd a while, and forth she 'gan proceed:
Most wretched Woman, and of wicked Race,
That am the Author of this heinous Deed,
And cause of Death between two doughty Knights do breed.

XXXIV.

But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kind of Battle, nor these Arms
Are meet, the which do Men in bale to sterve,
And doleful Sorrow heap with deadly Harms:
Such cruel Game my Scarmoges disfarms:
Another War, and other Weapons I
Do love, where Love does give his sweet Alarms,
Without Bloodshed, and where the Enemy
Does yield unto his Foe a pleasaunt Victory.

XXXV.

Debateful Strife, and cruel Ennity
The famous Name of Knighthood foully shend;
But lovely Peace, and gentle Amity,
And in Amours the passing Hours to spend,
The mighty martial Hands do most commend:
Of Love they ever greater Glory bore,
Than of their Arms: *Mars* is *Cupido's* Friend,
And is for *Venus'* Loves renowned more
Than all his Wars and Spoils, the which he did of yore.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Therewith she sweetly smil'd. They, though full bent
To prove extremities of bloody Fight,
Yet at her Speech their Rages 'gan relent,
And calm the Sea of their tempestuous Spight;
Such Power have pleasing Words! such is the might
Of courteous Clemency in gentle Heart!
Now after all was ceas'd, the Fairy Knight
Besought that Damsel suffer him depart,
And yield him ready Passage to that other part.

XXXVII.

She no less glad, than he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her Joy
And vain Delight she saw he light did pass,
A Foe of Folly and immodest Toy,
Still solemn sad, or still disdainful coy,
Delighting all in Arms and cruel War,
That her sweet Peace and Pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with Terror and unquiet Jar,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him far.

XXXVIII.

Tho, him she brought aboard, and her swift Boat
Forthwith directed to that further Strand;
The which on the dull Waves did lightly float,
And soon arrived on the shallow Sand,
Where gladfom *Guyon* sailed forth to land,
And to that Damsel Thanks gave for Reward.
Upon that Shore he spied *Atin* stand,
There by his Master left, when late he far'd
In *Phadria's* fleet Bark over that per'ous Shard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with *Pyrrochles* sharp debatement made;
Straight 'gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
As Shepherd's Cur, that in dark Evening's Shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage Beastes Tread;
Vile Miscreant (said he) whither dost thou fly
The Shame and Death, which will thee soon invade?
What coward Hand shall do thee next to die,
That art thus foully fled from famous Enemy?

XL.

With that, he stiffly shook his steel-head Dart :
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rail,
 Though somewhat moved in his mighty Heart,
 Yet with strong Reason maistred Passion frail,
 And passed fairly forth. He turning tail,
 Back to the Strand retir'd, and there still staid,
 Awaiting Passage, which him late did fail.
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton Maid
 The hasty Heat of his avow'd Revenge delay'd.

XLI.

Whiles there the Varlet stood, he saw from far
 An armed Knight, that towards him fast run :
 He ran on foot, as if in luckless War
 His forlorn Steed from him the Victour won ;
 He seemed breathless, heartless, faint, and wan,
 And all his Armour sprinkled was with Blood,
 And soil'd with dirty Gore, that no Man can
 Discern the hue thereof. He never stood,
 But bent his hasty Course towards the idle Flood.

XLII.

The Varlet saw, when to the Flood he came,
 How without stop or stay he fiercely leapt,
 And deep himself beducked in the same,
 That in the Lake his lofty Crest was steep'd,
 Ne of his Safety seemed care he kept ;
 But with his raging Arms he rudely dash'd
 The Waves about, and all his Armour swept,
 That all the Blood and Filth away was wash'd,
 Yet still he bet the Water, and the Billows dash'd.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote be ;
 For much he wondred at that uncouth sight ;
 Whom should he, but his own dear Lord, there see ?
 His own dear Lord *Pyrrochles*, in sad Plight,
 Ready to drown himself for fell Despight.
 Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cry'd,
 What dismal Day hath lent this cursed Light,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnify'd ?
Pyrrochles, O *Pyrrochles*, what is thee betide ?

XLIV.

XLIV.

I burn, I burn, I burn, then loud he cry'd,
 O how I burn with implacable Fire !
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming Side,
 Nor Sea of Liquor cold, nor Lake of Mire,
 Nothing but Death can do me to respire.
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrochles* far
 After pursuing Death once to require,
 Or think, that ought those puiſſant Hands may mar :
 Death is for Wretches born under unhappy Star.

XLV.

Perdie, then it is fit for me (said he)
 That am, I ween, most wretched Man alive ;
 Burning in Flames, yet no Flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet revive :
 O *Atin*, help to me last Death to give.
 The Varlet at his Plaint was griev'd so fore,
 That his deep wounded Heart in two did rive,
 And his own Health remembering now no more,
 Did follow that Ensamble which he blam'd afore.

XLVI.

Into the Lake he leap'd, his Lord to aid,
 (So Love the dread of Daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold, him strongly staid
 From drowning. But more happy he than wise,
 Of that Sea's Nature did him not advise.
 The Waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engross'd with Mud, which did them foul agrise,
 That every weighty thing they did upbear,
 Ne ought mote ever sink down to the bottom there.

XLVII.

Whiles thus they struggled in that idle Wave,
 And strove in vain, the one himself to drown,
 The other both from drowning for to save ;
 Lo ! to that Shore one in an antient Gown,
 Whose hoary Locks great Gravity did crown,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming Sword,
 By Fortune came, led with the troublous Sound :
 Where drenched deep he found in that dull Ford
 The careful Servant, striving with his raging Lord.

N 2

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
 And loudly call'd, Help, help, O *Archimage*;
 To save my Lord, in wretched Plight forlore;
 Help with thy Hand, or with thy Counsel sage:
 Weak Hands, but Counsel is most strong in Age.
 Him when the old Man saw, he wondred sore,
 To see *Pyrrochles* there so rudely rage:
 Yet sithens help, he saw, he needed more
 Than Pity, he in haste approach'd to the Shore,

XLIX.

And call'd; *Pyrrochles*, what is this, I see?
 What hellish Fury hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious ever I thee knew to be,
 Yet never in this strange Astonishment.
 These Flames, these Flames (he cry'd) do me torment.
 What Flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
 In danger rather to be drent, than Brent?
 Harrow, the Flames which me consume (said he)
 Ne can be quenched, within my secret Bowels be.

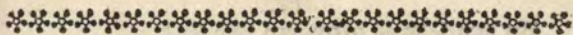
L.

That cursed Man, that cruel Fiend of Hell,
Euror, O *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly Wounds within my Liver swell,
 And his hot Fire burns in mine Entrails bright,
 Kindled through his infernal Brond of Spight,
 Sith late with him I Battle vain would boast;
 That now I ween *Jove's* dreaded Thunder Light
 Does scorch not half so fore, nor damned Ghost
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roast.

LI.

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his Grief
 He knew right well, and him at once disarm'd:
 Then search'd his secret Wounds, and made a Prief
 Of every place that was with bruising harm'd,
 Or with the hidden Fire too inly warm'd.
 Which done, he Balms and Herbs thereto apply'd,
 And evermore with mighty Spells them charm'd,
 That in short space he has them qualify'd,
 And him restor'd to Health, that would have algates dy'd.

C A N T O



C A N T O VII.

*Guyon finds Mammon in a Delve,
 Sunning his Treasure bore:
 Is by him tempted, and led down
 To see his secret Store.*

I.

AS Pilot well expert in perilous Wave,
 That to a steadfast Star his Course hath bent,
 When foggy Mists, or cloudy Tempests hve
 The faithful Light of that fair Lamp yblent,
 And cover'd Heaven with hideous Dreriment;
 Upon his Card and Compass firms his Eye,
 The Maisters of his long Experiment,
 And to them does the steady Helm apply,
 Bidding his winged Vessel fairly forward fly:

II.

So *Guyon* having lost his trusty Guide,
 Late left beyond that *Idle Lake*, proceeds
 Yet on his way, of none accompany'd;
 And evermore himself with Comfort feeds,
 Of his own Vertues, and praise-worthy Deeds.
 So long he yode, yet no Adventure found,
 Which Fame of her shrill Trumpet worthy reeds:
 For, still he travel'd through wide wasteful Ground,
 That nought but desert Wilderness shew'd all around.

III.

At last, he came unto a gloomy Glade,
 Cover'd with Boughs and Shrubs from Heaven's Light,
 Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil Wight,
 Of griesly hue, and foul ill-favour'd sight;
 His Face with Smoke was tann'd, and Eyes were blear'd,
 His Head and Beard with Soot were ill bedight,
 His coal-black Hands did seem to have been scar'd
 In Smith's fire-sperting Forge, and Nails like Claws appear'd.

N 4.

IV.

IV.

His iron Coat all overgrown with Rust,
Was underneath enveloped with Gold,
Whose gliftring Glosf darkned with filthy Dust,
Well it appeared to have been of old
A Work of rich Entail, and curious Mold,
Woven with Anticks and wild Imagery ;
And in his Lap a Mafs of Coin he told,
And turned upsidown, to feed his Eye
And covetous Desire with his huge Threafury.

V.

And round about him lay on every fide
Great Heaps of Gold that never could be fpend ;
Of which, fome were rude Ore, not purifide
Of *Mulciber's* devouring Element ;
Some others were new driven, and diftent
Into great Ingoes, and to Wedges fquare ;
Some in round Plates withouten Monument ;
But moft were ftamp'd, and in their Metal bare
The antique Shapes of Kings and Kefars ftrange and rare.

VI.

Soon as he *Guyon* faw, in great affright
And hafte he rofe, for to remove afide
Thofe precious Hills from Strangers envious Sight,
And down them poured thro an hole full wide,
Into the hollow Earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, ftay'd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide ;
And tho himfelf were at the fight difmay'd,
Yet him perforce refrain'd, and to him doubtful faid :

VII.

What art thou Man (if Man at all thou art)
That here in Defart haft thine Habitaunce,
And thefe rich Heaps of Wealth doft hide apart
From the World's Eye, and from her right Ufaunce ?
Thereat, with ftaring Eyes fixed afaunce,
In great Difdain, he answered ; Hardy Elf,
That dareft view my direful Countenaunce,
I reed thee rafh, and heedlefs of thy felf,
To trouble my ftill Seat, and Heaps of precious Pelf.

VIII.

VIII.

God of the World and Worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greateft God below the Sky,
That of my Plenty pour out unto all,
And unto none my Graces do envy :
Riches, Renown, and Principality,
Honour, Eftate, and all this Worldes Good,
For which Men fwink and fweat inceffantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample Flood,
And in the hollow Earth have their eternal Brood.

IX.

Wherefore if me thou deign to ferve and few,
At thy Command lo all thefe Mountains be ;
Or if to thy great Mind, or greedy View,
All thefe may not fuffice, there fhall to thee
Ten times fo much be numbred frank and free.
Mammon, faid he, thy Godhead's Vaunt is vain,
And idle Offers of thy golden Fee ;
To them that covet fuch eye-glutting Gain,
Proffer thy Gifts, and fitter Servants entertain.

X.

Me ill befits, that in der-doing Arms,
And Honour's Suit my vowed Days do fpend,
Unto thy bounteous Baits, and pleafing Charms,
With which weak Men thou witcheft, to attend :
Regard of worldly Muck doth foully blend
And low abafe the high heroick Spright,
That joys for Crowns and Kingdoms to contend ;
Fair Shields, gay Steeds, bright Arms be my Delight :
Thofe be the Riches fit for an advent'rous Knight.

XI.

Vain-glorious Elfe, faid he, doft not thou weet,
That Money can thy Wants at will fupply ?
Shields, Steeds, and Arms, and all things for thee meet :
It can purvey in twinkling of an eye ;
And Crowns and Kingdoms to thee multiply.
Do not I Kings create, and throw the Crown
Sometime to him that low in Duft doth lie ?
And him that reign'd, into his room thruft down,
And whom I luft, do heap with Glory and Renown ?

N. 5.

XII.

XII.

All otherwise, said he, I Riches reed,
 And deem them Root of all Disquietness;
 First got with Guile, and then preserv'd with Dread,
 And after spent with Pride and Lavishness,
 Leaving behind them Grief and Heaviness.
 Infinite Mischiefs of them do arise;
 Strife and Debate, Bloodshed and Bitterness,
 Outrageous Wrong, and hellish Covetise,
 That noble Heart (as great Dishonour) doth despise.

XIII.

Ne thine be Kingdoms, ne the Scepters thine;
 But Realms and Rulers thou dost both confound,
 And loyal Truth to Treason dost incline;
 Witness the guiltless Blood pour'd oft on ground,
 The Crowned often slain, the Slayer crown'd,
 The sacred Diadem in pieces rent,
 And purple Robe gored with many a Wound;
 Castles surpriz'd, great Cities sack'd and brent:
 So mak'st thou Kings, and gaine'st wrongful Government.

XIV.

Long were to tell the troublous Storms, that toss
 The private State, and make the Life unsweet:
 Who, swelling Sails, in *Caspian* Sea doth cross,
 And in frail Wood on *Adrian* Gulf doth fleet,
 Doth not (I ween) so many Evils meet.
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,
 Are mortal Men so fond and undiscreef,
 So evil thing to seek unto their Aid,
 And having not complain, and having it upbraid?

XV.

Indeed, quoth he, thro' foul Intemperance,
 Frail Men are oft captiv'd to Covetise:
 But would they think, with how small Allowance
 Untroubled Nature doth her self suffice,
 Such Superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad Cares empeach our native Joys:
 At the Well-head the purest Streams arise;
 But mucky Filth his branching Arms annoys,
 And with uncomely Weeds the gentle Wave accloys.

XVI.

XVI.

The antique World, in his first flowering Youth,
 Found no Defect in his Creator's Grace;
 But with glad Thanks, and unproved Truth,
 The Gifts of sovereign Bounty did embrace;
 Like Angels Life was then Mens happy Case:
 But later Ages Pride (like corn-fed Steed)
 Abus'd her Plenty, and fat-swoln Encrease
 To all licentious Lust, and 'gan exceed
 The Measure of her Mean, and natural first Need.

XVII.

Then 'gan a cursed hand the quiet Womb
 Of his Great Grandmother with Steel to wound,
 And the hid Treasures in her sacred Tomb,
 With Sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
 Fountains of Gold and Silver to abound,
 Of which the Matter of his huge Desire
 And pompous Bride estfoons he did compound;
 Then Avarice 'gan thro' his Veins inspire
 His greedy Flames, and kindled life-devouring Fire.

XVIII.

Son, said he then, let be thy bitter Scorn,
 And leave the Rudeness of that antique Age
 To them, that liv'd therein in State forlorn;
 Thou that dost live in later Times, must wage
 Thy Works for Wealth, and life for Gold engage.
 If then thee list my offer'd Grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this Surplusage;
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
 But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

XIX.

Me list not, said the Elfin Knight, receive
 Thing offer'd, till I know it well begot:
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these Goods bereave
 From rightful Owner by unrighteous Lot,
 Or that Blood-guiltiness or Guile them blot.
 Perdy, quoth he, yet never Eye did view
 Ne Tongue did tell, ne Hand these handled not;
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew,
 From Heaven's sight, and Power of all which them pursue.

XX.

XX.

What secret Place, quoth he, can safely hold
 So huge a Mass, and hide from Heaven's Eye?
 Or where hast thou thy Wone, that so much Gold
 Thou canst preserve from Wrong and Robbery?
 Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by
 Thro that thick Covert he him led, and found
 A darksome way, which no Man could descry,
 That deep descended thro the hollow Ground,
 And was with Dread and Horror compassed around.

XXI.

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

XXII.

On th' other side, in one Consort there sat
 Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate:
 But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter Lips did bite;
 And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place where safe he shroud him might;
 Lamenting Sorrow did in Darkness lie,
 And Shame his ugly Face did hide from living eye.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

XXIV.

All these before the Gates of *Pluto* lay,
 By whom they passing, spake unto them nought.
 But th' Elfin Knight with Wonder all the way
 Did feed his Eyes, and fill'd his inner Thought.
 At last, him to a little Door he brought,
 That to the Gate of Hell, which gap'd wide,
 Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a little Stride,
 That did the House of Riches from Hell-mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the Door sat self-consuming Care,
 Day and Night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
 Break in, and spoil the Treasure there in guard;
 Ne would he suffer Sleep once thither-ward
 Approach, albe his drowsy Den were next:
 For next to Death is Sleep to be compar'd;
 Therefore his House is unto his annex:
 Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-Gate them both betwixt.

XXVI.

So soon as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the Door
 To him did open, and afforded way;
 Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* evermore,
 Ne Darkness him, ne Danger might dismay.
 Soon as he enter'd was, the Door straitway
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
 An ugly Fiend, more foul than dismal Day,
 The which with monstrous Stalk behind him stept,
 And ever as he went, due watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped he, e'er long that hardy Guest,
 If ever covetous Hand, or lustful Eye,
 Or Lips he laid on thing, that lik'd him best,
 Or ever Sleep his Eye-strings did unty,
 Should be his Prey. And therefore still on high
 He over him did hold his cruel Claws,
 Threatning with greedy Gripe to do him die,
 And rend in pieces with his ravenous Paws,
 If ever he transgress'd the fatal *Stygian* Laws.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

That Houſe's Form within was rude and ſtrong,
 Like an huge Cave, hewn out of rocky Clift,
 From whoſe rough Vault the ragged Breaches hung,
 Embos'd with maſſy Gold of glorious Gift,
 And with rich Metal loaded every Rift,
 That heavy Ruin they did ſeem to threaten;
 And over them *Arachne* high did liſt
 Her cunning Web, and ſpied her ſubtle Net,
 Enwrapped in foul Smoak and Clouds more black than Jet.

XXIX.

Both Roof, and Floor, and Walls were all of Gold,
 But overgrown with Duſt and old Decay,
 And hid in Darkneſs, that none could behold
 The Hue thereof: for, View of chearful Day
 Did never in that Houſe it ſelf diſplay,
 But a faint Shadow of uncertain Light;
 Such as a Lamp, whoſe Life does fade away:
 Or as the Moon, clothed with cloudy Night,
 Does ſhew to him, that walks in Fear and ſad Affright.

XXX.

In all that Room was nothing to be ſeen,
 But huge great Iron Cheſts and Coffers ſtrong,
 All barr'd with double Bends, that none could ween
 Them to eſſorce by Violence or Wrong;
 On every ſide they placed were along.
 But all the Ground with Skulls was ſcattered,
 And dead Mens Bones, which round about were flung,
 Whoſe Lives (it ſeemed) whilom there were ſhed,
 And their vile Carcaſes now left unburied.

XXXI.

They forward paſs, ne *Guyon* yet ſpake word,
 Till that they came unto an Iron Door,
 Which to them open'd of its own accord,
 And ſhew'd of Riches ſuch exceeding Store,
 As Eye of Man did never ſee before,
 Ne ever could within one place be found,
 Tho' all the Wealth, which is, or was of yore,
 Could gather'd be thro' all the World around,
 And that above were added to that under ground.

XXXII.

XXXII.

The Charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous Fiends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ranſack did intend.
 Then *Mammon*, turning to that Warriour, ſaid;
 Lo! here the Worldez Blifs: lo! here the End,
 To which all Men do aim, rich to be made:
 Such Grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

XXXIII.

Certes, ſaid he, I n'll thine offer'd Grace,
 Ne to be made ſo happy do intend:
 Another Blifs before mine Eyes I place,
 Another Happineſs, another End.
 To them that liſt, theſe baſe Regards I lend:
 But I in Arms, and in Achievements brave,
 Do rather chuſe my ſitting Hours to ſpend,
 And to be Lord of thoſe that Riches have,
 Than them to have my ſelf, and be their ſervile Slave.

XXXIV.

Thereat the Fiend his gnawing Teeth did grate,
 And griev'd, ſo long to lack his greedy Prey;
 For well he weened, that ſo glorious Bait
 Would tempt his Gueſt, to take thereof aſſay:
 Had he ſo doen, he had him ſnatch'd away,
 More light than Culver in the Faulcon's Fiſt.
 (Eternal God thee ſave from ſuch Decay!)
 But when-as *Mammon* ſaw his Purpose miſſ'd,
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wiſt.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him led, and ſhortly brought
 Unto another Room, whoſe Door forthright
 To him did open, as it had been taught:
 Therein an hundred Raunges weren pight,
 And hundred Fornaces all burning bright;
 By every Fornace many Fiends did bide,
 Deformed Creatures, horrible in ſight,
 And every Fiend his buſy Pains apply'd,
 To melt the golden Metal, ready to be try'd.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

One with great Bellows gather'd filling Air,
 And with forc'd Wind the Fuel did inflame;
 Another did the dying Bronzes repair
 With iron Tonges, and sprinkled off the same
 With liquid Waves, fierce *Vulcan's* Rage to tame;
 Who maistering them, renew'd his former Heat:
 Some scum'd the Drofs that from the Metal came;
 Some stir'd the molten Ore with Ladles great;
 And every one did fwink, and every one did sweat.

XXXVII.

But when as earthly Wight they present saw,
 Gliftring in Arms and battailous Array,
 From their hot Work they did themselves withdraw
 To wonder at the Sight: for, till that day,
 They never Creature saw, that came that way.
 Their staring Eyes sparkling with fervent Fire,
 And ugly Shapes did nigh the Man difmay,
 That were it not for shame, he would retire,
 Till that him thus befpoke their Sovereign Lord and Sire:

XXXVIII.

Behold, thou Fairy's Son, with mortal Eye,
 That living Eye before did never see:
 The thing that thou didst crave: fo earnestly
 (To weet, whence all the Wealth late shew'd by me,
 Proceeded) lo! now is reveal'd to thee.
 Here is the Fountain of the Worldez Good:
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
 Avise thee well, and change thy wilful Mood,
 Left thou perhaps hereafter wifh, and be withstood.

XXXIX.

Suffice it then, thou Money-God, quoth he,
 That all thine idle Offers I refuse.
 All that I need I have; what needeth me
 To covet more than I have cause to use?
 With fuch vain Shews thy Worldlings vile abuse:
 But give me leave to follow mine Emprife.
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te he chuse,
 But bear the Rigour of his bold Mifpife,
 And thence him forward led, him further to entife.

XL.

XL.

He brought him thro a darksome narrow Strait,
 To a broad Gate, all built of beaten Gold;
 The Gate was open, but therein did wait
 A sturdy Villain, striding stiff and bold,
 As if the higheft God defy he would:
 In his right Hand an iron Club he held,
 But he himself was all of golden Mold,
 Yet had both Life and Senfe, and well could weld
 That curfed Weapon, when his cruel Foes he quell'd.

XLI.

Disdain he called was, and did disdain
 To be fo call'd, and who fo did him call:
 Stern was to look, and full of Stomach vain,
 His Portance terrible, and Stature tall,
 Far passing th' Height of Men terreftrial;
 Like a huge Giant of the *Titans* Race,
 That made him scorn all Creatures great and small,
 And with his Pride all others Power deface:
 More fit amongst black Fiends, than Men to have his Place!

XLII.

Soon as those Glitter and Arms he did efpy,
 That with their Brightness made that Darknefs light,
 His harmful Club he 'gan to hurtle high,
 And threaten Battle to the Fairy Knight;
 Who likewise 'gan himself to Battle fight,
 Till *Mammon* did his hasty Hand withhold,
 And counfel'd him abstain from perilous Fight:
 For nothing might abash the Villain bold,
 Ne mortal Steel empierce his mifcreated Mold.

XLIII.

So having him with Reason pacify'd,
 And the fierce Carle commaunding to forbear,
 He brought him in. The Room was large and wide,
 As it some Guild or solemn Temple were:
 Many great golden Pillours did upbear
 The mafly Roof, and Riches huge sustain;
 And every Pillour decked was full dear
 With Crowns and Diadems, and Titles vain,
 Which mortal Princes wore, whiles they on Earth did reign.

XLIV.

XLIV.

A Rout of People there assembled were,
Of every Sort and Nation under Sky,
Which with great Uproar pressed to draw near
To th' upper part, where was advanched high
A stately Siege of sovereign Majesty;
And thereon sate a Woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in Robes of Royalty,
That never earthly Prince in such Array
His Glory did enhance, and pompous Pride display.

XLV.

Her Face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
That her broad Beauty's Beam great Brightness threw
Thro the dim Shade, that all Men might it see:
Yet was not that same her own native Hue,
But wrought by Art and counterfeited Shew,
Thereby more Lovers unto her to call;
Nath'less, most heavenly fair in Deed and View
She by Creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she fought for Helps to cloke her Crime withal.

XLVI.

There, as in glistering Glory she did sit,
She held a great Gold Chain ylinked well,
Whose upper end to highest Heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that Press did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long Chain, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excel:
That was *Ambition*, rash Desire to fly,
And every Link thereof a Step of Dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,
By Riches and unrighteous Reward,
Some by close shouldrining, some by Flattery;
Others thro Friends, others for base Regard;
And all, by wrong Ways, for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others low,
Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffer'd them to rise or greater grow,
But every one did strive his Fellow down to throw.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Which, when as *Guyon* saw, he 'gan enquire,
What meant that Press about that Lady's Throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire.
Him *Mammon* answered; That goddly one,
Whom all that Folk with such Contention
Do flock about, my Dear, my Daughter is;
Honour and Dignity from her alone,
Derived are, and all this Worldez Bliss,
For which ye Men do strive: few get, but many mis.

XLIX.

And fair *Philotime* she rightly hight,
The fairest Wight that woneth under Sky,
But that this darksome neather World her Light
Doth dim with Horrour and Deformity,
Worthy of Heaven and high Felicity,
From whence the Gods have her for Envy thrust:
But sith thou hast found Favour in mine Eye,
Thy Spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advance for Works and Merits just.

L.

Gramercy, *Mammon*, said the gentle Knight,
For so great Grace and offer'd high Estate;
But I, that am frail Flesh and earthly Wight,
Unworthy Match for such immortal Mate
My self well wote, and mine unequal Fate:
And were I not, yet is my Trough yplight,
And Love avow'd to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I have no Might:
To change Love causeless, is Reproach to warlike Knight.

LI.

Mammon emmowed was with inward Wrath;
Yet forcing it to feign, him forth thence led
Thro grieved Shadows by a beaten Path,
Into a Garden goodly garnished
With Herbs and Fruits, whose Kinds mote not be re'd;
Not such, as Earth out of her fruitful Womb
Throws forth to Men, sweet and well favoured,
But direful deadly black both Leaf and Bloom,
Fit to adorn the Dead, and deck the dreary Tomb.

LII.

LII.

There mournful *Cypress* grew in greatest store,
 And Trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
 Dead-sleeping *Poppy*, and black *Hellebore*,
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
 Mortal *Sammiris*, and *Cicuta* bad,
 Which-with th' unjust *Athenians* made to die
 Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
 Pour'd out his Life, and last Philosophy
 To the fair *Critias*, his dearest Belamy.

LIII.

The Garden of *Proserpina* this hight;
 And in the midst thereof a silver Sear,
 With a thick Arbour goodly overdight,
 In which she often us'd from open Heat
 Her self to shroud, and Pleasures to intreat.
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly Tree,
 With Braunches broad dispreed, and Body great,
 Clothed with Leaves, that none the Wood mote see;
 And loaden all with Fruit, as thick as it might be.

LIV.

Their Fruit were golden Apples gliftring bright,
 That goodly was their Glory to behold,
 On Earth like never grew, ne living Wight
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold:
 For those, which *Hercules*, with Conquest bold,
 Got from great *Atlas*' Daughters, hence began,
 And planted there, did bring forth Fruit of Gold;
 And those with which th' *Eubæan* young Man wam
 Swift *Atalanta*, when thro Craft he her out-ran.

LV.

Here also sprong that goodly golden Fruit,
 With which *Acontius* got his Lover true,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitless Suit:
 Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
 The which emongst the Gods false *Ate* threw;
 For which th' *Idæan* Ladies disagreed,
 Till partial *Paris* dempt it *Venus*' due,
 And had (of her) fair *Helen* for his Meed,
 That many noble *Greeks* and *Trojans* made to bleed.

LVI.

LVI.

The warlike Elf much wondred at this Tree,
 So fair and great, that shadowed all the ground,
 And his broad Braunches, laden with rich Fee,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great Garden, compass'd with a Mound,
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did steep
 In a black Flood which flow'd about it round;
 That is the River of *Cocytus* deep,
 In which full many Souls do endless wail and weep.

LVII.

Which to behold, he clomb up to the Bank,
 And looking down, saw many damned Wights
 In those sad Waves; which direful deadly stank,
 Plonged continually of cruel Sprights,
 That with their piteous Cries, and yelling Shrights,
 They made the further Shore resounden wide.
 Emongst the rest of those fame reuseful Sights,
 One cursed Creature he by chance espy'd,
 That drenched lay full deep, under the Garden side.

LVIII.

Deep was he drenched to the upmost Chin,
 Yet gaped still, as coveting to drink
 Of the cold Liquor, which he waded in;
 And stretching forth his Hand, did often think
 To reach the Fruit, which grew upon the Brink.
 But both the Fruit from Hand, and Flood from Mouth
 Did fly aback, and made him vainly swink:
 The whiles he starv'd with Hunger, and with Drowth
 He daily dy'd, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX.

The Knight, him seeing labour so in vain,
 Ask'd who he was, and what he meant thereby:
 Who, groaning deep, thus answered him again;
 Most cursed of all Creatures under Sky,
 Lo! *Tantalus*, I here tormented lie!
 Of whom high *Jove* wont whilom feasted be,
 Lo here I now for want of Food do die:
 But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
 Of Grace I pray thee, give to eat and drink to me.

LX.

LX.

Nay, nay, thou greedy *Tantalus* (quoth he)
 Abide the Fortune of thy present Fate;
 And unto all that live in high Degree,
 Ensample be of Mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present State.
 Then 'gan the curst Wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest *Jove* and Gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming Heaven bitterly,
 As Author of Unjustice, there to let him die.

LXI.

He look'd a little further, and espy'd
 Another Wretch, whose Carcass deep was drent
 Within the River, which the same did hide:
 But both his Hands, most filthy feculent,
 Above the Water were on high extent,
 And fain'd to wash themselves incessantly;
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fouler seem'd to the Eye;
 So lost his Labour vain and idle Industry.

LXII.

The Knight him calling, asked who he was,
 Who lifting up his Head, him answered thus:
 I *Pilate am*, the falsest Judg, alas!
 And most unjust, that by unrighteous
 And wicked Doom, to *Jews* despiteous
 Delivered up the Lord of Life to die,
 And did acquit a Murderer felonous;
 The whiles my Hands I wash'd in Purity,
 The whiles my Soul was soil'd with foul Iniquity.

LXIII.

Infinite moe, tormented in like Pain,
 He there beheld, too long here to be told:
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remain,
 For Terror of the Tortures manifold,
 In which the damned Souls he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearful Fool,
 Why takest not of that same Fruit of Gold,
 Ne sittest down on that same silver Stool,
 To rest thy weary Person in the Shadow cool?

LXIV.

LXIV.

All which he did, to do him deadly fall
 In frail Intemperance through sinful Bait:
 To which if he inclined had at all,
 That dreadful Fiend, which did behind him wait,
 Would him have rent in thousand pieces strait.
 But he was wary wise in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceitful sleight,
 Ne suffered Lust his Safety to betray;
 So goodly did beguile the Guiler of the Prey.

LXV.

And now he has so long remained there,
 That vital Powers 'gan wax both weak and wan,
 For want of Food and Sleep; which two upbear,
 Like mighty Pillars, this frail Life of Man,
 That none without the same endure can.
 For, now three days of Men were full out-wrought,
 Since he this hardy Enterprize began:
 For-thy great *Mammon* fairly he besought,
 Into the World to guide him back, as he him brought.

LXVI.

The God, though loth, yet was constrain'd t' obey:
 For longer time than that, no living Wight,
 Below the Earth, might suffred be to stay:
 So back again, him brought to living Light.
 But all so soon as his enfeebled Spright
 'Gan suck this vital Air into his Breast,
 As overcome with too exceeding Might,
 The Life did flit away out of her Nest,
 And all his Senses were with deadly Fit opprest'd.





CANTO VIII.

*Sir Guyon, laid in Swoon, is by
Acrates' Sons despoil'd ;
Whom Arthur soon hath rescued,
And Paynim Brethren foil'd.*

I.

AND is there Care in Heaven? and is there Love
In heavenly Spirits to these Creatures base,
That may Compassion of their Evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of Men, than Beasts. But O th' exceeding Grace
Of highest God! that loves his Creatures so,
And all his Works with Mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked Man, to serve his wicked Foe.

II.

How oft do they their silver Bowers leave,
To come to succour us, that Succour want?
How oft do they, with golden Pinions, cleave
The flitting Skies, like flying Pursuivant,
Against foul Fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant,
And all for Love, and nothing for Reward:
O why should heavenly God to Men have such regard!

III.

During the while that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mammon's* House, the Palmer, whom whylere
That wanton Maid of Passage had deny'd,
By further search had Passage found elsewhere,
And being on his way, approached near
Where *Guyon* lay in Traunce; when suddenly
He heard a Voice, that called loud and clear,
Come hither, hither, O come hastily!
That all the Fields resounded with the rueful Cry.

IV.

IV.

The Palmer lent his Ear unto the Noise,
To weet who called so importunely.
Again, he heard a more efforded Voice,
That bad him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble Feet directed to the Cry;
Which to that shady Delve him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* earst did sun his Threasury:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senseless Dream; which fight at first him fore aghast.

V.

Beside his Head there sat a fair young Man,
Of wondrous Beauty, and of freshest Years,
Whose tender Bud to blossom new began,
And flourish fair above his equal Peers:
His snowy Front curled with golden Hairs,
Like *Phœbus*' Face adorn'd with sunny Rays,
Divinely shone; and two sharp winged Shears,
Decked with divers Plumes, like painted Jays,
Were fixed at his Back, to cut his airy ways.

VI.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idaan* Hill,
When having laid his cruel Bow away,
And mortal Arrows, where-with he doth fill
The World with murd'rous Spoils and bloody Prey,
With his fair Mother he him digns to play,
And with his goodly Sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddess pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her self, through sleep, beguil'd to be,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

VII.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abash'd he was
Through Fear and Wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the Child bespake; Long lack'd, alas,
Hath been thy faithful Aid in hard assay,
Whiles deadly Fit thy Pupil doth disdain:
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire,
But dread of Death and Dolour do away;
For, Life e'er long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathless seems, shall Courage bold respire.

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O

VIII.

VIII.

The charge which God doth unto me arret,
Of his dear safety, I to thee commend ;
Yet will I not forgo, ne yet forget
The care thereof (my self) unto the end,
But evermore him succour and defend
Against his Foe and mine : watch thou, I pray,
For, evil is at hand him to offend.
So having said, estsoons he 'gan display
His painted nimble Wings, and vanish'd quite away.

IX.

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slow Eyes beguiled of their sight,
Wox fore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as Fowl escap'd by Flight :
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling Hand his troubled Pulse 'gan try ;
Where finding Life not yet dislodged quite,
He much rejoic'd, and cou'd it tenderly,
As Chickens newly hatch'd, from dreaded Destiny.

X.

At last, he spy'd where towards him did pace
Two Paynim Knights, all arm'd as bright as Sky ;
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foot Page did fly,
That breathed Strife and troublous Enmity :
Those were the two Sons of *Acrates* old ;
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* fly,
Foreby that idle Strond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combated, was *Guyon* bold.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find ;
False *Archimago* provok'd their Courage proud,
And strifeful *Atin* in their stubborn mind
Coals of Contention and hot Vengeance tin'd.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer sat,
Keeping that slumbred Corse to him assign'd ;
Well knew they both his Person, sith of late
With him in bloody Arms they rashly did debate.

XII.

XII.

Whom when *Pyrrochles* saw, inflam'd with Rage,
That Sire he foul bespake : Thou Dotard vile,
That with thy bruteness shend'st thy comely Age,
Abandon soon, I reed, the caitive Spoil
Of that fame out-cast Carcass, that e'erwhile
Made it self famous through false Treachery,
And crown'd his coward Crest with knightly Stile ;
Lo where he now inglorious doth lie,
To prove he lived Ill, that did thus foully die.

XIII.

To whom the Palmer fearless answered ;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the Dead,
And with foul Cowardise his Carcass shame,
Whose living Hands immortaliz'd his Name.
Vile is the Vengeance on the Ashes cold,
And Envy base, to bark at sleeping Fame :
Was never Wight, that Treason of him told ;
Your self his Prowess prov'd, and found him fierce and bold.

XIV.

Then said *Cymochles* ; Palmer, thou dost dote,
Ne canst of Prowess, ne of Knighthood deem,
Save as thou seest or hear'st : But, well I wote,
That of his Puissance trial made extream ;
Yet Gold all is not, that doth golden seem,
Ne all good Knights, that shake well Spear and Shield :
The Worth of all Men by their end esteem,
And then due Praise, or due Reproach them yield ;
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on Field.

XV.

Good or bad ('gan his Brother fierce reply)
What do I recke, sith that he dy'd entire ?
Or what doth his bad Death now satisfy
The greedy Hunger of revenging Ire,
Sith wrathful Hand wrought not her own desire ?
Yet sith no way is left to wreak my spite,
I will him reave of Arms, the Victor's Hire,
And of that Shield, more worthy of good Knight ;
For why should a dead Dog be deck'd in Armour bright ?

O 2

XVI.

XVI.

Fair Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,
 For Knighthood's love do not so foul a Deed,
 Ne blame your Honour with so shameful Vaunt
 Of vile Revenge. To spoil the Dead of Weed
 Is Sacrilege, and doth all Sins exceed:
 But leave these Reliques of his living Might,
 To deck his Hearse, and trap his tomb-black Steed.
 What Hearse or Steed (said he) should he have dight,
 But be entombed in the Raven or the Kite?

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his Shield he laid,
 And th' other Brother 'gan his Helm unlace,
 Both fiercely bent to have him disarray'd:
 Till that they spy'd, where towards them did pace
 An armed Knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
 Whose Squire bore after him an heben Lance,
 And covered Shield. Well kend him so far space
 Th' Enchanter by his Arms and Amenauce,
 When under him he saw his *Lybian* Steed to prounce:

XVIII.

And to those Brethren said; Rise, rise bylive,
 And unto Battle do your selves address;
 For, yonder comes the prouest Knight alive,
 Prince *Arthur*, flower of Grace and Nobiles,
 That hath to Paynim Knights wrought great Distress,
 And thousand *Sar'zins* foully done to die.
 That word so deep did in their Hearts impress,
 That both estoons upstarted furiously,
 And 'gan themselves prepare to Battle greedily.

XIX.

But fierce *Pyrrochles*, lacking his own Sword,
 The want thereof now greatly 'gan to 'plain,
 And *Archimage* besought, him that afford,
 Which he had brought for *Braggadochio* vain.
 So would I, said th' Enchanter, glad and fain
 Betwix to you his Sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that else your Honour might maintain,
 But that this Weapon's Power I well have kend,
 To be contrary to the work which ye intend.

XX.

XX.

For, that same Knight's own Sword this is of yore,
 Which *Merlin* made by his almighty Art
 For that his Nourling, when he Knighthood swore,
 There-with to doen his Foes eternal Smart.
 The Metal first he mix'd with *Medewart*,
 That no Enchantment from his Dint might save;
 Then it in Flames of *Aina* wrought apart,
 And seven times dipped in the bitter Wave
 Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden Virtue to it gave.

XXI.

The Virtue is, that neither Steel nor Stone,
 The stroke thereof from Entrance may defend;
 Ne ever may be used by his Fone,
 Ne forc'd his rightful Owner to offend,
 Ne ever will it break, ne ever bend:
 Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is hight.
 In vain therefore, *Pyrrochles*, should I lend
 The same to thee, against his Lord to fight;
 For, sure it would deceive thy Labour, and thy Might.

XXII.

Foolish old Man, said then the Pagan wroth,
 That weeneft Words or Charms may Force withstand:
 Soon shalt thou see, and then believe for troth,
 That I can carve with this enchanted Brond
 His Lord's own Flesh. There-with out of his Hond
 That virtuous Steel he rudely snatch'd away,
 And *Guyon's* Shield about his Wrist he bond:
 So, ready dight fierce Battle to assay,
 And match his Brother proud in battailous array.

XXIII.

By this, that stranger Knight in presence came,
 And goodly salved them: who nought again
 Him answered, as Courtesy became;
 But with stern Looks, and stomachous Disdain,
 Gave signs of Grudg and Discontentment vain.
 Then, turning to the Palmer, he 'gan spy
 Where, at his feet, with sorrowful demain
 And deadly Hue, an armed Corse did lie,
 In whose dead Face he read great Magnanimity.

O 3.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Said he then to the Palmer ; Reverend Sire,
 What great Misfortune hath betid this Knight ?
 Or did his Life her fatal Date expire,
 Or did he fall by Treason, or by Fight ?
 However, sure I rue his piteous Plight.
 Not one, nor other, said the Palmer grave,
 Hath him befallen, but Clouds of deadly Night
 Awhile his heavy Eyelids cover'd have,
 And all his Senses drowned in deep senseless Wave.

XXV.

Which, those same Foes that doen awaite hereby,
 Making advantage to revenge their Spight,
 Would him disarm, and treaten shamefully ;
 (Unworthy usage of redoubted Knight,)
 But you, fair Sir, whose honourable Sight
 Doth promise hope of Help, and timely Grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad Plight,
 And by your Power protect his feeble case :
 First Praise of Knighthood is, foul Outrage to deface.

XXVI.

Palmer, said he, no Knight so rude (I ween)
 As to doen Outrage to a sleeping Ghost ;
 Ne was there ever noble Courage seen,
 That in Advantage would his Puissance boast :
 Honour is least, where Odds appeareth most.
 May be, that better Reason will assuage
 The rash Revengers Heat. Words well dispos'd
 Have secret Power t' appease inflamed Rage :
 If not, leave unto me thy Knight's last Patronage.

XXVII.

Tho, turning to those Brethren, thus bespoke ;
 Ye warlike Pair, whose valorous great Might,
 It seems, just Wrongs to Vengeance doth provoke,
 To wreak your Wrath on this dead-seeming Knight,
 Mote ought allay the storm of your Despight,
 And settle Patience in so furious Heat ?
 Nor to debate the Challenge of your right,
 But for this Carcass pardon I entreat,
 Whom Fortune hath already laid in lowest feat.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

To whom *Cymochles* said : For what art thou,
 That mak'st thy self his Day's-Man, to prolong
 The Vengeance press'd ? or who shall let me now
 On this vile Body from to wreak my Wrong,
 And make his Carcass as the outcast Dong ?
 Why should not that dead Carrion satisfy
 The Guilt, which if he lived had thus long,
 His Life for due Revenge should dear aby ?
 The Trespas still doth live, albe the Person die.

XXIX.

Indeed, then said the Prince, the Evil done
 Dies not, when Breath the Body first doth leave ;
 But from the Grandfire to the Nephew's Son,
 And all his Seed the Curse doth often cleave,
 Till Vengeance utterly the Guilt bereave :
 So straitly God doth judg. But gentle Knight,
 That doth against the Dead his Hand uprear,
 His Honour stains with Rancour and Despight,
 And great Disparagement makes to his former Might.

XXX.

Pyrrochles '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 (more sad than Lump of Lead)
 Uplifting high, he weened with *Mordure*,
 His own good Sword *Mordure*, to cleave his Head.
 The faithful Steel such Treason no'uld endure,
 But swarving from the Mark, his Lord's Life did assure.

XXXI.

Yet was the Force so furious and so fell,
 That Horse and Man it made to reel aside :
 Nath'less the Prince would not forsake his Sell
 (For, well of yore he learned had to ride)
 But full of Anger fiercely to him cry'd ;
 False Traitor, Miscreant, thou broken hast
 The Law of Arms, to strike Foe undefy'd :
 But thou thy Treason's Fruit (I hope) shalt taste
 Right sour, and feel the Law, the which thou hast defac'd.

O 4

XXXII.

XXXII.

With that, his baleful Spear he fiercely bent
 Against the Pagan's Breast, and therewith thought
 His cursed Life out of her Lodg have rent;
 But e'er the Point arrived where it ought,
 That seven-fold Shield, which he from *Guyon* brought,
 He cast between, to ward the bitter Stound:
 Thro all those Folds the steel-head Passage wrought,
 And thro his Shoulder pierc'd; wherewith to ground
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing Wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his Brother saw, fraught with great Grief
 And Wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
 And foully said; By *Mahoune*, cursed Thief,
 That direful Stroke thou dearly shalt aby.
 Then hurling up his harmful Blade on high,
 Smote him so hugely on his haughty Crest,
 That from his Saddle forced him to fly:
 Else mote it needs down to his manly Breast
 Have cleft his Head in twain, and Life thence dispossest.

XXXIV.

Now was the Prince in dangerous Distress,
 Wanting his Sword, when he on foot should fight;
 His single Spear could do him small Redress
 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 rear'd himself again to cruel Fight,
 Three times more furious, and more puissant,
 Unmindful of his Wound, of his Fate ignorant.

XXXV.

So, both at once him charge on either side,
 With hideous Strokes, and importable Power,
 That forced him his Ground to traverse wide,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly Stower.
 For on his Shield, as thick as stormy Shower,
 Their Strokes did rain, yet did he never quail,
 Ne backward shrink; but as a stedfast Tower,
 Whom Foe with double Battery doth assail,
 Them on her Bulwark bears, and bids them nought avail.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong Assay,
 Till that at last, when he advantage spy'd,
 His poinant Spear he thrust with puissant Sway
 At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his Shield was wide,
 That thro his Thigh the mortal Steel did gride:
 He, swarving with the Force, within his Flesh
 Did break the Lance, and let the Head abide:
 Out of the Wound the red Blood flowed fresh,
 That underneath his Feet soon made a purple Plesha.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he 'gan to rage and rail,
 Cursing his Gods, and himself damning deep:
 Als when his Brother saw the red Blood trail
 Adown so fast, and all his Armour steep,
 For very Felness loud he 'gan to weep,
 And said, Caitive, curse on thy cruel Hond;
 That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keep
 From the third Brunt of this my fatal Bond:
 Lo! where the dreadful Death behind thy back doth stond.

XXXVIII.

With that he strook, and th' other strook withal,
 That nothing seem'd mote bear so monstrous Might:
 The one upon his cover'd Shield did fall,
 And glauncing down, would not his Owner bite;
 But th' other did upon his Troncheon smite;
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way
 It made, and on his *Hacqueton* did light,
 The which dividing with importune Sway,
 It seiz'd in his right side, and there the Dint did stay.

XXXIX.

Wide was the Wound, and a large lukewarm Flood,
 Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously;
 That when the *Paynim* spy'd the streaming Blood,
 Gave him great heart, and hope of Victory.
 On th' other side, in huge Perplexity,
 The Prince now stood, having his Weapon broke;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lie:
 Yet with his Truncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forc'd his Foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the Palmer saw in such Distress,
 Sir *Guyon's* Sword he lightly to him wrought,
 And said, Fair Son, great God thy right Hand blefs,
 To use that Sword so wisely as it ought.
 Glad was the Knight, and with fresh Courage fraught,
 When as again he armed felt his Hond;
 Then like a Lion, which hath long time fought
 His robbed Whelps, and at the last them found
 Amongst the Shepherd Swains, then wexeth wood and yond.

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt Blows
 On either side, that neither Mail could hold,
 Ne Shield defend the Thunder of his Throws:
 Now to *Pyrrochles* many Strokes he told;
 Eft to *Cymochles* twice so many fold:
 Then back again turning his busy Hond,
 Them both at once compell'd with Courage bold,
 To yield wide way to his heart-thrilling Bron'd:
 And tho' they both stood stiff, yet could not both withstand.

XLII.

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce Mastives bait,
 When Rancour doth with Rage him once engore,
 Forgets with wary ward them to await,
 But with his dreadful Horns them drives afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads down in the Floor;
 Breathing out Wrath, and bellowing Disdain,
 That all the Forest quakes to hear him roar:
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* 'twixt his Foemen twain,
 That neither could his mighty Puissance sustain.

XLIII.

But ever at *Pyrrochles* when he smit
 (Who *Guyon's* Shield cast ever him before,
 Whereon the Fairy Queen's Pourtraist was writ)
 His Hand relented, and the Stroke forbore,
 And his dear Heart the Picture 'gan adore:
 Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly Stower.
 But him henceforth the same can save no more;
 For now arrived is his fatal Hour,
 That no'te avoided be by earthly Skill or Power.

XLIV.

XLIV.

For when *Cymochles* saw the foul Reproach,
 Which them appeached; prick'd with guilty Shame,
 And inward Grief, he fiercely 'gan approach,
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly Blame,
 Or die with Honour and Defert of Fame;
 And on the Hauberk strook the Prince so fore,
 That quite disparted all the linked Frame,
 And pierced to the Skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him twice to reel, that never mov'd afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfiere'd with Wrath and sharp Regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrow'd Blade,
 That it empierc'd the Pagan's Burganet,
 And cleaving the hard Steel, did deep invade
 Into his Head, and cruel Passage made
 Quite thro his Brain. He tumbling down on ground,
 Breath'd out his Ghost; which to th' infernal Shade
 Fast flying, there eternal Torment found,
 For all the Sins wherewith his leud Life did abound.

XLVI.

Which when his German saw, the stony Fear
 Ran to his Heart, and all his Sense dismay'd,
 Ne thenceforth Life, ne Courage did appear;
 But as a Man whom hellish Fiends have fray'd,
 Long trembling still he stood: at last thus said;
 Traitor, what hast thou doen? how ever may
 Thy cursed Hand so cruelly have sway'd
 Against that Knight? Harrow and weal-away!
 After so wicked Deed, why liv'st thou Jenger Day!

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing Light,
 And with Revenge desiring soon to die,
 Assembling all his Force and utmost Might,
 With his own Sword he fierce at him did fly,
 And strook, and foin'd, and lash'd outrageously,
 Withouten Reason or Regard. Well knew
 The Prince, with Patience and Sufferance fly
 So hasty Heat soon cooled to subdue;
 Tho, when this breathless wox, that Battle 'gan renew.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

As when a windy Tempest bloweth high,
That nothing may withstand his stormy Stower,
The Clouds (as things afraid) before him fly;
But all so soon as his outrageous Power
Is laid, they fiercely then begin to shower:
And as in Scorn of his spent stormy Spight,
Now all at once their Malice forth do pour;
So did Prince *Arthur* bear himself in Fight,
And suffer'd rash *Pyrrochles* waste his idle Might.

XLIX.

At last, when as the *Sarazin* perceiv'd
How that strange Sword refus'd to serve his need,
But when he strook most strong, the Dint deceiv'd,
He flong it from him, and devoid of Dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty Arms engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrow, and down him tred:
But him in Strength and Skill the Prince surpasst,
And thro his nimble Sleight did under him down cast.

L.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive:
For, as a Bittur in the Eagle's Claw,
That may not hope by Flight to 'scape alive,
Still waits for Death with Dread and trembling Awe;
So he, now subject to the Victor's Law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his Eye,
For vile Disdain and Rancour, which did gnaw
His Heart in twain with sad Melancholy,
As one that loathed Life, and yet despis'd to die.

LI.

But full of Princely Bounty and great Mind,
The Conqueror nought cared him to slay,
But casting Wrongs and all Revenge behind,
More Glory thought to give Life, than decay,
And said, Paynim, this is thy dismal Day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy Miscreance,
And my true Liegeman yield thy self for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy Valiance,
And all thy Wrongs will wipe out of my Sovenance.

LII.

LII.

Fool, said the Pagan, I thy Gift defy:
But use thy Fortune as it doth besal,
And say, that I not overcome do die,
But in despight of Life, for Death do call.
Wroth was the Prince, and sorry yet withal.
That he so wilfully refused Grace;
Yet sith his Fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he 'gan soon unlace,
And left his headless Body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his Traunce awak'd,
Life having mastered her senseless Foe;
And looking up, when as his Shield he lack'd,
And Sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spy'd, right glad he grew,
And said, Dear Sir, whom wandering to and fro,
I long have lack'd, I joy thy Face to view;
Firm is thy Faith, whom Danger never from me drew.

LIV.

But read what wicked Hand hath robbed me
Of my good Sword and Shield. The Palmer glad,
With so fresh Hue uprising him to see,
Him answered; Fair Son, be no whit sad
For want of Weapons: they shall soon be had.
So 'gan he to discourse the whole Debate,
Which that strange Knight for him sustained had,
And those two *Sarazins* confounded late,
Whose Carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

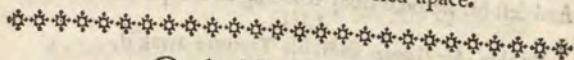
LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the Tokens true,
His Heart with great Affection was embay'd,
And to the Prince with bowing Reverence due,
As to the Patrone of his Life, thus said;
My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gracious Aid
I live this day, and see my Foes subdu'd,
What may suffice, to be for Meed repay'd
Of so great Graces, as ye have me shew'd,
But to be ever bound—?

LVI.

LVI.

To whom the Infant thus; Fair Sir, what need
 Good Turns be counted, as a servile Bond,
 To bind their Doers to receive their Meed?
 Are not all Knights by Oath bound, to withstand
 Oppressors Power by Arms and puissant Hond?
 Suffice, that I have done my due in place.
 So, goodly Purpose they together fond,
 Of Kindness and of curteous Aggrace;
 The while false *Archimago* and *Atin* fled apace.



CANTO IX.

*The House of Temperance, in which
 Doth sober Alma dwell,
 Besieg'd of many Foes, whom stran-
 ger Knights to fight compel.*

I.

OF all God's Works, which do this World adorn,
 There is no one more fair and excellent,
 Than is Man's Body both for Power and Form,
 Whiles it is kept in sober Government;
 But none than it more foul and indecent,
 Distemper'd thro' Mis-rule and Passions base:
 It grows a Monster, and incontinent
 Doth lose his Dignity and native Grace.
 Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

II.

After the Paynim Brethren conquer'd were,
 The *Briton* Prince recover'ing his stoln Sword,
 And *Guyon* his lost Shield, they both yfere
 Forth pass'd on their way in fair accord,
 Till him the Prince with gentle Court did bord;
 Sir Knight, mote I of you this Court'sy read,
 To weet why on your Shield (so goodly scor'd)
 Bear ye the Picture of that Lady's Head?
 Full lively is the Semblaunt, tho' the Substance dead.

III.

III.

Fair Sir, said he, if in that Picture dead
 Such Life ye read, and Vertue in vain Shew,
 What mote ye ween, if the true lively Head
 Of that most glorious Vifage ye did view?
 But if the Beauty of her Mind ye knew,
 That is, her Bounty and imperial Power,
 Thousand times fairer than her mortal Hue,
 O! how great Wonder would your Thoughts devour,
 And infinite Desire into your Spirit pour!

IV.

She is the mighty Queen of *Fairy*,
 Whose fair Retrait I in my Shield do bear;
 She is the Flower of Grace and Chastity,
 Throughout the World renowned far and near,
 My Lief, my Liege, my Sovereign, my Dear,
 Whose Glory shineth as the Morning-star,
 And with her Light the Earth enlumines clear;
 Far reach her Mercies, and her Praises far,
 As well in State of Peace, as Puissance in War.

V.

Thrice happy Man, said then the *Briton* Knight,
 Whom gracious Lot, and thy great Valiaunce
 Have made a Soldier of that Princess bright,
 Which with her Bounty and glad Countenance
 Doth blefs her Servants, and them high advance.
 How may strange Knight hope ever to aspire,
 By faithful Service, and meet Amenaunce
 Unto such Blifs? sufficient were that Hire
 For loss of thousand Lives, to die at her Desire.

VI.

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what Meed so great,
 Or Grace of earthly Prince so sovereign,
 But by your wondrous Worth and warlike Feat
 Ye well may hope, and easily attain?
 But were your will, her sold to entertain,
 And number'd be 'mongst Knights of *Maidenhead*,
 Great Guerdon (well I wote) should you remain,
 And in her favour high be reckoned,
 As *Arthegall* and *Sophy* now been honoured.

VII.

VII.

Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,
That since I Arms and Knighthood first did plight,
My whole Desire hath been, and yet is now,
To serve that Queen with all my Power and Might:
Now hath the Sun with his lamp-burning Light,
Walk'd round about the World, and I no less,
Since of that Goddess I have fought the fight,
Yet no where can her find: futh Happinefs
Heaven doth to me envy, and Fortune favour less.

VIII.

Fortune (the Foe of famous Chevifauce)
Seldom (said *Guyon*) yields to Vertue Aid,
But in her way throws Mischief and Mischaunce,
Whereby her Courfe is stop'd, and Passage stay'd.
But you, fair Sir, be not herewith difmay'd,
But constant keep the way in which ye stand;
Which, were it not, that I am else delay'd
With hard Adventure, which I have in hand,
Labour would to guide you thro all Fairy-Land.

IX.

Gramercy Sir, said he; but mote I wote
What strange Adventure do ye now pursue?
Perhaps my Succour, or Advizement meet,
Mote ftead you much your Purpose to fubdue.
Then 'gan Sir *Guyon* all the Story fhew
Of falfe *Acrasia*, and her wicked Wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Fairy-Court. So talked they, the whiles
They waffed had much way, and meafur'd many Miles.

X.

And now fair *Phœbus* 'gan decline in hafte
His weary Waggon to the western Vale,
When as they spy'd a goodly Caffe, plac'd
Foreby a River in a pleafant Dale;
Which chufing for that Evening's Hospitale,
They thither march'd; but when they came in fight,
And from their fweaty Courfers did avale,
They found the Gates faft barred long e'er night,
And every Loup faft lock'd, as fearing Foes Defpight.

XI.

XI.

Which when they faw, they weened foul Reproach
Was to them doen, their Entrance to foreftal,
Till that the Squire 'gan nigher to approach;
And wind his Horn under the Caffe-Wall,
That with the Noife it fhook, as it would fall:
Eftfoons forth looked from the higheft Spire
The Watch, and loud unto the Knights did call,
To weet what they fo rudely did require.
Who gently answered; They entrance did defire.

XII.

Fly, fly, good Knights, said he, fly faft away,
If that your Lives ye love, as meet ye fhould;
Fly faft, and fave your felves from near Decay,
Here may ye not have Entrance, tho we would:
We would and would again, if that we could;
But thoufand Enemies about us rave,
And with long fiege us in this Caffe hold:
Seven years this wife they us befieged have,
And many good Knights flain, that have us fought to fave.

XIII.

Thus as he fpake, lo! with outrageous Cry,
A thoufand Villains round about them swarm'd,
Out of the Rocks and Caves adjoining nigh,
Vile caitive Wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threatning Death, all in ftrange manner arm'd,
Some with unweildy Clubs, fome with long Spears,
Some rufty Knives, fome Staves in Fire warm'd.
Stern was their Look, like wild amazed Stears,
Staring with hollow Eyes, and stiff upftanding Hairs.

XIV.

Fiercely at firft thofe Knights they did affail,
And drove them to recoil: but when again
They gave fresh Charge, their Forces 'gan to fail,
Unable their Encounter to fustain;
For with fuch Puiffance and impetuous Main,
Thofe Champions broke on them, that forc'd them fly,
Like fcatter'd Sheep, when as the Shepherd's Swain
A Lion and a Tiger doth efpy,
With greedy Pace forth rufhing from the Foreft nigh.

XV.

XV.

Awhile they fled, but soon return'd again
 With greater Fury than before was found;
 And evermore their cruel Capitain
 Sought with his rascal Routs to enclose them round,
 And (over-run) to tread them to the ground.
 But soon the Knights, with their bright-burning Blades,
 Broke their rude Troops, and Orders did confound,
 Hewing and flashing at their idle Shades;
 For tho' they Bodies seem, yet Substance from them fades.

XVI.

As when a Swarm of Gnats at Even-tide
 Out of the Fens of *Allan* do arise,
 Their murmuring small Trumpets founden wide,
 Whiles in the Air their clustring Army flies,
 That as a Cloud doth seem to dim the Skies;
 Ne Man nor Beast may rest, or take Repast,
 For their sharp Wounds, and noyous Injuries,
 Till the fierce Northern Wind with blustering Blast
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous Rout dispers'd,
 Unto the Castle-Gate they come again,
 And Entrance crav'd, which was denied erst.
 Now when Report of that their perilous Pain,
 And combrous Conflict which they did sustain,
 Came to the Lady's Ear which there did dwell,
 She forth issued with a goodly Train
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairly, as besel.

XVIII.

Alma she called was, a Virgin bright;
 That had not yet felt *Cupid's* wanton Rage,
 Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
 And many a Lord of noble Parentage,
 That fought with her to link in Marriage:
 For she was fair, as fair mote ever be,
 And in the Flower now of her freshest Age;
 Yet full of Grace and goodly Modesty,
 That even Heaven rejoiced her sweet Face to see.

XIX.

XIX.

In Robe of lilly white she was array'd,
 That from her Shoulder to her Heel down rought,
 The Train whereof loose far behind her stray'd,
 Branched with Gold and Pearl, most richly wrought,
 And borne of two fair Damsels, which were taught
 That Service well. Her yellow golden Hair
 Was trimly woven, and in Tresses wrought,
 Ne other Tire she on her Head did wear,
 But crowned with a Garland of sweet *Rosiere*.

XX.

Goodly she entertain'd those noble Knights,
 And brought them up into her Castle-Hall;
 Where gentle Court and gracious Delight
 She to them made, with Mildness virginal
 Shewing her self both wise and liberal:
 There when they rested had a Season due,
 They her besought of Favour special,
 Of that fair Castle to afford them view;
 She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

XXI.

First, she them led up to the Castle-Wall,
 That was so high, as Foe might not it climb,
 And all so fair, and sensible withal,
 Not built of Brick, ne yet of Stone and Lime,
 But of thing like to that *Egyptian* Slime,
 Whereof King *Nine* whilom built *Babel* Tower;
 But O great Pity, that no lenger time
 So goodly Workmanship should not endure:
 Soon it must turn to Earth; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII.

The Frame thereof seem'd partly circular,
 And part triangular: O Work Divine!
 Those two the first and last Proportions are,
 The one imperfect, mortal, feminine;
 Th' other immortal, perfect, masculine:
 And 'twixt them both a Quadrate was the Base,
 Proportion'd equally by seven and nine;
 Nine was the Circle set in Heaven's Place;
 All which compacted, made a goodly *Diapase*.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Therein two Gates were placed seemly well :
 The one before, by which all in did pass,
 Did th' other far in Workmanship excell ;
 For not of Wood, nor of enduring Brass,
 But of more worthy Substance fram'd it was :
 Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorow pass,
 And when it open'd, no Man might it close,
 Still open to their Friends, and closed to their Foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen Stone the Porch was fairly wrought,
 Stone more of value, and more smooth and fine,
 Than Jet or Marble far from Ireland brought ;
 Over the which was cast a wandering Vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton ivy Twine.
 And over it a fair Portcullis hung,
 Which to the Gate directly did incline,
 With comely Compass, and Compacture strong,
 Neither unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV.

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
 Day and Night duly keeping watch and ward,
 Nor Wight, nor Word mote pass out of the Gate,
 But in good Order, and with due Regard ;
 Utterers of Secrets he from thence debar'd,
 Bablers of Folly, and Blazers of Crime.
 His Larum-Bell might loud and wide be heard
 When Cause requir'd, but never out of time ;
 Early and late it rong, at Evening and at Prime.

XXVI.

And round about the Porch on every side
 Twice sixteen Warders sate, all armed bright
 In glistering Steel, and strongly fortify'd :
 Tall Yeomen seem'd they, and of great Might,
 And were enraged ready still for fight.
 By them as *Alma* pass'd with her Guests,
 They did Obeyfaunce, as beseeem'd right,
 And then again returned to their Rests :
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble Gest.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
 Wherein were many Tables fair dispred,
 And ready dight with Drapets festival,
 Against the Viands should be ministr'd.
 At th' upper end there sat, yclad in red
 Down to the ground, a comely Personage,
 That in his Hand a white Rod menaged :
 He Steward was, hight *Diet* ; ripe of Age,
 And in Demeanure sober, and in Counsel sage.

XXVIII.

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
 A jolly Yeoman, Marshal of the same,
 Whose name was *Appetite* ; he did bestow
 Both Guests and Meat, when ever in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the Steward bade. They both attone
 Did Duty to their Lady, as became ;
 Who passing by, forth led her Guests anone
 Into the Kitchen Room, ne spar'd for niceness none.

XXIX.

It was a Vault ybuilt for great dispense,
 With many Raunges rear'd along the Wall ;
 And one great Chimney, whose long Tonnel thence,
 The Smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
 There placed was a Caudron wide and tall,
 Upon a mighty Furnace, burning hot,
 More hot than *Aetn'* or flaming *Mongiball* :
 For, Day and Night it brent, ne ceased not,
 So long as any thing it in the Caudron got.

XXX.

But to delay the Heat, lest by mischaunce
 It might break out, and set the whole on fire,
 There added was by goodly Ordinaunce,
 An huge great pair of Bellows, which did stire
 Continually, and cooling Breath inspire.
 About the Caudron many Cooks accoil'd
 With Hooks and Ladles, as need did require ;
 That whiles the Viands in the Vessel boil'd,
 They did about their Business sweat, and sorely toil'd.

XXXI.

XXXI.

The maister Cook was call'd *Concoction*,
 A careful Man, and full of comely Guise :
 The Kitchin Clerk, that hight *Digestion*,
 Did order all the Cates in seemly wise,
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.
 The rest had several Offices assign'd :
 Some to remove the Scum as it did rise ;
 Others to bear the same away did mind ;
 And others it to use according to his kind.

XXXII.

But all the Liquor, which was foul and waste,
 Not good nor serviceable else for ought,
 They in another great round Vessel plac'd,
 Till by a Conduit-Pipe it thence were brought :
 And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
 By secret ways that none might it espy,
 Was close convey'd, and to the back Gate brought,
 That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly Order, and great Workman's Skill,
 When as those Knights beheld, with rare Delight
 And gazing Wonder they their Minds did fill ;
 For, never had they seen so strange a sight.
 Thence back again fair *Alma* led them right,
 And soon into a goodly Parlour brought,
 That was with royal Arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrayed, nor wrought,
 Not wrought, nor pourtrayed, but easy to be thought.

XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof upon the Floor,
 A lovely Bevy of fair Lady sat,
 Courted of many a jolly Paramour,
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And each one sought his Lady to aggrate :
 And eke emongst them little *Cupid* plaid
 His wanton Sports, being returned late
 From his fierce Wars, and having from him laid
 His cruel Bow, where-with he thousands hath dismay'd.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Divers Delights they found, themselves to please ;
 Some sung in sweet Confort, some laught for Joy,
 Some plaid with Straws, some idle sat at ease ;
 But other some could not abide to toy,
 All Pleasance was to them Grief and Annoy :
 This frown'd, that fawn'd, the third for Shame did blush ;
 Another seem'd envious, or coy ;
 Another in her Teeth did gnaw a Rush :
 But at these Strangers Prefence every one did hush.

XXXVI.

Soon as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
 They all at once out of their Seats arose,
 And to her Homage made, with humble grace.
 Whom, when the Knights beheld, they 'gan dispose
 Themselves to court, and each a Damfel chose :
 The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
 That was right fair and fresh as morning Rose,
 But some-what sad, and solemn eke in sight,
 As if some pensive Thought constrain'd her gentle Spright.

XXXVII.

In a long purple Pall, whose Skirt with Gold
 Was fretted all about, she was array'd ;
 And in her hand a Poplar Branch did hold :
 To whom the Prince in curteous manner said ;
 Gentle Madame, why been ye thus dismay'd,
 And your fair Beauty do with sadness spill ?
 Lives any, that you hath thus ill apaid ?
 Or doen you love, or doen you lack your Will ?
 What-ever be the Cause, it sure beseems you ill.

XXXVIII.

Fair Sir, said she (half in disdainful wise)
 How is it that this word in me ye blame,
 And in your self do not the same advise ?
 Him ill beseems, another's Fault to name,
 That may unwares be blotted with the same :
 Pensive, I yield I am, and sad in Mind,
 Through great desire of Glory and of Fame ;
 Ne ought (I ween) are ye therein behind, (find,
 That have twelve Months sought one, yet no where can her

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

The Prince was inly moved at her Speech,
Well weeting true, what she had rashly told;
Yet with fair semblaunt fought to hide the Breach,
Which change of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire
What Wight she was, that Poplar Branch did hold:
It answered was, her name was *Praise-desire*,
That by well doing fought to Honour to aspire.

XL.

The whiles, the *Fairy* Knight did entertain
Another Damsel of that gentle Crew,
That was right fair, and modest of demain,
But that too oft she chang'd her native hue:
Strange was her Tirc, and all her Garment blue,
Close round about her tuck'd with many a Plight:
Upon her first, the Bird which shunneth view,
And keeps in Coverts close from living Wight,
Did sit, as yet asham'd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

XLI.

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
Unto the ground she cast her modest Eye,
And ever and anon with rosy Red
The bashful Blood her snowy Cheeks did die,
That her became, as polish'd Ivory;
Which cunning Craftsmen's Hand hath overlaid
With fair Vermilion or pure Lastery.
Great wonder had the Knight to see the Maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

XLII.

Fair Damsel, seemeth by your troubled Chear,
That either me too bold ye ween, this wife
You to molest, or other ill to fear
That in the secret of your Heart close lies,
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 devise,
I will (if please you it disclose) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

XLIII.

XLIII.

She answer'd nought, but more abash'd for Shame,
Held down her Head, the whiles her lovely Face
The flashing Blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong Passion mar'd her modest Grace,
That *Guyon* mervail'd at her uncouth Case:
Till *Alma* him bespake. Why wonder ye,
Fair Sir, at that, which ye so much embrace?
She is the Fountain of your Modesty;
You shamefac'd are, but *Shamefac'dness* it self is she.

XLIV.

Thereat the Elf did blush in privity,
And turn'd his Face away; but she the same
Dissembled fair, and fain'd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with Court and goodly Game,
Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them sought,
To view her Castle's other wondrous Frame:
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten Steps of Alabaster wrought.

XLV.

That Turret's Frame most admirable was,
Like highest Heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly Mass,
Which it surview'd, as Hills doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Nor that which antique *Cadmus* whilom built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
Nor that proud Tower of *Troy*, tho richly gilt,
From which young *Hector's* Blood by cruel *Greeks* was spilt.

XLVI.

The Roof hereof was arched over head,
And deck'd with Flowers and Herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, set in Watches stead,
Therein gave Light, and flam'd continually:
For, they of living Fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver Sockets bright,
Cover'd with Lids deviz'd of Substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the Praises of that Maker's Might!

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P

XLVII.

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This Part's great Workmanship, and wondrous Power,
 That all this other World's work doth excel,
 And likest is unto that heavenly Tower,
 That God hath built for his own blessed Bower.
 Therein were divers Rooms, and divers Stages;
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest Power,
 In which there dwelt three honourable Sages,
 The wisest Men (I ween) that lived in their Ages.

XLVIII.

Not he, whom Greece (the Nurse of all good Arts)
 By *Phabus*' Doom, the wisest thought alive,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
 Nor that sage *Pyliau* Sire, which did survive
 Three Ages, such as mortal Men contrive,
 By whose Advice old *Priam*'s City fell,
 With these in praise of Policies mote strive.
 These three in these three Rooms did sundry dwell,
 And counselled fair *Alma*, how to govern well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come fore-see;
 The next, could of things present best advise;
 The third, things past could keep in Memory:
 So that no Time, nor Reason could arise,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 For-thy, the first did in the fore-part sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quick prejudize:
 He had a sharp Fore-sight, and working Wit,
 That never idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

L.

His Chamber was dispaigned all within
 With sundry Colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite Shapes of things disperfed thin;
 Some such as in the World were never yet,
 Ne can devised be of mortal Wit:
 Some daily seen, and knowen by their Names,
 Such as in idle Fantasies do flit;
 Infernal Hags, *Centaur*s, Fiends, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lions, Eagles, Owls, Fools, Lovers, Children, Dames.

LI.

LI.

And all the Chamber filled was with Flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
 That they encombred all Mens Ears and Eyes,
 Like many swarms of Bees assembled round,
 After their Hives with Honey do abound:
 All those were idle Thoughts and Fantasies,
 Devices, Dreams, Opinions unfound,
 Shews, Visions, Soothsayers, and Prophecies;
 And all that feigned is, as Leafings, Tales, and Lyes.

LII.

Emongst them all sat he which wonned there,
 That hight *Phantastes* by his Nature true;
 A Man of Years yet fresh, as mote appear,
 Of swarth Complexion, and of crabbed Hue,
 That him full of Melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle Brows, sharp staring Eyes,
 That mad or foolish seem'd: One by his view
 Mote deem him born with ill disposed Skies,
 When oblique *Saturn* sat in th' House of Agonies.

LIII.

Whom *Alma* having shewed to her Guests,
 Thence brought them to the second Room, whose Walls
 Were painted fair with memorable Gests
 Of famous Wizards, and with Picturals
 Of Magistrates, of Courts, of Tribunals,
 Of Commonwealths, of States, of Policy,
 Of Laws, of Judgments, and of Decretals;
 All Arts, all Science, all Philosophy,
 And all that in the World was ay thought wittily.

LIV.

Of those that Room was full: and them among
 There sat a Man of ripe and perfect Age,
 Who did them meditate all his Life long,
 That through continual practice and usage,
 He now was grown right wise and wondrous sage.
 Great Pleasure had those stranger Knights, to see
 His goodly Reason, and grave Personage,
 That his Disciples both desir'd to be;
 But *Alma* thence them led to th' hindmost Room of three.

P 2

LV.

LV.

That Chamber seem'd ruinous and old,
 And therefore was removed far behind,
 Yet were the Walls, that did the same uphold,
 Right firm and strong, tho somewhat they declin'd ;
 And therein sat an old old Man, half blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble Corse,
 Yet lively Vigour rested in his Mind,
 And recompenc'd him with a better sorce :
 Weak Body well is chang'd for Mind's redoubled Force.

LVI.

This Man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many Ages held,
 Which he recorded still as they did pass,
 Ne suffred them to perish through long Eld,
 As all things else, the which this World doth weld,
 But laid them up in his immortal Scline,
 Where they for ever incorrupted dwell'd :
 The Wars he well remembered of King *Nine*,
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* divine.

LVII.

The Years of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
 Ne yet *Methusalem*, though longest liv'd ;
 For, he remembered both their Infancies :
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
 Of native Strength now, that he them surviv'd.
 His Chamber all was hang'd about with Rolls,
 And old Records from auntient times deriv'd,
 Some made in Books, some in long Parchment-Scrolls,
 That were all worm-eaten, and full of Canker-holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a Chair was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end :
 But for he was unable them to set,
 A little Boy did on him still attend
 To reach, whenever he for ought did send ;
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,
 That Boy them sought, and unto him did lend.
 Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
 And that old Man *Eumnestes*, by their Properties.

LIX.

LIX.

The Knights, there entring, did him Reverence due,
 And wondred at his endless Exercise.
 Then as they 'gan his Library to view,
 And antique Registers for to avise,
 There chaunced to the Prince's Hand to rise
 An auntient Book, hight *Briton Moniments*,
 That of this Land's first Conquest did devise,
 And old Division into Regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one Man's Governments.

LX.

Sir *Guyon* chaunc'd eke on another Book,
 That hight *Antiquity of Fairy Lond* ;
 In which when as he greedily did look,
 Th' Off-spring of Elves and Fairies there he fond,
 As it deliver'd was from Hond to Hond :
 Whereat they burning both with fervent Fire
 Their Countries Auncestry to understand,
 Crav'd leave of *Alma*, and that aged Sire,
 To read those Books ; who gladly graunted their desire.



CANTO X.

*A Chronicle of Briton Kings
 From Brute to Uther's Reign :
 And Rolls of Elfin Emperors,
 Till time of Gloriane.*

I.

WHO now shall give unto me Words and Sound,
 Equal unto this haughty Enterprife ?
 Or who shall lend me Wings, with which from ground
 My lowly Verse may loftily arise,
 And lift it self unto the highest Skies ?
 More ample Spirit than hitherto was wount,
 Here needs me, whiles the famous Aunceltriss
 Of my most dreaded Sovereign I recount,
 By which all earthly Princes the doth far surmount.

P. 3

II.

II.

Ne under Sun, that shines so wide and fair,
Whence all that lives, does borrow Life and Light,
Lives ought, that to her Linage may compare,
Which though from Earth it be derived right,
Yet doth it self stretch forth to Heaven's height,
And all the World with Wonder over-spread ;
A Labour huge, exceeding far my Might.
How shall frail Pen, with Fear disparaged,
Conceive such sovereign Glory, and great Bountied ?

III.

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* Quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus*' Rote,
Whereon the Ruins of great *Ossa* Hill,
And Triumphs of *Phlegræan* *Jove* he wrote,
That all the Gods admir'd his lofty Note.
But if some Relish of that heavenly Lay
His learned Daughters would to me report,
To deck my Song withal, I would assay
Thy Name, O sovereign Queen, to blazon far away.

IV.

Thy Name, O sovereign Queen, thy Realm and Race,
From this renowned Prince derived are,
Who mightily upheld that Royal *Mace*,
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended far
From mighty Kings, and Conquerours in War,
Thy Fathers and Great-Grandfathers of old,
Whose noble Deeds above the Northern Star
Immortal Fame for ever hath enroll'd ;
As in that old Man's Book they were in order told.

V.

The Land, which warlike *Britons* now possess,
And therein have their mighty Empire rais'd,
In antique times was salvage Wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmanur'd, unprov'd, unprais'd ;
Ne was it Island then, ne was it pais'd
Amid the *Ocean* Waves, ne was it fought
Of Merchants far, for Profits therein prais'd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By Sea to have been from the *Celtick* Main-land brought.

VI.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a Name to have,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his Ship from those white Rocks to save,
Which all along the Southern Sea-Coast lay,
Threatning unheedy Wreck and rash Decay,
For Safety's sake that fame his Sea-mark made,
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later Day
Finding in it fit Ports for *Filher's* Trade,
'Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

VII.

But far in Land a salvage Nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and half-beastly Men,
That never tasted Grace, nor Goodness felt,
But like wild Beasts lurking in loathsom Den,
And, flying fast as *Roebuck* through the Fen,
All naked without Shame, or care of Cold,
By hunting and by spoiling lived then ;
Of Stature huge, and eke of Courage bold,
That Sons of Men amaz'd their Sternness to behold.

VIII.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
Uneath is to assure ; *uneath* to ween
That monstrous Error which doth some assot,
That *Dioclesian's* fifty Daughters shene
Into this Land by chance have driven been,
Where, companing with Fiends and filthy Sprights,
Through vain Illusion of their Lust unclean,
They brought forth Giants and such dreadful Wights,
As far exceeded Men in their immeasur'd Might.

IX.

They held this Land, and with their Filthiness
Polluted this same gentle Soil long time ;
That their own Mother loath'd their Beastliness,
And 'gan abhor her Brood's unkindly Crime,
All were they born of her own native Slime :
Until that *Brutus*, antiently deriv'd
From royal Stock of old *Affarac's* Line,
Driven by fatal Error, here arriv'd,
And them of their unjust Possession depriv'd.

X.

But e'er he had established his Throne,
 And spread his Empire to the utmost Shore,
 He fought great Battles with his salvage Fone;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many Giants left on groning Flore;
 That well can witness yet unto this day
 The western *Hogh*, besprinkled with the Gore
 Of mighty *Goemot*, whom in stout Fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

And eke that ample Pit, yet far renown'd
 For the large Leap, which *Debon* did compel
Coulin to make, being eight Lugs of Ground;
 Into the which returning back, he fell:
 But those three monstrous Stones do most excel,
 Which that huge Son of hideous *Albion*,
 Whose Father, *Hercules* in *Fraunce* did quell,
 Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce Contention,
 At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slain anon.

XII.

In Meed of these great Conquests by them got,
Corineus had the Province utmost West,
 To him assigned for his worthy Lot,
 Which of his Name and memorable Gest
 He called *Cornwaile*, yet so called best:
 And *Debon's* share was, that is *Devonshire*.
 But *Canute* had his Portion from the rest,
 The which he call'd *Canutium*, for his Hire;
 Now *Cantium*, which *Kent* we commonly inquire.

XIII.

Thus *Brute* this Realm unto his Rule subdued,
 And reigned long in great Felicity,
 Lov'd of his Friends, and of his Foes eschew'd:
 He left three Sons (his famous Progeny)
 Born of fair *Inogene* of *Italy*;
 'Mongst whom he parted his Imperial State,
 And *Lochrine* left chief Lord of *Britany*.
 At last, ripe Age bad him surrender late
 His Life, and long good Fortune, unto final Fate.

XIV.

XIV.

Lochrine was left the sovereign Lord of all;
 But *Albanact* had all the Northern part,
 Which of himself *Albania* he did call;
 And *Camber* did possess the Western Quart,
 Which *Severn* now from *Logris* doth depart:
 And each his Portion peaceably enjoy'd,
 Ne was there outward Breach, nor Grudge in Heart,
 That once their quiet Government annoy'd,
 But each his Pains to other's Profit still employ'd.

XV.

Until a Nation strange, with Visage swart,
 And Courage fierce, that all Men did affray,
 Which through the World then swarm'd in every part,
 And overflow'd all Countries far away,
 Like *Noye's* great Flood, with their importune sway,
 This Land invaded with like Violence,
 And did themselves through all the North display:
 Until that *Lochrine* for his Realm's Defence,
 Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

XVI.

He them encountred (a confused Rout)
 Foreby the River that whilom was hight
 The auntient *Abus*, where with Courage stout
 He them defeated in victorious Fight,
 And chas'd so fiercely after fearful Flight,
 That forc'd their Chieftain, for his safety's sake
 (Their Chieftain *Humber* named was aright)
 Unto the mighty Stream him to betake,
 Where he an end of Battle, and of Life did make.

XVII.

The King returned proud of Victory,
 And insolent wox through unwonted Ease,
 That shortly he forgot the Jeopardy,
 Which in his Land he lately did appease,
 And fell to vain voluptuous Disease:
 He lov'd fair Lady *Estrild*, leudly lov'd,
 Whose wanton Pleasures him too much did please;
 That quite his Heart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
 From *Guendolene* his Wife, though always faithful prov'd.

P 5

XVIII.

XVIII.

The noble Daughter of *Corineus*
 Would not endure to be so vile disdain'd;
 But gathering Force, and Courage valorous,
 Encountred him in Battel well ordain'd,
 In which him vanquish'd she to fly constrain'd:
 But she so fast pursu'd, that him she took,
 And threw in Bands, where he till Death remain'd;
 Als his fair Leman, flying through a Brook,
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteous Look.

XIX.

But both her self, and eke her Daughter dear,
 Begotten by her kingly Paramour,
 The fair *Sabrina* almost dead with fear,
 She there attached, far from all Succour;
 The one she slew in that impatient stour:
 But the sad Virgin innocent of all,
 Adown the rolling River she did pour,
 Which of her name now *Severn* Men do call:
 Such was the end that to disloyal Love did fall.

XX.

Then for her Son, which she to *Lochrine* bore
 (*Madan* was young, unmeet the rule of Sway)
 In her own Hand the Crown she kept in store,
 Till riper Years he raught, and stronger stay:
 During which time, her Power she did display
 Through all this Realm (the Glory of her Sex)
 And first taught Men a Woman to obey.
 But when her Son to Man's Estate did wex,
 She it surrendred, ne her self would lenger vex.

XXI.

The *Madan* reign'd, unworthy of his Race;
 For, with all Shame that sacred Throne he fill'd:
 Next, *Memprise*, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being consof'd with *Manild*,
 For Thirst of single Kingdom him he kill'd.
 But *Ebranck* salved both their Infamies
 With noble Deeds, and warred on *Brunchild*
 In *Hennault*, where yet of his Victories
 Brave Monuments remain, which yet that Land envies.

XXII.

XXII.

An happy Man in his first days he was,
 And happy Father of fair Progeny:
 For, all for many Weeks as the Year has,
 So many Children he did multiply;
 Of which were twenty Sons, which did apply
 Their Minds to Praise, and chevalrous Desire:
 Thofe *Germans* did subdue all *Germany*,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire,
 With foul Repulse, from *Fraunce* was forced to retire.

XXIII.

Which Blot, his Son succeeding in his Sear,
 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 Recompense of everlasting Fame.
 He with his victour Sword first opened
 The Bowels of wide *Fraunce*, a forlorn Dame;
 And taught her first how to be conquered;
 Since which, with sundry Spoils she hath been ransacked.

XXIV.

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the Marsh of *Esthambruges* tell,
 What colour were their Waters that same day,
 And all the Moor 'twixt *Elversham* and *Dell*,
 With Blood of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad *Brunchildis* see
 The green Shield dy'd in dolorous Vermil?
 That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote seem to be;
 But rather y *Scuith gogh*, sign of sad Crueltie.

XXV.

His Son King *Leill*, by Father's Labour long,
 Enjoy'd an Heritage of lasting Peace,
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong.
 Next, *Huddibras* his Realm did not encrease,
 But taught the Land from weary Wars to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in Arts
 Excel'd at *Athens* all the learned Preece,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
 And with sweet Science mollify'd their stubborn Hearts.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Ensample of his wondrous Faculty,
Behold the boiling Baths at *Cairbadon*,
Which seeth with secret Fire eternally,
And in their Entrails, full of quick Brimston,
Nourish the Flames which they are warm'd upon,
That to her People Wealth they forth do well,
And Health to every foreign Nation;
Yet he at last, contending to excel
The reach of Men, thro' flight into fond Mischief fell.

XXVII.

Next him, King *Lear* in happy Peace long reign'd,
But had no Issue Male him to succeed,
But three fair Daughters, which were well uptrain'd,
In all that seem'd fit for kingly Seed:
'Mong whom his Realm he equally decreed
To have divided. Tho' when feeble Age
Nigh to his utmost Date he saw proceed,
He call'd his Daughters, and with Speeches sage
Inquir'd, which of them most did love her Parentage.

XXVIII.

The eldest, *Gonoril*, 'gan to protest,
That she much more than her own Life him lov'd;
And *Regan* greater Love to him profess'd,
Than all the World, whenever it were prov'd;
But *Cordeil* said she lov'd him, as behov'd:
Whose simple Answer, wanting Colours fair
To paint it forth, him to Displeasance mov'd,
That in his Crown he counted her no Heir,
But 'twixt the other twain his Kingdom whole did share.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to *Maglan* King of *Scots*,
And th' other to the King of *Cambria*,
And 'twixt them shar'd his Realm by equal Lots:
But without Dower the wise *Cordelia*
Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Sire, thus eas'd of his Crown,
A private Life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonoril*, long had in great Renown,
That nought him griev'd to been from Rule deposed down.

XXX.

XXX.

But true it is, that when the Oil is spent,
The Light goes out, and Wike is thrown away;
So when he had resign'd his Regiment,
His Daughter 'gan despise his drooping Day,
And weary wox of his continual Stay.
Tho' to his Daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
Who him at first well us'd every way;
But when of his Departure she despair'd,
Her Bounty she abated, and his Chear empair'd.

XXXI.

The wretched Man 'gan then avise too late,
That Love is not, where most it is profess'd;
Too truly try'd in his extreamest State.
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to *Cordelia* himself address'd,
Who with entire Affection him receiv'd,
As for her Sire and King her seem'd best;
And after all an Army strong she leav'd,
To war on those, which him had of his Realm bereav'd.

XXXII.

So to his Crown she him restor'd again,
In which he dy'd, made ripe for Death by Eld,
And after will'd it should to her remain;
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all Mens Hearts in due Obedience held:
Till that her Sister's Children, woxen strong,
Thro' proud Ambition against her rebel'd,
And overcome, kept in Prison long,
Till weary of that wretched Life, her self she hong.

XXXIII.

Then 'gan the bloody Brethren both to reign:
But fierce *Cundah* 'gan shortly to envy
His Brother *Morgan*, prick'd with proud Disdain
To have a Peer in part of Sovereignty;
And kindling Coals of cruel Enmity,
Rais'd War, and him in Battle overthrew:
Whence as he to those woody Hills did fly,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew.
Then did he reign alone, when he none Equal knew.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

His Son *Rival* his dead room did supply,
 In whose sad time Blood did from Heaven rain :
 Next, great *Gurgustus*, then fair *Cacily*
 In constant Peace their Kingdoms did contain ;
 After whom, *Iago*, and *Kinmarke* did reign,
 And *Gorbogud*, till far in years he grew,
 When his ambitious Sons unto them twain ;
 Arraught the Rule, and from their Father drew ;
 Stout *Ferrex* and stern *Porrex* him in Prison threw.

XXXV.

But O ! the greedy Thirst of royal Crown,
 That knows no Kindred, nor regards no Right,
 Stir'd *Porrex* up to put his Brother down ;
 Who unto him assembling foreign Might,
 Made war on him, and fell himself in fight :
 Whose Death 't' avenge, his Mother mercilefs
 (Most mercilefs of Women, *Wyden* hight)
 Her other Son fast sleeping did oppress,
 And with most cruel Hand him murder'd pittilefs.

XXXVI.

Here ended *Brutus*' sacred Progeny,
 Which had seven hundred years this Scepter borne
 With high Renown, and great Felicity ;
 The noble Branch from th' antique Stock was torn,
 Thro Discord, and the royal Throne forlorn :
 Thenceforth this Realm was into Factions rent,
 Whilst each of *Brutus* boasted to be born,
 That in the end was left no Monument
 Of *Brutus*, nor of *Briton*'s Glory ancient.

XXXVII.

Then up arose a Man of matchlefs Might,
 And wondrous Wit to menage high Affairs,
 Who stir'd with Pity of the strested Plight
 Of this sad Realm, cut into sundry Shares
 By such, as claim'd themselves *Brute*'s rightful Heirs,
 Gather'd the Princes of the People loose,
 To taken Counsel of their common Cares ;
 Who, with his Wisdom won, him strait did chuse
 Their King, and swore him Fealty to win or lose.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Then made he head against his Enemies,
 And *Ymner* slew, or *Logris* miscreate ;
 Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both Allies,
 This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
 And that of *Cambry* King confirmed late,
 He overthrew thro his own Valiaunce ;
 Whose Countries he reduc'd to quiet State,
 And shortly brought to civil Governauce,
 Now one, which earst were many, made thro Valiaunce.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred Laws, which some Men say
 Were unto him reveal'd in Vision,
 By which he freed the Travellers Highway,
 The Church's Part, and Plowman's Portion,
 Restraining Stealth, and strong Extortion ;
 The gracious *Numa* of Great Britanny :
 For till his Days, the chief Dominion
 By Strength was wielded without Policy ;
 Therefore he first wore Crown of Gold for Dignity.

XL.

Donwallo dy'd (for what may live for ay ?)
 And left two Sons of peerlefs Prowess both ;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,
 The Recompence of their perjured Oath,
 And ransack'd *Greece* well try'd, when they were wroth ;
 Besides subjected *Fraunce* and *Germany*,
 Which yet their Praifes speak, all-be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the Memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus* Kings of Britanny.

XLI.

Next them did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus*' Son,
 In Rule succeed, and eke in Father's Praife ;
 He *Easterland* subdu'd, and *Denmark* won,
 And of them both did Foy and Tribute raise,
 The which was due in his dead Father's Days :
 He also gave to Fugitives of *Spain*
 (Whom he at Sea found wandering from their Ways)
 A Seat in *Ireland* safely to remain,
 Which they should hold of him, as subject to Britain.

XLII.

XLII.

After him reigned *Guthiline* his Heir,
 (The justest Man, and truest in his Days)
 Who had to Wife Dame *Mertia* the Fair,
 A Woman worthy of immortal Praise,
 Which for this Realm found many goodly Lays,
 And wholesom Statutes to her Husband brought;
 Her many doem'd to have been of the *Fays*,
 As was *Agerie*, that *Numa* taught;
 Those yet of her be *Mertian* Laws both nam'd and thought.

XLIII.

Her Sons *Sifillus* after her did reign,
 And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
 Next whom *Morindus* did the Crown sustain:
 Who, had he not with Wrath outrageous,
 And cruel Rancour dimm'd his valorous
 And mighty Deeds, should matched have the best:
 As well in that same Field victorious
 Against the foreign *Morands* he express'd;
 Yet lives his Memory, tho Carcass sleep in rest.

XLIV.

Five Sons he left begotten of one Wife,
 All which successively by turns did reign:
 First, *Gorboman*, a Man of vertuous Life;
 Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud Disdain,
 Deposed was from Princedom soveraign,
 And piteous *Elidure* put in his sted;
 Who shortly it to him restor'd again,
 Till by his Death he it recovered;
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him dethronized.

XLV.

In wretched Prison long he did remain,
 Till they outreigned had their utmost Date,
 And then therein reseized was again,
 And ruled long with honourable State,
 Till he surrender'd Realm and Life to Fate.
 Then all the Sons of these five Brethren reign'd
 By due Success, and all their Nephews late,
 Even thrice eleven Descents the Crown retain'd,
 Till aged *Hely* by due Heritage it gain'd.

XLVI.

XLVI.

He had two Sons, whose eldest called *Lud*,
 Left of his Life most famous Memory,
 And endless Monuments of his great Good:
 The ruin'd Walls he did re-edify
 Of *Troynovant*, 'gainst Force of Enemy,
 And built that Gate, which of his Name is hight,
 By which he lies entombed solemnly.
 He left two Sons, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenanius*, Pictures of his Might.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Emé
 Was by the People chosen in their sted,
 Who on him took the royal Diademe,
 And goodly well long time it governed;
 Till the proud *Romans* him disquieted,
 And warlike *Cesar*, tempted with the Name
 Of this sweet Island, never conquered,
 And envying the *Britons* blazed Fame,
 (O hideous Hunger of Dominion!) hither came.

XLVIII.

Yet twice they were repulsed back again,
 And twice r'enforc'd, back to their Ships to fly,
 The whiles with Blood they all the Shore did stain,
 And the grey Ocean into purple dye:
 Ne had they Footing found at last perdy,
 Had not *Androgeus*, false to native Soil,
 And envious of Unkle's Sovereignty,
 Betray'd his Country unto foreign Spoil:
 Nought else, but Treason, from the first this Land did foil.

XLIX.

So by him *Cesar* got the Victory,
 Thro great Bloodshed, and many a sad Assay,
 In which himself was charged heavily
 Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
 But lost his Sword, yet to be seen this Day.
 Thenceforth this Land was tributary made
 T' ambitious *Rome*, and did their Rule obey,
 Till *Arthur* all that Reckoning did defray;
 Yet oft the *Briton* Kings against them strongly sway'd.

L.

Next him *Tenanius* reign'd, then *Kimbeline*,
 What time th' eternal Lord in fleshly Slime
 Enwomb'd was, from wretched *Adam's* Line
 To purge away the Guilt of sinful Crime:
 O joyous Memory of happy Time,
 That heavenly Grace so plenteously display'd!
 O too high Ditty for my simple Rime!
 Soon after this the *Romans* him warray'd,
 For that their Tribute he refus'd to let be pay'd.

LI.

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperor,
 An Army brought, and with him Battle fought,
 In which the King was by a Treacherous
 Disguis'd slain, e'er any thereof thought;
 Yet ceased not the bloody Fight for ought;
 For *Arvirage* his Brother's Place supply'd
 In Arms, and eke in Crown; and by that Draught
 Did drive the *Romans* to the weaker side,
 That they to Peace agreed. So all was pacify'd.

LII.

Was never King more highly magnify'd,
 Nor drad of *Romans*, than was *Arvirage*;
 For which the Emperor to him ally'd
 His Daughter *Genuiss'* in Marriage:
 Yet shortly he renounc'd the Vassallage
 Of *Rome* again, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great Spoil and Rage
 Forwast'd all, till *Genuissa* gent
 Persuaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent.

LIII.

He dy'd; and him succeeded *Marius*,
 Who joy'd his Days with great Tranquillity:
 Then *Coyl*, and after him good *Lucius*,
 That first received Christianity,
 The sacred Pledg of Christ's Evangely.
 Yet true it is, that long before that day
 Hither came *Joseph* of *Arimathy*,
 Who brought with him the holy Grail (they say)
 And preach'd the Truth; but since it greatly did decay.

LIV.

LIV.

This good King shortly without Issue dy'd,
 Whereof great Trouble in the Kingdom grew,
 That did her self in sundry Parts divide;
 And with her Power her own self overthrew,
 Whilst *Romans* daily did the Weak subdue:
 Which seeing, stout *Bunduca* up arose,
 And taking Arms, the *Britons* to her drew;
 With whom she march'd strait against her Foes,
 And them unwares besides the *Severn* did enclose.

LV.

There she with them a cruel Battle try'd,
 Not with so good Success as she deserv'd;
 By reason that the Captains, on her side,
 Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her swerv'd.
 Yet such, as were thro' former Flight preserv'd,
 Gathering again, her Host she did renew,
 And with fresh Courage on the Victor serv'd:
 But being all defeated, save a few,
 Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, her self she slew.

LVI.

O famous Monument of Womens Praise,
 Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
 Whom antique History so high doth raise,
 Or to *Hysphil*, or to *Thomiris*:
 Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
 Who, whiles good Fortune favoured her Might,
 Triumphed oft against her Enemies;
 And yet tho' overcome in hapless Fight,
 She triumphed on Death, in Enemies despight.

LVII.

Her Relicks *Fulgent* having gathered,
 Fought with *Severus*, and him overthrew;
 Yet in the Chace was slain of them that fled;
 So made them Victors, whom he did subdue.
 Then 'gan *Carausius* tyrannize anew,
 And 'gainst the *Romans* bent their proper Power;
 But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
 And took on him the Robe of Emperour:
 Nath'less the same enjoyed but short happy hour.

LVIII.

LVIII.

For *Asclepiodate* him overcame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquish'd Plain,
 Without or Robe, or Rag, to hide his Shame,
 Then afterwards he in his stead did reign;
 But shortly was by *Coyl* in Battle slain:
 Who after long Debate, since *Lucy's* time,
 Was of the *Britons* first crown'd Sovereign.
 Then 'gan this Realm renew her pass'd Prime:
 He of his Name *Coylchester* built of Stone and Line.

LIX.

Which when the *Romans* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a Man of mickle Might,
 With whom King *Coyl* made an Agreement,
 And to him gave for Wife his Daughter bright,
 Fair *Helena*, the fairest living Wight;
 Who in all godly Thews, and goodly Praise
 Did far excel, but was most famous hight
 For Skill in Musick of all in her Days,
 As well in curious Instruments, as cunning Lays.

LX.

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
 Who afterwards was Emperor of *Rome*;
 To which whiles absent he his Mind did set,
Octavius here leap'd into his room,
 And it usurped by unrighteous Doom:
 But he his Title justify'd by Might,
 Slaying *Trabern*, and having overcome
 The *Roman* Legion in dreadful Fight,
 So settled he his Kingdom, and confirm'd his Right.

LXI.

But wanting Issue Male, his Daughter dear
 He gave in Wedlock to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his Kingdom Heir,
 Who soon by means thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murder'd by the Friends of *Gratian*.
 Then 'gan the *Huns* and *Picts* invade this Land,
 During the Reign of *Maximinian*;
 Who dying, left none Heir them to withstand,
 But that they over-ran all Parts with easy hand.

LXII.

LXII.

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable Youth
 Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
 With wretched Miseries, and woful Ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open Prey,
 And daily Spectacle of sad Decay:
 Whom *Roman* Wars, which now four hundred years
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
 Till by Consent of Commons and of Peers,
 They crown'd the second *Constantine* with joyous Tears.

LXIII.

Who having off in Battle vanquished
 Those spoilful *Picts*, and swarming *Easterlings*,
 Long time in Peace his Realm established,
 Yet oft annoy'd with sundry Bordragings
 Of neighbour *Scots*, and foreign Scatterlings,
 With which the World did in those days abound:
 Which to outbar, with painful Pionings
 From Sea to Sea he heap'd a mighty Mound,
 Which from *Alclud* to *Parwelt* did that Border bound.

LXIV.

Three Sons he dying left, all under Age;
 By means whereof their Uncle *Vortigere*
 Usurp'd the Crown, during their Pupillage;
 Which th' Infants Tutors gathering to fear,
 Them closely into *Armorick* did bear:
 For Dread of whom, and for those *Picts* Annoys,
 He sent to *Germany*, strange Aid to rear,
 From whence estoons arrived here three Hoys
 Of *Saxons*, whom he for his Safety employs.

LXV.

Two Brethren were their Captains, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approv'd in War,
 And both of them Men of renowned Might:
 Who making 'vantage of their civil Jar,
 And of those Foreigners which came from far,
 Grew great, and got large Portions of Land;
 That in the Realm e'er long they stronger are,
 Than they, which fought at first their helping Hand,
 And *Vortiger* enforc'd the Kingdom to aband.

LXVI.

LXVI.

But by the help of *Vortimere* his Son,
 He is again unto his Rule restor'd;
 And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was done,
 Received is to Grace and new Accord,
 Thro his fair Daughter's Face, and flattering Word.
 Soon after which, three hundred Lords he slew
 Of *British* Blood, all sitting at his Board;
 Whose doleful Monuments who list to rue,
 Th' eternal Marks of Treason may at *Stonehenge* view.

LXVII.

By this, the Sons of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrise and *Uther* did ripe years attain,
 And here arriving, strongly challenged
 The Crown, which *Vortiger* did long detain:
 Who, flying from his Guilt, by them was slain,
 And *Hengist* eke soon brought to shameful Death.
 Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did reign,
 Till that thro Poison stopped was his Breath;
 So now entombed lies at *Stonehenge* by the Heath.

LXVIII.

After him *Uther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeeding.—There abruptly it did end,
 Without full Point, or other Censure right,
 As if the rest some wicked Hand did rend,
 Or th' Author's self could not at least attend
 To finish it; that so untimely Breach
 The Prince himself half seemeth to offend,
 Yet secret Pleasure did Offence impeach,
 And Wonder of Antiquity long stop'd his Speech.

LXIX.

At last, quite ravish'd with Delight, to hear
 The royal Offspring of his native Land,
 Cry'd out, Dear Country, O how dearly dear
 Ought thy Remembrance, and perpetual Band
 Be to thy foster Child, that from thy Hand
 Did common Breath, and Nouriture receive!
 How brutish is it, not to understand
 How much to her we owe, that all us gave,
 That gave unto us all whatever Good we have?

LXX.

LXX.

But *Guyon* all this while his Book did read,
 Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
 And ample Volume, that doth far exceed
 My leisure, so long Leaves here to repeat.
 It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
 A Man, of many Parts from Beasts deriv'd,
 And then stole Fire from Heaven, to animate
 His Work, for which he was by *Jove* depriv'd
 Of Life himself, and Heart-strings of an Eagle riv'd.

LXXI.

That Man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weat
 Quick, the first Author of all Elfin kind:
 Who, wandering thro the World with weary Feet,
 Did in the Gardens of *Adonis* find
 A godly Creature, whom he deem'd in Mind
 To be the earthly Wight, but either Spright,
 Or Angel, the Author of all Woman-kind;
 Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
 Of whom all *Fairies* spring, and fetch their Lineage right.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty People shortly grew,
 And puissant Kings, which all the World warray'd,
 And to themselves all Nations did subdue:
 The first and eldest, which that Scepter sway'd,
 Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obey'd,
 And all that now *America* Men call:
 Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who laid
Cleopolis' Foundation first of all,
 But *Elfline* enclos'd it with a golden Wall.

LXXIII.

His Son was *Elfinel*, who overcame
 The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody Field
 But *Elfant* was of most renowned Fame
 Who all of *Crystal* did *Panthea* build.
 Then *Elfar*, who two Brethren Giants kill'd,
 The one of which had two Heads, th' other three.
 Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skill'd;
 He built by Art upon the glassy Sea
 A Bridg of Brass, whose Sound Heaven's Thunder seem'd to

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

He left three Sons, the which in Order reign'd,
 And all their Offspring, in their due Descents,
 Even seven hundred Princes, which maintain'd
 With mighty Deeds their sundry Governments;
 That were too long their infinite Contents
 Here to record, ne much material:
 Yet should they be most famous Monuments,
 And brave Ensamble, both of martial
 And civil Rule to Kings and States imperial.

LXXV.

After all these, *Elficeos* did reign,
 The wise *Elficeos*, in great Majesty,
 Who mightily that Scepter did sustain,
 And with rich Spoils and famous Victory,
 Did high advance the Crown of *Fairy*:
 He left two Sons, of which fair *Elferon*
 The eldest Brother did untimely die;
 Whose empty Place the mighty *Oberon*
 Doubly supply'd, in Spousal and Dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his Power and Glory over all
 Which him before that sacred Seat did fill,
 That yet remains his wide Memorial:
 He dying, left the fairest *Quail*
 Him to succeed therein, by his last Will:
 Fairer and nobler-lived none this hour.
 Ne like in Grace, ne like in learned Skill;
 Therefore they *Glorious* call that glorious Flower.
 Long mayst thou *Glorious* live, in Glory and great Power.

LXXVII.

Beguil'd thus with Delight of Novelties,
 And natural Rure of Country's State,
 So long they read in those Antiquities,
 That h^o the time was fled, they quite forgate;
 Till ^o the *Alma* seeing it so late,
 Perceiv'd their Studies broke, and them besought
 To think, how Supper did them long await:
 So half unwilling from their Books them brought,
 And fairly tasted, as so noble Knights she ought.

CANTO

CANTO XI.

The Enemies of Temperance
 Besiege her Dwelling-Place:
 Prince Arthur them repels, and foul
 Maleger doth deface.

I.

WHAT War so cruel, or what Siege so sore,
 As that, which strong Affections do apply
 Against the Fort of Reason, evermore
 To bring the Soul into Captivity!
 Their Force is fiercer thro' infirmity
 Of the frail Flesh, relenting to their Rage,
 And exercise most bitter Tyranny
 Upon the Parts brought into their Bondage:
 No Wretchedness is like to sinful Villenage.

II.

But in a Body, which doth freely yield
 His Parts to Reason's Rule obedient,
 And letteth her that ought the Scepter wield,
 All happy Peace and goodly Government
 Is settled there in sure Establishment:
 There *Alma*, like a Virgin Queen most bright,
 Doth flourish in all Beauty excellent;
 And to her Guests doth bounteous Banquet dight,
 Attempted goodly well for Health, and for Delight.

III.

Early before the Morn with crimson Ray,
 The Windows of bright Heaven open'd had,
 Thro' which into the World the dawning Day
 Might look, that maketh every Creature glad,
 Uprose Sir *Gwynon*, in bright Armour clad,
 And to his purpos'd Journey him prepar'd:
 With him the Palmer eke in Habit sad,
 Himself address'd to that Adventure hard:
 So to the River's side they both together sail'd.

Vol. II.

Q

IV.

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the Ford,
The Ferriman, as *Alma* had beight,
With his well-rigged Boat: They go aboard,
And he estfoons 'gan launch his Bark forthright.
E'er long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the Land behind them fled away.
But let them pass, whiles Wind and Weather right
Do serve their turns; here I awhile must stay,
To see a cruel Fight doen by the Prince this day.

V.

For all so soon as *Guyon* thence was gone
Upon his Voyage with his trusty Guide,
That wicked Band of Villains fresh begun
That Castle to assail on every side,
And lay strong Siege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their Numbers were,
That all the Land they under them did hide;
So foul and ugly, that exceeding Fear
Their Visages impress'd, when they approached near.

VI.

Them in twelve Troops their Captain did dispart,
And round about in fittest Steads did place,
Where each might best offend his proper Part,
And his contrary Object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that case,
Seven of the same against the Castle-Gate,
In strong Intrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant Force and endless Hate,
They batter'd day and night, and Entrance did await.

VII.

The other five, five sundry ways he set,
Against the five great Bulwarks of that Pile,
And unto each a Bulwark did arret,
T' assail with open Force or hidden Guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious Spoil.
They all that Charge did fervently apply,
With greedy Malice and importune Toil,
And planted there their huge Artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadful Battery.

VIII.

VIII.

The first Troop was a monstrous Rabblement
Of foul mishapen Wights, of which some were
Headed like Owls, with Beaks uncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons drear;
And some had Wings, and some had Claws to tear,
And every one of them had Lynces Eyes,
And every one did Bow and Arrows bear;
All those were lawless Lusts, corrupt Envy,
And covetous Aspects, all cruel Enemies.

IX.

Those same against the Bulwark of the Sight
Did lay strong Siege, and battailous Assault,
Ne once did yield it respite day or night,
But soon as *Titan* 'gan his Head exault,
And soon again as he his Light withhault,
Their wicked Engins they against it bent;
That is, each thing, by which the Eyes may fault:
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and Mony, they that Bulwark forely rent.

X.

The second Bulwark was the Hearing Sense,
'Gainst which the second Troop Designment makes:
Deformed Creatures, in strange difference,
Some having Heads like Harts, some like to Snakes;
Some like wild Boars late rous'd out of the Brakes;
Slandrous Reproaches, and foul Infamies,
Leafings, Back-bitings, and vain-glorious Crakes,
Bad Counsels, Praises, and false Flatteries;
All those against that Fort did bend their Batteries.

XI.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the Smell,
Of that third Troop was cruelly assay'd:
Whose hideous Shapes were like to Fiends of Hell;
Some like to Hounds, some like to Apes dismay'd,
Some like to Puttocks, all in Plumes array'd:
All snap'd according their Conditions,
For by those ugly Forms weren pourtray'd
Foolish Delights and fond Abusions,
Which do that Sense besiege with light Illusions.

Q 2

XII.

XII.

And that fourth Band, which cruel Battery bent
Against the fourth Bulwark, that is the *Taste*,
Was, as the rest, a gryffe Rabblement;
Some mouth'd like greedy Ostriches, some fac'd
Like loathly Toads, some fashion'd in the Waste
Like Swine; for so deform'd is Luxury,
Surfeit, Misdiet, and unthrifty Waste,
Vain Feasts, and idle Superfluity:
All those this Sense's Fort assail incessantly.

XIII.

But the fifth Troop most horrible of Hue,
And fierce of Force, was dreadful to report;
For, some like Snails, some did like Spiders shew,
And some like ugly Urchins thick and short:
They cruelly assailed that fifth Fort,
Armed with Darts of sensual Delight,
With Stings of carnal Lust, and strong Effort
Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fifth Bulwark they continu'd Fight.

XIV.

Thus these twelve Troops with dreadful Puissance
Against that Castle restless Siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous Ordinance
Upon the Bulwarks cruelly did play,
That now it 'gan to threaten near Decay:
And evermore their wicked Captain
Provoked them the Breaches to assay,
Sometimes with Threats, sometimes with Hope of Gain,
Which by the Ranfack of that Piece they should attain.

XV.

On th' other side, th' assieged Castle's Ward
Their stedfast Stonds did mightily maintain,
And many bold Repulse, and many hard
Achievement wrought with Peril and with Pain,
That goodly Frame from Ruin to sustain:
And those two Brethren Giants did defend
The Walls so stoutly with their sturdy Main,
That never Entrance any durst pretend,
But they to direful Death their groaning Ghosts did send.

XVI.

XVI.

The noble Virgin, Lady of that Place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful Sight
(For never was she in so evil Case)
Till that the Prince, seeing her woful Plight,
'Gan her recomfort from so sad Affright,
Offering his Service, and his dearest Life
For her Defence, against that Carle to fight,
Which was their Chief, and th' Author of that Strife:
She him remercy'd as the Patron of her Life.

XVII.

Estfoons himself in Glitter and Arms he dight,
And his well-proved Weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous Conge, he behight
Those Gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fair mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
That ever brandish'd bright Steel on high:
Whom soon as that unruly Rabblement,
With his gay Squire insulting did espy,
They rear'd a most outrageous dreadful yelling Cry.

XVIII.

And therewith all at once at him let fly
Their fluttering Arrows, thick as Flakes of Snow,
And round about him flock impetuously,
Like a great Water-Flood, that tumbling low
From the high Mountains, threats to overthrow
With suddain Fury all the fertile Plain,
And the sad Husbandman's long Hope doth throw
Adown the Stream, and all his Vows make vain,
Nor Bounds nor Banks his headlong Ruin may sustain.

XIX.

Upon his Shield their heaped Hail he bore,
And with his Sword dispers'd the rascal Flocks,
Which fled asunder, and him fell before,
As wither'd Leaves drop from their dried Stocks,
When the wroth Western Wind does reave their Locks:
And underneath him his courageous Steed,
The fierce *Spumador*, trod them down like Docks;
The fierce *Spumador* born of heavenly Seed,
Such as *Laomedon* of *Phœbus* Race did breed.

XX.

Which suddain Horror and confused Cry,
When as their Captain heard, in haste he yode
The Cause to weet, and Fault to remedy;
Upon a Tiger swift and fierce he rode,
That as the Wind ran underneath his Load,
While his long Legs nigh raught unto the Ground;
Full large he was of Limb, and Shoulders broad,
But of such subtle Substance, and unbound, (bound.
That like a Ghost he seem'd, whose Grave-clothes were un-

XXI.

And in his hand a bended Bow was seen,
And many Arrows under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,
Headed with Flint, and Feathers bloody dy'd,
Such as the *Indians* in their Quivers hide;
Those could he well direct as strait as line,
And bid them strike the Mark, which he had ey'd;
Ne was there Salve, ne was there Medicine,
That mote recure their Wounds: so inly they did tine.

XXII.

As pale and wan as Ashes was his Look,
His Body lean and meager as a rake,
And Skin all wither'd like a dried Rook,
Thereo as cold and dreary as a Snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake:
All in a Canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a Belt of twisted Brake,
Upon his Head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead Man's Skull, that seem'd a ghastly Sight.

XXIII.

Maleger was his Name, and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary Locks all loose, and Visage grim;
Their Feet unshod, their Bodies wrapt in Rags,
And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
And yet the one her other Leg had lame,
Which with a Staff, all full of little Snags,
She did disport, and *Impotence* her Name:
But th' other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging Flame.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Soon as the Carle from far the Prince espy'd,
Gliftring in Arms and warlike Ornament,
His Beast he-felly prick'd on either side,
And his mischievous Bow full ready bent,
With which at him a cruel Shaft he sent:
But he was wary, and it warded well
Upon his Shield, that it no further went,
But to the Ground the idle Quarrel fell:
Then he another and another did expel.

XXV.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortal Spear
Soon to him raught, and fierce at him did rid,
To be avenged of that Shot whileare:
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter Stound, but turning quick aside
His light-foot Beast, fled fast away for fear.
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hy'd,
So fast as his good Courser could him bear,
But Labour lost it was, to ween approach him near.

XXVI.

For as the winged Wind his Tiger fled,
That View of Eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarce his Feet on ground were seen to tread;
Thro Hills and Dales he speedy way did make,
Ne Hedg ne Ditch his ready Passage brake:
And in his Flight the Villain turn'd his Face
(As wons the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* Lake,
Whenas the *Russian* him in Fight does chase)
Unto his Tiger's Tail, and shot at him apace.

XXVII.

Apace he shor, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy Knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his Pace,
That him his Foe more fiercely should pursue:
Who when his uncouth Manner he did view,
He 'gan avise to follow him no more,
But keep his Standing, and his Shafts eschew,
Until he quite had spent his per'ious Store,
And then assail him fresh, e'er he could shift for more.

Q 4

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked Arrows, gather'd them again,
 And to him brought, fresh Battle to renew :
 Which he espying, cast her to restrain
 From yielding Succour to that cursed Swain,
 And her attaching, thought her Hands to tie
 But soon as him dismounted on the Plain,
 That other Hag did far away espy
 Binding her Sister, she to him ran hastily.

XXIX.

And catching hold of him, as down he lent,
 Him backward overthrew, and down him stay'd
 With their rude Hands and griesly Grapplement,
 Till that the Villain coming to their Aid,
 Upon him fell, and Load upon him laid ;
 Full little wanted, but he had him slain,
 And of the Battle baleful end had made,
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his Pain,
 And comen to his Rescue, e'er his bitter Bane.

XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the help of weaker Hand ;
 So feeble is Man's State, and Life unbound,
 That in Assurance it may never stand,
 Till it dissolved be from earthly Band.
 Proof be thou Prince, the proudest Man alive,
 And noblest born of all in Briton Land ;
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearly drive,
 That had not Grace thee blest, thou shouldest not revive.

XXXI.

The Squire arriving, fiercely in his Arms
 Snatch'd first the one, and then the other Jade,
 His chiefest Lets and Authors of his Harms,
 And them perforce withheld with threatned Blade,
 Lest that his Lord they should behind invade :
 The whiles the Prince, prick'd with reproachful Shame,
 As one awak'd out of long slumbring Shade,
 Reviving, thought of Glory and of Fame,
 United all his Powers to purge himself from Blame.

XXXII.

XXXIII.

Like as a Fire, the which in hollow Cave
 Hath long been under-kept, and down suppress'd,
 With murmurous Disdain doth inly rave,
 And grudg in so strait Prison to be press'd,
 At last breaks forth with furious Unrest,
 And strives to mount unto his native Seat ;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 It now devours with Flames and scorching Heat,
 And carries into Smoke with Rage and Horror great.

XXXIII.

So mightily the Briton Prince him rouz'd
 Out of his Hold, and broke his captive Bands,
 And as a Bear whom angry Curs have touz'd,
 Having off-shak'd them, and escap'd their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads down and overthrows. Now had the Carle
 Alighted from his Tiger, and his Hands
 Discharged of his Bow and deadly Quar'le,
 To seize upon his Foe flat lying on the Marle.

XXXIV.

Which now him turn'd to Disadvantage dear ;
 For neither can he fly, nor other harm,
 But trust unto his Strength and Manhood mere,
 Sith now he is far from his monstrous Swarm,
 And of his Weapons did himself disarm.
 The Knight yet wrothful for his late Disgrace,
 Fiercely advaunc'd his valorous right Arm,
 And him so fore smote with his iron Mace,
 That groveling to the Ground he fell, and fill'd his Place.

XXXV.

Well weened he, that Field was then his own,
 And all his Labour brought to happy end,
 When suddain up the Villain overthrown,
 Out of his Swoon arose, fresh to contend,
 And 'gan himself to second Battle bend,
 As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
 An huge great Stone, which stood upon one end,
 And had not been removed many a day ;
 Some Land-mark seem'd to be, or Sign of sundry way.

Q 5

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

The same he snatch'd, and with exceeding Sway
 Threw at his Foe, who was right well aware
 To shun the Engin of his meant Decay;
 It booted not to think that Throw to bear,
 But ground he gave, and lightly leap'd arear:
 Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon fair,
 That once hath failed of her Soufe full near,
 Remounts again into the open Air,
 And unto better Fortune doth her self prepare.

XXXVII.

So brave returning, with his brandish'd Blade,
 He to the Carle himself again address'd,
 And strook at him so sternly, that he made
 An open Passage thro his riven Breast,
 That half the Steel behind his back did rest:
 Which drawing back, he looked evermore
 When the Heart-Blood should gush out of his Chest,
 Or his dead Corse should fall upon the Floor;
 But his dead Corse upon the Floor fell nathemore.

XXXVIII.

Ne Drop of Blood appeared shed to be,
 All were the Wound so wide and wonderous,
 That thro his Carcass one might plainly see.
 Half in Amaze with Horrour hideous,
 And half in Rage to be deluded thus,
 Again thro both the Sides he strook him quite,
 That made his Spright to grone full piteous:
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groaning Spright;
 But freshly, as at first, prepar'd himself to fight.

XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great Affright,
 And trembling Terrour did his Heart appall:
 Ne wist he, what to think of that same sight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to do at all;
 He doubted, lest it were some magical
 Illusion, that did beguile his Sense,
 Or wandring Ghost, that wanted Funeral,
 Or airy Spirit under false Pretence,
 Or hellish Fiend rais'd up thro devilish Science.

XL.

XL.

His Wonder far exceeded Reason's Reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazled Sight,
 And oft of Error did himself appeach:
 Flesh without Blood, a Person without Spright,
 Wounds without Hurt, a Body without Might,
 That could do harm, yet could not harmed be,
 That could not die, yet seem'd a mortal Wight,
 That was most strong in most Infirmity;
 Like did he never hear, like did he never see.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this Astonishment;
 Yet would he not for all his great Dismay,
 Give over to effect his first Intent,
 And th' utmost Means of Victory assay,
 Or th' utmost Issue of his own Decay.
 His own good Sword *Mordure*, that never fail'd
 At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright Shield, that nought him now avail'd,
 And with his naked Hands him forcibly assail'd.

XLII.

'Twiix his two mighty Arms him up he snatch'd,
 And crush'd his Carcass so against his Breast,
 That the disdainful Soul he thence dispatch'd,
 And th' idle Breath all utterly express'd:
 Tho when he felt him dead, adown he kest
 The lumpish Corse unto the senseless Ground;
 Adown he kest it with so puissant Wrest,
 That back again it did aloft rebound,
 And gave against his Mother Earth a groanful Sound.

XLIII.

As when *Jove's* harness-bearing Bird from high
 Stoops at a flying Heron with proud Disdain,
 The stone-dead Quarry falls so forcibly,
 That it rebounds against the lowly Plain,
 A second Fall redoubling back again.
 Then thought the Prince all Peril sure was past,
 And that he Victor only did remain;
 No sooner thought, than that the Carle as fast
 'Gan heap huge Strokes on him, as e'er he down was cast.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Nigh his Wit's end then wox th' amazed Knight,
 And thought his Labour lost, and Travail vain,
 Against this lifeless Shadow so to fight;
 Yet Life he saw, and felt his mighty Main,
 That whiles he marvel'd still, did still him pain:
 For-thy he 'gan some other ways advize,
 How to take Life from that dead-living Swain,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arise
 From th' Earth, and from her Womb new Spirits to rephrase.

XLV.

He then remembered well, that had been said,
 How th' Earth his Mother was, and first him bore;
 She eke, so often as his Life decay'd,
 Did Life with Usury to him restore,
 And rais'd him up much stronger than before,
 So soon as he unto her Womb did fall;
 Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
 Ne him commit to Grave Terrestrial,
 But bear him far from hope of Succour usual.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him 'twixt his puissant Hands,
 And having scruz'd out of his carrion Corse
 The loathful Life, now loos'd from sinful Bands,
 Upon his Shoulders caried him perforce
 Above three Furlongs, taking his full Course,
 Until he came unto a standing Lake;
 Him thereto he threw without Remorse,
 Ne stir'd, till hope of Life did him forsake:
 So end of that Carle's Days, and his own Pains did make.

XLVII.

Which when those wicked Hags from far did spy,
 Like two mad Dogs they ran about the Lands,
 And th' one of them with dreadful yelling Cry,
 Throwing away her broken Chains and Bands,
 And havin' quench'd her burning Fierbrands,
 Headlong her self did cast into that Lake;
 But impotence, with her own wilful Hands,
 One of Maleger's cursed Darts did take,
 So riv'd her trembling Heart, and wicked End did make.

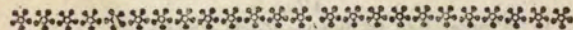
XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he Conquerour remains;
 Tho, coming to his Squire, that kept his Steed,
 Thought to have mounted: but his feeble Veins
 Him fail'd thereto, and served not his need,
 Through loss of Blood, which from his Wounds did bleed,
 That he began to faint, and Life decay:
 But his good Squire him helping up with speed,
 With stedfast Hand upon his Horse did stay,
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

XLIX.

Where many Grooms and Squires ready were,
 To take him from his Steed full tenderly,
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
 With Balm and Wine, and costly Spicery,
 To comfort him in his Infirmitie:
 Eftsoons she caus'd him up to be convey'd,
 And of his Arms despoiled easily;
 In sumptuous Bed she made him to be laid,
 And all the while his Wounds were dressing, by him staid.



CANTO XII.

*Guyon by Palmer's Governance,
 Passing through Perils great,
 Doth overthrow the Bower of Bliss,
 And Acrasie defeat.*

I.

NOW 'gins this goodly Frame of Temperance
 Fairly to rise, and her adorned Head
 To prick of highest Praise forth to advance,
 Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
 On firm Foundation of true Bountified;
 And this brave Knight, that for this Virtue fights,
 Now comes to point of that same perilous Stead,
 Where Pleasure dwells in sensual Delights,
 'Mongst thousand Dangers, and ten thousand magick Might.

II.

Two days now in that Sea he sailed has,
 Ne ever Land beheld, ne living Wight,
 Ne ought save Peril, still as he did pass:
 Tho, when appear'd the third *Morrow* bright
 Upon the Waves to spread her trembling light,
 An hideous roaring far away they heard,
 That all their Senses filled with affright,
 And straight they saw the raging Surges rear'd
 Up to the Skies, that them of drowning made appear'd.

III.

Said then the *Boatman*, Palmer steer aright,
 And keep an even Course; for yonder way
 We needs must pass (God do us well acquight):
 That is the *Gulf of Greediness*, they say,
 That deep engorgeth all this Worldes prey:
 Which having swallow'd up excessively,
 He soon in Vomit up again doth lay,
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,
 That all the Seas for fear do seem away to fly.

IV.

On th' other side an hideous Rock is pight,
 Of mighty *Magnes*' Stone, whose craggy Cliff
 Depending from on high, dreadful to sight,
 Over the Waves his rugged Arms doth lift,
 And threatneth down to throw his ragged Rift
 On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it draws
 All Passengers, that none from it can shift:
 For whiles they fly that *Gulf*'s devouring Jaws,
 They on this Rock are rent, and sunk in helpless Waves.

V.

Forward they pass, and strongly he them rows,
 Until they nigh unto that *Gulf* arrive,
 Where Stream more violent and greedy grows:
 Then he with all his Puissance doth strive
 To strike his Oars, and mightily doth drive
 The hollow Vessel through the threatful Wave;
 Which gaping wide, to swallow them alive
 In th' huge Abyss of his engulping Grave,
 Doth roar at them in vain, and with great Terror rave.

VI.

VI.

They passing by, that grievously Mouth did see,
 Sucking the Seas into his Entrails deep,
 That seem'd more horrible than Hell to be,
 Or that dark dreadful Hole of *Tartare* steep,
 Through which the damned Ghosts doen often creep
 Back to the World, bad Livers to torment:
 But nought that falls into this direful Deep,
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wide Descent,
 May back return, but is condemned to be drent.

VII.

On th' other side, they saw that perilous Rock,
 Threatning it self on them to ruinate,
 On whose sharp Cliffs the Ribs of Vessels broke,
 And shiver'd Ships, which had been wrecked late,
 Yet stuck, with Carcasses exanimate
 Of such, as having all their Substance spent
 In wanton Joys, and Lusts intemperate,
 Did afterwards make Shipwreck violent
 Both of their Life and Fame, for ever foully blent.

VIII.

For-thy, this hight *The Rock of vile Reproach*,
 A dangerous and detestable Place,
 To which nor Fish nor Fowl did once approach,
 But yelling Meaws, with Sea-gulls hoarse and base,
 And Cormorants, with Birds of ravenous Race;
 Which still sat waiting on that wasteful Cliff,
 For Spoil of Wretches, whose unhappy case,
 After lost Credit and consumed Thrift,
 At last them driven hath to this despairful Drift.

IX.

The Palmer, seeing them in safety pass,
 Thus said: Behold th' Ensamplers in our sights
 Of lustful Luxury, and thriftless Waste:
 What now is left of miserable Wights,
 Which spent their looser Days in leud Delights,
 But Shame and sad Reproach, here to be red,
 By these rent Reliques, speaking their ill Plights?
 Let all that live, hereby be counselled
 To shun *Rock of Reproach*, and it as Death to dread.

X.

X.

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferry-man*
 With his stiff Oars did brush the Sea so strong,
 That the hoar Waters from his Frigate ran,
 And the light Bubbles daunced all along,
 Whiles the salt Brine out of the Billows sprong.
 At last, far off they many Islands spy,
 On every side floating the Floods among:
 Then said the Knight; Lo! I the Land descry;
 Therefore, old Sire, thy Course do thereunto apply.

XI.

That may not be, said then the *Ferry-man*,
 Lest we unweeing hap to be fordone:
 For those same Islands, seeming now and then,
 Are not firm Land, nor any certain Won,
 But straggling Plots, which to and fro do ron
 In the wide Waters; therefore are they hight
 The *wandring Islands*. Therefore do them shon;
 For they have oft drawn many a wandring Wight
 Into most deadly Danger and distressed Plight.

XII.

Yet well they seem to him, that far doth view,
 Both fair and fruitful, and the Ground dispred
 With grassy green of delectable Hue;
 And the tall Trees with Leaves apparelled,
 Are deck'd with Blossoms dy'd in white and red,
 That mote the Passengers thereto allure:
 But whosoever once hath fastened
 His foot thereon, may never it recure,
 But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

XIII.

As th' Isle of *Delos* whilom Men report
 Amid th' *Egean* Sea long time did stray,
 Ne made for Shipping any certain Port,
 Till that *Latona* travelling that way,
 Flying from *Juno's* Wrath and hard Assay,
 Of her fair Twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the Night and Day;
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for *Apollo's* Honour highly herried.

XIV.

XIV.

They to him hearken, as besecmeth meet,
 And pass on forward: so their way does lie,
 That one of those same Islands which do fleece
 In the wide Sea, they needs must passen by,
 Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the Eye,
 That it would tempt a Man to touchen there:
 Upon the Bank they sitting did espy
 A dainty Damzel, dressing of her Hair,
 By whom a little Skippet floating did appear.

XV.

She, them espying, loud to them 'gan call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the Shore;
 For she had cause to busy them withal:
 And therewith loudly laugh'd. But nathemore
 Would they once turn, but kept on as afore:
 Which when she saw, she left her Locks undight,
 And running to her Boat withouten Oar,
 From the departing Land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her Power and Might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
 Them 'gan to board, and purpose diversly,
 Now feigning Dalliance and wanton Sport,
 Now throwing forth leud words immodestly;
 Till that the Palmer 'gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
 Which not abiding, but more scornfully
 Scoffing at him, that did her justly wite,
 She turn'd her Boat about, and from them rowed quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton *Phedria*, which late
 Did ferry him over the *Idle Lake*:
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their Gate,
 And all her vain Allurements did forsake,
 When them the wary Boatman thus bespake:
 Here now behoveth us well to avise,
 And of our Safety good heed to take;
 For here before a perilous Passage lies,
 Where many Mermaids haunt, making false Melodies.

XVIII.

XVIII.

But by the way, there is a great Quick-sand,
 And a Whirlpool of hidden Jeopardy:
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an even hand;
 For 'twixt them both the narrow way doth lie.
 Scarce had he said, when hard at hand they spy
 That Quick-sand nigh, with Water covered;
 But by the checked Wave they did descrie
 It plain, and by the Sea discoloured;
 It called was the Quick-sand of *Unthrifty-head*.

XIX.

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
 Laden from far with precious Merchandize,
 And bravely furnished, as Ship might be,
 Which through great disaventure, or misprize,
 Her self had run into that hazardize;
 Whose Mariners and Merchants with much Toil,
 Labour'd in vain to have recur'd their Prize,
 And the rich Wares to save from piteous Spoil:
 But neither Toil nor Travail might her back recoil.

XX.

On th' other side they see that perilous Pool,
 That called was the *Whirlpool of Decay*,
 In which full many had with hapless Dool
 Been sunk, of whom no Memory did stay:
 Whose circled Waters wrap'd with whirling sway,
 Like to a restless Wheel, still running round,
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw the Boat within the utmost bound
 Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to have them dround.

XXI.

But th' heedful Boatman strongly forth did stretch
 His brawny Arms, and all his Body strain,
 That th' utmost sandy Breach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dread Danger does behind remain;
 Suddain they see, from midst of all the Main,
 The surging Waters like a Mountain rise,
 And the great Sea puff'd up with proud Disdain,
 To swell above the measure of his guise,
 As threatening to devour all, that his Power despise.

XXII.

XXII.

The Waves come rolling, and the Billows roar
 Outrageously, as they enraged were;
 Or wrathful *Neptune* did them drive before
 His whirling Charet, for exceeding fear:
 For, not one puff of Wind there did appear,
 That all the three thereat wox much afraid,
 Unweeting what such Horror strange did rear.
 Eftsoons they saw an hideous Host array'd
 Of huge Sea-monsters, such as living Sense difmay'd.

XXIII.

Most ugly Shapes, and horrible Aspects,
 Such as Dame Nature's self mote fear to see,
 Or Shame, that ever should so foul Defects
 From her most cunning Hand escaped be;
 All dreadful Pourtraicts of Deformity:
 Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and Sea-shouldring Whales,
 Great Whirlpools, which all Fishes make to flee,
 Bright *Scolopendras*, arm'd with silver Scales,
 Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured Tails.

XXIV.

The dreadful Fish, that hath deserv'd the name
 Of Death, and like him looks in dreadful Hue;
 The grießly Wasserman, that makes his Game
 The flying Ships with swiftness to pursue;
 The horrible Sea-fartyr, that doth shew
 His fearful face in time of greatest Storm;
 Huge *Ziffus*, whom Mariners eschew
 No less than Rocks (as Travellers inform)
 And greedy *Rosemarines* with Visages deform:

XXV.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
 And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
 With dreadful Noise, and hollow rombling Roar,
 Came rushing in the foamy Waves enroll'd,
 Which seem'd to fly for fear, them to behold:
 Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall;
 For, all that here on Earth we dreadful hold,
 Be but as Bugs to fearen Babes withal,
 Compared to the Creatures in the Seas Entral.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Fear nought, then said the Palmer well aviz'd ;
 For, these same Monsters are not these in deed,
 But are into these fearful Shapes disguiz'd
 By that same wicked Witch, to work us dread,
 And draw from on this Journey to proceed.
 Tho, lifting up his virtuous Staff on high,
 He smote the Sea, which calmed was with speed,
 And all that dreadful Army fast gan fly
 Into great *Thetys*' Bosom, where they hidden lie.

XXVII.

Quit from that Danger, forth their Course they kept ;
 And as they went they heard a rueful Cry
 Of one, that wail'd and pitifully wept,
 That through the Sea resounding Plaints did fly :
 At last they in an Island did espy
 A seemly Maiden, sitting by the Shore,
 That with great Sorrow, and sad Agony,
 Seemed some great Misfortune to deplore,
 And lou'd to them for Succour called evermore.

XXVIII.

Which *Guyon* hearing, straight his Palmer bade
 To steer the Boat towards that doleful Maid,
 That he might know, and ease her Sorrow sad :
 Who him avizing better, to him said ;
 Fair Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobey'd :
 For ill it were to hearken to her Cry ;
 For she is inly nothing ill appay'd,
 But only Womanish fine Forgery,
 Your stubborn Heart t' affect with frail Infirmary.

XXIX.

To which when she your Courage hath inclin'd
 Through foolish Pity, then her guileful Bait
 She will embosom deeper in your Mind,
 And for your Ruin at the last await.
 The Knight was ruled, and the Boatman straight
 Held on his Course with stayed Stedfastness,
 Ne ever shrunk, ne ever sought to bait
 His tired Arms for toilsom Weariness,
 But with his Oars did sweep the watry Wilderiness.

XXX.

XXX.

And now they nigh approached to the sted,
 Where as those Mermaids dwelt : it was a still
 And calmy Bay, on th' one side sheltered,
 With the broad Shadow of an hoary Hill,
 On th' other side an high Rock toured still,
 That 'twixt them both a pleasant Port they made,
 And did like an half Theatre fulfil :
 There those five Sisters had continual Trade,
 And us'd to bathe themselves in that deceitful Shade.

XXXI.

They were fair Ladies, till they fondly striv'd
 With th' *Heliconian* Maids for maistry ;
 Of whom they overcome were, depriv'd
 Of their proud Beauty, and th' one Moiry
 Transform'd to Fish, for their bold Surquedry ;
 But th' upper half their Hue retained still,
 And their sweet Skill in wonted Melody ;
 Which ever after they abus'd to ill,
 T' allure weak Travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

XXXII.

So now to *Guyon*, as he pass'd by,
 Their pleasant Tunes they sweetly thus apply'd ;
 O thou fair Son of gentle Fairy,
 That art in mighty Arms most magnify'd,
 Above all Knights, that ever Battel try'd,
 O turn thy Rudder hitherward awhile :
 Here may thy storm-bet Vessel safely ride ;
 This is the Port of Rest from troublous Toil,
 The World's sweet Inn, from Pain and wearisom Turmoil.

XXXIII.

With that, the rolling Sea resounding soft,
 In his big Bafe them sily answered,
 And on the Rock the Waves breaking aloft,
 A solemn Mean unto them measur'd ;
 The whiles sweet *Zephyrus* loud whistled
 His Treble, a strange kind of Harmony ;
 Which *Guyon*'s Senses softly tickled,
 That he the Boatman bad row easly,
 And let him hear some part of their rare Melody.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

But him that Palmer from that Vanity,
 With temperate Advice discourfelled,
 That they it paff, and fhordly 'gan defcry
 The Land, to which their Courfe they levelled;
 When fuddenly a grofs Fog over-fpred
 With his dull Vapour all that Defert has,
 And Heaven's chearful Face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great Univerfe feem'd one confused Mafs.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were difmay'd; ne wift
 How to direct their way in Darknefs wide,
 But fear'd to wander in that wafeful Mift,
 For tomling into Mifchief unefpy'd:
 Worfe is the Danger hidden, than defcry'd.
 Suddenly an innumerable Flight
 Of harmful Fowls, about them fluttering, cry'd,
 And with their wicked Wings them oft did fmitte,
 And fore annoyed, groping in that grieſly Night.

XXXVI.

Even all the Nation of unfortunate
 And fatal Birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature Men abhor and hate;
 The ill-fac'd Owl, Death's dreadful Mefſenger,
 The hoarfe Night-Raven, Trump of doleful Drere,
 The Leather-winged Bat, Day's Enemy,
 The rueful Strich, ſtill waiting on the Bier,
 The Whiſtler ſhrill, that whofo hears, doth die;
 The hellifh Harpies, Prophets of ſad Deſtiny.

XXXVII.

All thoſe, and all that elfe does Horror breed,
 About them flew, and fill'd their Sails with fear:
 Yet ſtay'd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other ſtiffly ſteer;
 Till that at laſt the Weather 'gan to clear,
 And the fair Land it ſelf did plainly ſhow.
 Said then the Palmer; Lo! where does appear
 The ſacred Soil, where all our Perils grow!
 Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready Arms about you throw,

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his Arms about him took,
 The whiles the nimble Boat fo well her ſped,
 That with her crooked Keel the Land ſhe ſtrook:
 Then forth the noble *Guyon* fallied,
 And his ſage Palmer, that him governed;
 But th' other by his Boat behind did ſtay.
 They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly arm'd for every hard Affay,
 With Conſtancy and Care, 'gainſt Danger and Diſmay.

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous Bellowing
 Of many Beaſts, that roar'd outrageouſly,
 As if that Hunger's Point, or *Venus*' Sting,
 Had them enraged with fell Surquedry;
 Yet nought they fear'd, but paſt on hardily,
 Until they came in view of thoſe wild Beaſts:
 Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their upſtaring Creſts,
 Ran towards, to devour thoſe unexpected Gueſts.

XL.

But ſoon as they approach'd, with deadly Threat,
 The Palmer over them his Staff upheld,
 His mighty Staff, that could all Charms defeat:
 Eſtfoons their ſtubborn Courages were quell'd,
 And high advaunced Creſts down meekly fell'd:
 Inſtead of fraying, they themſelves did fear,
 And trembled, as them paſſing they beheld:
 Such wondrous Power did in that Staff appear,
 All Monſters to ſubdue to him that did it bear!

XLI.

Of that ſame Wood it fram'd was cunningly
 Of which *Caduceus* whilom was made;
Caduceus, the Rod of *Mercury*,
 With which he wonts the *Stygian* Realms invade,
 Through ghafly Horror, and eternal Shade:
 Th' infernal Fiends with it he can aſſuage,
 And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perſuade,
 And rule the *Furies*, when they moſt do rage:
 Such Virtue in his Staff had eke this Palmer ſage.

XLII.

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive,
Whereas the *Bower of Bliss* was situate;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That Nature's Work by Art can imitate:
In which what-ever in this worldly State
Is sweet, and pleasing unto living Sense,
Or that may daintiest Fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish Affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their entred Guests to keep within,
As those unruly Beasts to hold without;
Yet was the Fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought fear'd their Force, that Fortilage to win,
But Wisdom's Power, and Temperance's Might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the Gate was wrought of Substance light,
Rather for Pleasure, than for Battery or Fight.

XLIV.

It framed was of precious Ivory,
That seem'd a Work of admirable Wit;
And therein all the famous History
Of *Jason* and *Medea* was ywrit;
Her mighty Charms, her furious loving Fit,
His goodly Conquest of the golden Fleece,
His falsed Faith, and Love too lightly slit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in vent'rous Peece
First through the *Euxine* Seas bore all the Flow'r of Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have seen the frothy Billows fry
Under the Ship, as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the Waves were into Ivory,
Or Ivory into the Waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy Substance sprent,
With Vermil like the Boy's Blood therein shed,
A piteous Spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles with Gold besprinkled;
It seem'd th' enchanted Flame, which did *Crensa* wed.

XLVI.

XLVI.

All this, and more might in that goodly Gate
Be read; that ever open stood to all,
Which thither came: but in the Porch there sat
A comely Personage of Stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more than natural,
That Travellers to him seem'd to entise;
His looser Garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his Heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy Pace, or manly Exercise.

XLVII.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celestial Power, to whom the Care
Of Life, and Generation of all
That lives, pertains, in charge particular;
Who wondrous things concerning our Welfare,
And strange Phantoms doth let us oft foresee,
And oft of secret Ill bids us beware:
'That is our Self; who though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be.

XLVIII.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The Foe of Life, that Good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful Semblaunts, which he makes us see.
He of this Garden had the governall,
And Pleasure's Porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a Staff in hand for more Formality.

XLIX.

With divers Flowers he daintily was deck'd,
And strowed round about; and by his side
A mighty Mazer Bowl of Wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrific'd;
Wherewith all new-come Guests he gratify'd.
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
But he his idle Courtesy defy'd,
And overthrew his Bowl disdainfully:
And broke his Staff, with which he charmed Semblants fly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious Plain, on every side
 Strowed with pleasance, whose fair grassy Ground
 Mantled with green, and goodly beautify'd
 With all the Ornaments of *Flora's* Pride,
 Wherewith her Mother Art, as half in scorn
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride
 Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
 When forth from Virgin Bower she comes in th' early Morn.

LI.

Thereto the Heavens, always jovial,
 Look'd on them lovely, still in stedfast State,
 Ne suffred Storm nor Frost on them to fall,
 Their tender Buds or Leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching Heat, nor Cold intemperate
 T' afflict the Creatures, which therein did dwell ;
 But the mild Air with Season moderate
 Gently attemptd, and dispos'd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet Spirit and wholesom Smell.

LII.

More sweet and wholesom, than the pleasant Hill
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nymph that bore
 A Giant Babe, her self for Grief did kill ;
 Or the *Thessalian Tempe*, where of yore
 Fair *Daphne*, *Phæbus'* Heart with Love did gore ;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repair,
 When-ever they their heavenly Bowers forlore ;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the Haunt of Muses fair ;
 Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compare.

LIII.

Much wondred *Guyon* at the fair Aspect
 Of that sweet Place, yet suffred no Delight
 To sink into his Sense, nor Mind affect,
 But passeth forth, and look'd still forward right,
 Bridling his Will, and maistering his Might :
 Till that he came unto another Gate,
 No Gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With Boughs and Branches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping Arms, in wanton Wreathings intricate.

LIV.

LIV.

So fashioned a Porch with rare device,
 Arch'd over head with an embracing Vine,
 Whose Bunches hanging down, seem'd to entice
 All passers by, to taste their luscious Wine,
 And did themselves into their Hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered :
 Some deep empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
 Some as the Rubin, laughing sweetly red,
 Some like fair *Emeraudes*, not yet well ripened.

LV.

And them amongst, some were of burnish'd Gold,
 So made by Art, to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the Leaves enfold,
 As lurking from the view of covetous Guest,
 That the weak Boughs, with so rich load oppress'd,
 Did bow adown, as over-burdened.
 Under that Porch a comely Dame did rest,
 Clad in fair Weeds, but foul disordered,
 And Garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for Womanhed.

LVI.

In her left Hand a Cup of Gold she held,
 And with her Right the riper Fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy Liquor that with fulness swell'd,
 Into her Cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
 Of her fine Fingers, without foul empeach,
 That so fair Wine-press made the Wine more sweet ;
 Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet ;
 It was her Guise, all Strangers goodly so to greet.

LVII.

So she to *Guyon* offerd it to taste ;
 Who taking it out of her tender Hond,
 The Cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in pieces it was broken fond,
 And with the Liquor stained all the Lond :
 Whereat *Excess* exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffred him to pass, all were she loth ;
 Who, not regarding her Displeasure, forward go'th.

R 2

LVIII.

LVIII.

There the most dainty Paradise on Ground,
 It self doth offer to his sober Eye,
 In which all Pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does other's Happiness envy:
 The painted Flowers, the Trees upshooting high,
 The Dales for Shade, the Hills for breathing space,
 The trembling Groves, the Crystal running by;
 And that, which all fair Works doth most aggrace,
 The Art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

LIX.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned Parts were mingled with the fine)
 That Nature had for Wantonness enstid
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
 So striving each th' other to undermine,
 Each did the other's Work more beautify;
 So differing both in Wills, agreed in fine:
 So all agreed through sweet Diversity,
 This Garden to adorn with all variety.

LX.

And in the midst of all, a Fountain stood,
 Of richest Substance that on Earth might be,
 So pure and shiny, that the silver Flood
 Through every Channel running one might see;
 Most goodly it with pure Imagery
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked Boys,
 Of which some seem'd with lively Jollity
 To fly about, playing their wanton Toys,
 Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid Joys.

LXI.

And over all, of purest Gold was spred
 A Trail of Ivy in his native Hue;
 For, the rich Metal was so coloured,
 That Wight, who did not well avisd it view,
 Would surely deem it to be Ivy true:
 Low his lascivious Arms adown did creep,
 That themselves dipping in the silver Dew,
 Their fleecy Flowers they tenderly did steep,
 Which drops of Crystal seem'd for Wantonness to weep.

LXII.

LXII.

Infinite Streams continually did well
 Out of this Fountain, sweet and fair to see,
 The which into an ample Laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great Quantity,
 That like a little Lake it seem'd to be;
 Whose Depth exceeded not three Cubits height,
 That through the Waves one might the Bottom see,
 All pav'd beneath with Jasper shining bright,
 That seem'd the Fountain in that Sea did sail upright.

LXIII.

And all the Margent round about was set
 With shady Laurel Trees, thence to defend
 The sunny Beams, which on the Billows bet,
 And those which therein bathed, more offend.
 As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked Damsels he therein espy'd,
 Which therein bathing, seem'd to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
 Their dainty Parts from view of any which them ey'd.

LXIV.

Sometimes, the one would lift the other quite
 Above the Waters, and then down again
 Her plunge, as over-maistered by Might,
 Where both awhile would covered remain,
 And each the other from to rise restrain;
 The whiles their snowy Limbs, as through a Veil,
 So through the Crystal Waves appeared plain:
 Then suddenly both would themselves unhele,
 And th' amorous sweet Spoils to greedy Eyes reveal.

LXV.

As that fair Star, the Messenger of Morn,
 His dewy Face out of the Sea doth rear;
 Or as the *Cyprian* Goddeffs, newly born
 Of th' Ocean's fruitful Froth, did first appear:
 Such seem'd they, and so their yellow Hair
 Crystalline Humour dropped down apace.
 Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him near,
 And some-what 'gan relent his earnest pace;
 His stubborn Breast 'gan secret Pleasance to embrace.

LXVI.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted Guise ;
Then th' one her self low ducked in the Flood,
Abash'd, that her a Stranger did avise :
But th' other, rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly Paps aloft display'd,
And all that might his melting Heart entise
To her Delights, she unto him bewray'd ;
The rest hid underneath, him more desirous made.

LXVII.

With that, the other likewise up arose,
And her fair Locks, which formerly were bound
Up in one Knot, she low adown did loose :
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And th' Ivory in golden Mantle Gound ;
So that fair Spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that which rest it, no less fair was found :
So hid in Locks and Waves from Looker's Theft,
Nought but her lovely Face she for his looking left.

LXVIII.

Withal she laughed, and she blush'd withal,
That Blushing to her Laughter gave more grace,
And Laughter to her Blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spy'd the Knight to slack his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling Face
The secret signs of kindled Lust appear,
Their wanton Merriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approach more near,
And shew'd him many sights, that Courage cold could rear.

LXIX.

On which, when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebuk'd those wandering Eyes of his,
And (counsel'd well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bower of Bliss,
Of her fond Favourites so nam'd amiss :
When thus the Palmer ; Now, Sir, well avise ;
For, here the end of all our Travel is :
Here wons *Acrasia*, whom we must surprize,
Else she will slip away, and all our Drift despise.

LXX.

LXX.

Effsoons they heard a most melodious Sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty Ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for Wight which did it hear,
To read what manner Musick that mote be ;
For, all that pleasing is to living Ear,
Was there conformed in one Harmony,
Birds, Voices, Instruments, Winds, Waters, all agree.

LXXI.

The joyous Birds, shrouded in chearful Shade,
Their Notes unto the Voice attempted sweeter ;
Th' angelical soft trembling Voices made
To th' Instruments divine Responce meet :
The silver sounding Instruments did meet
With the base Murrur of the Water's fall :
The Water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the Wind did call :
The gentle warbling Wind low answered to all.

LXXII.

There, whence that Musick seem'd heard to be,
Was the fair Witch, her self now solacing
With a new Lover, whom through Sorcery
And Witchcraft, she from far did thither bring :
There she had him now laid a slumbering,
In secret Shade, after long wanton Joys ;
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many fair Ladies, and lascivious Boys,
That ever mixt their Song with light licentious Toys.

LXXIII.

And all the while, right over 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 down with Kisses light,
For fear of waking him, his Lips bedew'd,
And through his humid Eyes did suck his Spright,
Quite molten into Lust and Pleasure leud ;
Where-with she sigh'd soft, as if his case she ru'd.

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LXXIV.

LXXIV.

The whiles, some one did chaunt this lovely Lay ;
 Ah ! see, whose fair thing doost fain to see,
 In springing Flower the Image of thy Day ;
 Ah ! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly she
 Doth first peep forth with bashful Modesty,
 That fairer seems, the less ye see her may ;
 Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free
 Her bared Bosom she doth broad display ;
 Lo ! see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

LXXV.

So passeth, in the passing of a Day,
 Of mortal Life the Leaf, the Bud, the Flower,
 Ne more doth flourish after first Decay,
 That earst was sought to deck both Bed and Bower
 Of many a Lady, and many a Paramour :
 Gather therefore the Rose, whilst yet is prime,
 For, soon comes Age, that will her Pride deflower ;
 Gather the Rose of Love, whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal Crime.

LXXVI.

He ceast, and then 'gan all the Quire of Birds
 Their diverse Notes to attune unto his Lay,
 As in approvance of his pleasing words.
 The constant Pair heard all that he did say,
 Yet swerved not, but kept their forward way,
 Through many covert Groves, and Thickets close,
 In which they creeping, did at last display
 That wanton Lady, with her Lover loose,
 Whose sleepy Head she in her Lap did soft dispose.

LXXVII.

Upon a Bed of Roses she was laid,
 As faint through Heat, or dight to pleasant Sin,
 And was array'd, or rather disarray'd,
 All in a Veil of Silk and Silver thin,
 That hid no whit her Alabaster Skin,
 But rather shew'd more white, if more might be :
 More subtle Web *Arachne* cannot spin,
 Nor the fine Nets, which oft we woven see
 Of scorched Dew, do not in th'Air more lightly flee.

LXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Her snowy Breast was bare to ready Spoil
 Of hungry Eyes, which n'ote therewith be fill'd ;
 And yet through Languour of her late sweet Toil,
 Few Drops, more clear than *Nectar*, forth distill'd,
 That like pure Orient Pearls adown it trill'd :
 And her fair Eyes sweet smiling in Delight,
 Moistned their fiery Beams, with which she thrill'd
 Frail Hearts, yet quenched not ; like starry Light,
 Which sparkling on the silent Waves, does seem more

LXXXIX.

The young Man sleeping by her, seem'd to be
 Some goodly Swain of honourable place,
 That certes it great pity was to see
 Him his Nobility so foul deface :
 A sweet Regard, and amiable Grace,
 Mixed with manly Sternness did appear,
 Yet sleeping, in his well-proportion'd face,
 And on his tender Lips the downy Hair
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken Blossoms bear.

LXXX.

His warlike Arms (the idle Instruments
 Of sleeping Praise) were hong upon a Tree,
 And his brave Shield (full of old Monuments)
 Was foully ras'd, that none the signs might see ;
 Ne for them, ne for Honour cared he,
 Ne ought that did to his advancement tend,
 But in leud Loves, and wasteful Luxury,
 His Days, his Goods, his Body he did spend :
 O horrible Enchantment, that him so did blend !

LXXXI.

The noble Elf, and careful Palmer drew
 So nigh them (minding nought but lustful Game)
 That suddain forth they on them rush'd, and threw
 A subtle Net, which only for the same
 The skilful Palmer formally did frame.
 So held them under fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for fear of fouler Shame.
 The fair Enchantress, so unwares oppress'd,
 Try'd all her Arts, and all her Sleights, thence out to wrest.

R 5

LXXXII.

LXXXII.

And eke her Lover strove: but all in vain;
 For, that same Net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither Guile nor Force might it distrain.
 They took them both, and both them strongly bound
 In captive Bands, which there they ready found.
 But her in Chains of Adamant he ty'd,
 For nothing else might keep her safe and sound;
 But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soon unty'd,
 And Counsel sage instead thereof to him apply'd.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasant Bowers, and Palace brave,
Guyon broke down, with Rigour pitiless;
 Ne ought their goodly Workmanship might save
 Them from the Tempest of his Wrathfulness,
 But that their Bliss he turn'd to Balesfulness:
 Their Groves he fell'd, their Gardens did deface,
 Their Arbors spoil'd, their Cabinets suppress,
 Their Banket-houses burn, their Buildings raze,
 And of the fairest late, now made the foulest place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that Knight
 They with them led, both sorrowful and sad:
 The way they came, the same return'd they right,
 Till they arriv'd where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild Beasts, that rag'd with Fury mad.
 Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their Mistres' rescue whom they lad;
 But them the Palmer soon did pacify. (did lie.
 Then *Guyon* ask'd, what meant those Beasts which there

LXXXV.

Said he, These seeming Beasts are Men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntress hath transformed thus,
 Whilom her Lovers, which her Lusts did feed,
 Now turned into Figures hideous,
 According to their Minds like monstrous.
 Sad end, quoth he, of Life intemperate,
 And mournful Meed of Joys delicious:
 But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former State.

LXXXVI.

LXXXVI.

Straight-way he with his vertuous Staff them strook,
 And straight of Beasts they comely Men became;
 Yet being Men, they did unmanly look,
 And stared ghastly, some for inward Shame,
 And some for Wrath, to see their captive Dame:
 But one above the rest in special,
 That had an Hog been late (hight *Grille* by name)
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish Form him brought to natural.

LXXXVII.

Said *Guyon*; See the Mind of beastly Man,
 That hath so soon forgot the Excellence
 Of his Creation, when he Life began,
 That now he chuseth, with vile difference,
 To be a Beast, and lack Intelligence.
 To whom the Palmer thus: The Dunghil Kind
 Delights in Filth and foul Incontinence:
 Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and have his hoggish Mind,
 But let us hence depart, whilst Weather serves, and Wind.

The End of the Second Book.



straight-way he with his weapons still upon his back
And thought of death they could not miss because
Yet being dead, they did not mind to die
And laid their hands upon their swords
And to the West, in that direction
But one more step he took
Then he on his knees fell
And said his prayer
Then had from his hands the weapons taken

XXXII

So the King, for the sake of his people
The best he could for the execution
Of his sentence, when he had seen
That he was dead, and his hands
The King had not the strength to
To work the better part, the strength that
Belongs in him and his kingdom
For all the world, and his hands
He let in his hands, when he was taken, and when

The best of the Seven Books





THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY-QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The Legend of *Britomartis*, or of
Chastity.

I.



T 'falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fairest Vertue, far above the rest;
For which what needs me fetch from

Fairy,

Foreign Ensamples, it to have express'd?
Sith it is shrined in my Sovereign's Breast,
And form'd so lively in each perfect Part,

That to all Ladies, which have it profess'd,
Need but behold the Pourtraict of her Heart,
If pourtray'd it may be by any living Art.

II.



II.

But living Art may not least Part expresse,
Nor Life-rembling Pencil it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles*;
His *Dadale* Hand would fail, and greatly faint,
And her Perfections with his Error taint;
Ne Poet's Wit, that passeth Painter far
In picturing the Parts of Beauty daint,
So hard a Workmanship adventure dare,
For fear, thro want of Words, her Excellence to mar.

III.

How then shall I, Apprentice of the Skill,
That whilom in divine Wits did reign,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble Quill?
Yet now my luckless Lot doth me constrain
Hereto perforce. But O! dread Sovereign,
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest Wit
Cannot your glorious Pourtraict figure plain,
That I in colour'd Shows may shadow it,
And antique Praises unto present Persons fit.

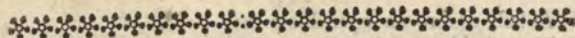
IV.

But if in living Colours, and right Hue,
Your self you cover to see pictured,
Who can it do more lively, or more true,
Than that sweet Verse, with *Nestor* sprinkled,
In which a gracious Servaunt pictured
His *Cynthia*, his Heaven's fairest Light?
That with his melting Sweetness ravished,
And with the Wonder of her Beamez bright,
My Senses lulled are in Slumber of Delight.

V.

But let that same delicious Poet lend
A little leave unto a rustick Muse,
To sing his Mistres' Praise; and let him mend,
If ought amiss her Liking may abuse:
Ne let his fairest *Cynthia* refuse,
In Mirrours more than one her self to see;
But either *Gloriana* let her chuse,
Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to be:
In th' one her Rule, in th' other her rare Chastity.

CANTO



CANTO I.

Guyon *encountreth* Britomart,
Fair Florimel is chac'd:
Dueffa's Trains and Materas-
ta's Champions are defac'd.

I.

THE famous *Briton* Prince and *Fairy* Knight,
After long ways and per'ous Pains endur'd,
Having their weary Limbs to perfect plight
Restor'd, and sory Wounds right well recur'd,
Of the fair *Alma* greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger Sojourn and Abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking Praise, and Deeds of Arms abroad,
They courteous Conge took, and forth together yode.

II.

But the captiv'd *Acrasia* he sent,
Because of Travel long, a nigher way,
With a strong Guard, all Rescue to prevent,
And her to Fairy-Court safe to convey;
That her for witness of his hard Assay,
Unto his Fairy-Queen he might present:
But he himself betook another way,
To make more trial of his Hardiment,
And seek Adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

III.

Long so they travelled thro wasteful ways,
Where Dangers dwelt, and Perils most did won,
To hunt for Glory and renowned Praise;
Full many Countries they did over-run,
From the uprising to the setting Sun,
And many hard Adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they Honour ever won,
Seeking the weak oppressed to relieve,
And to recover Right for such as Wrong did grieve.

IV.

IV.

At last, as thro an open Plain they yode,
 They spy'd a Knight, that towards pricked fair,
 And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
 That seem'd to couch under 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 himself prepare,
 And on his Arm address his goodly Shield,
 That bore a Lion passant in a golden Field.

V.

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, dear besought
 The Prince of Grace, to let him run that turn.
 He graunted: then the Fairy quickly raught
 His poinant Spear, and sharply 'gan to spurn
 His foamy Steed, whose fiery Feet did burn
 The verdant Grass, as he thereon did tread;
 Ne did the other back his Foot return,
 But fiercely forward came withouten Dread,
 And bent his dreadful Spear against the other's Head.

VI.

They been ymet, and both their Points arriv'd,
 But *Guyon* drove so furious and fell,
 That seem'd both Shield and Plate it would have riv'd;
 Natheless, it bore his Foe not from his Sell,
 But made him stagger, as he were not well:
 But *Guyon* self, e'er well he was aware,
 Nigh a Spear's length behind his Crouper fell,
 Yet in his Fall so well himself he bare,
 That mischievous Mischaunce his Life and Limbs did spare.

VII.

Great Shame and Sorrow of that Fall he took;
 For never yet since warlike Arms he bore,
 And shivering Spear in bloody Field first shook,
 He found himself dishonoured so sore.
 Ah gentle Knight that ever Armour bore,
 Let nor thee grieve dismounted to have been,
 And brought to ground, that never wast before;
 For not thy fault, but secret Power unseen,
 That Spear enchanted was, which laid thee on the Green.

VIII.

VIII.

But weenedst thou what Wight thee overthrew,
 Much greater Grief and shamefuller Regret
 For thy hard Fortune then thou wouldst renew,
 That of a single Damsel thou wert met
 On equal Plain, and there so hard beset;
 Even the famous *Britomart* it was,
 Whom strange Adventure did from *Britain* set,
 To seek her Lover (Love far fought alas!)
 Whose Image she had seen in *Venus*'s Looking-Glass.

IX.

Full of disdainful Wrath, he fierce up-rose,
 For to revenge that foul reproachful Shame,
 And snatching his bright Sword, began to close
 With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
 Die rather would he than endure that same,
 Which when his Palmer saw, he 'gan to fear
 His toward Peril, and untoward Blame,
 Which by that new Rencontre he should rear:
 For Death fate on the Point of that enchanted Spear.

X.

And hastening towards him, 'gan fair persuade
 Not to provoke Misfortune, nor to ween
 His Spear's Default to mend with cruel Blade;
 For by his mighty Science he had seen
 The secret Vertue of that Weapon keen,
 That mortal Puissance mote not withstand:
 Nothing on Earth mote always happy been.
 Great Hazard were it, and Adventure fond,
 To lose long-gotten Honour with one evil Hond.

XI.

By such good Means he him discourfelled,
 From prosecuting his revenging Rage;
 And eke the Prince like Treaty handled,
 His wrathful Will with Reason to assuage,
 And laid the Blame, not to his Carriage,
 But to his starting Steed, that swerv'd aside
 And to the ill Purveyance of his Page,
 That had his Furnitures not firmly ty'd:
 So is his angry Courage fairly pacify'd.

XII.

XII.

Thus Reconcilement was between them knit,
Thro goodly Temperance, and Affection chaste,
And either vow'd with all their Power and Wit,
To let not other's Honour be defac'd
Of Friend or Foe, who ever it embas'd,
Ne Arms to bear against the other's side:
In which Accord the Prince was also plac'd,
And with that golden Chain of Concord ty'd.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ride.

XIII.

O goodly Usage of those antique Times!
In which the Sword was Servant unto Right;
When not for Malice and contentious Crimes,
But all for Praise, and Proof of manly Might,
The martial Brood accustomed to fight;
Then Honour was the Meed of Victory,
And yet the vanquish'd had no Despight:
Let latter Age that noble Use envy,
Vile Rancour to avoid, and cruel Surquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus travelled in friendly wise,
Thro Countries waste, and eke well edify'd,
Seeking Adventures hard, to exercise
Their Puissance, whilom full dearnly try'd.
At length they came into a Forest wide,
Whose hideous Horrour and sad trembling Sound
Full grievously seem'd: Therein they long did ride,
Yet Track of living Creatures none they found,
Save Bears, Lions, and Bulls, which romed them around.

XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest Brush,
Upon a milk-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose Face did seem as clear as crystal Stone,
And eke (thro fear) as white as Whalez Bone:
Her Garments all were wrought of beaten Gold,
And all her Steed with tinsel Trappings shone,
Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leisure gave, her passing to behold.

XVI.

XVII.

Still as she fled, her Eye she backward threw,
As fearing Evil, that pursu'd her fast;
And her fair yellow Locks behind her flew,
Loosely dispers'd with Puff of every Blast:
All as a blazing Star doth far out-cast
His hairy Beams, and flaming Locks diffred,
At sight whereof the People stand agast:
But the sage Wizard tells (as he has read)
That it importunes Death, and doleful Drerthead.

XVII.

So, as they gazed after her awhile,
Lo! where a grievous Foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly Lust her to defile:
His tireling Jade he fiercely forth did push,
Thro thick and thin, both over Bank and Bush,
In hope her to attain by hook or crook,
That from his gory Sides the Blood did gush:
Large were his Limbs, and terrible his Look,
And in his clownish Hand a sharp Boar-Spear he shook,

XVIII.

Which Outrage, when those gentle Knights did see,
Full of great Envy and fell Jealousy,
They stay'd not to avise who first should be,
But all spur'd after fast, as they mote fly,
To reskue her from shameful Villany.
The Prince and Guyon equally bylive
Her self pursu'd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly Meed, the fairest Dame alive:
But after the foul Foster Timias did strive.

XIX.

The whiles fair Britomart, whose constant Mind
Would not so lightly follow Beauty's Chace,
Ne reck'd of Ladies Love, did stay behind,
And them awaited there a certain space,
To weet if they would turn back to that place:
But when the saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her Journey, thro that per'lous Pace,
With stedfast Courage and stout Hardiment;
Ne evil thing she fear'd, ne evil thing she meant.

XX.

XX.

At last, as nigh out of the Wood she came,
 A stately Castle far away she spy'd,
 To which her Steps directly she did frame.
 That Castle was most goodly edify'd,
 And plac'd for Pleasure nigh that Forest side:
 But fair before the Gate a spacious Plain,
 Mantled with Green, it self did spredden wide,
 On which she saw six Knights, that did darrain
 Fierce Battle against one, with cruel might and main.

XXI.

Manly they all at once upon him laid,
 And sore beset on every side around,
 That nigh he breathless grew; yet nought dismay'd,
 Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
 All had he lost much Blood thro many a Wound;
 But stoutly dealt his Blows, and every way,
 To which he turned in his wrathful Stound,
 Made them recoil, and fly from drad Decay,
 That none of all the six before him durst assay.

XXII.

Like dastard Curs, that having at a Bay
 The salvage Beast embos'd in weary Chace,
 Dare not adventure on the stubborn Prey,
 Ne bite before, but come from place to place,
 To get a Snatch, when turned is his Face,
 In such Distress and doubtful Jeopardy,
 When *Britomart* him saw, she ran apace
 Unto his Rescue, and with earnest Cry,
 Bade those same six forbear that single Enemy.

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden Ear,
 Ne ought the more their mighty Strokes surcease,
 But gathering him round about more near,
 Their direful Rancour rather did encrease;
 Till that she rushing thro the thickest Preece,
 Perforce disparted their compacted Gire,
 And soon compel'd to hearken unto Peace:
 Tho 'gan she mildly of them to enquire
 The Cause of their Dissension and outrageous Ire.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Whereto that single Knight did Aunswer frame;
 These six would me enforce by odds of Might,
 To change my Lief, and love another Dame,
 That Death me liefer were than such Despight,
 So unto Wrong to yield my wrested Right:
 For I love one, the truest one on ground,
 Ne list me change; she th' *Errant Damsel* hight,
 For whose dear sake full many a bitter Stound
 I have endur'd, and tasted many a bloody Wound.

XXV.

Certes, said she, then been ye six to blame,
 To ween your Wrong by Force to justify:
 For Knight to leave his Lady were great shame,
 That faithful is, and better were to die.
 All Loss is less, and less the Infamy,
 Than Loss of Love, to him that loves but one:
 Ne may Love be compel'd by Maistery;
 For soon as Maist'ry comes, sweet Love anon
 Taketh his nimble Wings, and soon away is gone.

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six: There dwelleth here
 Within this Castle-Wall a Lady fair,
 Whose sovereign Beauty hath no living Peer;
 Thereto so bounteous and so debonair,
 That never any mote with her compare.
 She hath ordain'd this Law, which we approve,
 That every Knight, which doth this way repair,
 In case he have no Lady, nor no Love,
 Shall do unto her Service never to remove.

XXVII.

But if he have a Lady, or a Love,
 Then must he her forgo with foul Defame,
 Or else with us by dint of Sword approve,
 That she is fairer than our fairest Dame,
 As did this Knight, before he hither came.
 Perdy, said *Britomart*, the Choice is hard:
 But what Reward had he that overcame?
 He should advaunced be to high Regard,
 Said they, and have our Lady's Love for his Reward.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Therefore aread Sir, if thou have a Love,
 Love have I sure, quoth she, but Lady none;
 Yet will I not from mine own Love remove,
 Ne to your Lady will I Service done,
 But wreak your Wrongs wrought to this Knight alone,
 And prove his Cause. With that, her mortal Spear
 She mightily aventred towards one,
 And down him smote e'er well aware he were;
 Then to the next she rode, and down the next did bear.

XXIX.

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she laid,
 That none of them himself could rear again;
 The fourth was by that other Knight dismay'd,
 All were he weary of his former Pain,
 That now there do but two of six remain;
 Which two did yield before she did them smite.
 Ah! said she then, now may ye all see plain,
 That Truth is strong, and true Love most of might,
 That for his trusty Servaunts doth so strongly fight.

XXX.

Too well we see, say they, and prove too well
 Our faulty Weakness, and your matchless Might:
 For-thy, fair Sir, yours be the Damozel,
 Which by her own Law to your Lot doth light,
 And we your Liege-men Faith unto you plight.
 So underneath her Feet their Swords they shar'd,
 And after, her they fought, well as they might,
 To enter in, and reap the due Reward:
 She granted, and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI.

Long were it to describe the goodly Frame,
 And stately Port of *Castle Joyeous*,
 (For so that Castle hight by common name)
 Where they were entertain'd with courteous
 And comely Glee of many gracious
 Fair Ladies, and many a gentle Knight,
 Who thro a Chamber long and spacious,
 Eftsoons them brought unto their Lady's sight;
 That of them cleeped was, the *Lady of Delight*.

XXXII.

XXXII.

But for to tell the sumptuous Array
 Of that great Chamber, should be Labour lost:
 For living Wit (I ween) cannot display
 The royal Riches and exceeding Cost
 Of every Pillour and of every Post;
 Which all of purest Bullion framed were,
 And with great Pearls and precious Stones emboss'd,
 That the bright Glister of their Beamez clear
 Did sparkle forth great Light, and glorious did appear.

XXXIII.

These stranger Knights, thro passing, forth were led
 Into an inner Room, whose Royalty
 And rich Purveyance might uneth be read;
 Mote Princes Place besem so deck to be.
 Which stately Manner when as they did see,
 The Image of superfluous Riotise,
 Exceeding much the State of mean degree,
 They greatly wonder'd, whence so sumptuous Guise
 Might be maintain'd, and each 'gan diversely devise.

XXXIV.

The Walls were round about apparelled
 With costly Clothes of *Arras* and of *Tour*;
 In which, with cunning Hand was pourtrayed
 The Love of *Venus*, and her Paramour
 The fair *Adonis*, turned to a Flower,
 A Work of rare Devise, and wondrous Wit.
 First did it shew the bitter baleful Stower,
 Which her assay'd with many a fervent Fit,
 When first her tender Heart was with his Beauty smit.

XXXV.

Then with what Sleights and sweet Allurements she
 Entic'd the Boy (as well that Art she knew)
 And wooed him her Paramour to be:
 Now making Girlonds of each Flower that grew,
 To crown his golden Locks with Honour due;
 Now leading him into a secret Shade
 From his Beauperes, and from bright Heaven's View,
 Where him to sleep she gently would persuade,
 Or bathe him in a Fountain by some Covert glade.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

And whilst he slept, she over him would spread
 Her Mantle, colour'd like the stary Skys,
 And her soft Arm lay underneath his Head,
 And with ambrosial Kisses bathe his Eyes;
 And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty Spys,
 She secretly would search each dainty Limb,
 And throw into the Well sweet Rosemaries,
 And fragrant Violets, and Pances trim,
 And ever with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

XXXVII.

So did she steal his heedless Heart away,
 And 'joy'd his Love in Secret unesp'y'd.
 But for she saw him bent to cruel Play,
 To hunt the salvage Beast in Forest wide,
 Dreadful of Danger that mote him betide;
 She oft and oft advis'd him to refrain
 From Chace of greater Beasts, whose brutish Pride
 Mote breed him Scath unwares: but all in vain;
 For who can shun the Chaunce that Dest'ny doth ordain?

XXXVIII.

Lo! where beyond he lieth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wild Boar,
 And by his Side the Goddesses groveling,
 Makes for him endless Moan, and evermore
 With her soft Garment wipes away the Gore,
 Which stains his snowy Skin with hateful Hue:
 But when she saw no help might him restore,
 Him to a dainty Flower she did transnew,
 Which in that Cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

XXXIX.

So was that Chamber clad in goodly wise,
 And round about it many Beds were dight,
 As whilome was the antique Worldez Guise,
 Some for untimely Ease, some for Delight,
 As pleased them to use, that use it might:
 And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires
 Dauncing and revelling both day and night,
 And swimming deep in sensual Desires,
 And Cupid still amongst them kindled lustful Fires.

XL.

XL.

And all the while sweet Musick did divide
 Her looser Notes with *Lydian* Harmony;
 And all the while sweet Birds thereto apply'd
 Their dainty Lays and dulcet Melody,
 Ay caroling of Love and Jollity,
 That wonder was to hear their trim Consort:
 Which when those Knights beheld, with scornful Eye,
 They 'sdeigned such lascivious Disport,
 And loath'd the loose Demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI.

Thence they were brought to that great Lady's View,
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous Bed,
 That glistred all with Gold and glorious Shew,
 As the proud *Persian* Queens accustomed:
 She seem'd a Woman of great Bountihed,
 And of rare Beauty, saving that ascaunce
 Her wanton Eyes, ill Signs of Womanhed,
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glauce,
 Without regard of Grace, or comely Amenaunce.

XLII.

Long Work it were, and needles to devise
 Their goodly Entertainment and great Glee:
 She caused them be led in curteous wize
 Into a Bower, disarmed for to be,
 And cheared well with Wine and Spicerec.
 The *Redcross* Knight was soon disarmed there;
 But the brave Maid would not disarmed be,
 But only vented up her Umbriere,
 And so did let her goodly Vifage to appear.

XLIII.

As when fair *Cynthia*, in darksom Night,
 Is in a noyous Cloud enveloped,
 Where she may find the Substance thin and light,
 Breaks forth her silver Beams, and her bright Head
 Discovers to the World discomfited;
 Of the poor Traveller that went astray,
 With thousand Blessings she is heried:
 Such was the Beauty and the shining Ray,
 With which fair *Britomart* gave Light unto the Day.

Vol. II.

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XLIV.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
 Now were disarm'd, and did themselves present
 Unto her View, and Company unfought;
 For they all seem'd courteous and gent,
 And all six Brethren, born of one Parent,
 Which had them train'd in all Civility,
 And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
 Now were they Liegents to this Lady free,
 And her Knights-Service ought to hold of her in Fee.

XLV.

The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
 A jolly Person, and of comely View;
 The second was *Parlante*, a bold Knight,
 And next to him *Jocante* did ensue;
Basciante did himself most courteous shew;
 But fierce *Bacchante* seem'd too fell and keen;
 And yet in Arms *Noctante* greater grew:
 All were fair Knights, and goodly well beseen;
 But to fair *Britomart* they all but Shadows been.

XLVI.

For she was full of amiable Grace,
 And manly Terror mixed there-with-all,
 That as the one stir'd up Affections base,
 So th' other did Mens rash Desires appall,
 And hold them back, that would in Error fall:
 As he that hath espy'd a vermeil Rose,
 To which sharp Thorns and Briars the way forestall,
 Dare not for Dread his hardy Hand expose;
 But wishing it far off, his idle Wish doth lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the Lady saw so fair a Wight,
 All ignorant of her contrary Sex,
 (For she her ween'd a fresh and lusty Knight)
 She greatly 'gan enamoured to wex,
 And with vain Thoughts her fals'd Fancy vex:
 Her fickle Heart conceived hasty Fire,
 Like Sparks of Fire which fall in slender Flex,
 That shortly brent into extreme Desire,
 And ransack'd all her Veins with Passion entire.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Esfoons she grew to great Impatience,
 And into Terms of open Outrage burst,
 That plain discover'd her Incontinence,
 Ne reck'd she, who her Meaning did mistrust;
 For she was given all to fleshly Lust,
 And poured forth in sensual Delight,
 That all regard of Shame she had discuss'd,
 And meet Respect of Honour put to flight:
 So shameless Beauty soon becomes a loathly Sight.

XLIX.

Fair Ladies, that to Love captived are,
 And chaste Desires do nourish in your Mind,
 Let not her fault your sweet Affections marr,
 Ne blot the Bounty of all Womankind,
 'Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find.
 'Emongst the Roses grow some wicked Weeds;
 For this was not to Love, but Lust inclin'd;
 For Love does always bring forth bounteous Deeds,
 And in each gentle Heart Desire of Honour breeds.

L.

Nought so of Love this looser Dame did skill,
 But as a Coal to kindle fleshly Flame,
 Giving the Bridle to her wanton Will,
 And treading under foot her honest Name:
 Such Love is Hate, and such Desire is Shame.
 Still did she rove at her crafty Glaunce
 Of her false Eyes, that at her Heart did aim,
 And told her Meaning in her Countenance;
 But *Britomart* dissembled it with Ignorance.

LI.

Supper was shortly dight, and down they sat,
 Where they were served with all sumptuous Fare,
 Whiles fruitful *Ceres*, and *Jyæus* fat
 Pour'd out their Plenty, without spite or spare;
 Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare:
 And ay the Cups their Banks did overflow,
 And ay between the Cups she did prepare
 Way to her Love, and secret Darts did throw;
 But *Britomart* would not such guileful Message know.

S 2

LII.

LII.

So when they slaked had the fervent Heat
Of Appetite with Meats of every sort,
The Lady did fair *Britomart* entreat
Her to disarm, and with delightful Sport
To loose her warlike Limbs and strong Effort:
But when she mote not thereunto be won,
(For she her Sex under that strange Purport
Did use to hide, and plain Appearance shun)
In plainer wife to tell her Grievance, she began.

LIII.

And all at once discover'd her Desire,
With Sighs and Sobs, and Complaints, and piteous Grief,
The outward Sparks of her in-burning Fire;
Which spent in vain, at last she told her brief,
That but if she did lend her short Relief,
And do her Comfort, she mote algates die.
But the chaste Damzel, that had never Prief
Of such Malengine and fine Forgery,
Did easily believe her strong Extremity.

LIV.

Full easy was for her to have Belief,
Who, by self-feeling of her feeble Sex,
And by long trial of the inward Grief,
Wherewith imperious Love her Heart did vex,
Could judg what pains do loving Hearts perplex.
Who means no Guile, be guiled soonest shall,
And to fair Semblance doth light Faith annex;
The Bird, that knows not the false Fowler's Call,
Into his hidden Net full easily doth fall.

LV.

For-thy, she would not in discourteous wise,
Scorn the fair Offer of Good-will profess'd;
For great Rebuke it is, Love to despise,
Or rudely 'sdeign a gentle Heart's Request;
But with fair Countenance, as befeemed best,
Her entertain'd; nath'less, she inly deem'd
Her Love too light, to woo a wandring Guest:
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
That from like inward Fire that outward Smoke had steem'd.

LVI.

LVI.

Therewith awhile she her fit Fancy fed,
Till she mote win fit time for her Desire:
But yet her Wound still inward freshly bled,
And thro her Bones the false instilled Fire
Did spread it self, and Venom close inspire.
Tho, were the Tables taken all away,
And every Knight, and every gentle Squire
'Gan chuse his Dame with *Bastio-mani* gay,
With whom he meant to make his Sport and courtly Play.

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make merriment,
As diverse Wits to diverse things apply;
And all the while fair *Malecasta* bent
Her crafty Engins to her close Intent.
By this th' eternal Lamps, wherewith high *Jove*
Doth light the lower World, were half yspent,
And the moist Daughters of huge *Atlas* strove
Into the *Ocean* deep to drive their weary Drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for every Wight
Them to betake unto their kindly Rest;
Eftsoons long waxen Torches weren light,
Unto their Bowers to guiden every Guest:
Tho when the *Britones* saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she 'gan her self depoil,
And safe commit to her soft-feathered Nest;
Where, thro long watch, and late day's weary Toil,
She soundly slept, and careful Thoughts did quite assail.

LIX.

Now, when-as all the World in Silence deep
Yshrouded was, and every mortal Wight
Was drowned in the Depth of deadly Sleep,
Fair *Malecasta*, whose engrieved Spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed Plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary Bed,
And under the black Veil of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlet Mantle covered,
That was with Gold and Ermines fair enveloped.

S 3

LX.

LX.

Then panting soft, and trembling every Joint,
Her fearful Feet towards the Bower she moved;
Where she for secret Purpose did appoint
To lodge the warlike Maid unwisely loved,
And to her Bed approaching, first she proved,
Whether she slept or wak'd, with her soft Hand
She softly felt, if any Member moved,
And lent her wary Ear to understand,
If any Puff of Breath, or Sign of Sense she fand.

LXI.

Which, when-as none she found, with easy shift,
For fear lest her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' embroider'd Quilt she lightly up did lift,
And by her side her self she softly laid,
Of every finest Finger's Touch afraid;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last, the royal Maid
Out of her quiet Slumber did awake,
And chang'd her weary Side, the better ease to take.

LXII.

Where, feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly leap'd out of her filed Bed,
And to her Weapon ran, in mind to gride
The loathed Leachour. But the Dame, half dead
Thro suddain Fear, and gassly Drierihed,
Did shriek aloud, that thro the House it rong,
And the whole Family therewith adred,
Rashly out of their rouzed Couches sprong,
And to the troubled Chamber all in Arms did throng.

LXIII.

And those six Knights, that Lady's Champions,
And eke the Redcross Knight ran to the Stound,
Half arm'd, and half unarm'd, with them atons:
Where, when confusedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the senseless Ground;
On th' other side, they saw the warlike Maid
All in her snow-white Smock, with Locks unbound,
Threatning the Point of her avenging Blade,
That with so troublous Terror they were all dismay'd.

LXIV.

LXIV.

About their Lady first they flock'd around;
Whom having laid in comfortable Couch,
Shortly they rear'd out of her frozen Swound;
And afterwards they 'gan with foul Reproach
To stir up Strife, and troublous Contest broach:
But by Ensample of the last day's Loss,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious Spoil themselves emboss;
Her succour'd eke the Champion of the bloody Cross.

LXV.

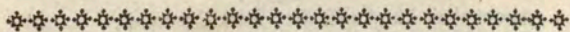
But one of those six Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly Bow and Arrow keen,
Which forth he sent with felonous Despight,
And fell Intent against the Virgin sheen:
The mortal Steel staid not, till it was seen
To gore her Side; yet was the Wound not deep,
But lightly ras'd her soft silken Skin,
That Drops of purple Blood there-out did weep,
Which did her lilly Smock with Stains of Verneil steep.

LXVI.

Wherewith enrag'd, she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming Sword about her laid,
That none of them foul Mischief could eschew,
But with her dreadful Strokes were all dismay'd:
Here, there, and every where about her sway'd
Her wrathful Steel, that none mote it abide;
And eke the Redcross Knight gave her good aid,
Ay joining foot to foot, and side to side,
That in short space their Foes they have quite terrify'd.

LXVII.

Tho, when-as all were put to shameful Flight,
The noble *Britomartis* her array'd,
And her bright Arms about her Body dight;
For nothing would she lenger there be staid,
Where so loose Life, and so ungentle Trade
Was us'd of Knights, and Ladies seeming gent.
So early, e'er the gross Earth's grysie Shade,
Was all dispers'd out of the Firmament,
They took their Steeds, and forth upon their Journey went.



CANTO II.

*The Redcross Knight to Britomart
Describeth Arthegall:
The wondrous Mirrour, by which she
In love with him did fall.*

I.

HERE have I cause, in Men just Blame to find,
That in their proper Praise too partial be,
And not indifferent to Womankind,
To whom no share in Arms and Chevalry
They do impart, ne maken memory
Of their brave Gests and Prowess martial;
Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Room in their Writs: yet the same Writing small
Does all their Deeds deface, and dims their Glories all.

II.

But by Record of antique Times I find,
That Women wont in Wars to bear most Sway,
And to all great Exploits themselves inclin'd:
Of which they still the Girland bore away,
Till envious Men (fearing their Rule's Decay)
'Gan coin strait Laws to curb their Liberty;
Yet sith they warlike Arms have laid away,
They have excel'd in Arts and Policy,
That now we foolish Men that Praise 'gin eke t' envy.

III.

Of warlike Puissaunce in Ages spent,
Be thou fair *Britomart*, whose Praise I write;
But of all Wisdom be thou Precedent,
O sovereign Queen! whose Praise I would endite,
Endite I would, as Duty doth excite.
But ah! my Rhimes too rude and rugged are,
When in so high an Object they do light,
And striving fit to make, I fear do mar:
Thy self thy Praises tell, and make them known far.

IV.

IV.

She, travelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of sundry things fair Purpose 'gan to find,
T' abridg their Journey long, and lingring Day;
'Mongst which it fell into that Fairy's Mind,
To ask this *Brison* Maid, what uncouth Wind
Brought her into those Parts, and what Inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised Kind:
Fair Lady she him seem'd, like Lady dress'd;
But fairest Knight alive, when armed was her Breast.

V.

Thereat she sighing softly, had no power
To speak awhile, ne ready answer make,
But with heart-thrilling Throbs and bitter Stower,
As if she had a Fever-Fit, did quake,
And every dainty Limb with Horrour shake;
And ever and anon the rosy Red
Flash'd thro her Face, as it had been a Flake
Of Lightning, thro bright Heaven fulmin'd:
At last, the Passion pass'd, she thus him answered.

VI.

Fair Sir, I let you weet, that from the hour
I taken was, from Nurse's tender Papp,
I have been trained up in warlike Stower,
To tossen Spear and Shield, and to affrap
The warlike Rider to his most Mishap;
Sithence I loathed have my Life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in Pleasure's wanton Lap,
To finger the fine Needle and nice Thred;
Me liefer were with Point of Foe-man's Spear be dead.

VII.

All my Delight on Deeds of Arms is set,
To hunt our Perils and Adventures hard,
By Sea, by Land, wherefo they may be met,
Only for Honour and for high Regard,
Without Respect of Riches or Reward:
For such Intent into these Parts I came,
Withouten Compass, or withouten Card,
Far from my native Soil, that is by name
The *Greater Britain*, here to seek for Praise and Fame.

S 5.

VIII.

VIII.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Fairy-Lond
 Do many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,
 And many strange Adventures to be fond,
 Of which great Worth and Worship may be won;
 Which I to prove, this Voyage have begon.
 But mote I weet of you, right courteous Knight,
 Tidings of one, that hath unto me done
 Late foul Dishonour and reproachful Spight,
 The which I seek to wreak, and *Arthegall* he hight.

IX.

The Word gone out, she back again would call,
 As her repenting so to have mislay'd,
 But that he it up-taking e'er the Fall,
 Her shortly answered: Fair martial Maid,
 Certes ye misavised been, t' upbraid
 A gentle Knight with so unknighthly Blame:
 For weet ye well, of all that ever play'd
 At Tilt or Tourney, or like warlike Game,
 The noble *Arthegall* hath ever borne the Name.

X.

For-thy, great wonder were it, if such Shame
 Should ever enter in his bounteous Thought,
 Or ever do that mote deserven Blame:
 The noble Courage never weeneth ought,
 That may unworthy of it self be thought.
 Therefore, fair Danzel, be ye well aware,
 Lest that too far ye have your Sorrow fought:
 You and your Country both I wish Welfare,
 And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

XI.

The Royal Maid wox inly wondrous glad,
 To hear her Love so highly magnify'd,
 And joy'd that ever she affixed had
 Her Heart on Knight so goodly glorify'd,
 However finely she it feign'd to hide:
 The loving Mother, that nine Months did bear,
 In the dear Closet of her painful Side,
 Her tender Babe, it seeing safe appear,
 Doth not so much rejoice, as she rejoiced there.

XII.

XII.

But to occasion him to further talk,
 To feed her Humour with his pleasing Stile,
 Her list in strife-full Terms with him to balk,
 And thus reply'd: However, Sir, ye file
 Your courteous Tongue his Praises to compile,
 It ill beseems a Knight of gentle sort,
 Such as ye have him boasted, to beguile
 A simple Maid, and work so heinous Tort,
 In shame of Knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII.

Let be therefore my Vengeance to dissuade,
 And read, where I that Faytour false may find.
 Ah! but if Reason fair might you persuade,
 To slake your Wrath, and mollify your Mind,
 Said he, perhaps ye should it better find:
 For hardy thing it is, to ween by Might,
 That Man to hard Conditions to bind,
 Or ever hope to match in equal Fight;
 Whose Prowess paragon saw never living Wight.

XIV.

Ne soothlich is it easy for to read,
 Where now on Earth, or how he may be found;
 For he ne wonneth in one certain Stead,
 But restless walketh all the World around,
 Ay doing things, that to his Fame redound,
 Defending Ladies Cause, and Orphans Right,
 Wherefo he hears, that any doth confound
 Them comfortless, thro Tyranny or Might;
 So is his sovereign Honour rais'd to Heaven's height.

XV.

His feeling Words her feeble Sense much pleas'd,
 And softly sunk into her molten Heart;
 Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eas'd
 With hope of thing, that may allay his Smart;
 For pleasing Words are like to magick Art,
 That doth the charmed Snake in Shumber lay:
 Such secret Ease felt gentle *Britomart*,
 Yet list the same efforce with feign'd Gainfay;
 (So Discord oft in Musick makes the sweeter Lay.)

XVI.

XVI.

And said, Sir Knight, these idle Terms forbear,
 And sith it is uneach to find his Haunt,
 Tell me some Marks, by which he may appear,
 If chauce I him encounter paravaunt;
 For, perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:
 What Shape, what Shield, what Arms, what Steed, what
 And whatso else his Person most may vaunt? (Sted,
 All which the *Redcrofs* Knight to point ared,
 And him in every point before her fashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in every part before she knew,
 However list her now her Knowledge feign,
 Sith him whilome in *Britain* she did view,
 To her revealed in a Mirrour plain;
 Whereof did grow her first engrafted Pain:
 Whose Root and Stalk so bitter yet did taste,
 That but the Fruit more Sweetness did contain,
 Her wretched Days in Dolour she mote waste,
 And yield the Prey of Love to loathsome Death at last.

XVIII.

Py strange Occasion she did him behold,
 And much more strangely 'gan to love his Sight,
 As it in Books hath written been of old.
 In *Debeubarth* that now *South-Wales* is highr,
 What time King *Ryence* reign'd, and dealed right,
 The great Magician *Merlin* had deviz'd,
 By his deep Science, and hell-dreaded Might,
 A Looking-Glass right wondrously agniz'd,
 Whose Vertues thro the wide World soon were solemniz'd.

XIX.

It Vertue had, to shew in perfect Sight,
 Whatever thing was in the World contain'd,
 Betwixt the lowest Earth and Heavens height,
 So that it to the Looker appertain'd:
 Whatever Foe had wrought or Friend had feign'd,
 Therein discover'd was, ne ought mote pass,
 Ne ought in secret from the same remain'd;
 For-thy it round and hollow shaped was,
 Like to the World it self, and seem'd a World of Glass.

XX.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reads so wondrous Work?
 But who does wonder that has read the Tower,
 Wherein th' *Egyptian Phao* long did lurk
 From all Mens view, that none might her discouer,
 Yet she might all Men view out of her Bower?
 Great *Prolomy* it for his *Leman's* sake
 Ybuiled all of Glass, by Magick Power,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet when his Love was false, he with a Peaze it break.

XXI.

Such was the glassy Globe that *Merlin* made,
 And gave unto King *Ryence* for his Guard,
 That never Foes his Kingdom might invade,
 But he it knew at home before he heard
 Tidings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,
 And worthy Work of infinite Reward,
 That Treasons could bewray, and Foes convince:
 Happy this Realm, had it remained ever since.

XXII.

One day it fortun'd fair *Britomart*
 Into her Father's Closet to repair;
 For, nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
 Being his only Daughter and his Heir:
 Where when she had espy'd that Mirrour fair,
 Her self awhile therein she view'd in vain;
 Tho, her avizing of the Vertues rare,
 Which thereof spoken were, she 'gan again
 Her to bethink of that mote to her self pertain.

XXIII.

But as it falleth in the gentlest Hearts
 Imperious Love hath highest set his Throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter Smarts
 Of them, that to him buxom are and prone:
 So thought this Maid (as Maidens use to done)
 Whom Fortune for her Husband would alloc;
 Not that she lusted after any one,
 For she was pure from Blame of sinful Blot,
 Yet wist her Life at last must link in that same Knot.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Estfoons there was presented to her Eye
 A comely Knight, all arm'd in compleat wise,
 Through whose bright Ventrail lifted up on high
 His manly Face, that did his Foes agrise,
 And Friends to Terms of gentle Truce entice,
 Look'd forth, as *Phœbus*' Face out of the East
 Betwixt two shady Mountains doth arise;
 Portly his Person was, and much increas'd
 Through his heroick Grace, and honourable Gest.

XXV.

His Crest was cover'd with a couchant Hound,
 And all his Armour seem'd of antique Mould,
 But wondrous massy and assured found,
 And round about yfretted all with Gold,
 In which there written was with Cyphers old,
Achilles Arms, which Arthegal did win.
 And on his Shield enveloped sevenfold
 He bore a crowned little Ermilin,
 That deck'd the azure Field with her fair pouldred Skin.

XXVI.

The Damzel well did view his Personage,
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,
 But went her way; ne her unguilty Age
 Did ween, unwares that her unlucky Lot
 Lay hidden in the bottom of the Pot:
 Of Hurt unwist most Danger doth redound;
 But the false Archer, which that Arrow shot
 So sily, that she did not feel the Wound,
 Did smile full smoothly at her weeteless woful Stound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the Feather in her lofty Crest,
 Ruffed of Love, 'gan lowly to avail;
 And her proud Portance, and her princely Gest,
 With which she erst triumphed, now did quail:
 Sad, solemn, sour, and full of Fancies frail
 She wox; yet wist she neither how, nor why;
 She wist not, sily Maid, what she did ail;
 Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
 Yet thought it was not Love, but some Melancholy.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

So soon as Night had with her pallid Hue
 Defac'd the Beauty of the shining Sky,
 And rest from Men the World's desired view,
 She with her Nourse adown to sleep did lie.
 But Sleep full far away from her did fly;
 Instead thereof sad Sighs and Sorrows deep
 Kept watch and ward about her warily:
 That nought she did but wail, and often steep
 Her dainty Couch with Tears, which closely she did weep.

XXIX.

And if that any Drop of slombring Rest
 Did chauce to still into her weary Spright,
 When feeble Nature felt her self oppress'd;
 Straight-way with Dreams, and with fantastick sight
 Of dreadful things the same was put to flight,
 That oft out of her Bed she did start,
 As one with view of ghastly Fiends affright:
 Tho, 'gan she to renew her former Smart,
 And think of that fair Visage written in her Heart.

XXX.

One Night, when she was tost with such unrest,
 Her aged Nurse, whose Name was *Glauce* hight,
 Feeling her leap out of her loathed Nest,
 Betwixt her feeble Arms her quickly keight,
 And down again in her warm Bed her dight:
 Ah! my dear Daughter, ah! my dearest Dread,
 What uncouth Fit, said she, what evil Plight
 Hath thee oppress'd, and with sad drearyhead
 Changed thy living Chear, and living made thee dead?

XXXI.

For, not of nought these suddain ghastly Fears
 All Night afflict thy natural Repose;
 And all the Day, when as thine equal Peers
 Their fit Disports with fair Delight do chose,
 Thou in dull Corners dost thy self inclose,
 Ne tastest Princes Pleasures, ne doest spread
 Abroad thy fresh Youth's fairest Flower, but lose
 Both Leaf and Fruit, both too untimely shed,
 As one in wilful Bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

XXXII.

The time, that mortal Men their weary Cares
Do lay away, and all wild Beasts do rest,
And every River eke his Course forbears,
Then doth this wicked Evil thee infest,
And rive with thousand Throbs thy thrilled Breast :
Like an huge *Aerm*' of deep engulft Grief,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow Chest,
Whence forth it breaks in Sighs and Anguish rife,
As Smoke and Sulphur mingled with confuted Strife.

XXXIII.

Ay me, how much I fear, lest Love it be ;
But if that Love it be, as sure I read
By known Signs and Passions, which I see,
Be it worthy of thy Race and Royal Seed ;
Then I avow by this most sacred Head
Of my dear foster Child, to ease thy Grief,
And win thy Will : Therefore away do Dread ;
For, Death nor Danger from thy due Relief
Shall me debar ; tell me therefore my liefest Lief.

XXXIV.

So having said, her 'twixt her Armes twain
She straightly strain'd, and colled tenderly ;
And every trembling Joint, and every Vein
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To do the frozen Cold away to fly ;
And her fair dewy Eyes with Kisses dear
She oft did bathe, and oft again did dry,
And ever her importun'd, not to fear
To let the Secret of her Heart to her appear.

XXXV.

The Damzel paus'd, and then thus fearfully ;
Ah Nurse ! what needeth thee to eke my Pain ?
Is not enough, that I alone do die,
But it must doubled be with death of twain ?
For, nought for me but Death there doth remain.
O ! Daughter dear, said she, despair no whit ;
For, never Sore, but might a Salve obtain ;
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another Arrow hath your Lover's Heart to hit.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

But mine is not, quoth she, like others Wound ;
For which, no Reason can find Remedy.
Was never such, but mote the like be found,
Said she ; and though no Reason may apply
Salve to your Sore, yet Love can higher stie
Than Reason's reach, and oft hath Wonders done.
But neither God of Love, nor God of Sky
Can do (said she) that, which cannot be done :
Things oft impossible (quoth she) seem e'er begun.

XXXVII.

These idle words, said she, do not assuage
My stubborn Smart, but more annoyance breed ;
For, no, no usual Fire, no usual Rage
It is, O Nurse, which on my Life doth feed,
And sucks the Blood, which from my Heart doth bleed.
But since thy faithful Zeal lets me not hide
My Crime (if Crime it be) I will it read :
Nor Prince, nor Peer it is, whose Love hath gride
My feeble Breast of late, and launced this Wound wide :

XXXVIII.

Nor Man it is, nor other living Wight,
For then some hope I might unto me draw ;
But th' only Shade and Semblant of a Knight,
Whose Shape or Person yet I never saw,
Hath me subjected to Love's cruel Law.
The same one day, as me Misfortune led,
I in my Father's wondrous Mirrour saw,
And pleased with that seeming Goodly-hed,
Unwares the hidden Hook with Bait I swallowed.

XXXIX.

Since it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding Bowels, and so fore
Now rankleth in this same frail fleshy Mould,
That all mine Entrails flow with pois'nous Gore,
And th' Ulcer groweth daily more and more ;
Ne can my running Sore find Remedy,
Other than my hard Fortune to deplore,
And languish as the Leaf falln from the Tree,
Till Death make one end of my Days and Misery.

XL.

XL.

Daughter, said she, what need ye be dismay'd,
 Or why make ye such Monster of your Mind?
 Of much more uncouth thing I was affraid;
 Of filthy Lust, contrary unto Kind;
 But this Affection nothing strange I find;
 For, who with reason can you ay reprove,
 To love the Semblant pleasing most your Mind,
 And yield your Heart whence ye cannot remove?
 No Guilt in you, but in the Tyranny of Love.

XLI.

Not so th' *Arabian Myrrh* did set her Mind;
 Not so did *Biblis* spend her pining Heart,
 But lov'd their native Flesh against all kind,
 And to their purpose used wicked Art:
 Yet played *Pasiphae* a more monstrous part,
 That lov'd a Bull, and learn'd a Beast to be;
 Such shameful Lusts who loaths not, which depart
 From course of Nature and of Modesty?
 Sweet Love such Lewdness bands from his fair Company.

XLII.

But thine, my Dear (well fare thy Heart, my Dear)
 Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is
 On one, that worthy may perhaps appear;
 And certes seems bestowed not amiss:
 Joy thereof have thou and eternal Bliss.
 With that up-leaning on her Elbow weak,
 Her Alablaster Breast she soft did kiss,
 Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
 As it an Earthquake were; at last she thus bespake:

XLIII.

Beldame, your words do work me little ease;
 For, though my Love be not so leudly bent
 As those ye blame, yet may it not appease
 My raging Smart, ne ought my Flame relent,
 But rather doth my helpless Grief augment.
 For they, however shameful and unkind,
 Yet did possess their horrible intent:
 Short end of Sorrows they thereby did find;
 So was their Fortune good, tho wicked were their Mind.

XLIV.

XLIV.

But wicked Fortune mine, though mine be good,
 Can have no End, nor hope of my Desire,
 But feed on Shadows, whiles I die for Food,
 And like a Shadow wex, whiles with entire
 Affection I do languish and expire.
 I fonder than *Cephisus*' foolish Child,
 Who having viewed in a Fountain there
 His Face, was with the love thereof beguil'd;
 I fonder love a Shade, the Body far exil'd.

XLV.

Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched Boy
 Was of himself the idle Paramour;
 Both Love and Lover, without hope of Joy,
 For which he faded to a watry Flower.
 But better Fortune thine, and better hour,
 Which lov'st the Shadow of a warlike Knight;
 No Shadow, but a Body hath in Power:
 That Body, wheresoever that it light,
 May learned be by Cyphers, or by Magick Might.

XLVI.

But if thou may with reason yet repress
 The growing Evil, ere it strength have got,
 And thee abandon'd wholly do possess,
 Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not,
 Till thou in open Field adown be smot.
 But if the Passion master thy frail Might,
 So that needs Love or Death must be thy Lot,
 Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right,
 To compass thy Desire, and find that loved Knight.

XLVII.

Her chearful Words much chear'd the feeble Spright
 Of the sick Virgin, that her down she laid
 In her warm Bed to sleep, if that she might;
 And the old Woman carefully display'd
 The Clothes about her round with busy Aid;
 So that at last a little creeping Sleep
 Surpriz'd her Sense: She, therewith well apaid,
 The drunken Lamp down in the Oil did steep,
 And set her by to watch, and set her by to weep.

XLVIII.

Early the Morrow next, before that Day
 His joyous Face did to the World reveal,
 They both uprose, and took their ready way
 Unto the Church their Prayers to appeal,
 With great Devotion, and with little Zeal:
 For, the fair Damzel from the holy Herse
 Her love-sick Heart to other thoughts did steal;
 And that old Dame said many an idle Verse,
 Out of her Daughter's Heart fond Fancies to reverse.

XLIX.

Returned home, the royal Infant fell
 Into her former Fit; for why, no Power
 Nor Guidance of her self in her did dwell.
 But th' aged Nurse, her calling to her Bower,
 Had gathered Rue, and Savine, and the Flower
 Of *Camphara*, and Calamint, and Dill,
 All which she in an earthen Pot did pour,
 And to the Brim with Coltwood did it fill,
 And many Drops of Milk and Blood through it did spill.

L.

Then taking thrice three Hairs from off her Head,
 Them trebly braided in a threefold Lace,
 And round about the Por's Mouth bound the Thread;
 And after having whispered a space
 Certain sad Words, with hollow Voice and Base,
 She to the Virgin said, thrice said she it:
 Come Daughter, come, come; spit upon my Face,
 Spit thrice upon me, thrice upon me spit;
 Th' uneven number for this Business is most fit.

LI.

That said, her round about she from her turn'd;
 She turned her contrary to the Sun,
 Thrice she her turn'd contrary, and return'd,
 All contrary; for she the Right did shun,
 And ever what she did, was straight undone.
 So thought she to undo her Daughter's Love:
 But Love, that is in gentle Breast begun,
 No idle Charms so lightly may remove;
 That well can witness, who by trial it does prove.

LII.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble Maid avail,
 Ne slaké the Fury of her cruel Flame,
 But that she still did waste, and still did wail,
 That through long Languor, and heart-burning Brame
 She shortly like a pined Ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the *Strygian* Strond.
 That when old *Glauce* saw, for fear lest Blame
 Of her Mis-carriage should in her be fond,
 She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to withstand.



CANTO

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrays, to Britomart,
The State of Arthegall;
And shews the famous Progeny
Which from them springen shall.

I.

O H! sacred Fire, that burnest mightily
In living Breasts, ykindled first above,
Amongst th' eternal Spheres and lamping Sky,
And thence pour'd into Men, which Men call Love;
Not that same, which doth base Affections move
In brutish Minds, and filthy Lust inflame;
But that sweet Fit, that doth true Beauty love,
And chuseth Virtue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble Deeds and never-dying Fame:

II.

Well did Antiquity a God thee deem,
That over mortal Minds hast so great might,
To order them, as best to thee doth seem,
And all their Actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of divine Foresight
Thou doest effect in destined Descents,
Through deep Impression of thy secret Might,
And stirrest up th' Heroes high intents,
Which the late World admires for wondrous Moniments.

III.

But thy dread Darts in none do triumph more,
Ne braver proof in any of thy Power
Shew'd'st thou, than in this Royal Maid of yore,
Making her seek an unknown Paramour,
From the World's end, through many a bitter Stower:
From whose two Loins thou afterwards did raise
Most famous Fruits of matrimonial Bower,
Which through the Earth have spread their living Praise,
That Fame in Tromp of Gold eternally displays.

IV.

IV.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phœbus* and of *Memory*,
That doest ennoble with immortal Name
The warlike Worthies, from Antiquity,
In thy great Volume of Eternity:
Begin, O *Clio*, and recount from hence
My glorious Sovereign's goodly Ancestry,
Till that by due Degrees and long Pretence,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

V.

Full many ways within her troubled Mind,
Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this Lady's Grief:
Full many ways she sought, but none could find,
Nor Herbs, nor Charms, nor Counsel, that is chief
And choicest Med'cine for sick Heart's Relief:
For-thy, great Care she took, and greater Fear,
Left that it should her turn to foul Reprief,
And sore Reproach, when so her Father dear
Should of his dearest Daughter's hard Misfortune hear.

VI.

At last, she her avis'd, that he, which made
That Mirror, wherein the sick Damofel
So strangely viewed her strange Lover's Shade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Under what Coast of Heaven the Man did dwell,
And by what means his Love might best be wrought:
For, though beyond the *Africk Ismaell*,
Or th' *Indian Peru* he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite Endeavour to have sought.

VII.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange
And base Attire, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by change
Of name *Cayr-Merdin* call'd, they took their way:
There the wise *Merlin* whilom wont, they say,
To make his wonne, low underneath the Ground,
In a deep Delve, far from the view of Day,
That of no living Wight he mote be found,
When so he counsel'd with his Sprights encompass round.

VIII.

VIII.

And if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful Place:
It is an hideous hollow Cave, they say,
Under a Rock that lies a little space
From the swift *Barry*, tumbling down apace,
Amongst the woody Hills of *Dyneuowre*;
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same baleful Bower,
For fear the cruel Fiends should thee unwares devour.

IX.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine Ear,
And there such ghastly Noise of iron Chains,
And brazen Caudrons thou shalt rombling hear,
Which thousand Sprights with long enduring Pains
Do tofs, that it will stun thy feeble Brains;
And oftentimes great Groans, and grievous Stounds,
When too huge Toil and Labour them constrains:
And oftentimes loud Strokes, and ringing Sounds
From under that deep Rock most horribly rebounds.

X.

The cause some say is this: A little while
Before that *Merlin* died, he did intend,
A brazen Wall in compass to compile
About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
Unto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which work, the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send,
Who thereby forc'd his Workmen to forsake,
Them bound till his return, their Labour not to slake.

XI.

In the mean time, through that false Lady's Train,
He was surpriz'd, and buried under Bere,
Ne ever to his Work return'd again:
Nath'less those Fiends may not their Work forbear,
So greatly his Commandement they fear,
But there do toil and travail Day and Night,
Until that brazen Wall they up do rear:
For, *Merlin* had in Magick more insight,
Than ever him before or after living Wight.

XII.

XII.

For, he by words could call out of the Sky
Both Sun and Moon, and make them him obey:
The Land to Sea, and Sea to Main-land dry,
And darksome Night he eke could turn to Day:
Huge Hosts of Men he could alone dismay,
And Hosts of Men of meanest things could frame,
When so him list his Enemies to fray:
That to this day, for Terror of his Fame,
The Fiends do quake, when any him to them does name.

XIII.

And, sooth, Men say that he was not the Son
Of mortal Sire, or other living Wight;
But wondrously begotten, and begun
By false Illusion of a guileful Spright,
On a fair Lady Nun, that whilom high
Matilda, Daughter to *Pubidius*,
Who was the Lord of *Marthravall* by right,
And Coosen unto King *Ambrosius*:
Whence he indued was with Skill so marvellous.

XIV.

They here arriving, stay'd awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new doubt
For dread of Danger, which it might portend:
Until the hardy Maid (with Love to Friend)
First entering, the dreadful Mage there found
Deep busied 'bout Work of wondrous End,
And writing strange Characters in the Ground,
With which the stubborn Fiends he to his Service bound.

XV.

He nought was moved at their Entrance bold;
For, of their coming well he wist afore:
Yet list them bid their Business unfold,
As if ought in this World in secret store
Were from him hidden, or unknown of yore.
Then *Glauce* thus; Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksome Door,
Unwares have press'd: for, either fatal end,
Or other mighty cause, us two did hither send.

Vol. II.

T

XVI.

XVI.

He bad tell on : And then she thus began ;
 Now have three Moons with borrow'd Brother's Light,
 Thrice shined fair, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,
 Sith a fore Evil, which this Virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in doleful Plight,
 First rooting took : but what thing it mote be,
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright ;
 But this I read, that but if remedy
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

XVII.

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly 'gan to smile
 At her smooth Speeches, weeting inly well,
 That she to him dissembled womanish Guile,
 And to her said : Beldame, by that ye tell,
 More need of Leach-craft hath your Damozel,
 Than of my Skill : who help may have elsewhere,
 In vain seeks Wonders out of Magic Spell.
 Th' old Woman wox half blank, those words to hear ;
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plain appear.

XVIII.

And to him said : If any Leach's Skill,
 Or other learned means could have redrest
 This my dear Daughter's deep engrafted Ill,
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest :
 But this sad Evil, which doth her infest,
 Doth course of natural Cause far exceed,
 And housed is within her hollow Breast,
 That either seems some cursed Witch's Deed,
 Or evil Spright, that in her doth such Torment breed :

XIX.

The Wisard could no longer bear her Bord,
 But bursting forth in Laughter, to her said :
Glauce, what needs this colourable word,
 To cloke the Cause, that hath it self bewray'd ?
 Ne ye, fair *Britomartis*, thus array'd,
 More hidden are, than Sun in cloudy Veil ;
 Whom thy good Fortune, having Fate obey'd,
 Hath hither brought, for Succour to appeal :
 The which the Powers to thee are pleased to reveal.

XX.

XX.

The doubtful Maid, seeing her self descry'd,
 Was all abasht'd, and her pure Ivory
 Into a clear Carnation suddain dy'd :
 As fair *Aurora*, rising hastily,
 Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lie
 All Night in old *Tibonus'* frozen Bed,
 Whereof she seems ashamed inwardly.
 But her old Nurse was nought disheartened,
 But 'vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had aed.

XXI.

And said ; Sith then thou knowest all our Grief,
 (For what dost not thou know ?) of Grace I pray,
 Pity our Plaint, and yield us meet Relief.
 With that, the Prophet still awhile did stay,
 And then his Spirit thus 'gan forth dislay ;
 Most noble Virgin, that by fatal Lore
 Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
 The hard Begin', that meets thee in the Dore,
 And with sharp Fits thy tender Heart oppresseth fore

XXII.

For, so must all things excellent begin,
 And eke enrooted deep must be that Tree,
 Whose big embodied Branches shall not lin,
 Till they to Heaven's height forth stretched be.
 For, from thy Womb a famous Progeny
 Shall spring, out of the antient *Trojan* Blood,
 Which shall revive the sleeping Memory
 Of those same antique Peers, the Heavens Brood,
 Which *Greece* and *Asian* Rivers stained with their Blood.

XXIII.

Renowned Kings, and sacred Emperors,
 Thy fruitful Off-spring, shall from thee descend ;
 Brave Captains, and most mighty Warriours,
 That shall their Conquests through all Lands extend,
 And their decayed Kingdoms shall amend :
 The feeble *Britons*, broken with long War,
 They shall uprear, and mightily defend
 Against their foreign Foe, that comes from far,
 Till universal Peace compound all civil Jar.

T 2

XXIV.

XXIV.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring Eye,
 Glauncing unwares in charmed Looking-glass,
 But the straight Courſe of heavenly Deſtiny,
 Led with eternal Providence, that has
 Guided thy Glaunce, to bring his Will to paſs:
 Ne is thy Fate, ne is thy Fortune ill,
 To love the prowefſt Knight, that ever was.
 Therefore ſubmit thy Ways unto his Will,
 And do by all due means thy Deſtiny fulfil.

XXV.

But read (ſaid *Glauce*) thou Magician,
 What means ſhall ſhe out-ſeek, or what ways take?
 How ſhall ſhe know, how ſhall ſhe find the Man?
 Or what needs her to toil, ſith Fates can make
 Way for themſelves, their purpoſe to partake?
 Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the Fates are firm,
 And may not ſhrink, though all the World do ſhake:
 Yet ought Mens good Endeavours them confirm,
 And guide the heavenly Cauſes to their conſtant Term.

XXVI.

The Man, whom Heavens have ordain'd to be
 The Spouſe of *Britomart*, is *Arthegal*:
 He wonneth in the Land of *Fairy*,
 Yet is no *Fairy* born, ne ſib at all
 To Elves, but ſprong of Seed terreſtrial,
 And whilom by falſe *Fairies* ſtoln away,
 Whiles yet in Infant Cradle he did crall;
 Ne other to himſelf is known this day,
 But that he by an Elf was gotten of a *Fay*.

XXVII.

But ſooth he is the Son of *Gorlois*,
 And Brother unto *Cador*, *Cornish* King,
 And for his warlike Feats renowned is,
 From where the Day out of the Sea doth ſpring,
 Until the cloſure of the Evening.
 From thence, him firmly bound with faithful Band,
 To this his native Soil thou back ſhalt bring,
 Strongly to aid his Country, to withſtand
 The Power of foreign Paynimis, which invade thy Land.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Great Aid thereto, his mighty Puiſſance,
 And dreaded Name, ſhall give in that ſad day;
 Where alſo proof of thy prow Valiaunce
 Thou then ſhalt make, & increaſe thy Lover's prey:
 Long time ye both in Arms ſhall bear great ſway,
 Till thy Womb's burden thee from them do call,
 And his laſt Fate him from thee take away,
 Too rathe cut off by practice criminal
 Of ſecret Foes, that him ſhall make in Miſchief fall.

XXIX.

Where thee yet ſhall he leave, for Memory
 Of his late Puiſſance, his Image dead,
 That living him in all activity
 To thee ſhall repreſent. He from the Head
 Of his Cooſin *Conſtantius* without dread
 Shall take the Crown, that was his Father's right,
 And therewith crown himſelf in th' other's ſtead:
 Then ſhall he iſſue forth with dreadful Might,
 Againſt his *Saxon* Foes in bloody Field to fight.

XXX.

Like as a Lion, that in drowſy Cave
 Hath long time ſlept, himſelf ſo ſhall he ſhake;
 And coming forth, ſhall ſpread his Banner brave
 Over the troubled South, that it ſhall make
 The warlike *Mertians* for fear to quake:
 Thrice ſhall he fight with them, and twice ſhall win,
 But the third time ſhall fair Accordance make;
 And if he then with Victory can lin,
 He ſhall his Days with Peace bring to his earthly Inn.

XXXI.

His Son, hight *Vortipore*, ſhall him ſucceed
 In Kingdom, but not in Felicity;
 Yet ſhall he long time war with happy ſpeed,
 And with great Honour many Battles try:
 But at the laſt to th' Importunity
 Of froward Fortune ſhall be forc'd to yield.
 But his Son *Malgo* ſhall full mightily
 Avenge his Father's loſs with Spear and Shield,
 And his proud Foes diſcomfit in victorious Field.

XXXII.

Behold the Man, and tell me, *Britomart*,
 If ay more goodly Creature thou didst see;
 How like a Giant in each manly part,
 Bears he himself with portly Majesty,
 That one of the old *Heroes* seems to be!
 He the six Islands, comprovincial
 In ancient times unto *Great Britanny*,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sundry Kings to do their Homage several.

XXXIII.

All which his Son *Careticus* awhile
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* Power suppress,
 Until a stranger King from unknown Soil
 Arriving, him with Multitude oppres;
 Great *Gormond*, having with huge mightiness
Ireland subdu'd, and therein fix'd his Throne,
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptiness,
 Shall overswim the Sea with many one
 Of his *Norweyfes*, to assist the *Britons* Foe.

XXXIV.

He in his Fury all shall over-run,
 And holy Church with faithless Hands deface,
 That thy sad People utterly fordone,
 Shall to the utmost Mountains fly apace:
 Was never so great Waste in any place,
 Nor so foul Outrage doen by living Men;
 For, all thy Cities they shall sack and rase,
 And the green Grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,
 That even the wild Beast shall die in starved Den.

XXXV.

Whiles thus the *Britons* do in Languor pine,
 Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,
 Serving th' ambitious Will of *Augustine*;
 And passing *Dee* with hardy Enterprife,
 Shall back repulse the valiant *Brockwel* twice,
 And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;
 But the third time shall rue his Foolhardise:
 For *Cadwan*, pitying his People's Ill,
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
 On his Son *Edwin* all those Wrongs shall wreak;
 Ne shall avail the wicked Sorcery
 Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to break,
 But him shall slay, and on a Gallows bleak
 Shall give th' Enchanter his unhappy Hire:
 Then shall the *Britons*, late disinay'd and weak,
 From their long Vassalage 'gin to respire,
 And on their Paynim Foes avenge their rankled Ire.

XXXVII.

Ne shall he yet his Wrath so mitigate,
 Till both the Sons of *Edwin* he have slain,
Offrick and *Ofrick*, Twins unfortunate,
 Both slain in Battle upon *Layburn* Plain,
 Together with the King of *Louthiane*,
 Hight *Adm*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
 Both joint Partakers of the fatal Pain:
 But *Penda*, fearful of like Destiny,
 Shall yield himself his Liegeman, and swear Fealty.

XXXVIII.

Him shall he make his fatal Instrument,
 T' afflict the other *Saxons* unsubstu'd;
 He marching forth with Fury insolent
 Against the good King *Oswald*, who indu'd
 With heavenly Power, and by Angels rescu'd,
 All holding Crosses in their Hands on high,
 Shall him defeat withouten Blood imbrud:
 Of which, that Field for endless Memory,
 Shall *Heuensfield* be call'd to all Posterity.

XXXIX.

Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth issue,
 And an huge Host into *Northumber* lead,
 With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdue,
 And crown with Martyrdom his sacred Head.
 Whose Brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
 With Price of Silver shall his Kingdom buy;
 And *Penda*, seeking him adown to tread,
 Shall tread adown, and do him foully die,
 But shall with Gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacify.

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XL.

XL.

Then shall *Cadwallin* die, and then the Reign
Of *Britons* eke with him at once shall die;
Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with Pain,
Or Power, be able it to remedy,
When the full time prefix'd by Destiny,
Shall be expir'd of *Britons* Regiment.
For, Heaven it self shall their Success envy,
And them with Plagues and Murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike Puissance be spent.

XLI.

Yet after all these Sorrows, and huge Hills
Of dying People, during eight Years space,
Cadwallader not yielding to his Ills,
From *Armorick*, where long in wretched ease
He liv'd, returning to his native Place,
Shall be by Vision stay'd from his intent:
For, th' Heavens have decreed, to displace
The *Britons*, for their Sins due Punishment,
And to the *Saxons* over-give their Government.

XLII.

Then Woe, and Woe, and everlasting Woe,
Be to the *Briton* Babe that shall he born,
To live in Thraldom of his Father's Foe;
Late King, now Captive, late Lord, now forlorn,
The World's Reproach, the cruel Victor's Scorn,
Banish'd from Princely Bower to wastful Wood:
O! who shall help me to lament, and mourn
The Royal Seed, the antique *Trojan* Blood!
Whose Empire longer here than ever any stood.

XLIII.

The Damzel was full deep empaffioned,
Both for his Grief, and for her People's sake,
Whose future Woes so plain he fashioned;
And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake:
Ah! but will Heaven's Fury never slake,
Nor Vengeance huge relent it self at last?
Will not long Misery late Mercy make,
But shall their Name for ever be defac'd,
And quite from th' Earth their Memory be ras'd?

XLIV.

XLIV.

Nay but the term (said he) is limited,
That in this Thraldom *Britons* shall abide,
And the just Revolution measured,
That they as Strangers shall be notify'd,
For twice four hundred shall be full supply'd,
Ere they to former Rule restor'd shall be,
And their importune Fates all satisfy'd:
Yet during this their most Obscurity,
(see-
Their Beams shall oft break forth, that Men them fair may

XLV.

For *Rhodorick*, whose Sirname shall be Great,
Shall of himself a brave Ensamble shew,
That *Saxon* Kings his Friendship shall intreat;
And *Hewel Dha* shall goodly well indue
The salvage Minds with Skill of Just and True;
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall up-rear
His dreaded Head, and th' old Sparks renew
Of native Courage, that his Foes shall fear,
Left back again the Kingdom he from them should bear.

XLVI.

Ne shall the *Saxons* selves all peaceably
Enjoy the Crown, which they from *Britons* won
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred Years be full out-run,
There shall a Raven far from rising Sun,
With his wide Wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithless Chickens overrun
The fruitful Plains, and with fell Cruelty,
In their avenge, tread down the Victour's Surquedry.

XLVII.

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdue:
There shall a Lion from the Sea-bord Wood
Of *Neustria* come roaring, with a Crew
Of hungry Whelps, his battailous bold Brood,
Whose Claws were newly dip'd in cruddy Blood;
That from the *Danish* Tyrant's Head shall rend
Th' usurped Crown, as if that he were Wood,
And the Spoil of the Country conquered
Amongst his young ones shall divide with Bountyled.

T 5

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Tho, when the Term is full accomplish'd,
 There shall a Spark of Fire, which hath long while
 Been in his Ashes raked up and hid,
 Be freshly kindled in the fruitful Ile
 Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
 Which shall break forth into bright burning Flame,
 And reach into the House that bears the stile
 Of Royal Majesty and Sovereign Name:
 So shall the *Briton* Blood their Crown again reclaim.

XLIX.

Thenceforth eternal Union shall be made
 Between the Nations different afore,
 And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
 The warlike Minds, to learn her goodly Lore,
 And Civil Arms to exercise no more:
 Then shall a Royal Virgin reign, which shall
 Stretch her white Rod' over the *Belgick* Shore,
 And the great Castle finite so fore withal,
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall.

L.

But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stay'd,
 As overcome of the Spirit's Power,
 Or other ghastly Spectacle dismay'd,
 That secretly he saw, yet n'ore discover:
 Which sudden Fit, and half extatick Stour,
 When the two fearful Women saw, they grew
 Greatly confus'd in Behaviour.
 At last the Fury past, to former Hue
 She turn'd again, and chearful Looks as erst did shew.

LI.

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
 Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
 They both conceiving hope of Comfort glad,
 With lighter Hearts unto their Home retir'd,
 Where they in secret Counsel close conspir'd
 How to effect so hard an Enterprize,
 And to possess the purpose they desir'd:
 Now this, now that, 'twixt them they did devise,
 And divers Plots did frame, to mask in strange devise.

II.

LII.

At last the Nourse in her fool-hardy Wit
 Conceiv'd a bold Devise, and thus bespake;
 Daughter, I deem that Counsel ay most fit,
 That of the time doth due Advantage take:
 Ye see that good King *Uther* now doth make
 Strong War upon the *Paynim* Brethren, hight
Osta and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
 Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious Fight,
 That now all *Britannya* doth burn in Armes bright.

LIII.

That therefore nought our Passage may impeach,
 Let us in feigned Arms our selves disguise,
 And our weak Hands, whom Need new Strength shall
 The dreadful Spear and Shield to exercise.
 Ne certes, Daughter, that same warlike Wife,
 I ween, would you misseem; for ye've been tall,
 And large of Limb, t' atchieve an hard Emprise,
 Ne ought ye want, but Skill, which Practicé small
 Will bring, and shortly make you a Maid martial.

LIV.

And sooth, it ought your Courage much inflame,
 To hear so often, in that Royal House,
 From whence to none inferiour ye came:
 Bards tell of many Women valorous,
 Which have full many Feats adventurous
 Perform'd, in Paragon of proudest Men:
 The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
 Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
 Renowned *Martia*, and redoubt'd *Emmilen*.

LV.

And that, which more than all the rest may sway,
 Late day's Ensamble, which these Eyes beheld,
 In the last Field before *Menevia*,
 Which *Uther* with those foreign Pagans held,
 I saw a *Saxon* Virgin, the which sell'd
 Great *Ulfyn* thrice upon the bloody Plain;
 And had not *Carados* her Hand withheld
 From rash Revenge, she had him surely slain:
 Yet *Carados* himself from her escap'd with pain.

LVI.

LVI.

Ah! read, quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight?
 Fair *Angela*, quoth she, Men do her call,
 No whit less fair, than terrible in fight:
 She hath the leading of a martial
 And mighty People, dreaded more than all
 The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
 And love, themselves of her Name *Angles* call.
 Therefore, fair Infant, her Ensample make
 Unto thy self, and equal Courage to thee take.

LVII.

Her hearty words so deep into the Mind
 Of the young Damzel sunk, that great desire
 Of warlike Arms in her forthwith they tin'd,
 And generous stout Courage did inspire;
 That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Sire,
 Advent'rous Knighthood on her self to don,
 And counsel'd with her Nurse her Maid's Attire
 To turn into a massy Habergeon,
 And bad her all things put in readines anon.

LVIII.

Th' old Woman nought, that needed, did omit;
 But all things did conveniently purvey:
 It fortun'd (so time their turn did fit)
 A Band of *Britons* riding on Forray
 Few days before, had gotten a great Prey
 Of *Saxon* Goods, emongst the which was seen
 A goodly Armour, and full rich Array,
 Which 'long'd to *Angela*, the *Saxon* Queen,
 All frett'd round with Gold, and goodly well beseen.

LIX.

The same, with all the other Ornaments,
 King *Ryence* caus'd to be hanged high
 In his chief Church, for endless Moniments
 Of his Success and gladful Victory:
 Of which her self avising readily,
 In th' Evening late old *Glauce* thither led
 Fair *Britomart*, and that same Armory
 Down taking, her therein apparelled,
 Well as she might, and with brave Bauldrick garnished.

LX.

LX.

Beside those Arms, there stood a mighty Spear,
 Which *Bladud* made by magick Art of yore,
 And us'd the same in Battle ay to bear;
 Sith which it had been here preserv'd in store,
 For his great Vertues proved long afore:
 For never Wight so fast in Sell could sit,
 But him perforce unto the Ground it bore.
 Both Spear she took, and Shield, which hong by it;
 Both Spear and Shield of great Pow'r, for her Purpose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the Virgin all array'd,
 Another Harness, which did hang thereby,
 About her self she dight, that the young Maid
 She might in equal Arms accompany,
 And as her Squire attend her carefully,
 Tho to their ready Steeds they clomb full light,
 And thro back Ways, that none might them espy,
 Cover'd with secret Cloud of silent Night,
 Themselves they forth convey'd, and pass'd forward right.

LXII.

Ne rested they, till that to Fairy-Lond
 They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
 Where meeting with the *Redcross* Knight, she fond
 Of divers things Discourses to dilate,
 But most of *Arthegall*, and his Estate.
 At last their Ways so fell, that they mote part;
 Then each to other well affectionate,
 Friendship profess'd with unfeigned Heart,
 The *Redcross* Knight divers'd; but forth rode *Britomart*.



CAN-

CANTO IV.

*Bold Marinel, of Britomart,
Is thrown on the Rich Strand:
Fair Florimel, of Arthur, is
Long follow'd, but not fond.*

I.

WHERE is the antique Glory now become,
That whilome wont in Women to appear?
Where be the brave Atchievements done by some?
Where be the Battles, where the Shield and Spear,
And all the Conquests, which them high did rear,
That Matter made for famous Poets Verse,
And boastful Men so oft abash'd to hear?
Been they all dead, and laid in doleful Herse?
Or doen they only sleep, and shall again reverse?

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore!
But if they sleep, O let them soon awake;
For all too long I burn with Envy fore,
To hear the warlike Feats, which *Homer* spake
Of bold *Panthesilee*, which made a Lake
Of *Greekish* Blood so oft in *Trojan* Plain:
But when I read, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camil*' hath slain
The huge *Orsilochus*, I swell with great Disdain.

III.

Yet these, and all that else had Puissance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
As well for Glory of great Valiance,
As for pure Chastity and Vertue rare;
That all her goodly Deeds do well declare.
Well worthy Stock, from which the Branches sprong,
That in late Years so fair a Blossom bare,
As thee, O Queen! the Matter of my Song,
Whose Lineage from this Lady I derive along.

IV.

IV.

Who when thro Speeches with the *Redcross* Knight,
She learned had th' Estate of *Arthegall*,
And in each Point her self inform'd aright,
A friendly League of Love perpetual
She with him bound, and Conge took withal.
Then he forth on his Journey did proceed,
To seek Adventures, which mote him besal,
And win him Worship thro his warlike Deed,
Which always of his Pains he made the chiefest Meed.

V.

But *Britomart* kept on her former Course,
Ne ever doft her Arms, but all the way
Grew pensive thro that amorous Discourse,
By which the *Redcross* Knight did earst display
Her Lover's Shape, and chevalrous Array:
A thousand Thoughts she fashion'd in her Mind,
And in her feigning Fancy did pourtray
Him such, as fittest she for Love could find,
Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

VI.

With such self-pleasing Thoughts her Wound she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grievous Smart;
But so her Smart was much more grievous bred,
And the deep Wound more deep engor'd her Heart,
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 had address'd.

VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot Beast,
And sitting down upon the rocky Shore,
Bade her old Squire unlace her lofty Crest;
Tho, having view'd awhile the Surges hore,
That 'gainst the craggy Cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging Surquedry disdain'd,
That the fast Earth affronted them so fore,
And their devouring Covetize restrain'd;
Thereat she sigh'd deep, and after thus complain'd:

VIII.

VIII.

Huge Sea of Sorrow, and tempestuous Grief,
 Wherein my feeble Bark is tossed long,
 Far from the hoped Haven of Relief,
 Who do thy cruel Billows beat so strong,
 And thy moist Mountains each on others throng,
 Threatning to swallow up my fearful Life!
 O do thy cruel Wrath and spiteful Wrong
 At length allay, and stint thy stormy Strife,
 Which in these troubled Bowels reigns, and rageth rife.

IX.

For else my feeble Vessel craz'd, and crackt
 Thro thy strong Buffets and outrageous Blows,
 Cannot endure, but needs it must be wreckt
 On the rough Rocks, or on the sandy Shallows,
 The whiles that Love it steers, and Fortune rows:
 Love, my leud Pilot, hath a restless Mind,
 And Fortune, Boatwain, no Assurance knows;
 But sail withouten Stars, 'gainst Tide and Wind:
 How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

X.

Thou God of Winds, that reignest in the Seas,
 That reignest also in the Continent,
 At last blow up some gentle Gale of Ease,
 The which may bring my Ship, e'er it be rent,
 Unto the gladfom Port of her Intent:
 Then when I shall my self in Safety see,
 A Table for eternal Monument
 Of thy great Grace, and my great Jeopardy,
 Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee.

XI.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deep,
 She shut up all her 'Plaint in privy Grief;
 For her great Courage would not let her weep,
 Till that old Glauce gan with sharp Reprief
 Her to restrain, and give her good Relief,
 Thro hope of those, which Merlin had her told
 Should of her Name and Nation be chief,
 And fetch their Being from the sacred Mold
 Of her immortal Womb, to be in Heaven enrol'd.

XII.

XII.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spy'd,
 Where far away one all in Armour bright,
 With hastily Gallop towards her did ride:
 Her Dolour soon she ceas'd, and on her dight
 Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light;
 Her former Sorrow into suddain Wrath,
 Both cousin Passions of distressed Spirit,
 Converting, forth she beats the dusty Path:
 Love and Despight at once her Courage kindled hath.

XIII.

As when a foggy Mist hath overcast
 The face of Heaven, and the clear Air engrost,
 The World in Darknes dwells, till that at last
 The watty South-wind, from the Sea-bord Coast,
 Uplowing, doth disperse the Vapour lost,
 And pours it self forth in a stormy Shower:
 So the fair Britomart, having disclos'd
 Her cloudy Care into a wrathful Stower,
 The midst of Grief dissolv'd, did into Vengeance pour.

XIV.

Estfoons her goodly Shield addressing fair,
 That mortal Spear she in her Hand did take,
 And unto Battle did her self prepare:
 The Knight approaching, sternly her bespake;
 Sir Knight, that dost thy Voyage rashly make
 By this forbidden way in my despight,
 Ne dost by others Death ensample take,
 I read thee soon retire, whiles thou hast Might,
 Lest afterwards it be too late to take thy Flight.

XV.

Ythrill'd with deep Disdain of his proud Threat,
 She shortly thus: Fly they that need to fly;
 Words fearen Babes. I mean not thee intreat
 To pass; but mauger thee will pass or die.
 Ne lenger stay'd for th' other to reply,
 But with sharp Spear the rest made dearly known.
 Strongly the strange Knight ran, and sturdily
 Stroke her full on the Breast, that made her down
 Decline her Head, and touch her Crouper with her Crown.

XVI.

XVI.

But she again him in the Shield did smite
 With so fierce Fury and great Puissance,
 That thro his threesquare Scuchin piercing quite,
 And thro his mailed Hauberque, by mischaunce
 The wicked Steel thro his left Side did glaunce;
 Him so transfixed, she before her bore
 Beyond his Croup, the length of all her Launce,
 Till sadly foucing on the sandy Shore,
 He tumbled on an heap, and wallow'd in his Gore.

XVII.

Like as the sacred Ox, that careles stands,
 With gilden Horns, and flowry Girlonds crown'd,
 Proud of his dying Honour and dear Bands,
 Whiles th' Altars fume with Frankincense around;
 All suddenly with mortal Stroke astown'd,
 Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming Gore
 Distains the Pillours, and the holy Ground,
 And the fair Flowers that decked him afore:
 So fell proud *Marinel* upon the precious Shore.

XVIII.

The martial Maid stay'd not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way
 Along the Strond; which as she over-went,
 She saw bestrowed all with rich Array
 Of Pearls and precious Stones of great Assay,
 And all the Gravel mix'd with golden Ore;
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
 For Gold, or Pearls, or precious Stones an hour,
 But them despis'd all; for all was in her power.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly 'stonishment,
 Tidings hereof came to his Mother's Ear;
 His Mother was the black-brow'd *Cymoent*,
 The Daughter of great *Nereus*, which did bear
 This warlike Son unto an earthly Peer,
 The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day
 Finding the Nymph asleep in secret where,
 As he by chance did wander that same way,
 Was taken with her Love, and by her closely lay.

XX.

XX.

There he this Knight of her begot; whom born,
 She of his Father *Marinel* did name,
 And in a rocky Cave, as Wight forlorn,
 Long time she fostred up, till he became
 A mighty Man at Arms, and mickle Fame
 Did get thro great Adventures by him done:
 For never Man he suffred by that same
 Rich Strond to travel, whereas he did wonne,
 But that he must do Battle with the Sea-Nymph's Son.

XXI.

An hundred Knights of honourable Name
 He had subdu'd, and them his Vassals made,
 That thro all Fairy-Lond his noble Fame
 Now blazed was, and Fear did all invade,
 That none durst passen thro that perilous Glade;
 And to advaunce his Name and Glory more,
 Her Sea-God Sire she dearly did persuade
 T' endow her Son with Threasure and rich Store,
 'Bove all the Sons, that were of earthly Wombs ybore.

XXII.

The God did grant his Daughter's dear Demaund,
 To doen his Nephew in all Riches flow;
 Estfoons his heaped Waves he did commaund,
 Out of their hollow Bosom forth to throw
 All the huge Threasure, which the Sea below
 Had in his greedy Gulf devoured deep,
 And him enriched thro the Overthrow
 And Wrecks of many Wretches, which did weep,
 And often wail their Wealth, which he from them did keep.

XXIII.

Shortly upon that Shore there heaped was
 Exceeding Riches and all precious things,
 The Spoil of all the World, that it did pass
 The Wealth of th' *East*, and Pomp of *Persian Kings*;
 Gold, Amber, Ivory, Pearls, Owches, Rings,
 And all that else was precious and dear,
 The Sea unto him voluntary brings,
 That shortly he a great Lord did appear,
 As was in all the Lond of Fairy, or elsewhere.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded Knight,
 Try'd often to the Scath of many dear,
 That none in equal Arms him matchen might :
 The which his Mother seeing, 'gan to fear
 Lest his too haughty Hardiness might rear
 Some hard Mishap, in hazard of his Life :
 For-thy she oft him counsel'd to forbear
 The bloody Battel, and to stir up Strife,
 But after all his War, to rest his weary Knife.

XXV.

And for his more Assurance, she enquir'd
 One day of *Proteus* by his mighty Spell
 (For *Proteus* was with Prophecy inspir'd)
 Her dear Son's Destiny to her to tell,
 And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.
 Who, through Foresight of his eternal Skill,
 Bad her from Woman-kind to keep him well ;
 For, of a Woman he should have much ill,
 A Virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

XXVI.

For-thy she gave him Warning every day,
 The Love of Women not to entertain ;
 A Lesson too too hard for living Clay,
 From Love in course of Nature to refrain :
 Yet he his Mother's Lore did well retain,
 And ever from fair Ladies Love did fly ;
 Yet many Ladies fair did oft complain,
 That they for love of him would algates die :
 Die, whofo list for him, he was Love's Enemy.

XXVII.

But ah ! who can deceive his Destiny,
 Or ween by Warning to avoid his Fate ?
 That when he sleeps in most security,
 And safest seems, him soonest doth amate,
 And findeth due effect or soon or late :
 So feeble is the Power of fleshy Arm !
 His Mother bad him Womens Love to hate,
 For, she of Woman's Force did fear no Harm ;
 So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarm.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

This was that Woman, this that deadly Wound,
 That *Proteus* prophecy'd should him dismay ;
 The which his Mother vainly did expound,
 To be heart-wounding Love, which should assay
 To bring her Son unto his last decay.
 So tickle be the Terms of mortal State,
 And full of subtle Sophisms, which do play
 With double Senses, and with false Debate,
 T' approve the unknown purpose of eternal Fate.

XXIX.

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
 Who through late trial, on that wealthy Swoard
 Inglorious now lies in senseless Swoond,
 Through heavy Stroke of *Britomartis*' hond ;
 Which when his Mother dear did understand,
 And heavy Tidings heard, where-as the play'd
 Amongst her watty Sisters by a Pond,
 Gathering sweet Daffadillies, to have made
 Gay Garlands, from the Sun their Foreheads fair to shade :

XXX.

Estfoons both Flowers and Garlands far away
 She slong, and her fair dewy Locks yrent,
 To Sorrow huge she turn'd her former Play,
 And gamesome Mirth to grievous Dreriment :
 She threw her self down on the Continent,
 Ne word did speak, but lay as in a Swoon,
 Whiles all her Sisters did for her lament,
 With yelling Out-cries, and with shrieking Sound ;
 And every one did tear her Garland from her Crown.

XXXI.

Soon as she up out of her deadly Fit
 Arose, she bad her Chariot to be brought,
 And all her Sisters, that with her did sit,
 Bad eke at once their Chariots to be fought :
 Tho, full of bitter Grief and pensive Thought,
 She to her Waggon clomb ; clomb all the rest,
 And forth together went, with Sorrow fraught.
 The Waves, obedient to their Behest,
 Them yielded ready Passage, and their Rage surceas'd.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Great Neptune stood amazed at their sight,
 Whiles on his broad round Back they softly slid,
 And eke himself mourn'd at their mournful Plight;
 Yet wist not what their wailing meant, yet did,
 For great Compassion of their Sorrow, bid
 His mighty Waters to them buxom be:
 Effsoons the roaring Billows still abid,
 And all the grieſly Monsters of the Sea
 Stood gaping at their Gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII.

A Teme of Dolphins ranged in array,
 Drew the smooth Chariot of sad Cymoent;
 They were all taught by Triton, to obey
 To the long Trains, at her commaundement:
 As swift as Swallows on the Waves they went,
 That their broad flaggy Fins no Foam did rear,
 Ne bubbling Roundell they behind them sent;
 The rest, of other Fishes drawn were,
 Which with their finny Oars the swelling Sea did shear.

XXXIV.

Soon as they been arriv'd upon the Brim
 Of the Rich Strand, their Chariots they forlore,
 And let their temed Fishes softly swim
 Along the Margent of the foamy Shore,
 Left they their Fins should bruise, and surbate fore
 Their tender Feet upon the stony Ground:
 And coming to the place, where all in Gore
 And cruddy Blood enwallowed, they found
 The luckless Marinell, lying in deadly Swoond;

XXXV.

His Mother swooned thrice, and the third time
 Could scarce recover'd be out of her Pain;
 Had she not been devoid of mortal Slime,
 She should not then have been reliev'd again:
 But soon as Life recover'd had the Rein,
 She made so piteous Moan and dear Wayment,
 That the hard Rocks could scarce from Tears refrain,
 And all her Sister Nymphs with one consent
 Supply'd her sobbing Breaches with sad Compliment.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Dear Image of my self, she said, that is
 The wretched Son of wretched Mother born,
 Is this thine high Advancement? O! is this
 Th' immortal Name, with which thee yet unborn
 Thy Granfire Nereus promis'd to adorn?
 Now liest thou of Life and Honour rest;
 Now liest thou a Lump of Earth forlorn,
 Ne of thy late Life memory is left,
 Ne can thy irrevocable Destiny be west.

XXXVII.

Fond Proteus, Father of false Prophecies,
 And they more fond that Credit to thee give,
 Not this the work of Woman's hand ywis,
 That so deep Wound through these dear Members drive,
 I feared Love: but they that love, do live;
 But they that die, do neither love nor hate.
 Nath'less, to thee thy Folly I forgive,
 And to my self, and to accursed Fate
 The Guilt I do ascribe: dear Wisdom bought too late.

XXXVIII.

O! what avails it of immortal Seed
 To been ybred and never born to die?
 Far better I it deem to die with speed,
 Than waste in Woe and wailful Misery.
 Who dies, the utmost Dolour doth abie;
 But who that lives, is left to wail his Loss:
 So Life is Loss, and Death Felicity.
 Sad Life worse than glad Death, and greater Cross
 To see Friend's Grave, than dead the Grave self to engross.

XXXIX.

But if the Heavens did his Days envy,
 And my short Blifs malign, yet mote they well
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
 That the dim Eyes of my dear Marinell
 I mote have closed, and him bid farewell,
 Sith other Offices for Mother meet
 They would not graunt.
 Yet mauer them, farewell my sweetest Sweet;
 Farewel my sweetest Son, fish we no more shall meet.

XL.

XL.

Thus when they all had forrowed their fill,
 They softly 'gan to search his grievous Wound :
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarm'd, and spreading on the Ground
 Their watchet Mantles fring'd with silver round,
 They softly wip'd away the jelly Blood
 From th' Orifice ; which having well up-bound,
 They pour'd in sovereign Balm, and Nectar good,
 Good both for earthly Med'cine, and for heavenly Food.

XLI.

Tho, when the Lilly-handed *Liagore*
 (This *Liagore* whilom had learned Skill
 In Leaches craft, by great *Apollo's* Lore,
 Sith her whilom upon high *Pindus'* Hill
 He loved, and at last her Womb did fill
 With heavenly Seed, whereof wise *Peon* sprong
 Did feel his Pulse, she knew there stayed still
 Some little Life his feeble Sprites emong ;
 Which to his Mother told, Despair she from her song.

XLII.

Tho, him up-taking in their tender Hands,
 They easily unto her Chariot bear :
 Her Yeme at her commaundment quiet stands,
 Whiles they the Corse into her Waggon rear,
 And strow with Flowers the lamentable Bier :
 Then all the rest into their Coaches climb,
 And through the brackish Waves their passage shear ;
 Upon great *Neptune's* Neck they softly swim,
 And to her watry Chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deep in the bottom of the Sea, her Bower
 Is built, of hollow Billows heaped high,
 Like to thick Clouds, that threat a stormy Shower,
 And vaulted all within, like to the Sky,
 In which the Gods do dwell eternally :
 There they him laid in easy Couch well dight,
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
 Salves to his Wounds, and Medicines of Might ;
 For, *Tryphon* of Sea-Gods the sovereign Leach is hight.

XLIV.

XLIV.

The whiles, the Nymphs sit all about him round,
 Lamenting his Mishap and heavy Plight ;
 And oft his Mother viewing his wide Wound,
 Cursed the Hand that did do deadly smite
 Her dearest Son, her dearest Heart's Delight.
 But none of all those Curses overtook
 The warlike Maid, th' Ensample of that Might ;
 But fairly well she thriv'd, and well did brook
 Her noble Deeds, ne her right Course for ought forsook.

XLV.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursue,
 To bring to pass his mischievous Intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the Crew
 Of curteous Knights, the Prince, and Fairy Gent,
 Whom late in Chace of Beauty excellent
 She left, pursuing that same Foster frong ;
 Of whose foul Outrage they impatient,
 And full of fiery Zeal, him follow'd long,
 To rescue her from Shame, and to revenge her Wrong.

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through Mountains and through
 (Plains,
 Those two great Champions did at once pursue
 The fearful Damzel, with incessant Pains :
 Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
 Of Hunters swift, and Scent of Houndes true.
 At last, they came unto a double way,
 Where, doubtful which to take, her to rescue,
 Themselves they did dispart, each to assay,
 Whether more happy were, to win so goodly Prey.

XLVII.

But *Timias*, the Prince's gentle Squire,
 That Lady's Love unto his Lord forlent,
 And with proud Envy and indignant Ire,
 After that wicked Foster fiercely went.
 So been they three three sundry ways ybent :
 But fairest Fortune to the Prince besel,
 Whose chauce it was, that soon he did repent
 To take that way, in which that Damozel
 Was fled afore, affraid of him, as Fiend of Hell.

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U

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

At last, of her far off he gained view :
Then 'gan he freshly prick his foamy Steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each Turning still kept wary heed :
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To do away vain doubt, and needles dread ;
Full mild to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meek words, to stay and comfort her withal.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty Flight ;
So deep the deadly Fear of that foul Swain
Was earst impressed in her gentle Spright :
Like as a fearful Dove, which through the Rain
Of the wide Air her way does cut amain,
Having far off espy'd a Tassel gent,
Which after her his nimble Wings doth strain,
Doubleth her haste for fear to be fore-hent,
And with her Pinions cleaves the liquid Firmament.

L.

With no less haste, and eke with no less dread,
That fearful Lady fled from him, that meant
To her no evil Thought, nor evil Deed ;
Yet former fear of being foully shent,
Carried her forward with her first intent :
And though, oft looking backward, well she view'd,
Her self freed from that Foster insolent,
And that it was a Knight, which now her 's'd ;
Yet she no less the Knight fear'd, than that Villain rude.

LI.

His uncouth Shield and strange Arms her dismay'd,
Whose like in Fairy-Lond were seldom seen,
That fast she from him fled, no less affraid
Than of wild Beasts if she had chafed been :
Yet he her follow'd still with Courage keen,
So long, that now the golden *Hesperus*
Was mounted high in top of Heaven sheen,
And warn'd his other Brethren joyeous,
To light their blessed Lamps in *Jove's* eternal House.

LII.

LII.

All suddenly dim wox the dampish Air,
And grievly Shadows cover'd Heaven bright,
That now with thousand Stars was decked fair ;
Which when the Prince beheld (a loathful sight !)
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surcease his Suit, and lose the hope
Of his long Labour, he 'gan foully wite
His wicked Fortune, that had turn'd aslope,
And cursed Night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

LIII.

Tho, when her ways he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disadventure stray'd ;
Like as a Ship, whose Load-star suddenly
Cover'd with Clouds, her Pilor hath dismay'd ;
His wearisom Pursuit perforce he stay'd,
And from his lofty Steed dismounting low,
Did let him forage. Down himself he laid
Upon the grassy Ground, to sleep a throw ;
The cold Earth was his Couch, the hard Steel his Pillow.

LIV.

But gentle Sleep envy'd him any Rest ;
In stead thereof sad Sorrow, and Disdain
Of his hard Hap did vex his noble Breast,
And thousand Fancies bet his idle Brain
With their light Wings, the sights of Semblants vain :
Oft did he wish, that Lady fair mote be
His Fairy Queen, for whom he did complain ;
Or that his Fairy Queen were such as she :
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterly.

LV.

Night, thou soul Mother of Annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy Death, and Nurse of Woe,
Which wast begot in Heaven ; but for thy bad
And brutish Shape, thrust down to Hell below,
Where, by the grim Flood of *Cocytus* flow,
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus'* black House
(Black *Herebus*, thy Husband, is the Foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungracious,
Half of thy days doost lead in Horror hideous.

U 2

LVI.

LVI.

What had th' eternal Maker need of thee,
The World in his continual Course to keep,
That doost all things deface, ne lettest see
The Beauty of his Work? Indeed in sleep,
The slothful Body, that doth love to sleep
His lustless Limbs, and drown his baser Mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* Deep
Calls thee his Goddess, in his Error blind,
And great Dame Nature's Hand-maid, cheering every kind.

LVII.

But well I wote, that to an heavy Heart
Thou art the Root and Nurse of bitter Cares,
Breeder of new, Renewer of old Smarts:
In stead of Rest thou lendest railing Tears,
In stead of Sleep thou sendest troublous Fears,
And dreadful Visions, in the which alive
The dreary Image of sad Death appears:
So from the weary Spirit thou dost drive
Desired Rest, and Men of Happines deprive.

LVIII.

Under thy Mantle black there hidden lie
Light-shunning Theft, and traitorous Intent,
Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
Shameful Deceit, and Danger imminent;
Foul Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment:
All these (I wote) in thy Protection be,
And Light do shun, for fear of being shent:
For, Light ylike is loath'd of them and thee,
And all that Lewdness love, do hate the Light to see.

LIX.

For, Day discovers all dishonest ways,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The Praises of high God he fair displays,
And his large Bounty rightly doth areed.
Day's dearest Children be the blessed Seed,
Which Darknes shall subdue, and Heaven win:
Truth is his Daughter; he her first did breed,
Most sacred Virgin, without Spot of Sin.
Our Life is Day; but Death with Darknes doth begin.

LX.

LX.

O! when will Day then turn to me again,
And bring with him his long expected Light?
O *Titan*, haste to rear thy joyous Wain;
Speed thee to spread abroad thy Beamez bright,
And chase away this too long lingring Night;
Chase her away, from whence she came, to Hell.
She, she it is, that hath me done despight,
There let her with the damned Spirits dwell,
And yield her Room to Day, that can it govern well.

LXI.

Thus did the Prince that weary Night out-wear,
In restless Anguish and unquiet Pain:
And early, e'er the Morrow did up-rear
His dewy Head out of the *Ocean* Main,
He up arose, as half in great disdain,
And clomb unto his Steed. So forth he went,
With heavy Look and lumpish Pace, that plain
In him bewray'd great Grudg and Maltalent:
His Steed eke seem'd t' apply his Steps to his intent.



CANTO V.

*Prince Arthur bears of Florimell:
Three Fosters Timias wound;
Belphœbe finds him almost dead,
And reareth out of Swound.*

I.

WONDER it is to see in diverse Minds
How diversly Love doth his Pageants play,
And shews his Power in variable kinds:
The baser Wit, whose idle Thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly Clay,
It stirreth up to sensual Desire,
And in leud sloth to waste his careles day:
But in brave Sprite it kindles goodly Fire,
That to all high Desert and Honour doth aspire.

II.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idleness,
In his free Thought to build her sluggish Nest;
Ne suff'reth it Thought of Ungentleness,
Ever to creep into his noble Breast:
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall.
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest;
It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,
But to his first Pursuit him forward still doth call.

III.

Who long time wandred through the Forest wide,
To find some Issue thence, till at the last
He met a Dwarf, that seemed terrify'd
With some late Peril, which he hardly past,
Or other Accident, which him agast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he travelled so fast.
For, sore he swar, and running through that same
Thick Forest, was bescratch'd, and both his Feet nigh lame.

IV.

IV.

Panting for Breath, and almost out of heart,
The Dwarf him answer'd: Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Fairy-Court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great Sway,
And high Account through-out all *Elfin* Land,
Who lately left the same, and took this way:
Her now I seek, and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand.

V.

What mister Wight, said he, and how array'd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in Cloth of Gold,
As meetest may beseech a noble Maid;
Her fair Locks in rich Circlet be enroll'd,
And fairer Wight did never Sun behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white than Snow,
Yet she her self is whiter manifold:
The surest sign whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest Wight alive, I trow.

VI.

Now certes, Swain, said he, such one I ween,
Fast flying through this Forest from her Foe,
A foul ill-favoured Foster, I have seen;
Her self (well as I might) I rescu'd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did fore-go,
Carried away with Wings of speedy Fear.
Ah! dearest God, quoth he, that is great Woe,
And wondrous Ruth to all that shall it hear:
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

VII.

Perdy, me liefer were to weeten that,
Said he, than Ransom of the richest Knight,
Or all the Good that ever yet I gat:
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night
Such Happiness did (maulger) to me spight,
And from me rest both Life and Light atone.
But Dwarf aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this Forest wandreth thus alone?
For, of her Error strange I have great Ruth and Moan.

U 4

VIII.

VIII.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so she be,
The bountiest Virgin, and most debonair,
That ever-living Eye, I ween, did see;
Lives none this day, that may with her compare
In stedfast Chastity and Virtue rare,
The goodly Ornaments of Beauty bright:
And is ycleped *Florimel* the Fair,
Fair *Florimel*, belov'd of many a Knight;
Yet she loves none but one, that *Marinel* is hight.

IX.

A Sea-Nymph's Son, that *Marinel* is hight,
Of my dear Dame is loved dearly well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight:
All her Delight is set on *Marinel*;
But he sets nought at all by *Florimel*:
For, Ladies Love, his Mother long ygo
Did him (they say) forwarn through sacred Spell.
But Fame now flies, that of a foreign Foe
He is yslain, which is the ground of all our Woe.

X.

Five days there be, since he (they say) was slain,
And four since *Florimel* the Court for-went,
And vowed never to return again,
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, fair Sir, for love of Knighthood gent,
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
By your good Counsel, or bold Hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way;
Do one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI.

So may you gain to you full great Renown,
Of all good Ladies through the World so wide,
And haply in her Heart find highest room,
Of whom ye seek to be most magnify'd:
At least, eternal Meed shall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarf, comfort to thee take,
For, till thou Tidings learn what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forsake:
Ill wears he Arms, that nill them use for Lady's sake.

XII.

XII.

So with the Dwarf he back return'd again,
To seek his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly 'gan complain
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in Mind,
For doubt of Danger which mote him betide:
For, him he loved above all Mankind,
Having him true and faithful ever try'd,
And bold, as ever Squire that waited by Knight's side.

XIII.

Who, all this while, full hardly was assay'd
Of deadly Danger, which to him betid;
For, whiles his Lord pursu'd that noble Maid,
After that Foster foul he fiercely rid,
To been avenged of the Shame he did
To that fair Damzel. Him he chased long
Through the thick Woods, wherein he would have hid
His shameful Head from his avengement strong:
And oft him threatned Death for his outrageous Wrong.

XIV.

Nath'less, the Villain sped himself so well,
Whether through swiftness of his speedy Beast,
Or knowledg of those Woods where he did dwell,
That shortly he from Danger was releas'd,
And out of sight escap'd at the least;
Yet not escap'd from the due Reward
Of his bad Deeds, which daily he increas'd,
Ne ceased not, till him oppress'd hard
The heavy Plague, that for such Leachours is prepar'd.

XV.

For, soon as he was vanish'd out of sight,
His coward Courage 'gan emboldned be,
And cast t'avenge him of that foul despight,
Which he had borne of his bold Enemy.
Tho to his Brethren came: for they were three
Ungracious Children of one graceless Sire,
And unto them complained, how that he
Had us'd been of that fool-hardy Squire;
So them with bitter words he stir'd to bloody Ire.

XVI.

Forth-with, themselves with their sad Instruments
Of Spoil and Murder they 'gan arm bylive,
And with him forth into the Forest went,
To wreak the Wrath, which he did earst revive
In their stern Breasts, on him which late did drive
Their Brother to Reproach and shameful Flight:
For, they had vow'd, that never he alive
Out of that Forest should escape their Might;
Vile Rancour their rude Hearts had fill'd with such Despight.

XVII.

Within that Wood there was a covert Glade,
Fore-by a narrow Ford (to them well known)
Through which it was uneath for Wight to wade;
And now by Fortune it was overflown:
By that same way, they knew that Squire unknown
Mote algates pass; for-thy themselves they set
There in await, with thick Woods over-grown,
And all the while their Malice they did whet
With cruel Threats, his Passage through the Ford to let.

XVIII.

It fortun'd, as they devised had,
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,
Unweeting of their Wile and Treason bad,
And through the Ford to passen did assay:
But that fierce Foster which late fled away,
Stoudly forth stepping on the further Shore,
Him boldly bad his Passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the Damage which he had him doen afore.

XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring Dart he threw,
With so fell Force and villanous Despight,
That through his Habergeon the Forkhead flew,
And through the linked Mayles empearced quite,
But had no power in his soft Flesh to bite:
That Stroke the hardy Squire did fore displeafe,
But more, that him he could not come to smite;
For, by no means the high Bank he could seize,
But labour'd long in that deep Ford with vain Disease.

XX.

XX.

And still the Foster, with his long Boar-Spear,
Him kept from landing at his wish'd Will;
Anon one sent out of the Thicket near
A cruel Shaft, headed with deadly Ill,
And feathered with an unlucky Quill;
The wicked Steel stay'd not, till it did light
In his left Thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding Grief that Wound in him empight;
But more, that with his Foes he could not come to fight.

XXI.

At last (through Wrath and Vengeance making way)
He on the Bank arriv'd with mickle Pain,
Where the third Brother him did fore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and main
A Forest-bill, which both his Hands did strain;
But warily he did avoid the Blow,
And with his Spear required him again,
That both his Sides were thrilled with the Throw,
And a large stream of Blood out of the Wound did flow.

XXII.

He, tumbling down, with gnashing Teeth did bite
The bitter Earth, and bade to let him in
Into the baleful House of endless Night,
Where wicked Ghosts do wail their former Sin.
Tho, 'gan the Battle freshly to begin;
For, nathemore for that Spectacle bad,
Did th' other two their cruel Vengeance blin,
But both at once on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him laid, his Life for to have had.

XXIII.

Tho, when that Villain he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest *Florimel*,
Full of fierce Fury, and indignant Hate,
To him he turned; and with Rigour fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannickel,
That to the Chin he cleft his Head in twain:
Down on the ground his Carcass groveling fell;
His sinful Soul, with desperate Dildain,
Out of her fleshy Ferm fled to the place of Pain.

XXIV.

XXIV.

That seeing now the only last of three,
 Who with that wicked Shaft him wounded had,
 Trembling with Horror, as that did fore-see
 The fearful end of his Avengement sad,
 Through which he follow should his Brethren bad,
 His bootless Bow in feeble Hand up caught,
 And there-with shor an Arrow at the Lad;
 Which faintly fluttering, scarce his Helmet raught,
 And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

XXV.

With that, he would have fled into the Wood;
 But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
 Right as he entring was into the Flood,
 And strook at him with force so violent,
 That headless him into the Ford he sent:
 The Carcass with the Stream was carried down,
 But th' Head fell backward on the Continent.
 So Mischief fell upon the Meaner's Crown; (now:
 They three be dead with Shame, the Squire lives with Re-

XXVI.

He lives, but takes small joy of his Renown;
 For, of that cruel Wound he bled so fore,
 That from his Steed he fell in deadly Swoon;
 Yet still the Blood forth gush'd in so great store,
 That he lay wallow'd all in his own Gore.
 Now God thee keep, thou gentlest Squire alive;
 Else shall thy loving Lord thee see no more:
 But both of Comfort him thou shalt deprive,
 And eke thy self of Honour, which thou didst achieve.

XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth living Thought,
 And doth for wretched Mens Relief make way;
 For, lo! great Grace or Fortune thither brought
 Comfort to him, that comfortless now lay.
 In those same Woods, ye well remember may,
 How that a noble Hunteress did wonne,
 She, that base *Braggadocchio* did affray,
 And made him fast out of the Forest run;
Belphebe was her Name, as fair as *Phabus'* Sun.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as she pursu'd the Chace
 Of some wild Beast, which with her Arrows keen
 She wounded had, the same along did trace
 By track of Blood, which she had freshly seen,
 To have besprinkled all the grassy Green;
 By the great Pursue which she there perceiv'd,
 Well hoped she the Beast engor'd had been,
 And made more haste, the Life to have bereav'd;
 But ah! her Expectation greatly was deceiv'd.

XXIX.

Shortly she came, whereas that woful Squire
 With Blood deformed lay in deadly Swoon:
 In whose fair Eyes, like Lamps of quenched Fire,
 The crystal Humour stood congealed round;
 His Locks, like faded Leaves, fallen to ground,
 Knotted with Blood, in Bunches rudely ran,
 And his sweet Lips, on which before that Stound
 The Bud of Youth to blossom fair began,
 Spoil'd of their rosy Red, were woxen pale and wan.

XXX.

Saw never living Eye more heavy Sight,
 That could have made a Rock of Stone to rue,
 Or rive in twain: which when that Lady bright
 (Besides all hope) with melting Eyes did view,
 All suddenly abash'd, she changed hue,
 And with stern Horror backward 'gan to start;
 But when she better him beheld, she grew
 Full of soft Passion and unwonted Smart:
 The Point of Pity pierced thro her tender Heart.

XXXI.

Meekly she bowed down, to weet if Life
 Yet in his frozen Members did remain;
 And feeling by his Pulses beating rise,
 That the weak Soul her Seat did yet retain,
 She cast to comfort him with busy Pain:
 His double-folded Neck she rear'd upright,
 And rub'd his Temples, and each trembling Vein;
 His mailed Habergeon she did undight,
 And from his Head his heavy Burganet did light.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Into the Woods thenceforth in haste she went,
To seek for Herbs, that mote him remedy;
For she of Herbs had great Intendment,
Taught of the Nymph, which from her Infancy
Her nurfed had in true Nobility:
There, whether it divine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachæa*, or *Poligony*,
She found, and brought it to her Patient dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his Heart-blood near.

XXXIII.

The sovereign Weed betwixt two Marbles plain
She pounded small, and did in pieces bruise,
And then atween her lilly Handez twain,
Into his Wound the Juice thereof did seruze,
And round about (as she could well it use)
The Flesh therewith she suppled and did steep,
T' abate all Spasm, and soak the swelling Bruise;
And after, having search'd the Intruse deep,
She with her Scarf did bind the Wound, from Cold to keep.

XXXIV.

By this, he had sweet Life recur'd again;
And groaning inly deep, at last his Eyes,
His watry Eyes, drizzling like dewy Rain,
He up 'gan lift toward the azure Skies,
From whence descend all hopeles Remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd, and turning him aside,
The goodly Maid (full of Divinities,
And Gifts of heavenly Grace) he by him spy'd,
Her Bow and gilden Quiver lying him beside.

XXXV.

Mercy, dear Lord, said he, what Grace is this,
That thou hast shewed to me sinful Wight,
To send thine Angel from her *Bower of Bliss*,
To comfort me in my distressed Plight?
Angel or Goddess, do I call thee right?
What Service may I do unto thee meet,
That hast from Darknes me return'd to Light,
And with thy heavenly Salves and Med'cines sweet,
Hast dress'd my sinful Wounds? I kifs thy blessed Feet.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Thereat she blushing, said, Ah! gentle Squire,
Nor Goddess I, nor Angel, but the Maid,
And Daughter of a woody Nymph, desire
No Service, but thy Safety and Aid;
Which if thou gain, I shall be well apay'd.
We mortal Wights, whose Lives and Fortunes be
To common Accidents still open laid,
Are bound with common Bond of Frailty,
To succour wretched Wights, whom we captived see.

XXXVII.

By this, her Damfels, which the former Chace
Had undertaken, after her arriv'd,
As did *Belphebe*, in the bloody Place,
And thereby deem'd the Beast had been depriv'd
Of Life, whom late their Lady's Arrow riv'd:
For-thy, the bloody Track they follow fast,
And every one to run the swiftest striv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was, arrived at the last.

XXXVIII.

Where, when they saw that goodly Boy, with Blood
Defouled, and their Lady dress his Wound,
They wondred much, and shortly understood,
How him in deadly Cafe their Lady found,
And rescued out of the heavy Sound.
Estfoons his warlike Courser, which was fray'd
Far in the Woods, whiles that he lay in Swound,
She made those Damfels search, which being stay'd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them convey'd.

XXXIX.

Into that Forest far they thence him led,
Where was their Dwelling, in a pleasant Glade,
With Mountains round about environed,
And mighty Woods, which did the Valley shade,
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it self into a spacious Plain;
And in the midst a little River play'd
Emongst the pumy Stones, which seem'd to plain
With gentle Murmur, that his Course they did refrain.

XL.

Beside the same, a dainty Place there lay,
 Planted with myrtle Trees, and Laurels green.
 In which the Birds sung many a lovely Lay
 Of God's high Praise, and of their Love's sweet teen,
 As it an Earthly Paradise had been:
 In whose enclosed Shadow there was plight
 A fair Pavilion, scarcely to be seen,
 The which was all within most richly dight,
 That greatest Princes living it mote well delight.

XLI.

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and laid
 In easy Couch his feeble Limbs to rest.
 He rested him awhile, and then the Maid
 His ready Wound with better Salves new dress'd;
 Daily she dressed him, and did the best
 His grievous Hurt to garish, that she might,
 That shortly she his Dolour hath redress'd,
 And his foul Sore reduced to fair plight:
 It she reduced, but himself destroyed quite.

XLII.

O foolish Physick, and unfruitful Pain,
 That heals up one, and makes another Wound:
 She his hurt Thigh to him recur'd again,
 But hurt his Heart, the which before was found,
 Thro an unwary Dart, which did rebound
 From her fair Eyes and gracious Countenance,
 What boots it him from Death to be unbound,
 To be captived in endless Durance
 Of Sorrow and Despair without Alegeance?

XLIII.

Still as his Wound did gather and grow whole,
 So still his Heart wax sore, and Health decay'd:
 Madnes to save a part, and lose the whole.
 Still when-as he beheld the heavenly Maid,
 Whiles daily Plaisters to his Wound she lay'd,
 So still his Malady the more increas'd,
 The whiles her matchless Beauty him dismay'd.
 Ah God! what other could he do at least,
 But love so fair a Lady, that his Life releas'd?

XLIV.

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his courageous Breast,
 With Reason due the Passion to subdue,
 And Love for to dislodg out of his Nest:
 Still when her Excellencies he did view,
 Her sovereign Bounty and celestial Hue,
 The same to Love he strongly was constrain'd;
 But when his mean Estate he did renew,
 He from such hardy Boldnes was restrain'd,
 And of his luckless Lot and cruel Love thus plain'd.

XLV.

Unthankful Wretch, said he, is this the Meed,
 With which her sovereign Mercy thou dost quite?
 Thy Life she saved by her gracious Deed,
 But thou dost ween with villanous Despight
 To blot her Honour, and her heavenly Light.
 Die rather, die, than so disloyally
 Deem of her high Desert, or seem so light:
 Fair Death it is, to shun more Shame, to die;
 Die rather, die, than ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

But if to love, Disloyalty it be,
 Shall I then hate her, that from Deathes door
 Me brought? Ah! far be such Reproach from me.
 What can I less do, than her love therefore,
 Sith I her due Reward cannot restore?
 Die rather, die, and dying do her serve,
 Dying her serve, and living her adore;
 Thy Life she gave, thy Life she doth deserve:
 Die rather, die, than ever from her Service swerve.

XLVII.

But, foolish Boy, what boots thy Service base
 To her, to whom the Heavens do serve and sue?
 Thou a mean Squire, of meek and lowly Place,
 She heavenly born, and of celestial hue.
 How then? of all, Love taketh equal view:
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 The Love and Service of the basest Crew?
 If she will not, die meekly for her sake;
 Die rather, die, than ever so fair Love forsake.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Thus warr'y'd he long time against his will,
Till that (thro Weakness) he was forc'd at last
To yield himself unto the mighty Ill:
Which, as a Victor proud, 'gan ransack fast
His inward Parts, and all his Entrails waste,
That neither Blood in Face, nor Life in Heart
It left, but both did quite dry up, and blast;
As piercing Leven, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by Art.

XLIX.

Which seeing, fair *Belphebe* 'gan to fear,
Lest that his Wound were inly well not heal'd,
Or that the wicked Steel empoison'd were;
Little she ween'd, that Love he close conceal'd:
Yet still he wasted, as the Snow congeal'd,
When the bright Sun his Beams thereon doth beat;
Yet never he his Heart to her reveal'd,
But rather chose to die for Sorrow great,
Than with dishonourable Terms her to intreat.

L.

She (gracious Lady) yet no pains did spare
To do him ease, or do him remedy:
Many Restoratives of Vertues rare,
And costly Cordials she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborn Malady:
But that sweet Cordial, which can restore
A Love-sick Heart, she did to him envy;
To him and all th' unworthy World forlore,
She did envy that sovereign Salve, in secret Store.

LI.

That dainty Rose, the Daughter of her Morn,
More dear than Life she tendered, whose Flower
The Girland of her Honour did adorn:
Ne suffred she the Mid-day's scorching Power,
Ne the sharp Northern Wind thereon to shower,
But lapped up her silken Leaves most chair,
When-so the froward Sky began to lour:
But soon as calmed was the crystal Air,
She did it fair disped, and let to flourish fair.

LII.

LII.

Eternal God, in his Almighty Power,
To make Ensamble of his heavenly Grace,
In Paradise whylom did plant this Flower;
Whence he it fetch'd out of her native Place,
And did in Stock of earthly Flesh enrace,
That mortal Men her Glory should admire:
In gentle Lady's Breast, and bounteous Race
Of Womankind it fairest Flower doth spire,
And beareth Fruit of Honour and all chaste Desire.

LIII.

Fair Imps of Beauty, whose bright shining Beams
Adorn the World with like to heavenly Light,
And to your Wills both Royalty and Realms
Subdue, thro Conquest of your wondrous Might,
With this fair Flower your goodly Girlands dight
Of Chastity and Vertue Virginal,
That shall embellish more your Beauty bright,
And crown your Heads with heavenly Coronall,
Such as the Angels wear before God's Tribunal.

LIV.

To your fair selves a fair Ensamble frame,
Of this fair Virgin, this *Belphebe* fair:
To whom, in perfect Love and spotless Fame
Of Chastity, none living may compare;
Ne poisonous Envy justly can empair
The Praise of her fresh flowing Maidenhead;
For-thy she standeth on the highest Stair
Of th' honourable Stage of Womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her Ensamble dead.

LV.

In so great Praise of stedfast Chastity,
Nath'less, she was so courteous and kind,
Tempred with Grace, and goodly Modesty,
That seemed those two Vertues strove to find:
The higher Place in her heroick Mind:
So striving, each did other more augment,
And both encreas'd the Praise of Womankind,
And both encreas'd her Beauty excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect Compliment.

CANTO

CANTO VI.

*The Birth of fair Belphœbe, and
Of Amoret is told :
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught
With Pleasures manifold.*

I.

WELL may I ween, fair Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozel
So great Perfections did in her compile ;
Sith that in salvage Forests she did dwell,
So far from Court and royal Citadel,
The great Schoolmistress of all Courtesy :
Seemeth that such wild Woods should far expel
All civil Usage and Gentility,
And gentle Sprite deform with rude Rusticity.

II.

But to this fair *Belphœbe* in her Birth
The Heavens so favourable were and free,
Looking with mild Aspect upon the Earth,
In th' *Horoscope* of her Nativity,
That all the Gifts of Grace and Chastity
On her they poured forth of plenteous Horn ;
Jove laugh'd on *Venus* from his sovereign See,
And *Phœbus* with fair Beams did her adorn,
And all the *Graces* rock'd her Cradle, being born.

III.

Her Birth was of the Womb of Morning-Dew,
And her Conception of the joyous Prime,
And all her whole Creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly Crime,
That is ingenerate in fleshy Slime.
So was this Virgin born, so was she bred,
So was she trained up from time to time,
In all chaste Vertue, and true Bountied,
Till to her due Perfection she was ripened.

IV.

IV.

Her Mother was the fair *Chryfogonee*,
The Daughter of *Amphisa*, who by Race
A Fairy was, yborn of high degree ;
She bore *Belphebe*, she bore in like case
Fair *Amoretta* in the second place :
These two were Twins, and 'twixt them two did share
The Heritage of all celestial Grace ;
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
Of Bounty, and of Beauty, and all Vertues rare.

V.

It were a goodly Story to declare,
By what strange Accident fair *Chryfogonee*
Conceiv'd these Infants, and how them she bare,
In this wild Forest wandring all alone,
After she had nine Months fulfill'd and gone :
For not as other Womens common Brood,
They were enwomb'd in the sacred Throne
Of her chaste Body ; nor with common Food,
As other Womens Babes, they sucked vital Blood.

VI.

But wondrously they were begor, and bred
Thro Influence of th' Heavens fruitful Ray,
As it in antique Books is mentioned.
It was upon a Summer's shiny Day,
(When *Titan* fair his hot Beams did display)
In a fresh Fountain, far from all Mens View,
She bath'd her Breast, the boiling Heat r' allay ;
She bath'd with Roses red, and Violets blue,
And all the sweetest Flowers that in the Forest grew.

VII.

Till faint thro irksom Weariness, adown
Upon the grassy Ground her self she laid
To sleep, the whiles a gentle slumbring Swoond
Upon her fell, all naked bare display'd ;
The Sun-beams bright upon her Body play'd ;
Being thro former Bathing mollify'd,
And pierc'd into her Womb, where they embay'd
With so sweet Sense and secret Power unspy'd,
That in her pregnant Flesh they shortly fructify'd.

VIII.

VIII.

Miraculous may seem to him, that reads
 So strange Ensample of Conception ;
 But Reason teacheth that the fruitful Seeds
 Of all things living, thro Impression
 Of the Sun-beams in moist Complexion,
 Do Life conceive, and quickned are by kind :
 So, after Nilus' Inundation,
 Infinite Shapes of Creatures Men do find,
 Informed in the Mud, on which the Sun hath shin'd.

IX.

Great Father he of Generation
 Is rightly call'd, th' Author of Life and Light ;
 And his fair Sister for Creation
 Minist'reth Matter fit, which tempred right
 With Heat and Humour, breeds the living Wight.
 So sprong these Twins in Womb of *Chryfogone*,
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but fore affright,
 Wondred to see her Belly so up-blown,
 Which still encreas'd, till she her Term had full out-gone.

X.

Whereof conceiving Shame and foul Disgrace,
 Albe her guiltless Conscience her clear'd,
 She fled into the Wilderness a space,
 Till that unwieldy Burden she had rear'd,
 And shun'd Dishonour, which as Death she fear'd :
 Where weary of long Travel, down to rest
 Her self she set, and comfortably chear'd ;
 There a sad Cloud of Sleep her overkefs'd,
 And seized every Sense with Sorrow fore oppress'd.

XI.

It fortun'd, fair *Venus* having lost
 Her little Son, the winged God of Love,
 Who for some light Displeasure, which him cross'd,
 Was from her fled, as flit as airy Dove,
 And left her blissful Bower of Joy above,
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
 And wandred in the World in strange Array,
 Disguis'd in thousand Shapes, that none might him bewray :)

XII.

XII.

Him for to seek, she left her heavenly House
 (The House of goodly Forms and fair Aspect,
 Whence all the World derives the glorious
 Features of Beauties, and all Shapes select,
 With which high God his Workmanship hath deckt)
 And searched every way, thro which his Wings
 Had borne him, or his Track she mote detect :
 She promis'd Kisses sweet, and sweeter things
 Unto the Man, that of him Tidings to her brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd
 Whylom to haunt, but there she found him not ;
 But many there she found, which sore accused
 His Falshood, and with foul infamous Blot
 His cruel Deeds and wicked Wiles did spot :
 Ladies and Lords she every where mote hear
 Complaining, how with his empoison'd Shor
 Their woful Hearts he wounded had whileare,
 And so had left them languishing 'twixt Hope and Fear.

XIV.

She then the Cities sought, from Gate to Gate,
 And every one did ask, did he him see :
 And every one her answer'd, that too late
 He had him seen, and felt the Cruelty
 Of his sharp Darts, and hot Artillery ;
 And every one threw forth Reproaches rife
 Of his mischievous Deeds, and said, That he
 Was the Disturber of all civil Life,
 The Enemy of Peace, and Author of all Strife.

XV.

Then in the Country she abroad him sought,
 And in the rural Cottages enquir'd ;
 Where also many Complaints to her were brought,
 How he their heedless Hearts with Love had fir'd,
 And his false Venom thro their Veins inspir'd :
 And eke the gentle Shepherd Swains, which sat
 Keeping their fleecy Flocks, as they were hir'd,
 She sweetly heard complain, both how and what
 Her Son had to them doen ; yet she did smile thereat.

XVI.

XVI.

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She 'gan avise where else he mote him hide :
 At last, she her be-thought, that she had not
 Yet fought the salvage Woods and Forests wide,
 In which full many lovely Nymphs abide,
 'Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lie,
 Or that the Love of some of them him ty'd :
 For-thy she thither cast her Course t' apply,
 To search the secret Haunts of *Dian's* Company.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wasteful Woods she came,
 Whereas she found the Goddess with her Crew,
 After late Chace of their embriued Game,
 Sitting beside a Fountain in a Rue,
 Some of them washing with the liquid Dew
 From off their dainty Limbs the dusty Sweat,
 And Soil, which did deform their lively Hue ;
 Other lay shaded from the scorching Heat ;
 The rest, upon her Person, gave Attendance great.

XVIII.

She, having hong upon a Bough on high
 Her Bow and painted Quiver, had unlac'd
 Her silver Buskins from her nimble Thigh,
 And her lank Loins ungirt, and Breasts unbrac'd,
 After her Heat the breathing Cold to taste ;
 Her golden Locks, that late in Tresses bright
 Embreeded were for hindring of her Haste,
 Now loose about her Shoulders hong undight,
 And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

XIX.

Soon as she *Venus* saw behind her back,
 She was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd ;
 And wox half wroth against her Damfels slack,
 That had not her thereof before avis'd,
 But suffred her so carelesly disguis'd
 Be overtaken. Soon her Garments loose
 Uppath'ring, in her Bosom she compris'd,
 Well as she might, and to the Goddess rose,
 Whilst all her Nymphs did like a Girland her enclose.

XX.

XX.

Goodly she 'gan fair *Cytherea* greet,
 And shortly asked her what cause her brought
 Into that Wilderness (for her unmeet)
 From her sweet Bowers, and Beds with Pleasures fraught :
 That sudden Change she strange Adventure thought.
 To whom (half weeping) she thus answered,
 That she her dearest Son *Cupido* fought,
 Who in his Frowardness from her was fled ;
 That she repented sore, to have him angered.

XXI.

Thereat *Diana* 'gan to smile, in scorn
 Of her vain Plaint, and to her scoffing said :
 Great Pity sure, that ye be so forlorn
 Of your gay Son, that gives ye so good Aid
 To your Disports : ill mote ye been apay'd.
 But she was more engrieved, and reply'd ;
 Fair Sister, ill beseems it to upbraid
 A doleful Heart with so disdainful Pride ;
 The like that mine, may be your Pain another tide.

XXII.

As you in Woods and wanton Wilderness
 Your Glory set, to chace the salvage Beasts ;
 So my Delight is all in Joyfulness,
 In Beds, in Bowers, in Bankets, and in Feasts :
 And ill becomes you with your lofty Crests,
 To scorn the Joy that *Jove* is glad to seek ;
 We both are bound to follow Heaven's Beheasts,
 And tend our Charges with Obeysance meek :
 Spare (gentle Sister) with Reproach my Pain to eke.

XXIII.

And tell me, if that ye my Son have heard,
 To lurk emongst your Nymphs in secret wise ;
 Or keep their Cabins ; much I am affeard,
 Lest he like one of them himself disguise,
 And turn his Arrows to their Exercise :
 So may he long himself full easy hide ;
 For he is fair and fresh in Face and Guise,
 As any Nymph (let not it be envy'd.)
 So saying, every Nymph full narrowly she ey'd.

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X

XXIV.

XXIV.

But *Phæbe* therewith fore was angered,
 And sharply said; Go Dame, go seek your Boy,
 Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his Bed;
 He comes not here, we scorn his foolish Joy,
 Ne lend we leisure to his idle Toy:
 But if I catch him in this Company,
 By *Stygian* Lake I vow, whose sad Annoy
 The Gods do dread, he dearly shall aby:
 I'll clip his wanton Wings, that he no more shall fly.

XXV.

Whom when-as *Venus* saw so fore displeas'd,
 She inly sorry was, and gan relent
 What she had said: so her she soon appeas'd,
 With sugar'd Words, and gentle Blandishment,
 Which as a Fountain from her sweet Lips went,
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space
 She was well pleas'd, and forth her Damfels sent,
 Thro all the Woods, to search from place to place,
 If any Track of him or Tidings they mote trace.

XXVI.

To search the God of Love, her Nymphs she sent
 Throughout the wandring Forest every where:
 And after them her self eke with her went
 To seek the Fugitive, both far and near.
 So long they sought, till they arrived were
 In that same shady Covert, whereas lay
 Fair *Chrysogone* in stumby Traunce whilere:
 Who in her Sleep (a wondrous thing to say)
 Unwares had borne two Babes, as fair as springing Day.

XXVII.

Unwares she them conceiv'd, unwares she bore;
 She bore withouten Pain, that she conceiv'd
 Withouten Pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucina's Aid: which when they both perceiv'd,
 They were thro Wonder nigh of Sense bereav'd,
 And gazing each on other, nought bespake.
 At last, they both agreed, her (seeming griev'd)
 Out of her heavy Swoon not to awake,
 But from her loving Side the tender Babes to take.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Up they them took; each one a Babe up-took,
 And with them carry'd to be fostered.
 Dame *Phæbe* to a Nymph her Babe betook,
 To be brought up in perfect Maidenhed,
 And of her self, her Name *Belphebe* red:
 But *Venus* hers hence far away convey'd,
 To be up-brought in goodly Womanhed,
 And in her little Love's stead, which was stray'd,
 Her *Amoretta* call'd, to comfort her dismay'd.

XXIX.

She brought her to her joyous Paradise,
 Where most she wonnes, when she on Earth does dwell;
 So fair a Place, as Nature can devise;
 Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* Hill,
 Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well.
 But well I wote by Trial, that this same
 All other, pleasant Places doth excel,
 And called is by her lost Lover's Name,
 The Garden of *Adonis*, far renown'd by Fame.

XXX.

In that same Garden, all the goodly Flowers
 Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify,
 And decks the Girlands of her Paramour's
 Are fetch'd: there is the first Seminary
 Of all things, that are born to live and die,
 According to their kinds: Long work it were,
 Here to account the endless Progeny
 Of all the Weeds, that bud and blossom there;
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

XXXI.

It sited was in fruitful Soil of old,
 And girt-in with two Walls on either side;
 The one of Iron, the other of bright Gold,
 That noae might thorough break, nor over-stride:
 And double Gates it had, which open'd wide,
 By which both in and out Men moten pass;
 Th' one fair and fresh, the other old and dry'd:
 Old *Genius* the Porter of them was,
 Old *Genius*, the which a double Nature has.

X 2

XXXII.

XXXII.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
 All that to come into the World desire;
 A thousand thousand naked Babes attend
 About him day and night, which do require,
 That he with fleshly Weeds would them attire:
 Such as him list, such as eternal Fate
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinful Mire,
 And sendeth forth to live in mortal State,
 Till they again return back by the hinder Gate.

XXXIII.

After that they again returned been,
 They in that Garden planted be again;
 And grow afresh, as they had never seen
 Fleishly Corruption, nor mortal Pain.
 Some thousand Years so doen they there remain;
 And then of him are clad with other Hue,
 Or sent into the changeful World again,
 Till thither they return, where first they grew:
 So like a Wheel around they run from old to new.

XXXIV.

Ne needs there Gardener to set, or sow,
 To plant, or prune: for of their own accord,
 All things, as they created were, do grow,
 And yet remember well the mighty Word,
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
 That bade them to increase and multiply:
 Ne do they need with Water of the Ford,
 Or of the Clouds, to moisten their Roots dry;
 For, in themselves, eternal Moisture they imply.

XXXV.

Infinite Shapes of Creatures there are bred,
 And uncouth Forms, which none yet ever knew,
 And every sort is in a sundry Bed,
 Set by it self, and rank'd in comely Row:
 Some fit for reasonable Souls e' indued,
 Some made for Beasts, some made for Birds to wear,
 And all the fruitful Spawn of Fishes Hue
 In endless Ranks along engranged were,
 That seem'd the Ocean could not contain them there.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
 Into the World, it to replenish more;
 Yet is the Stock not lessened, nor spent,
 But still remains in everlasting Store,
 As it at first created was of yore.
 For in the wide Womb of the World, there lies
 In hateful Darkness, and in deep Horrour,
 An huge eternal Chaos, which supplies
 The Substances of Nature's fruitful Progenies.

XXXVII.

All things from thence do their first Being fetch,
 And borrow Matter, whereof they are made;
 Which, when as Form and Feature it doth catch,
 Becomes a Body, and doth then invade
 The State of Life, out of the grieved Shade.
 That Substance is eterne, and bideth so;
 Ne when the Life decays, and Form does fade,
 Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
 But changed is, and often alter'd to and fro.

XXXVIII.

The Substance is not chang'd, nor altered,
 But th' only Form and outward Fashion;
 For every Substance is conditioned
 To change her Hue, and sundry Forms to don,
 Meet for her Temper and Complexion.
 For Forms are variable, and decay
 By Course of Kind, and by Occasion;
 And that fair Flower of Beauty fades away,
 As doth the Lilly fresh before the sunny Ray.

XXXIX.

Great Enemy to it, and to all the rest
 That in the Garden of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked Time; who, with his Scythe adrest,
 Does mow the flowering Herbs and goodly things,
 And all their Glory to the Ground down flings,
 Where they do wither, and are foully marr'd:
 He flies about, and with his flaggy Wings,
 Beats down both Leaves and Buds without regard,
 Ne ever Pity may relent his Malice hard.

X 3

XL.

XLXXX

Yet Pity often did the Gods relent,
To see so fair things marr'd, and spoiled quite;
And their great Mother *Venus* did lament
The Loss of her dear Brood, her dear Delight;
Her Heart was pierc'd with Pity at the sight,
When walking thro' the Garden, them she spy'd,
Yet no'te she find Redrefs for such Despight,
For all that lives is subject to that Law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

XLI.

But were it not that *Time* their Troubler is,
All that in this delightful Garden grows,
Should happy be, and have immortal Bliss:
For here all Plenty, and all Pleasure flows,
And sweet Love gentle Fits amongst them throws,
Without fell Rancour, or fond Jealousy;
Frankly each Paramour his Leman knows,
Each Bird his Mate, ne any does envy
Their goodly Merriment, and gay Felicity.

XLII.

There is continual Spring, and Harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time;
For both the Boughs do laughing-Blossoms bear,
And with fresh Colours deck the wanton Prime,
And eke at once the heavy Trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their Fruits Load:
The whiles the joyous Birds make their Pastime
Emongst the shady Leaves, their sweet Abode,
And their true Loves without Suspicion tell abroad.

XLIII.

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top;
A gloomy Grove of myrtle Trees did rise,
Whose shady Boughs sharp Steel did never lop,
Nor wicked Beasts their tender Buds did crop;
But like a Girland compassed the Height,
And from their fruitful Sides sweet Gum did drop,
That all the Ground with precious Dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty Odours, and most sweet Delights.

XLIV.

XLIV.

And in the thickest Covert of that Shade,
There was a pleasant Arbour, not by Art,
But of the Trees own Inclination made,
Which knitting their rank Branches part to part,
With wanton Ivy-Twine entrail'd athwart;
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Fashion'd above within their inmost Part,
That neither *Phæbus*' Beams could thro' them through,
Nor *Aëolus*' sharp Blast could work them any Wrong.

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of Flower,
To which sad Lovers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phæbus*' Paramour
And dearest Love;
Foolish *Narciss*, that likes the watry Shore;
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a Flower but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple Gore
Me seems I see *Amintas*' wretched Fate,
To whom sweet Poets Verse hath given endless Date.

XLVI.

There wont fair *Venus* often to enjoy
Her dear *Adonis*' joyous Company,
And reap sweet Pleasure of the wanton Boy;
There yet some say in secret he doth lie,
Lapped in Flowers and precious Spicery,
By her hid from the World, and from the Skill
Of *Strygian* Gods, which do her Love envy;
But she her self, when ever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his Sweetness takes her Fill.

XLVII.

And sooth, it seems, they say: for he may not
For ever die, and ever bury'd be
In baleful Night, where all things are forgot;
Albe he subject to Mortality,
Yet is eterne in Mutability,
And by Succession made perpetual,
Transformed oft, and changed diversly:
For him the Father of all Forms they call;
Therefore needs mote he live, that Living gives to all.

X 4

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternal Bliss,
 Joying his Goddess, and of her enjoy'd;
 Ne feareth he henceforth that Foe of his,
 Which with his cruel Tusk him deadly cloy'd:
 For that wild Boar, the which him once annoy'd,
 She firmly hath imprisoned for ay
 (That her sweet Love his Malice mote avoid)
 In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say,
 Hewn underneath that Mount, that none him loosen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting Joy,
 With many of the Gods in Company,
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy
 Sporting himself in safe Felicity:
 Who, when he hath with Spoils and Cruelty
 Ransack'd the World, and in the woful Hearts
 Of many Wretches set his Triumphs high,
 Thither resorts, and laying his sad Darts
 Aside, with fair *Adonis* plays his wanton Parts.

L.

And his true Love, fair *Psyche*, with him plays,
 Fair *Psyche* to him lately reconcil'd,
 After long Troubles and unmeet Upbrays,
 With which his Mother *Venus* her revil'd,
 And eke himself her cruelly exil'd:
 But now in stedfast Love and happy State
 She with him lives, and hath him borne a Child,
Pleasure, that doth both Gods and Men aggregate;
Pleasure, the Daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

LI.

Hither great *Venus* brought this Infant fair,
 The younger Daughter of *Chrysoonee*,
 And unto *Psyche* with great Trust and Care
 Committed her, yfostered to be,
 And trained up in true Femininity:
 Who no less carefully her tendered,
 Than her own Daughter *Pleasure*, to whom she
 Made her Companion, and her lessoned
 In all the Lore of Love, and goodly Womanhed.

LII.

LII.

In which when she to perfect Ripeness grew,
 Of Grace and Beauty noble Paragone,
 She brought her forth into the Worldez View,
 To be th' Ensamble of true Love alone,
 And Load-Star of all chaste Affection,
 To all fair Ladies, that do live on ground.
 To Fairy Court she came, where many one
 Admir'd her goodly Haviour, and found
 His feeble Heart wide launced with Love's cruel Wound.

LIII.

But she to none of them her Love did cast,
 Save to the noble Knight Sir *Scudamore*,
 To whom her loving Heart she linked fast
 In faithful Love, 't abide for evermore,
 And for his dearest sake endured sore,
 Sore Trouble of an heinous Enemy;
 Who her would forced have to have forelore
 Her former Love and stedfast Loyalty,
 As ye may elsewhere read that rueful History.

LIV.

But well I ween, ye first desire to learn,
 What end unto that fearful Damozel,
 Which fled so fast from that same Foster stern,
 Whom with his Brethren *Timias* slew, besel:
 That was, to weet, the goodly *Florimel*;
 Who wandering for to seek her Lover dear,
 Her Lover dear, her dearest *Marinel*,
 Into Misfortune fell, as ye did hear,
 And from Prince *Arthur* fled with Wings of idle Fear.



X 5

CAN.

CANTO VII.

The Witch's Son loves Florimel,

She flies, he feigns to die:

Satyraue saves the Squire of Dames

From Giant's Tyranny.

I.

LIKE as an Hind forth singled from the Herd,
That hath escap'd from a ravenous Beast,
Yet flies away of her own Feet affeard,
And every Leaf, that shaketh with the least
Murmur of Wind, her Terrour hath increas'd;
So fled fair Florimel from her vain Fear,
Long after she from Peril was releas'd:
Each Shade she saw, and each Noise she did heare,
Did seem to be the same, which she escap'd whyleare.

II.

All that same Evening she in flying spent,
And all that Night her Course continued;
Ne did she let dull Sleep once to relent,
Nor Weariness to slack her Haste, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former Dread
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfry having conquered
The maistring Reins out of her weary Wrist,
Perforce he carried wher-ever he thought best.

III.

So long as Breath and hable Puissance
Did native Courage unto him supply,
His Pace he freshly forward did advance,
And carry'd her beyond all Jeopardy:
But nought that waiteth Rest, can long aby.
He, having thro incessant Travel spent
His Force, at last perforce adown did lie,
Ne Foot could further move: The Lady gent
Thereat, was suddain strook with great Astonishment;

IV.

IV.

And forc'd t' alight on foot mote algates fare;
A Traveller unwonted to such Way.
Need teacheth her this Lesson hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equal Lance doth sway,
And mortal Miseries doth make her play.
So long she travel'd, till at length she came
To an Hill's Side, which did to her bewray
A little Valley, subject to the same,
All cover'd with thick Woods, that quite it overcame.

V.

Thro th' Tops of the high Trees she did descry
A little Smoke, whose Vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the Sky:
Which chearful Sign did send unto her Sight,
That in the same did wonne some living Wight.
Eftsoons her Steps she thereunto apply'd,
And came at last in weary wretched Plight
Unto the Place, to which her Hope did guide,
To find some Refuge there, and rest her weary Side.

VI.

There, in a gloomy hollow Glen she found
A little Cottage, built of Sticks and Reeds
In homely wize, and wall'd with Sods around,
In which a Witch did dwell, in loathly Weeds,
And wilful Want, all careles of her Needs;
So chusing solitary to abide,
Far from all Neighbours, that her devilish Deeds,
And hellish Arts from People she might hide,
And hurt far off unknown, whom-ever she envy'd.

VII.

The Damsel there arriving, entred in;
Where sitting on the Floor, the Hag she found,
Buffy (as seem'd) about some wicked Gin;
Who, soon as she beheld that suddain Stound,
Lightly upstart from the dusty Ground,
And with fell Look and hollow deadly Gaze,
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one Word to speak, for great Amaze;
But shew'd by outward Signs, that Dread her Sense did daze.

VIII.

VIII.

At last, turning her Fear to foolish Wrath,
 She ask'd, what Devil had her thither brought,
 And who she was, and what unwonted Path
 Had guided her, unwelcomed, unfought?
 To which the Damfel, full of doubtful Thought,
 Her mildly answer'd: *Beldame*, be not wroth
 With silly *Virgin* by Adventure brought
 Unto your Dwelling, ignorant and loth,
 That crave but room to rest, while *Tempest* overblo'th.

IX.

With that, adown out of her crystal Eyne,
 Few trickling Tears she softly forth let fall,
 That like to orient Pearls, did purely shine
 Upon her snowy Cheek; and therewithal
 She sigh'd soft, that none so bestial,
 Nor salvage Heart, but ruth of her sad Plight
 Would make to melt, or piteously appall;
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole Delight
 In Mischiefe, was much moved at so piteous Sight.

X.

And 'gan recomfort her in her rude wife,
 With womanish Compassion of her Plaint,
 Wiping the Tears from her suffused Eyes,
 And bidding her sit down, to rest her faint
 And weary Limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
 Nor 'sdainful of so homely Fashion,
 Sith brought she was now to so hard Constraint,
 Sate down upon the dusty Ground anon,
 As glad of that small Rest, as Bird of *Tempest* gone.

XI.

Tho' 'gan she gather up her Garments rent,
 And her loose Locks to dight in order due,
 With golden Wreath, and gorgeous Ornament;
 Whom such when-as the wicked Hag did view,
 She was astonish'd at her heavenly Hue,
 And doubted her to deem an earthly Wight,
 But or some Goddess, or of *Dian's* Crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble Spright;
 T'adore thing so Divine as Beauty, were but right.

XII.

XII.

This wicked Woman had a wicked Son,
 The Comfort of her Age and weary Days,
 A lazy Loord, for nothing good to done,
 But stretched forth in Idleness always,
 Ne ever cast his Mind to covet Praise,
 Or ply himself to any honest Trade;
 But all the Day before the sunny Rays
 He us'd to slug, or sleep in slothful Shade:
 Such Laziness both leud and poor at once him made.

XIII.

He, coming home at under-time, there found
 The fairest Creature that he ever saw,
 Sitting beside his Mother on the ground;
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
 And his base thought with Terror and with Awe
 So inly smote, that as one which had gaz'd
 On the bright Sun unwares, doth soon withdraw
 His feeble Eyne, with too much Brightness daz'd;
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV.

Softly at last he 'gan his Mother ask,
 What mister Wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
 That in so strange Disguizement there did mask,
 And by what Accident she there arriv'd:
 But she, as one nigh of her Wits depriv'd,
 With nought but ghastly Looks him answered,
 Like to a Ghost, that lately is reviv'd
 From *Stygian* Shores, where late it wandered;
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV.

But the fair *Virgin* was so meek and mild,
 That she to them vouchsafed to embase
 Her goodly Port, and to their Senses vild
 Her gentle Speech apply'd, that in short space
 She grew familiar in that desert place.
 During which time, the Chorr through her so kind
 And courteous Use conceiv'd Affection base,
 And cast to love her in his brutish Mind;
 No Love, but brutish Lust, that was so beastly tin'd.

XVI.

XVI.

Closely the wicked Flame his Bowels bren't,
 And shortly grew into outrageous Fire;
 Yet had he not the Heart, nor Hardiment,
 As unto her to utter his Desire;
 His caitive Thought durst not so high aspire:
 But with soft Sighs, and lovely Semblances,
 He ween'd that his Affection entire
 She should aread; many Resemblances
 To her he made, and many kind Remembrances.

XVII.

Oft from the Forest Wildings he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red;
 And oft young Birds, which he had taught to sing
 His Mistres' Praises, sweetly caroled;
 Girlands of Flowers sometimes for her fair Head
 He fine would dight; sometimes the Squirrel wild
 He brought to her in Bands, as conquered
 To be her Thrall, his Fellow-Servant vild;
 All which she of him took with Countenance meek and mild.

XVIII.

But past awhile, when she fit Season saw,
 To leave that desert Mansion, she cast
 In secret wife her self thence to withdraw,
 For fear of Mischief, which she did forecast.
 Might be the Witch or that her Son compass'd:
 Her weary Palfrey, closely as she might,
 Now well recovered after long repast,
 In his proud Furnitures she freshly dight,
 His late miswandred ways now to remeasure right.

XIX.

And early e'er the dawning Day appear'd,
 She forth issu'd, and on her Journey went;
 She went in Peril, of each Noise appear'd,
 And of each Shade, that did it self present;
 For, still she feared to be over-hent
 Of that vile Hag, or that uncivil Son:
 Who, when too late awaking well they kent
 That their fair Guest was gone, they both begun
 To make exceeding moan, as they had been undone.

XX.

XX.

But that lend Lover did the most lament
 For her depart, that ever Man did hear;
 He knock'd his Breast with desperate Intent,
 And scratch'd his Face, and with his Teeth did tear:
 His rugged Flesh, and rent his ragged Hair:
 That his sad Mother seeing his sore Plight,
 Was greatly Woe-begun, and 'gan to fear
 Lest his frail Senses were emperish'd quite,
 And Love to Frenzy turn'd, sith Love is frantick high.

XXI.

All ways she sought, him to restore to plight,
 With Herbs, with Charms, with Counsel, and with Tears;
 But Tears, nor Charms, nor Herbs, nor Counsel might
 Assuage the Fury, which his Entrails tears:
 So strong is Passion, that no Reason hears.
 Tho, when all other helps she saw to fail,
 She turn'd her self back to her wicked Lears,
 And by her devilish Arts thought to prevail
 To bring her back again, or work her final Bale.

XXII.

Estfoons out of her hidden Cave she call'd
 An hideous Beast, of horrible Aspect,
 That could the stoutest Courage have appall'd;
 Monstrous mishap'd, and all his Back was speck'd
 With thousand Spots, of Colours quaint elect;
 Thereto so swift, that it all Beasts did pass:
 Like never yet did living Eye detect;
 But likest it to an *Hyena* was,
 That feeds on Womens Flesh, as others feed on Grass.

XXIII.

It forth she call'd, and gave it straight in charge,
 Through thick and thin her to pursue apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
 Till her he had attain'd, and brought in place,
 Or quite devour'd her Beauty's scornful Grace.
 The Monster, swift as Word that from her went,
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect Scent,
 And passing Speed, that shortly he her over-hent.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Whom when the fearful Damzel nigh espy'd,
 No need to bid her fast away to fly;
 That ugly Shape so fore her terrify'd,
 That it she shun'd no less, than dread to die:
 And her slit Palfrey did so well apply
 His nimble Feet to her conceived Fear,
 That whilst his Breath did Strength to him supply,
 From Peril free he her away did bear:
 But when his Force 'gan fail, his Pace 'gan wex arear.

XXV.

Which when as she perceiv'd, she was dismay'd
 At that same last Extremity full sore,
 And of her Safety greatly grew afraid:
 And now she 'gan approach to the Sea-Shore,
 As it befel, that she could fly no more,
 But yield her self to Spoil of Greediness;
 Lightly she leaped, as a Wight forlore,
 From her dull Horse, in desperate Distress,
 And to her Feet betook her doubtful Sickernefs.

XXVI.

Not half so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
 From dread of her revenging Father's Hond:
 Nor half so fast to save her Maiden-head,
 Flew fearful Daphne on th' Egean Strond,
 As Florimel fled from the Monster yond,
 To reach the Sea, e'er she of him were raught:
 For, in the Sea to drown her self the fond,
 Rather than of the Tyrant to be caught:
 Thereto Fear gave her Wings, and Need her Courage taught.

XXVII.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordain)
 As she arriv'd on the roaring Shore,
 In mind to leap into the mighty Main,
 A little Boat lay hoving her before,
 In which there slept a Fisher old and poor,
 The whiles his Nets were drying on the Sand:
 Into the same she leapt, and with the Oar,
 Did thrust the Shallop from the floating Strand;
 So Safety found at Sea, which she found not at Land.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

The Monster, ready on the Prey to seize,
 Was of his forward Hope deceived quite;
 Ne durst assay to wade the perious Seas,
 But greedily long gaping at the fight,
 At last in vain was forc'd to turn his Flight,
 And tell the idle Tidings to his Dame:
 Yet to avenge his devilish Despight,
 He set upon her Palfrey tired lame,
 And slew him cruelly e'er any Rescue came.

XXIX.

And after having him embowelled,
 To fill his hellish Gorge, it chaunc'd a Knight
 To pass that way, as forth he travelled:
 It was a goodly Swain, and of great might,
 As ever Man that bloody Field did fight;
 But in vain shews, that wont young Knights bewitch,
 And courtly Services took no delight,
 But rather joy'd to be, than seemen rich:
 For, both to be and seem to him was Labour lick.

XXX.

It was, to weet, the good Sir Satyrane,
 That raung'd abroad, to seek Adventures wild,
 As was his wont in Forest, and in Plain;
 He was all arm'd in rugged Steel unfil'd,
 As in the smoky Forge it was compil'd,
 And in his Scutchin bore a Satyr's Head:
 He coming present, where the Monster vild
 Upon that milk-white Palfrey's Carcass fed,
 Unto his Rescue ran, and greedily him sped.

XXXI.

There well perceiv'd he, that it was the Horse
 Whereon fair Florimel was wont to ride,
 That of that Fiend was rent without Remorse:
 Much feared he, lest ought did ill betide
 To that fair Maid, the Flower of Womens Pride;
 For, her he dearly loved, and in all
 His famous Conquests highly magnify'd:
 Besides, her golden Girdle, which did fall
 From her in Flight, he found, that did him fore appall.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Full of sad Fear, and doubtful Agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked Fiend;
And with huge Strokes, and cruel Battery
Him forc'd to leave his Prey, for to attend
Himself from deadly Danger to defend:
Full many Wounds in his corrupted Flesh
He did engrave, and muchell Blood did spend,
Yet might not do him die; but ay more fresh
And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

XXXIII.

He wist not, how him to despoil of Life,
Ne how to win the wish'd Victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through Strife,
And himself weaker through Infirmity;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his Sword away, he lightly leapt
Upon the Beast, that with great Cruelty
Roared, and raged to be under-kept;
Yet he perforce him held, and Strokes upon him hept.

XXXIV.

As he that strives to stop a sudden Flood,
And in strong Banks his Violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted Mood,
And largely overflow the fruitful Plain,
That all the Country seems to be a Main,
And the rich Furrows float, all quite fordone;
The woful Husbandman doth loud complain,
To see his whole Year's Labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle Boon:

XXXV.

So him he held, and did through Might amare,
So long he held him, and him bet so long,
That at the last his fierceness 'gan abate,
And meekly stoup unto the Victour strong:
Who, to avenge the implacable Wrong,
Which he supposed done to *Florimel*,
Sought by all means his Dolour to prolong,
Sith Dint of Steel his Carcass could not quell;
His Maker with her Charms had framed him so well.

XXXVI.

XXXVII.

The golden Ribband, which that *Virginia* wore
About her slender Waste, he took in hand,
And with it bound the Beast that loud did roar:
For great despight of that unwonted Band;
Yet dared not his Victour to withstand,
But trembled like a Lamb, fled from the Prey,
And all the way him follow'd on the Strand,
As he had long been learned to obey;
Yet never learned he such Service, till that day.

XXXVII.

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spy'd far off a mighty Giantess,
Fast flying on a Courser dappled grey,
From a bold Knight, that with great hardiness
Her hard pursu'd, and fought for to suppress:
She bore before her Lap a doleful Squire,
Lying atwart her Horse in great Distress,
Fast bounden Hand and Foot with Cords of Wire,
Whom she did mean to make the Thrall of her Desire.

XXXVIII.

Which when as *Satyrene* beheld, in haste
He left his captive Beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter, e'er she passed by:
But she the way thund' nathemore for-thy,
But forward gallop'd fast; which when he spy'd,
His mighty Spear he couched warily,
And at her ran: She, having him descri'd,
Her self to fight address'd, and threw her Load aside.

XXXIX.

Like as a Gos-hawk, that in foot doth bear
A trembling Culver, having spy'd on high
An Eagle, that with plummy Wings doth shear
The subtle Air, stouping with all his might,
The Quarry throws to ground with fell despight,
And to the Battel doth her self prepare:
So ran the Giantess unto the fight;
Her fiery Eyes with furious Sparks did stare,
And with blasphemous Bannies high God in pieces rear.

XL.

XL.

She caught in hand a huge great iron Mace,
 Wherewith she many had of Life depriv'd;
 But e'er the stroke could seize his aimed place;
 His Spear amidst her sun-broad Shield arriv'd:
 Yet nathemore the Steel asunder riv'd,
 All were the Beam in bigness like a Mast,
 Ne her out of the stedfast Saddle driv'd,
 But glauncing on the tempred Metal, brast
 In thousand Shivers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI.

Her Steed did stagger with that puissant Stroke;
 But she no more was moved with that might,
 Than it had lighted on an aged Oak;
 Or on the marble Pillar, that is pight
 Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight,
 For the brave youthly Champions to assay,
 With burning Chariot-Wheels it nigh to smite:
 But who that smites it, mars his joyous play,
 And is the Spectacle of ruinous Decay.

XLII.

Yet therewith fore enrag'd, with stern regard
 Her dreadful Weapon she to him address'd,
 Which on his Helmet martelled so hard,
 That made him low incline his lofty Crest,
 And bow'd his battred Visour to his Breast:
 Wherewith he was so stun'd, that he n'ote ride,
 But reeled to and fro from East to West:
 Which when his cruel Enemy espy'd,
 She lightly unto him adjoined side to side:

XLIII.

And on his Collar laying puissant Hand,
 Out of his wavering Seat him pluck'd perforce,
 Perforce him pluck'd, unable to withstand,
 Or help himself; and laying thwart her Horse,
 In loathly wise like to a Carrion Corse,
 She bore him fast away. Which when the Knight,
 That her pursued, saw, with great Remorse
 He ne'er was touched in his noble Spright,
 And 'gan increase his Speed, as she increas'd her Flight.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Whom when as nigh approaching she espy'd,
 She threw away her Burden angrily;
 For, she list not the Battle to abide,
 But made her self more light away to fly:
 Yet her the hardy Knight pursu'd so nigh,
 That almost in the Back he oft her strake:
 But still when him at hand she did espy,
 She turn'd, and semblance of fair Fight did make;
 But when he stay'd, to fight again she did her take.

XLV.

By this, good Sir Satyrane 'gan awake
 Out of his Dream, that did him long entraince;
 And seeing none in place, he 'gan to make
 Exceeding moan, and curs'd that cruel chaunce,
 Which refit him from so fair a chevissance:
 At length he spy'd, whereas that woful Squire,
 Whom he had rescued from captivance
 Of his strong Foe, lay tombled in the Mire,
 Unable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

XLVI.

To whom approaching, well he more perceive
 In that foul Plight a comely Personage,
 And lovely Face (made fit for to deceive
 Frail Lady's Heart with Love's consuming Rage)
 Now in the Blossom of his freshest Age:
 He rear'd him up, and loos'd his iron Bands,
 And after 'gan enquire his Parentage,
 And how he fell into that Giant's hands,
 And who that was, which chased her along the Lands.

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through fear, the Squire bespake;
 That Giantess Argente is beight,
 A Daughter of the Titans which did make
 War against Heaven, and heaped Hills on hight,
 To scale the Skies, and put Jove from his right:
 Her Sire Typhæus was, who (mad through Mirth,
 And drunk with Blood of Men, slain by his might)
 Through Incest, her of his own Mother Earth
 Whilom begot, being but half Twin of that Birth.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

For, at that Birth another Babe she bore; *mod W*
 To weat, the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
 Great Wreak to many errant Knights of yore,
 And many hath to foul Confusion brought;
 These Twins, Men say, (a thing far passing thought)
 Whiles in their Mother's Womb enclod'd they were,
 E'er they into the lightfom World were brought,
 In fleshly Lust were mingled both yfere,
 And in that monst'rous wife did to the World appear.

XLIX.

So liv'd they ever after in like Sin,
 'Gainst Nature's Law, and good Behaviour;
 But greatest Shame was to that Maiden Twin,
 Who not content so foully to devour
 Her native Flesh, and strain her Brother's Bower,
 Did wallow in all other fleshly Mire,
 And suffred Beasts her Body to deflower;
 So hot she burned in that lustful Fire,
 Yet all that might not slake her sensual Desire.

L.

But over all the Country she did range,
 To seek young Men, to quench her flaming Thirst,
 And feed her Fancy with delightful change;
 Whom-so she fittest finds to serve her Lust,
 Through her main Strength, in which she most doth trust,
 She with her brings into a secret Isle,
 Where in eternal Bondage die he must,
 Or be the Vassal of her Pleasures vile,
 And in all shameful sort himself with her defile.

LI.

Me silly Wretch she so at vantage caught,
 After she long in wait for me did lie,
 And meant unto her Prison to have brought,
 Her loathfom Pleasure there to satisfy;
 That thousand Deaths me, liefer were to die,
 Than break the Vow, that to fair *Columbel*
 I plighted have, and yet keep stedfastly;
 As for my Name, it misreth not to tell;
 Call me the *Squire of Dames*: that me besecmeth well.

LII.

LII.

But that bold Knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 That Giants, is not such, as she seem'd,
 But a fair Virgin, that in martial Law,
 And Deeds of Arms above all Dames is deem'd,
 And above many Knights is eke esteem'd,
 For her great Worth; she *Palladine* is hight:
 She you from Death, you me from Dread redeem'd,
 Ne any may that Monster match in Fight,
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a Wight.

LIII.

Her well befeems that Quest, quoth *Satyran*:
 But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what Vow is this,
 Which thou upon thy self has lately ta'en?
 That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
 So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amifs.
 That gentle Lady, whom I love and serve,
 After long Suit and weary Services,
 Did ask me, how I could her Love deserve,
 And how she might be sure, that I would never swerve.

LIV.

I, glad by any means her Grace to gain,
 Bade her commaund my Life to save, or spill:
 Eftsoons she bade me, with incessant Pain
 To wander thro the World abroad at will,
 And every where, where with my Power or Skill
 I might do service unto gentle Dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfil,
 And at the Twelvemonth's end should bring their Names
 And Pledges, as the Spoils of my victorious Games.

LV.

So well I to fair Ladies Service did,
 And found such Favour in their loving Hearts,
 That e'er the Year his Course had compassed,
 Three hundred Pledges for my good Deserts,
 And thrice three hundred Thanks for my good Parts
 I with me brought, and did to her present:
 Which when she saw, more bent to eke my Smarts,
 Than to reward my trusty true Intent,
 She 'gan for me devise a grievous Punishment.

LVI.

LVI.

To weet, that I my Travel should resume,
 And with like Labour walk the World around,
 Ne ever to her Presence should presume,
 Till I so many other Dames had found.
 The which, for all the Suit I could propound,
 Would me refuse their Pledges to afford,
 But did abide for ever chaste and found.
 Ah! gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
 How many found'st thou such to put in thy Record?

LVII.

Indeed Sir Knight, said he, one word may tell
 All, that I ever found so wisely stay'd,
 For only three they were dispos'd so well:
 And yet three Years I now abroad have stray'd,
 To find them out. Mote I (then laughing said
 The Knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
 The which thy proffer'd Courtesy deny'd?
 Or ill they seem'd sure aviz'd to be,
 Or brutishly brought up, that ne'er did Fashions see.

LVIII.

The first which then refused me, said he,
 Certes was but a common Courtisane,
 Yet flat refus'd to have a-do with me,
 Because I could not give her many a Jane:
 (Thereat full heartily laugh'd *Satyrane*.)
 The second was an holy Nun to chose,
 Which would not let me be her Chapellane,
 Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
 Her Counsel, if she should her Trust in me repose.

LIX.

The third a Damsel was of low Degree,
 Whom I in country Cottage found by chance;
 Full little weened I, that Chastity
 Had Lodging in so mean a Maintenance:
 Yet was she fair, and in her Countenance
 Dwelt simple Truth in seemly Fashion.
 Long thus I woo'd her with due Observance,
 In hope unto my Pleasure to have won;
 But was as far at last, as when I first begun.

LX.

LX.

Save her, I never any Woman found,
 That Chastity did for it self embrace,
 But were for other Causes firm and found;
 Either for want of handsome Time and Place,
 Or else for fear of Shame and foul Disgrace.
 Thus am I hopeles ever to attain
 My Lady's Love in such a desperate case,
 But all my Days am like to waste in vain,
 Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste Lady's Train.

LXI.

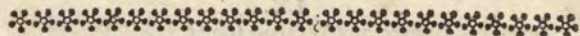
Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
 Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
 To get finall thanks, and therewith many blames:
 That may among *Alcides'* Labours stand.
 Thence back returning to the former Land,
 Where late he left the Beast he overcame,
 He found him not; for, he had broke his Band,
 And was return'd again unto his Dame,
 To tell what Tidings of fair *Florimel* became.



Vol. II.

Y

CAN



CANTO VIII.

*The Witch creates a snowy Lady, like to Florimel ;
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is fought by Paridel.*

I.

SO oft as I this History record,
My Heart doth melt with mere Compassion,
To think, how causeless of her own accord
This gentle Damzel whom I write upon,
Should plunged be in such Affliction,
Without all hope of Comfort or Relief ;
That sure I ween, the hardest Heart of Stone,
Would hardly find to aggravate her Grief :
For Misery craves rather Mercy, than Reprief.

II.

But that accursed Hag, her Hostess late,
Had so entrankled her malicious Heart,
That she desir'd th' abridgment of her Fate,
Or long enlargement of her painful Smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked Art
Late forth she sent, she back returning spy'd,
Ty'd with her broken Girdle ; it, a part
Of her rich Spoils, whom he had earst destroy'd,
She ween'd, and wondrous Gladness to her Heart apply'd.

III.

And with it running hast'ly to her Son,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliev'd ;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing was done,
His former Grief with Fury fresh reviv'd,
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The Heart out of his Breast : for, sith her dead
He surely demp'd, himself he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish Malady, and long time had misfed.

IV.

Cant. 8. *The Fairy-Queen.*

IV.

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his Rage his Mother would have slain,
Had she not fled into a secret Mew,
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertain ;
The Masters of her Art : there was she fain
To call them all in order to her Aid,
And them conjure upon eternal Pain,
To counsel her so carefully disnay'd,
How she might heal her Son, whose Senses were decay'd.

V.

By their Advice, and her own wicked Wit,
She there devis'd a wondrous Work to frame,
Whose like on Earth was never framed yet,
That even Nature's self envy'd the same,
And grudg'd to see the Counterfeit should shame
The Thing it self. In hand she boldly took
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimel*, in Shape and Look
So lively and so like, that many it mistook.

VI.

The Substance, whereof she the Body made,
Was purest Snow in massy Mould congeal'd,
Which she had gather'd in a shady Glade
Of the *Rhipæan* Hills, to her reveal'd
By errant Sprights, but from all Men conceal'd ;
The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
And Virgin Wax, that never yet was seal'd ;
And mingled them with perfect Vermily,
That like a lively Sanguine it seem'd to the Eye.

VII.

Instead of Eyes, two burning Lamps she set
In silver Sockets, shining like the Skies,
And a quick moving Spirit did aret
To stir and roll them, like a Woman's Eyes :
Instead of yellow Locks she did devise,
With golden Wire to weave her curled Head ;
Yet golden Wire was not so yellow thrice
As *Florimel's* fair Hair : and in the stead
Of Life, she put a Spright to rule the Carcase dead.

Y 2

VIII.

VIII.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning Guile,
 And fair Resemblance above all the rest,
 Which with the Prince of Darknes fell some while,
 From Heaven's Bliss and everlasting Rest ;
 Him needed not instruct, which way were best
 Himself to fashion likest *Florimel*,
 Ne how to speak, ne how to use his Gest :
 For, he in Counterfeifance did excel ;
 And all the Wiles of Womens Wit knew passing well.

IX.

Him shap'd thus she deck'd in Garments gay,
 Which *Florimel* had left behind her late,
 That who so then her saw, would surely say,
 It was her self whom it did imitate,
 Or fairer than her self, if ought algate
 Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
 Unto her Son, that lay in feeble State ;
 Who seeing her 'gan straight upstart, and thought
 She was the Lady self, whom he so long had fought.

X.

Tho, fast her clipping 'twixt his Armes twain,
 Extreemly joyed in so happy sight,
 And soon forgot his former sickly Pain :
 But she, the more to seem such as she hight,
 Coily rebutted his Embracement light ;
 Yet still with gentle Countenance retain'd
 Enough to hold a Fool in vain Delight :
 Him long she so with Shadows entertain'd,
 As her Creatress had in Charge to her ordain'd ;

XI.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
 To walk the Woods with that his Idol fair,
 Her to disport, and idle time to pass,
 In th' open freshness of the gentle Air,
 A Knight that way there chanced to repair ;
 Yet Knight he was not, but a boastful Swain,
 That Deeds of Arms had ever in despair,
 Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vain
 His Glory did repose, and Credit did maintain.

XII.

XII.

He seeing with that Chörlé so fair a Wight,
 Decked with many a costly Ornament,
 Much marvelled thereat, as well he might,
 And thought that Match a foul disparagement :
 His bloody Spear effsoons he boldly bent
 Against the silly Clown, who dead through Fear,
 Fell straight to ground in great Astonishment.
 Villain, said he, this Lady is my Dear ;
 Die, if thou it gainfay : I will away her bear.

XIII.

The fearful Chörlé durst not gainfay, nor do,
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the Prey ;
 Who finding little Leisure her to woo,
 On *Trompart's* Steed her mounted without stay,
 And without Rescue led her quite away.
 Proud Man himself then *Braggadocchio* deem'd,
 And next to none, after that happy Day,
 Being possessed of that Spoil, which seem'd
 The fairest Wight on ground, and most of Men esteem'd.

XIV.

But when he saw himself free from pursuit,
 He 'gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
 With Terms of Love and Leudnes dissolute ;
 For, he could well his glozing Speeches frame
 To such vain uses, that him best became :
 But she thereto would lend but light regard ;
 As seeming sorry, that she ever came
 Into his Power, that used her so hard,
 To reave her Honour, which the more than Life prefer'd.

XV.

Thus as they two of Kindnes treated long,
 There them by chance encountred on the way
 An armed Knight, upon a Courser strong,
 Whose trampling Feet upon the hollow Lay
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
 That Capon's Courage : yet he looked grim,
 And feign'd to chear his Lady in dismay ;
 Who seem'd for Fear to quake in every Limb,
 And her to save from Outrage, meekly prayed him.

Y 3

XVI.

XVI.

Fiercely that Stranger forward came, and nigh
 Approaching, with bold Words, and bitter Threat,
 Bade that same Boaster, as he mote, on high
 To leave to him that Lady for Excheat,
 Or bide him Battle without further Treat,
 That Challenge did too peremptory seem,
 And fill'd his Senses with Abasment great;
 Yet seeing nigh him Jeopardy extream,
 He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteem:

XVII.

Saying, Thou foolish Knight, that ween't with Words
 To steel away that I with Blows have won,
 And brought through Points of many perilous Swords:
 But if thee list to see thy Courser run,
 Or prove thy self, this sad Encounter shun,
 And seek else without Hazard of thy Head.
 At those proud words that other Knight begun
 To wax exceeding wrath, and him aed
 To turn his Steed about, or sure he should be dead.

XVIII.

Sith then, said *Braggadocchio*, needs thou wilt
 Thy days abridge, through Proof of Puissance,
 Turn we our Steeds, that both an equal Tilt
 May meet again, and each take happy chance.
 This said, they both a Furlong's mountenance
 Retir'd their Steeds, to run in even Race;
 But *Braggadocchio* with his bloody Lance
 Once having turn'd, no more return'd his Face,
 But left his Love to loss, and fled himself apace.

XIX.

The Knight, him seeing fly, had no regard
 Him to pursue, but to the Lady rode;
 And having her from *Trompart* lightly rear'd,
 Upon his Courser set the lovely Load,
 And with her fled away without abode.
 Well weened he, that fairest *Florimel*
 It was, with whom in Company he yode,
 And so her self did always to him tell;
 So made him think himself in Heaven, that was in Hell.

XX.

XX.

But *Florimel* her self was far away,
 Driven to great Distress by Fortune strange,
 And taught the careful Mariner to play,
 Sith late mischaunce had her compell'd to change
 The Land for Sea, at random there to range:
 Yet there that cruel Queen Avengerses,
 Not satisfy'd so far her to estrange
 From courtly Bliss and wonted Happines,
 Did heap on her new Waves of weary Wretchednes.

XXI.

For, being fled into the Fisher's Boat,
 For Refuge from the Monster's Cruelty,
 Long so she on the mighty Main did float,
 And with the Tide drove forward carelessly:
 For, th' Air was mild, and cleared was the Sky,
 And all his Winds *Dan Aëolus* did keep
 From stirring up their stormy Enmity,
 As pitying to see her wail and weep;
 But all the while the Fisher did securely sleep.

XXII.

At last, when drunk with Droufines, he woke,
 And saw his Droyer drive along the Stream,
 He was dismay'd, and thrice his Breast he stroke,
 For marvel of that Accident extream;
 But when he saw that blazing Beauty's Beam,
 Which with rare Light his Boat did beautify,
 He marvell'd more, and thought he yet did dream,
 Not well awak'd, or that some Extasy
 Assotted had his Sense, or dazed was his Eye.

XXIII.

But when her well avizing, he perceiv'd
 To be no Vision, nor fantastick Sight,
 Great Comfort of her Presence he conceiv'd,
 And felt in his old Courage new delight
 To 'gin awake, and stir his frozen Spright:
 Tho, rudely ask'd her, how she thither came.
 Ah! said she, Father, I n'ote read aright,
 What hard Misfortune brought me to the same;
 Yet am I glad that here I now in Safety am.

X 4.

XXIV.

XXIV.

But thou, good Man, sith far in Sea we be,
 And the great Waters 'gin apace to swell,
 That now no more we can the Main-Land see,
 Have care, I pray, to guide the Cock-boat well,
 Lest worse on Sea than us on Land befel.
 Thereat th' old Man did nought but fondly grin,
 And said, his Boat the way could wisely tell:
 But his deceitful Eyes did never lin
 To look on her fair Face, and mark her snowy Skin.

XXV.

The sight whereof, in his congealed Flesh,
 Infix'd such secret Sting of greedy Lust,
 That the dry wither'd Stock it 'gan refresh,
 And kindled Heat, that soon in Flame forth burst:
 The driest Wood is soonest burnt to dust.
 Rudely to her he leap'd, and his rough Hand
 Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust;
 But she with angry Scorn him did withstood,
 And shamefully reproved for his Rudeness fond.

XXVI.

But, he that never Good nor Manners knew,
 Her sharp Rebuke full little did esteem;
 Hard is to teach an old Horse amble true.
 The inward Smoke, that did before but steem,
 Broke into open Fire and Rage extreme;
 And now he Strength 'gan add unto his Will,
 Forcing to do that did him foul misseem:
 Beastly he threw her down, ne car'd to spill
 Her Garments gay with Scales of Fish, that all did fill.

XXVII.

The silly Virgin strove him to withstand,
 All that she might, and him in vain revild;
 She struggled strongly both with Foot and Hand,
 To save her Honour from that Villain vild,
 And cry'd to Heaven, from human Help exild.
 O ye brave Knights, that boast this Lady's Love,
 Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
 Of filthy Wretch? well may she you reprove
 Of Falshood, or of Sloth, when most it may behove.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir *Satyrane*, didst weet,
 Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sorry State,
 How soon would ye assemble many a Fleet
 To fetch from Sea, that ye at Land lost late?
 Towers, Cities, Kingdoms ye would ruinate,
 In your Avengement and dispireous Rage,
 Ne ought your burning Fury mote abate:
 But if Sir *Calidore* could his preface,
 No living Creature could his Cruelty assuage.

XXIX.

But sith that none of all her Knights is nigh,
 See how the Heavens, of voluntary Grace,
 And sovereign Favour towards Chastity,
 Do Succour send to her distressed case:
 So much high God doth Innocence embrace!
 It fortun'd, whilst thus she stiffly strove,
 And the wide Sea importuned long space
 With shrilling Shrieks, *Proteus* abroad did rove,
 Along the foamy Waves, driving his finny Drove.

XXX.

Proteus is Shepherd of the Seas of yore,
 And hath the Charge of *Neptune's* mighty Herd;
 An aged Sire with Head all frory hore,
 And sprinkled Frost upon his dewy Beard:
 Who when those pitiful Out-cries he heard
 Through all the Seas so ruefully resound,
 His Chariot swift in haste he thither steerd;
 Which, with a Team of sealy *Phoca's* bound,
 Was drawn upon the Waves, that foamed him around.

XXXI.

And coming to that Fisher's wandring Boat,
 That went at will, withouten Card or Sail,
 He therein saw that irksome sight, which smote
 Deep Indignation and Compassion fraile
 Into his Heart at once: Straight did he hale
 The greedy Villain from his hoped Prey,
 Of which he now did very little fail,
 And with his Staff that drives his Herd astray,
 Him bet so sore, that Life and Sense did much dismay.

Y 5

XXXII.

XXXII.

The whiles the piteous Lady up did rise,
Ruffled and foully ray'd with filthy Soil,
And blubbred Face with Tears of her fair Eyes;
Her Heart nigh broken with weary Toil,
To save her self from that outrageous Spoil:
But when she looked up, to weet what Wight
Had her from so infamous Fact assoid'd,
For shame, but more for fear of his grim Sight,
Down in her Lap she hid her Face, and loudly shrigh't.

XXXIII.

Her self not saved yet from Danger dread
She thought, but chang'd from one to other Fear;
Like as a fearful Partridge, that is fled
From the sharp Hawk, which her attached near,
And falls to ground, to seek for Succour there,
Whereas the hungry Spannels she does spy,
With greedy Jaws her ready for to tear:
In such Distress and sad Perplexity
Was *Florimel*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby.

XXXIV.

But he endeavoured with Speeches mild,
Her to recomfort, and encourage bold,
Bidding her fear no more her Foeman vild,
Nor doubt himself; and who he was, her told.
Yet all that could not from Affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevail'd;
For, her faint Heart was with the frozen Cold
Benumb'd so inly, that her Wits nigh fail'd,
And all her Senses with Abashment quite were quail'd.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged Hands he rear'd,
And with his frovy Lips full softly kiss'd,
Whiles the cold Isicles from his rough Beard
Dropped adown upon her ivory Breast:
Yet he himself so busily address'd,
That her out of Astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same Fisher's filthy Nest
Removing her, into his Chariot brought,
And there with many gentle Terms her fair besought.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

But that old Leachour, which with bold Assault
That Beauty durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his heinous Fault;
Then took he him yet trembling sith of late,
And ty'd behind his Chariot, to aggrate
The Virgin, whom he had abus'd so fore:
So dragg'd him through the Waves in scornful State,
And after cast him up upon the Shore;
But *Florimel* with him unto his Bower he bore.

XXXVII.

His Bower is in the bottom of the Main,
Under a mighty Rock, 'gainst which do rave:
The roaring Billows in their proud disdain;
That with the angry working of the Wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow Cave,
That seems rough Mason's hand with Engines keen:
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his Wonne, ne living Wight was seen,
Save one old Nymph, hight *Panope*, to keep it clean.

XXXVIII.

Thither he brought the sorry *Florimel*,
And entertained her the best he might;
And *Panope* her entertain'd eke well,
As an immortal mote a mortal Wight,
To win her liking unto his delight:
With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,
And offered fair Gifts r' allure her sight;
But she both Offers and the Offerer
Despis'd, and all the fawning of the Flatterer.

XXXIX.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest:
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his feigned Kindnes did detest;
So firmly she had sealed up her Breast.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight;
But she a mortal Creature loved best:
Then he would make himself a mortal Wight;
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Fairy Knight.

XL.

Then like a Fairy Knight himself he dress'd ;
 For, every Shape on him he could endure ;
 Then like a King he was to her express'd,
 And offered Kingdoms unto her in view,
 To be his Leman and his Lady true.
 But when all this he nothing saw prevail,
 With harder means he cast her to subdue,
 And with sharp Threats her often did assail,
 So thinking for to make her stubborn Courage quail.

XLI.

To dreadful Shapes he did himself transform,
 Now like a Giant, now like to a Fiend,
 Then like a Centaur, then like to a Storm,
 Raging within the Waves : Thereby he ween'd
 Her Will to win unto his wisæd end.
 But when with Fear, nor Favour, nor with all
 He else could do, he saw himself esteem'd,
 Down in a Dungeon deep he let her fall,
 And threatned there to make her his eternal Thrall.

XLII.

Eternal Thralldom was to her more lise,
 Than los of Chastity, or change of Love :
 Die had she rather in tormenting Grief,
 Than any should of Falseness her reprove,
 Or Looseness, that the lightly did remove.
 Most virtuous Virgin, Glory be thy Meed,
 And Crown of heavenly Praise with Saints above,
 Where most sweet Hymns of this thy famous Deed
 Are still amongst them sung, that far my Rimes exceed.

XLIII.

Fit Song, of Angels caroled to be ;
 But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
 Shall be t' advance thy goodly Chastity,
 And to enrol thy memorable Name
 In th' Heart of every honourable Dame,
 That they thy vertuous Deeds may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endless Fame.
 It irkes me leave thee in this woful State,
 To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Who having ended with that *Squire of Dames*
 A long Discourse of his Adventures vain,
 The which himself, than Ladies more defames,
 And finding not th' *Hyana* to be slain,
 With that same *Squire*, returned back again
 To his first Way. And as they forward went,
 They spy'd a Knight fair pricking on the Plain,
 As if he were on some Adventure bent,
 And in his Port appeared manly Hardiment.

XLV.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did address,
 To weet what Wight he was, and what his Quest :
 And coming nigh, estfoons he 'gan to guess
 Both by the burning Heart, which on his Breast
 He bare, and by the Colours in his Crest,
 That *Paridel* it was. Tho to him yode,
 And him saluting, as befeemed best,
 'Gan first inquire of Tidings far abroad ;
 And afterwards on what Adventure now he rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering, said ; The Tidings bad,
 Which now in Fairy Court all Men do tell,
 Which turned hath great Mirth to Mourning sad,
 Is the late Ruin of proud *Marinel*,
 And suddain Parture of fair *Florimel*,
 To find him forth : and after her are gone
 All the brave Knights, that doen in Arms excel,
 To safeguard her, ywandering all alone ;
 Emongst the rest, my Lot (unworthy) 's to be one.

XLVII.

Ah ! gentle Knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,
 Thy Labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thankless Service on thee ta'ne,
 And offrest Sacrifice unto the Dead :
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou mayst aread
 Henceforth for ever *Florimel* to be,
 That all the noble Knights of *Maidenhead*,
 Which her ador'd, may fore repent with me,
 And all fair Ladies may for ever forry be.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Which Words, when *Paridel* had heard, his Hue
 'Gan greatly change, and seem'd dismay'd to be;
 Then said, Fair Sir, how may I ween it true,
 That ye do tell in such Uncertainty?
 Or speak ye of Report, or did ye see
 Just Cause of Dread, that makes ye doubt so fore?
 For, perdy else how mote it ever be,
 That ever Hand should dare for to engore
 Her noble Blood? the Heavens such Cruelty abhor.

XLIX.

These Eyes did see, that they will ever rue
 T' have seen, quoth he, when-as a monstrous Beast
 The Palfry, whereon she did travel, slew,
 And of his Bowels made a bloody Feast;
 Which speaking Token sheweth at the least
 Her certain Loss, if not her sure Decay:
 Besides, that more Suspicion increast,
 I found her golden Girdle cast astray,
 Distain'd with Dirt and Blood, as Relick of the Prey.

L.

Ay me, said *Paridel*, the Signs be sad,
 And but God turn the same to good Soothsay,
 That Lady's Safety is sore to be drad:
 Yet will I not forsake my forward Way,
 Till Trial do more certain Truth bewray.
 Fair 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 add, and be Partaker of their Speed.

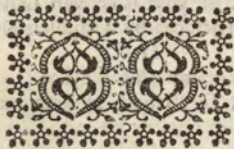
LI.

Ye noble Knights, said then the *Squire of Dames*,
 Well may ye speed in so praise-worthy Pain:
 But sith the Sun now 'gins to slake his Beams,
 In dewy Vapours of the western Main,
 And loose the Team out of his weary Wain;
 Mote not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous Haste, till Morrow next again
 Both Light of Heaven, and Strength of Men relate:
 Which if ye please, to yonder Castle turn your Gate.

LII.

LII.

That Counsel pleased well; so all yfere
 Forth marched to a Castle them before,
 Where foot arriving, they restrained were
 Of ready Entrance, which ought evermore
 To errant Knights be common: wondrous sore
 Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire
 'Gan them inform the Cause, why that same Door
 Was shut to all, which Lodging did desire;
 The which to let you weet, will further time require.



CANTO IX.

*Malbecco will no strange Knights host;
For peevish Jealousy:
Paridel giusts with Britomart;
Both shew their Auncestry.*

I.

R Edoubted Knights, and honourable Dames,
To whom I level all my Labours end,
Right sore I fear, lest with unworthy 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 shining Glory of your sovereign Light,
And Knighthood foul defaced by a faithless Knight.

II.

But never let th' Ensample of the Bad
Offend the Good: for, Good, by Paragone
Of Evil, may more notably be rad,
As White seems fairer, match'd with Black attone:
Ne, all are shamed by the Fault of one;
For lo! in Heaven, whereas all Goodness is,
Emongst the Angels, a whole Legion
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy Blis;
What Wonder then, if one of Women all did misf?

III.

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet
The Cause, why *Satyrane* and *Paridel*
Mote not be entertain'd, 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 Courtesy,
Ne cares what Men say of him, ill or well;
For all his Days he drowns in Privity,
Yet has full large to live, and spend at liberty.

IV.

IV.

But all his Mind is set on mucky Pelf,
To hoard up Heaps of evil-gotten Mass,
For which he others wrongs, and wrecks himself;
Yet is he linked to a lovely Lads,
Whose Beauty doth his Bounty far surpass,
The which to him both far unequal Years,
And also far unlike Conditions has;
For she doth joy to play emongst her Peers,
And to be free from hard Restraint and jealous Fears,

V.

But he is old, and withered like Hay,
Unfit fair Ladies Service to supply;
The privy Guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her Truth, and keep continual spy
Upon her with his other blinked Eye:
Ne suffreth he Resort of living Wight
Approach to her, ne keep her company,
But in close Bower her mewes from all Mens sight,
Depriv'd of kindly Joy, and natural Delight.

VI.

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,
Unfitly yok'd together in one Team:
That is the Cause, why never any Knight
Is suffer'd here to enter, but he seem
Such, as no doubt of him he need misdeem.
Thereat Sir *Satyrane* gan smile and say;
Extremely mad the Man I surely deem,
That weens with Watch and hard Restraint to stay
A Woman's Will, which is dispos'd to go astray.

VII.

In vain he fears that which he cannot shun:
For who wotes not, that Woman's Subtilties
Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdone?
It is not iron Bands, nor hundred Eyes,
Nor brazen Walls, nor many wakeful Spies,
That can withhold her wilful wandring Feet;
But fast Good-will, with gentle Courtesies,
And timely Service to her Pleasures meet,
May her perhaps contain, that else would algates fleet.

VIII.

VIII.

Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridel*,
That hath himself unto such Service sold,
In doleful Thraldom all his Days to dwell?
For sure a Fool I do him firmly hold,
That loves his Fetters, tho they were of Gold.
But why do we devise of others Ill,
Whiles thus we suffer this same Dotard old,
To keep us out, in scorn of his own Will,
And rather do not ranfack all, and himself kill?

IX.

Nay, let us first, said *Satyrane*, intreat
The Man by gentle Means, to let us in,
And afterwards affray with cruel Threat,
E'er that we to efforce it do begin:
Then, if all fail, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the Wretch for his Mesprife,
As may be worthy of his heinous Sin.
That Counsel pleas'd: Then *Paridel* did rise,
And to the Castle-Gate approach'd in quiet wise.

X.

Whereat soft knocking, Entrance he desir'd.
The Good-man self (which then the Porter play'd)
Him answered, that all were now retir'd
Unto their Rest; and all the Keys convey'd
Unto their Maister, who in Bed was laid,
That none him durst awake out of his Dream;
And therefore them of Patience gently pray'd.
Then *Paridel* began to change his Theme,
And threatned him with Force, and Punishment extreme.

XI.

But all in vain; for nought mote him relent.
And now so long before the Wicket fast
They waited, that the Night was forward spent,
And the fair Welkin (fouly over-cast)
'Gan blown up a bitter stormy Blast,
With Shower and Hail so horrible and dred,
That this fair Many were compel'd at last
To fly for Succour to a little Shed,
The which beside the Gate for Swine was ordered.

XII.

XII.

It fortun'd, soon after they were gone,
Another Knight, whom Tempest thither brought,
Came to that Castle; and with earnest Mone,
Like as the rest, late Entrance dear besought:
But like so as the rest, he pray'd for nought;
For flatly he of Entrance was refus'd.
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to avenge himself so fore abus'd,
And evermore the Carle of Courtesy accus'd.

XIII.

But, to avoid th' intolerable Stower,
He was compel'd to seek some Refuge near,
And to that Shed (to shroud him from the Shower)
He came, which full of Guests he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he 'gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore that he would lodg with them yfere,
Or them dislodg, all were they lief or loth;
And them defied each, and so defy'd them both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needful Tent,
And both full loth in Darkness to debate;
Yet both full lief him Lodging to have lent,
And both full lief his Boasting to abate:
But chiefly, *Paridel* his Heart did grate,
To hear him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a Dog to Kennel rate,
That durst not bark; and rather had he die,
Than when he was defy'd, in coward Corner lie.

XV.

Tho, hastily remounting to his Steed,
He forth issu'd; like as a boistrous Wind,
Which in th' Earth's hollow Caves hath long been hid,
And shut up fast within her Prisons blind,
Makes the huge Element, against her kind,
To move, and tremble as it were agast,
Until that it an Issue forth may find;
Then forth it breaks, and with his furious Blast
Confounds both Land and Seas, and Skys doth overcast.

XVI.

XVI.

Their steel-head Spears they strongly couch'd, and met
 Together with impetuous Rage and Force ;
 That with the Terrour of their fierce Affret,
 They rudely drove to ground both Man and Horse,
 That each (a while) lay like a senseless Corse :
 But *Paridel*, sore bruised with the Blow,
 Could not arise, the Counter-change to scorce,
 Till that young Squire him reared from below ;
 Then drew he his bright Sword, and 'gan about him throw.

XVII.

But *Saryrane*, forth stepping, did them stay,
 And with fair Treaty pacify'd their Ire ;
 Then, when they were accorded from the Fray,
 Against that Castle's Lord they 'gan conspire,
 To heap on him due Vengeance for his Hire.
 They been agreed, and to the Gates they go
 To burn the same with unquenchable Fire,
 And that uncourteous Carle (their common Foe)
 To do foul Death to die, or wrap in grievous Woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco, seeing them resolv'd indeed
 To flame the Gates, and hearing them to call
 For Fire in earnest, ran with fearful Speed ;
 And to them calling from the Castle-Wall,
 Besought them humbly, him to bear withal,
 As ignorant of Servaunts bad Abuse,
 And slack Attendance unto Strangers Call.
 The Knights were willing all things to excuse,
 The nought believ'd, and Entrance late did not refuse.

XIX.

They been ybrought into a comely Bower,
 And serv'd of all things that mote needful be ;
 Yet secretly their Host did on them lour,
 And welcom'd more for Fear than Charity :
 But they dissembled what they did not see,
 And welcomed themselves. Each 'gan undight
 Their Garments wet, and weary Armour free
 To dry themselves by *Vulcan's* flaming Light,
 And eke their lately bruised Parts to bring in plight.

XX.

XX.

And eke that stranger Knight, emongst the rest,
 Was for like need enforc'd to difarray :
 Tho, when-as veiled was her lofty Crest,
 Her golden Locks, that were in Tramels gay
 Up-bounden, did themselves adown display,
 And raught unto her Heels ; like sunny Beams,
 That in a Cloud their Light did long time stay,
 Their Vapour yaded, shew their golden Gleams,
 And thro the perfernt Air shoot forth their azure Streams.

XXI.

She also doft her heavy Habergeon,
 Which the fair Feature of her Limbs did hide ;
 And her well-plighted Frock, which she did won
 To tuck about her short when she did ride,
 She low let fall, that flow'd from her lank Side
 Down to her Foot, with careless Modesty.
 Then of them all she plainly was espy'd
 To be a Woman-Wight (unwift to be)
 The fairest Woman-Wight that ever Eye did see.

XXII.

Like as *Minerva*, being late return'd
 From Slaughter of the Giants conquered ;
 Where proud *Enclade*, whose wide Noftrils burn'd
 With breathed Flames, like to a Furnace red,
 Transfix'd with the Spear, down tumbled dead
 From Top of *Hemus*, by him heaped high ;
 Hath loos'd her Helmet from her lofty Head,
 And her *Gorgonian* Shield 'gins to unty
 From her left Arm, to rest in glorious Victory.

XXIII.

Which when-as 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 suddain great Affright
 Had them surpriz'd. At last, avising right,
 Her goodly Personage and glorious Hue,
 Which they so much mistook, they took delight
 In their first Error, and yet still anew
 With Wonder of her Beauty fed their hungry View.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Yet no'te their hungry View be satisfi'd;
 But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
 And ever firmly fixed did abide
 In Contemplation of Divinity:
 But most they marvel'd at her Chevalry,
 And noble Prowess, which they had approv'd,
 That much they feign'd to know who she mote be;
 Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd,
 Yet every one her lik'd, and every one her lov'd.

XXV.

And *Paridel*, tho partly discontent
 With his late Fall, and foul Indignity,
 Yet was soon won his Malice to relent,
 Thro gracious Regard of her fair Eye,
 And knightly Worth, which he too late did try,
 Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
 Then they *Malbecco* pray'd of Courtesy,
 That of his Lady they might have the Sight,
 And Company at Meat, to do them more Delight.

XXVI.

But he, to shift their curious Request,
 'Gan causen why she could not come in place;
 Her crazed Health, her late recourse to Rest,
 And humid Evening, ill for sick Folks Case.
 But none of those Excuses could take place;
 Ne would they eat, till she in Presence came.
 She came in Presence with right comely Grace,
 And fairly them saluted, as became,
 And shew'd her self in all a gentle courteous Dame.

XXVII.

They sate to Meat, and *Satyrane* his Chaunce
 Was her before, and *Paridel* beside;
 But he himself sate looking still ascaunce,
 'Gainst *Briomart*, and ever closely ey'd
 Sir *Satyrane*, that Glaunces might not glide:
 But his blind Eye, that sided *Paridel*,
 All his Demeanure from his sight did hide;
 On her fair Face so did he feed his Fill,
 And sent close Messages of Love to her at will.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
 With speaking Looks, that close Embassage bore,
 He rov'd at her, and told his secret Care:
 For all that Art he learned had of yore.
 Ne was she ignorant of that leud Lore,
 But in his Eye his Meaning wisely red,
 And with the like him answer'd evermore:
 She sent at him one fiery Dart, whose Head
 Empoison'd was with privy Lust, and jealous Dread.

XXIX.

He from that deadly Throw made no Defence,
 But to the Wound his weak Heart open'd wide;
 The wicked Engin, thro false Influence,
 Past thro his Eyes, and secretly did glide
 Into his Heart, which it did sorely gride.
 But nothing new to him was that same Pain,
 Ne Pain at all; for he so oft had try'd
 The Power thereof, and lov'd so oft in vain,
 That thing of course he counted, Love to entertain.

XXX.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
 His inward Grief, by means to him well known;
 Now *Bacchus*' Fruit out of the silver Plate
 He on the Table dash'd, as overthrow'n,
 Or of the fruitful Liquor overflow'n,
 And by the dauncing Bubbles did divine,
 Or therein write to let his Love be shewn;
 Which well she red out of the learned Line;
 (A Sacrament profane in Mystery of Wine.)

XXXI.

And when-so of his Hand the Pledg she raught,
 The guilty Cup she feigned to mistake,
 And in her Lap did shred her idle Draught,
 Shewing Desire her inward Flame to slake:
 By such close Signs they secret way did make
 Unto their Wills, and one Eye's Watch escape;
 Two Eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
 Who Lovers will deceive. Thus was the Ape,
 By their fair handling, put into *Malbecco's* Cape.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Now when of Meats and Drinks they had their Fill,
 Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame,
 Unto those Knights adventurous, to tell
 Of Deeds of Arms, which unto them became,
 And every one his Kindred, and his Name.
 Then *Paridel* (in whom a kindly Pride
 Of gracious Speech, and Skill his Words to frame
 Abounded) being glad of so fit Tide
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well ey'd :

XXXIII.

Troy, that art now nought but an idle Name,
 And in thine Ashes bury'd low dost lie,
 Tho' whilom far much greater than thy Fame,
 Before that angry Gods, and cruel Sky
 Upon thee heap'd a direful Destiny ;
 What boots it boast thy glorious Descent,
 And fetch from Heaven thy great Genealogy,
 Sith all thy worthy Praises being blent,
 Their Offspring hath embas'd, and later Glory spent ?

XXXIV.

Most famous Worthy of the World, by whom
 That War was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
 And stately Towers of *Ilium* whilom
 Brought unto baleful Ruin, was by Name
 Sir *Paris*, far renown'd thro' noble Fame ;
 Who, thro' great Prowess, and bold hardiness,
 From *Lacedæmon* fetch'd the fairest Dame
 That ever *Greece* did boast, or Knight possess,
 Whom *Venus* to him gave for Meed of Worthiness.

XXXV.

Fair *Helen*, Flower of Beauty excellent,
 And Girland of the mighty Conquerours,
 That madest many Ladies dear lament
 The heavy Loss of their brave Paramours,
 Which they far off beheld from *Trojan* Towers,
 And saw the Fields of fair *Scamander* strown
 With Carcases of noble Warriours,
 Whose fruitless Lives were under Furrow sown,
 And *Xanthus*' sandy Banks with Blood all overflown.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

From him my Lineage I derive aright,
 Who long before the ten Years Siege of *Troy*,
 Whiles yet on *Ida* he a Shepherd high,
 On fair *Oenone* got a lovely Boy :
 Whom, for Remembrance of her passed Joy,
 She of his Father, *Parus* did name ;
 Who, after *Greeks* did *Priam's* Realm destroy,
 Gather'd the *Trojan* Relicks sav'd from Flame,
 And with them sailing thence, to th' Isle of *Paros* came.

XXXVII.

That was by him call'd *Paros*, which before
 Hight *Nausa* ; there he many Years did reign,
 And built *Nausicle* by the *Pontick* Shore ;
 The which, he dying, left next in remain
 To *Paridas* his Son ;
 From whom I *Paridel* by kin descend ;
 But for fair Lady's Love, and Glory's Gain,
 My native Soil have left, my Days to spend
 In suing Deeds of Arms, my Life's and Labours end.

XXXVIII.

When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell
 Of *Trojan* Wars, and *Priam's* City sackt
 (The rueful Story of Sir *Paridel*)
 She was empashion'd, at that piteous Act,
 With zealous Envy of *Greeks* cruel Fact
 Against that Nation, from whose Race of old
 She heard that she was lineally extract :
 For noble *Britens* sprung from *Trojans* bold,
 And *Troynovant* was built of old *Troy's* Ashes cold.

XXXIX.

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus :
 O lamentable Fall of famous Town !
 Which reign'd so many Years victorious,
 And of all *Asia* bore the sovereign Crown,
 In one sad Night consum'd, and thrown down
 What stony Heart, that hears thy hapless Fate,
 Is not empierc'd with deep Compassion,
 And makes Ensamble of Man's wretched State,
 That flowers so fresh at Morn, and fades at Evening late ?

Vol. II.

Z

XL.

XL.

Behold, Sir, how your pitiful Complaint
Hath found another Partner of your Pain:
For nothing may impress so dear Constraint,
As Country's Cause, and common Foes Disdain.
But if it should not grieve you back again
To turn your Course, I would to hear desire
What to *Aneas* fell; sith that Men sayn
He was not in the City's woeful Fire
Consum'd, but did himself to Safety retire.

XLII.

Anchyses's Son, begot of *Venus* fair,
Said he, out of the Flames for Safeguard fled,
And with a Remnant did to Sea repair,
Where he thro' fatal Error long was led
Full many Years, and weeteless wandered
From Shore to Shore, amongst the *Lybick* Sands,
E'er Rest he found; Much there he suffered,
And many Perils past in foreign Lands,
To save his People sad from *Victor*'s vengeful Hands.

XLIII.

At last, in *Lalium* he did arrive,
Where he with cruel War was entertain'd
Of th' inland Folk, which fought him back to drive;
Till he with old *Latinus* was constrain'd
To contract Wedlock, (so the Fates ordain'd);
Wedlock contract in Blood, and eke in Blood
Accomplished, that many dear complain'd:
The Rival slain, the *Victor* (thro' the Flood
Escaped hardly) hardly prais'd his Wedlock good.

XLIII.

Yet after all, he *Victor* did survive,
And with *Latinus* did the Kingdom part.
But after, when both Nations gan to strive,
Into their Names the Title to convert,
His Son *Iulus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike Youth of *Trojans* Blood,
And in long *Alba* plac'd his Throne apart,
Where fair it flourished, and long time stood,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remov'd.

XLIV.

XLIV.

There, there, said *Britomart*, afresh appear'd
The Glory of the later World to spring,
And *Troy* again out of her Dust was rear'd,
To sit in second Seat of sovereign King
Of all the World, under her governing.
But a third Kingdom yet is to arise,
Out of the *Trojans* scattered Offspring,
That in all Glory and great Enterprize,
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalize.

XLV.

It *Troynovant* is high, that with the Waves
Of wealthy *Thamis* wash'd is along,
Upon whose stubborn Neck (whereat he raves
With roaring Rage, and fore himself does throng,
That all Men fear to tempt his Billows strong)
She fastned hath her Foot, which stands so high,
That it a Wonder of the World is song
In foreign Lands; and all which passen by,
Beholding it from far, do think it threatens the Sky.

XLVI.

The *Trojan Brute* did first that City found,
And *Hygate* made the Meare thereof by West,
And *Overt-gate* by North: that is the Bound
Toward the Land; two Rivers bound the rest.
So huge a Scope at first him seem'd best,
To be the Compass of his Kingdom's Seat:
So huge a Mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small Meares contain his Glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike Feat.

XLVII.

Ah! fairest Lady-Knight, said *Paridel*,
Pardón (I pray) my heedless Over-sight,
Who had forgot, that whilom I heard tell,
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my Wits been light.
Indeed, he said, if I remember right,
That of the antick *Trojan* Stock there grew
Another Plant, that rought to wondrous height,
And far abroad his mighty Branches threw,
Into the utmost Angle of the World he knew.

Z 2

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

For that same *Brute* (whom much he did advance
In all his Speech) was *Sylvius* his Son,
Whom having slain, thro' luckless Arrow's glance,
He fled for fear of that he had misdone,
Or else for shame, so foul Reproach to shun;
And with him led to Sea a youthful Train,
Where weary wandring they long time did wonne,
And many Fortunes prov'd in th' *Ocean* main,
And great Adventures found, that now were long to sayn.

XLIX.

At last, by fatal Course they driven were
Into an Island spacious and broad,
The furthest North, that did to them appear:
And (after Rest they seeking far abroad)
Found it the fittest Soil for their Abode;
Fruitful of all things fit for living Food,
But wholly waste, and void of Peoples Trode,
Save an huge Nation of the Giants Brood,
That fed on living Flesh, and drunk Mens vital Blood.

L.

Whom he, thro' weary Wars and Labours long,
Subdu'd with Loss of many *Britons* bold:
In which the great *Goemagot* of strong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old,
Were overthrown, and laid on th' Earth full cold,
Which quaked under their so hideous Mass:
A famous History to be enrol'd
In everlasting Monuments of Brass,
That all the antique Worthies Merits far did pass.

LI.

His Work, great *Troynovant*, his Work is eke
Fair *Lincoln*, both renowned far away,
That who from East to West will end-long seek,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this Day,
Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore, Sir, I greet you well
Your Country kin, and you entirely pray
Of Pardon for the Strife, which late besel
Betwixt us both unknown. So ended *Paridel*.

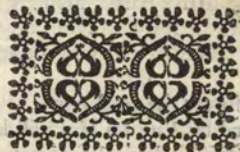
LII.

LII.

But all the while that he these Speeches spent,
Upon his Lips hung fair Dame *Hellenore*,
With vigilant Regard, and due Attent,
Fashioning Worlds of Fancies evermore
In her frail Wit, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles, unware away her wondring Eye,
And greedy Ears, her weak Heart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, ever privily
In speaking, many false Belgards at her let fly.

LIII.

So long these Knights discoursed diversly
Of strange Affairs, and noble Hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle Jeopardy,
That now the humid Night was far-forth spent,
And heavenly Lamps were halfsended ybrent:
Which th' old Man seeing well (who too long thought
Every Discourse, and every Argument,
Which by the Hours he measured) besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their Bowers were brought.



Z

CAN.

CANTO X.

Paridel rapeth Hellenore;
 Malbecco her pursues:
 Finds amongst Satyrs, whence with him
 To turn she doth refuse.

I.

THE Morrow next, so soon as *Phœbus*' Lamp
 Bewrayed had the World with early Light,
 And fresh *Aurora* had the shady Damp
 Out of the goodly Heaven amoved quite,
 Fair *Britomart* and that same Fairy Knight
 Uprose, forth on their Journey for to wend:
 But *Paridel* complain'd, that his late Fight
 With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,
 That ride he could not, till his Hurts he did amend.

II.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them stay'd,
 Maulgre his Host, who grudged grievously
 To house a Guest, that would be needs obey'd,
 And of his own him left not Liberty:
 (Might, wanting Measure, moveth Surquedry.)¹
 Two things he feared, but the third was Death;
 That fierce young Man's unruly Maistery;
 His Money, which he lov'd as living Breath;
 And his fair Wife, whom honest long he kept unceath.

III.

But Patience perforce: he must aby
 What Fortune and his Fate on him will lay:
 Fond is the Fear that finds no Remedy;
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,
 By which he feareth Evil happen may:
 So th' Evil thinks, by watching, to prevent;
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor Night, nor Day,
 Out of his sight her self once to absent:
 So doth he punish her, and eke himself torment.

IV.

IV.

But *Paridel* kept better watch than he,
 A fit Occasion for his turn to find:
 False Love, why do Men say, thou canst not see,
 And in their foolish Fancy feign thee blind,
 That with thy Charms the sharpest Sight dost bind,¹
 And to thy Will abuse? Thou walkest free,
 And seest every Secret of the Mind;
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;
 All that is by the working of thy Deity.

V.

So perfect in that Art was *Paridel*,
 That he *Malbecco*'s halfen Eye did wile,
 His halfen Eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And *Hellenore*'s both Eyes did eke beguile,
 Both Eyes and Heart at once, during the while
 That he there sojourned his Wounds to heal;
 That *Cupid* self it seeing, close did smile,
 To weet how he her Love away did steal,
 And bade, that none their joyous Treason should reveal.

VI.

The learned Lover lost no time nor tide,
 That least Advantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so fair a Sail, that none espy'd
 His secret Drift, till he her laid aboard.
 When-so in open Place, and common Bord
 He fortun'd her to meet, with common Speech
 He courted her, yet baited every word,
 That his ungentle Host no'te him appeach
 Of vile Ungentleness, or Hospitages Breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart)
 He found then his false Engins fast he ply'd,
 And all the Sleights unbosom'd in his Heart;
 He sigh'd, he sob'd, he swoon'd, he perdy dy'd,
 And cast himself on ground her fast beside:
 Tho, when again he him bethought to live,
 He wept, and wail'd, and false Laments bely'd,
 Saying, but if she Mercy would him give,
 That he mote algates die, yet did his Death forgive.

Z. 4.

VIII.

XVI.

Thus, whilst all things in troublous Uproar were,
 And all Men busy to suppress the Flame,
 The loving Couple need no Rescue fear,
 But Leisure had, and Liberty to frame
 Their purpos'd Flight, free from all Mens Reclaim;
 And Night (the Patroness of Love-stealth fair)
 Gave them safe Conduct, till to end they came:
 So been they gone yfear (a wanton Pair
 Of Lovers loosely knit) where list them to repair.

XVII.

Soon as the cruel Flames yslaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his Loss did lie,
 Out of the Flames, which he had quench'd whylere,
 Into huge Waves of Grief and Jealousy
 Full deep emplonged was, and drowned nigh
 Twixt inward Dool and felonous Despight;
 He rav'd, he wept, he stamp'd, he loud did cry,
 And all the Passions that in Man may light,
 Did him at once oppress, and vex his captive Spright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chaw'd the Cud of inward Grief,
 And did consume his Gall with Anguish sore:
 Still when he mus'd on his late Mischiefe,
 Then still the Smart thereof increased more,
 And seem'd more grievous than it was before.
 At last, when Sorrow he saw boot'd nought,
 Ne Grief might not his Love to him restore,
 He 'gan devise, how her he rescue mought,
 Ten thousand ways he cast in his confus'd Thought.

XIX.

At last, resolving like a Pilgrim poor
 To search her forth, where so she might be found,
 And bearing with him Treasure in close store,
 The rest he leaves in ground: So takes in hond
 To seek her end-long, both by Sea and Lond.
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and near,
 And every where that he mote understand
 Of Knights and Ladies any Meetings were,
 And of each one he met, he Tidings did inquire.

XX.

XX.

But all in vain, his Woman was too wise,
 Ever to come into his Clouch again,
 And he too simple ever to surprize
 The jolly *Paridel*, for all his Pain.
 One day, as he forepass'd by the Plain
 With weary Pace, he far away espy'd
 A Couple (seeming well to be his Twain)
 Which mov'd close under a Forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide.

XXI.

Well weened he, that those the same mote be:
 And as he better did their Shape avize,
 Him seem'd more their Manner did agree;
 For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
 Whom, to be *Paridel* he did devize;
 And th' other, all yclad in Garments light,
 Discolour'd like to womanish Disguise,
 He did resemble to his Lady bright:
 And ever his faint Heart much yearned at the sight.

XXII.

And ever fain he towards them would go,
 But yet durst not for Dread approachen nigh,
 But stood aloof, unweeting what to do;
 Till that prick't forth with Love's Extremity,
 That is the Father of foul Jealousy,
 He closely nearer crept, the Truth to weet:
 But as he nigher drew, he easly
 Might 'scern, that it was not his sweetest Sweet,
 Ne yet her Belamour, the Partner of his Sheet.

XXIII.

But it was scornful *Braggadocchio*,
 That with his Servant *Trompart* hover'd there,
 Since late he fled from his too earnest Foe:
 Whom such when-as *Malbecco* spyed clear,
 He turned back, and would have fled arear;
 Till *Trompart* running hastily, him did stay,
 And bade before his sovereign Lord appear:
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gainsay,
 And coming him before, low louted on the Lay.

XXIV.

XXIV.

The Boaster at him sternly bent his Brow,
As if he could have kill'd him with his Look,
That to the Ground him meekly made to bow,
And awful Terror deep into him strook,
That every Member of his Body quook.
Said he, thou Man of nought, what dost thou here,
Unfitly furnish'd with thy Bag and Book,
Where I expected one with Shield and Spear,
To prove some Deeds of Arms upon an equal Peer?

XXV.

The wretched Man, at his imperious Speech,
Was all abash'd, and low prostrating, said;
Good Sir, let not my Rudeness be no Breach
Unto your Patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by Fortune stray'd,
A silly Pilgrim driven to Distress,
That seek a Lady. There he sudden stay'd,
And did the rest with grievous Sighs suppress,
While Tears stood in his Eyes (few Drops of Bitterness.)

XXVI.

What Lady, Man? said *Trompart*, take good heart,
And tell thy Grief, if any hidden lie;
Was never better time to shew thy Smart
Than now, that noble Succour is thee by,
That is the whole World's common Remedy.
That chearful Word his weak Heart much did cheer,
And with vain Hope his Spirits faint supply,
That bold he said; O most redoubted Peer,
Vouchsafe with mild Regard a Wretch's Case to hear.

XXVII.

Then sighing sore, It is not long, said he,
Since I enjoy'd the gentlest Dame alive;
Of whom a Knight, no Knight at all perdy,
But shame of all that do for Honour strive,
By treacherous Deceit did me deprive:
Thro open Outrage he her bore away,
And with foul Force unto his Will did drive;
Which all good Knights, that Arms do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they may.

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XXVIII.

XXVIII.

And you (most noble Lord) that can and dare
Redress the Wrong of miserable Wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious Spear
In better Quarrel, than Defence of Right,
And for a Lady, 'gainst a faithless Knight:
So shall your Glory be advanced much,
And all fair Ladies magnify your Might,
And eke my self (albe I simple such)
Your worthy Pain shall well reward with Guerdon rich.

XXIX.

With that, out of his Bouget forth he drew
Great store of Treasure, there-with him to tempt;
But he on it look'd scornfully askew,
As much disdainning to be so misempt,
Or a War-monger to be basely nempt:
And said, Thy Offers base I greatly loath,
And eke thy Words uncourteous and unempt;
I tread in Dust thee and thy Mony both,
That, were it not for shame: So turned from him wroth.

XXX.

But *Trompart*, that his Maister's Humour knew,
In lofty Looks to hide an humble Mind,
Was inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his Ear him rounded close behind:
Yet stoup'd he not, but lay still in the Wind,
Waiting Advantage on the Prey to seize;
Till *Trompart* lowly to the Ground inclin'd,
Besought him his great Courage to appease,
And pardon simple Man, that rash did him displease.

XXXI.

Big looking, like a doughty Douzepere,
At last, he thus: Thou Clod of vilest Clay,
I Pardon yield, and with thy Rudeness bear;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden Prey,
And all that else the vain World vaunten may,
I loath as Dung, ne deem my due Reward:
Fame is my Meed, and Glory Vertue's Pay.
But Minds of mortal Men are muchell marr'd,
And mov'd amiss with massy Muck's unmeet regard.

XXXII.

XXXII.

And more, I graunt to thy great Misery
 Gracious Respect, thy Wife shall back be sent :
 And that vile Knight, who ever that he be,
 Which hath thy Lady rest, and Knighthood shent,
 By *Sanglamort* my Sword, whose deadly Dent
 The Blood hath of so many thousands shed,
 I swear, e'er long shall dearly it repent ;
 Ne he 'twixt Heaven and Earth shall hide his Head,
 But soon he shall be found, and shortly doen be dead.

XXXIII.

The foolish Man thereat wox wondrous blith,
 As if the Word so spoken, were half done,
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
 That had from Death to Life him newly won.
 Tho, forth the Boaster marching, brave begun
 His stolen Steed to thunder furiously,
 As if he Heaven and Hell would over-run,
 And all the World confound with Cruelty,
 That much *Malbecco* joyed in his Jollity.

XXXIV.

Thus, long they three together travelled
 Through many a Wood, and many an uncouth Way,
 To seek his Wife, that was far wandered :
 But those two fought nought but the present Prey,
 To weet the Treasure, which he did bewray,
 On which their Eyes and Hearts were wholly set,
 With purpose how they might it best betray ;
 For, sith the Hour that first he did them let
 The same behold, there-with their keen Desires were whet.

XXXV.

It fortun'd as they together far'd,
 They spy'd where *Paridel* came pricking fast
 Upon the Plain, the which himself prepar'd
 To giust with that brave stranger Knight a cast,
 As on Adventure by the way he past :
 Alone he rode without his Paragon ;
 For, having filch'd her Bells, her up he cast
 To the wide World, and let her fly alone,
 He n'ould be clog'd. So had he served many one.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

The gentle Lady, loose at random left,
 The green Wood long did walk, and wander wide
 At wild Adventure, like a forlorn West,
 Till on a day the *Satyres* her espy'd
 Straying alone withouten Groom or Guide ;
 Her up they took, and with them home her led,
 With them as Houfewise ever to abide,
 To milk their Goats, and make them Cheefe and Bread,
 And every one as common Good her handeled :

XXXVII.

That shortly she *Malbecco* has forgot,
 And eke Sir *Paridel*, all were he dear ;
 Who from her went to seek another Lot,
 And now (by Fortune) was arriv'd here,
 Where those two Guilers with *Malbecco* were.
 Soon as the old Man saw Sir *Paridel*,
 He fainted, and was almost dead with Fear,
 Ne word he had to speak, his Grief to tell,
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well :

XXXVIII.

And after, asked him for *Hellenore* ;
 I take no keep of her, said *Paridel* :
 She wonneth in the Forest there before.
 So forth he rode, as his Adventure fell ;
 The whiles, the Boaster from his lofty Sell
 Feign'd to alight, something amiss to mend ;
 But the fresh Swain would not his Leisure dwell,
 But went his way : whom when he pass'd kend,
 He up remounted light, and after feign'd to wend.

XXXIX.

Perdy, nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not ;
 But let him pass as lightly as he came :
 For, little good of him is to be got,
 And mickle Peril to be put to shame.
 But, let us go to seek my dearest Dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder Forest wild ;
 For, of her Safety in great doubt I am,
 Lest salvage Beasts her Person have despoil'd :
 Then all the World is lost, and we in vain have toil'd.

XL.

XL.

They all agree, and forward them address'd :
 Ah ! but said crafty *Trompart*, weet ye well,
 That yonder in that wasteful Wilderness
 Huge Monsters haunt, and many Dangers dwell ;
 Dragons, and Minotaurs, and Fiends of Hell,
 And many wild Wood-men, which rob and rend
 All Travellers ; therefore avise ye well,
 Before ye enterprife that way to wend :
 One may his Journey bring too soon to evil end.

XLI.

Malbecco stop'd in great Astonishment,
 And with pale Eyes fast fixed on the rest,
 Their Counsel crav'd, in Danger imminent.
 Said *Trompart* : You that are the most opprest
 With Burden of great Treasure, I think best
 Here for to stay in Safety behind ;
 My Lord and I will search the wide Forest.
 That Counsel pleas'd not *Malbecco's* Mind ;
 For, he was much affraid, himself alone to find.

XLII.

Then is it best, said he, that ye do leave
 Your Treasure here in some Security,
 Either fast clos'd in some hollow Greave,
 Or buried in the Ground from Jeopardy,
 Till we return again in Safety :
 As for us two, lest doubt of us ye have,
 Hence far away we will blindfolded lie,
 Ne privy be unto your Threasure's Grave.
 It pleas'd ; so he did : Then they march forward brave.

XLIII.

Now, when amid the thickest Woods they were,
 They heard a Noise of many Bag-pipes shrill,
 And shrieking Hubbubs them approaching near,
 Which all the Forest did with Horror fill :
 That dreadful Sound the Boaster's Heart did thrill
 With such Amazement, that in haste he fled,
 Ne ever looked back for Good or Ill,
 And after him eke fearful *Trompart* sped ;
 The old Man could not fly, but fell to ground half dead.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,
 He in a Bush did hide his fearful Head :
 The jolly *Satyres*, full of fresh Delight,
 Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led
 Fair *Hellenore*, with Girlands all bespred,
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made :
 She proud of that new Honour, which they red,
 And of their lovely Fellowship full glad,
 Daunc'd lively, and her Face did with a Laurel shade.

XLV.

The silly Man that in the Thicket lay,
 Saw all this goodly Sport, and grieved sore,
 Yet durst he not against it do or say,
 But did his Heart with bitter Thoughts engore,
 To see th' unkindness of his *Hellenore*.
 All day they daunced with great Lustified,
 And with their horned Feet the green Grass wore,
 The whiles their Goats upon the Brouzes fed,
 Till drouping *Phœbus* 'gan to hide his golden Head.

XLVI.

Tho, up they 'gan their merry Pipes to truss,
 And all their goodly Herds did gather round ;
 But every *Satyre* first did give a Buss
 To *Hellenore* : so Busses did abound.
 Now 'gan the humid Vapour shed the Ground
 With pearly Dew, and the Earth's gloomy Shade
 Did dim the brightness of the Welkin round,
 That every Bird and Beast awarned made
 To shrowd themselves, whiles Sleep their Senses did invade.

XLVII.

Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of the Bush
 Upon his Hands and Feet he crept full light,
 And like a Goat amongst the Goats did rush,
 That through the help of his fair Horns on high,
 And misty Damp of misconceiving Night,
 And eke through likeness of his goatish Beard,
 He did the better counterfeit aright :
 So home he march'd amongst the horned Herd,
 That none of all the *Satyres* him espy'd or heard.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

At Night, when all they went to sleep, he view'd,
 Where-as his lovely Wife amongst them lay,
 Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
 Who all the Night did mind his joyous play:
 Nine times he heard him come aloft e'er day,
 That all his Heart with Jealousy did swell;
 But yet that Night's Ensamble did bewray,
 That not for nought his Wife them lov'd so well,
 When one so ought a Night did ring his Matin's Bell.

XLIX.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
 When weary of their Sport to sleep they fell;
 And to his Wife, that now full soundly slept,
 He whisper'd in her Ear, and did her tell,
 That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
 And therefore pray'd her wake, to hear him plain.
 As one out of a Dream not waked well,
 She turn'd her, and returned back again:
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constrain.

L.

At last, with irksome Trouble she abraid;
 And then perceiving, that it was indeed
 Her old *Malbecco*, which did her upbraid
 With Looseness of her Love, and loathly Deed,
 She was astonish'd with exceeding Dreed,
 And would have wak'd the *Satyre* by her side;
 But he her pray'd, for Mercy, or for Meed,
 To save his Life, ne let him be descry'd,
 But hearken to his Lore, and all his Counsel hide.

LI.

Tho 'gan he her persuade, to leave that leud
 And loathsome Life, of God and Man abhor'd,
 And home return, where all should be renew'd
 With perfect Peace, and Bands of fresh Accord,
 And the receiv'd again to Bed and Board,
 As if no Trespas ever had been done:
 But she it all refused at one word,
 And by no means would to his Will be won,
 But chose amongst the jolly *Satyres* still to wonne.

LII.

LII.

He wooed her, till Day-spring he espy'd;
 But all in vain: and then turn'd to the Herd,
 Who butted him with Horns on every side,
 And trod down in the Dirt, where his hore Beard
 Was foully dight, and he of Death affeard.
 Early before the Heaven's fairest Light
 Out of the ruddy East was fully rear'd,
 The Herds out of their Folds were loosed quite,
 And he amongst the rest crept forth in sorry Flight.

LIII.

So soon as he the Prison-Door did pass,
 He ran as fast as both his Feet could bear,
 And never looked who behind him was,
 Ne scarcely who before: like as a Bear
 That creeping close, amongst the Hives to rear
 An Hony-comb, the wakeful Dogs espy,
 And him assailing, fore his Carcass tear,
 That hardly he away with Life does fly,
 Ne stays, till safe himself he see from Jeopardy.

LIV.

Ne stay'd he, till he came unto the place
 Where late his Treasure he entomb'd had;
 Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* base
 Had it purloined for his Maister bad)
 With extream Fury he became quite mad,
 And ran away, ran with himself away:
 That who so strangely had him seen bestad,
 With upstart Hair, and staring Eyes dismay,
 From *Limbo* Lake him late escaped sure would say.

LV.

High over Hills and over Dales he fled,
 As if the Wind him on his Wings had borne,
 Ne Bank nor Bush could stay him, when he sped
 His nimble Feet, as treading still on Thorn:
 Grief, and Despite, and Jealousy, and Scorn
 Did all the way him follow hard behind;
 And he himself, himself loath'd so forlorn,
 So shamefully forlorn of Woman-kind:
 That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded Mind.

LVI.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
 Ne staid his Flight, nor fearful Agony,
 Till that he came unto a rocky Hill,
 Over the Sea suspended dreadfully,
 That living Creature it would terrify
 To look adown, or upward to the height:
 From thence he threw himself despiteously,
 All desperate of his fore-damned Spright,
 That seem'd no help for him was left in living fight.

LVII.

But through long Anguish, and Self-murd'ring Thought,
 He was so wasted and fore-pined quite,
 That all his Substance was consum'd to nought,
 And nothing left, but like an airy Spright,
 That on the-Rocks he fell so slit and light,
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
 But chanced on a craggy Cliff to light;
 Whence he with crooked Claws so long did crawl,
 That at the last he found a Cave with entrance small.

LVIII.

Into the same he creeps, and thence-forth there
 Resolv'd to build his baleful Mansion,
 In dreary Darknes, and continual Fear
 Of that Rock's Fall; which ever and anon
 Threats with huge Ruin him to fall upon,
 That he dare never sleep, but that one Eye
 Still ope he keeps for that occasion;
 Ne ever rests he in Tranquillity,
 The roaring Billows beat his Bower so boistrouly.

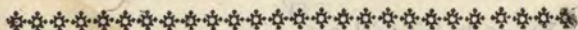
LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed,
 But Toads and Frogs (his Pasture poisonous)
 Which in his cold Complexion do breed
 A filthy Blood, or Humour rancorous,
 Matter of Doubt and Dread suspicious,
 That doth with cureless Care consume the Heart,
 Corrupts the Stomach with Gall vicious,
 Crofs cuts the Liver with internal Smart,
 And doth transfix the Soul with Death's eternal Dart.

LX.

LX.

Yet can he never die, but dying lives,
 And doth himself with Sorrow new sustain,
 That Death and Life at once unto him gives,
 And painful Pleasure turns to pleasing Pain:
 There dwells he ever, miserable Swain,
 Hateful both to himself, and every Wight;
 Where he through privy Grief, and Horror vain,
 Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quite
 Forgot he was a Man, and Jealousy is hight.



CANTO XI.

Britomart chaseth Ollyphant,
 Finds Scudamore distress'd:
 Assays the House of Busirane,
 Where Love's Spoils are express'd.

I.

O Hateful hellish Snake, what Fury first
 Brought thee from baleful House of *Proserpine*,
 Where in her Bosom she thee long had-nurs'd,
 And fostred up with bitter Milk of Tine,
 Foul Jealousy, that turnest Love Divine
 To joyless Dread, and mak'st the loving Heart
 With hateful Thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed'it self with self-consuming Smart?
 Of all the Passions in the Mind thou vilest art.

II.

O! let him far be banished away,
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;
 Sweet Love, that doth his golden Wings embay
 In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasure's Well,
 Untroubled of vile Fear, or bitter Fell.
 And ye fair Ladies, that your Kingdoms make
 In th' Hearts of Men, them govern wisely well,
 And of fair *Britomart* Ensamble take,
 That was as true in Love, as Turtle to her Mate,

III.

III.

Who with Sir *Satyrane* (as earst ye red)
 Forth riding from *Malbecco's* hostless House,
 Far off espy'd a young Man, the which fled
 From an huge Giant, that with hideous
 And hateful Out-rage long him chased thus;
 It was that *Olyphant*, the Brother dear
 Of that *Argante* vile and vicious,
 From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest whylere;
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

IV.

For, as the Sister did in Feminine
 And filthy Lust exceed all Woman-kind,
 So he surpass'd his Sex Masculine,
 In beastly use, that I did ever find:
 Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
 The fearful Boy so greedily pursue,
 She was emmouv'd in her noble Mind,
 T' employ her Puissance to his Rescue,
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view.

V.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
 But with like Fierceness did ensue the Chace:
 Whom, when the Giant saw, he soon resign'd
 His former Suit, and from them fled apace;
 They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
 And each did strive the other to out-go:
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,
 For, he was long and swift as any Roe,
 And now made better Speed, t' escape his feared Foe.

VI.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did fear,
 But *Britomart*, the Flower of Chastity;
 For, he the Power of chaste Hands might not bear,
 But always did their dread Encounter fly:
 And now so fast his Feet he did apply,
 That he has gotten to a Forest near,
 Where he is shrouded in Security:
 The Wood they enter, and search every where,
 They searched diversly; so both divided were.

VII.

VII.

Fair *Britomart* so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a Fountain shear,
 By which there lay a Knight all wallowed
 Upon the grassy Ground, and by him rear
 His *Haberjeon*, his Helmet, and his Spear;
 A little off, his Shield was rudely thrown,
 On which the winged Boy in Colours clear
 Depainted was, full easy to be known,
 And he thereby, where-ever it in Field was shown.

VIII.

His Face upon the Ground did groveling lie,
 As if he had been slumbring in the Shade,
 That the brave Maid would not for Courtesy,
 Out of his quiet Slumber him abraid,
 Nor seem too suddenly him to invade:
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous Throb
 Him groan, as if his Heart were pieces made,
 And with most painful Pangs to sigh and sob,
 That Pity did the Virgin's Heart of Patience rob.

IX.

At last, forth breaking into bitter Complaints,
 He said: O sovereign Lord that sit'st on high,
 And reign'st in Bliss emongst thy blessed Saints,
 How suffrest thou such shameful Cruelty,
 So long unwreaked of thine Enemy?
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good Mens Cause no heed?
 Or doth thy Justice sleep, and silent lie?
 What booteth then the good and righteous Deed,
 If Goddness find no Grace, nor Righteousness no Meed?

X.

If Good find Grace, and Righteousness Reward,
 Why then is *Amoret* in captive Band,
 Sith that more bounteous Creature never far'd
 On foot, upon the Face of living Land?
 Or if that heavenly Justice may withstand
 The wrongful Out-rage of unrighteous Men,
 Why then is *Busirane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, these seven Months day, in secret Den
 My Lady and my Love so cruelly to pen?

XI.

XI.

My Lady and my Love, is cruell' pen'd
 In doleful Darknes from the view of Day,
 Whilst deadly Torments do her chaste Breast rend,
 And the sharp Steel doth rive her Heart in tway,
 All for the *Scudamore* will not deny,
 Yet thou, vile Man, vile *Scudamore*, art found,
 Ne canst her aid, ne canst her Foe dismay;
 Unworthy Wretch to tread upon the Ground,
 For whom so fair a Lady feels fo sore a Wound. |

XII.

There an huge heap of Singults did oppress
 His struggling Soul, and swelling Throbs empeach
 His soltring Tongue with Pangs of Dreariness,
 Choking the Remnant of his plaintive Speech,
 As if his days were come to their last reach.
 Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly Fit,
 Threatning into his Life to make a Breach,
 Both with great Ruth and Terror she was smit,
 Fearing lest from her Cage the weary Soul would flit.

XIII.

Tho, stooping down, she him amoved light;
 Who there-with somewhat starting, up 'gan look,
 And seeing him behind a stranger Knight,
 Where-as no living Creature he mistook,
 With great Indignance he that Sight forfook,
 And down again himself disdainfully
 Abjecting, th' Earth with his fair Forehead strook.
 Which the bold Virgin seeing, 'gan apply
 Fit Medicine to his Grief, and spake thus courteously:

XIV.

Ah! gentle Knight, whose deep conceived Grief
 Well seems t' exceed the Power of Patience,
 Yet if that heavenly Grace some good Relief
 You send, submit you to high Providence;
 And ever in your noble Heart prepense,
 That all the Sorrow in the World, is less
 Than Vertue's Might, and Value's Confidence:
 For, who will bide the Burden of Distress,
 Must not here think to live; for, Life is Wretchedness.

XV.

XV.

Therefore (fair Sir) do Comfort to you take,
 And freely read, what wicked Felon fo
 Hath out-rag'd you, and thrall'd your gentle Make,
 Perhaps this hand may help to ease your Woe,
 And wreak your Sorrow on your cruel Foe,
 At least, it fair Endeavour will apply.
 Those feeling words so near the quick did go,
 That up his Head he reared easily;
 And leaning on his Elbow, these few words let fly:

XVI.

What boots it 'plain, that cannot be redress'd,
 And sow vain Sorrow in a fruitless Ear,
 Sith Power of Hand, nor Skill of learned Breast;
 Ne worldly Price cannot redeem my Dear
 Out of her Thraldom and continual Fear?
 For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in Ward
 By strong Enchantments, and black Magick lear,
 Hath in a Dungeon deep her close embar'd,
 And many dreadful Fiends hath pointed to her Guard.

XVII.

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
 And Day and Night afflicts with mortal Pain;
 Because to yield him Love she doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yold again:
 But yet by Torture he would her constrain
 Love to conceive in her disdainful Breast;
 Till so she do, she must in Dool remain,
 Ne may by living means be thence releas'd:
 What boots it then to 'plain, that cannot be redress'd?

XVIII.

With this sad Herfal of his heavy stress,
 The warlike Damzel was empassion'd sore,
 And said; Sir Knight, your Cause is nothing less
 Than is your Sorrow, certes if not more;
 For, nothing so much Pity doth implore,
 As gentle Lady's helpless Misery.
 But yet, if please ye listen to my Lore,
 I will (with proof of last Extremity)
 Deliver her from thence, or with her for you die.

Vol. II.

A a

XIX.

XIX.

Ah! gentlest Knight alive, said *Scudamore*;
 What huge heroic Magnanimity
 Dwells in thy bounteous Breast? What couldst thou more,
 If she were thine, and thou as now am I?
 O spare thy happy days, and them apply
 To better boot, but let me die that ought;
 More is more loss: one is enough to die.
 Life is not lost, said she, for which is bought
 Endless Renown, that more than Death is to be sought.

XX.

Thus, she at length persuaded him to rise,
 And with her went, to see what new Success
 Mote him befall upon new Enterprize.
 His Arms, which he had vow'd to disprofess,
 She gather'd up, and did about him dress,
 And his forward Steed unto him got:
 So forth they both yfere make their Progress,
 And march not past the Mount'naunce of a Shore,
 Till they arriv'd, where-as their purpose they did plot.

XXI.

There they dismounting, drew their Weapons bold,
 And stoutly came unto the Castle-Gate;
 Where-as no Gate they found them to with-hold,
 Nor Ward to wait at Morn and Evening late;
 But in the Porch (that did them fore amate)
 A flaming Fire, ymix'd with smouldry Smoke,
 And stinking Sulphur, that with grievous Hate
 And dreadful Horror did all Entrance choake,
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* dismay'd,
 Ne in that stound wist how her self to bear;
 For, Danger vain it were, to have assay'd
 That cruel Element, which all things fear,
 Ne none can suffer to approachen near:
 And turning back to *Scudamore*, thus said;
 What monstrous Enmity provoke we here,
 Fool-hardy, as th' Earth's Children, the which made
 Battle against the Gods? so we a God invade.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Danger without Discretion to attempt,
 Inglorious and Beast-like 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 Despite,
 Which earst to you I plain'd: for, neither may
 This Fire be quench'd by any Wit or Might,
 Ne yet by any means remov'd away,
 So mighty be th' Enchantments, which the same do stay.

XXIV.

What is there else, but cease these fruitless Pains,
 And leave me to my former languishing?
 Fair *Amoret* must dwell in wicked Chains,
 And *Scudamore* here die with sorrowing.
 Perdy not so, said she; for, shameful thing
 It were t' abandon noble Chevsaunce,
 For shew of Peril, without venturing:
 Rather let try Extremities of Chance,
 Than enterprized Praise for dread to disavaunce.

XXV.

There-with, resolv'd to prove her utmost Might,
 Her ample Shield she threw before her Face,
 And (her Sword's Point directing forward right)
 Assail'd the Flame, the which estfoons gave place,
 And did it self divide with equal space,
 That through she passed: as a Thunder-bolt
 Pierceth the yielding Air, and doth displace
 The soaring Clouds into sad Showers ymolt;
 So to her yold the Flames, and did their Force revolt.

XXVI.

Whom, when as *Scudamore* saw past the Fire,
 Safe and untouch'd, he likewise gan assay,
 With greedy Will, and envious Desire,
 And bade the stubborn Flames to yield him way:
 But cruel *Mulciber* would not obey
 His threatful Pride; but did the more augment
 His mighty Rage, and his imperious Sway:
 Him forc'd (maulger) his fierceness to relent,
 And back retire, all scorch'd and pitifully brent.

A a 2

XXVII.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great Sorrow that he could not pass,
 Than for the burning Torment which he felt,
 That with fell Woodness he effierced was ;
 And wilfully him throwing on the Grass,
 Did bear and bounce his Head and Breast full sore :
 The whiles, the Championess now entred has
 The utmost Room, and past the formost Door ;
 The utmost Room abounding with all precious Store.

XXVIII.

For, round about, the Walls yclothed were
 With goodly Arras of great Majesty,
 Woven with Gold and Silk so close and near,
 That the rich Metal lurked privily,
 As feigning to be hid from envious Eye :
 Yet here, and there, and every where unwares
 It shew'd it self, and shone unwillingly ;
 Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden Snares (clares,
 Through the green Grass, his long bright burnish'd Back de-

XXIX.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
 Many fair Pourtraicts, and many a fair Feat ;
 And all of Love, and all of Lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their Semblant, did entreat ;
 And eke all *Cupid's* Wars they did repeat,
 And cruel Battles, which he whilom fought
 'Gainst all the Gods, to make his Empire great ;
 Besides the huge Massacres which he wrought
 On mighty Kings and Cæsars, into Thraldom brought.

XXX.

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Jove*
 Had felt the Point of his heart-piercing Dart,
 And leaving Heaven's Kingdom, here did rove
 In strange Disguise, to slake his scalding Smart ;
 Now like a Ram, fair *Helle* to pervert,
 Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw :
 Ah ! how the fearful Lady's tender Heart
 Did lively seem to tremble, when she saw
 The huge Seas under her t' obey her Servant's Law.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Soon after that into a golden Shower
 Himself he chang'd, fair *Danae* to view ;
 And through the Roof of her strong brazen Tower
 Did rain into her Lap an honey Dew ;
 The whiles her foolish Guard, that little knew
 Of such Deceit, kept th' iron Door fast barr'd,
 And watch'd, that none should enter nor issue ;
 Vain was the Watch, and bootless all the Ward,
 Whenas the God to golden Hue himself transfer'd.

XXXII.

Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,
 To win fair *Leda* to his lovely Trade :
 O ! wondrous Skill, and sweet Wit of the Man,
 That her in *Daffadillies* sleeping made,
 From scorching Heat her dainty Limbs to shade !
 Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his Feathers wide,
 And brushing his fair Breast, did her invade ;
 She slept, yet 'twixt her Eye-lids closely spy'd
 How towards her he rush'd, and smiled at his Pride.

XXXIII.

Then shew'd it, how the *Theban Semele*,
 Deceiv'd of jealous *Juno*, did require
 To see him in his sovereign Majesty,
 Arm'd with his Thunder-bolts and lightning Fire,
 Whence dearly she with Death bought her Desire.
 But fair *Alcmena* better Match did make,
 Joying his Love in likeness more entire ;
 Three Nights in one, they say, that for her sake
 He then did put, his Pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV.

Twice was he seen in soaring Eagle's shape,
 And with wide Wings to beat the buxom Air :
 Once when he with *Asterie* did 'scape ;
 Again, when as the *Trojan Boy* so fair
 He snatch'd from *Ida Hill*, and with him bare :
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
 How the rude Shepherds after him did stare,
 Trembling, through Fear, left down he fallen should,
 And often to him calling, to take surer hold.

A a 3.

XXXV.

XXXV.

In *Satyr's* Shape, *Antiopa* he snatch'd :
 And like a Fire, when he *Egin's* assay'd :
 A Shepherd, when *Mnemosyne* he catch'd :
 And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* Maid.
 Whiles thus on Earth great *Jove* these Pageants play'd,
 The winged Boy did thrust into his Throne,
 And scoffing, thus unto his Mother said :
 Lo ! now the Heavens obey to me alone,
 And take me for their *Jove*, while *Jove* to Earth is gone.

XXXVI.

And thou, fair *Phœbus*, in thy Colours bright
 Was't there enwoven, and the sad Distress
 In which that Boy thee plunged, for despite
 That thou bewrayd'st his Mother's Wantonness,
 When she with *Mars* was meynt in Joyfulness :
 For-thy he thrill'd thee with a leaden Dart,
 To love fair *Daphne*, which thee loved less ;
 Less she thee lov'd, than was thy just Desert :
 Yet was thy Love her Death, and her Death was thy Smart.

XXXVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty *Hyacinth*,
 So lovedst thou the fair *Coronis* dear ;
 Yet both are of thy hapless Hand extinct,
 Yet both in Flowers do live, and Love thee bear,
 The one a Pounce, the other a Sweet-briar :
 For Grief whereof, ye mote have lively seen
 The God himself rending his golden Hair,
 And breaking quite his Girland ever green,
 With other signs of Sorrow and impatient Teen.

XXXVIII.

Both for those two, and for his own dear Son,
 The Son of *Clymene* he did repent,
 Who bold to guide the Chariot of the Sun,
 Himself in thousand pieces fondly rent,
 And all the World with flashing Fire Brent,
 So like, that all the Walls did seem to flame.
 Yet cruel *Cupid*, not herewith content,
 Forc'd him estoons to follow other Game,
 And love a Shepherd's Daughter for his dearest Dame.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

He loved *Isse* for his dearest Dame,
 And for her sake her Cattle fed awhile,
 And for her sake a Cow-herd vile became,
 The Servant of *Admetus's* Cow-herd vile,
 Whiles that from Heaven he suffered Exile.
 Long were to tell each other lovely Fit,
 Now like a Lion, hunting after Spoil,
 Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon flit :
 All which in that fair Arras was most lively writ.

XL.

Next unto him was *Neptune* pictured,
 In his divine Resemblance wondrous like :
 His Face was rugged, and his hoary Head
 Dropped with brackish Dew ; his three-fork'd Pike
 He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike
 The raging Billows, that on every side
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad Dike,
 That his swift Chariot might have Passage wide,
 Which four great *Hippodames* did draw in Team-wise ty'd.

XLI.

His Sea-horses did seem to snort amain,
 And from their Nostrils blow the briny Stream,
 That made the sparkling Waves to smoke again,
 And flame with Gold : but the white foamy Cream
 Did shine with Silver, and shoot forth his Beam.
 The God himself did pensive seem and sad,
 And hung adown his Head, as he did dream :
 For, privy Love his Breast empierced had ;
 Ne ought, but dear *Bisaltis*, ay could make him glad.

XLII.

He loved eke *Iphimedia* dear,
 And *Ælus's* fair Daughter, *Arne* hight ;
 For whom he turn'd himself into a Steer,
 And fed on Fodder, to beguile her sight.
 Also to win *Deucalion's* Daughter bright,
 He turn'd himself into a Dolphin fair ;
 And like a winged Horse he took his flight,
 To snaky-lock *Medusa* to repair,
 On whom he got fair *Pegasus*, that sitteth in the Air.

A a 4

XLIII.

XLIII.

Next *Saturn* was, (but who would ever ween,
That fullen *Saturn* ever ween'd to love?
Yet Love is fullen, and *Saturn*-like seen,
As he did for *Erigone* it prove)
That to a *Centaure* did himself transmove.
So prov'd it eke that gracious God of Wine,
When for to compass *Philliras'* hard Love,
He turn'd himself into a fruitful Vine,
And into her fair Bosom made his Grapes decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous Affays,
And gentle Pangs, with which he mak'd meek
The mighty *Mars*, to learn his wanton plays;
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eke
For many other Nymphs he fore did shriek;
With womanish Tears, and with unwarlike Smarts,
Privily moistening his horrid Cheek.
There was he painted full of burning Darts,
And many wide Wounds lanced through his inward Parts.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the Elf)
His own dear Mother, (ah why should he so!)
Ne did he spare sometime to prick himself,
That he might taste the sweet consuming Woe,
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But, to declare the mournful Tragedies,
And Spoils, wherewith he all the Ground did strow,
More eath to number with how many Eyes
High Heaven beholds sad Lovers nightly Thieveries.

XLVI.

Kings, Queens, Lords, Ladies, Knights and Damzels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the rascal Rabblement,
Without respect of Person or of Port,
To shew Dan *Cupid's* Power and great Effort;
And round about, a Border was entail'd
Of broken Bows and Arrows shiver'd short;
And a long bloody River through them rail'd,
So lively and so like, that living Sense it fail'd.

XLVII.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that fair Room,
There was an Altar built of precious Stone,
Of passing Value, and of great Renown,
On which there stood an Image all alone
Of massy Gold, which with his own Light shone;
And Wings it had with sundry Colours dight,
More sundry Colours than the proud *Pavone*
Bears in his boasted Fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright.)
When her discolour'd Bow she spreads through Heaven.

XLVIII.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel Fist
A mortal Bow and Arrows keen did hold,
With which he shot at random, when him list,
Some headed with sad Lead, some with pure Gold;
(Ah! Man beware, how thou those Darts behold!)
A wounded Dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous Tail his left Foot did enfold,
And with a Shaft was shot through either Eye,
That no Man forth might draw, ne no Man remedy.

XLIX.

And underneath his Feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this be:
And all the People in that ample House
Did to that Image bow their humble Knee,
And oft committed foul Idolary.
That wondrous sight fair *Britomart* amaz'd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfy,
But ever more and more upon it gaz'd,
The whiles the passing Brightness her frail Senses daz'd.

L.

Tho, as she backward cast her busy Eye,
To search each Secret of that goodly Sted,
Over the Door thus written she did spy,
Be bold: She oft and oft it over-read,
Yet could not find what Sense it figured:
But what-so were therein or writ or meant,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first Intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next Room went.

LI.

Much fairer than the former was that Room,
 And richlier by many parts array'd;
 For, not with Arras made in painful Loom,
 But with pure Gold it all was over-laid,
 Wrought with wild Anticks, which their Follies play'd
 In the rich Metal, as they living were:
 A thousand monstrous Forms therein were made,
 Such as false Love doth oft upon him wear;
 For, Love in thousand monstrous Forms doth oft appear.

LII.

And all about, the glistering Walls were hong
 With warlike Spoils, and with victorious Preys
 Of mighty Conquerors and Captains strong,
 Which were whilom cr'piv'd in their days
 To cruel Love, and wrought their own Decays:
 Their Swords and Spears were broke, and Hauberques rent,
 And their proud Girlonds of triumphant Bays
 Trodden in Dust with Fury insolent,
 To shew the Victor's Might and merciless Intent.

LIII.

The warlike Maid, beholding earnestly
 The goodly Ordinance of this rich place,
 Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
 Her greedy Eyes with gazing a long space:
 But more she mervail'd, that no Footing's Trace,
 Nor Wight appear'd, but wasteful Emptiness,
 And solemn Silence over all that place:
 Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possess.
 So rich Purveyance, ne them keep with carefulness.

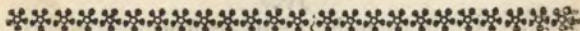
LIV.

And as she look'd about, she did behold,
 How over that same Door was likewise writ,
Be bold, Be bold, and every where *Be bold*;
 That much she mus'd, yet could not construe it
 By any riddling Skill, or common Wit.
 At last she spy'd, at that Room's upper end,
 Another iron Door, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
 Her earnest Mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV.

LV.

Thus there she waited until Eventide,
 Yet living Creature none she saw appear:
 And now sad Shadows 'gan the World to hide
 From mortal view, and wrap in Darknes drear;
 Yet n'ould she doff her weapy Arms, for fear
 Of secret Danger, ne let Sleep opprefs
 Her heavy Eyes with Nature's burden dear,
 But drew her self aside in Sickerness,
 And her well-pointed Weapons did about her dress.



CANTO XII.

*The Mask of Cupid, and th' enchanted Chamber are display'd;
 Whence Britomart redeems fair Amoret, through Charms decay'd.*

I.

THO, when as chearless Night ycover'd had:
 Fair Heaven with an universal Cloud,
 That every Wight, dismay'd with Darknes sad,
 In Silence and in Sleep themselves did shroud,
 She heard a shrilling Trumpet sound aloud,
 Sign of nigh Battle, or got Victory:
 Nought therewith daunted was her Courage proud,
 But rather stir'd to cruel Enmity,
 Expecting ever, when some Foe she might descry.

II.

With that, an hideous Storm of Wind arose,
 With dreadful Thunder and Lightning atwixt,
 And an Earthquake, as if it straight would loose
 The World's Foundations from his Center fix'd;
 A direful Stench of Smoke and Sulphur mix'd
 Ensu'd, whose noyance fill'd the fearful Sted,
 From the fourth Hour of Night until the Sixth:
 Yet the bold *Britoness* was nought ydred,
 Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III.

III.

All suddenly a stormy Whirlwind blew
Throughout the House, that clapped ev'ry Door;
With which, that iron Wicket open flew,
As it with mighty Levers had been tore:
And forth issu'd, as on the ready Floor,
Of some Theatre, a grave Personage,
That in his Hand a Branch of Laurel bore,
With comely Haviour and Count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly Garments, fit for tragick Stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say;
And to the Vulgar beck'ning with his hand,
In sign of Silence, as to hear a Play,
By lively Actions he 'gan bewray
Some Argument of Matter passioned;
Which doen, he back retired soft away;
And passing by, his Name discovered,
Ease, on his Robe in golden Letters cyphered.

V.

The noble Maid, still standing, all this view'd,
And marvel'd at his strange Intendment;
With that, a joyous Fellowship issu'd
Of Minstrels, making goodly Merriment,
With wanton Bards, and Rimers impudent;
All which together sung full chearfully
A Lay of Love's Delight, with sweet Consent:
After whom, march'd a jolly Company,
In manner of a Mask, enrag'd orderly.

VI.

The whiles a most delicious Harmony,
In full strange Notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare Sweetness of the Melody
The feeble Senses wholly did confound,
And the frail Soul in deep Delight nigh dround:
And when it ceas'd, shrill Trumpets loud did bray,
That their Report did far away rebound;
And when they ceas'd, it 'gan again to play,
The whiles the Maskers march'd forth in trim array.

VII.

The first was *Fancy*, like a lovely Boy,
Of rare Aspect, and Beauty without Peer;
Matchable either to that Imp of *Troy*,
Whom *Jove* did love, and chuse his Cup to bear,
Or that same dainty Lad, which was so dear
To great *Alcides*, that when-as he dy'd,
He wailed Womanlike with many a Tear,
And every Wood, and every Valley wide
He fill'd with *Hylas*' Name; the Nymphs eke *Hylas* cry'd,

VIII.

His Garment neither was of Silk nor Say,
But painted Plumes, in goodly Order dight,
Like as the Sun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny Bodies, in their proudest Plight:
As those same Plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
That by his Gate might easily appear;
For still he far'd as dancing in Delight,
And in his Hand a windy Fan did bear,
That in the idle Air he mov'd still here and there.

IX.

And him beside march'd amorous *Desire*,
Who seem'd of riper Years than th' other Swain;
Yet was that other Swain this Elder's Sire,
And gave him Being, common to them twain:
His Garment was disguised very vain,
And his embroider'd Bonnet sat awry;
'Twixt both his Hands few Sparks he close did strain,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they Life conceiv'd, and forth in Flames did fly.

X.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a discolour'd Coat, of strange Disguise,
That at his Back a broad Capuccio had,
And Sleeves dependant *Albanese*-wife:
He look'd askew with his mistrustful Eyes,
And nicely trode, as Thorns lay in his way,
Or that the Floor to shrink he did advise,
And on a broken Reed he still did stay
His feeble Steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he lay.

XI.

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged Weed,
 Made of Bears-Skin, that him more dreadful made;
 Yet his own Face was dreadful, ne did need
 Strange Horrour, to deform his griesly Shade.
 A Net in th' one Hand, and a rusty Blade
 In th' other was; this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
 With th' one his Foes he threatned to invade,
 With th' other he his Friends ment to enwrap;
 For whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap.

XII.

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
 But fear'd each Shadow moving to and fro:
 And his own Arms when glittering he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As Ashes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
 And evermore on *Danger* fix'd his Eye,
 'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen Shield,
 Which his right Hand unarmed, fearfully did wield.

XIII.

With him went *Hope* in Rank, a handfom Maid,
 Of chearful Look and lovely to behold;
 In silken Samite she was light array'd,
 And her fair Locks were woven up in Gold:
 She alway smil'd, and in her Hand did hold
 An holy-water Sprinkle, dipt in Dew,
 With which she sprinkled Favours manifold,
 On whom she list, and did great Liking shew;
 Great Liking unto many, but true Love to few.

XIV.

And after them *Dissemblance* and *Suspect*
 March'd in one Rank, yet an unequal Pair:
 For she was gentle, and of mild Aspect,
 Courteous to all, and seeming debonair,
 Goodly adorn'd, and exceeding fair;
 Yet was that all but painted, and purloin'd,
 And her bright Brows were deckt with borrow'd Hair,
 Her Deeds were forged, and her Words false coin'd,
 And always in her Hand two Clews of Silk she twin'd.

XV.

XV.

But he was foul, ill-favoured, and grim,
 Under his Eyebrows looking still afaunce;
 And ever as *Dissemblance* laugh'd on him,
 He lour'd on her with dangerous Eye-glauce;
 Shewing his Naure in his Countenance:
 His rolling Eyes did never rest in place,
 But walk'd each where, for fear of hid Mischaunce,
 Holding a Lattice still before his Face,
 Thro which he still did peep, as forward he did pace.

XVI.

Next him went *Grief*, and *Fury* match'd yfere;
Grief, all in Sable sorrowfully clad,
 Down-hanging his dull Head, with heavy Chear,
 Yet inly being more than seeming sad:
 A Pair of Pincers in his Hand he had,
 With which he pined People to the Heart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched Life they led,
 In wilful Langour and consuming Smart,
 Dying each Day with inward Wounds of Dolour's Dart.

XVII.

But *Fury* was full ill apparelled.
 In Rags, that naked nigh she did appear,
 With ghastful Looks, and dreadful Drerihed;
 For from her Back her Garments she did tear,
 And from her Head oft rent her snarled Hair:
 In her right Hand a Fire-brand she did tosse
 About her Head, still roming here and there;
 As a dismayed Deer in Chace embost,
 Forgetful of his Safety, hath his right way lost.

XVIII.

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*;
 He looking lumpish, and full fullen sad,
 And hanging down his heavy Countenance;
 She chearful, fresh, and full of Joyance glad,
 As if no Sorrow she ne felt, ne drad;
 That evil-matched Pair they seem'd to be.
 An angry Wasp th' one in a Vial had;
 Th' other in hers an hony-lady Bee:
 Thus marched these six Couples forth in fair degree.

XIX.

XIX.

After all these, there march'd a most fair Dame,
Led of two grisie Vileins, th' one *Despighr*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by Name:
She doleful Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Call'd by strong Charms out of eternal Night,
Had Death's own Image figur'd in her Face,
Full of sad Signs, fearful to living Sight;
Yet in that Horrour shew'd a seemly Grace,
And with her feeble Feet did move a comely pace.

XX.

Her Breaſt all naked, as net Ivory,
Without Adorn of Gold or Silver bright,
Wherewith the Craftsman wons it beautify,
Of her due Honour was deſpoiled quite,
And a wide Wound therein (O rueful Sight!)
Entrenched deep with Knife accurſed keen,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting Spright
(The work of cruel Hand) was to be ſeen,
That dy'd in ſanguine Red her Skin all ſnowy clean.

XXI.

At that wide Oriſce, her trembling Heart
Was drawn forth, and in ſilver Baſin laid,
Quite thro tranſfixed with a deadly Dart,
And in her Blood yet ſteeming fresh embay'd:
And thoſe two Vileins, which her Steps upſtay'd,
When her weak Feet could ſcarcely her ſuſtain,
And fading vital Powers 'gan to fade,
Her forward ſtill with Torture did conſtrain,
And evermore encreaſed her conſuming Pain.

XXII.

Next after her, the winged God himſelf
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the Menage of that Elf,
That Man and Beaſt with Power imperious
Subdueth to his Kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold Eyes he bade awhile unbind,
That his proud Spoil of that ſame dolorous
Fair Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which ſeen, he much rejoiced in his cruel Mind.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Of which full proud, himſelf up-rearing high,
He looked round about with ſtern Diſdain;
And did ſurvey his goodly Company:
And marſhalling the evil-order'd Train,
With that the Darts, which his right Hand did ſtrain,
Full dreadfully he ſhook, that all did quake;
And clapt on high his coloured Wings twain,
That all his many it afraid did make:
Tho, blinding him again, his way he forth did take.

XXIV.

Behind him was *Reproach*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproach the firſt, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, ſorrowful, and lame:
Reproach deſpightful, careleſs, and unkind;
Shame moſt ill-favour'd, beſtial, and blind:
Shame lour'd, *Repentance* ſigh'd, *Reproach* did ſcold;
Reproach ſharp Stings, *Repentance* Whips entwin'd,
Shame burning Bron'd-yrons in her Hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one Mould.

XXV.

And after them, a rude confuſed Rout
Of Perſons flock'd, whoſe Names is hard to read;
Emongſt them was ſtern *Strife*, and *Anger* ſtout,
Unquiet *Care*, and fond *Unthriftihead*,
Leud *Loſs of Time*, and *Sorrow* ſeeming dead,
Inconſtant *Change*, and falſe *Diſloyalty*,
Conſuming *Riotiſe*, and guilty *Dread*
Of heavenly Vengeance, faint *Infirmity*,
Vile *Poverty*, and laſtly *Death* with Infamy.

XXVI.

There were full many more like Maladies,
Whoſe Names and Natures I no'te readen well;
So many more, as there be Phantaſies
In wavering Womens Wit, that none can tell,
Or Pains in Love, or Punishments in Hell;
And which diſguiſed march'd in Masking-wiſe,
About the Chamber with that Damozel,
And then returned (having marched thrice)
Into the inner Room, from whence they firſt did riſe.

XXVII.

XXVII.

So soon as they were in, the Door straitway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy Blast,
Which first it open'd; and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which all this while was plac'd
In secret Shade, and saw both first and last,
Issued forth, and went unto the Door,
To enter in, but found it locked fast:
It vain she thought with rigorous Uproar
For to efforce, when Charms had closed it afore.

XXVIII.

Where Force might not avail, their Sleights and Art
She cast to use, both fit for hard Emprize;
For-ty, from that same Room not to depart
Till morrow next, she did her self avize,
When that same Mask again should forth arise.
The morrow next appear'd with joyous Chear,
Calling Men to their daily Exercise:
Then she, as morrow fresh, her self did rear
Out of her secret Stand, that Day for to out-wear.

XXIX.

All that Day she out-wore in wandering,
And gazing on that Chamber's Ornament,
Till that again the second Evening
Her cover'd with her sable Vestiment,
Wherewith the World's fair Beauty the hath blent:
Then when the second Watch was almost past,
That brazen Door flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle Shews, nor of false Charms aghast.

XXX.

So soon as she was enter'd, round about
She cast her Eyes, to see what was become
Of all those Persons, which she saw without:
But lo! they strait were vanish'd all and some,
No living Wight she saw in all that Room,
Save that same woeful Lady; both whose Hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small Waste girt round with iron Bands
Unto a brazen Pillour, by the which she stands.

XXXI.

XXXI.

And her before the vile Enchanter fate,
Figuring strange Characters of his Art:
With living Blood he those Characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying Heart,
Seeming transfix'd with a cruel Dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the Worker of her Smart?
A thousand Charms he formerly did prove;
Yet thousand Charms could not her steadfast Heart remove.

XXXII.

Soon as that virgin Knight he saw in place,
His wicked Books in haste he overthrew,
Not caring his long Labours to deface;
And fiercely running to that Lady true,
A murderous Knife out of his Pocket drew;
The which he thought, for villainous Despight,
In her tormented Body to embroe:
But the stout Damsel to him leaping light,
His cursed Hand withheld, and mastered his Might.

XXXIII.

From her, to whom his Fury first he meant,
The wicked Weapon rashly he did rest;
And turning to her self his fell Intent,
Unwares it strook into her snowy Chest,
That little Drops empurpled her fair Breast.
Exceeding wroth therewith the Virgin grew,
Albe the Wound were nothing deep impress;
And fiercely forth her mortal Blade she drew,
To give him the Reward for such vile Outrage due.

XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell half dead; next stroke him should have slain,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstain
From doing him to die. For else her Pain
Should be remediless, sith none but he,
Which wrought it, could the same recure again.
Therewith she staid her Hand, loth staid to be;
For life she him envy'd, and long'd Revenge to see.

XXXV.

XXXV.

And to him said, Thou wicked Man, whose Meed
For so huge Mischief, and vile Villany,
Is Death, or if that ought do Death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may save thee from to die;
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her Health, and former State,
This do and live, else die undoubtedly.
He glad of Life, that look'd for Death but late,
Did yield himself right willing to prolong his Date.

XXXVI.

And rising up, 'gan strait to overlook
Those cursed Leaves, his Charms back to reverse;
Full dreadful things out of that baleful Book
He read, and measur'd many a sad Verse,
That Horror 'gan the Virgin's Heart to pierce,
And her fair Locks up-stared stiff on end,
Hearing him those same bloody Lines rehearse;
And all the while he read, she did extend
Her Sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII.

Anon she 'gan perceive the House to quake,
And all the Doors to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
Nor slack her threatful Hand for Danger's doubt;
But still with stedfast Eye and Courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last, that mighty Chain, which round about
Her tender WASTE was wound, adown 'gan fall,
And that great brazen Pillour broke in pieces small.

XXXVIII.

The cruel Steel which thrill'd her dying Heart,
Fell softly forth, as of his own accord:
And the wide Wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding Breast, and riven Bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not been bor'd;
And every Part to Safety full found,
As she were never hurt, was soon restor'd.
Tho when she felt her self to be unbound,
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell unto the ground.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Before fair *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
Saying; Ah! noble Knight, what worthy Meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from woeful State,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious Deed?
Your Vertue's self her own Reward shall breed,
Even immortal Praise, and Glory wide,
Which I your Vassal, by your Prowess freed,
Shall thro the World make to be notify'd,
And goodly well advance, that goodly well was try'd.

XL.

But *Britomart*, up-rearing her from Ground,
Said, Gentle Dame, Reward enough I ween
For many Labours more than I have found,
This, that in Safety now I have you seen,
And Mean of your Deliverance have been:
Henceforth, fair Lady, Comfort to you take,
And put away Remembrance of late Teen;
Instead thereof know, that your loving Mate
Hath no less Grief endured for your gentle Sake.

XLI.

She much was chear'd to hear him mention'd,
Whom of all living Wights she loved best.
Then laid the noble Championess strong Hond
Upon th' Enchaunter, which had her distrest
So sore, and with foul Outrages opprest:
With that great Chain, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that piteous Lady Prisoner, now releast,
Himself she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to Wretchedness and Woe.

XLII.

Returning back, those goodly Rooms, which erst
She saw so rich and royally array'd,
Now vanish'd utterly, and clean subvert
She found, and all their Glory quite decay'd,
That Sight of such a Change her much dismay'd.
Thenceforth descending to that perilous Porch,
Those dreadful Flames she also found delay'd,
And quenched quite, like a consumed Torch,
That erst all Entrers went so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII.

XLIII.

More easy Issue now, than Entrance late
 She found: for now that feigned dreadful Flame,
 Which choak'd the Porch of that enchanted Gate,
 And Passage barr'd to all that thither came,
 Was vanish'd quite, as it were not the same,
 And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pass.
 Th' Enchanter self, which all that Fraud did frame,
 To have efforc'd the Love of that fair Lads,
 Seeing his Work now wasted, deep enrieved was.

XLIV.

But when the Victorefs arrived there,
 Where late she left the pensive *Scudamore*
 With her own trusty Squire, both full of Fear,
 Neither of them she found where she them lore:
 Thereat her noble Heart was 'stonish'd fore;
 But most fair *Amoret*, whose gentle Spright
 Now 'gan to feed on Hope, which she before
 Conceived had, to see her own dear Knight,
 Being thereof beguil'd, was fill'd with new Affright.

XLV.

But he said Man, when he had long in Dreed
 Awaited there for *Britomari's* Return,
 Yet saw her not, nor Sign of her good Speed,
 His Expectation to Despair did turn,
 Misdeeming sure that her those Flames did burn;
 And therefore 'gan advise with her old Squire,
 Who her dear Nourling's Loss no less did mourn,
 Thence to depart for further Aid t' enquire:
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here I do respire.

The End of the Third Book.



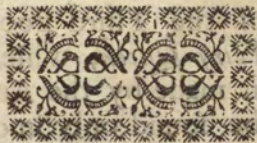
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HERE being a very considerable Alteration at the End of the Third Book of the *Fairy Queen*, which appears to have been made by the Author, and which is to be found only in one of the Editions, it is proper to inform the Reader, that in the first Edition in Quarto, in the Year 1591. which contain'd only the Three First Books of the *Fairy Queen*, the Conclusion of the Third Book was as it is printed in the foregoing Page: but in the next Quarto Edition, which was publish'd in 1596. and contain'd

Vol. II. [B b] like.

likewise the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Books, the Author having probably chang'd his Mind, and determin'd to close the Third Book with the Meeting of *Scudamore* and *Amoret*; the three last Stanza's, viz. from the Line beginning *More easy Issue now*, &c. to the End, are omitted; and the Five following Stanza's are substituted in their place. This Alteration has not been taken notice of in the following Editions in Folio.



AT

AT last she came unto the Place, where late
 She left Sir *Scudamore* in great Distress,
 'Twiix Dolour and Despight half desperate,
 Of his Love's Succour, of his own Redress,
 And of the hardy *Britomart's* Success:
 There on the cold Earth him now thrown she found,
 In wilful Anguish, and dead Heaviness,
 And to him call'd; whose Voice's known Sound
 Soon as he heard, himself he reared light from Ground.

There did he see, that most on Earth him joy'd,
 His dearest Love, the Comfort of his Dayes,
 Whose too long Absence had him sore annoy'd,
 And wearied his Life with dull Delays:
 Straight he upstart from the loathed Layes,
 And to her ran with hasty egerness,
 Like as a Deer that greedily embayes
 In the cool Soil, after long Thirstiness,
 Which he in Chace endured hath, now nigh breathless.

Lightly he clip'd her 'twixt his Armes twain,
 And streightly did embrace her Body bright,
 Her Body, late the Prison of sad Pain,
 Now the sweet Lodge of Love and dear Delight:
 But she, fair Lady, overcome quight
 Of huge Affection, did in Pleasure melt,
 And in sweet Ravishment pour'd out her Spright:
 No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
 But like two senseless Stocks in long Embracement dwelt.

Had ye them seen, ye would have surely thought
 That they had been that fair *Hermaphrodite*,
 The which that *Roman*, of white Marble wrought,
 And in his costly Bath caus'd to be site:
 So seem'd those two, as grown together quite,
 That *Britomart*, half envying their Bless,
 Was much empassion'd in her gentle Sprite,
 And to her self oft wish'd like Happiness;
 In vain she wish'd, that Fate n'ould let her yet possess.

Thus

Thus do those Lovers, with sweet Countervaile,
 Each other of Love's bitter Fruit despoile.
 But now my Teem begins to faint and faile,
 All woxen weary of their journal Toile :
 Therefore I will their sweaty Yokes affoile
 At this same Furrow's End, till a new Day ;
 And ye fair Swains, after your long Turmoile,
 Now cease your Work, and at your Pleasure play ;
 Now cease your Work, to-morrow is an Holyday.

