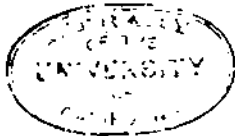


THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS,
FROM
CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. III.

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;



INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

SPENSER,

||

DANIEL.

LONDON:

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THE
POEMS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.



THE
LIFE OF SPENSER,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

ALTHOUGH the language of the great poet whose works are now before us is less obsolete than that of Chaucer, yet it may be doubted whether Spenser has been much more a favourite with those who read to be entertained, and whose demand for entertainment is too urgent to admit of previous learning, or fixed attention. That he has been read and studied by poets in all ages, is only saying that he has been read and studied by men to whom the history of their art cannot be indifferent, and who have found in Spenser whatever can animate and invigorate their powers. But however tedious the perusal of Spenser may be to a frivolous taste, his works must necessarily compose an essential part of every BODY OF ENGLISH POETRY, not only upon account of their transcendent merit, not only because in the powers of imagination he excells all others, but because he was the founder of a school more numerous than any other, a school of which it is sufficient praise that Cowley, Milton, and Dryden acknowledged their obligations to it, and that in more recent times it has conferred celebrity on Prior, Gray, Akenside, and Beattie.

Of the life of Spenser, as of the lives of men of literature in general before the seventeenth century, our accounts are very defective. Modern biographers have generally been content to copy the few particulars within their reach, and to transmit them in varied styles, without examining very scrupulously whether what they had was correct, or what they had not was recoverable. Of late, however, Spenser has met with a biographer worthy of him, one who unites the taste of the poet to the skill of the antiquary. Those who have perused Mr. Todd's Spenser need not be told that it is to

¹ Dr. Beattie's experience in imitating Spenser has probably been that of his brethren. "I am surprised to find the structure of (Spenser's) complicated stanza so little troublesome, I was always fond of it, for I think it the most harmonious that ever was contrived. It admits of more variety of pauses than either the couplet, or the alternate rhyme: and it concludes with a pomp and majesty of sound, which, to my ear, is wonderfully delightful. It seems also very well adapted to the genius of our language, which, from its irregularity of inflexion and number of monosyllables, abounds in diversified terminations, and consequently renders our poetry susceptible of an endless variety of legitimate rhymes." Forbes' Life of Beattie. The present collection of English poetry will show that the names mentioned above do not include above half of the poets who have practised the stanza of Spenser. C

him I owe all that is valuable in the following sketch, and will be pleased to hear that the text used in this edition is that which he has so ably corrected and harmonized.

EDMUND SPENSER, descended from the ancient and honourable family of Spencer, was born in London in East Smithfield by the Tower, probably about the year 1553. In what school he received the first part of his education has not been ascertained, nor is of great consequence, as at that time much knowledge was not to be obtained in any lesser seminaries, previous to academical studies. He was, however, admitted, as a sizer, of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge¹, May 20, 1569, proceeded to the degree of bachelor of arts, January 16, 1572-3, and to that of master of arts, June 26th, 1576. Of his proficiency during this time, a favourable opinion may be drawn from the many classical allusions in his works; while their moral tendency, which if not uniform was more general than that of the writings of his contemporaries, incline us to hope that his conduct was irreproachable.

At Cambridge he formed an intimacy with Gabriel Harvey, first of Christ's College, afterwards of Trinity Hall, who became doctor of laws in 1585, and survived his friend more than thirty years. Harvey was a scholar, and a poet of no mean estimation in his own time². He appears also as a critic to whose judgment Spenser frequently appeals, looking up to him with a reverence for which it is not easy to account. We are, however, much indebted to his correspondence with Spenser, for many interesting particulars relating to the life and studies of the latter, although some of them afford little more than probable conjectures.

It is now fully disproved that Spenser was an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship in Pembroke Hall, in competition with Andrews, afterwards successively bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester. The rival of Andrews was Thomas Dove, afterwards bishop of Peterborough. But from one of Harvey's letters to Spenser it appears that some disagreement had taken place between our poet and the master or tutor of the society to which he belonged, which terminated his prospects of further advancement in it, without lessening his veneration for the university at large, of which he always speaks with filial regard.

When he left Cambridge, he is supposed to have gone to reside with some friends in the north of England, probably as a tutor. At what time he began to display his poetical powers is uncertain, but as genius cannot be long concealed, it is probable that he was already known as a votary of the Muses among his fellow-students. There are several poems in the *Theatre for Worldlings*, a collection published in the year in which he became a member of the university, which are thought to have come from his pen. The *Visions* in this work were probably the first sketch of those which now form a part of his acknowledged productions. Absolute certainty, however, cannot be obtained in fixing the chronology of his early poems; but it may be conjectured with great probability that his Muse would not be neglected at an age when it is usual to court her favours, and at which he had much leisure, the scenery of nature before his eyes, and no serious

¹ There is a good portrait of Spenser in the common room of Pembroke Hall, to which the society have ever looked up with reverence, and it was by their liberality that the monument in Westminster Abbey was restored in 1778. C.

² Harvey was rather a Latin than an English poet: but there is mention of his English hexameters in his correspondence with Spenser. He is supposed to have been the same Gabriel Harvey, LL. D. who died in 1630, when he must have been nearly ninety years old. *Phillips's Theatrum*, edit. 1800. C.

cares to disturb his enthusiasm. His *Shepherd's Calender* was published in 1579. The tenderness of complaint in this elegant poem, appears to have been inspired by a mistress whom he has recorded under the name of *Rosalind*⁴, and who, after trifling with his affection, preferred his rival. He is supposed also to allude to the cruelty of this same lady in Book VI. of the *Faerie Queene*, under the name of *Mirabella*.

The year preceding the publication of this poem, he had been advised by his friend *Harvey* to remove to London, where he was introduced to sir *Philip Sidney*, and by him recommended to his uncle, the earl of *Leicester*. There is a wide difference of opinion, however, among *Spenser's* biographers, as to the time and mode of the former of these events. Some suppose that his acquaintance with sir *Philip Sidney* was the consequence of his having presented to him the ninth canto of the *Faerie Queene*. Others think that his first introduction was owing to the dedication of the *Shepherd's Calender*; but a long letter from *Spenser* to *Harvey*, which *Mr. Todd* has preserved, proves that he was known to *Sidney* previous to the publication of the *Shepherd's Calender* in 1579.

It is certain that in consequence of this introduction, by whatever means procured, he became a welcome guest in sir *Philip's* family, and was invited to their seat at *Penshurst* in *Kent*, where it is conjectured that he wrote, at least, the ninth eclogue. Under such patronage, the dedication of the *Calender*, when finished, to "Maister *Philip Sidney*," became a matter of course, as a mark of respectful acknowledgment for the kindness he had received. The praise, however, bestowed on this poem was but moderate, and the name of the author appears to have been for some time not generally known. *Dove*, whose translation of it into Latin is extant in the library of *Caius College*, *Cambridge*, speaks of it, not only as an "unowned" poem, but as almost buried in oblivion. On the other hand, *Abraham Fraunce*, a barrister as well as a poet of that time, selected from it examples to illustrate his work entitled *The Lawier's Logike*; but *Fraunce*, it may be said, was the friend of sir *Philip Sidney*, and would naturally be made acquainted, and perhaps induced to admire, the productions of a poet whom he favoured.

The patronage of men of genius in *Spenser's* age was frequently exerted in procuring for them public employments, and *Spenser*, we find, was very early introduced into the business of active life. In July 1580, when *Arthur*, lord *Grey of Wilton* departed from *England*, as lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, *Spenser* was appointed his secretary, probably on the recommendation of the earl of *Leicester*. Although the office of secretary was not at that time of the same importance it is now, and much might not be expected in official business from a scholar and a poet, yet *Spenser* appears to have entered with zeal into political affairs, as far as they were connected with the character of the lord lieutenant. In his *View of the State of Ireland*, which was written long after, he takes frequent opportunities to vindicate the measures and reputation of that nobleman, and has, indeed, evidently studied the politics of *Ireland* with great success.

After holding this situation about two years, lord *Grey* returned to *England*, and probably accompanied by his secretary. Their connection was certainly not dissolved, for in 1586, *Spenser* obtained, by his lordship's interest and that of *Leicester* and *Sidney*, a grant of three thousand and twenty eight acres in the county of *Cork*, out of the

⁴ *Warton* was of opinion that *Rosalind* is an anagram, and the letters of which it is composed will make out her true name. This I think doubtful. *Spenser* was indeed an anagrammatist in many of his names, as when he makes *Algrid* out of *Grindal*, and *Morel* out of *Eimer*. But he must have been peculiarly fortunate to find a name which he could anagrammatise into *Rosalind*. C.

LIFE OF SPENSER.

forfeited lands of the earl of Desmond. As far as sir Philip Sidney was concerned, this was the last act of his kindness to our poet, for he died in October of the same year, "praised, wept, and honoured" by every man of genius or feeling.

Such were the terms of the royal patent, that Spenser was now obliged to return to Ireland, in order to cultivate the land assigned him. He accordingly fixed his residence at Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, a place which topographers have represented as admirably accommodated to the taste of a poet by its romantic and diversified scenery. Here he was visited by sir Walter Raleigh, with whom he had formed an intimacy on his first arrival in Ireland, who proved a second Sidney to his poetical ardour, and appears to have urged him to that composition which constitutes his highest fame. In 1590 he published *The Faerie Queene*; disposed into Twelve Books, fashioning XII. Moral Vertues.

This edition contains only the first three books. To the end of the third were annexed besides the letter to Raleigh, the poetical commendations of friends to whose judgment the poem had been submitted. The names of Raleigh and Harvey are discernible, but the others are concealed under initials. These are followed by his own Sonnets to various persons of distinction, the number of which is augmented in the edition of 1596. Mr. Todd remarks that in that age of adulation, it was the custom of the author to present, with a copy of his publication, a poetical address to his superiors. It was no less the custom also to print them afterwards, and, we may readily suppose, with the full consent of the parties to whom they were addressed.

It appears certain that these three books of the *Faerie Queene* were written in Ireland. In a conversation, extracted from his friend Ludowick Brykett's *Discourse of Civill Life*, and which is said to have passed in that country, Spenser is made to say, "I have already undertaken a work in heroical verse, under the title of a *Faerie Queene*, tending to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a knight, to be patron and defender of the same; in whose actions feats of arms and chivalry, the operations of that virtue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten downe and overcome."

Such was his original design in this undertaking, and having prepared three books for the press, it is probable that he accompanied Raleigh to England, with a view to publish it. Raleigh afterwards introduced him to queen Elizabeth, whose favour is supposed by some to have extended to his being appointed poet laureate, but Elizabeth, as Mr. Malone has accurately proved, had no poet laureate. Indeed in February 1590-1, she conferred on Spenser a pension of fifty pounds a year, the grant of which was discovered some years ago in the chapel of the Rolls, and this pension he enjoyed till his death, but the title of laureate was not given in his patent, nor in that of his two immediate successors.

The discovery of this patent, by Mr. Malone, is of further importance, as tending to rescue the character of lord Burleigh from the imputation of being hostile to our poet. The oldest date of this reproach is in Fuller's *Worthies*, a book published at the distance of more than seventy years, and on this authority, which has been copied by almost all the biographers of Spenser, it has been said that Burleigh intercepted the pension, as too much to be given "to a ballad-maker," and that when the queen, upon Spenser's presenting some poems to her, ordered him the gratuity of one hundred pounds, Burleigh asked, "What! all this for a song!" on which the queen replied, "Then give him

what is reason." The story concludes, that Spenser having long waited in vain for the fulfilment of the royal order, presented to her the following ridiculous memorial :

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason;

on which he was immediately paid; but for the whole of this representation, there appears neither foundation nor authority.

After the publication of the *Faerie Queene*, Spenser returned to Ireland. During his absence, in the succeeding year, the fame he had now obtained, induced his bookseller to collect and print his smaller pieces, one of which only is said to have been a republication. The title of this collection is, *Complaints, containing sundrie small Poems of the World's Vanitie*, viz. 1. *The Ruines of Time*. 2. *The Teares of the Muses*. 3. *Virgils Grate*. 4. *Prosopopoeia, or Mother Hubbards Tale*. 5. *The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay*. 6. *Mniopotmos, or the Tale of the Butterflie*. 7. *Visions of the Worlds Vanitie*. 8. *Bellayes Visions*. 9. *Petrarches Visions*.

Spenser appears to have returned to London about the end of 1591, as his next publication, the beautiful elegy on Douglass Howard, daughter of Henry lord Howard, entitled *Daphnaida*, is dated Jan. 1, 1591-2. From this period there is a long interval in the history of our poet, which was probably passed in Ireland, but of which we have no account. It would appear, however, that he did not neglect those talents of which he had already given such favourable specimens. In 1595, he published the pastoral of Colin Clouts come Home again, the dedication to which bears date Dec. 27, 1591, but this Mr. Todd has fully proved to be an error. The pastoral elegy of *Astrophel*, devoted entirely to the memory of sir Philip Sidney, and perhaps written on the immediate occasion of his death, was published along with this last mentioned piece.

It is conjectured that in the same year appeared his *Amoretti*, or Sonnets, in which the poet gives the progress of his addresses to a less obdurate lady than *Rosalind*, and whom he afterwards married, if the *Epithalamion*, published aloog with the Sonnets, is allowed to refer to that event. Mr. Todd deduces from various passages that his mistress's name was Elizabeth, and that the marriage took place in Ireland, on St. Barnabas day, 1594. Other biographers seem to be of opinion that he had lost a first wife, and that the courtship of a second inspired the *Amoretti*. Where we have no other evidence than the expression of a man's feelings, and that man a poet of exursive imagination, the balance of probabilities may be equal. Spenser was now at the age of forty-one, somewhat too late for the ardour of youthful passion so feelingly given in his Sonnets; but on the other hand, if he had a first wife, we have no account of her, and the children he left are, I think, universally acknowledged to have been by the wife he now married.

The Four Hymns on Love and Beauty, which the author informs us were written in his youth, as a warning to thoughtless lovers, and the Prothalamion, in honour of the double marriages of the ladies Elizabeth and Catherine Somerset to H. Gilford and W. Peter, esqrs. were published in 1596. In the same year the second part of the *Faerie Queene* appeared, with a new edition of the former part accompanying it. This contained the fourth, fifth, and sixth books. Of the remaining six, which were to complete the original design, two imperfect cantos of *Mutabilitie* only have been recovered, and were first in-

roduced in the folio edition of the *Faerie Queene*, printed in 1609, as a part of the lost book, entitled *The Legend of Constaney*.

It is necessary, however, in this place, to notice a question which has been started, and contested with much eagerness by Spenser's biographers and critics, namely, whether any part of the *Faerie Queene* has been lost, or whether the author did not leave the work unfinished as we now have it. Sir James Ware informs us that the poet finished the latter part of the *Faerie Queene* in Ireland, "which was soone after unfortunately lost by the disorder and abuse of his servants, whom he had sent before him into England." The authority of sir James Ware, who lived so near Spenser's time, and gave this account in 1683, seems entitled to credit; but it has been opposed by Fenton, who thinks, with Dryden, that "upon sir Philip Sidney's death, Spenser was deprived both of the means and spirit to accomplish his design," and treats sir James Ware's account as a hearsay or a fiction. Dr. Birch, on the other hand, contends that the event of sir Philip Sidney's death was not sufficient to have prevented Spenser from finishing his poem, since he actually gave the world six books of it after his patron's death. The author of Spenser's life in the *Biographia Britannica*, after gaining some advantage over Dr. Birch's inferences from incorrect dates, argues against the probability of a manuscript of the last six books, principally from the shortness of the poet's life after the year 1596. The late Dr. Farmer is of the same opinion, but appears to me somewhat too hasty in asserting that the question may be effectually answered by a single quotation. The quotation is from Brown's *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1616, and merely amounts to this, that Spenser died

Ere he had ended his melodious song.

Mr. Todd has advanced a similar evidence from sir Aston Cokain, in 1658, intimating that Spenser would have exceeded Virgil had he lived so long

As to have finished his faery song.

But Mr. Todd produces afterwards a document, more to the purpose, in support of the belief that some of Spenser's papers were destroyed in the rebellion of 1598. This is an epigram written by John (afterwards sir John) Stradling, and published in 1607, and plainly intimates that certain manuscripts of Spenser were burnt in the rebellion. Two years after the publication of this epigram, part of the *Legend of Constaney*, the only manuscript that had escaped the fury of the rebels, was added to the second edition of the *Faerie Queene*. It appears therefore highly probable that among the manuscripts destroyed was some part of the six last books of the *Faerie Queene*, although they might not have been transcribed for the press, nor in that progress towards completion which ran in Fenton's mind when he contradicted sir James Ware with so little courtesy.

The same year, 1596, appears to have been the time when Spenser presented his political, and only prose work, *The View of the State of Ireland*, to the queen. Mr. Todd, having seen four copies of it in manuscript, concludes that he had presented it also to the great officers of state, and perhaps to others. Why it was allowed to remain in manuscript so long as until 1633, when sir James Ware published it from archbishop Usher's copy, has not been explained. If, as Mr. Todd conjectures, it was written at the command of the queen, and in order to reconcile the Irish to her government, why did it not

receive the publicity which so important an object required? I am more inclined to think, from a perusal of this work, as we now have it, that it was not considered by the court as of a healing tendency; and the extracts from some of the manuscript copies which Mr. Todd had an opportunity of procuring, seem to confirm this conjecture. Viewed in another light, it displays much political knowledge, and traces the troubles of that country, in many instances, to their proper causes. It is valuable also on account of the author's skill in delineating the actual state of Ireland. "Civilization," says Mr. Ledwich, the learned Irish antiquary, "having almost obliterated every vestige of our ancient manners, the remembrance of them is only to be found in Spenser; so that he may be considered, at this day, as an Irish antiquary." It ought not to be omitted that in a note on one of the manuscript copies of this work, Spenser is styled, "clerke of the counsell of the province of Mounster."

In 1597 he is said to have returned to Ireland; and by a letter which Mr. Malone has discovered, from queen Elizabeth to the Irish government, dated Sept. 30, 1598, it appears that he was recommended to be sheriff of Cork. The rebellion of Tyrone, however, took place in October, and with such fury as to compel Spenser and his family to leave Kilkoman. In the confusion of flight, manuscripts would be forgotten, for even one of his children was left behind; and the rebels, after carrying off the goods, burnt the house, and this infant in it. Spenser arrived in England, with a heart broken by these misfortunes, and died January following, 1598-9, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

There are some circumstances respecting Spenser's death which have been variously represented. Mr. Todd, from unquestionable evidence, has fixed the day January 16, 1598-9; and the place, an inn, or lodging-house, in King-street, Westminster; the time, therefore, which elapsed from his arrival in England to his death was very short. But it has been asserted that he died in extreme poverty; which, considering how recently he was in England, and how highly favoured by the queen only a month before he was compelled to leave Ireland, seems wholly incredible. The only foundation for the report appears to be an expression of Camden, intimating that he returned to England poor; which surely might be true, without affording any reason to suppose that he remained poor. His pension of fifty pounds, no inconsiderable sum in his days, continued to be paid; and why he should have lost his superior friends, at a time when he was a sufferer in the cause of government, is a question which may be asked without the risk of a satisfactory answer. The whining of some contemporary poets¹ afford no proof of the fact, and may be rejected as authority; but the reception Mr. Warton has given to the report of Spenser's poverty, is entitled to higher regard. It might, indeed, be considered as decisive, if Mr. Todd's more successful researches did not prove that he founds all his argument upon the mistaken supposition that Spenser died in Ireland. Nor will Mr. Warton's agree with the lamentations of the poets; for they represent Spenser as poor by the neglect of his friends and country, and Mr. Warton, as dying amidst the desolations of rebellion.

Spenser's remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, near those of Chaucer, and the funeral expenses defrayed by the earl of Essex, a nobleman very erroneous in political life, but too much a friend to literature to have allowed Spenser to starve, and afterwards

¹ Phineas Fletcher, in his *Purple Island*, speaks most decisively in favour of Spenser's poverty at the time of his death. C.

insult his remains by a sumptuous funeral. His monument, however, which has been attributed to the munificence of Essex, was erected by Anne, countess of Dorset, about thirty years after Spenser's death. Stone was the workman, and had forty pounds for it. That at present in Westminster Abbey was erected, or restored, in 1778.

It does not appear what became of Spenser's wife and children. Two sons are said to have survived him, Sylvanus and Peregrine. Sylvanus married Ellen Nangle, or Nagle, eldest daughter of David Nangle, of Moneanymy, in the county of Cork, by whom he had two sons, Edmund and William Spenser. His other son, Peregrine, also married, and had a son, Hugolin, who, after the restoration of Charles II. was replaced by the court of claims in as much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestor's. This Hugolin, however, attached himself to the cause of James II.; and, after the Revolution, was outlawed for treason and rebellion. Some time after, his cousin William, son of Sylvanus, became a suitor for the forfeited property, and recovered it by the interest of Mr. Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax, who was then at the head of the treasury. He had been introduced to Mr. Montague by Congreve, who, with others, was desirous of honouring the descendant of so great a poet. Dr. Birch describes him as a man somewhat advanced in years, but unable to give any account of the works of his ancestor which are wanting. The family has been since very imperfectly traced.

It remains to be observed, almost in the words of Mr. Todd, that Spenser is the author of four Sonnets, which are admitted into this edition of his works, of which three are prefixed to separate publications, and the fourth occurs in letters by his friend Harvey. He is conjectured to be the author of a Sonnet, signed E. S. addressed to master Henry Peacham, and entitled, A Vision upon his Minerva; and of some poor verses on Phillis, in a publication called Chorus Poetarum, 1684. The verses on queen Elizabeth's picture at Kensington, have been likewise given to Spenser; but lord Orford ascribes them to the queen herself. As Britain's *Ida* has been usually printed with the works of Spenser, it is here retained, although the critics are agreed that it was not written by him. The lost pieces of Spenser are said to be, 1. His Translation of Ecclesiasticus; 2. Translation of Canticum Canticorum; 3. The Dying Pelican; 4. The Hours of our Lord; 5. The Sacrifice of a Sinner; 6. The Seven Psalms; 7. Dreams; 8. The English Poet; 9. Legends; 10. The Court of Cupid; 11. The Hell of Lovers; 12. His Purgatory; 13. A Se'nights Slumber; 14. Pageants; 15. Nine Comedies; 16. *Stemata Dudleiana*; 17. *Epithalamion Thameis*. If his pen was thus prolific, there is very little reason to suppose that he might not have had leisure and industry to have nearly completed his *Faerie Queene*, before the fatal rebellion, which terminated all his labours.

Of the personal character of Spenser, if we may be allowed to form an opinion from his writings, it will be highly favourable. With a few exceptions, their uniform tendency is in favour of piety and virtue. His religious sentiments assimilate so closely with those of the early reformers, that we may conjecture he had not only studied the controversies of his age, but was a man of devotional temper and affections.

Of Spenser, as a poet, little can be added to the many criticisms which have been published*, since his importance in the history of English poetry became more justly

* Jortin, Hurd, Church, Upton, but, above all, Mr. Thomas Warton, in his *Observations on the Faerie Queene*. There are also some ingenious remarks in Pope's *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*; and, indeed, in every writer who has treated the subject of English poetry. C.

appreciated. His lesser pieces contain many beauties. Dryden thought *The Shepherds Calender* the most complete work of the kind which imagination had produced since the time of Virgil. It has not, however, risen in estimation. The language is so much more obsolete than that of the *Faerie Queene*, the groundwork of which is the language of his age, that it required a glossary at the time of publication. It is, however, the *Faerie Queene* which must be considered as constituting Spenser one of the chief fathers of English poetry. Its predominant excellences are imagery, feeling, taste, and melody of versification. Its defects are partly those of his model, Ariosto, and partly those of his age. His own errors are the confusion and inconsistency admitted in the stories and allegorical personages of the ancients, and the absurd mixture of christian and heathenish allusions. Mr. Spence has fully exemplified these in his *Polymets*. It is, indeed, impossible to criticise the *Faerie Queene* by any rules; but we find in it the noblest examples of all the graces of poetry, the sublime, the pathetic, and such powers of description as have never been exceeded. Bishop Hurd has therefore judiciously considered it under the idea of a Gothic rather than a classical poem. It certainly strikes with all the grand effect of that species of architecture; and perhaps it is not too much to say that, like that, its reputation has suffered by the predominant taste for the more correct, higher, and more easily practicable forms of the Grecian school.

Hume was among the first who endeavoured to depreciate the value of the *Faerie Queene*, by asserting that the perusal of it was rather a task than a pleasure, and challenging any individual to deny this. Pope, and lord Somers are two who might have accepted the challenge with hope of success. But, in fact, Spenser will not lose much if we admit the assertion. That the perusal of the *Faerie Queene* must be, at first, a task, and a very irksome one, will be confessed by all who are unacquainted with any English words but what are current. If that difficulty be surmounted, the reader of taste cannot fail to relish the beauties so profusely scattered in this poem. With respect to the objections that have been made to the allegorical plan, it is sufficient to refer to its antiquity; it was one of the earliest vehicles of pleasure blended with instruction; and although modern critics object to a continued allegory, which, indeed, it is extremely difficult to accomplish without falling into inconsistencies, yet specimens of it, detached personifications, aiming at the sublimity of Spenser, still continue to be among the efforts by which our best writers wish to establish their fame. Perhaps the same remark may be extended to the stanza of Spenser, which critics have censured, and poets, praised by those critics, have imitated. After all, it is to the language of Spenser that we must look for the reason why his popularity is less than that of many inferior poets. Spenser, Chaucer, and, indeed, all the early poets, can be relished, not by common readers, but by students; and not separately, but as connected with times, characters, and manners, the illustration of which demands the skill and industry of the antiquary.

7 "There is something," said Pope, "in Spenser, that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the *Faerie Queene*, when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago." Spence's *Anecdotes*, quoted by Dr. Warton, who very justly censures Pope's Imitation of Spenser. See Pope's Works, Bowler's edit. vol. ii. 269. C.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON SPENSER.

IF music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drownd'
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

From Shakespeare's Passionate Pilgrim, first published in 1599.

Live, Spenser! ever, in thy Fairy Queene;
Whose like (for deep conceit) was never scene.
Crown'd mayst thou be, unto thy more renowne,
As king of poets, with a lawrell crowne!

From a "Remembrance of some English Poets," at the end of R. Barnfield's Lady Pecunia, 4to. Lond. 1605.

AD EDM. SPENSER, HOMERUM BRITANNICUM.

Si nos Troiani, nova nobis Troia sit: Ipse
(Ut Græcis suus est) noster Homerus erit,
From Joannis Stradlingi Epigrammat. Libb. iv. 12mo. Lond. 1607. Lib. i. p. 21.

AD SPENSER ET DANIEL, CELEBERRIMOS POETAS.

Dytmis primas inter vos, atque secundas:
Tertius à vobis quinquis erit, nec habet.
Ibid. Lib. iv. p. 163.

THE ENGLISH SHEPHERDS ROUND THE THROON OF THEIS:

all their pipes were still;
And Colin Clout began, to tune his quill
With such deepe art, that every one was given
To thinke Apollo (newly slid from Heaven)
Had tane a humane shape to win his love,
Or with the westerne swaines for glory strove.
He sung th' heroicke knights of fairy land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian plaid but halfe so well
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.
But, ere he ended his melodious song,
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt the swan from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates {praise
In Heaven's faire quire; where now he sings the
Of him that is the first and last of dayes.
Divinest Spenser! heav'n-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my braine infuse
Thy worth, or a' that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'd no more.

From Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, 1616.

OF EDMOND SPENSER.

Our Spenser was a prodigie of wit,
Who hath the Fairy Queen so stately writ
Yield, Grecian poets, to his nobler style;
And, ancient Rome, submit unto our ile,
You, modern wits, of all the four-fold Earth,
(Whom princes have made laureates for your
worth)

Give our great Spenser place, who hath out-song
Phœbus himself with all his learned throng.
From sir Aston Cokain's Poems, 1638.

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native Muses play;
Not yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor passive Cowley's moral lay.
From Pope's Imitations of Horace.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
Who like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moraliz'd shines through the gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

From Thomson's Summer.

ON THE CANTOS OF SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN,
LOST IN THE PASSAGE FROM IRELAND.

Who worth the man, who in ill hour assay'd
To tempt that western frith with venturous keel;
And seek what Heaven, regardful of our weal,
Had hid in fogs and night's eternal shade:
Ill-starr'd Hibernia! well art thou appaid
For all the woes which Britain made thee feel
By Henry's wrath, and Pembroke's conquering steel,
Who sack'd thy towns, and castles disarray'd;
No longer now, with idle sorrow, mourr
Thy plunder'd wealth or liberties restrain'd,
Nor deem their victories thy loss or shame;
Severe revenge on Britain in thy turn,
And ample spoils thy treacherous waves obtain'd,
Which sunk one half of Spenser's deathless fame.

From the Sonnets of Tho. Edwards, eq. 1758.

GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

ON SPENSER'S FAIRIE QUEENE.

Lo! here the place for contemplation made,
For sacred musing, and for solemn song!
Hence, ye profane! nor violate the shade:
Come, Spenser's awful genius, come along;
Mix with the music of the aerial throng!
Oh! breathe a pensive stillness through my breast,
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,
And sweetly sooth my passions into rest.
Hint purest thoughts, in purest colours drest;
Even such as angels prompt, in golden dreams,
To holy hermit, high in raptures blest,
His bosom burning with celestial beams:
No less the raptures of my summer day,
If Spenser deign with me to moralize the lay.

*By the Rev. William Thompson, M. A. late
fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. From
Famke's and Wotz's Poetical Calendar,
vol. viii. p. 97. edit. 1763.*

ON SPENSER'S SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

At large beneath this floating foliage laid
Of circling green, the crystal running by,
(How soft the murmur, and how cool the shade!)
While gentle-whispering winds their breath apply
To 'swage the fever of the sultry sky;
Smit with the sweet Sicilian's simple strain,
I try the rural reed, but fondly try
To match his pastoral air and happy vein:

Next I assay the quill of Mantua's swain
Of bolder note, and of more courtly grace:
Ah, foolish emulation! They disdain

My awkward skill, and push me from the place.
Yet boast not, thou of Greece, nor thou of Rome;
My sweeter Colin Clout outpipes you both at home.
By the same, ibid. p. 98.

Here Chaucer first his comic vein display'd,
And merry tales in homely guise convey'd;
Unpolish'd beauties grac'd the artless song;
Though rude the diction, yet the sense was strong.
To smoother strains, chastising tuneful prose,
In plain magnificence great Spenser rose:
In forms distinct, in each creating line,
The virtues, vices, and the passions shine:
Subservient Nature aids the poet's rage,
And with herself inspires each nervous page.

*From The Progress of Poetry, in Famke's
and Wotz's Poetical Calendar, vol. iii.
p. 92. edit. 1763.*

Through Pope's soft song though all the graces
breathe,

And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As, at the root of mossy trunk reclu'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes, and harid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair!
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Lanches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun:
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble blim.

*From the Rev. T. Warton's Pleasures of
Melancholy.*

Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rime,
The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wisard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay!

*From the Rev. T. Warton's Sonnet on King
Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.*

ODE, SENT TO MR. UPTON, ON HIS EDITION OF
THE FAIRIE QUEENE.

As oft, reclu'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page,
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her eldŕ age;
Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise;
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Pope's Belinda, Rape of the Lock.

Sage Upton came, from every myrtle tale
 To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:
 His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
 And opens each flowery forest's magic bound.
 Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
 The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,
 Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
 And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:
 The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd
 Each room, array'd in glistering imagery;
 And through the enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
 Saw Cupid's stately maske come sweeping by.—
 At this, where'er, in distant regions seen, [bough,
 She roves, embow'd with many a spangled
 Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
 Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.
 At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,
 Her painted wings imagination plumes;
 Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
 Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.
By the Rev. T. Warton.

THE CONTEST OF THE SHEPHERDS FOR THE
 DAUGHTERS OF MENALCAS.

He (Tityrus) ended; and, as rolling billows loud,
 His praise resounded from the circling crowd.
 The clamorous tumult softly to compose,
 High in the midst the plaintive Colin rose,
 Born on the lillied banks of royal Thame,
 Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name;
 Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unador'd;
 The pride of dress, and flowers of art, he scorn'd:
 And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,
 Green were his bushkins, green his simple vest:
 With careless ease his rustic lays he sung,
 And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue:
 Of June's gay fruits, and August's corn he told,
 The bloom of April, and December's cold;

The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer
 In every month that decks the varied year.
 Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
 And his soft numbers died along the shade;
 The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
 And every voice his easy tune approv'd;
 Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,
 While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.
 Now all was hush'd: no rival durst arise;
 Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes:
 Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,
 Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,
 Address'd th' attentive throng; "Arcadians, hear!
 The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:
 Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare,
 And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
 Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,
 Shalt clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:
 And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
 Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms:
 O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,
 And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.
 What splendid visions rise before my sight,
 And fill my aged bosom with delight!
 Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,
 Arms and the man in every clime shall ring:
 Thy Muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
 Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,
 Sad Dido's love, and Venus' wandering son,
 The Latians vanquish'd, and Lavinia won.
 And thou, O Colin, Heaven-defended youth,
 Shalt hide in fiction's veil the charms of truth;
 Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
 And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile;
 Notes, that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
 And lead th' enchanted soul through fancy's
 maze;
 Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana's name,
 And fill the world with Britain's endless fame."
From Sir William Jones's Arcadia.

POEMS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER :

CONTAINING

TWELVE AEGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS GENTLEMAN,
MOST WORTHIE OF ALL TITLES BOTH OF LEARNING
AND CHIVALRY,

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOKE

God, little booke! thy selfe present,
As childe whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblenesse and chevalree:
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepherds swaine, say, did thee sing,
All as his straying focke he fedde:
And, when his honour has thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-bedde.
But, if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
Forthy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past leopardee,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

Immerito.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POET,

MAISTER GABRIEL HARVEY,

His verie speciall and singular good friend E. K.
commendeth the good lyking of this his good la-
bour, and the patronage of the new poet.

Unconuenient, makist, and the old famous poet Chan-
cer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull
skill in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthie

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scholler of so excellent a master, calleth the lead-
starre of our language: and whom our Colin
Clout in his Aeglogues calleth Tityrus the god of
shepherds, comparing him to the worthinesse of
the Roman Tityrus, Virgil. Which proverb, mine
owne good friend M. Harvey, as in that good old
poet it served well Pandares purpose for the bol-
stering of his bawdie brocage, so very well taketh
place in this our new poet, who for that hee is
unconuenient (as sayde Chancer) is unkist, and un-
knowne to most men, is regarded but of a fewe.
But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come
into the knowledge of men, and his worthinesse
bee sounded in the trumpe of fame, but that hee
shall bee not onely kist, but also beloved of all,
embraced of the most, and wondred at of the
best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse
in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his com-
plaints of love so lovely, his discourses of plea-
sure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudeness, his mo-
rall wisenesse, his due observing of decorum
everie where, in personages, in seasons, in matter,
in speech; and generallie, in all seemly simpli-
citic of handling his matters, and framing his
wordes: the which of many things which in him
be strange, I know will seeme the strangest, and
wordes themselves being so ancient, the knitting
of them so short and intricate, and the whole pe-
riod and compass of speech so delightfull for
the roundnesse, and so grave for the strangenesse.
And first of the wordes to speake, I graunt they
bee something hard, and of most men unused, yet
both English, and also used of most excellent au-
thours, and most famous poets. In whom, when
as this our poet hath bin much travailed and
thoroughly read, how could it be, (as that worthie

C

orator sayde) but that walking in the Sunne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those ancient poets still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualitie and enstome, or of set purpose and choise, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudenesse of shepheards, either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rustical; or else because such old and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sere I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of Valla against Livie, and of other against Salust, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as covering thereby credence and honour of elder yeares; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemne wordes, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his worke an eternal image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discouraging matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memorie faile not, Tully in that booke, wherein he endeavoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect orator, saith that oftentimes an ancient worde maketh the stile seeme grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise then we honour and reverence gray haire for a certaine religious regard which we have of old age. Yet neither every where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common dialect and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that, as in olde buildings, it seeme disorderly and ruynous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blase and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beaustie, but also round about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that, by the baseness of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall: for oftentimes we find our selves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doo those rough and harsh tearmes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightnesse of brave and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a discorde in musike maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthie poet Alcens to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well shaped bodie. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choise of olde and unwonted wordes, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of willesse

headinesse in iudging, or of heedlesse hardnesse in condemning: for, not marking the compass of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath labored to restore, as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English wordes, as have becme long time out of use, and almost cleene disherited. Which is the only cause, that our mother tongue, which truly of itself is both full enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time beene counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endeavored to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peeces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latin; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: so now they have made our English tong a gallimaufry, or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well sence in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, cry out straightway, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in olde time Evanders mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tongue, to bee counted strangers and aliens. The second shame no less then the first, that what so they understand not, they straightway deeme to be senseless, and not at all to be understood. Much like to the mole in Aesops fable, that, being blind herself, would in no wise be persuaded, that any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne country and naturall speech, which together with their nurses milke they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard lodgement, that they will not only themselves not labour to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dogge to the mannger, that himselfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that so fine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot be kept from harking, yet I comen them thanke that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts and members thereof, and for all the compass of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such in deede as may be perceyved of the least, understood of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers neede to be loose, and as it were wastight, in this murther is

well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regarde whereof, I scorne and spew out the rakebely rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without judgment iangle, without reason rage and fume, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly ravished them above the measure of common capacite. And being, in the midst of all their braverie, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime; or having forgotten their former conceit; they seem to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same Pythia, when the trance came upon her. *O s rabidum fers corda domans, &c.*

Nethlesse, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glorie. As for Colin, under whose person the authors selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shewes, both himselfe sheweth, where he myth:

Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.
and

Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the baseness of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly then, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in epiques then otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or minding to furnish our tongues with this kinde, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which devised this kinde of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their abilities; and as yong birdes, that bee newly crept out of the nest, by little first prove their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceyve hee was already full fledged. So flew Virgil, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuanus, as not being full sound. So Petrarche. So Boccace. So Marot, Sansarria, and also diverse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author everie where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well seated, can trace him out. So finally fleth this our new peat as a birdes whose principals be scarce growne out, bet yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best. Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his epiques, I wuld not to say much, himselfe laboring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that

his untayed youth had long wandred in the common labyrinth of love, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as he saith) the yong shepherds, his equals and companions, of his unfortunate folly, hee compiled these twelve epiques, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelve moneths, he tearmeth it the Shepherds Calender, applying an olde name to a new work. Hereunto have I added a certaine Glosse, or scholion, for the exposition of olde wordes; and harder phrases which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongues: yet, for so much as I knewe many excellent and proper devices, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading either as unknowne, or as not marked; and that in this kinde, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations; I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made privie to his counsaile and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, himselfe being for long time farre estraunged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put fourth diverse other excellent workes of his, which sleep in silence; as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of Cupid, and sundrie others, whose commendation to set out were verie vaine, the things though worthie of many, yet being knowne to fewe. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maister Harvey, to whom I have both in respect of your worthines generally, and otherwise upon some particular and speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie; himselfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthie gentleman, the right worshipfull maister Philip Sidney, a speciall favourer and maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, sir, if envie shall stirre up any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mightie rhetoricke and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will hee set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the author unto you, as unto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very

good and so choice friends, I bid you both most hartly farewell, and comitt you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commended,

E. K.

Post scri.

New I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your special friends and fellow poets doings, or eke for envie of so many unworthy quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you wil be persuaded to plucke out of the hateful darkness these so many excellent English poems of yours which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sun; and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceyve of your gallant English verses, as they have already done of your Latin poems, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution are verie delicate and super-excellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good M. Harvey. From my lodging at London this tenth of April, 1579.

THE
GENERALL ARGUMENT

OF THE
WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of aeglogues, having already touched the same. But, for the worde aeglogues I know is unknown to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned, (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called Aeglogai, as it were Aegon, or Aegiononologi, that is, gotheardes tales. For although in Virgil and others the speakers be more shepheards then gotheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgil, this specially from that deriving, as from the first heade and wellspring, the whole invention of these aeglogues, maketh gotheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossnesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleve, that they are more rightly termed eclogai, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of unnecessary matter: which definitione is in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the analysis and interpretation of the worde. For they be not termed eclogues, but aeglogues; which sentence this authour verie well observing,

upon good judgement, though indeede fewe gotheards have to doe hereip, nevertheless doubteth not to call them by the used and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These twelve aeglogues, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve moneths, may be well divided into three formes or ranks. For either they be plaintive, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or recreative, such as all those bee, which containe matter of love, or commendation of speciall personages; or morall, which for the most part be mixed with some satyricall bitterness; namely, the second, of reverence due to olde age; the fifth, of coloured deceyte; the seventh and ninth, of disolute shepheards and pastors; the tenth, of contempt of poetrie and pleasant wittes. And to this division may everie thing herein bee reasonable applyed; a fewe onlie except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these twelve aeglogues. Now will we speake particularie of all, and first of the first, which hee calleth by the first monethes name, Januarie: wherein to some hee may seeme foully to have faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowen, and stoutlie maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March; for then the Sunne runneth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof, being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maintaine the olde astrologers and philosophers, namely, the reverend Andelo, and Macrobius in his holy dayes of Saturne; which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heades, wee maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth Januarie, upon a more speciall cause then the heathen philosophers ever could conceyve, that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Saviour, and eternall Redeemer the Lorde Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed worlde, and returning the compass of expyred yeares to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his heyres a memoriall of his byrth in the end of the last yeare and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaveth also upon good proofe of speciall judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the count of the yeare was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Caesar, they began to tell the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayde in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Iewes, to count the moneth Abib, that which wee call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth hee brought them out of the lande of Aegypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in government of the church and rule of mightiest realmes. For from Iulius Caesar who first observed the leape yeare, which hee called bisextilem annus, and brought into a more certaine course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called hyperbimotes, of the Romans intercalares, (for in each matter of learning I am forced to use the tearms of the learned) the moneths have beene numbred

twelve, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but 304 dayes in euerie yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romane ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne nor the Moone, thereunto added two moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie; wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded upon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianna anni, the gate and entrance of the yeare; or of the name of the god Ianna, to which god for that the olde Paynius attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued: notwithstanding that the Egyptians beginne their yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbines and verie purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the worlde in that moneth, that is called them Tisri. And therefore he commanded them to keepe the feast of pavilions in the ende of the yeare, in the xv day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our author respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin with Ianuarie; weening it perhaps no *deuotus* that shepherds should be scene in matter of so deep insight, or enuise a case of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he through-out.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In this first æglogue Colin Clout, a shepherds boy, complaineth himselfe of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a country lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being verie sore travelled, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former plesance and delight, he breaketh his pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHERDS BOY, (no better doe him call.)
When winters wastfull splight was almost spent,
All in a sonneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypeut:
So faint they were, and feeble in the folde,
That now unethers their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepherds looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeke he lovd, or else some care hee tooke;
Well couth hee tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his fainting flocke hee ledde,
And thus him playnde, the while his sheepe there fedde:

" Yee gods of love! that pitie lovers paine,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie)
Looke from above, where you in loyes remaine,
And bow your eares unto my dolefull dittie.
And, Pan! thou shepherds god, that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thyself didst prove.

" Thou barraine ground, whom winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirrour to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring fowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer proude, with dissadillies dight;
And now is come thy winters stormie state,
Thy mantle mard wherein thou maskedst late.

" Such rage as winters raineth in my hart,
My life-bloud freeing with unkindly cold;
Such stormie stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast and woken old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

" You naked trees, whose shadie leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are clothd with moose and hoarie frost,
In steede of blosomes, wherewith your buds did fowre;
I see your teares that from your boughes do raine,
Whose drops in dreerie ysicles remaine.

" All so my lustfull leafe is drie and seere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The blosome which my braunch of youth did beere,
With breathd sighes is blowne away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drisling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

" Thou feeble flocke! whose fleec is rough and rest,
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill
Maist witness well, by thy ill government,
Thy maisters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weake, I wanne; thou isane, I quite forlorn:
With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

" A thousand sithes I curse that careful hore
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
Wherein I sawe so faire a sight as shee:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breed both ioy and paine!

" It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love hee seeke with dayly suit;
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdain,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy giftes bene vaine;
Colin them giveth to Rosalind againe.

"I love thilke lasse, (alas! why doe I love?)
 And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
 She deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
 And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
 Shepherds devise she hateth as the snake,
 And laughes the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

"Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;
 And thou, untrickie Muse, that woultst to ease
 My musing minde, yet canst not when thou
 should;

Both pype and Muse shall sore the while ahye."—
 So broke his oaten pype, and down did lye.

By that, the welked Phoebus gan avails
 His wearie waine; and now the frostie night
 Her mantle black through Heaven gan overhaile:
 Which seeme, the pensive boy, halfe in despight,
 Arose, and homeward drove his sunned sheepe,
 Whose hanging heades did seeme his carefull case
 to weepe.

COLINE EMBLEM.
 Anchora speme.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

FEBRUARIE.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

ARGUMENT.

This æglogue is rather morall and generall then
 best to arise secret or particular purpose. It
 speciallie containeth a discourse of olde age, in
 the person of Thenot, an old shepherd, who, for
 his crookednesse and unlustinesse, is scorned of
 Cuddie, an unhappie heardmans boy. The mat-
 ter verie well accordeth with the season of the
 moeth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were
 drawing to his last age. For as in this time of
 yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a drie and
 withering cold, which congealeth the crudled
 blood, and frieath the weatherbeaten flesh, with
 stormes of Fortane and hoare frosts of Care. To
 which purpose the olde man telleth the tale of the
 Oake and the Brier, so livelie, and so feelinglie,
 as, if the thing were set forth in some picture
 before our eyes, more plainlie could not appeare.

CUDDIE, THENOT.

CUDDIE.

AR for pittie! will rackets winters rage
 These bitter blastes never gin t' asswage?
 The keue cold blowes through my beaten hide,
 All as I were through the body gride:
 My ragged routes all shiver and shake,
 As doen high towers in an earthquake:
 They woont in the winde wagge their wriggle tayles
 Perke as a peacocks; but now it avails.

THE. Lewdly complainest, thou laesie ladde,
 Of winters wracke for making thee sadde.

Must not the worlde wend in his common course,
 From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
 From worse unto that is worst of all,
 And then returne to his former fall?
 Who will not suffer the stormie time,
 Where will he live till the lustie prime?
 Selfe have I worne out thrise thirtie yeres,
 Some in much ioy, many in many teares,
 Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
 Of sommers flame, nor of winters threate,
 Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
 But gently tooke that ungently came;
 And ever my focke was my chiefe care;
 Winter or sommer they thought well fare.

CUN. No marveile, Thenot, if thou canst beare
 Cherefully the winters wrathfull cheare;
 For age and winter accord full nie,
 This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrye;
 And as the lowring wether lookes downe,
 So seemest thou like Good Friday to frowne:
 But my flourishing youth is foe to frost,
 My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

THE. The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
 That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe:
 So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
 Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes;
 And, when the shining Sunne langbeth once,
 You deemen the spring is come atonce;
 Tho gime you, fond flies! the cold to scorne,
 And, crawing in pypes made of greene corne,
 You thinke to be lords of the yeare;
 But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the breme Winter with chamfrid browes,
 Full of wrinkles and frosty furrowes,
 Drearily shooting his stormie darte,
 Which cruddles the blond and prickes the harte:
 Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annoyed:
 Then pay you the price of your misquedrie,
 With weeping, and wailing, and miserie.

CUN. Ah! foolish old man! I scorne thy skill,
 That wouldest me my springing youth to spill:
 I deeme thy braine emperished bee
 Through rustie elde, that hath rotted thee;
 Or sicker thy head verie tottie is,
 So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hath lost both lopp and topp,
 Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:
 But were thy yeres greene, as now bene mine,
 To other delightes they would incline:
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of love,
 And bery with hymnes thy lasses glove;
 Tho wouldest thou pype of Phillis praise;
 But Phillis is mine for many dayes;
 I woune her with a girdle of gelt,
 Embost with buegle about the belt:
 Such an one shepherds would make full fame;
 Such an one would make thee young againe.

THE. Thou art a foo, of thy love to boste;
 All that is lent to love will be loste.

CUN. Seest how brag yond bullocke beares,
 So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
 His hornes bene as broad as rainbow bent,
 His dewelap as lythe as lasse of Kent:
 See how he venteth into the winde;
 Weemest of love is not his minde?
 Seemeth thy focke thy counsell can,
 So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan;
 Clothed with cold, and boarie with frost,
 Thy fockes father his courage hath lost.

Thy ewes, that wout to have blowne bags,
Like wailfull widdowes hangen their crags;
The rather lames bene starved with cold,
All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

Ten. Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely to advaunce thy headlesse hood;
For youngh is a bubble blowne up with breath,
Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ymne penaunce,
And stoopes galliaunt age, the hoast of greevaunce.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I coude of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hilles of Kent?

Con. To nought more, Thenot, my minde is bent

Then to heare novells of his devise;
They bene so well thowed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

Ten. Many meete tales of youth did hee make,
And some of love, and some of chevalrie;
But none fiter then this to applie.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

“ There grewe an aged tree on the greene,
A goodly oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
Bot of their leaves they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
Whilome had bene the king of the felde,
And mourell mast to the husbaude did yielde,
And with his outs larded many swine:
But now the gray thome marred his rine;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging brere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wouted to repayre
The shepherds daughters to gather flowres,
To painte their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete nightingale singiog so lowde;
Which made this foolish here waxe so bold,
That on a time hee cast him to scald
And aserbe the good oake, for hee was old.

“ Why standst there, quoth he, ‘ thou brutish blocke?

Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves thy stocke;
Seest how fresh my flowres bene spredde,
Dyed in lilly white and creamain redde,
With leaves engrained in lustie green;
Colours meete to clothe a meymen queene?
Thy waste bignes but combers the ground,
And dirks the beutie of my blossomes round:
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloyeth,
My sinamon smell too much annoyeth;
Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.’
So spake this bold brere with great disdain:
Little him answered the oake againe,
But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
That of a weede hee was overcrawed.

“ It chanced after upon a day,
The husbandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to survewe his grounde,
And his trees of state in compass rounde:
Him when the spitefull brere had espied,
Causelesse complaynd, and lordly cryed

Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife:

“ O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Pleseth you ponder your suppliaunts plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore veasall daylie endure;
And, but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemye.’

“ Greatly agast with this piteous plea,
Him vested the Goodman on the les,
And had the brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted wordes the gan this proude weede
(As most usen ambitious folke)

His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

“ Ah, my soveraigne! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hande,
To bee the primrose of all thy lande;
With flowering blossomes to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in sommer time?
Howe falls it then that this faded oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked armes stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing mee of the sweete Sunnes sight?
So beste his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the hloude springeth from wounden wide;
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honour of your coronall:
And oft hee lets his cancker-wormes fight
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight;
And oft his hoarie locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets bene defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to asswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might;
Nought aske I, but onely to holde my right;
Submitting mee to your good aufferaunce,
And praying to be garded from greevaunce.’

“ To this this oake cast him to replie
Well as hee couth; but his enemye
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the Goodman noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Increasing his wrath with many a threate:
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so readie should stand!)
And to the felde alone hee speedeth,
(Ay little help to harme there needeth!)
Anger nould let him speake in the tree,
Enaunter his rage nought cooled bee;
But to the roote bent his sturdie stroake,
And made many woundes in the waste oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;
Seemed, the senselesse yrou did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewes,
And often hallowed with holy-water dewe:
But sike faucies weren foolerie,
And broughten this oake to this miserie;
For nought mought they quiten him from decay.
For fiercely the Goodman at him did laye.
The blocke oft ground under the blow,
And sighed to see his necke overthrow.
In fine, the steels had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth hee fell forthwith.

His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shooke under him, and seemed to shake:
There lyeth the oak, pited of none!

" Now stands the breere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine plessaunce;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For sftsoones winter gan to approche:
The blustering Boreas did encroche,
And beate upon the solitarie breere;
For nowe no succour was seene him neere.
Now gan hee repent his pryde too late;
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watric wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe hurnd him so sore,
That nowe upright hee can stand no more;
And, being downe, is trod in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious breere,
For scorning eide—"

Cun. Now I pray thee, shepheard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So long have I listened to thy speche,
That grassed to the ground is my breche;
My heartblood is well nigh frome I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele;
But little ease of thy lewde tale I tasted:
Hiè thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THROTTS EMBLEM.

Iddio, perche é vecchio,
Fa suol al suo essemplio.

CUDDIES EMBLEM.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

ARGUMENT.

In this æglogue two shepherds boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, and other plessaunce which to spring-time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning here-of is, to give certaine marks and tokens, to know Cupid the poets god of love. But more particularly, I thinke, in the person of Thomalin, is meant some secret friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and unawares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrow.

WILLYE. THOMALIN.

WILLYE.

THOMALIN, why sitten wee soe,
As wren overwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?

The ioyous time now nighth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winter sorow.

Tuo. Sicker, Willye, thou warrest well;
For winters wrath begins to quell,

And plessaunt spring appeareth:
The grasses nowe giannes to be refreshit,
The swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie welkin cleareth.

WIL. Seest not thilke same hawthorne staddle,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And utter his tender head?

Flora nowe calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bower,
That nowe is upryst from bedd:
Tho shall wee sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce;
Tho will we little Love awake,
That nowe deepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Tuo. Willye, I wene thou be asot;
For lusty Love still sleepeeth not,
But is abroad: at his game.

WIL. Howe kenst thou, that hee is awake?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made privie to the same?

Tuo. No; but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blew;
And, were not that my sheepe would stray,
The privie markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

WIL. Thomalin, have no care for thy;
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For, alas! at home I have a syre,
A stepdame eke, as hote as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.

Tuo. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheep for that may chaunce to swerve,
And fall into some mischief:
For sithens is but this third morow
That I chaunst to fall asleepe with sorow,
And waked againe with griefe;
The while thilke same unhappie ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.

And there unioynted both her bones:
Mought her neck been ioynted atones,
She shoulde have neede no more spell;
Th' elfe was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)

She mought ne gang on the greene.
WIL. Let be, as may be, that is past;
That is to come, let be forecast:

Now tell us what thou hast seene?
Tuo. It was upon a holiday,
When shepherds groomes han leave to play,
I cast to go a shooting;
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within the yvie todde,
(There shrowded was the little god)

I heard a busie bustling;
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if anie thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it faerie, feend, or make,
My courage eard it to awake,
And manfully therat shotte:

With that sprang forth a naked swayne,
 With spotted wings like peacocks trayne,
 And laughing lops to a tree;
 His gylden quiver at his backe,
 And silver bowe, which was but slacks,
 Which lightly he bent at me:
 That seeing, I leveld againe,
 And shotte at him with might and maine,
 As thicke as it had hayed.
 So long I shot, that all was spent;
 Tho punde stones I hastily bent,
 And threw; but nought avayled:
 He was so wimble, and so wight,
 From bough to bough he lepped light,
 And off the pannies latched:
 Therewith affrayd I ranne away;
 But he, that earst seemd but to play,
 A shaft in earnest matched,
 And hit me running in the heele:
 For than I little smart did feele,
 But soonce it sore interested;
 And now it wrankleth more and more,
 And inwardly it feareth sore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it.

WIL. Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
 Perdie with Love thou diddest fight;
 I know him by a token:
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he will be wroken)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carrion crows had set
 That in our pearre-tree bounted:
 Tho' said, he was a winged lad,
 But howe and shafts as then coma had,
 Els had he sore been daunted.
 But see, the welkin thicks apace,
 And stooping Phœbus steepes his face;
 Yn time to haste us homeward.

WILLIAMS EMBLEM.

To be wise and eke to love,
 Is graunted scarce to gods above.

THOMALINE EMBLEM.

Of hony and of gault in love there is store;
 The hony is much, but the gault is more.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

APRIL.

ÆCLOGA QUARTA.

ARGUMENT.

This æglogue is purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gracious soveraigne, queene Elizabeth. The speakers hereof bee Hobbinoll and Themat, two shepherds: the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in love; whereby his mind was alienated and withdrawn not onely from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant pyping,

as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proove of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her maiestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elise.

THEMOT. HOBBINOLL.

THEMOT.

TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what gartes thee greets?
 What! bathsome wolfe thy tender lambes ytorne?
 Or is thy baggye broke, that soundes so sweete?
 Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne?
 Or bene thine eyes attempted to the yeare,
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
 Like April showre so stream the trickling teares
 Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.
 HOA. Nor this, nor that, so much doth make
 me mourne,

But for the ladde, whom long I lovd so deare,
 Now loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne:
 He, plunged in paine, his tressed locks doth teare;
 Shepherds delights he doth them all foreweare;
 His pleasaunt pipe, which made us merriment,
 He wiffully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted songs wherein he all outwent.

TUS. What is he for a ladde you so lament?
 Ys love such pinching paine to them that prove?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?

HOA. Colin thou kenst, the southerne shep-
 herds boye;

Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte:
 Whilome on him was all my care and loye,
 Forcing with giftes to winne his wanton heart.
 But now from me his madding minde is start,
 And woos the widdowes daughter of the glenue;
 So now fayre Rosalind hath bredde his smart;
 So now his friend is changed for a frenne.

TUS. But if his ditties bene so trimly dight,
 I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
 The whites our flockes do graze about in sight,
 And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

HOA. Contented I: then will I sing his laye
 Of fair Elise, queene of shepherds all,
 Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
 And tuned it unto the waters fall.

“ Ye daintie Nympts, that in this blessed brooke
 Doe bathe your brust,
 Forsake your watric bowres, and hether looke,
 At my request.
 And eke you virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
 Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
 Help me to blaze
 Her worthy prayse,
 Which in her sexe doth all excell.

“ Of fair Elise be your silver song,
 That blessed wight,
 The flowre of virgins; may she flourish long
 In princely plight!
 For she is Syrix daughter without spots,
 Which Pan, the shepherdes god, of her begotte:
 So sprong her grace
 Of heavenly race,
 No mortall blemish may her blotte.

" See, where she sits upon the grassie Greene,
(O seemely sight!)
Yclad in scarlot, like a mayden queene,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
With damaske roses and daffadillies set;
Bayleaves betweene,
And primroses Greene,
Embellish the sweete violet.

" Tell me, have ye seene her angelike face,
Like Phoebe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The redde rose medled with the white yfere,
In either cheeke depainten lively chere:
Her roodest eye,
Her majestic,
Where have you some the like but there?

" I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hede,
Upon her to gaze;
But, when he saw howe broads her beames did sprede,
It did him amaze.
Hee blusht to see another sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fire face out shewe.
Let him, if hee dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

" Shewe thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,
And be not absent;
When shee the beames of her beaurie displays,
O how art thou daunt!
But I will not match her with Lalomes seede;
Such follie great sorrow to Niobe did breede.
Now shee is a stone,
And makes daylie mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

" Pan may bee prowde that ever hee begot
Such a bellibone;
And Syrinx reioyce, that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.
Soone as my younglinges cryen for the dem,
To her will I offer a milkwhite lamb:
She is my goddeesse plaine,
And I her shepherdes swain,
Albee forswonck and forwatt I am.

" I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my goddeesse shines;
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their violines.
Bene they not bay-branches which they doe beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetlie they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a Heaven is to heare.

" Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
To the instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme to my lady bee yeven.
She shalbe a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reigue with the rest in Heaven.

" And whither remes this berie of ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe?
They bene all ladies of the lake deliight,
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chieffest nymph of all,
Of olive braunches beares a coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When warres do surcease:
Such for the princesse bene principall.

" Ye shepherds daughters, that dwell on the Greene,
Hye you there apace:
Let none come there but that virgins bene,
To adorne her grace:
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finenes, with a tawdrie lace.

" Bring hether the pincks and purple columbine,
With gelliflowres:
Bring coronations, and sops of wine,
Worne of paramoures:
Strowe mee the grounde with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:
The pretie pannaunce,
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with a fayre flowre Delice.

" Now rise up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royall array;
And now yee daintie damasells may depart
Eche one her way.
I feare, I have troubled your troupes too long;
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song:
And, if you come hether
When damaines I gether,
I will part them all you among."

THE. And was thilke same song of Colina owne
making?
Ah! foolish boy! that is with love yblent;
Great pittie is, hee bee in such taking,
For naught caren that bene so lowdly bent.
Ho. Sicker I holde him for a greater sod,
That loves the thing hee cannot purchase.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinkling starrs the daylight heece chase.

THEOTIS EMBLEME.

O QUAM TE MEMORVM Virgo!

FOESINOLLS EMBLEME.

O Dea certe!

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

MAY.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

ARGUMENT.

In this fifth æglogus, under the person of two shepherds, Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of pastours or ministers, or the protestant and the catholike; whose chiefe talke

standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other; with whom having shewed that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowship, or give too much credite to their colourable and feined good wil, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that, by such a counterpoint of craftynesse, decayed and devoured the credulous kiddes.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE.

Is not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How fallis it, then, wee no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liveries bene all to saddle
For thilke same season, when all is ycladde
With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse; the woods
With greeneleaves, the bushes with blooming buds.
Youngthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May-baskets and smelling here;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the kirk-pillours ease day-light,
With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and appes in wine.
Such merimake holy saints doth queene,
But wee here sitten as drownde in dreame.

Pizaa. For youakers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
But wee tway bene men of elder witt.

PAL. Sicker this morrow, no longer agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepherdes outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere;
Before them yode a lustie taberere,
That to the many a horn-pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folke make such ioyssaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce:
Tho to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall;
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his queene attone
Was lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh breed
Of lovely nymphet. (O that I were there,
To helpe the ladies their Maybush beare!)
Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck?

Pizaa. Perdie, so farre am I from envie,
That their fondnesse my I pittie:
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their sheep runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepbeardes for the devils stedde,
That playen while their flockes be unfedde:
Well it is seeme their sheepe bene not their owne,
That letteth them runne at randon alone:
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they hen the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make;
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And th' other for leaving his lordes taske,
When great Pan account of shepheardes shall make.

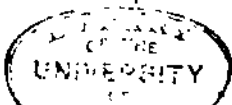
PAL. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest souldes their delight.

I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All ware it of my foe, then foully pitied;
And yet, if needs were, pitied would be,
Rather then other should scoome at me;
For pittied is mishap that nas remedie,
But scorned bene deedes of fond foolerie.
What shouldein shepheardes other things tend,
Then, sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liven at ease and leasure?
For, when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They sleepe in rest, well as other moe:
Tho with them wende what they spent in cost,
But what they left behinde them is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend;
God giveth good for none other end.

Pizaa. Ah! Palinode, thou art a worldes child:
Who touches pitch, mought needs be defilde;
But shepheardes (as Algrid used to say)
Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.
With them it sits to care for their beere,
Encunter their heritage doe impair:
They must provide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce:
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly soverenance he must for-say.
The scoone of his loines why should he regard
To leave enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gave him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his waies he stood?
For if he mislive in leudnesse and lust,
Little bootes all the wealth, and the trust,
That his father left by inheritauce;
All will be soon wasted with misgovernaunce:
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The fouds whereof shall them overflow.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better than to the apes foolish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, such cause had shee none,
That with her hard hold, and straight embrac-
ing,

Shee stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So oftentimes, when as good is meant,
Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may again retorne,
(For ought may happen; that hath been before,)
When shepheardes had none inheritauce,
Ne of land nor fee in sufferaunce,
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheardes, thoe:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe:
For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And litle them served for their maintenaunce.
The shepheardes God so well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honny, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces them to araye:
But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
(That source of vice, this of insolenzie,)
Lulled the shepheardes in such securitie,
That, not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
And match them selfe with mightie potentates,
Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheardes awaines to looke aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft:



Tho, under colour of shepheards, somewhat
There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,
That often devoured their owne sheepe,
And after the shepheards that did hem keep:
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorow,
That now will be quitt with baile nor borow.

PAL. Three things to beare bene very burden-
But the fourth to forbear is outrageous: [ous,
Wemen, that of loves longing once lust,
Hardly forbear, but have it they must:
So when cholere is inflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
With patience to forbear the offered bowle?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the gaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the Heavens height.
Thou findest fault where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warks upon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blaimest hem much for small offence.
How shouldest shepheards live, if not so?
What? should they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borow,
If I may rest, I will live in sorow.

Sorow ne neede be hastened on,
For he will come, without calling, alone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie;
For, when approchen the storme stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharp
showres;

And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepheards so witen eche others life,
And layn her faults the worlds before,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended;
So contock soone by concord mought be ended.

PIZZA. Shepheard, I list no accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake;
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had lever my fee then my friend he be;
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the lion with the lambe?
Such factors, when theyr false hearts bene hidde,
Will doe as did the foxe by the kiddie.

PAL. Now, Piers, of fellowship, tell us that saying;
For the lad can keep both our flockes from straying.

PIZZA. Thinke some kiddie (as I can well devise)
Was too very foolish and unwise;
For on a time, in sommer season,
The gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good:
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as kiddie mought be.
His vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed horns gan newly sprout;
The blossomes of lust to bud did begonne,
And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.

"My sonne," (quoth she, and with that gau weeps;
For carefull thoughten in her heart did creepe;)
"God blesse thee, poore orphan! as be mought mee,
And send thee joy of thy solitie.
Thy father," (that words eche spake with payne,
For a sigh had nigh went her heart in twaine,)

"Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the braunche of his body dispaye,
How would he have joyed at this sweete sight?
But ah! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
And cut off his dayes with untimely woe,
Betraying him into the traynes of his foe.
Now I, a wailfull widowe beight,
Of my olde age have this one delight,
To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
And flourish in flowres of lustiehead;
For even so thy father his head upheild,
And so his haughty hornes did he weld."

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbe from her heart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speche
With some olde sorow that made a new breach;
Seemed she saw in her younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his new-budded beard to stroke.
"Kiddie," quoth she, "thou kenest the great
care

I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wilde beastes ligen in waite
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the foxe, maister of collusion;
For he has vow'd thy last confusion.
Forthy, my kiddie, be rude by me,
And never give trust to his trecherie;
And, if he chauce come when I am abroad,
Sperre the yats fast, for fear of fraude;
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request."

So schooled the gate her wanton sonne,
That answer'd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensive dame out of dore,
And chaunst to stumble at the threshold flore;
Her stombing steppe somewhat her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill lucke, bene dispraised;)
Yet forth she yode, threst half agast;
And kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after she was gone,
But the false foxe came to the dore anon;
Not as a foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses, in his packe:
A biggen he had got about his braine;
For in his headpeace he felt a sore paine:
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the goot:
There at the dore he cast me downe his pack,
And layd him downe, and groined, "Alack! alack!
Ah! dear Lord! and sweet Saint Charites!
That some good body would once pitie mee!"

Well heard kiddie all this sore constraint,
And longd to know the cause of his complaint;
Tho, creeping close behinde the wickets chink,
Privily he peeped out through a chink,
Yet not so privily but the foxe him spyed;
For deceitful meaning is double-eyed.

"Ah! good young maister," then gan he crye,
"Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
And keep your corpse from the carefull stounds
That in my carrion carcas abounds."

The kidd, pitying his heavinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who; and whence that he were.
The be, that had well yreod his fere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:

" Sicke, sicke, alas! and little lacke of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore sheepe, as be my colour doome,
For with long travaile I am brent in the sonne;
And if that, my grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker, I am very sybbe to you;
So be your goodlihead do not disdaines
The base kindred of so simple swaine.
Of mercy and favour then I you pray,
With your ayde to forestall my nere decay."

The out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
Wherein while kiddie unwarres did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed denre for the jewell:
The opened he the dore, and in came
The false fone, as he were starke lame:
His taylor he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the kidd made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see.
After his chere, the pedler can chat,
And tell many leasings of this and that,
And how he could shew many a fine knack;
The shewed his ware and opened his packe,
All save a bell, which he left behinde
In the basket for the kidd to finde;
Which when the kidd stouped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch;
Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull damme had her hide,
She mought see the dore stand open wide;
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her kidd; but he nould aunswere at all:
Tho on the flore she saw the merchandises
Of which her sonne had sette too deere a prise.
What help! her kidd she knew well was gone:
She weeped, and wayld, and made great moene.
Suck end had the kidd, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie;
And such end, perdie, does all ben remayne,
That of such falsers friendship bene fayne.

PAL. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest from the marke, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow,
For our sir John, to say to morrow
At the kerke when it is holiday;
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But, and if foxes beere so craftie as so,
Much needeth all shepherds herts to know.

PISA. Of their falshode more could I recount,
But now the bright Sonne gymeth to dismount;
And, for the dewie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for us home to hie.

PALINODES ENBLEME.

Pas men apistos apistei,

pas nis enbleme.

Tis d'ara pistis apisto;

THE SHEPHERDS' CALENDER.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA MIXTA.

ARGUMENT.

This æglogue is wholly vowed to the cotplayming
of Colins ill successe in his love. For being: (as

is aforesaid) enamored of a country lasse Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steade Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally. And this is the whole argument of this æglogur.

HOBBINOLL. COLIN CLOUT.

HOBBINOLL.

Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasant syte
From other shades bath weend my wandring minde,
Tell mee, what wants mee here to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I finde;
The grassie groundes with daintie dayesight,
The bramble bush, where byrdes of every kinde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O, happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde which Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to bene yst;
Thy lovely layes here maist thou freely beste:
But I, unhappie man! whom cruell fate
And angrie gods pursue from cooste to cooste,
Can no where finde to shroude my looklesse pate.

HOB. Thou, if by mee thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch;
Leave mee those hilles where barrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor breere, nor winding ditch;
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,
And fruitful flocks, bene every where to see:
Here no night-ravens ludge, more black then pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gustly owles doe fice;

But friendly faeries, met with many graces,
And lightfoote nymphes, can chace the lingring night
With heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst Sisters nine, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them musick for their more delight;
And Pan himselfe to kisse their cristall faces
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebes shinneth bright:
Such pierceable pleasures have wee in these places.

COL. And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse
Did let mee walke withouten links of love, (yeeres,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres;
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove:
My fassie aka from former follies moove
To stayed steps; for time in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which wearene olde above,)
And draweth newe delights with hoarie haire.

The couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made;
The would I seeke for quinces-apples anarype;
To give my Rosalind, and in sommer shade
Dight gaudie girlskode was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks; but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

HOB. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastefull hilles to sing,
I more delight then larke in squinner dayes,
Whose echo made the neighbour groves to ring,

And taught the byrdes, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaves from sunny rayes,
Frame to thy souge their cheerefull cherping,
Or holde their peace, for shame of thy sweete layes.

I sawe Calliope with Muses mee,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sounde,
Their yvory lutes and tamburins forgoe,
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst
showe,

They drewe abacke, as haife with shame confound
Shepherd to see, them in their arte outgoe.

COL. Of Muses, Hobbinoll, I come no skill,
For they bene daughters of the highest Love,
And holden scoles of homely shepherds quill;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and daunger drove,
I never list presume to Parnasse hill,
But, pypping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne stive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepherd fites not followe flying Fame,
But feede his flocke in fieldes where falls hem
best.

I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest;
The fitter they my carefull case to frame:
Enough is mee to paint out my unrest,
And poure my piteous plaintes out in the same.

The god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make:
Hee, whilst hee lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepherds all that bene with love ytake:
Well outh hee waile his woes, and lightly slake
The flames which love within his heart had bredde,
And tell us merry tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should Death on him such outrage showe!)
And all his passing skill with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth daylie greater growe.
But, if on mee some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his leasned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to waile my woe,
And teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaintes, canons of discourtesee,
As messengers of this my painefull plight,
Flye to my love where ever that shee bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou, Mensicas! that by trecherie
Didst underfonge my lasse to wexe so light,
Shoudst well be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not as I wishe I were,
Yee gentle shepherds! which your flocks doe
feede,

Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witness all of this so wicked deede;
And tell the lasse, whose soure is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse faith is turn'd to faithlesse feare,
That shee the truest shepherds heart made bleede
That lyves on Earth, and loved her most deare.

Hoe. O! carefull Colin, I lament thy case;
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe!
Ah! faithlesse Rosalind, and voyde of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rise, yee blessed flocks! and home apace,
Lest night with stealing stappes do you forealoe,
And wett your tender lambs that by you trace.

COLUS ENCLIQUE.
Gis sperna sperna.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

IULY.

ANEOLOGA SEPTIMA.

ARGUMENT.

This aelogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherds, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious partours: such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

THOMALIN, MORRELL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
That sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
Among the bushes rancke?
Moe. What, ho, thou lolly shepherdes swaine,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is then the lowly plaine,
Als for thy flocke and thee.

Thom. Ah! God shield, man, that I should clime,
And learne to looke alofte;
This rede is rife, that oftentime
Great clymbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle,
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
Yet is his misse not mickle.

And now the Sonne hath reared upp
His ferie-footed teme,
Making his way between the cupp
And golden diademe;
The rampant lyon huats he fast,
With dogges of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking brings in hast
Pyne, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scortching heate,
Where thou hast coverture,

The wastefull hilles unto his threate
Is a plaine overture:
But, if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherdes swayne,
Come downe, and learne the litle what,
That Thomalin can sayne.

Moe. Syker thoust but a leasie boord,
And rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and witlesse wordes,
To blere mine eyes doest thinke.

In evill houre thou bentst in hood
 Thus holy hilles to blame,
 For sacred unto saints they stond,
 And of them han their name.
 St. Michels Mount who does not know,
 That wardes the western coast?
 And of St. Brigets Bowre I trow
 All Kent can rightly boast:
 And they that oon of Muses skill
 Sayne most-what, that they dwell
 (As gote-beardes wout) upon a hill,
 Beside a learned well.
 And wanned not the great good Pan
 Upon mount Olivet,
 Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
 Which did himselfe beget?
 Thom. O blessed sheepe! O Shepheard great!
 That bought his Rocke so deare,
 And them did save with bloody sweat
 From wolves that would them teare.
 Moa. Beside, as holy Fathers sayne,
 There is a holy place
 Where Titan riseth from the mayne
 To reune his dayly race,
 Upon whose toppes the starres bene stayod,
 And all the skie doth leane;
 There is the cave where Phoebe layed
 The shepheard long to dreame.
 Whilome there used shepherdes all
 To feede theyr sockes at will,
 Till by his folly one did fall,
 That all the rest did spill.
 And, sithens shepherds bene foresayd
 From places of delight,
 For-thy I weene thou be afraid
 To clime this hillës height.
 Of Synnã can I tell thee more,
 And of our Ladyes Bowre;
 But little needes to strow my store,
 Suffice this hill of our.
 Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
 And Sylvanes hauntere rathe;
 Here has the salt Medway his source,
 Wherem the Nymphes doe bathe;
 The salt Medway, that trickling stremes
 Adowne the dales of Kent,
 Till with his elder brother Thames
 His brackish waves be meynt.
 Here growes melampode every where,
 And teribãuth, good for gotes;
 The one my madding kidds to smere,
 The next to heale their throates.
 Hereto, the hilles bene nigher Heaven,
 And thence the passage ethe;
 As well can prove the piercing levin,
 That seldomes failes beneath.
 Thom. Syker thou speakes like a lewd lorrell,
 Of Heaven to demen so;
 How be I am but rude and borrell,
 Yet nearer waies I know.
 To kerke the narre, from God more farre,
 Has bene an olde-said sawe;
 And he, that strives to touche a starre,
 Oft stumbles at a strawe.
 Alsoone may shepheard climb to skie
 That leades in lowly dales,
 As goteherd proude, that, sitting hie,
 Upon the mountayne sayles.
 My seely sheepe like well belowe,
 They neede not melampode,

For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
 And lyken their abode;
 But, if they with thy gotes should yede,
 They soone might be corrupted,
 Or like not of the frowie fede,
 Or with the weedes be gluted.
 The hilles, where dwelled holy saints,
 I reverence and adore,
 Not for themselfe, but for the saints
 Which han bene dead of yore.
 And now they bene to Heaven forwent,
 Their good if with them goe;
 Their sample/only to us lent,
 That als we mought doe soe.
 Shepherds they weren of the best,
 And lived in lowly leas:
 And, sith they sooles be now at rest,
 Why done we them disease?
 Such one he was (as I have heard
 Old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 And lived with little gayne:
 And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 Simple as simple sheepe;
 Humble, and like in echs degree
 The flocke which he did keepe.
 Often he used of his keepe
 A sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a kidd, now with a sheepe,
 The altars hallowing.
 So lowted he unto his lord,
 Such favour outh he finde,
 That never sithens was abhord
 The simple shepherds kinde.
 And such, I weene, the brethren were
 That came from Canaan,
 The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
 The flockes of mightie Pan.
 But nothing such thilke shepheard was
 Whom Ida hill did beare,
 That left his flocke to fetche a lesse,
 Whose love he bought too deare.
 For he was proud, that ill was payd,
 (No such mought shepherds be!)
 And with lewd lust was overlaid;
 Tway things doen ill agree,
 But shepheard mought be meek and mild,
 Well-eyed, as Argus was,
 With fleshy follies undefiled,
 And stoute as steede of brame.
 Sike one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
 That sawe his Makers face,
 His face, more cleare then cristall glame,
 And spake to him in place.
 This had a brother (his name I knowe)
 The first of all his cote,
 A shepheard true, yet not so true
 As he that earst I hote.
 Whilome all these were low and liefc,
 And loved theyr sockes to feede;
 They never stroven to be chiefe,
 And simple was theyr weede:
 But now (thankd be God therefore!)
 The world is well amend,
 Theyr weedes bene not so nighly wore;
 Such simplese mought them shend!
 They bene yclad in purple and pall,
 So hath theyr God them blist;
 They reigne and rulen over all,
 And lord it as they list;

Ygyrt with beites of glitterand gold.
 (Mought they good shepheards bene!)
 Their Pan their sheepe to them has sold,
 I say as some have seeme.
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode late on pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
 He sawe thilke misusage;
 For shepheardes (sayd he) there doen lead,
 As lordes done other where;
 Their sheep han crusta, and they the bread;
 The chippes, and they the cheere:
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O seely sheepe the while!)
 The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
 Their handes they may not file.
 They han great store and thritie stockes,
 Great friendes and feeble foes;
 What neede hem caren for their flockes,
 Theyr boyes can looke to those.
 These wisards welter in wealths waves,
 Pamprid in pleasures deepe;
 They han fat kerues, and leany knaves,
 Their fasting flockes to keepe.
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,
 They heapen hillies of wrath;
 Sike syrlie shepheards han we none,
 They keepen all the path.
 Moa. Here is a great deale of good matter
 Lost for lacke of telling;
 Now sicker I see thou dost but clatter,
 Harme may come of melling.
 Thou meddlest more, then shall have thank,
 To witen shepheards wealch;
 When folke bene fat, and riches runck,
 It is a signe of health.
 But say mee, what is Algrind, hee
 That is so oft byncempt?
 Know. Hee is a shepheard great in gree,
 But hath bene long ypent:
 One day hee sat upon a hill,
 As now thou wouldest mee;
 But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
 To love the lowe degree;
 For sitting so with bared scalp;
 An eagle soresd hie,
 That, weening his white head was chalke,
 A shell-fish downe let flye;
 Shee weend the shell-fish to have broke,
 But therewith bruzd his brayne;
 So now, astonied with the stroke,
 Hee lyes in lingring payne.
 Moa. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
 But shall be better in time.
 Now farewell, shepheard, sith this hill
 Thou hast such doubt to clime.

PALINODES EMBLEM.
 In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEM.
 In summo felicitas.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

ARGUMENT.

In this æglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh æglogue. They chose for umpire of their strife, Cuddy, a neat-heards boye; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, wherof Colin he saith was authour.

WILLIE, PERIGOT, CUDDIE.

WILLIE.

TELL mee, Perigot, what shalbe the game,
 Wherefore with mine thou dars thy musick
 matche?
 Or bene thy baggyes renne farre out of frame?
 Or hath the crampe thy ioynts benownd with ache?
 PER. Ah! Willie, when the hart is ill assayde,
 How can baggye or ioynts be well apayde?
 WIL. What the foule evill hath thee so bestad?
 Whilom thou was perregall to the best,
 And, wout to make the idly shepheards glad,
 With pypping and dauncing didst passe the rest.
 PER. Ah! Willie, now I have leard a new daunce;
 My old musick mard by a new mischaunce.
 WIL. Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce be:
 That so hath raft us of our merriment; {fall,
 But rede me what paine doth thee so apall;
 Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglinges miswent?
 PER. Love hath misled both my younglinges
 and me;
 I pine for payne, and they my paine to see.
 WIL. Perdie, and well away! ill may they thrive;
 Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight:
 But and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,
 Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.
 PER. That shall I doe, though mocheill worse I
 fare:
 Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.
 WIL. Then see, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,
 A mazer ywrought of the maple warre,
 Wherein is enchaused many a fayre sight
 Of bears and tygers, that maken fiere warre;
 And over them spred a goodly wilde vine,
 Entrailed with a wanton yvy twine.

Thereby is a lambe in the wolves iawes;
 But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swain.
 To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,
 And here with his sheepehookes hath him slaine.
 Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seeme?
 Well mought it besecne any harver queenne.

PER. Thereto will I pawne yunder spotted lambe;
 Of all my flocke there nis sike another,
 For I brought him up without the dambe;
 But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,
 That be purchast of me in the plaine field;
 Sore against my will was I forst to yeeld.

WIL. Sicker, make like account of his brother;
 But who shall iudge the wayer wome orlost?
PER. That shall yonder heardgrome and none other,
 Which over the ponnee hetherward doth post.
WIL. But, for the sunbeame so song doth us beate,
 Were not better to shunne the scorching
 heate? [awayne;
PER. Well agreed, Willie; thou set thee downe,
 Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin
 sing. [awayne;
COU. Gynne, when ye list, ye lolly shepherdes
 Sike a iodge, as Cuddie, were for a king.
PER. "It fell upon a hoie eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holiday!
PER. When holy Fathers went to shrieve;
WIL. Now ginneth this roundelay.
PER. Sitting upon a hill so hie,
WIL. Hey, ho, the high hill!
PER. The while my flocke did feede thereby;
WIL. The while the shepheard selfe did spall;
PER. I saw the bounding Belliboone,
WIL. Hey, ho, Bonnbell!
PER. Tripping over the daie alone;
WIL. She can trip it very well.
PER. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
WIL. Hey, ho, gray is greet!
PER. And in a kirtle of greene saye,
WIL. The greene is for maydens meet.
PER. A chapelet on her head she wore,
WIL. Hey, ho, chapelet!
PER. Of sweete violets therein was stowe,
WIL. She sweeter then the violet.
PER. My sheepe did leave their wanted food,
WIL. Hey, ho, seely sheepe!
PER. And gazd on her as they were wood,
WIL. Wood as he that did them keepe.
PER. As the bonillasse passed bye,
WIL. Hey, ho, bonillasse!
PER. She roude at mee with glancing eye,
WIL. As cleare as the cristall brisse:
PER. All as the sunny beame so bright,
WIL. Hey, ho, the sunne-beame!
PER. Glaunceth from Phoebus face forthright,
WIL. So love into thy heart did streame:
PER. Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
WIL. Hey, ho, the thonder!
PER. Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,
WIL. So cleaves thy soule asonder:
PER. Or as dame Cynthias silver ray,
WIL. Hey, ho, the moonelight!
PER. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
WIL. Such play is a pitteous plight.
PER. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
WIL. Hey, ho, the glyder!
PER. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
WIL. Such woundes soon wexen wider.
PER. Hastig to raunch the arrowe out,
WIL. Hey, ho, Perigot!
PER. I lost the head in my heart-root,
WIL. It was a desperate shot.
PER. Therof rancieyth aye more and more,
WIL. Hey, ho, the arrow!
PER. Ne can I find salve for my sore,
WIL. Love is a carelesse sorrow.
PER. And though my bale with death I fought,
WIL. Hey, ho, heavee cheere!
PER. Yet shouldst thouk lasse not from my thought,
WIL. So you may buye golde too deere.
PER. But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
WIL. Hey, ho, pinching payne!
 VOL. III

PER. Or thrive in wealth, shee shal be mine,
WIL. But if thou can her obtaine.
PER. And if for gracelesse grieffe I dye,
WIL. Hey, ho, gracelesse grieffe!
PER. Witnesse shee slue me with her eye,
WIL. Let thy folly be the pricke.
PER. And you, that sawe it, simple sheepe,
WIL. Hey, ho, the fayre flocke!
PER. For pricke thereof, my death shall weepe,
WIL. And more, with many a thocke.
PER. So leard I love on a holy eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holy-day!
PER. That ever since my heart did greve,
WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."
COU. Sicker, sike a rounde never heard I none;
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best,
 And Willie is not greatly overgone,
 So wren his under-songes well addrest.
WIL. Heardgrome, I fear me thou have a squint eye;
 Arcede uprightly, who has the victorie.
COU. Fayth of my soule, I deeme echie have gained;
 Forthy let the lambe be Willie his owne;
 And for Perigot, so well hath him payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
PER. Perigot is well pleased with the doome,
 Ne can Willie wite the witelesse heardgrome.
WIL. Never deapt more right of beantie, I weene,
 The shepheard of Ida that iudged beauties
 queene.
COU. But tell me, shepherds, should it not yshead
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse
 Of Rosalind (who knows not Rosalind?)
 That Colin made? yke can I you rehearse.
PER. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde;
 With mery thing is good to medle sadde.
WIL. Fayth of my soule, thou shalt yecouped be
 In Colins steede, if thou this song arcede;
 For never thing on Earth so pleaseth me
 As him to heare, or matter of his deede.
COU. Then listen ech unto my heavie lay,
 And tune your pypes as ruthfull as yee may.

"Ye wastefull woddes! beaw witnesse of my woe,
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resounde;
 Ye carelesse byrds are privy to my cryes,
 Which in your songes were woont to make a part:
 Thou, pleasant spring, hast luid mee oft asleepe,
 Whose streames my trickling teares did oft hug-
 ment!"

"Resort of people doth my griefes augment,
 The walled towne doe work my greater woe;
 The forest wide is fitter to resound
 The hollow echo of my carefull cries:
 I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
 Whose wallefull want-departs mine eyes of sleepe."

"Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe;
 Let all, that sweete is, voyd; and all, that may
 augment [woe
 My dole, draw neere! More meete to wails my
 Bene the wilde woods, my sorrows to resound,
 Than bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
 When I them see so waste, and finde no part

"Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
 In gaatfull grove therefore, till my last sleep
 Doo close mine eyes; so shall I not augment
 With sight of such as change my reslesse woe.
 Help me, yet banefull byrds! whose shrieking sound
 Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cries

" Most ruthfully to tune: and as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when Nature craveth sleep,
Increase, so let your yrksome yellies augment.
Thus all the nightes in plaintes, the daye in woe,
I vowed have to waste, till safe and sound

" Shee home returne, whose voyces silver sound
To cheerefull songes can change my cheerelesse
cries.

Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spendes her time of sleepe
In songes and plaintive pleas, the more t' augment
The memorie of his misdeeds that hred'her woe.

" And you that feel no woe, when as the sound
Of these my nightlie cries ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe, and pitie augment."

PAR. O Colin, Colin! the shepherdes ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse;
And Cuddie, freshe Cuddie, the liefest bye,
How dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse!
CON. Then blow your pypes, shepherds, till you
be at home;
The night higheth fast, yts time to be gone.

VIRGORY HIS EMBLEM.
Vipcenti gloria victi.

WILLIAMS EMBLEM.
Vipito non vitto.

CODDIE'S EMBLEM.
Felice chi puo.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

SEPTEMBER.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepherd
that, in hope of more gaine, drove his sheepe
into a farre country. The abuses whereof, and
loose living of popish prelates, by occasion of
Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOLL, DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE! I bid her god day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missey.

DIE. Her was her, while it was day-light,
But nowe her is a most wretched wight:
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at east the dirke night doth hast.

HOB. Diggoo, areede who has thee so dight;
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke thou was wont to lead?
Or bene they chaffred, or at mischefe dead!

DIE. Ah! for love of that is to thee most leef,
Hobbinoll, I pray thee gull not my oldd graefe;

Sike question rippeth up cause of new woe,
For one, opened, mote unfold many moe.

HOB. Nay, but sorrow close shooded in heart,
I know, to keepe is a burdeous smart:
Ech thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is fallen, the clouds waxen cleare.
And now, sithence I saw thy head last,
Thrice three moontes bene fully spent and past;
Since when thou hast measured much ground,
And wardred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate;
But tell me first of thy flockes estate.

DIE. My sheepe bene wasted; (wae is me there-
fore!)

The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor shepheard more.
In forreine coastes men sayd was plenty;
And so there is, but all of miserie:
I dempt there much to have eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my heart sore.
In the countries, whereas I have bene,
No beeing for those that truly mene;
But for such, as of guile maken gaine,
No such country as there to remaine;
They setten to sale theyr shops of shame,
And maken smart of theyr good name:
The shepherds there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother;
Or they will buye his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carven the shepherdes throte.
The shepherdes awayne you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men;
They looken bigge as bulles that bene bate,
And beareu the crugge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.

HOB. Diggoo, I am so stiffeward so stanck,
That uneth may I stand any more;
And now the weaterne winde bloweth sore,
That now is in his chiefe soveraigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree;
Sitte we downe here under the hill;
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast:
Now say on, Diggoo, whatever thou hast.

DIE. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stound
That ever I cast to have lorne this ground:
Wel-away the while I was so food

To leave the good that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth;
So lost the dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah! seely sheepe!)
That here by there I wilome use to keepe,
All were they kuste as thou diddest see,
Bene all starved with pyne and penuræ;
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
Driven for neede to come home againe.

HOB. Ah! fop, now by thy losse art taught
That seldom change the better brought:
Content who lives with tryed state,
Neede feare no change of frowning Fate;
But who will seeke for unknownt gayue,
Of lives by losse, and leaves with payne.

DIE. I wote me, Hobbin, how I was bewitched
With wayne desire and hope to be enrich:
But, sicker, so'tt is, as the bright starre
Scemeth aye greater when it is farr:
I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But now I wote it is nothing sich;
For eyther the shepherds bene ydle and still,
And'ledde of theyr sheepe what way they will,

Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
 And casten to compass many wronge emprise:
 But the more bene fraught with fraud and spight,
 Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,
 But kinde coales of conteck and yre,
 Wherewith they set all the world on fire;
 Which when they thinke againe to quench,
 With holy water they doen hem all drench.
 They saye they con to Heaven the high-way,
 But by my soule I dare undrisme
 They never sette foote in that same troad,
 But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.
 They boast they han the Devill at commaund,
 But aske hem therefore what they han paund:
 Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare borrow,
 To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow
 But they han sold thilke same long egge,
 For they woulde draw with hem many moe.
 But let hem gauge alone a Gods name;
 As they han brewnd, so let hem beare blame.

Hos. Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke;
 Such myster saying me seemeth to-Dirke.

Dic. Then, plainly to speake of shepherds moste
 Badde is the best; (this English is flat.) [what,
 Their ill haviour garres men missey
 Both, of theyr doctrine, and theyr fay.
 They sayne the world is much war then it woot,
 All for her shepheardes bene beasty and blout.
 Other sayne, but howe truely I n'ote,
 All for they bolden shame of their cote:
 Some sticke not to say, (hote cole on her tongue!)
 That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
 All for they casten too much of worlde care,
 To deck her dame, and enrich her beire;
 For such encheason, if you goe nie,
 Fewe chimnies reeking you shall espie.
 The fat oxe, that wont ligge in the stall,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumell.
 Thus chatten the people in their steads,
 Ylike as a monster of many heads:
 But they, that shooten nearest the pricke,
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick:
 For bigge bulles of Basan brace hem about,
 That with their hornes butten the more stoute;
 But the leane soules treaden under foot,
 And to seeke redresse mought little boote;
 For liker bene they to pluck away more,
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore:
 For they bene like fowle wagnaires overgrast,
 That, if thy galege once sticketh fast,
 The more to winde it out thou dost swinck,
 Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinck.
 Yet better leave off with a little losse,
 Then by much wrestling to leese the gosse.

Hos. Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest too
 Better it were a litle to feine, [plaine,
 And cleanness cover that cannot be cured;
 Such ill, as is forced, mought needes bee endured.
 Out of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Dic. Sike as the shepherds, sike bene her sheepe,
 For they will listen to the shepherds voice;
 But if he call hem, at their good choise
 They wander at will and stay at pleasure,
 And to their folds yeade at their owne leasure.
 But they had be better come at their call;
 For many han unto mischiefe fall,
 And bene of ravenous wolves yrent,
 All for they would be buxome and bent. [ing;

Hos. Fic on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule leas-
 Well is knowne that, sith the Saxon King,

Never was wolf seene, many nor some,
 Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome;
 But, the fewer wolves (the sooth to saine)
 The more bene the foxes that here remaine.

Dic. Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
 And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise.
 They walke not widely as they were wont,
 For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
 But prively prolling to and froe,
 Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hos. Or privie or pert if any bin,
 We han great bandogs wil teare their skin.

Dic. In dede thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
 And could make a folly hole in their fur:
 But not good dogs hem needeth to chace,
 But heedly shepherds to discern the face;
 For all their craft is in their countenance,
 They bene so grave and full of maintenance.
 But shall I tell thee what my self knowe
 Chaunced to Roffin not long ygoe?

Hos. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it bight,
 For not but well mought him beight:

He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
 And with his weed his work is covenable.

Colin Clout, I weene, be his selfe boye,

(Ah, for Colin! he whilome my ioye:)

Shepherds sich, God mought us many send,
 That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Dic. Thilke same shepherd mought I well marke,

He has a dogge to bite or to barke;

Never had shepherd so keene a cur,
 That waketh and if but a leafe stir.

Whilome there wonned a wicked wolfe,

That with many a lambe had gutted his gulfe.

And ever at night woot to repayre
 Unto the focke, when the welkin shone fayre,

Yclad in clothing of seely sheepe,

When the good olde man used to sleepe;

Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had eft learned a currs call)

As if a wolfe were among the sheepe:

With that the shepherd would breake his sleepe,
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)

To raunge the felds with wide open throte.

Tho, when as Lowder was far away,
 This wolvishe sheepe woulde catchen his pray,

A lambe, or a kid, or a weanell want;

With that to the wood would hee speede him fast.

Long time he used this slippery prunck,
 Ere Roffy could for his labour him thanck.

At end, the shephard his practise gnyed,
 (For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed,)

And, when at even he came to the focke,
 Fast in their foldes he did them locke,

And tooke out the wolfe in his counterfeit cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Hos. Marry, Diggon, what should him affraye
 To take his owne where ever it laye?

For, had his weand been a litle widdier,
 He woulde have devoured both hiddier and shid-
 der.

Dic. Mischiefe light on him, and Gds great
 curse,

Too good for him had bene a great deale worse;

For it was a perillous beast above all,
 And eke had hee cond the shepherds call,

And oft in the night came to the sheepecote,
 And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,

As if the olde man selfe had bene:

The dogge his maisters voice did it weene,

Yet halfe in doubt be opened the dore,
And ranne out as he was woof of yore.
No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the wolfe Lowder caught;
And, had not Roffy renne to the steven,
Lowder had bene slaine thilke same even.

Hos. God shield, man, hee should so ill have
All for he did his devoynra belive. [thrive,

If sike bene wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?

Dic. How, but, with heede and watchfullnesse,
Forstallen hem of their willnesse:
For thy with shepheard sittes not play,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever ligger in watch and ward,
From sodaine force their flocks for to gard.

Hos. Ah! Diggon, thilke same rule were too
straight,

All the cold season to watch and waite:
We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
What ever thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Dic. Ah! but, Hobbinnoll, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth wee forsaile;
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinnoll, mought I thee pray
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hos. Now by my soule, Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe that has thee hent;
Nethelasse thou seeest my lowly saile,
That froward Fortune doth ever avaine:
But, were Hobbinnoll as God mought please,
Diggon should soone finde favour and ease:
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort;
There mayst thou ligger in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune show forth his head.

Dic. Ah! Hobbinnoll, God mought it thee requite;
Diggon on fewe such friendes did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.

Inopem me copia fecit.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

• OCTOBER.

ANTOLOGA DECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a poet,
which, finding no maintenance of his state and
studies, complaineth of the contempt of poetries;
and the causes thereof: specially having bene
in all ages, and even amongst the most barba-
rous, alwaies of singular account and honour,
and being indeed so worthis and commendable
an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and
heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and
learning, but adorned with both; and poured
into the witte by a certaine enthousiasmos and
celestiall inspiration, as the author hereof else
where at large discourseth in his booke called

The English Poet, which booke being lately
come to my handes, I minde also by Gods graces,
upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERS. CUDDIE.

PIER.

Cuddie, for shame, holde up thy heavie head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace
And weary this long lingring Phobus race.
Whilome thou wout the shepheards laddes to leade
In rimes, in ridles, and in lydding base;
Nowe they in thee, and thou in sleepe arte, deada.

Cud. Piers, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine oten reedes ben rent and wore,
And my poore Muse hath spent her spayed store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the grasbopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when winter doth ber straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wout deviee,
To feede youtnes fansie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much; what I the best forthy?
They ban the pleasure, I a scelder prae:
I beate the bush, the hydes to them do flip:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers. Cuddie, the praise is better then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
Or prickte them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trained willes entice!

Some as thou gyfset to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routes to thee do cleave!
Soemeth thou doest their soules of sense bereave,
All as the shepheard that did feteh his dame
From Plutes balefull bowre withouten leave;
His musickes might the bellish hound did tame.

Cud. So prayen babes the peacocks spotted trayne,
And wodren at bright Argus blazing eye;
But who rewardes him ere the more forthy,
Or feedes him once the fuller by a grainc?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie;
Sike words bene winde, and wasten soone in vaine.

Piers. Abandon then the base and vilen-clowpe;
Lift up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giants;
Turne thee to those that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes unbruzed wexen daylie browne.

There may thy Muse display her suttring wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from east to west;
Whither thou list in fayre Eliza rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the worthy whom shee loveth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborn stroke of stronger grounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lusthead the maine thou sing.
And carroll lowde, and leade the millers rounde,
eAll were Eliza one of thilk same ring;
So mought our Cuddies name to Heaven soude.

Cur. In deeds the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mœnas left his oaten reede,
Whereon hee earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And labourd lands to yeeld the timely care,
And oft did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah! Mœnas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus loog ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies ligger wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to playe:
For ever, who in derring-doe were dread,
The loftis verse of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie manhood brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
To put in peace among the learned troupe;
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sunnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote againe,
Or it mens follies mote to-force to faine,
And rolle with rest in rymes of ribaudrie;
Or, as it sprang, it wither must againe;
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Pana. O piteous Poësie! where is then thy place?
If now in princes pallace thou dost sit,
(And yet is princes pallace the most fit)
Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flie backe to Heaven apace.

Cur. Ah! Percy, it is all-to weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced pyneous bene not so in plight:
For Colin fits such famous fight to scanne;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mouut as high and sing as soote as swanne.

Pana. Ah: son; for love does teach him climbe so
And tytes him up out of the loathsome myre; [his,
Such immortal mirror, as he dath admire,
Would rayse ones minde above the starrie skie,
And cause a captiv courage to aspire;
For loftie love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cur. All otherwise the state of poet stands;
For lordly Love is such a tyrannè fell,
That, where he rules, all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
He went with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisly weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever castes to compass rightie prise,
And thinkes to throve outthundering words of threat,
Let powre in lavish cups and thirftie bittes of
meate,
For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phoebus wise;
And, when with wine the braine begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou heast not, Percy, how the rime should rage;
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girdlands of wildè yvie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread sloss in buskin fine,
With quaint Beltona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cooles ere it be warme:
Forthy content us in this humble shade,
Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde;
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.
Pana. And, when my gates shall han theyr bellies
layd,
Cuddie shall have a kidda to store his furme.

CURDIE EMULENT,
Agitans caleosinus jilo, &c.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

NOVEMBER.

ANGLOGA UNDECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In this xi aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of
some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth
Dido. The personage is secret, and to me alto-
gether unknowne, albeit of himselfe I often re-
quired the same. This aeglogue is made in imi-
tation of Marot his song, which he made upon
the death of Loyes the French queen; but farre
passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other
the aeglogues of this booke.

THEMOT. COLIN.

THEMOT.

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some iouisance?
Thy Muse too long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleepe through Loves misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless soveraince
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved lass advance,
Or honor Pan with himnes of higher vaine.

COL. Themot, now nis the time of merrymake,
Nor Pan to herie, nor with Love to play;
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or somner shade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe sadde winter welked hath the day,
And Phoebus, wearie of his yearly taske,
Yatabled hath his steedes in lowly lay,
And taken up his yune in fishes basker:
Think sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse it myrth now list no make,
As she was wont in youth and somner-dayes;
But if thou algate lust light virolayes,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thy self deserves sike poets praise?
Believe thy oaten pypes that sleepeen lofg.

THU. The nightingale is soveraigne of song,
Before him sits the titmouse silent bee;
And I, unfit to thrust in skiffull throng,
Should Colin make iudge of my foolere:
Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,
And han bene watered at the Muses well;
The kindly dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:

But if sadde winters wrath, and season chill,
 Accord not with thy Muses merriment,
 To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
 And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreriment;
 For deade is Dido, deade, alas! and drent;
 Dido! the great shepheard his daughter sheene:
 The fayrest May shee was that ever went,
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene:
 And, if thou wilt bewaile my wofull toene,
 I shall thee give yond cosset for thy payne;
 And, if thy rymes as rounde and ruefull beene
 As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
 Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Than kid or cosset, whith I thee bynempt:
 Then up, I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne.
 Let not my small demaunde be so contempt.
 Col. Thenot, to that I chose thou doest mee tempt;
 But ah! too well I wote my humble wayne,
 And how my rymes bene rugged and unkempt;
 Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

Up, then, Melpomene! the mournfull Muse of
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore; [Nine,
 Up, grislie ghostes! and up my rnfull rimed
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more;
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
 Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.
 O heavie herse!
 Let streaming teares be powred out in store;
 O carefull verse!

"Shepherds, that by your flocks of Kentish downe
 abyde,
 Waile ye this woefull waste of Natures warke;
 Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde;
 Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke;
 The Sunne of all the world is dimme and darke;
 The Earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night.
 O heavie herse!
 Breake we our pipes, that shrill as lowde as lark;
 O carefull verse!

"Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so long?)
 Whose better dayes Death hath shut up in woe!
 The fayrest flowre our girlond all among
 Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
 Sing now, ye shepherds daughters, sing no moe
 The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
 But into weeping turn your wanton layes.
 O heavie herse!
 Nowe is time to die: nay, time was long ygoe:
 O carefull verse!

"Whence is it, that the floweret of the field doth fade,
 And lyeth buried long in Winters bale;
 Yet, soone as Spring his mantle hath displayde,
 It flowreth fresh, as it should never fayle?
 But thing on Earth that is of most avails,
 As vertues branch and beauties bud,
 Reliven not for any good.
 O heavie herse! [quaille;
 The branch once dead, the bud eke needes most
 O carefull verse!

"She, while she was, (that was, a wofull word to
 saine!)
 For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere;
 So well she couth the shepherds entertaine
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country
 cheere:

Ne would she scorne the simple shepherds swaine;
 For she would call him often home,
 And give him curds and clouted creame.
 O heavie herse!
 Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdain:
 O carefull verse!

"But now sike happy cheere is turnde to heavy
 chaunce,
 Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint;
 All musick sleepes, where Death doth lead the
 daunce,
 And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
 The blew in black, the greene in gray, is tint;
 The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,
 The faded flowres her course embrace.
 O heavie herse! [besprint;
 Morne now, my Muse, now morne with teares
 O carefull verse!

"O thou great shepheard, Lobbin, how great is
 thy griefe!
 Where bene the nosegayes that shee dight for thee?
 The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
 The knotted rush-ringes, and gilt rosemarce?
 For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
 Ah! they bene all ycolad in clay;
 One bitter blast blew all away.
 O heavie herse!
 There of nought remaines but the memorie;
 O carefull verse!

"Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so mor-
 tall stroke,
 That can undoe dame Natures kindly course;
 The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
 The fouds doe gaspe, for dryed is their source,
 And fouds of teares flow in theyr stead perforce:
 The mantled medowes mourne,
 Theyr sundrie colours tounne.
 O heavie herse!
 The Heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;
 O carefull verse!

"The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
 And hang their heades as they would learne to
 weepe;
 The beastes in Forrest wayle as they were woode,
 Except the wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,
 Now shee is gone that safely did hem keepe:
 The turtle on the bared branch
 Laments the wounde that Death did launch.
 O heavie herse!
 And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe;
 O carefull verse!

"The water nymphs, that went with her to sing
 and daunce,
 And for her girlond olive branches beare,
 Nowe balefull boughes of cypres doen advaunce;
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
 Now bringen bitter eldre branches feare;
 The fatal Sisters eke repent
 Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
 O heavie herse! [cheare
 Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy
 O carefull verse!

" O fruitlesse state of earthly things, and slipper
hope

Of mortall men, that swinke and sweate for nought,
And, shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope;
Nowe have I learnde (a lesson deere bought)

That nis on Earth assurance to be sought;

For what might bee in earthly mould,

That did her buried body hould.

O heave herse!

Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought;

O carefull verse!

" But mangle Death, and dreaded Sisters deadly
spight,

And gates of Hell, and fyrie furies force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corse.

Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?

O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament;

Dido is dead, but into Heaven bent.

O happie herse!

Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes course,

O joyfull verse!

" Why wailie we then? why wearie we the gods
with plaintes,

As if some evill were to ber betight?

She reignes a goddesse now among the saintes,

That whilome was the saynt of shepherds light,

And is entalled nowe in Heavens-hight.

I see thee, blessed soule! I see

Walk in Elisian fieldes so free.

O happie herse!

Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)

O joyfull verse!

" Unwise and wretched men, to waste what 's good
or ill,

Wee doome of death as doome of ill desert;
But knowe wee, fooles, what it us brings untill,
Dye would we daylie, once it to expert!

No daunger there the shepherd can asert;

Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene;

The fieldes aye fresh, the grasse aye greene.

O happie herse!

Make haste, yee shepherds, thether to revert.

O joyfull verse!

" Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall he the
next?)

There lives shee with the blessed gods in blisse,

There drincks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,

And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.

The honor now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poore shepherds pride,

While here on Earth shee did abide.

O happie herse!

Cease now, my song, my-woe now wasted is;

O joyfull verse!

THE. Ay, franck shepherd, how bene thy verses
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte (munt
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint!
Thine be the cosette, well hast thou it gotte.
Up, Collin up, ynough thou morned hast;
Now giues to mizzle, bye we homeward fast.

COLIN'S ANSWER.

La mort ny mord.

THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

This æglogue (even as the first began) is ended
with a complaint of Colin to god Pan; wherein,
as wearie of his former waies, he proportioneth
his life to the foure seasons of the yeare; compar-
ing his youth to the spring time, when hee
was fresh and free from loves follie. His man-
hood to the sommer, which, he saith, was con-
sumed with great heate and excessive drouth,
caused through a comet or blazing starre, by
which hee meaneth love; which passion is com-
monly compared to such flames and immoderate
heate. His ripest yeares he resembleth to an
unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere
they be ripe. His latter age to winters chill
and frostie season, now drawing neere to his last
ende.

THE gentle shepherd sat beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That Colin hight, which well coulede pype and singe,
For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere:
There, as he satte in secret shade alone,
Thus gan hee make of love his piteous moone.

" O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepherdes all,
Which of our tender lamkins takest keepe,
And, when our flockes into mischaunce mought fall,
Dost save from mischief the unwarie sheepe,
Ais of their maisters bayt no lesse regard
Then of the flockes, which thou dost watch and ward;

" I thee beseeche (so be thou deigde to hear
Rude dittie, tunde to shepherdes coteau reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede,)
Hearken a while, from thy greene cabinet,
The rural song of carefull Colinet.

" Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For beate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I oft doubted daunger had no feare;
I went the wastefull woodes and forrest wide,
Withooten dread of wolves to bene espide.

" I went to ranage amid the maxie thicket,
And gather nuttes to make my Christmas-game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrie ages waste?—
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

" How often have I scaled the craggie oke,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately wainut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for outtas at strife?
For like to me was libertie and life.

" And for I was in thilke same looser yeeres,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I too much beleev'd my shepheard peeres,
Some dele ybent to song and musickes mirth,
A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

" Fro thence I durst in deering to compare
With shepherdes swayne whatever fed in field;
And, if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare,
To Pau his own selfe pype I need not yield:
For, if the flocking nymphes did follow Pau,
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

" But, ah! such pride at length was ill repayde;
The shepherds god (perdie god was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he left to moone.
Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

" Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewell,
And sommer season sved him to display
(For Love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A comet stird up that unkindly beate,
That reigned (as men said) in Venus seate.

" Forth was I ledde, not as I wout afore,
When chauce I had to choose my wandering way.
But whether Luck and Loves unbridled lore
Woud lead me forth on Fancies bitte to play:
The bush my bed, the bramble was my howre,
The woodes can witness many a wooll stowre.

" Where I was wout to seeke the Honie bee,
Working her formall rownes in waxen frame,
The greslie todestoole growne there mought I see,
And leathed paddockes lording on the same:
And, where the chaunting birds luld me asleepe,
The ghostly owle by grievous yane doth keepe.

" Then as the spring gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pride;
All so my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper season selfe applied,
And leard of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

" To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baskets of bulrushes, was my wout:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better scene, or hurtfull beastes to hont?
I leard as the signs of Heaven to ken,
How Phoebe failes, where Venus sits, and when.

" And tryed time yet taught me greater things;
The sodain rising of the raging seas,
The soothe of byrdes by beating of theyr winges,
The powre of herbes, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wout 't enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wout to worke steruall sleepe.

" But, ah! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
That kydt the hidden kindes of many a woode,
Yet kydt not ene to cure thy sore heart-roots,
Whose rancelling wound as yet does rifeely bleede.
Why livest thou still, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
Why dyest thou still, and yet alive art found?

" Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hastened all-to rathe;
The care that buddeid fayre is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was none but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

" My boughs with bloomes that crown'd were at
And promised of timely fruite such store, [first,
Are left both bare and harrein now at erst;
The flattering fruite is fallen to ground before,
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
My harvest wast, my hope away did wike.

" The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grew,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long;
Theyr rootes bene dried up for lack of dew,
Yet dewed with teares they han be ever among.
Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spill the flowres that should her girlond dight?

" And I, that whilome wout to frame my pype
Unto the sbiting of the shepherds foote,
Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unscoote.
The lover lasse I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

" And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care;
Which, when I thought have threat in swelling
sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soon as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All blowp away was of the wavering wynd.

" So now my yeere drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harvest beates to stirre up winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage his right:
So now he stormes with many a sturdy stoure;
So now his bloustring blast eche coast doth scoure.

" The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rynd,
And in my face deepe furrowes eild hath pight:
My head besprent with hoarje frost I finde,
And by myne eye the crowe his clawe doth wright:
Delight is layd abedd; and pleasure, past;
No sunne now shines; clouds han all overcast.

" Now leave, ye shepherds boyes, your merry glee;
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stound:
Here will I bang my pype upon this tree,
Was never pype of reede did better sound:
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blast,
And after winter dreerie death does hast.

" Gather together ye my little focke,
My little focke, that was to me so life;
Let me, ah! let me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after winter commeth timely death.

" Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I sought so deare;
Adieu, my little lambs and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye woodes, that oft my witness were:

Adieu, good Hobbincoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

COLLIN COLLEGE.

Vivitur ingenio: cetera mortis erunt.

EPILOGUE.

Loe! I have made a Calender for every yeare,
That sticke in strength, and time in durance, shall
outweare;

And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the worldes dissolution,

To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his
sheepe, [keepe.

And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to
Goe, little Calender! thou hast a free passeporte;

Goe but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sorte:
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus his stile,

Nor with the pilgrim that the plough-man playd a
while; [adore;

But follow them farre off, and their high steps
The better please, the worse despise; I aske no
more.

Merces non mercede.

THE
FAERIE QUEENE,
 DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKES,

FASHIONING

XII MORALL VERTUES.

TO THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT
 EMPRESSE

RENOWNED FOR FIFTIE VERTUE AND ALL
 CREATIVE GOVERNMENT

ELIZABETH

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE OF ENGLAND,
 FRANCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA

DEFENDERE OF THE FAITH &c.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT

EDMUND SPENSER

BOTH IN ALL HUMILITYE

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOURS

TO LIVE WITH THE STERNITIE OF HER NAME.

LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

*Expounding his whole intention in the course of this
 worke; which, for that it gaweth great light to the
 reader, for the better understanding is hereunto
 annexed.*

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS
 SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.
 LO. WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES AND HER MAJESTIES
 LIEFTENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all allegories may
 be construed, and this booke of mine, which I
 haue entituled The Faerie Queene, being a con-

This is the dedication of the edition of 1596.
 To the edition of 1590 the following brief compli-
 ment only is prefixed. "To the most mightie and
 magnificent emperesse Elizabeth by the grace of
 God queene of England France and Ireland de-
 fendere of the faith &c. Her most humble seruant
 Ed. Spenser." Todd.

tinned allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought
 good as well for stayding of jealous opinions and
 misconstructions, as also for your better light in
 reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to
 discouer unto you the general intention and mean-
 ing, which in the whole course thereof I haue
 fashioned, without expressing of any particular
 purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned.
 The general end therefore of all the booke is to
 fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous
 and gentle discipline: which for that I conceiued
 knowe as most plausible and pleasing, being
 colour'd with an historical fiction, the which the
 most part of men delight to read, rather for va-
 riety of matter then for profite of the example,
 I chose the historie of King Arthure, as most fitte
 for the excellency of his person, being made fa-
 mous by many mens former workes, and also fur-
 thest from the daunger of enuy, and suspicion of
 present time. In which I haue followed all the
 antique poets historical; first Homere, who in the
 persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled
 a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in
 his Ilias, the other in his Odysses; then Virgil,
 whose like intention was to doe in the person of
 Aeneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both
 in his Orlando; and lately Tasso disseuered them
 again, and formed both parts in two persons, name-
 ly, that part which they in philosophy call *ethice*,
 or vertues of a private man, colour'd in his Rinal-
 do; the other named *politice* in his Godfredo. By
 ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to
 portraict in Arthure, before he was king, the
 image of a *brave knight*, perfectly in the twelue
 priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised;
 the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes:
 which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be per-
 haps encouraged to frame the other part of poli-
 tike vertues in his person, after that he shall
 be king. To some I know this methode will seem
 displeasur, which had rather haue good disci-
 pline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or set out
 at large, as they use, then thus cloyingly en-
 wrapped in allegorical detumes. But such, me
 seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these
 days, seeing all things accounted by their shewes,
 and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull
 and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is
 Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one,

in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a commonweath, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be: so much more profitable and gracious doctrine by example, then by rule. So haue I laboured to do in the person of Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, so soon as he was borne of the lady Igrayne, to haue scene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seek her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in Faerye Land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the queene, and her kingdom in Faery Land. And yet, in some places els, I do otherwise shidow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal queene or empress, the other of a most vertuous and beautiful lady, this latter part in some places I doe express in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia: Phebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applicable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse holmes: the seconde of sir Guyon, in whom I sette forth temperance: the third of Britomart, a lady knight, in whom I picture charity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke I meane abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of sayres orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the midst, each where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the things forepast, and dunning of things to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning, therefore, of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annual feaste xii days; upon which xii severall dayes, the occasions of the xii severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii severall knights, are in these xii bookes severall handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe young man, who, falling before the queene of Faeries, desired a boone, (as the manner then was) which, during that feast, she might not refuse; which was, that hee might haue the atchieuement of any adventure, which, during that feaste, should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte, through his rusticity, for a better place. Soone after entred a faire lady in mourning weedes,

riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her, leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the queene of Faeries, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by a huge dragon many years shut up in a brassen castle, who thence suffred them not to yasew: and therefore besought the Faerie Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the queene much wondering, and the lady much gainebaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that unless, that armour which she brought would serue him, (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephen.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures therunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And espousing taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day there came in a palmer, bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have bene slayn by an enchaunteresse called Aerasia: and therefore craved of the Faery Queene to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer; which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a 'groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon sir Scandamour, the lover of that lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomart, who succoured him, and restewed his love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermeddled; but rather as accidents then intermeddments: as the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciuiousnes of Helenora; and many the like.

Thus much, sir, I have briefly overroone to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history; that, from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happiness, I humbly take leave.

23 January 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

A VISION

UPON THIS CONCEPT OF THE FAERY QUEENE.

Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestall flame
 Was want to burne; and passing by that way
 To see that buried dust of living fame;
 Whose tomb faire Love, and fairer Virtue kept;
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:
 At whose approach the soule of Petrarke wept,
 And from thenceforth those graces were not scene;
 (For they this *queene* attended); in whose mood
 Oblivion laid him down on Lauras herse:
 Hereat the hardest stoues were scene to bleed,
 And grones of buried ghostes the Heavens did peewe:
 Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
 And curst th' access of that celestiall theft.

W. R.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Thou prayest of meeder with thy worke like profit
 brings,
 As doth the cuckoos song delight when Philumena
 sings.
 If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein,
 Vertue herseife can best discern to whom they
 written bin.

The two sonnets signed W. R. are understood to be written by sir Walter Raleigh, who was certainly a poet of no mean fame: the verses signed Hobynoll are the very elegant production of Gabriel Harvey, by which signature he is described in The Shepherds Calender: the poem R. S. may be attributed to Robert Southwell, or Richard Stanynhurst, or Richard Smith, or Richard Stapleton, who were poetical writers contemporary with Spenser; and of whom, Stapleton and Smith are known as authors of other commendatory verses; yet Mr. Upton would assign this little poem to Robert Sackville, eldest son of lord Buckhurst, the Sackvilles (he says) being not only patrons of learned men, but learned themselves: I am at a loss to whom to ascribe the poem signed H. B., and can offer no other opinion in respect to the author of the next, subscribed W. L., than what the compiler of the Bibliographia Poetica has given, that it might be William Lisle, the poetical translator of part of Du Bartas, and (which the compiler of the Bib. Poet. appears not to have known) of part of Heliodorus: the last poem bears a signature assumed by several writers in the age of Elizabeth; and I am unable to fix on the author. Todd.

If thou hast Beauty prayd, let her sole lookes di-
 vine
 Judge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her
 eye.
 If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
 Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy
queene anew.
 Meane while she shall perceive, how far her ver-
 tues sore
 Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote
 of yore:
 And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will;
 Whose vertue can not be exprest but by an angels
 quill.
 Of mee no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
 (Of all which speak our English tongue) but those
 of thy device.

W. R.

TO

THE LEARNED SHEPHEARD.

COLLYN, I see, by thy new taken take,
 Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
 That leads thy Muse in haughty verse to make,
 And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes;
 That liftes thy notes from shepherdes unto kinges:
 So like the lively lark that mounting sings.

Thy lovely RogaHnde seemes now forlorne;
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight:
 Thy chaunged hart now holds thy pypes in scorn,
 Those pretty pypes that did thy mutes delight;
 Those trusty mates that loved thee so well;
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet, as thou carst with thy sweets roundelayes
 Didste stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers;
 So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes
 Delight the daintie eares of higher powers.
 And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,
 Allow and grace our Collyns flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine!
 In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue sittes;
 Enfusing, by those bewties fyres divine,
 Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,
 As raised hath poore pastors outon reedes
 From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight with happy hand
 Victorious be in that faire islands right,
 (Which thou dost vayne in type of Faery land)
 Elizaes blessed field, that Albion hight: (foes,
 That shieldes her friendes, and yarrres her mightes
 Yet still with people, peace, and plentye, flows.

But, lolly shepheard, though with pleasing stile
 Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne;
 Let not conceits thy settled sence beguile,
 Ne daunted be through envy or disdain.
 Subject thy doome to her emptying spright,
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes
 light.

ROBYNOLL

FAVOR Themis streame, that from Ludds stately
 Runst paying tribute to the ocea seas, [towne
 Let all thy nymphes and syrens of renowne
 Be silent, while this Bryttane Orpheus playes:
 Nere thy sweet banks there lives that sacred crowne,
 Whose hand strokes palme and never-dying
 bayes.

Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,
 Present her with this worthy poets prayes:
 For he hath taught hys drifts in shepherdes weedes,
 And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deedes.

R. 2.

GRAVE Muses, march in triumph and with prayes;
 Our goddesse here hath given you leave to land;
 And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
 Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
 Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
 In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde:
 So did that great Augustus erri in Rosome
 With leaves of fame adorne his poets helde.
 Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Quene*,
 Even of the fairest that the world hath scene!

M. B.

WHEN stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
 And what revenge the states of Greece devis'd;
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warre to scape,
 In womans weedes himselfe he then disguis'd:
 But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,
 And brought him forth, the chauce of warre to try.

When Spenser saw the fame was spredd so large,
 Through *Faery land*, of their renowned *queene*;
 Leth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
 As in such haughty matter to be scene;

To seeme a shepheard, then he made his choice;
 But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
 From his rettyred life to menage armes:
 So Spenser was, by Sidney's speeches, wonne
 To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes:
 For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
 In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,
 Did win the palme from all the Grecian peeres:
 So Spenser now, to his immortal prayse,
 Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feeres.
 What though his taske exceed a humane witt;
 He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fit.

W. L.

To looke upon a worke of rare devise
 The which a workman setteth out to view,
 And not to yield it the deserved price
 That unto such a workmanship is dew,
 Doth either prove the indgement to be naught,
 Or els doth shew a mind with spy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
 Which no man goes about to discommend,
 Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke
 Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend:
 For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
 'T is needless for the boast to have a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my judgement to be such
 As can discerne of coloure blacke and white,
 As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,
 That never gives to any man his right;
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such
 As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore;
 (Not for to shew the goodnesse of the ware;
 But such hath bene the custome heretofore,
 And customes very hardly broken are;)
 And when your tast shall tell you this is true,
 Then looke you give your boast his utmost dew.

IGNOTO.

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE,

TO SEVERAL NOBLEMEN, &c.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON,

LORD HIGH CHAUNCELER OF ENGLAND, &c.

Those prudent heads that with their counsels wise,
Whylom the pillours of th' Earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne;
Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet lady Muses for to play:
So Ennius the elder Africane;
So Maro oft did Caesars cares allay.
So you, great lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdein of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged bow of carefull Policy;
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

E. S.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE LORD BURLEIGH,

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

To you, right noble lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent;
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdome's government,
(As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas mightie shoulders is upstayd)
Unfitly I these ydle rymes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from commune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receive,
And wipe their faults out of your censure grave.

E. S.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARLE OF OXFENFORD,

LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAYNE OF ENGLAND, &c.

Receive, most noble lord, in gentle grace,
The unripe fruit of an unready wit;
Which, by thy countenance, doth crave to be
Defended from foule Envies poisonous bit.

Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry
Under a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long living memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the love which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare:
Deare as thou art unto thyselfe, so love
That loves and honours thee; as doth bebove.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The sacred Muses have made alwaies claime
To be the nourcers of nobility,
And registres of everlasting fame,
To all that armes profess and chevalry.
Then, by like right, the noble progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
To embrace the service of sweet poetry,
By whose endevours they are glorified;
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the authour of their praise, [dide,
Which gives them life, that els would soone have
And crowne their ashes with immortal laies.
To thee therefore, right noble lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARLE OF CUMBERLAND.

Requeste lord, in whose courageous mind
The floure of chevalry, now blooming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind
Which of their praises have left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of vertue and of martial praise;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
(As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies)
Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which true honor ye may fashiond see,
To like desire of honor may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receive it, lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

VERSES ADDRESSED BY THE AUTHOR TO SEVERAL NOBLEMEN. 47

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE AND EXCELLENT LORD
THE EARLE OF ESSEX,

GREAT MAINTER OF THE HORSE TO HER HIGHNESSE, AND
KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MAGNIFICKS lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous poets witt
To be thy living praises instrument;
Yet doe not deigne to let thy name be writt
In this base poeme, for thee far unfit:
Nought is thy worth disparag'd thereby.
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing fitt,
Doe yet but flagg and lowly leape to fly,
With bolde wing shall flage alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene;
Then shall it make most famous memory
Of these hericks parts, such as they beene:
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To their first labours neede furtherance.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARLE OF ORMOND AND OSSORY.

RECEIVE, most noble lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath bred;
Which, being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is overpredd:
And, in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone,
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thyselfe hast thy brave mansion:
There indeede dwell faire graces many one,
And gentle nymphes, delights of learned wits;
And in thy person, without paragone,
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receive, dear lord, in worth, the fruit of barren
Soyle.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD CHARLES HOWARD,

LORD HIGH ADMIRALL OF ENGLAND, KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE
ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HER MAJESTIE'S
PRIVIE COUNSELL, &c.

Am ye, brave lord, whose goodly personage
And noble deeds, each other garuishing,
Make you ensample to the present age,
Of th' old heroes, whose famous offspring
The antique poets wout so much to sing;
In this same pagesunt have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, wozen insolent
Through many victories, dida first deface:
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

E. S.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE LORD OF HUNSDON,

HIGH CHAMBERLAINE TO HER MAJESTY.

RENOUMED lord, that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds, have your deserved place
High in the favour of that emperesse,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace;
Here eke of right have you a worthe place,
Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like case:
Of which, apparant proofe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deeme
Of northerne rebels you did pacify,
And their disloiall powre defaced cleane,
The record of enduring memory.
Live, lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honor may rehearse.

E. S.

TO THE MOST RENOWNED AND VALLANT LORD,

THE LORD GREY OF WILTON,

KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MOST noble lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muses pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live bound yours by vassalage;
(Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage)
Vouchsafe, in worth, this small gift to receive,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In savage soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlesse doome:
The which vouchsafe, dear lord, your favourable
doome.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD OF BUCKHURST,

ONE OF HER MAJESTIES PRIVIE COUNSELL.

Is vain I thinke, right honourable lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
Thy gracious soverains praises to compile,
And her imperiall majestie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And unadvised oversights amend.
But evermore vouchsafe, it to maintaine
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

*SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, KNIGHT,*PRINCIPALL SECRETARY TO HER MAJESTY, AND ONE OF HER
HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNSELL.

THAT Mantuans poets incompar'd spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
It first advaunt to great Augustus grace,
Might long perhaps have lien in silence base,
Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your patronage,
(That are the great Mecenas of this age,
As well to all that civil artes professe,
As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,
And crave protection of her feeblenesse:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her raise
In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD AND MOST VALLANT CAPTAIN,

SIR JOHN NORRIS, KNIGHT,

LORD RESIDENT OF MOONSTER.

Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the martiall crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shrif troupe, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to favour her then you,
Most noble lord, the honor of this age,
And precedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Temper'd with reason and advizement sage,
Hath fill'd sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;
In France and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately shak't the Lusitanian soile.
Sit then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
Love him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

*SIR WALTER RALEIGH,*LORD WARDEN OF THE STANNETTES, AND LIEUTENANT
OF CORNEWAILL.

To thee, that art the summers nightingale,
Thy sovaine goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,
That may thy tunefull rare unseason quite?
Thou only fit this argument to write, [howe,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her
And dainty Love leard sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unsavory and sowe,
To last the streames that, like a golden showre,
Flow from thy fruitfull head of thy love's praise;
Pitter perhaps to thunder martiall stowe,
Whenso thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:

Yet, till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Circe's praises be thus rudely shovne.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON. AND MOST VIRTUOUS LADY,

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,

REMEMBRANCE of that most heroicke spirit,
The Hevens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth (through immortal merit
Of his brave vertues) crown'd with lasting baies
Of heavenly blis and everlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet Delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me, most noble lady, to adore
His goodly image living evermore
In the divine assemblance of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And native beauty deck with heavenly grace:
For his, and for your owne especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to
take.

E. S.

TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS AND BEAUTIFULL LADY,

THE LADY CAREW.

NE may I, without blot of endless blame,
You, fairest lady, leave out of this place;
But, with remembrance of your gracious name,
(Wherewith that courtly gaudend most ye grace
And deck the world) adorn these verses base:
Not that these few lines can in them comprise
Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
And in subdued hearts do tyrannise;
(For therunto doth need a golden quill
And silver leaves, them rightly so devise;)
But to make humble present of good will:
Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
In ampler wise itselfe will forth display.

E. S.

TO ALL THE GRACIOUS AND BEAUTIFULL

LADIES IN THE COURT.

THE Chian painter, when he was requir'd
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect bew;
To make his worke more absolute, desir'd
Of all the fairest maides to have the vew.
Much more me needs, (to draw the semblant row
Of beauties queene, the worlds sole wonderment)
To sharpe my voice with sundry beauties vew,
And strale from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seeke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see
Then that brave court doth to mine eye present;
That the world's pride seemes gathered there to bee.
Of each a part I stole by cunning thefts:
Forgive it me, faire dames, since lesse ye have not
lefts.

E. S.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING THE
LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

LO! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepbeards weeds,
Am now unfast, a farre unflitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon braude emongst her learned throng:
Farre warres and faithful loves shall moralize my
song.

Help then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyde,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong: [tong:
O, helpe thou my weakie wit, and sharpen my dull

And thou, most dreeded impo of highest love,
Faire Venus scone, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And, with thy mother myide, come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle iollities arraid,
After his murderous spoyles and blondie rage allayd.

And with them eke, O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirroure of grace and majestic divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampeth throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a
while.

VOL. III.

CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
Foule Erroure doth defente;
Hypocrisis, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

A cruell knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shilde,
Wherein old dintes of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdainyng to the curbe to yield:
Full lolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters
fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweets sake that glorious badge he
wore,

And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Glorians to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippes, and ber grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did eate
To prove his paineance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

E

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a velle, that wimpied was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heaue sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queene, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And a; the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal feend with foule upore
Forwasted all their land, and them expell; [peld.
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far com-

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with hearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
And angry love an hidcous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain; [fain.
And this faire couple eke to sbroud themselves were

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that Heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest bred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of Forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funeral;

The laurell, meed of mighty conquerours
And poets sage; the firs that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlome paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The birch for shaftes; the saw for the mill;
The mirhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward
sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wades unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest woome,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings scene, [been.
That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
"Least suddaine mischief ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts; oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sr Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah, ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade: [vade."
Vertue gives her selfe light through darkness for to

"Yea but," quoth she, "the perill of this place
I better wot then you: Though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the Wandring Wood, this *Errours Den*,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware."—"Fly, fly," quoth then
The feareful dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought be staid;
But forth unto the darkness hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaine,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, fithie, foule, and full of vile disdain.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughes upbound,
Pointed with mortall sting: of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entrails.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay went in desert darkness to remaine, [plaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchard blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst;
The stroke down from her hand unto her shoulder
glannt.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd ;
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attouche her beaustly bodie raised
 With doubled forces high above the ground :
 Tho, wrapping up her wretched sterne arowd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse

[traine !

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cride out, " Now, now, sir Knight, shew what ye bee ;
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for griefe and high disdain ;
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her con-
 straine.

Therewith she sped out of her filthie maw
 A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping buld, and from her turne him backe :
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the wexy gras :
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale :
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly femall, of his fruitfull seed ; [reed.
 Such ugly monstrous shapcs elswhere may no man

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

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
 When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flocke to wewen wide,
 Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best ;
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
 All striving to inbize their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest ;
 But with his clownish bands their tender wings
 He brusheth off, and oft doth mar their murmuring.

Thus ill bestodd, and fearefull more of shame
 Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
 Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;
 And stroke at her with more then manly force,
 That from her body, full of filthie sin,
 He rapt her hatefull heade without remorse : [corse.
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly all with troublous feare
 Gatherd themselves about her body round,
 Weening their woeate entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth ; but, being there withstood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mothers blond ; [good.
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their

That detestable sight him much amaze,
 To see th' unkindly impes, of Heaven accurst,
 Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd,
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with falnesse burst,
 And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
 Of such, as drunke her life, the which them nurs !
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should
 contend.

His lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre,
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ;
 And saide, " Faire knight, borne under happiestarre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye ;
 Well worthie be you of that armory,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
 And proof'd your strength on a strong enimie ;
 Your first adventure : many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may !"

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
 And with the lady backward sought to wend :
 That path he kept, which beateu was most plaine,
 No ever would to any by-way bend ;
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to friend)
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought :
 Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

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

He faire the knight saluted, louing low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was ;
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
 " Ah ! my dear sonne," quoth he, " how should, alas !
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
 With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

" But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
 Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
 " Of such," saide he, " I chiefly doe inquire ;
 And shall thee well reward to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wilderness
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distressa."
"Now," saide the ladie, "draweth toward night;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forecared be; fur what so stroug,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sunne, that measures Heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves
among.

"Then with the Sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
"Right well, sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night." The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A litle lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly went to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth away.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
No looke for entertainment, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast [biddes.
Sweet slombing deaw, the which to sleep them
Unto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amidst
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepey minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame:
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes grisly dame;
And cursed Heaven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle fyes,
Fluttering about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applies,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enemies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message tooo,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the Earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, [spread.
Whiles and Night over him her mantle black doth

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is woot to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownd deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drieling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the soune
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from ennyes.

The messenger approaching to him spake;
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to sprake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
breake.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threaten'd unto him the dreaded name
Of Heecat: wherent he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false Dreame, that can elude the sleepers sent."

The god obeyde; and, calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose senses all were straight benumbd and starke.
He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull lark;
And on his litle winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
 Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy;
 In sort as he him schooled privily.
 And that new creature, borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers gaule, with usage aly
 He taught to imitate that lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;
 And, comming where the knight in slouber lay,
 The one upon his hardie head him presse,
 And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play;
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.
 Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
 Her chaste hart had subdewd to faine dame Pleasures toy.

And she her selfe, of beautie sovereigne queene,
 Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
 To bee the chastest floure that eye did spring
 On earthly branch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose feman to vile service bound:
 And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen to Hymen, dauncing all around;
 Whylist freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crowned.

In this great passion of unworted lust,
 Or worted feare of doing ought amis,
 He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
 Lo, there before his face his ladie is,
 Under blacke stole hyding her bayted booke;
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
 With gentle blandishment and lovely looke, [took.
 Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
 And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 He thought heave slaine her in his fierce despight;
 But, hastie heat temping with sufferance wise,
 He stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advice
 To prove his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
 Wringing her hands, in wemens pittocous wise,
 Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And said, "Ah, sir, my liege lord, and my love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 And mightie causes wrought in Heaven above,
 Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
 For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
 Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,
 You, whom my hard avenging destinie
 Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently:

"Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
 My fathers kingdom"—There she stopt with teares;
 Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave;
 And then againe began; "My weaker yeares,
 Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
 Let me not die in languor and long teares."

"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismayd?" [frayd]"
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort, me af-

"Love of yourselfe," she saide, "and deare constraint,

Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
 In secret anguish and unpitied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."
 Her doubtful words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth; yet since no' untruth he knew,
 Her fawning love with foule disdainfull spight
 He would not shend; but said, "Deare dame, I rew,
 That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you
 grew:

"Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
 For all so deare, as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
 Ne let vaine feare procure your needless smart,
 Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
 Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words, that could not chose but please:
 So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull wearines of former fight
 Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
 That troublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
 With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
 But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spright he backe returned
 againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great enchanter parts
 The Redcrosse knight from Truth:
 Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
 And workes him woefull ruth."

By this the northerne wagoner had set
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
 That was in ocean-waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To all that in the wide deepe wandring erre;
 And chearefull chaunticlers with his note shrill
 Had warn'd once, that Phoebus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
 Full envious that Night so long his roome did fill:

When those accursed messengers of Hell,
 That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
 Their bootlesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
 Who, all in rage to see his skillfull might
 Deluded so, gan threaten hallich paine
 And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
 But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful booke againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated Faire,
 And that false other spright, on whom he spred
 A seeming body of the subtle aire,
 Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
 His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;
 Those two he tooke, and in a secreete bed,
 Covered with darkness and misdoering night,
 Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
 Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
 And to him calls; " Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
 That here wax old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
 Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:
 Come, see where your false lady doth her honor
 staine."

All in a maze he suddenly up start
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,
 Where that false couple were full closely ment
 In wanton lust and leud embracment:
 Which when he saw, he burnt with zealous fire;
 The eie of reason was with rage yblent;
 And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

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

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
 Had spread her purple robe through dewy aire;
 And the high hills Titan discovered;
 The royall virgin shooke off drousyhed:
 And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her dwarfe, that wont to waite each howre:—
 Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woefull
 stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede,
 As her slowre beast could make; but all in vaine:
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
 But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine,
 Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

But subtil Archimago, when his guests
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
 (Th' end of his drift,) he praised his divelish arts,
 That had such might over true-meaning harts:
 Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke unto her further smart:
 —For her he hated as the hissing snake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then devise himselfe how to disguise;
 For by his mighty science he could take
 As many formes and shapies in seeming wise,
 As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
 That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away, O who can tell [spell!
 The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magic

But now seemde best the person to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:—
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield; upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bunch of beares discoloured diversly.
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel adrest;
 And, when he sate upon his courser free, [to be:
 Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him

But he, the knight, whose semblant he did beare,
 The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and zealous feare:
 Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meeete upon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armed to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
 Purfied with gold and pearle of rich assay;
 And like a Persian mitre on her hed
 Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
 With tinell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

With faire disport, and courting dalliance,
 Shee intertaine her lover all the way;
 But, when she saw the knight his speare advance,
 Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And had her knight address him to the fray;
 His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride,
 And hope to winne his ladies hearts that day,
 Forth spurred fast; adowne his courser side [ride.
 The red blood trickling stained the way, as he did

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards side:
 Soone meeets they both, both fell and furious,
 That, daunted with their forces hideous,
 Their steels doe stagger, and amazed stand;
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe baake rebate, and each to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced floeke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Doe meeets, that, with the terrour of the shocke
 Astonied, both stand seelelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the banging victory:
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
 Each others equall puissance envies,
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to percee; reaping courage yields
 No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
 And streams of purple blood new die the verdant
 fields.

"Course on that crosse," noth then the Sarazin,
 "That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
 Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarded itt:
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hide thy head." Therewith upon his orret
 With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it bewd out of the rest,
 And glancing downe his shield from blame him
 fairly blest.

Who, therat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of native vertue gan effsoones revive;
 And, at his haughty helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head: he, tumbling downe alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother Earth did kis,
 Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
 With the fraile flesh; at last it fitted in,
 Whether the soules doe fly of men, that live amis.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
 Staid out to waile his woefull funerall;
 But from him fled away with all her powre:
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
 The Sarazins shield, signe of the conquerour:
 Her sooner he overtooke, and bad to stay:
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

Shee turning backe, with rusfull countenance,
 Cride, "Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty will." Her humblesse low
 In so ritche weedes, and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;
 And said, "Deare dame, your suddain overthrow
 Much rueth me; but now put feare apart, [part."
 And tel, both who ye be, and who that looke your

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament,
 "The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry Heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
 Was, (O what now availth that I was!)
 Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;
 He that the wide west under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

"He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
 Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was never prince so mecke and debonaire!
 But, ere my hoped day of spousall sbone,
 My dearest lord fell from high honors staire
 Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
 And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone!

"His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, conveyed,
 And fro me hid; of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to mee unhappy maid,
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
 Then forth I went his woefull course to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow; whose deepe-wounded mind
 With love long time did languish, as the stricken hind,

"At last it chanced this proud Shrazin
 To meeete me wandring; who perforce me led
 With him away; but yet could never win
 The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
 The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansjoy; [slay.
 And twist them both was born the bloody bold San-

"In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
 Now miserable I Fidesse dwell,
 Craving of you, in pitty of my state,
 To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
 He in great passion all this while did dwell,
 More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,
 Then his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell;
 And said, "Faire lady, hart of flint would row
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe that did you molest:
 Better new friend then an old foe is said."
 With change of cheer the seeming-simple maid
 Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gnosaid.
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh
 derth.

Long time they thus together traveled;
 Til, weary of their way, they came at last
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did sprad
 Their armes abroad, with gray moose overcast;
 And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
 Made a calme shadowe far in compass round:
 The feareful shepherd, often there aghast,
 Under them never sat, he went there sound
 His merry oaten pipe; but stand th' unucky ground.

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

Faire-seemely pleasure each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
 And in his falsed faney he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that lived yit;
 Which to expresse, he bende his gentle wit;
 And, thinking of those branches greene to frame
 A girland for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bougt; out of whose rife there came
 Smal drops of gory blood, that trickled down the
 same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
 Crying, "O spare with guilty haunts to teare
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
 But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
 O too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"
 Aston'd he stood, and up his heare did move;
 And with that suddain horror could no member move.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake:
"What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtful eares these speeches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to
spare?"

Then, groning deep; "Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
"Nor guilefull sprite, to thee these words dothaspake;
But once a man Fradubio, now a tree;
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plant in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines;
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me
paines."

"Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
Quoth then the knight; "by whose mischievous arts
Art thou mishapen thus, as now I see?
He oft studs medicine who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts;
As raging flames who striveth to suppress."
"The author then," said he, "of all my smarte,
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse, [nesse.
That many errant knights hath brought to wretched-

"In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
With whome as once I rode accompanye,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire lady by his syde;
Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde;

"Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceeded farr;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.
So both to battell fierce arraunged arr;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare; such is the dye of warre.
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

"So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee;
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Frelissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

"The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile;
And, by her hellish science, raisd straight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in
place.

"Then cride she out, 'Fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight:
O leave her soone, or let her moone be staine!
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have killd her; but with feigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold:
So left her, where the now is turnd to treyn mould."

"Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my dame,
And in the witch unweeting ioyd long time;
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same:
Till on a day (that day is everia prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime,)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

"Her nether partes mishapen, monstrous,
Were bidd in water, that I could not see;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleewe to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeared safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

"The divelish hag, by changes of my cheare,
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drown'd in sleepe night,
With wick'd herbes and oyntments did besmeare
My body, all through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now enclosed in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we
waste."

"But how long time," said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
"We may not change," quoth he, "this evill
Till we be bathed in a living well: [plight,
That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
"O how," said he, "mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?"
"Time and sufficd fates to former kynd [bynd."
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us un-

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her fownd.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all pass'd feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did
bear.

CANTO III.

Forsoaken Troth long seeks her love,
And makes the lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and falls
In hand of leachour vylda.

Nowhere is there under Heav'n's wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blynd,
Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Felle my hart perit with so great agooey,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaces sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves dery'd to that vile witches
shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forsoaken, sofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtly betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchanter
wrought,

Had her abandon'd: she, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wash'd tydings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unbestie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrette shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her mote aside: her angels face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushe'd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have atonce devour'd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswag'd with remorse,
And, with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
As he her wronged innocence did weat.

O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did abed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Gnooth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:—
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the god of my life? why hath he me abbord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd:
From her fayre eyes he took commaundement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Long she thus travell'd through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold
pas,

Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine bore:
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weat, if dwelling place were nigh at hand:
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand:
Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddain feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, no ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night; nought could she say;
But, suddain catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arriv'd there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did require:

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater noster* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painfull penance more,
Thrice every weeke in babes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrise-three times did fast from any bitt:
But now for feare her bonds shee did forgett.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Paire Una framed words and countraunce fitt:
Which hardly doem, at length shee gan them pray,
That in their cottage small that night shee rest her
may.

The day is spent; and commeth drowis night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe:
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And-at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, shee does lament, and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare-loved knight,
And sighes, and groans, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night; [sight.
All night shee thinks too long, and often lookes for

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Castiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe d.d drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelfta, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept;
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cooning sleights in at the window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome used that few did know,
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett;
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett;
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entering is; when that disdainfull beast,
Encountering Serce, him sudden doth surprize;
And, seking cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly bath suppress.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight;
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishapen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;
And on their former journey forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long-wandring Greecke,
That for his love refused deiteye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did bye; [nye.
Then furthest from her hope, when most shee weened

Soone as shee parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their bresta, and naked flesh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill:

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the floure of faith and chastity:
And still, amidst her rayling, shee did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;
And that in endlesse error shee might ever stray.

But, when shee saw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe returned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boost;
But subtile Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have toste:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

Therewith shee gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and ralle, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlott shee too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chauce,
And after for that lady did inquire;
Which being taught, he forward gan advance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed
lance.

Ere long he came where Una traveld slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when shee him spyde,
By bis like-seeming shield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh shee wist it was the same; [came:
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee

And weeping said, " Ah my long-lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abbord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might;
That should as death unto my deare heart light:
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is: [blis!"
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of

He thereto meeting said, " My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me loved still,
And chouse in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on Earth.
The Earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, ybora of heavenly berth.

" And sooth to say, why I lefts you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint
appease."

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving houre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shoe has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies he fixt before. [so sora
Before her stands her knight, for whom she tyld

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
And long time having tand his lawney hide
With blustering breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His ebearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nerens crownes with cups; his mates him
pledg around.

Each joy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' encheunter joyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watrie wilderness;
He huries out vows, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they part; and all the way they spent
Discouraging of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the lyon ment;
Who told, her all that fell in journey, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
That through his fiercnesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yrou did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde:
And on his shield *Saxs* loy in bloody lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the red crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burst in fire; and gan estoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dist of deadly steele:
But yet his lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap be gan to seele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron
heele.

But that proud Pynim forward came so fierce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He tumbling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of blood did gush.

D'smounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; " Lo, there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
The black infernal Furies doen aslake: [thee take."
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, " O hold that heave hand,
Dear-sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish stand
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
For he is one the trust knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land;
And, whilst him fortune favoured, fayre did thrive
In bloody field; therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wonderd at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

And said, " Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend arises?"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit; which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amazed stands, herselfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Pynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to fie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey plucked, her visage to behold,

But her fier servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdain, whenas his sovaine dame
So sudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weede the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He bath his shield redeemd; and forth his swerd he
drawes.

O then, too weak and feeble was the force
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand
For he was strong, and of so mightie coorse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand;
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death opprest
He rovd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborre
breast.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd; her hope dismayd;
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdainful sight
Her vildy entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light: [might.
Her prayers nought prevailer: his rage is more of

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaints, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancour, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, no ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe.
More mild in beastly kind, than that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
a gydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy
Doth challeng him to fight.

Yonge knight whatever, that dost armes profess,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of sicklenesse,
In choise, and change, of thy deare-loved dame;
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweeing doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love; [prove.
That doth this Rederosse knights ensample plainly

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie;
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposed to be;
Long with her travaild; till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be;
And towards it a broad high way that led, [ed.
All bare through peoples feet, which thether travell-

Great trouper of people travaild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace;
For she is wearie of the toilsom way;
And also nigh consumed is the kingrip day.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them diplayed,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismayd:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a diall told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt:
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did sitt
And fall away, it mounted was full high:
That every breath of Heaven shaked itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter high,
Cald Malvenis, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the lady of that pallace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endless riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Pernia selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw: and there a noble crew
Of lords and ladies stood on every side, [beautifide.
Which, with their presence fayre, the place much

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sat, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene that shone, as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelous pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fayrest childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
Through highest Heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement wayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyes,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to
shyne.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to Heaven; for Earth she did disdain:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo, underneath her soornefull feet was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,
 And sad Proserpina, the queene of Hell;
 Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pass
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
 And thundring Iove, that high in Heaven doth dwell
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre;
 Or if that any else did Iove excell;
 For to the highest she did still aspyre;
 Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
 That made her selfe a queene, and crownd to be;
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
 But did usurpe with wroong and tyrannie
 Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
 Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong aduizement of six wisards old, [hold.
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did up-

Sonne as the Elfm knight in presence came,
 Ann false Duessa, seeming lady fayre,
 A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne; where they, on humble knees
 Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

With lustie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 She thanked them in her disdainfull wise;
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
 Of princesse worthy; scarce them bad arise.
 Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
 Some frownde their curled beare in courtly guise;
 Some prancke their ruffes; and others trimly dight
 Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does
 spight.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
 Right glad with him to have increasd their crew;
 But to Duessa each one himselfe did payne
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
 For in that court whylome her well they knew:
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great princesse too exceeding proud,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

Sudden upriseth from her stately place
 The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
 All horten forth; and she, with princely pace,
 As faire Aurora, in her purple peill,
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
 So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze: [amaz.
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold and girfonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Inaces golden chayre; the which, they say,
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To loves high hous through Heavens bras-paved way,
 Drawne of fayre peecoeks, that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six unequal beasts,
 On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obey their bestiall beheasta,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guye,
 Was sluggish Idlennesse, the nurse of sin;
 Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin;
 Like to an holy wouck, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein litle redd;
 For of devotion he had litle care,
 Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd:
 Scarce could he once uphold his heave bedd,
 To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went or else
 astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise;
 For everie worke he challenged esoyne,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
 By which he grew to grievous malady:
 For in his lustlesse limbs, through evil gulse,
 A shaking fever raignd continually:
 Such one was Idlennesse, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
 And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge, that all did him detest.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
 For other clothes he could not wear for healte:
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
 Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a brouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:
 In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

Unfit he was for any wordly thing,
 And eke unhabie once to stirre or go;
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his friend he seeldome knew his fo:
 Full of diseases was his carcas blow,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misliet daily greater grew:
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
 Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,
 And whally eyes, (the signe of gelousy)
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare;
 Unseemely man to please fair ladies eye:
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by:
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy!

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of raine follies and new-fanglenesse:
For he was false, and fraught with sicknesse;
And learned had to love with secret lookes;
And well could dance; and sing with ruefulness;
And fortunes tell; and read in loving bookes:
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshy hookes.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But loyd weake womens hearts to tempt, and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which leednes filld him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evil, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told:
For of his wicked self his god he made,
And unto Hell him selfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade; [waide.
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance

His life was nigh unto deathes dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarce good morrell all his life did taste;
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise; [pore;
Whose welth was want; whose plenty made him
Who had enough, yet wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous goot tormented him full sore;
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band!

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbors welth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But, when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, yppaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes:
Still as he rode, he gnast his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitye;
Of proud Lucifer, and his owne companie.

He bated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And, who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets writ
He does backbite, and spitefull poison spurs
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ:
Such one vile Envy was, that fifts in row did sit.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his bed:
His eies did hurle forth sparkes fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held, [sweld.
Trembling through hasty rage, when cholour in him

His rusin raiment all was stained with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent;
Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But, when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wisfull man, he never would forecast, [hast.
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse

Full many mischieves follow cruell Wrath;
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despight with Rancours rusty knife;
And fretting Griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
The swelling Spleene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Frances fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this uglydly tire.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the leasy teame,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showing for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone
astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aere,
And in fresh blowing fields themselves to sport;
Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so high repaire,
Him selfe estranging from their joyance vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike waikes.

So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasance of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,
And leathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writt *Seras toy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardyhed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

Who, when the shamed shield of sleine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Fary champions page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatched away;
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
And, him rencounting fierce, reawed the noble
pray.

Therewith they ran to hirtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darraigne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on by;
That with their sturte they troubled all the traine:
Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that euseven might,
Commanded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

"Ah, dearest dame," quoth then the Paynim hold,
"Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
(No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shamefull treason,) who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight, that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap
disdayn.

"And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
That—brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O queene, who equall favour showe."
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but sword, to plead
his right:

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledg,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they pasted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
Feasting and courtng both in bowre and hall;
For steward was excessive Gylttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest
them call.

Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtain over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleape from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent
pace:

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speeches seeming fitt,
"Ah deare Sansfoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy;

loyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd, to thinke how foe did him destroy
That was the fowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; "I learne that lide sweet
Offt tempred is," quoth she, "with muchell smart:
For, since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavy
stowe.

"At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this faise faytor, who unworthie ware
His wartheie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave;
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

"But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowering
cloud,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restless spight,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth end-
lesse move."

Thereto said he, "Faire dame, be nought dismayd
For sorrowes past; your griefe is with them gone.
Ne yet of present perill be afraid:
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helpelesse hap it booteth not to moene.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep to
grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

"O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth shee,
"Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what oddes can ever bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yeeld?"
"Yea, but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed
shield,
And eke enchanted armes, that none can perde;
Ne none can wound the man, that does them
wield."

"Charmd or enchanted," answerd he then fierce,
"I no whit reck; ne you the like need to reherce."

"But, faire Fidessa, sitheas fortunes guile,
Or enemies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
Till morrow next, that I the elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."
"Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
"With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obeyd.

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe ;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to Hell does goe.

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devising, how that doughtie tournament
With greatest honour be atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning
light.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest Heaven gan to open fayre ;
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing furth, shaking his deawie hayre ;
And hurid his glistering beames through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, straightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array ;
For with that Pagan prood he combatt will that
day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall ;
Where early waite him many a gazing eye,
To weat what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many minstres maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy ;
And many bards, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly ;
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a
lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wovon maile all armed warily ;
And steruly looks at him, who not a pin
Dwes care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily ;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
To observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assayed.

At last forth comes that far renowned queene,
With royall pomp and princely maiestie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canopies,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open view
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew :
Both those, the lawrell girlouds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trompet soundd from on hye,
And unto battail bad themselves address :
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades do blesse,
The instraments of wrath and beaviness :
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do im presse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle :
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and
fraile.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great ;
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fier, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dresded thunders threat :
For all for praise and honour did he fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat ;
That from their shieldes forth flyeth fire-light,
And helmets, hewen deepe, shew marks of either
might.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right :
As when a gryfyn, seized of his pray,
A dragon fiere encountreth in his fight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away :
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the Heavens affray :
The wise southayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortal fight.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right ;
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe :
The cruell steels so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, the streames of blood down flow ;
With which the armes, that erst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His sudden eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby :
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said ; " Ah ! wretched soone of wofull ayre,
Dost thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre ?
And, sluggish german, dost thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake ?

" Go, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandering woe :
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twice he reeled, reddie twice to fall :
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on ; and lowd to him gan call [all !"
The false Duessa, " Thin the shield, and I, and

Soone as the Faerie heard his ladie speake,
Out of his swowing dreame he gan awake ;
And quickning faith, that erst was wovon weak,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake ;
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

And to him said ; " Goe now, proud miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare ;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want :
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine ; when lo ! a darkesome cloud
Upon him fell ; he no where doth appeare,
But vnaight is. The Elfe him calls aloud,
But answer none receives ; the darkness him does
shroud.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running sayd; "O prowest knight,
That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight
And hoodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield and glory
yours!"

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought, all round about, his thirsty blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on him;
And running heraks humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that sovaine queene;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service scene:
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on high,
That all the ayre it fills, and flies to Heaven bright.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To saive his hurts, that yet still freshly bleed.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embasme on everie side.
And all the while most heavenly meedoy
About the bed sweet musick did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traveller, that straves
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unware;
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an others cares.

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in loves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, no lenger would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen knight,
In slombing srownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the casterne coast of Heaven makes speedy
way:

Where grisly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never view,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth coming from her darksome mew;
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charret stood,
Already hatnesed for journey new,
And coie-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were
wood.

VOL. III.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
(For never did such brightnes there appeare)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying; "Yet, O thou dreading dame, I crave
Abye, till I have told the message which I have."

She stayd; and forth Duessa gan procede;
"O thou, most sunccient grandmother of all,
More old than love, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of gods caelestiall;
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
And sawt the secrets of the world unmade;
Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo, where the stout Samioy doth sleepe in deadly
shade!"

"And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Avengeies sonnes so evill beare?
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
When two of three her nephewes are so fowle for-
lorne?"

"Up, then; up, dreary dame, of darkness queene;
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe, them avenge; and let be seene
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of fayre Light defoece."
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and change in that great mothers face:
Yet pity in her hart was never prov'd
Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

And said, "Deare daughter, rightly may I rewe
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes enswe:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to loves eternall seat?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinks to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad cheate.

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?"
"I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,"
Quoth she, "how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame."

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; "In that fayre face
The false resemblance of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darkness place
Could it discerne; though I the mother bee
Of Falshood, and roots of Duesses race.
O welcome, child, whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unware! Lo, now I go with
thee."

F

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the fowle welfavoured witch :
 Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
 Her twyfold teme (of which two blacks as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
 Unless she chaunst their stubborn mouths to twitch;
 Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay
 Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
 And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
 His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
 They binden up so wisely as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be heald :
 So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay ;
 As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
 And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 With dreary shriekes did also her bewray ;
 And hungry wolves continually did howle
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
 To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole :
 By that same hole an cotraunce, darke and bace,
 With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
 Descends to Hell: there creature never past,
 That backe returned without heavenly grace ;
 But dreadful furies, which their chaines have brass,
 And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men
 aghast.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
 Their mournfull charett, filld with rusty blood,
 And downe to Plutoes house are come hillive :
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
 With stonie eies ; and all the hellish brood
 Of feeds infernall flockt on every side, [ride.
 To gaze on erilly wight, that with the Night durn.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully ;
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
 Cursing high love, the which them thither sent.
 The House of endless Paine is built therehy,
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venomous ;
 And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
 And felly guarre, untill Dayes enemy
 Did him appease : then downe his taile he hong,
 And sufferd them to passe quietly ;
 For she in Hell and Heaven had power equally.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the queene of Heaven to sin ;
 And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reale
 Arainst an hill, ne might from labour lin ;
 There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin ;
 And Tityus fed a vultur on his naw ;
 Typhceus ioynts were stretched on a gin ;
 Theseus condemn'd to endless slouth by law ;
 And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them ; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part ;
 Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart
 Emprison'd was in chaines remédlesse ;
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
 That went in charett chace the foming bore :
 He all his peeres in beauty did surpas ;
 But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore :
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more ;
 But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
 Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,
 And with her gealous termes his open carce abusd :

Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast :
 From surging gulf two monsters straight were
 brought ;
 With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast
 Both charett swift and huntsman overcast.
 His goodly corse, on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
 That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was done,
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th' innocence of her soone.
 Which hearing, his rash syre began to read
 His heare, and hasty tong that did offend :
 Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
 By Dianes meases who was Hippolyts friend,
 Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
 Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
 When love avizd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew again,
 Of endless life he might him not deprive ;
 But unto Hell did thrust him downe alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore :
 Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
 Himselfe with salves to healt for to restore
 And slake the heavenly fire that ragéd evermore.

There ancient Night arriving did alight
 From her night-weary wayne, and in her armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight :
 Whom having softly diseraid of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching h'm with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salve, or oyle, or herbe, or charme,
 A furdome wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

"Ah, dame," quoth he, "thou temptest me in vaine
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rewe;
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from Heav'n dew,
Here endless penance for one fault I pay;
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest me to eke? can Night defray
The wrath of thundring love, that rules both Night
and Day?"

"Not so," quoth she; "but, sith that Heav'n's king
From hope of Heaven hath thee excluded quite,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowned some
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne [downe.]
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be

Her words prevaild: and then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things els, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd darkness, and let stay
Aveugles soune there in the leaches cure;
And, backe retourning, took her wouted way
To roame her timely race, whilst Phocbus pure
In western waves his weary wagon did recure.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pryde:
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence; albee (his woundes wyde
Not thoroughly heald) unready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spyde
Where, in a dungeon deepe, huge numbers lay
Of captive wretched thralls, that wayled night and
day;

(A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie.)
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitee;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that dungeon mercilesse, [cease.
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretched-

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him, as onely God, to call upon;
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great riches store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Armons soune be magnifide; [dide.
Till, scorn'd of God and man, a shamefull death he

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carcases of beastes in butchers stall.
And, in another corner, wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romances fall:
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin; and too lord'y Lentulus;
Stout Scipio; and stubborn Hanniball;
Ambitious Sylla; and sterne Marius;
High Caesar; great Pompey; and fiers Antonius.

Amongst these mightie men were women mixt,
Proud women, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfit
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke:
Fayre Sthenobea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chold, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of asp's sting her selfe did stoutly kill: [fill.
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon

Besides the endless routes of wretched thralls,
Which thether were assembled, day by day,
From all the world, after their wofull falles
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
But most, of all which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres;
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriflesse howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy
stowres.

Whose case whenas the careful dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister; he no longer would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to Heaven wyde,
He by a privy postern toke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde.

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corpes, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall; [fall.
Which, al through that great princesse Pryde, did
And came to shamefull end: and them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castoll wall,
A donghill of dead carcases he spyde;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad House of Pryde.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation docs adore,
And learns her wise behest.

As when a ship, that flies fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile;
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse coage of this Elish knight,
Having except so sad ensamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was, that his too hasty speed
The fayre Duesse had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind;
Yet cryme in her could never creature find:
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wandred bad from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake;
Till her unswares the fiere Sansloy did overtake:

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures wilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while;
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhorre;
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet, for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the veile that hong her face before:
Then gan her beauntie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beauly hart t'enforce her chastitie.

So when he saw his flatter'ng artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he woend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah Heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Doeth throw outthrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
(The last vaine helpe of womens greate distresse)
And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes;
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phoebus, flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight
Can now devise to quitt a threll from such a plight?

Small Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her selfe a way!
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From Lyons claws to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outeryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resound:
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whyles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sounnd:

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsook their rural meriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noyce,
To weet what wght so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld woodgods, arrivd in the place,
There find the virgin, doofull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbed face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state;
All stand astonied at her beauntie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake.
As when a greedy wolfe, through hunger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every linc
With change of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling bart;
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning foreheads, with rough hornes yclad
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently grinning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and, feare to put away, [obay.
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twist feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late leard what harme to hasty trust enuith:
They, in compassion of her tender youth
And wonder of her beauntie soverayne,
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with
count'nance fayne.

Their harts she ghasseth by their humble guise,
And yeldes her to extremitie of time:
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They, all as glad as brdes of ioyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;
And, with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as queene with olive girlond ground.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woodes with doubled rechho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyses awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypruse stade stout;
And with an yrie twyne his waste is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flowre of fayth and beauntie excellent:
The god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryopt now he thynkes not faire,
And Pholoe folde, when her to this he doth com-
pare.

The wood-borne people fall befor her flat,
 And worship her as goddesse of the wood;
 And old Sylvaus selfe bethinkes not, what
 To thinke of wight so fayre; but gazing stood
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
 Sometimes dame Venus selfe be seemes to see;
 But Venus never had so sober mood:
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
 But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

By vew of her he gisneth to revive
 His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
 And how he slew with glaencing dart amisse
 A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse:
 For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy;
 But pyed away in anguish and selfewild annoy.

The woody nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
 Her to behold do thether runne apace;
 And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
 Flocke all about to see her lovely face:
 But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
 They envy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
 But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind. [find.
 And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on Earth they

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes;
 And long time with that salvage people stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseries.
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
 And made her th' image of idolatryes:
 But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
 From her own worship, they her asse would wor-
 ship fayn.

It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight
 By iust occasion to that Forrest came
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
 From whence he tooke his wel-deserved name:
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
 And fid far landes with glorie of his might;
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right:
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

A satyres sonne yborne in Forrest wyld,
 By strange adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a lady myld,
 Fayre Thyana the daughter of Labryde;
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
 Who had more ioy to rounge the Forrest wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with basie payne,
 Then serve his ladies love, and waste in pleasures
 vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing barme,
 And could not lacke her lovers company;
 But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
 And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly
 And follows other game and venery:
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;
 And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyal linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captive to his usual desyre;
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:
 Then home he suffred her for to retyre;
 For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe:
 Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
 He noursed up in life and maners wilde, [exilide.
 Amongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Upon the lyon and the rugged beare;
 And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
 And eke wyld roring buls he would him make
 To tame, and ryde their backs not made to beare;
 And the robuckes in fight to overtake:
 That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,
 That his owne syre and maister of his guise
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
 And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
 The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
 The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the libbard sterne
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

And, for to make his powre approved more,
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
 The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
 The pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
 The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell;
 And them constraine in equell teme to draw.
 Such ioy he had their stubbornne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw;
 That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes and cruell pastime done;
 When after him a lyoness did runne,
 That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
 The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
 Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perawaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say:
 " Ah, Satyrane, my dearing and my ioy,
 For love of me leave off this dreadfull play:
 To dally thus with death is no fit toy: [boy."
 Go, find some other play-feloves, mine own sweet

In these and like delights of bloody game
 He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
 And there abode, whylst any beast of game
 Walkt in that Forrest, whom he had not taught
 To feare his force: and then his courage haught
 Desyrd of forruine formes to be knowne,
 And far abroad for strange adventures sought;
 In which his might was never overthrowne;
 But through al Faery land his famous worth was
 blowe.

Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and offspring auncient.
And now he thether came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Strange lady, in so strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around, [dound.
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did re-

He wondred at her wisdome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And lov'd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learn'd her discipline of faith and verity.

But she, all vowd unto the Redecrosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise, [arise.
How with that pensive maid he best might thence

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their servise to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe;
In vaine he seeks that, having, cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with careful paine, [plaine.
That they the woods are past, and come now to the

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveld had, whenas they far espide;
A weary wight forwarding by the way;
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redecrosse;
But he, them spying, gan to turne aside;
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedily they of newes fast towards him do
crosse.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveld many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabia and Ynde;
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind [bind.
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did

The knight, appoching nigh, of him inquired
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to ake, if ought he knew
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a crosiet red. [rew
"Ay me! deare dame," quoth he, "well may I
To tell the sad sight which mine eyes have red; [ded."
These eyes did see that knight both living and eke

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddain cold did roume through every vaide,
And stony horrour all her senses fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, womne from death, she had him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griepe: [chief.
The lesser pangis can beare, who hath endur'd the

Then gan the pilgrim thus; "I channst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:
My feareful flesh did tremble at their arise,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life:
What more? the Redecrosse knight was slain with
Paynim knife."

"Ah! dearest lord," quoth she, "how might that
And he the stoutest knight, that ever woune?" [lee,
"Ah! dearest dame," quoth he, "how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?"
"Where is," said Satyrane, "that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of ioy, hath refie?"
"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth woune,
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left [were cleft."
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele-

Therewith the knight then marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse oppress,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And some he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud himselve did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side;
Even he it was, that erst would have suppress
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochful words he boldly him defide;

And said, "Arise, thou cursed miscreant, [train,
That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous
Faire knight hood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redecrosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field;

And, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! misborn Elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redecrosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene, where erst his armes were lent,
Th' enchaunter vaine his error should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew."

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiercely to assaile
Each other, bent his enmy to quell;
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrows in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pittie any living eie:
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hangred after death; both chose to wite, or die.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathe lett;
And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renewe.
As when two hores, with ranceling malice mett,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So bersly, when these knights had breathe'd once,
They gan to fight retourne; increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attooce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then before;
That with their dreary wounds, and bloody gore,
They both deformed, scarce'y could bee known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire was
thrown,
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had
sown.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin;
And lefte the doubtfull battel hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his sie:
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other business plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said;

"O foolish Faeries soone, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most uncessesse man he, that himselfe doth hate
To love another: lo then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."
So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afraid.

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

CANTO VII.

The Redecrosse knight is captive made
By gyaunt proud opprest:
Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which Deceit doth makee in visour faire,
And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shap she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
The false Duesse, cloked with Fidessas name.

Who when, returning from the dreary Night,
She found not in that perillous Hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble redecrosse knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no lenger hyde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage atr.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the treunbling leaves full gently
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd [playes,
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd:
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempting faire, soure gall with
bony sweet.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasure of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wout to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

The cause was this: one day, when Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow; [grow.
And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And, lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Drooke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle,
His changed powres at first themselves not felt;
Till cruded cold his corage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Poured out in loanesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the Earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstart lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
And hideous gyaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his talloose seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groined under him for dread:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 And blustering Æolus his boasted syre; [pas,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
 And fild beg hidden caves with surmie yre,
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women do expyre,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
 Pufft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull
 cryme.

So grown great, through arrogant delight
 Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knight hood he did scorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man for'orne,
 And left to lose; his stalking steps are stayde
 Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made [mayde.
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen be dis-

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towardes him with dreadfull fury prounce;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace and battaile to darraigne,
 Disarmed, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
 And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
 Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble made,
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single
 blade.

The geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
 And, were not heavenly grace that did him lesse,
 He had bene pondred all, as thin as flowre;
 But he was wary of that deadly stowe,
 And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
 Yet so exceeding was the velleins powre,
 That with the winde it did him overthrow,
 And all his senses stood, that still he lay full low.

As when that divelish yron engin, wrought
 In deepest Hell, and fram'd by Furies skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ram'd with boillet rowd, ordain'd to kill,
 Conceiveth fyre; the Heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of dusky stinking smoke;
 That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escap't
 the stroke.

So daunted when the geaunt saw the knight,
 His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
 Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye;
 "O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,
 O! hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
 Ho'd for my sakes; and doe him not to dye,
 But vanquish thine eternall bondslave make,
 And me, thy worthy need, unto thy leman take."

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guardon as she spake:
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his newfound make.
 Then up he tooke the sloubr'd senselesse corse;
 And, ere he coul'd out of his swoone awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a doungeon deepe him threw without remorse.

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
 And highly honour'd in his haughtie eye:
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 And her endow'd with royall maiestye:
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen [den.
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darkness

Such one it was, as that renowned snake
 Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
 Long footed in the filth of Lerna lake:
 Whose many heades out-budding ever new
 Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
 But this same monster much more ugly was;
 For seven great heades out of his body grew,
 An yron brest, and back of scaly brae,
 And all embrew'd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught;
 And with extorted powre, and burrow'd strength,
 The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred things, and holy heastes foretaught.
 Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head
 He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

The wofull dwarf, which saw his maisters fall,
 (Whiles he had keeping of his grazing steed)
 And valiant knight become a caytive thrall;
 When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
 His mightie armour, missing most at need;
 His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
 His populant speare, that many made to bleed;
 The rueful monuments of heaviness; [tresse.
 And with them all departes, to tell his great dis-

He had not travaild long, when on the way
 He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
 Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
 Whilist Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
 Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
 And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seen to pant and
 quake.

The messenger of so unhappie newes
 Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
 At last, recovering hart, he does begin
 To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
 So hardly be the fittid life does win
 Unto her native prison to retourne. [mourne:
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and

"Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threads unfould,
 The which my life and love together tyde?
 Now let the stony dart of senselesse Cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side;
 And let eternall night so sad sight from me hyde.

" O, lightsome Day, the lampe of highest love,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When Darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove;
Henceforth thy hatred face for ever hyde,
And shut up Heavens windowes shynyng wyde:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall ferd, [meed."
But, seeled up with death, shall have their deadly

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrice did she sinke adowne in deadly swound,
And thrise he her rev'v'd with busie paine.
At last when Lefe recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
" Tell on," quoth she, " the wofull tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye:

" Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare ech part.
If death it be; it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
Ifesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtle traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformd to treën mould;
The House of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat, which he with Sansjoy did hold;
The lucklesse conflict with the gyant stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

She heard with patience all unto the end;
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd;
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale:
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale, [vale.
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a

At last she cbaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glaucing light of Phoebus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most
precious rare:

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In ivory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery redd,
That suddene horroure to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full
low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolour diversly,
With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath, that under Heavcn is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
(Such earthly metalls soon consumed beene)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy éntire mould,
Hew'n out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of dirfull sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would diamay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying Heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistering ray,
That Phoebus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames both over-lay;
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt, [strait.
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts con-

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

Ne let it seeme that credence this excedes;
For he, that made the same, was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But, when he dyde, the Faery queene it brought
To Faerie land; wher yet it may be seene, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearly loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breest with pikehead square;
A goodly person; and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauff, that any on his backe should sitt;
The yron rowels into frothy fame he bitt.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And, for her humor fitting purpose faire,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray; [to say;
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan

"What worlds delight, or joy of living speach,
Can hart, so plunged in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefulld Cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter hale,
Such helpelesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up grieffe, where it may not avale;
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waille."

"Ah, lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
"Well may I ween your grieffe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great grieffe groweth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But, woefull lady, let me you introle
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart."

"O! but," quoth she, "great grieffe will not betould,
And can more easily be thought then said."
"Right so," quoth he; "but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
"But grieffe," quoth she, "does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
"Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is
staid." [paire."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does
"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can
repaire."

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said, "Faire sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my grieffe;
Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe; [briefe.
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you

"The forlorne maiden, whom your eies have seene
The laughing stocke of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The favourable Heavens did not envy)
Did spread their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

"Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murderous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his lawes to fall,
He first to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brazen wail, [thraff.
He has them now four years besiegd to make them

"Pull many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that monster to subdew:
From every coast, that Heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements still pursue;
Yet never any could that girlhood win,
But all still shronke; and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fierse cruelty have bin.

"At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spread,
Of doughty knights, whom Fairy land did raise,
That noble order bight of Maidenhead,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdome seat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

"Yt was my chance (my chance was faire and
There for to find a fresh unproved knight; [good)
Whose manly hands imbred in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowess prooffe he since hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The growing ghosts of many one dianside
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

"And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting Sword, and his devouring Speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowess, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare:
O heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have ye left your lord, that could so well
you tosse?"

"Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redonne:
Till all unweeting an enchanter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be iudge, ye Heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might!
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

"Thenceforth me desolate be quite forwooke,
To wander, where wilde Fortune would me lead,
And other bywasies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chanced false Duosse meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

At last, by subtle sleights she him betraid
 Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall;
 Who him disarm'd, disclute, diamaid,
 Unwarcs surpris'd, and with mighty mall
 The mooster mercilesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did never see before behold:
 And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remèdelesse, for aie he doth him hold: [told.]
 This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake;
 " Certes, madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
 For, till I have acquit your captive knight,
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake."
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright:
 So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever
 right.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
 Brings Arthure to the fight:
 Who slayes the gyaunt, wounds the beast,
 And stripes Duessa quight.

As me, how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 And steadfast Truth acquite him out of all!
 Her love is firme, her care continuall,
 So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
 Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
 Else should this redروس knight in bands have dyde,
 For whose deliverance she this prince doth thother
 guyd.

They sadly travell'd thus, untill they came
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
 Then cryde the dwarfe, " Lo! yonder is the same,
 In which my lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
 Thrall to that gyaunts hateful tyranney:
 Therefore, deare sir, your mightie powres assay."
 The noble knight alighted by and by
 From loftie steed, and bad the ladie stay,
 To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
 He march'd forth towards that castle wall;
 Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, no living wight
 To ward the same, nor answer commens call.
 Then toke that squire an horse of bugle small,
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
 And tasselles gay; wyde wonders over all
 Of that same horses great vertues weren told,
 Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
 But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
 And echoes three answer'd it selfe againe:
 No faulse enchantment, nor deceitfull traine,
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vaine:
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
 But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.

The same before the geaunts gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
 And every dore of free-will open flew.
 The gyaunt selfe dismay'd with that sound,
 Where he with his Duessa dalliance fownd,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weet what sudden stowre
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his
 dreaded powre.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
 High mounted on her many-headed beast;
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And every head was crown'd on his crest,
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shield
 Upon his many arme he soone address'd,
 And at him fiercely flew, with courage filld,
 And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
 Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high disdain,
 And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
 All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
 But wise and wary was that noble pere;
 And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
 Did fayre avoide the violence him nere; [beare;
 It boot'd nought to thinke such thunderbolts to

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
 The ylie stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the sparke of his misaym'd sight,
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy away
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
 That three yardees deepe a furrow up did throw:
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
 Did grone full grievous underneath the blow;
 And, trembling with strange feare, did like an earth-
 quake show.

As when almightie Love, in wrathfull mood,
 To wreake the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dremiment,
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
 The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay; [clay.
 And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
 He could not rearen up againe so light,
 But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
 And, whiles he strove his combred ciubbe to quight
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smott off his left arme, which like a block
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
 Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock
 Forth gushed, like fresh-water streames from riven
 rocke.

Dismay'd with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
 He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sound,
 That all the fieldes rebellow'd againe:
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An heard of hulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
 Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
 And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing: [ring.
 The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur

That when his deare Dnessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who, swo'ne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
But him the squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountering fiere with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud Dnessa, full of wrathfull spight
And fiere disdain, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of so unequal foe:
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe;
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then toke the angry witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes;
Th' eternal hale of heaue wounded harts:
Which, after charmes and some enchantments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
And all his senses were with suddain dread dismayd.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting artes:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise.
That when the careful knight gan well advise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squire into such thraldom brought:

And, high advancing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sen of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

Therent he rored for exceeding paine,
That, to have heard, great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her lofty sted
Would have cast downe, and trold in durty myre,
Had not the gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre, [tyre.
Came hurtling in full fiere, and forst the knight re-

The force, which went in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites, [erst;
Which is through rage more strong than both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dities,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heauey lites,
That to the ground it doubteth him full low:—
What mortal wight could ever beare so monstrous
blow?

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
The light whereof, that Hevens light did pas,
Such blazing brightness through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hys [lye.
For to have slein the man, that on the ground did

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, arrayd
At fashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his senses dard,
That downe he tumbled on the durty field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the gyaunt lowly she gan call;
"O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe, or els we perish all!"

At her so pittous cry was much amoo'd
Her champion stout; and, for to ayde his frend,
Again his wonted angry weapon proof'd,
But all in vaine; for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almighty lightning broad does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyes, and daunts the senses
quight.

Whom when the prince, to battell new address
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his left leg by the knee,
That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky cliff,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be;
The mightie trunk halfe rent with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull
drift.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feeble quight,
At last downe falls; and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heauey make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might:
Such was this gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of Earth, as it for feare did quake.

The knight then, lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallow in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowd from his wounds in wondrous steepe.
But, soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

Whose grievous fall when false Dnessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crown'd mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound;
But, leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot squire her quickly turnd around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

The roiall virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole achievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And, with sweet ioyous cheare, him thus bespake:
"Fayre branch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake?"

"And you, fresh bodd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto Deaths dore,
What hath poore virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore.
And He that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee;
And, what I cannot quite, requite with-ensure!"

"But sith the Heavens, and your faire handelling,
Have made you maister of the field this day;
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my lord bestrall,
My dearest lord, and deepe in dongeon lay;
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all!
O heare, how pitteous he to you for ayd does call!"

Fortwith he gave in charge unto his squire,
That scarlot whore to keepeen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye:
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answer to his crye:
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was scene in bowre
or hall!

At last, with crosing crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow;
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro;
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo:
And on his arme a bouch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore; [store.
But he could not them use, but kept them still in

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the aunccient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right ahead.

His reverend heares and holy gravities
The knight much honor, as besecmed well;
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately huilding wont to dwell:
Who answerd him full soft, *He could not tell.*
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his cavytie thrall: againe he sayde,
He could not tell; ne ever other answers made.

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeasd was,
And said; "Old syre, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With Natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demand of thee."

His answer likewise was, *He could not tell.*
Whose senselesse speach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance;
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did roache
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach:
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trow,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was; that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery;
On which trow Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranney:
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great griefe were often heard to grone;
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous moone.

Through every rowne he sought, and everie bowr;
But no where could he find that wufull thrall.
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt; but key found not at all
Emongst that bouch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pighal,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
"O! who is that, which brings the happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darknesse bound?
For now three moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the Heavens chearefull face did vew: [trow."
O welcome, thou, that doest of death bring tydings

Which when that champion heard, with percing
Of pity deare his hart was thrilled sure; [point
And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shanking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no fore,
But all a deepe descent, as dark as Hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy banefull smell.

But neither darknesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection bateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale and courage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the means that prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere,

His sad dull eyes, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted Sonne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone arnes, whose mighty brawned bows
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were cleue cussum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd; and al his flesh shronk up like withered
flowres.

Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
With harty ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan;
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said; "Ah, dearest lord! what evil scarre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence had,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre, [marrie?
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth

"But welcome now, my lord in wele or woe;
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
And fye on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe now alay;
And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."
The cheareless man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to tresten of his grieffe;
His long endured famioe needed more reliefe.

"Faire lady," then said that victorious knight,
"The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th' only good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like againe.
This daies ensample bath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yrou pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men,

"Henceforth, sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And master these mishaps with patient might:
Loe, where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;
And loe, that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."
"To doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weak an enemy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

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

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dug, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hoog downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind, [kind.
So scabby was, that would have loathd all woman-

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes tale, with dong all fowly dight:
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talaunts arm'd to greedy fight;
The other like a beares uneven paw:
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
"Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of Falshood; such the sight
Of fowle Duesa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterferasance knowne."
Thus when they had the witch disrobd quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

Shee, flying fast from Heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wilderness apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide;
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire:
Where store they fownd of al, that dainty was and
rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
The knights kuit friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcros knight withstands.

O! coobly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advance with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemed the Redcrosse knight
from bands.

Who when their powres, empayred through labor
With dew repast they had recured well, [long,
And that weak captive wight now wexed strong;
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

"Faire virgin," said the prince, "yeec me require
A thing without the compass of my witt:
For both the lignage, and the certain sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yitt.
For all so soome as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed Hevens light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfit,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight, [might.
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall

"Unto old Time he me brought bylive;
Old Timou, who in youthly yeares hath bene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on Earth I weene:
His dwelling is, low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy here,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombing billowes rolls with gentle ree;
There all my daies he traide me up in virtuous lore.

"Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, oft times to visit me;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors vouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privy,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring,
Whose answers bad me still assured bee,
That I was soome and heire unto a king, [bring."
As time in her iust term the truth to light should

"Well worthy impe," said then the lady gent,
"And pupil fitt for such a tutors hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hether into Fary land,
Aread, prince Arture, crowne of martiall band?"
"Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall Might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of
living wight.

"For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghost;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancie in my rivon breast,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hether brought by wayes yet never found;
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."

"Ah! courteous knight," quoth she, "what secret
wound [ground?"
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

"Dear dame," quoth he, "you sleeping sparkes
awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sitbens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, bidden, it does glow;
I will revele what ye so much desire: [spyre.
Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may re-

"It was in freshest floure of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest;
Then first that cole of kindly heat appears
To kinde love in every living breast:
But me bad ward old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unreat,
As miserable lovers use to rewe, [new.
Which still wax old in woe, whiles woe stil waxeth

"That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
I ever scorn'd, and toyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull tragedy;
Ay went to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their god himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government.

"But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshy best can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with batrisse long,
Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground.
And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth sooneest fall in disaventrous fight, [spight.
And yoeldes his caytive neck to victours most de-

"Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.
For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the Hevens, with one consent,
Did seeme to laught on me, and favour mine intent.

"Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And sloumbring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

"Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, she queene of Faries hight.

"When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And pought but pressed gras where she had lye,
I sorrowed all so much as eare I toyd,
And washed all her place with watry eye.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divync;
From that day forth I cast in careful mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyme,
And never vovd to rest till her I fynd: [bynd."
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet will that vow un-

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
And change of hew great passion did bewray;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
"O happy queene of Faries, that hast fownd,
Mongat many, one that with his prowess may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd!
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on
ground."

"Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
 "Next to that ladies love, shal be the place,
 O fayrest virgin, full of heavenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
 And you, my lord, the patron of my life,
 Of that great queene may well gaine worthie grace;
 For onely worthie you through prowes prife,
 Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefte."

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
 The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
 And sad remembrance now the prince amoves
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:
 Als Una eard her travaill to renew.
 Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
 And love establish each to other trew.
 Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
 And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together
 Ioynd.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
 Wheroin were clod fow drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
 That any wound could heale incontinent.
 Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
 A booke, wherein his Saviour's Testament
 Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
 A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

Thus bene they parted; Arthur on his way
 To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
 With Unnes foe, that all her realme did pray.
 But she, now weighing the decayed plight
 And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course pursue,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreafull fight,
 Till he recovered had his former hew:
 For him to be yet weak and wearie well she knew.

So as they traveld, lo! they gan espy
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
 Still, as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare still followed him behynd:
 Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
 As he had been a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
 To be unarmed, and curld unconcombed heares
 Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread:
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appears,
 Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
 In fowle reproch of kighthoodes fayre degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he wears,
 That with his glistring armes does ill agree:
 But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of himselfe he seemd to be afraid;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
 "Sir Knight, aread who ha b ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight."

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
 With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had espyde
 Infernall Furia with their chaines untyde.
 Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
 The gentle knight; who nought to him replyde;
 But, trembling every joynt, did inly quake,
 And foistring tongue at last these words seemd forth
 to shake;

"For Gods deare love, sir Knight, doe me not stay;
 For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!"
 Eft looking back would faine have runne away;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
 Yett natbemore by his bold bartie speach
 Could his blood-froren hart emboldned bee,
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
 Yett, forst, at last he made through silence sudden
 breach:

"And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
 "From him, that would have forced me to dye?
 And is the point of death now turnd for mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history?"
 "Fear nought," quoth he, "no daunger now is nye."
 "Then shall I you recount a ruefull case,"
 Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
 I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place."

"I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
 With a fayre knight to keepeen companee,
 Sir Terryn hight, that well himselfe advaunt
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free;
 But not so happy as mote happy bee:
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And joyd to see her lover languish and lament:

"From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whylcare,
 A man of Hell, that calls himselfe *Despayre*:
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes."

"Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
 Emboast with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
 Which Love had launched with his deadly darts;
 With wounding words, and termes of foule retriels,
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
 That erst us held in love of lingring life:
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife;
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

"With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That wofull lover, loathing leuger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath:
 But I, more fearfull or more looky wight,
 Dismayd wth that deformed dismall sight,
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
 Ne yett assur'd of life by you, sir Knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:
 But God you never let his charmed speeches beare!"

"How may a man," said he, "with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?"
"I wote," quoth he, "whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this world's wealth.
His subtle tong, like dropping honny, mealt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every veine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is roft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O never, sir, desire to try his guilefull traine!"

"Certain," sayd he, "hence shall I never rest,
Till I that trenchours art have heard and tryde:
And you, sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
"I, that hight Trevisan," quoth he, "will ryde,
Against my t'king; butke to doe you grace,
But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypyght,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Scrieking his balefull note, which ever dreave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and
howle:

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged bene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwe about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teere,
Wookt like a hare fled, he durst approch nere;
But th' other forst him stave, and comforted in feare,

That darke some cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind:
His greasie lockes, long grown and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyes
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through peaurie and pine,
Were throne into his jawes, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallow in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving tiew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Wheras the gentle Redecrosse knight did vew;
With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villain sayd; "Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can bifit iudge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here
shed in sight?"

VOL III

"What franticke fit," quoth he, "hath thus d'is-
traught

Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should dye, who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is thet uniuist to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unceath?

"Who travails by the wearis wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay;
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;
And fond, that ioyest in the wee thou hast;
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the benches, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?"

"He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And farther from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave;
Is not short payoe well borne, that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas, please."
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly

The knight much woodred at his suddaine wit,
And sayd; "The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand until his captaine bed."
"Who life did limit by Almighty doome,"
Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the centonell his roome,
Doth likewise him depart at sound of morning drome."

"Is not his deed, what ever thing is done
In Heaven and Earth? Did not he all create
To die againe? All ends, that was begonne:
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state;
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,
nor why.

"The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now prayed, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The farther he doth goe, the further he doth stray."

"Then doe no further goe, no further stray;
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life enswen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife; [life.
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome

G

" Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More lackless disadventures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged bath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hersafter thou maist happen fall.

" Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquities,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periures,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa wild,
With whom in all about thou hast thy selfe defild?

" Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From highest Heaven, and beares an equall eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impieties?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
Die shall all deah? What then must needs be donee,
Is it not better to doe willingly,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O Faries sonne."

The knight was much enmoued with his speach,
That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trow all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with enchanted rimes;
That oftentimes he quak't, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And bellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismayd,
That nought hut death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.
Then gan the villain him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

But, whenas none of these he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,
As it a roning messenger had bene.
At last, resolv'd to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; " Fie, fie, faint hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile, which thou vauntest to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?"

" Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy many hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despaire, that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brood of hellish smart,
And that account hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight;
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
(But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathelasse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To House of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to heavenly blesse.

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fieldes most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that which lately happed, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weak and raw,
Through long imprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auncient house not far away,
Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdome of a matrone grave and bore;
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame Celia men did her call, as thought
From Heauen to come, or thither to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
Though spoused, yet wanting wodlocks solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lioked, and by him had many pledges dere/

Arrived there, the dove they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Went on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humilité. They passe in, stouping low;
For streight and narrow was the way which he did
show.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But, entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine and plessaunt to be walked in;
Where them does meeete a franklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zele, that him right well became:
For in his speeches and behavoure hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same, [came,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall] they

There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtese,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
In word and dede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree;
Hight Reverence: he them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squyre so great persons to greet.

And afterwarde them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which done, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woful parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
Yett ceasest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
Or doest thy feeble feet unweyting hether stray?"

"Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hether turnes his steps: so few there be,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right!
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way:
O! foolish men, why hast ye to your own decay?"

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage," quoth she, "I hether came;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayes, and broad-blazd fame,
That up to Heven is blowne." The enuicent dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest gnyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'iaies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her courteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of soodrie thinges devise,
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in plaice,
Ylioked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like Hevens
light.

She was arrayed all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filld up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe embold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be under-
stood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseeemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to Heven, as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, he swarod other way:

They, seeing Una, towardes het gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtese;
Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unas meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseeemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

Then Una thus; "But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?" [come;
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath increast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
But thank be God, and her increase for evermore!"

Then said the aged Celia; "Deare dame,
And you, good sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hether came,
Ye both forewaried be: therefore a while
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
Then called she a grooms, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puiasant armes, and laid in easie bedd:
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully wrold-

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresh't with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
She granted; and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiaall discipline, [shime.
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt.
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt;
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker witt of man could never reach;
Of God; of grace; of justice; of free-will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was habile with her wordes to kill,
And saye agayne to life the hart that she did thrill.

And, when she list peure out her larger sprighty
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from Hevens hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almightie God her gave such powre and puissance
great.

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhorre,
And mortall life gan loath as thing foreore;
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prick't with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desire to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dirmayes!

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
His has his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agny,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Diademing life; desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayd with great perplexity;

And came to Calia to declare her smart;
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And straightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience, [tience.
And well could cure the same; his name was Pa-

Who, coming to that sorle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all, that noyd his heavie sight,
Well searcht, oftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salve and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recurred brief,
And much awag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endurd, as seeming now more
light.

But yet the crease and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still;
And feasting sore did rancle yett within,
Close creeping twist the marrow and the skin:
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with strenght diet tame his stubborne maledy.

In asbes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both early and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment reade still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pinocers fyre whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted rott.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play:
And sad Repentance (used to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away,
So in short space they did to health restore [dore.
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathe

In which his torment often was so great,
That, like a Lyon, he would cry-and-woe;
And rend his flesh; and his owne synwes eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and groonings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden beare,
For pity of his payne and anguish bore!
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and concerning thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woren strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on Earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love; but Cupids wanton mave
As Hell she hated; chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that loyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed, whyles they were weake and
young,

But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price unceath was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chayre.

The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
 And bid her joy of that her happy brood:
 Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
 And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
 Then Una her besought, to be so good
 As in her vertuous roles to schools her knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood
 In that sad House of Penesance, where his spright
 Had past the paines of Hell and long-enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her iust request;
 And, taking by the hand that Faeries sounce,
 Gan him instruct in euerie good behest,
 Of love; and righteousnes; and well to doune;
 And wrath and hatred warily to shonne,
 That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath;
 And many soules in dolours had fordonne;
 In which when him she well instructed hath, [path.
 From thence to Heaven she teacheth him the ready

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to gujde,
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde;
 Her name was Meggy; well knowne over all
 To be both gratious and eke liberrall:
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
 To leade aright, that he should neuer fall
 In all his waies through this wide world's wave;
 That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

The godly matrone by the hand him boares
 Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
 Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged beares,
 Which still before him she remov'd away,
 That nothing might his ready passage stay:
 And ever when his feet encombrd were,
 Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did appeare;
 As careful nurse her child from falling oft does reare.

Ethoones unto an holy hospitall,
 That was fore by the way, she did him bring;
 In which seven head-men, that had vowed all
 Their life to service of high Heavens King,
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing;
 Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were travelling;
 And one sate wayting ever them before,
 To call in comers-by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
 Of all the house had charge and goverment,
 As guardian and steward of the rest:
 His office was to give entertainment
 And lodging unto all that came and went;
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,
 And double quite for that he on them spent;
 But such, as want of harbour did constraine:
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was an almsour of the place:
 His office was the hungry for to feed,
 And thirsty give to drinke; a worke of grace:
 He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede:
 He had enough; what need him care for more?
 And had he huse, yet some he would give to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
 In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay.
 The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
 But cloth's meet to keep keene cold away,
 And naked nature seemely to array;
 With which bare wretched wights he daily clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay;
 And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeme with price of bras
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howe
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
 And he, that harrowd Hell with heave stowre,
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his hea-
 venly bowre.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When Sin, and Hell, and Death, doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but iust, that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man! have mind of that last bitter thro;,
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemely sort their courses to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
 That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould!

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
 Had charge the tender orphans of the dead:
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:
 In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence; nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their sightfull causes downe to tread:
 And, when they stood in most necessitie,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
 The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas;
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
 He humbly kouted in meeke lowlinesse,
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
 For of their order she was patronesse,
 Albe Charities were their chiefest foundresse.

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
 That to the rest more usable he might bee:
 During which time, in every good behest,
 And godly worke of almes and charitee,
 Shee him instructed with great industrie.
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That, from the first unto the last degree,
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was Hevenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from Heavens hight:
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the Sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile; but, by her helpe, the top at last he
wonna.

There they doe finde that godly aged sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas longstained;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pynd his flesh to keep his body few and chast.

Who, when these two approaching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore;
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight?

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us take
such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke, high Heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious House, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand beight
By wise Fidelity? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

"Thrice happy man," said then the father grave,
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to Heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In hevenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou dost the prayers of the righteous send
Present before the Maiesty Divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline."

"Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
Then come, thou man of Earth, and see the way,
That never yet was scene of Faries sonne;
That never leads the traveler astray,
But, after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to ioyous rest and endless blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is, [tis."
And have her strength recurd from fraile infirmi-

That done, he leads him to the highest mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stooce
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full bie,
Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all arowpd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowing girlond crown'd:
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renown'd,
On which the thrise throe leaped ladies play [lay.
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly toog
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song!
The city of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happiness doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest Heven in gladsome compace,
And with great joy into that city wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empoepled were.

"Faire knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,
The New Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they saints all in that citty sam, [dam."
More dear unto their God then younglings to their

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well,
That great Cleopolis where I have bene,
In which that fairest Fary quene doth dwell,
The fairest citty was that might be scene;
And that bright towre, all built of christall clepe,
Panthea, seend the brightest thing that was:
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;
For this great citty that does far surpas, [of glas."
And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can;
And well beemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortal booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is hevenly borne, and Heaven may iustly
vaunt.

"And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted Elfin's sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high enough all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sor-
rows, yield.

"Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
Which after all to Heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painfull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou amongst those saints, whom thou doest see,
Shall be a saint, and nine owne nations friend
And patron: thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of merry England, the signe of victoree."

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine!"

"These, that have it attaind, were in like case,"
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."

"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And ladies love to leave, so dearly bought?"

"What need of armes, where peace doth ay re-
maine,"

Said he, "and battailes none ere to be fought?
As for loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish into
nought."

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me here for aie in peace remaine,
Or straightway on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare."
"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit."

"Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly backe returne unto this place,
To walke this way in pilgrims poore estate.

But now ahead, old faer, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries soune doen nominate?"

"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High reard their royall throne in Britaine land,
And vanquish't them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee usweeting reft,
There as thou slepest in tender swaddling band,
And her base Rifu brood there for thee left:
Such, men do chaungefings call, so chaung'd by
Faeries theft.

"Thence she thee brought into this Faery lood,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof *Georges* he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best
became."

"O holy sire," quoth he, "how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to Heaven bownd!"
This said, adowne he looked to the ground
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
his feeble sense, and too exceeding shyne. [vive!
] O darke are earthly thinges compar'd to thinges di-

At last, whenas himself he gan to fynd,
To Una backe he cast him to retyre;
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thanks, and goodly need, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre.
So came to Una, who him joyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of *Caelia* and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly:
The third, him overthrowes; and gayns
Most glorious victory.

Hic time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captiv parents deare,
And their forwaisted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
"Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake, [take!
] High Heaven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his daily spoyle;
Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowned make
Above all knights on Earth, that battaill undertake."

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,
"The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the syre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd neneath to shake the sodfast ground,
Escoopes that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great bill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistering armes that Heaven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them un-
till.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
 And eke be safe from daunger far decayde:
 She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.—
 Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned dame,
 Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
 The nurse of time and everlasting fame,
 That warlike handes ennobleth with immortalname;

O, gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently; but not with that mightie rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And hartes of great heroes doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may aswage:
 Soboe as thy dreadful troupe begins to sound,
 The god of warre with his fiere equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sound;
 And scared nations doest with horror sterue astound.

Fayre goddeesse, lay that furious fit asyde,
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great Faery queene and Paynim king,
 That with their horror Heven and Earth did ring;
 A worke of labour long, and endless prayse:
 But now a while lett dowse that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this, the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
 Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
 That with his largenesse measured much land,
 And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
 As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
 Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
 Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody
 gore;

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
 Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
 That nought mote perce; ne might his corse be harmd
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare:
 Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appare,
 His aery plumes doth rouze full rudely dight;
 So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
 For, as the clashing of an armor bright, [knight.
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
 And eke the pemmes, that did his pineons bynd,
 Were like mayno-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
 With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
 And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
 The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
 And all the Heryens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle, wovnd up in hundred foldes,
 Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
 Whose wreathed boughea when ever he unfolds,
 And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
 Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
 It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
 And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
 And at the point two stinges infixed erre, [farre.
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
 The sharpnesse of his cruel rearing claws:
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
 But his most hideous head my tougue to tell
 Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes
 Wyde gaped, like the griealy mouth of Heil,
 Through which into his darke abyss all ravine fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either iaw
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
 In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare;
 That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
 Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still, [full.
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
 As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
 Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
 And warning give, that enemies conspyre
 With fire and sword the region to invade;
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
 But far within, as in a hollow glide, [full shade.
 These glaring lampes were sett, that made a dread-

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
 Forclifting up aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great ioyance of his new come guest.
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest;
 As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare;
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
 (That made the Redcroose knight nigh quake for
 feare)
 As bidding bold defyaunce to his foe-man neare.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
 And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
 The pointed steele, arriving rudely there,
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
 But, glancing by, fourth passed forward right:
 Yet, sore moved with so puissant push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground
 did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
 And fresh encounter towards him adress:
 But th' ydle stroke yett backe recoyld in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight;
 For never felt his impercable brest
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
 Yet had he provid the powre of many a puissant
 knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly dryde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
 At last, low stopping with unweyly sway, [away.
 Soatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constraîne
To let them dowe before his flight's end:
As hagar hawk, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his habie might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trouse the pray too heavy for his flight; [flight.
Which, coming down to ground, does free itselfe by

He so diseized of his gryping gresse,
The knight his thrillant speare again assayd:
In his brass-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glaucing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the fineouth smart the monster lowly
cryde.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beste the ragged shore,
As they the Earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Thus gan the blustering brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his steadfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite assunder broke: forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blishe gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill, [thrill.
That flames of fire he throw forth from his large nose.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in straighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraund
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

And fiercely took his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardened yron fell;
But his more harded crest was arm'd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the bulke him quell,
That from thenceforth he stund the like to take,
But, when he saw them come, he did them still
forsake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparding steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had bene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despyght,
Thought with his winges to sty above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then, full of grief and anguish vehemēt,
He lowly brayd; that like was never heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made afear'd:
The scorching flame sore swingd all his face,
And through his armour all his body ear'd,
That he could not endure so cruell cace, [lace.
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to un-

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And bath for twelve huge labours high extoid,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poisoned garment did enchaunt,
With Centaures blood and bloody venes charmd;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him arm'd;
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him
bardm.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grievd, brent, [fire,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward
That never man such mischiefs did forment;
Death better were; death did he oft desire;
But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld, [feld.
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him

It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell)
Behind his backe, unweeting where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that armed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those, that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as ovs were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fall.

Now gan the golden Phoebus for to sleepe
His ferie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes wated in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advaunce his broad discoloured breast
Above his wouted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive lady saw from ferre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chance from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreiment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan carely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But carely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pece:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw, where he upstartd brave
Out of the well wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyes hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marvels at himselfe, stil as he flies: [rise.
So now this new-borne knight to battell now did

Whom when the damned feend so fresh bid spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright dew-burning blade,
Upon his crested scap so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismayd.

I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell; or sharper edge did feele;
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensue;
Els never could the force of fleshy arme,
Ne molten metall, in his blood embrew:
For, till that stowd, could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty
charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraîne.
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yelden it was faise;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrow, and rocks in peeces tore:

The same advanucing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortal sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seand,
Where fast it stucke, ne would therout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore discand,
Ne might his ranceling painewith patience be appeand.

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggelling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefle,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite asunder cleft; [left.
Five joints thereof he hevd, and but the stump him

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall [all.
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast with-

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett, how his talants to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a boone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrice he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thiake to robbe him of his pray

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fierly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparkles from the andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whom no strength nor stroks mote him constraîne
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yeld;
He smott therat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous poissance might sustaine
Upon the joint the lucky assele did light,
And made such way, that hevd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his min'ht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall founnace fourth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the Hevens light,
Enrold in dusky smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coteblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench, and Heven with bor-
ror, choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from bellish estraites did expire.
It chaunst, (eterna! God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh forward feet feeble feet did slide, [side.
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terri-

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd:
For happy life to all which thereon fodd,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

As all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprung out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whose did eat, eftsouers did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory! [to dy!
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all

From that first tree forth flowed, as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most sovaine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;
And deadly woundes could heale; and reare againe
The senselesse corpse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell; which did from death him
save.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
And at that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping Day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to abade
The face of Earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in Heaven bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray, [day.
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous

The ioyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks, for hast, were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charret, all with flowers spread,
From Heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting lark.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devoured, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He worse dismayd, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathlesse with wouted rage he him advanced neare;

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought atonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rosbt upon him with outrageous pryde;
Who him reconcepting fierce, as hauke in fight,
Perforce rebutted back: the weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so impörtune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retrnd, his life blood forth withall did
draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' Earth him underneath
Did grooe, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky cliff,
Whose false fundacion waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poysie is from the mayneland rift,
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemd:
But yet at last, whereas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaime affright
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull
knight,
That had achiev'd so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to to the Redcrosse knight
Betrouthed is with ioy:
Though false Duessa, it to barre,
Her false sleightes doe employ.

BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend:
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

Scarsely had Phoebus in the glooming east
Yett harness'd his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the Earth his flaming creast;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had scene the dragons fatall fall.

Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,
That aged syre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if wrew indeed
Those tydings were, as he did understand:
Which whereas trew by tryall he out fond,
He hadd to open wyde his brassen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of bond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed
late.

Then gan triumphant trompets sownd on bye,
That sent to Heven the echoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long oppress with tert;
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternal bonds they were releast.

Forth came that auncient lord, and aged queene,
 Arayd in ant'que robes downe to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well beseeue:
 A noble crew about them waited rownd
 Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
 Whom far before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all habill armes to rownd,
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
 Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
 And, him before themselves prostrating low,
 Their lord and patrone loud did him profaime,
 And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
 Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow,
 When morning dew upon their leaves doth light;
 And in their handes sweet timbralls all upheld on
 hight.

And, them before, the fry of children yong
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
 And to the maydens sounding tymbralls song
 In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
 And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Untill they came where that faire virgin stood:
 As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
 Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall
 flood;

So she beheld those maydens meriment
 With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to Heaven her everlasting fame:
 Then on her head they sett a girland greene,
 And crown'd her twixt earnest and twixt game:
 Who, in her self-resemblance well beseeue,
 Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden queene.

And after all the raskall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man,
 Whom all admir'd as from Heaven sent,
 And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
 But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with ydle fears did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fledd: some feard, and well it
 frynd;

One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
 Warn'd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

One mother, wheras her foolhardy chyld
 Did come too weare, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revidd,
 And to her gessits gan in counsell say;
 "How can I tell, but that his talants may
 Yet scratch my soune, or rend his tender hand?"
 So diversely themselves in vaine they fray;
 Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
 To prove how many scotes he did spread of land.

Thus focked all the folke him rownd about;
 The whites that hoarie king, with all his traine,
 Being arriv'd where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
 Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
 With princely gifts of vyroy and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine.
 Then when his daughter deare he does beheld,
 Her dearely doth embrace, and kineth manifold.

And after to his pallace he them bringes,
 With shaumes, and trompots, and with clarions
 And all the way the ioyous people singes, [sweet;
 And with their garments strowes the paved street;
 Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
 Of all, that royall princes court became;
 And all the floore was underneath their feet
 Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
 On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
 What needes of dainty dishes to devise,
 Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
 My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
 The large discourse of roiall princes state.
 Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;
 For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:
 Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

Then, when with meates and drinckes of every kinde
 Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient lord gan sit occasion finde,
 Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
 Which in his travell him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renowned guest:
 Who then with ut'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
 From poynt to poynt, as is before express'd,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard,
 That godly king and queene did passionate,
 Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
 And often blame the too importune fate
 That heap'd on him so many wrathfull wrektes;
 (For never gentle knight, as be of late,
 So toss'd was in fortunes cruell freakes;) [cheerles.
 And all the while salt teares bedew'd the heares

Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise;
 "Deare soune, great beene the evils which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprise,
 That I no'te, whether praise or pittie more:
 For never living man, I weene, so sore
 In sea of deadly dangers was distress't:
 But since now safe ye ceis'd have the shons,
 And well arriv'd are, (high God be blest!)
 Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest."

"Ah, dearest lord," said then that doughty knight,
 "Of ease or rest I may not yet devise,
 For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
 I bownden am straight after this amprise,
 As that your daughter can ye well advize,
 Backe to retourne to that great Faery queene,
 And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wise,
 Gainst that proud Paynins king that works her towe:
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have
 bene."

" Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
 Quoth he, " the troubler of my happy peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicity;
 No I against the same can justly preace.
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo, (for vovces may not be rayne,)
 Soome as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
 Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
 The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you twayn:

" Which, for my part, I covet to performe,
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battayle overcame,
 Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
 And of my kingdome heyre apparant bee:
 Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
 By dew desert of noble chevalros,
 Both daughter and ake kingdome lo! I yield to thee."

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
 The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter and his onely hayre;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
 Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long-wished light:
 So faire and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in sight:

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
 For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
 And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
 Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
 Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
 And on her now a garment she did weare
 All silly white, withoutten spot or pride,
 That seemd like silke and silver wovon neare;
 But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

The blazing brightness of her beauties beame,
 And glorious light of her sunshyney face,
 To tell, were as to strive against the streame:
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and base
 Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
 No wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
 All were she daily with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
 Oft had he seenne her faire, but never so faire dight.

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
 She to her syre made humble reverence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added grace unto her excellencie:
 Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
 Thus gan to say—But, care he thus had sayd,
 With flying spoode, and seeming great pretence,
 Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
 A messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

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

" To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
 Her greeting sende in these sad lines address
 The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
 Of that great emperor of all the west;
 And bids thee be advisd for the best,
 Ere thou thy daughter huck, in holy guest
 Of wedlocke, to that new unknowne quert:
 For he already plighted his right hand
 Unto another love, and to another land.

" To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
 He was affianced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
 False errant knight, infamous, and forsworne!
 Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
 And guilty Heavens of his bold periury:
 Which though he hath polluted off of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
 And them onciurs t' avenge this shamefull injury!

" Therefore sines mine be is, or free or bond,
 Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O soverayne prince, your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread;
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weaknesse of my widowed or woe:
 For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
 And shall finde friends, if need requireth see.
 So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe.

" FIDESSA."

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sete long time astonished,
 As in great mune, no word to creature spake.
 At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
 " Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
 Thy life and honor late adventurst;
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

" What meane these bloody vovces and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
 What Hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
 High God be witness, that I gulltlesse am!
 But if yourselfe, sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
 With crime doe not it cover, but disclose the same."

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answer sent;
 " My lord, my king; be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by grave intendment,
 What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
 With breach of love and loyalty betrayd.
 It was in my misbape, as hitheward
 I lately traveld, that unwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
 That day should faile me ere I had them all declar'd.

" There did I find, or rather I was fownd
 Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
 Fidessa hight the falsest dame on ground,
 Most false Duesse, royall richly dight,
 That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
 Who by her wicked arts and wely skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill."

Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
 And, on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd ;
 " O pardon me, my sovaine lord, to show
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse :
 Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

" And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
 This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;
 Wherein she used bath the practicke paine
 Of this false footman, chokt with simplesse,
 Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
 Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
 The falsest man alive ; who tries, shall find solesse."

The king was greatly moved at her speech ;
 And, all with sudden indignation fraight,
 Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
 Attach that faytor false, and bound him strait :
 Whose seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
 With ydle force did faine them to withstand ;
 And often semblance made to scape out of their
 hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
 And bound him hand and foote with yron chains ;
 And with continual watch did warely keepe.
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtle trains
 He could escape fowle death or deadly pains ?
 Thus, when that princes wrath was pacifide,
 He gan renew the late forbidden baine,
 And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
 With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

His owne two hands the holy knots did knitt,
 That none but death for ever can divide ;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide ;
 At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then gan they spriddle all the posts with wine ;
 And made great feast to solemnize that day :
 They all perfume with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray :
 And all the while sweete musicke did apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull melancholy ;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard sowed through all the pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an angels voice
 Singing before th' Eternal Majesty,
 In their trinall triplicitie on hye :
 Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yett each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reft of his senses meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merrh may not be told :
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his ladies hart and band ;
 And ever, when his eie did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her ioyous presence, and sweet company,
 In full content he there did long enjoy ;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosity,
 His deart delights were hable to adnoy :
 Yett, swimming in that sea of blissfull ioy,
 He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
 Unto his Faery queene backe to retourne ;
 The which he shortly did ; and Una left to mourne.

Now, strike your ailes, yee iolly mariniers,
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this weary vessell of her loie,
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide ; and then againe abroad
 On the long voiage whereto she is bent :
 Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF,
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty soveraine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know
Where is that happy land of Faëry,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show;
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
And later times things more unknowne shall show.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
What, if within the Moones fayre shining spheare,
What, if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more; yet such to some
appeare.

Of Faery land yet if he more inpyre,
By certain signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and base,
That note without an honnd fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest prince-se under sky,
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lood of Faëry,
And in this Antique ymage thy great-suncesty.

The which O! pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrapt in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which els could not endure those beamts bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
The brave adventures of this Faery knight,
The good sir Guyon, gratioously to heare;
In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth
appeare.

CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abused,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

THAT coming architect of cancred guyle,
Whom princes late displeasute left in bands,
For falsed letters, and suborned wyle;
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eder landes,
To serve againe his soveraine Elfin queene;
His artes he moves, and out of carytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
His shackles emptie left, himselfe escaped cleene;

And forth he fares, full of melicious mynd,
To worken mischief, and avenging woe,
Wherever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-sore and his onely foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did carst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arry'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
 And deadly food he makes : him to offend
 By forged treason, or by open fight,
 He seeks, of all his drifts the aymed end :
 Thereto his subtil engins he does bend,
 His practick witt and his fayr fyled tongue,
 With thousand other sleights ; for well he kend
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong :
 For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

Still, as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
 With cunning traynes him to contrap unwares,
 And privy spynals plast in all his way,
 To weete what courses he takes, and how he fares ;
 To ketch him at a vantage in his snares.
 But now so wise and wary was the knight
 By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
 That he decryde, and shorned still, his slight :
 The fish, that once was caught, new bayt wil hardly
 bite.

Nath'lesse th' enchaunter would not spare his payne,
 In hope to win occasion to his will :
 Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
 He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill :
 For to all good he enemy was still.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,
 Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all arm'd in harness meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

His carriage was full comely and upright ;
 His countenance demure and temperate ;
 But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
 That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate :
 He was an Elfin borne, of noble state
 And mickle worship in his native land ;
 Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
 And knighthood tookt of good sir Huons hand,
 When with King Oberon he came to Fary land.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
 A comely palmer, clad in black aytire,
 Of rype yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire :
 And, if by lookes one may the mind read,
 He seemd to be a sage and sober ayre ;
 And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps
 to tread.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
 He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle :
 Eftsoones, untwisting his deceitfull clew,
 He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle ;
 And, with faire countenance and flattering style
 To them approaching, thus the knight bespake ;
 " Fayre some of Mars, that seekes with warlike
 spoyle,

And great achievements, great yourselfe to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers
 sake."

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
 And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt :
 Who feigning then in every limb to quake
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,
 With piteous mone his percing speach gan paynt ;
 " Dear lady ! how shall I declare thy care,
 Whom late I left in languorous constraynt ?
 Would God ! thyselfe now present were in place
 To tell this ruefull tale : thy sight could win thee
 grace :

" Or rather would, O ! would it so had chaunst,
 That you, most noble sir, had present beeme
 When that lude rybauld, with vyle lust advaunst,
 Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
 To spoyle her dainty corps, so faire and sheene
 As on the Earth, great mother of us all,
 With living eye more fayre was never seene
 Of chauntie and honour virginall : [call !
 Witnes, ye Heavens, whom she in vaine to help did

" How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe wroth,
 " That knight should knighthood ever so have
 shent ?" [troth,

" None but that saw," quoth he, " would weene for
 How shamefully that mayd he did torment :
 Her losse golden lockes he rudely rent,
 And drew her on the ground ; and his sharpe sword
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 And threatned death with many a bloodie word ;
 Tongue hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord."

Therewith amov'd from his sober mood, [act ?
 " And lives he yet," said he, " that wrought this
 And open the Heavens afford him vitall food ?"
 " He lives," quoth he, " and boasteth of the fact,
 Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."
 " Where may that treachour then," sayd he, " be
 found,

Or by what meanes may I his footing tract ?"
 " That I shall shew," said he, " as sure as hound
 The stricken deare doth chaleng by the bleeding
 wound."

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
 And zealous haste away is quickly gone
 To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squire
 Supposed to be. They do arrive soone
 Where sate a gentle lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and beare discheveled,
 Wringing her handes, and making piteous moone :
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

The knight, approaching nigh, thus to her said ;
 " Faire lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
 Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,
 And marre the blossom of your beauty bright :
 Forthly appease your griefe and heavy plight,
 And tell the cause of your conceived payne ;
 For, if he live that hath you doen despight,
 He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
 Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine."

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

Till her that squire bespake ; " Madame, my lief,
 For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
 But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
 The which good fortune doth to you present.
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weako minde with double woe torment ?"
 When she her squire heard speake, she gan appease
 Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

THE FAERIE QUEENE. BOOK II. CANTO I.

Effronde she said, " Ah ! gentle trustie squire,
What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceave !
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire Heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false traytour did my honour reave ?"
" False traytour certes," saide the Faerie knight,
" I roade the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too litle paine for such a fowle despight.

" But now, fayre lady, comfort to you make,
And roade who hath ye wrought this shamefull
plight,

That short revenge the man may overtake,
Whereas he be, and soone upon him light."
" Certes," said she, " I wote not how he might,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with depled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloodie crosse, that quarterd all the field."

" Now by my head," said Guyon, " much I muse,
How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
Or ever gentle danzell so abuse:
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and true of word y'is:
I present was, and can it witness well,
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th' adventure of the errant damozell;
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

" Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairly quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore, lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the saving of your blotted name."
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faime;
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

Her purpose was not such as she did faime,
Ne yet her person such as it was seeme;
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene;
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To eke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her squire, and do her service well aguid.

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found
Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse covering her nakednesse
To hide her shame and lothly filthinesse,
Sith her prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld: her nathlesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus reveale, and deckt with dew habitaments.

For all he did was to deceivie good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame
To stug in slooth and sensual delights,
And end their daies with irrenewd shame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To see the Redcrosse thus advanced bye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of snob, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

VOL. III.

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way
Through woods and mountains, till they came
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads, overplast,
The valley did with coole shade overcast;
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid rold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

" Lo ! yonder he," cryde Archimago aloud;
" That wrought the shamefull fact which I did
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd, [shew;
To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him rewe:
(So God ye speed and send you good success!)
Which we far off will here abide to see."
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his speare he did
address.

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke;
Tho, whenas still he saw him towards pace,
He gan rencounter him in equal race.
They bene ymett, both ready to asprag,
When suddainly that warrior gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

And cryde, " Mercie, sir Knight! and mercie, lord,
For mine offence and heedlesse bardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhorrd,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles cursd steels against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament."
But his fierce foe his steed could stay uncatch,
Who, prickt with courage keene, did cruell battell
breath.

But, when he heard him speake, streight way he
His error; and, himselfe inclining, sayd; [knew
" Ah ! deare sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence."

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare
Their bevers bright each other for to greet;
Goodly comportsance each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
Then said the Redcrosse knight, " Now mote I weete,
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce salliance,
And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
For, sith I know your goodly gouvernance,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth
chance."

" Certes," said he, " well mote I shame to tell
The fond enchanson that me hether led.
A false infamous faitour late betell
Mev for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a lady gent;
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled: foule shame him follow wher he
went!"

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperance.
By this his aged guide in presence came;
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Esteemes of him had perfect cognizance,
Sith him in Faery court he late avizd: (chaunce,
And said; "Payre sonne, God give you happy
And that deare crosse upon your shield devizd,
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguid!

"Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard achiev'ment by you done,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly registers above the Sunne,
Where you a saint with saints your seat have wonne!
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Must now anew begin like race to roane.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke!"

"Palmer," him answered the Redcrosse knight,
"His be the praise, that this achiev'ment wrought,
Who made thy hand the organ of his might!
More then goodwill to me attribute ought;
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire sir, whose pageant next ensues,
Well mote yee seee, as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report thrise happy newes!
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes."

So courteous coage both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke palmer, that him guided still:
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steady staffe did point his way;
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperance he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

In this faire wize they travailld long yeres,
Through many hard assays which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spend his glory through all countryes wide.
At last, an chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearily cride
With percing strivkes and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, while their forward steps they stay.

"But if that onlesse Hevens," quoth she, "de-
The doome of iust revenge, and take delight [aspise
To see sad pageants of men's miseries,
As bowed by them to live in lives despight;
Yet can they not warne Death from wretched wight.
Come, then; come soone; come, sweetest Death, to
And take away this long lant loathed light: [see,
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
That long captivd soules from weary thraldome
free.

"But thou, sweete babe, whom frowning froward
Hath made sad witness of thy fathers fall, [fate
Sith Heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall
Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall!
Live thou! and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminal:
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest
Loe! I for pledges leave! So give me leave to rest!"

With that a deadly stricke she forth did throw
That through the wood re-echoed againe;
And after gave a groone so deepe and low
That soone her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:
As gentle bynd, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raime,
Whiles the sad pang approuching shew dees feele,
Braies out her latest breath, and up her eie doth
seele.

Which when that warrior heard, dismounting straight
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thiek,
And soone arrived where that sad portrait
Of death and dolor lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
In whose white alabaster brest did stiek
A cruell knife that made a greesly wound,
From which forth gusht a stream of goreblood thiek,
That all her goodly garments stained arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shew increased where that bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joints embrew:
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spread,
Whose armour all with blood besprinkled was;
His ruddy lips did seayle, and rusy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
Seemd to have bene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest floure of lustyhed,
Fitt to inflame faire lady with loves rage,
But that fierc fate did crop the blossome of his age.

Whom when the good sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan weke as starke as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did friese with fearefull cold,
That all his senses seemd benefle atone:
At last his mighty ghest gan deepe to groane,
As lion, grudging in his great disdain,
Mournes irrevably, and makes to himselfe moane;
Til ruth and fraile affection did constrainne [paire,
His stout couraige to stoupe, and shew his inward

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the bloodgate stop
With his faire 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 faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop:
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shew gan to breath out living aire.

Which he perceiving, greatly gan rejoice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meekest medicine, tempered with sweete voice;
"Ay me! deare lady, which the gynges art
Of ruefull pity and impatient smart,
What direfull chaunce armed with avenging fate,
Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date? [late."
Speake, O deare lady, speake; help never cometh late

THE FAERIE QUEENE. BOOK II. CANTO I.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
On which the deadly death did rest as dead
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:
But when as him, all in bright armour-cind,
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame aflight,
She weakly started, yet she nothing dread:
Streight downe againe herselfe in great despaight
She growling threw to ground, as hating life and
light.

The gentle knight her some with carefull paine
Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrice he her smild, and thrise she smuch againe,
Till he his armes 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 unfeild,
And tell the secrets of your mortall smart: [part."
He oft sends present helpe, who sees his griefe im-

Then, casting up a deadly look, full low
She sight from bottom of her wounded breast;
And, after many bitter throes did throw,
With lips full pale and foaming tongue oppress,
These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
"Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquillitee; [me."
Take not away now yet, which none would give to

"Ah! far be it," said he, "deare dame, fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captivitee:
For, all I seeke, is but to have redrest
The bitter pang that doth your heart infect.
Tell then, O lady, tell what fatal priefe
Bath with so huge misfortune you oppress;
That I may cast to compass your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe."

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
As Heven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad wordes she spant her utmost breath;
"Hear then, O man, the sorowes that unweath
My tongue can tell, so far all sense they pass!
Loe! this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
The gentlest knight, that ever on gonne goes
Gay steed with spurs did prickte, the good sir Mer-
dant was:

"Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
So long as Hevens iust with equall brow
Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
One day, when him high courage did emmove,
(As woot ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde)
He pricked forth his puissant force to prove,
Me then he left enwombd of this childe, [ild.
This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood de-

"Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse!)
To come, where vile Acrasia does woune;
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes have fowle fordone;
Within a wandring island, that doth runne
And stray in perious gulfe, her dwelling is:
Fayre sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowes of Bliss*.

"Hear his heart in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad;
And then with weedes, and wendes, of wooden
On them she works her will to use bad: [might,
My heart's lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was best: (all flesh doth fayrie breed!)
Whom when I heard to become so ill bestad,
(Weake wretch) I wrapt my selfe in palmer weed
And cast to seek him forth through danger and great
dread.

"Now had fayre Cynthia by even tounes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three tymes had fld her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought: [weare:
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives,
Hard help at need! so deare thee, babe, I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare I
sought.

"Him so I sought; and so at last I found,
Where him that which had thrall'd to her will,
In chains of lust and lewde desires ybound,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his own ill;
Till, through wise handling and faire governance,
I him recoverd to a better will,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperance:
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

"Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
How that my lord from her I would reprieve,
With cup thus charmd him parting she deceiv'd;
"Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love to her that loves to live,
So soone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lincke!
So parted we, and on our journey drive;
Till, coming to this well, he stoutly to drinke:
The charme fulfilld, dead suddenly he downe did
sincke.

"Which when I, wretch!—Not one word more she
But breaking off the vod for want of breath, [said,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And eod of all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good sir Gryon could unweath
From tearre-abstayne; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire lady in so wretched state:

Then, turning to his palmer, said; "Old syre,
Behold the ymage of mortallitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tyre!
When raging Passion with fierce tyranny
Robe Reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it servaunt to her basest part;
The strong it weakens with infirmitee,
And with bold farie armes the weakest hart:
The strong through pleasure soonest fallen, the weak
through smart."

"But Temperance," said he, "with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane;
Nether to melt in pleasures whott desire,
Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull zeoe:
Thrise happy man, who fares them both atweene!
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe."

"Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equal doome
To good and bad, the common in of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best:
But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
Religious reverence doth boriall teene;
Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad cypresse seemly it embrace;
Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein their corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon more affection to increase, [leace.
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay re-

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood and earth he threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
"Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse, young orphan, be thy payne,
If I, or thou, dew vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne!"—
So, shedding many teares, they closed the earth
agayne.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be cleansed.
The face of Golden Meane:
Her sisters, Two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

'Twas when sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he heat;
Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blandishment,
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocēt
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
did steepe:

"Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full litle weeneest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed;
Poore 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 miserie!"

Then, soft himselfe iudgnyng on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water a eenne
(So love does loath disdainfull nictee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene:
He washt them oft and oft, yet wought they beene
For all his washing cleaner: still he strove;
Yet still the litle handes were bloody seene:
The which him into great amazment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purged with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hath't;
Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senselesse tronck
That, through the great contagion, direful deadly
swoock.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
"Ye bene right hard amated, gracious lord,
And of your ignorance great merveill make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
But know, that secret vertues are misfate
In every fountaine, and in everie lake,
Which, who hath skill them rightly to have chas'd,
To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd:

"Of those, some were so from their source indew'd
By great dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their welheads spring, and are with moisture dew'd;
Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
And fills with flowres fayre Flores painted lap:
But other some, by guilte of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters base,
And thenceforth were renownd, and sought from
place to place.

"Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did range,
The hartlesse hynd and roebucke to dismay,
Dan Faunst chausnt to meet her by the way,
And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chased her, that fast from him did fly;
As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.

"At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape; of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint;
And, to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard; and suddaine, where she sate
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd,
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

"Lo! now she is that stone; from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet colde through feare and old conceivd dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemtes to show,
Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water hyde:
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde;
But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath bene tryde.

"From thence it comes, that this babes bloody
May not be cleansd with water of this well: [haud
Ne certes, sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocēce may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That, as a sacred symbole, it may dwell
In her sommes flesh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaste dames an endlesse monument."

He hearkned to his reason; and the childe
 Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
 But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
 An heaue load, himselfe did lightly reare;
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare
 He left his loftie steed with golden seil
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there;
 By other accident, that earst befell,
 He is conuaid; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

Which when sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
 Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
 And fairely fare on foot, howeuer 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 rocke adioyning to the seas:
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
 And wondrous strong by nature and by skillfull frame.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one syre by mothers three;
 Who, dying whylome, did diuide this fort
 To them by equall shares in equall foe:
 But stryfull mind and diuerse qualities
 Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
 Still did they strive and daily disagree;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

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 excell
 The other two; Medina was her name,
 A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame:
 Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments that her well became,
 Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold mett and well did enterprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie;
 Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse scene or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
 Above the reason of her youthly yeares:
 Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
 In breaded tresses, that no looser heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

Whilst she her selfe thus busily did frame
 Seemly to entertaine her new-come guest,
 News herof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accounting each her friend with lavish fest:
 They were two knights of percleuse puissance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these ladies love did countenance,
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to ad-
 vantage.

He, that made love unto the eldest dame,
 Was hight sir Huddibras, so hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant armes to see he first began.
 More huge in strength then wise in workes he was,
 And reason with foole-hardize over-ran;
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pass;
 And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

But he, that lov'd the youngest, was Sansloy;
 He, that faire Una late fowle outraged,
 The most unruly and the boldest boy
 That ever warlike weapons managed,
 And all to lawlesse lust encouraged
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might;
 Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
 He, now this ladies champion, chose for love to fight.

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
 Each other does envy with deadly hate,
 And daily warre against his foeman tooves,
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,
 And th' others pleasing service to abate,
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard
 How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
 Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fiercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

But, ere they could proceede unto the place
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruell combat ioyned in middle space:
 With horrible assault, and fury fell,
 They heapt huge strokes the scorned life to quell,
 That all on uprore from her settled seat
 The house was rayd, and all that in it dwell;
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
 Did rend the rattling skies with flames of fouldring
 heat.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet what dreadfull thing was there in bond;
 Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
 And shyning blade unsheatht, with which he ran
 Unto that stead, their strife to understand;
 And, at his first arrivall, them began
 With goodly meanes to pacife, well as he can.

But they, him spying, both with greedy force
 Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet.
 As when a beare and tygre, being met
 In cruell fight on Lybicke ocean wide,
 Eageye a traveller with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equal pray hope to divide,
 They stint their strife, and him assayle on everie side.

But he, not like a weary traveller,
 Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
 Whose grievd mindes, which choler did engut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull apight,
 Gan with new rage their shieldes to-hew and cut.
 But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,
 With heaue load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship torsk'd in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes, threatening to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,
 Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
 That her on either side doe sore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave; [way,
 Shee, scorning both their spights, does make wide
 And, with her breast breaking the fomy wave,
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself
 doth save:

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betwene them both, by constant of his blade.
Wondrous great prowess and herack worth
He shewd that day, and rare constable made,
When two so mighty warriors he dimale:
Attonce he wards and strikes; he takes and paines;
Now for to yield, now ftycing to invade;
Before, behind, and round about him laies:
So double was his paines, so double he his praise.

Strange sort of fight, three valiant knights to see
Three combates loies in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitie,
All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
Which, gotten, was but bate. So Love does ruine
In stoutest minde, and maketh monstrous waies;
He maketh warre, he maketh pease againe,
And yett his pease is but continuall iarre:
O miserable men, that to him subiect are!

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire Medisa with her tresses torne
And naked breast, in pittie of their harmes,
Emongt them ran; and, falling them before,
Besought them by the womb which them had born,
And by the loves which were to them most deare,
And by the heighthood which they sure had sworn,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
And to her last conditions of faire peace to heare.

But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid; and both their champions bad
Pursue the end of their strong enmitie,
As ever of their loves they would be glad:
Yet she with pittie words, and counsell sad,
Skill strove their stubborn rage to reveale;
That at the last, suppressing fury need,
They gan obtayne from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speache which she spoke;

" Ah! puissant lords, what cursed evill spright,
Or fell Erinny, in your noble harts
Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,
And kind you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
And not regard dew right and just desarts?
Vaioe is the vauit, and victory unist, [trust
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause doth

" And were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortal vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath; fly, O my liefest lord!
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword:
Ne ought the praise of prowess more doth marre
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious
iarre.

" Both lovely conceit, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does in-
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds: [creme,
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes oyer yre and pride,
And winnes an olive girland for her meeds.
Be therefore, O my deare lords, pacifide,
And this miming discord meekely lay aside."

Her gracious words their rancour did appeall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling breasts,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And establish termes betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for ever should endure; [sure
Which to observe, in word of knights they did as-

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She them besought, during their quiet tregue,
Into her lodging to repaire a while,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare;
Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare [fare.
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dauntie

And those two froward sisters, their faire loves,
Came with them else, all were they wondrous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves;
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For both did at their second sister grutch
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch;
One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought
too much.

Elisa (so the eldest light) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would ent,
Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of mirth or meat;
No solace could her paramour intrat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance;
But with bent lowering browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenance;
Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight:
In wine and meats she flowd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she leyd her selfe to pranek,
But of her love too lavish: litle have she thanck!

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Samslay,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mince,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy;
Might not be feued a fracker fracion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion.
But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
Yett still he satt, and inly did himselfe torment.

Betwixt them both the faire Medisa sate
With sober grace and goodly carriage:
With equal measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she ever would sawage,
When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accorage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed."

Thus feely shee attempered her feast,
And pleased them all with meeets satiety:
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceased,
Shee Guyon desire besought of curies
To tell from whence he came through iopardy,
And whether now on new adventure bound:
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lefty siege began these words aloud to sound.

"This thy demand, O lady, doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great queene,
Great and most glorious virgin queene alive,
That with her sovaine power, and scepter shene,
All Faery land does peaceably susteine.
In widest ocean shee her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be seene;
As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare;
And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

In her the richnesse of all heavenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped up on hie:
And all, that els this worlds enclosure base
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the person of her maiesty;
That men, beholding so great excellence
And rare perfection in mortalitye,
Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' idole of her Makers great magnificence.

"To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest knightes on ground,
Amongst whom on me shee deigned to bestowe
Order of Maydenhead, the most renowned,
That may this day in all the world be found.
An yearly solemne feast shee wotes to make,
The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

"There this old palmer showed himselfe that day,
And to that mighty princess did complaine
Of grievous mischiefs, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whorl in deadly paine,
Wherof he crav'd redresse. My sovaine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Effraignes devised redresse for such annoyes:
Me, all unfit for so great purpose, shee employes.

"Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face
Thrice seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her roiall presenoe is entroid;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne;
Of whose fowle deeds, too hideous to be told,
I witness am, and this their wretched sunne
Whose wofull parents shee hath wickedly fordonne."

"Tell on, fayre sir," said shee, "that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pity such unhappie hale,
And learne from Pleasures poison to abstaine:
Ill, by example, good doth often gayne."
Then forward he his purpose gan pursue,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rev;
As, with lamenting eyes, himselfe did lately rev.

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 pittous tale he end did make:
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
These gueses beguyld did begayle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.
At last, when they had markt the changed skyes,
They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest
him hies.

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyon's horse, is made the score
Of knighthood trow; and is of fayre
Belphoebe fowle forlorne.

Soone as the morrow fayre with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the dewy ayre with springing light;
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowie couch, and him address
Unto the journey which he had beight:
His pmissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then, taking cong of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her conure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle nurture ensu'th;
And that, so soone as typer yeares he raught,
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane; and thereby taught
To avenge his parents death on them that had it wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: heiplesse what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for grieft to mone?
His palmer now shall foot no more about.
So fortune wrought, at under greene woodes syde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed it on foot to ayd her ere shee dyde.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing tong and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inkynd;
He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hurt all swell in iollity,
And of himselfe 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 faine would bee:
But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Effraignes to court he cast to advaunce his first dee.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
 To whom avaunting in great braverie,
 As peacocke that his painted plumes doth prance,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
 The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck,
 And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
 And crying, "Mercy," loud, his pitious handes
 gan reare.

Thereat the scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
 Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
 And with big thundring voice reryld him lowd;
 "Vile caytive, vassall of dread and despayre;
 Unworthe of the commune bratched ayre,
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a leuger day,
 And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
 Dy, or thyselfe my captivie yield for ay: [stay."
 Great favour I thee graunt for answer thus to

"Hold, O deare lord, hold your dead-doing hand,"
 Then loud he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."
 "Ah, wretch," quoth he, "thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
 I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bec."
 The miser threw himselfe, as an offall,
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
 Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
 And, when he felt the fully of his lord,
 In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold:
 For he was wylie witted, and growne old
 In cunning sleightes and practick knavery.
 From that day forth he cast for to uphold
 His ydle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity.

Trompart, sitt man for Braggadocchio
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
 In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
 The scorn of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
 To thinke, without desert of gentle deed
 And noble worth, to be advanced hye;
 Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,
 Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
 Till that at length with Archimage they meet:
 Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
 On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
 Of his revenge to make the instrument:
 For since the Kedrosse knight he erst did weat
 To been with Guyon knitt in ooe consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon went.

And coming close to Trompart gan inquere
 Of him, what mightie warrior that mote bee,
 That rode in golden sell with single spere,
 But wantol sword to wreake his enmittee.
 "He is a great adventurer," said he,
 "That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now hath vovd, till he avenged bee
 Of that despyght, never to wearen none;
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grona."

Th' enchaunter greatly joyed in the vauit,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt:
 Tho to him louting lowly did begin
 To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
 By Guyon, and by that falsc Redrosse knight;
 Which two, through treason and deceipfull gin,
 Had slayne sir Mordant and his lady bright:
 That mote him honour win, to wreak so foule despyght.

Therewith all suddainly he seemd enrag'd,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gag'd;
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weat his doughtie valiance,
 Thus said; "Old man, great sure shal be thy meed,
 If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
 Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed, [dead."
 That I may wreake on them their hainous hateful

"Certes, my lord," said he, "that shall I soone,
 And give you eke good helpe to their decay.
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
 Give no ods to your fuba, but doe purray
 Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day;
 (For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay;)
 And eke of surest steale, that may be fownd,
 Do arme yourselfe against that day, them to con-
 fownd."

"Dotard," said he, "let be thy deepe advise;
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
 And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
 Els never should thy judgement be so frayle
 To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
 Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
 Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
 Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can:
 Speake they, which have beheld the battailes which
 it wan."

The man was much abashed at his boast;
 Yet well he wist that whom would contind
 With either of those knightes on even coast,
 Should needs of all his armes him to defend;
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend:
 When Braggadocchio saide; "Once I did swaere,
 When with one sword seven knightes I brought to end,
 Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
 But it were that which noblest knight on Earth doth
 weare."

"Perdy, sir Knight," said then th' enchaunter blive,
 "That shall I shortly purchase to your bound:
 For now the best and noblest knight alive
 Prince Arthur is, that woxnes in Faerie lond;
 He hath a sword, that flames like burning brood:
 The same, by my device, I undertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his minde what mote that monster
 make.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddain vanished out of his sight:
 The northerne winde his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espye
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
 Both fled at once, ne ever backe returned eye.

Till that they come into a Forrest greene, [feare]
 In which they shrowd themselves from cruelties
 Yet feare them folowes still, where so they beeme:
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
 As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare:
 Yet both doe strive their fearfulness toaine.
 At last they heard a borne that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood that echoed againe,
 And made the Forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

Est through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying deed.
 But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
 A goodly ladie clad in hunters weed,
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
 Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexion dew;
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sick and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Makers light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
 For, with dredd musicke and awfull yre, [syre.
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched backe de-

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table did itselfe disprede,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red;
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;
 And twist the perles and rubies softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
 So glorious mirrour of celestially grace,
 And sovraine monument of mortall vowe,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to dis-
 grace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken Camus lilly whight,
 Purled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden ayglets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinkling starres; and all the skirt about
 Was beind with golden frange.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
 All hard with golden bendes, which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayid:
 Before, they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all the knots, that noone might see
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort;
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;
 But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
 Or when the flying libbard she did chase,
 She could them nimbly move, and after fly space.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuff with steel-headed dartes wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden baudricke which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in May,
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
 About her shouldders weren loosely shed,
 And, when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
 They waved like a pennon wyde despred,
 And low behinde her backe were scattered:
 And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flouing Forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude heares sweet flowers themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did en-
 wrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
 Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
 Where all the nymphes have her unwaies forelore,
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game: or as that famous queene
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
 The day that first of Priame she was seene,
 Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

Such when as hartlesse Trompart her did vew,
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,
 And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
 Or fly away, or hide alone behinde;
 Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:
 When she at last him spying thus bespake; [hynde,
 "Hayle, groome; didst not thou see a bleeding
 Whose right baunch eare my stedfast arrow strake?
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

Wherewith reviv'd, this answer forth he threw,
 "O goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
 For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
 Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith eare into this Forrest wild I came.
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
 To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
 That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

To whom she thus—But ere her words ceased,
Unto the bush her eye did sudden glance,
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mawd,
And saw it stirre: she lefte her piercing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
In minde to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth steppt, to stay the mortall chauce,
Out crying; "O! whatever heavenly powre,
Orearthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre!

"O! stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercise;
But loe! my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
Is far renowned through many bold emprise;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."
She said: with that he crawld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his captive hands and thies;
And standing stoutly up his lofty crest [rest.
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as coming late from

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid;
Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
Peeps forth, and soone renews her native pride;
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Proudly to prunse, and sett on every side; [hide.
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but, when he vewd
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transewd,
Till she to him her gracious speech renewd;
"All haile, sir Knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honor have pursw'd
Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall!
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

To whom he thus; "O fairest under skie,
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorie,
Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought and many fraies
Throughout the world, wherso they might be found,
Knevoring my dresdard name to raise
Above the Moone, that Fame may it resound
In her eternall trump with laurell girload crown'd.

"But what art thou, O lady, which doest raunge
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
Amongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
And all delight does raunge much more than this?
There thou maist love, and dearely loved be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
There maist thou best be seen, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee."

"Whoso in pompe of proud estate," quoth she,
"Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his daies in darks obscurites,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amis:
But who his limbe with labours, and his mynd
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
Who seeks with painfull toyle, shall honor soonest
find:

"In woods, in waves, in warres, she went to dwell!
And wil be found with perill and with paine;
Ne ease the man, that moulds in yelle cell,
Unto her happy mansion obtains:
Before her gate high God did Swente ordaine,
And wakefull Watches ever to abide:
But easy is the way and passage plaine
To Pleasures palace; it may soone be spide,
And day and night her doores to all stand open
wide.

"In princes court"—The rest she would have
said,
But that the foolish man (filld with delight
Of her sweete words that all his sense dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty ravishd quight,
Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping high,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she, swarving backe, her javelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the peasant saw, amazd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not
Pursue her steps through wild unknown wood;
Besides he feard her wrath, and threatened shott,
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott:
Ne card he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning said to Trompart; "What fowle biott
Is this to knight, that lady should agayne
Depart to woods untouched, and leave so proud dis-
dayne!"

"Perdy," said Trompart, "lect her pas at will,
Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that shee is some powre celestia!
For, whiles she spake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my heart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble over all."
"And I," said Braggadocchio, "thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastr-
licesse.

"For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
Me given by eternall destiny,
That earthly thing may not my courage brave
Dismy with feare, or cause one foote to flye,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hie:
Which was the cause, when erst that horne I
heard,
Weening it had borne thunder in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one effard;
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

"But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
Let us soone hence depart." They soone agree:
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfit therefore, that all might see
He had not trayped bene in chevalrie.
Which well that valiaunt courser did discernie;
For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
But chauffd and fowld with courage fiers and sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still diderne.

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chains,
And stops Occasion:
Delivers Phaoon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld upon.

In heave pomsuith of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble peod,
Which unto thiage of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
As feates of armes; and love to entertaine;
But chiefly skill to rde seemes a sciēce
Proper to gentle blood: some others faime
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in
vaine.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steeds,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whites on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandering facts to slide;
But when strong passion, or weakc fleshlinesse,
Would from the right way scote to draw him wide,
He would, through temperance and steadfastnesse,
Teach him the weakc to strengthen, and the strong
suppresse.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed far to see,
Some troublous uprose or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to be,
Drew by the heere along upon the ground
A handsom stripping with great crueltie,
Whom sore he batt, and god'd with many a wound,
That obsew with teares, and sydes with blood, did
all shewd.

And him behynd a wicked hag did staffe,
In ragged robes and sithy disaray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'de walfie,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong unred;
But all behinde was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face fill'd with wear'd, full of wrinkles old.

And, ever as she went, her toung did walke
I fowle reproch and termes of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To keepe more vengeance on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to suite;
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withstrifen which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes she did forbear, [teare.
That might him move to wrath, and indignation

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impetuous force,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who, all on fire straightway,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beautly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smott, and hitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde:
But, when the frantick fit infland his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde
Then at the ayred marke which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unware,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought des-
But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares, [cryde;
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he
hurts nought cares.

His rude assault and rugged handling
Strange seemed to the knight, that eye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathemose
Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
But, more encesed through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and, bailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe unware, and lower lay:

And being downe the villain sore did beate
And bruze with clovaish fates his manly face:
And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch, and odious menace,
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

Which when the palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
" Not so, O Guyon, never thinke that so
That monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
And that same hag, his aged mother, bight
Occasion; the roote of all wrath and despight.

" With her, whose will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenge:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
And evil meanes, with which she doth engage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
Then, when she is withdrawne or strong withstood,
It 's eath his ydle fury to awage,
And calm the tempest of his passion wood:
The banks are overflowne when stopp'd is the flood."

Therewith sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And, turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hang before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter sayling and foule revilement;
But still provokt her soone to wreake her wroug:
But nathelasse he did her still torment,
And, catching hold of her ungratious toog,
Thereon a yroo lock did fasten firme and strong.

Then, whenas use of speach was from her rest,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckued him; the last help she had left:
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake:
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

In his strong armes he stify him embrace,
Who him gain-striving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaite,
And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slacke.
Then unto ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore constrain:
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vaine:
His burning eyes, whom bloody streakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
And, more for rancor despight then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captivd,
Turning about he saw that wretched squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and nyre:
Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
Being at last recured, he gan inquire
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretch-
ednesse.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
"Payre sir," quoth he, "what man canshun the hap,
That hidden eyes unware him to surprize?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most wary in her whelming lap.
So me weeke wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweating and unware of such mishap,
She brought to mischief through occasion,
Where this same wicked villain did me light upon.

"It was a faithlesse squire, that was the source
Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourse
At once I was upbrought; and eft, when yeares
More ripe us reason lent to chose our peares,
Ourselves in league of vowed love we knitt;
In which we long time, without gualous feares
Or faultie thoughts, contyned as was fitt;
And, for my part I vow, dissembled not a whit.

"It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To love a lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love then lord to bee:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

"My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
And gracious to that lady, as to mee;
Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee
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!

"At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which marriage make: that day too farre did seeme!
Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, myselfe I did esteeme,
And that my falsur friend did no less joyous deeme.

"But, ere that wished day his beame disclosed,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposed,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both d'staind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did hynd;
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth
should fynd.

"The gnawing anguish, and sharp gekoy,
Which his sad speech infixed in my hrest,
Ranckled so sore, and fastred inwardly,
That my engreved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest;
And him besought, by that same sacred band
Betwix us both, to counsell me the best:
He then with solemne oath and plightd hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

"Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boyled all the dour,
And that it was a grooms of base degree,
Which of my love was partner paramoure:
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

"This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
One day, to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus; 'Prayenè,' (so she hight).
'What great despight doth Fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

"But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T' adorne thy forme according thy desert,
Their blazing pride thou wouldst soone have blent,
And staynd their prayes with thy least good part;
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Tho' she thy lady be, approach thee neare:
For prooff thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.'

"The mayden, proud through praise and mad
through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd;
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftie engin; and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my tragodie:
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that grooms of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to bee.

"Etscoones he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,
In Charbellias clothes: her proper face
I not deerned in that darke some shade,
But woeed it was my love with whom he playd.
Ah, God! what horroure and tormenting griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe
Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such
reprise.

"I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathful hand I slew her innocent;
That s'er soone I dearely did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demanded I made plaine and evident,
Her fanltie handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Confest how Phllemon her wrought to change her
weede.

"Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enraged, I sought
Upon my selfe that vengeable despight
To punish: yet it better first I thought
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought:
To Phllemon, false faytour Phllemon,
I cast to pay that I so dearely bought:
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

"Thus beaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To loose of love adioyning loose of friend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woeo beginner it to end:
That was Pryene; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment.
And I, pursuwing my fell purpose, after went.

"Feare gave her wings, and rage enforst my flight;
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space:
As I her, so he me pursuwd apace,
And shortly overtook: I, breathing yre,
Sore chaffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre; [spyra.
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in-

"Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborn handel-
That death were better then such agony, [ing,
As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the morall sting,
That during life will never be appeas'd!"
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon; "Squyre, sore have ye bene diseas'd;
But all your hurts may soone through temperance
be eas'd."

Then gan the palmer thus; "Most wretched man,
That to affection does the bridle lend!
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end:
Whiles they are weake, beimes with them contend;
For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow: [thus low.
Wrath, Gealoy, Griefe, Love, this squyre have laide

"Wrath, Gealoy, Griefe, Love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire; and Gealoy a weede;
Griefe is a flood; and Love a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweede,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:
So shall Wrath, Gealoy, Griefe, Love, die and de-
cay."

"Unlucky squire," said Guyon, "sith thou hast
Falne into mischiefe through intemperance,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guye thy waies with warie governaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
"Phaon I hight," quoth he, "and do advance
Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to raise our house to honour did begin."

Thus as he spake, lo! far away they spyde
A varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, what,
And all so soyl'd, that none could him descry;
His countenance was bold, and bashed not
For Guyons lookes, but scornfull ey-glauce at
him shot.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne: right well becomen it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight:
And in his hand two dartes exceeding fit
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in blood of malice and despight.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake; "Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsel thee;
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeopardy."
The knight at his great boldnesse wonderd;
And, though he sour'd his ydle vanities,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For out to grow of nought he is conjectured;

"Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly:
But whence shold come that harme, which thou
dost seeme
To threat to him that mindes his chaunce t'abye?"
"Perdy," said he, "here comes, and is hard by,
A knight of wondrous power and great away,
That never yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

"How hight he," then said Guyon, "and from
"Pyrochiles his name, renowned farre [whence?"
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approv'd in many a cruell warre;
The brother of Cynochles; both which arre
The somes of old Acrates and Despight;
Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Jarre;
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herabus and Night;
But Herabus sonne of Aternitie is hight.

So from immortall race he does descend,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Dread for his dawning doe and bloody deed;
For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
His aim i' Aÿn, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardie worke thy end confusion."

"His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,"
Said he: "but whether with such hasty fight
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 be-
To seeke Occasion, where so she bee: [hight
For he is all dispos'd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his leopardie."

"Mad man," said then the palmer, "that doest
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife; [seeke
Shoe comes unsought, and shouned followes eke.
Happy! who can abstaine, when Rancor rife
Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife:
Woe never wants, where every cause is caught;
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!" [sought,
"Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou hast
Said Guyon; "let that message to thy loe be
brought."

'That when the varlet heard and saw, straightway
He waxed wondrous wrath, and said; "Vile knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame ap-
-bray,
And shewst th' examples of thy chivalrie might,
With silly waite old woman thus to fight!
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here in sight!
That shall Pynochles well requite, if west,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

With that, one of his shriliant darts he throw,
Headed with yre and vengeable desight:
The quivering steels his aynd end wel knew,
And to his brest itselfe intended right;
But he was wary, and ere it camight
In the meane worke, advaunst his shield streets,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be
seene.

CANTO V.

Pynochles doest with Guyon fight,
And Furon chayne entyre,
Who him sore wounds; whiles Aÿn to
Cymochles for ayd flye.

Whosoever doth to Temperance apply
His steadfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
Then stubborn Perurbation, to the same;
To which right wel the wise doe give that name;
For it the goodly peace of staid minde
Does overthrow, and troublesome warre procure:
His owne woe author, who so bound it sedes,
As did Pynochles, and it wilfully ambides.

After that varlets flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon cam
One in bright armes embattail'd full strong,
That, as the sunny beames do glaucous and glide
Upon the teeming wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seem'd him to environ on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and foamed yre, [stirre,
When with the mastering spur he did him roughly

Approching nigh, he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffar words, proud corage to provoke,
But prickt so fast, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rowd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And, fawrly couching his steel-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought sir Guyon, coming near,
To thincke such hideous puissance on foot to beare;

But lightly shunned it; and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steale, arriving ferochly
On his broad shield, hitt not, but glaucous fell
On his horse necke before the quilted soile,
And from the head the body sundred quite:
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to smotheren equal fight;
The truncked beastfast bleeding did him forty eight.

Sore bruized with the fall he slow uprose,
And all enraged thus him loudly chent;
"Diseall knight, whose toward corage chace
To wreake steale on best all innocet,
And shund the markes at which it should be uset;
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood
fayl:
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
If wanted force and fortune doe me not much fayl."

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
And, glaucous on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary sowle from thence it would discharge;
Nathelless so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much ashamed that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho, hurling high his yron-braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steed staid not, but inly bates
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly dismay'd with horror of that dint
Pynochles was, and griev'd eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That well-nigh melt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to wand,
Or strike, or hurle rowd in warlike gyre,
Remembered he, ne car'd for his safeguard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre dar'd.

He bowd, and leapt, and foyld, and thousand blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life;
No plate, no male, could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Avantage, whilst his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strait,
And falsed off his blowes t' illode him with such bayt.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defyes,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fieri foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him running in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enemyes,
Strikes in the stocks, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

With such faire sleight him Guyon often sayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onset he essayld,
And, kindling new his courage seeming quaint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoup perforce unto his knees,
And doe unwilling worship to the saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never leas'd hee.

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, pursued fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
That straight on ground made him fall low to lye;
Then on his breast his victor foote he thrust:
With that he cryde: "Mercy, doe me not dye,
Ne deeme thy sword by Fortunes doome unust,
That hath (nangre her spite) thus low me laid in
dust."

Hence hee his cruell hand sir Guyon stayd,
Temp'ring the paines with advisement slow,
And maistring might on eainy dismayd;
For th' equal die of warre he well did know:
Then to him said; "Live, and alligance owe
To him, that gives thee life and liberty;
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentance late, and lasting infamy."

So up he let him rise; who, with grim looks
And count'naunce sterno upstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdaigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so able knight had maystered; [dared.
Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he won-

Which Guyon marking said; "Be nought agriov'd,
Sir Knight, that thee ye now rebellowd are:
Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre;
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
Lesse is no shame, nor to bee losse then foe;
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth merre
Both lossees lett, and victours prayse alike:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

"Fly, O Pyrochles, by the dreadfull warre
That in thyselfe thy lesser partes do move;
Outragious Anger, and mee-sweking Larre,
Strafull Impatience, and hart-scourding Love:
Those, those thy foes, those warriorrs, far remove,
Which thee to endlesse hale captived lead.
But, sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of courtesie to me the cause stand
That thee against me draw with so impatient dread."

"Dreadlesse," said he, "that shall I soone declare:
It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralld her in chains with strong effiort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
That ill besettace thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame: therefore I thee entort
To change thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive soone yield his first libertie."

Therest sir Guyon smyle; "And is that all,"
Said he, "that thee so sore displeas'd hath?
Great merry are, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath:
Nath'lesse now quench thy whott embolyng wrath:
Loe! there they bee; to thee I yield them free."
Therest he, wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyde,
Before her soone could well assayld be,
She to her use returnd, and straight defyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said she)
Becausc he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne: so matter did she speake of weght,
To stirre up strife, and geve them disagree:
But, soone as Furor was calmd, she sought
To kindele his quench't fyre, and shewnd cause
wrought.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would fight with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer challengd for his foe,
Because he had not well maintained his right,
But yielded had to that same stranger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wax as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fierly engrasped hee, (see,
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncooth strife doe

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blas'd
For suffering such abuse as knight-hood sham'd,
And him disabled quyte: but he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entice.

Their fall contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furors might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and durt deform'd quight.
His mother she, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyre-brand,
Which she in Stygian lake, by burning bright,
Had kindled: that she gave into his hand, [stand.
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him with-

The gan that vilain wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious force:
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly lattered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeigned so toothly sight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
" Help, O sir Guyon! helpe, most noble knight,
To ridde a wretched man from handes of hellish wight!"

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the paine, by his grave restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pittifull redresse, [presse,
And said; " Deare tonne, thy canselesse ruth re-
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pity wayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his fute fettered would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his fulties fruit, repented payne."

Guyon obeyd: so him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pursue.
But rash Pysochies variett, At a sight,
When late he saw his lord in heovie plight,
Under sir Guyons peissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
Fledd fast away to tell his funeral
Unto his brother, whom Cynochies men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praye,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perillous fight:
Full many dauntie knightes he in his dayes
Had doen to death, subdewde in equal frayes;
Whose-carikases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquest armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honor of his dearest dame.

His dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
The ylle Aocasia, that with vaine delights,
And ydle pleasures in her bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprights
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights;
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous bewes,
And horribly misshapen with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes
And darksome dens, where Titan his face never shewes.

There Atin found Cynochies sojourning,
To serve his lezars love: for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
Whenever his fiere handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices and lavish ioyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast beynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled amongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

And over him Art, stryving to compayre
With Nature, did an arber greene dispreed,
Framed of wanton yvie, flourishing fayre,
Through which the fragrant egiantine did spread
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw:
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when myld Zephyrus amongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted co-
lours shew.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a soone,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie, traveller, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
(Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne) and wpyt away his toilsom sweat.

And on the other syde a pleasant grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick love,
And to his soune Alcides, whereas hee
In Nernus gayned goodly victorie:
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
Chaunted aloud their chearefull baritonies,
And made amongst themselves a sweete comfert,
That quickned the dullspright with muscicall comfert.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of damselles fresh and gay,
That rowd about him disolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriment;
Every of which did loosely dismay
Her upper partes of meet habiliments, [ments
And shewd them naked, deckt with many orna-

And every of them strive with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lightes;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips:
One boasts her beautie, and does yield to view
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips;
Another her out boasts, and all for tryall strip.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does s'cepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes:
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe:
So' he them deceives, deceivd in his conceipt,
Madedronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely appoaching to him lowdly cryde,
" Cynochies; oh! no, but Cynochies shade,
In which that manly person late did fade!
What is become of great Acrates name?
Or where hath he bung up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty cooquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory done?"

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He said; " Up, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and proveat might,
And weatlesse eke of lately-wrought despight;
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on senseless ground,
And groweth out his utmost grudging spright
Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art
dround."

Suddenly out of his deliightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questioned more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
With percing wordes and pittifull implere,
Him hasty to arise: as one affright
With hellish feends, or furies mad uprose,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despiight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight:

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way;
Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or haste passage stay;
For he has vowd to beeme avengd that day
(That day itseife him seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong, [wrong,
And Atia ay him pricks with spurs of shame and

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest mirth
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother
burnes in furious fyre.

A WARRIERS lesson to learne continence
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that unweathes it can refrain
From that which feeble nature covets faine:
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restraine:
Yet Vertue vauntes in both her victories;
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

Whom bold Cymochles travelling to finde,
With crooff purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,
A litle gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arhours woven cunningly,
That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as lowd as lark in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly calld to such as were aboard
The litle barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Some hearkned, and her painted hote straightway
Turned to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, she the knight her much did
pray.

VOL. III

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skyes,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she tarnd 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 oares and flams it selfe could wisely save.

And all the way the wanton damzell found
New mirth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine;
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became:
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toys she would devise,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would disguise
With gaudy ghirlanda, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leavies light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her litle frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliance
Gave wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no sovrenance,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight;
But to weake watch did yield his martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of seasonall delight!
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind!

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mougt which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practiced:
"Vaine man," saide she, "that woulddest be reckoned
A stranger in thy house, and ignevant
Of Phaedria, (for so my name is red)
Of Phaedria, thine owne fellow servaunt;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thether sayles by wynde,
Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I row or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd-thundering love
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever moorne:
My litle boat can safely passe this perillous bourne."

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and voyd,
That sited in the midst of that great lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre leawing on the shore
Disburnd her: their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull
great store.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
 Embrac'd wide waves sett, like a little nest,
 As if it had by Nature cunning hand
 Bene choicely pick'd out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best:
 No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
 No arboret with painted blossomes drest
 And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
 To bad out faire, and her sweete smells throwe al
 a round.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
 No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
 No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
 Trees, branches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
 Was overcome of thing that did him please:
 So pleas'd did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and filld with pleasures vayne,
 Into a shady dale she soft him led,
 And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
 And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
 She sett beside, laying his head disarm'd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
 Where soone he slumber'd fearing not be harm'd:
 The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly
 charmd:

"Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,
 The flours, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
 How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
 And decke the world with their rich pompos shows;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

"The lilly, lady of the bowring field,
 The floure-de-luce, her lovely paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
 And goone leave off this toylsome weary stour:
 Loe! loe, how brave she decks her boanteous beure,
 With silkin cartens and gold coverletta,
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamour!
 Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
 But to her mother nature all her care she lettts.

"Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
 Art lord, and eke of nature sovaine,
 Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy joyous howres in needelose paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
 What bootes it al to have and nothing use?
 Who shall him see that swimming in the maine
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse? [chuse."
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures

By this she bad him lulled fast asleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take:
 Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake.
 So she him left, and did herselfe betake
 Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
 The douthfull wave of that great griery lake:
 Soone shee that stand far behind her lefts, [wofte
 And now is come to that same place where first she

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
 Unto the other side of that wide stroud
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
 Him needed not long call; shee soone to hood
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fownd
 With his sad guide: himselfe shee tookt aboard,
 But the blacke palmer suffred still to stand,
 Ne would for price or prayers once afford
 To ferry that old man over the perilous fowrd.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred might not backe retire;
 For the flitt barke, obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly as shee did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimblely ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire;
 Whom nether wind out of their seat could forme,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their raggyish course.

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her mery fitt she freshly gan to reare,
 And did of joy and iolity devise,
 Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest merrth and pleasaunce to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimeake,
 Her dalliaunce he despis'd and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
 And said, and did, all that mote him delight,
 Till they arriv'd in that pleasaunt ile,
 Where sleeping late shee left her other knight.
 But, wheras Guyon of that land had sight,
 He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said;
 "Ah! dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obsaid:
 Me litle needed from my right way to have straid."

"Faire sir," quoth shee, "be not displeas'd at all;
 Who fares on sea may not command 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 a while ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serve new passage to assay:
 Better safe port then be in seas distrest." [rest,
 Therewith shee laugh't, and did her earnest end in

But he, halfe discontent, mote pathlesse
 Himselfe appease, and inwend forth on shore:
 The joyes whereof and happy fruitfulness,
 Such as he saw, shee gan him lay before,
 And all, though pleasaunt, yet shee made much
 more.

The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore;
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes oflongt them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as shee could well enough)
 Their native musicke by her skillful art:
 So did shee all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Whens noise of armes, or view of martiall guise,
 Might not revive desire of knightly exercise:

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart;
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part
That gentle lady did to him impart:
But, fairly temp'ring, food desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And ever had him stay till time the tide renewd.

And now by this Cymochles houre was spent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreame;
And, shaking off his drowsy dremment,
Gan him avize, howe ill did him beseme
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brood of his conceived yre.
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staid for his damsell to inquire,
But marched to the strand, there passage to require.

And in the way he with sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phœdria the faire:
Fitsones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
Crying; "Let be that lady debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and soone thyselfe prepare
To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
Loe! loe already how the fowles in aire
Doe focke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn."

And there-withall he fersly at him flew,
And with impertone outrage him assayld;
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equal valed countervayld:
Their mightie strokes their habereons diamayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despitously entayld.
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron wallis,
That a large purple streame adown their gambenx
fallis.

Cymochles, that had never met before
So puissant foe, with envious despite
His proud presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknighly raylings which he spoke,
With wrathfull ire his courage kindled bright,
Thensof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled every stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway:
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield ygaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away:
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone; [stone.
Where-with astonisht still he stood as sencelesse

Still as he stood, fayre Phœdria, that beheld
That deadly danger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet herselfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan,
"Ah, well away! most noble lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the man,
That first did teach the curs'd steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright!

"If ever love of lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce;
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."
They staid a while; and forth she gan proceede;
"Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betwene two doughtie knights
do breed!

"But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterre,
And doolefull sorrowe heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarpages disarmes.
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where Love does give his sweet alarmes
Without bloodshed, and where the eniny
Doe yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

"Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
The famous name of knighthood fowly stend;
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in amours the passing bowres to spend,
The mightie martial handes doe most commend;
Of love they ever greater glory bore
Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loves renowned more [yore.
Then all his warre and spoiles, the which he did of

Therewith she sweetly sayld. They, though full
To prove extremities of bloody fight, [bent
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
Such powre have pleasing wordes! Such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart!
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that damsell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly fiote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,
And to that damsell thanks gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spyed Aun stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phœdrias flitt barck over that perloous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As shepherdes curre, that in darke eveninges shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beasts's trade:
"Vile miscreant," said he, "whether dost thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous eniny?"

With that he stiffly stooke his steelhead dart:
But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maisterd passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth: he, turning taile,
Backe to the strand retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowed revenge delayd.

Whylest thers the varlet stoqd, he saw from farre
An armed knight that towards him fast ran;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan;
And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,
And soyl'd with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the bew thereof: he never stood,
But bent his hasty course towards the Ydle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came
How without stop or stay he ferialy leapt,
And deepe himselfe beducked to the same,
That in the lake his lofty crest was stept,
No of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flusht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt;
Yet still he bot the water, and the billowes dash't.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he but his own deare lord there see,
His owne deare lord Pyrochles in sad plight,
Ready to drowne himselfe for felid despight:
"Harro now, out and well away!" he cryde,
"What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my lord so deadly damnyfyde?
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles, what is thee betyde?"

"I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowd he cryde,
"O how I burne with implacable fyre!
Yet nought can quenche mine iuly flaming ryde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."
"Ah! be it," said he, "from Pyrochles farre
After pursewing death once to requyre,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre,
Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre."

"Perdye, then is it fitt for me," said he,
"That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And, dying dayly, dayly yet revive:
O Atin, helpe to me last death to give!"
The varlet at his plaint was grievd so sore,
That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive;
And, his owne health remembering now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he leapt his lord to ayd,
(So love the dread of danger doth despise)
And, of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
From drowning; but more happy he then wise
Of that seas nature did him not advise:
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Eagrest with mud which did them fowle agrise,
That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom
there.

Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save;
Lo! to that shore one in an auncient gorne,
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne:
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull serraunt stryvng with his raging lord.

Him Atin spyng knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald; "Helpe! helpe, O Archimage,
To save my lord in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."
Him when the old man saw, he wounded sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage:
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pity, he in hast approached to the shore.

And cald; "Pyrochles, what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee bent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this strange astonishment."
"These flames, these flames," he cryde, "doe me
torment!"
"What flames," quoth he, "when I thee present see
In danger rather to be drent then brent!"
"Harro! the flames which me consume," said he,
"Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee."

"That cursed man, that cruel feend of Hell,
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight:
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
Kindled through his infernall brood of spight,
Sith late with him I battell vaine would boote;
That now I weene loves dreadd thunder-light
Does searce not halfe so sore, nor damned ghastr
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly rote."

Which whenas Archimage heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him atonce disarm'd:
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priefe
Of every place that was with bruizing harnd,
Or with the hidden ster inly warnd.
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mightie spels them charmd;
That in short space he has them qualifyde, (syde,
And him restord to helth, that would have aigates

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve
Sunning his threasure here;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secret store.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mists or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd Heaven with hideous dreriment;
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady helms apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle Lake, procedes
Yet on his way, of none accompaynde;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes:
For still he travelld through wide wastfull ground,
That pought but desert wildernesseshewd all around.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from Heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncooth, salvage, and unceivie wight,
Of grisly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was taod, and eyes were beard,
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
In smythes fire-sputting forge, and nayles like clawes
appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistering glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have-beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with anticke and wyld ymagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And tored upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owne, not purified
Of Muleibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distant
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten mouldment:
But most were stampd, and in their metal bare
The antique shapen of kings and Kessars straung
and rare.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those precious hills from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, thence there to hide:
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull
sayd;

"What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hills of wealth dost hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right ussaunce?"
Threat, with staring eyes fixed askeance,
In great disdain he answerd; "Hardy Elfe,
That darrest view my direful countenaunce!
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe, [pelfe.
To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renowne, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
From me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

"Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund lo! all these mountaines bee:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free."
"Mammon," said he, "thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

"Me ill befits, that in-derdoing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weakes men thou witchest, to attend;
Regard of, worldly mocke doth fowly blend
And low abuse the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend:
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes, be my de-
light;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

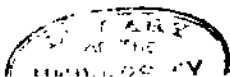
"Vaine glorious Elfe," said he, "dost not thou
That money can thy wants at will supply? [weet
Shields, steedes, and armes, and all things for thee
It can purvay in twinkling of an eye; [weet,
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe;
And, whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?"

"All otherwise," said he, "I riches read,
And deeme them roots of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse:
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arise;
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong and hellish covetise;
That noble heart, at great dishonour, doth despise.

"Ne thinke be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou dost both confound,
And loyall truth to treason dost incline:
Witness the guiltlesse blood pour'd oft on ground;
The crowned often slaine; the slayer crown'd;
The sacred diademe in peeces rent;
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Castles surprizd; great cities sackt and bent:
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull go-
vernment!

"Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
The private state, and make the life unweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."
Then Mammon waxing wroth; "And why then,"
"Are mortall men so fond and undirect [sayd,
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd; [brayd?"
And, having not, complaine; and, having it, up-

"Indeed," quoth he, "through fowle intempe-
Frable men are oft captiv'd to covetise: [raunce,
But would they thinke with how small allowance
Untroubled nature doth herselfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares enpeach our native joyes.
At the well-head the purest streames arise;
But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.



" The antique world, in his first flowering youth,
 Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;
 But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
 The gifts of sovaine bounty did embrace:
 Like angels life was then mens happy cace:
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abusd her plenty and fat-swolne excheare
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

" Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
 With sacriledge to dig: therein he fownd
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompos pride estoones he did compownd;
 Then Avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire."

" Sonne," said he then, " lett bethy bitter scope,
 And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
 To them, that liv'd therin in state forlorne.
 Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
 But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

" Me list not," said the Elfin knight, " receive
 Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
 Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
 From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
 Or that blood-guiltinesse or guile them blott."
 " Perdy," quoth he, " yet never eye did vew,
 Ne tong did tell, no hand these handled not;
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew [sew."
 From Heavens sight and powre of al which them pour-

" What secret place," quoth he, " can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from Heavens eye?
 Or where hast thou thy wouns, that so much gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
 " Come thou," quoth he, " and see." So by and by
 Through that thicke covert he him led, and found
 A darksome way, which no man could descry,
 That deep descended through the hollow ground,
 And was with dread and horror compassed around.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That streight did lead to Plutoes grisly rayne:
 By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
 The one in hand an yrou whip did strayne,
 The other brandished a bloody knife;
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threat-
 en life.

On th' other side in one consort there sate
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hatze;
 But roaring Jealously, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place whersafe he shoud him might:
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lye;
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
 Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
 And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a cliffe,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint asonder could have rife;
 Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

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 sild his inner thought.
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gated wide,
 Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a litle stride, [vide.
 That did the House of Richesse from Hell-mouth di-

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare lest Force or Fraud should unaware
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
 Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to Death is Sleepe to be compar'd;
 Therefore his house is unto his annoat: [betwixt.
 Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hell-gate them both

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
 To him did open, and afforded way:
 Him followed eke sir Guyon evermore,
 Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
 Soon as he entred was, the dore streightway
 Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day;
 The which with monstrous stalke beheld him stept,
 And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing that list him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untie,
 Should be his pray: and therefore still on hie
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
 And read in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgress the fatall Stygian lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky cliffe,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches boug
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
 And with rich metall loaded every rife,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
 And over them Arachne high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtille netts,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
 than lett.

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darknes, that none could behold
 The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
 Did never in that house itselfe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
 Or as the Moone, clothed with cloudy night,
 Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad af-
 fright.

In all that rowne was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All bard with double bands, that none could weene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they plac'd were along.
But all the ground with sculls was scattered
And dead mens bones, which round about were song;
Whose lives, it seem'd, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spake word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,
Could gather'd be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

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 ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said;
"Loe, here the world's blis! loe, here the end,
To which al men do ayme, rich to be made!
Sech grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

"Certes," sayd he, "I'll thine offerd grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend!
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them, that list, these base regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in achievements brave,
Do rather choose my fitting hours to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile
slave."

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd, so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay:
Had he so doem, he had him matcht away
More light than culver in the faulcons net:
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him ledd and shortly brought
Unto another rowne, whose dore forthright
To him dis open as it had becom taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright;
By every furnace many fiends did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every fiend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying broods repayre
With yron tonge, and sprinkled off the same
With liquid waves, fers Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, maystying them, renew'd his former heat:
Some scum'd the dross that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great:
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battailous array,
From their wot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for, till that day,
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fyre
And ugly shap'es did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retire;
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord and
syre:

"Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see!
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth late shew'd by mee
Proceeded, lo! now is reveal'd to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the world's good!
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Advise thee well, and change thy wilfull mood;
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

"Suffise it then, thou money-god," quoth hee,
"That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have; what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vyle abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine empirie."
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet not he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold trespass;
And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise.

He brought him, through a darksom narrow strait,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wayt
A turdie villain, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That curst weapoon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Diadayne he called was, and did diadayne
To be so cold, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacks vayne;
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestrial;
Like an huge gyant of the Titans race;
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongst black fiendes then men to have
his place.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counsell'd him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villain bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fers carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in. The rowne was large and wyde,
As it some gyeld or solemn temple ware;
Many great golden pilloors did upbeare
The many rooffe, and ribbes huge sustayne;
And every pilour decked was full deare
With crownes, and diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mostall princes wore-whiles they on Earth
did rayne.

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advanced hyc
A stately siege of soveraine maiestye;
And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enbaunce, and pompous pryde display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see;
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'lesse most beverly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall; [withall.
Thenceforth she sought for helpe to cloke her crime

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylnocked well,
Whose upper end to highest Heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did round about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring; some by flatteree;
Others through friendes; others for base regard;
And all, by wrong waies, for themselves prepar'd;
Those, that were up themselves, kept others low;
Those, that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ner suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did sterve his fellow downe to thow.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered; "That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this world's blis, [mis:
For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but many

"And fayre Philotimé she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that womneth under skie,
But that this darksome weather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthie of Heven and hys felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thurst:
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust; [just."
That she may thee advance for works and merits

"Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
"For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortal mate
Myselfe well wote, and mine unequal fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouthe yfright,
And love avowd to other lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To change love causelesse in reproch to warlike
knight."

Mammon enmovd was with inward wretch;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence led,
Through gresly shadows by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished [redd
With herbe and fruits, whose kinde mote not bee
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
Throws forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black; both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the dreery toombe.

These mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store;
And trees of bitter gall; and heben sad;
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold coliquisida; and tetra mad;
Mortall pammittis; and cjerus bad,
With which th' unist Atheniens made to dy
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last philoophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest halmy!

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight:
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbor goodly over-dight,
In which she often sad from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to untreat:
Nest thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches bread dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And laden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring 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' Eubcean young man was
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover tiew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false Ate threw;
For which th' Idzan ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt in Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greakes and Troians made to bleed,

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground;
And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compassed with a mound:
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round;
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endless wayle and weepe.

Which to behold he elomb up to the bancke;
And, looking downe, saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell sprights,
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling aughtes,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Amongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chance espide,
That drunched lay full deepe under the garden side.

Deepe was he drencht to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquour which he waded in;
And, stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand, and food from mouth,
Did flye awaie, and made him vainely swincke;
The whiles he sterr'd with hunger, and with drowth
He daily dyde, yet never throngly dyen couth.

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby?
Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
" Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo Tentalus, I here tormentd lye!
Of whom high love wont whylome feasted bee;
Lo, here I now for want of food doe dye!
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drinke to mee!"

" Nay, say, thou greedy Tentalus," 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 cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest love and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming Heaven bitterly,
As author of injustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a litle farther, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the river which the same did hyde:
But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And fayned to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

The knight, him calling, asked who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
" I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas!
And most unjust; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despituous
Delivered up the Lord of Life to dye,
And did acquite a murderer felonous;
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soyl'd with fowle iniquity."

Infinite more tormentd in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne Mammon would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: " Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole!"

All which he did to do him deadly fall:
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull foend, which did behinde him wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand pecunes strait:
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray:
So goodly did beguile the gaylor of his pray.

And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan weare both weake and wear
For want of food and sleepe, which two appeare,
Like mightie pillows, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same endure can:
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:
Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

The god, though loth, yet was constraind t' obey;
For longer time, then that, no living wight
Below the Earth might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his ensuebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of his nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppress.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swonne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoyle;
Whom Arthur soone hath rekewed,
And Paynim brethren soyl'd.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures beca,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men then beasts: But O! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The sitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle foendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward: [gard!
O, why should heavenly God to men have such re-

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammons house, the palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere;
And, being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in trauince; when suddenly
He heard a voyce that called loud and cleare,
" Come hether, come hether, O! come hastily!"
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The palmer lent his care unto the noyce,
To weet who called so impertuously:
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste: he by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delfe him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his treasury:
There the good Guyen he found slumbring fast
In senecles dreame; which sight at first him sur-
prysht.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And florish faire above his equall peares:
His snowy front, curled with golden beares,
Like Phoebus face adorned with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his airy wayes.

Like as Cupide on Idman hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody pray,
With his faire mother he him digns to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguiled to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr merry glee.

Whom when the palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the child bespoke; "Long lackt, alas,
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay!
Whiles deadly fit thy pupil doth dismay,
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire!
But dread of death and dolor doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he, that breathesse seems, shal courage bold re-
spire.

"The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I pray;
For evill is at hand him to offend."
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
Wose sore afraid, and standing still a space
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

At last he spide where towards him dld pace
Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged sire did trace,
And far before a light-focus page did sie
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that idle srood, of him were told [bold.
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon

Which to avenge on him they dearely vowd,
Wherever that on ground they mote him find:
False Archimago provokt their corage prowd,
And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind
Colde of contention and wbot vengeance tind.
Now bene they come whereas the palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind:
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That sire he fowl bespake; "Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutennesse abascht thy comely age,
Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
Of that same outcast carcas, that ewhite
Made itselfe famous through false trechery,
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe! where he now ignorious doth lye,
To proove he lived it, that did thus footy dye."

To whom the palmer fearelesse answered;
"Certes, Mr Knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus far to blot the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame
Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold;
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame:
Was never wight that treason of him told:
Yourselfe his prowess prov'd, and found him fier
and bold."

Then sayd Cymochles; "Palmer, thou dost dote,
Ne canst thou possess me of knighthood deeme,
Save as thou seest or heurst: but well I wote,
That of his puissance tryall made extreme;
Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne al good knights that shake well speare and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme;
And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield:
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on
field."

"Good or bad," gan his brother fier reply,
"What do I recke, sith that he dide asire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet, since no way is left to wreake my upight,
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour
bright?"

"Fayr sir," said then the palmer supphaunt,
"For knightoods love doe not so fowle a deed,
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge: to spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed:
But leave these relics of his living might
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed."
"What herce or steed," said he, "should he have
dight,
But be entombd in the raven or the kight?"

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlase;
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid:
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce
And coverd shield: well kend him so far space
Th' enchanter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce;

And to those brethren sayd; "Rise, rise bylive,
And unto battell doe yourselves addresse;
For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and nobilene,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distress,
And thousand Sarzins fowly donne to dye."
That word so deepe did in their harts impress,
That both eftsoones upstartt furiously,
And gan themselves prepare to battell greedily.

But *Sers Pyrochles*, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to praise,
And Archimage besought, him that afford
Which he had brought for *Bragadocchio* vaine.
"So would I," said th' enchanter, "glad and faine
Betwene to you this wound, you to defend,
Or ought that els your honour might maintaine;
But that this weapons powre I well have kend
To be contrary to the worke which ye intend:

"For that same knights owne sword this, of yore
Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art
For that his nourning, when he knight hood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternal smart.
The metall first he mixt with mede-wart,
That no enchantment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of bellish *Styx*, which bidden vertue to it gave.

"The vertue is, that nether steele nor stoue
The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend;
Ne ever may be used by his fons;
Ne forest his rightful owner to offend;
Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend;
Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is bight.
In vaine therefore, *Pyrochles*, should I leed
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
For sure yt would deceivethy labour and thy might."

"Foolish old man," said then the Pagan, wroth,
"That weenest words or charms may force with-
stand:
Soone shalt thou see, and then believe for troth,
That I can carve with this enchanted brand
His lords owne flesh." Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away;
And *Guoyrs* shield about his wreat he bound:
So ready dight, fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battaillons array.

By this, that stranger knight in presence came,
And goodly salved them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine:
Then, turning to the palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

Sayd he then to the palmer; "Reverend syre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatal date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by sight?
However, sure I rewe his pittous plight."
"Not out, nor other," sayd the palmer grave,
"Hath him befalne; but obloodes of deadly night
Awhile his heavy eyelids cover'd have,
And all his senses drowned in deep senseless wave:

"Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their spite,
Would him disarm and treaten shamefully;
Unworthise usage of redoubted knight!
But you, faire sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble case? [face.]
First prayse of knight hood is, fowle outrage to de-

"Palmer," said he, "no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there ever noble corage scene,
That in advantage would his puisance boast:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May bee, that better reason will aswage
The rash revengers heat. Words, well disposd,
Have secrete powre to appease inflamed rage:
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage."

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus he spoke;
"Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, just wronges to vengeance doe provoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chaillege of your-right,
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat."

To whom *Cymochles* said; "For what art thou,
That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare abyge?
The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye."

"Indeed," then said the prince, "the evill donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave;
But from the grandsyre to the nephewes soune
And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
So streightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
His honour stains with rancour and despight,
And great disparagement makes to his former might."

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said; "Now, felon, sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
Therefore by *Tormagaunt* thou shalt be dead."
With that, his hand, more sad than lomp of lead,
Uplifting high, he weneed with *Mordure*,
His owne good sword *Mordure*, to cleave his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But, swarving from the marke, his lordes life did
assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
Nath'lesse the prince would not forsake his sell,
(For well of yore he learned had to ryde)
But full of anger fiercely to him cryde;
"False traitour, miscreant, thou broken haat
The law of armes, to strike foe undefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sovre, and feele the law, the which thou hast
defast."

With that his halefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought
His cursed life out of her Jody have reat:
But, ere the point arrivd where it ought,
That seven-fold shield which he from *Gayon* brought,
He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage
wrought,
And through his shoulder perst; wherewith to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously, [griefe
And fowly saide; "By Mahoune, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on by,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Els mote it needes downe to his manly breast
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dis-
possesst.

Now was the prince in dangerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more puissant,
Unmiudfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

So both at once him charge on either syde
With hideous strokes and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
Their strokes did raine; yet did he never quaille,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought
availe.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay;
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:
He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
Did brake the lance, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
As when his brother saw the red blood rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said; "Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twice hath spedd; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatal brood:
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe
doth stand!"

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke withall,
That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might:
The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte;
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which dividing with importune sway,
It seized in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously;
That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,
Gave him great hart 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 warde did ly:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him furst his foot strooke.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught,
And said; "Fayne soone, great God thy right hand
To use that sword so well as he it ought!" [blowes,
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his bond:
Then like a Lyon, which had long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them food
Esmongt the shepheard swaynes, then waxeth wood
and yood:

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twice so many fold;
Then, backe againe turning his burie hond,
Them both at once compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brood;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not
both withstand.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once cogore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the fore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing diadaine,
That all the forest quakes to hear him rore:
So rag'd priuce Arthur twist his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
(Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Feery queenes pourtract was writt,)
His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore;
Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre;
But him henceforth the same can save no more;
For now arrived is his fatal howre,
That note avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached; prickt with guiltie shame
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approach,
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the haubergh stroke the prince so sore,
That quite departed all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but hit no more; [afore,
Yet made him wise to reele, that never moor'd

Whereat reanferst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his burrowd blade,
That it enpierced the Pagans burganet;
And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his brayne: he, tumbling downe on
ground,
Breath'd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall shade
Past flying, there eternall torment found
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony ferre
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd;
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appear:
But, as a man whom hellish feendes have freyd,
Long trembling still he stode; at last thus sayd;
"Traytour, what hast thou doen! how ever way
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
Against that knight! harrow and wail away!
After so wicked deeple why liv'st thou longer day!"

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did lye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The prince, with patience and sufferance sly,
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew; [renew.
Tho, when this breathlesse woze, that battell gan

As when a windy tempest bloweth hie,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowe,
The clowdes, as things affrayd, before him lye;
But, all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure;
And, as in scoore of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:
So did prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
He, when he stroke most strong, the diat deceiv'd;
He sloug it from him; and, devoid of dread,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed
"Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tread:
But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did under him down
cast.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;
For as a bittur in the eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw;
So he, now subject to the victours law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and reprooch, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;
As one that loathed life, and yet despyd to dye.

But, full of princely bounty and great mind,
The conqueror nought cared him to slay;
But, casting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And sayd; "Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
Life will I grant thee for thy valiaunce," [naunce."
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sove-

"Foole," sayd the Pagan, "I thy gift desye;
But use thy fortune, as it doth befall;
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despite of life for death doe call."
Wroth was the prince, and sovy yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet, with his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

By this, sir Guyon from his trance awakt,
Lifs having mastered her senselesse foe;
And looking up, whenas his shield he laikt
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And saide; "Deare sir, whome wandring to and fro
I long have laikt, I say thy face to vew! [drew.
Firme is thy faith, whom danger never fro me

"But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield?" The palmer, glad
With so fresh hew uprising him to see,
Him answered; "Fayre soome, be no whit sad
For want of weapons; they shall soone be had."
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustein'd had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the prince, with bowing reverence dew,
As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd;
"My lord, my liege, by whose most grations ayd
I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffice to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
But to be ever bound?"—

To whom the infant thus; "Fayre sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their need?
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstand
Oppressours powre by armes and poyssant hood?
Suffice, that I have done my dew in place."
So goodly purpose they together foond
Of kinnesse and of courteous agrace;
The whiles false Archimage and Azin fled apace.

CANTO IX.

The House of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunge-
er knightes to fight compell.

Of all Gods workes, which doe this worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then mans body, both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace;
It grows a monster, and incontinent
Doth lose his dignity and native grace:
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton prince recovering his stolne sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bowd;
"Sir Knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
To weet why on your shield, so goodly soerd,
Beare ye the picture of that ladies head?
Full lively is the semblant, though the substance
dead."

"Fayre sir," sayd he, "if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;
What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew!
But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortall how,
O! how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

"She is the mighty queene of Faery,
Whose faire reitrait I in my shield doe beare;
Shee is the floure of grace and charity,
Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
My life, my liege, my soveraine, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the Earth enlumines cleare;
Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre."

"Thrice happy ruse," said then the Briton knight,
"Whom gracious lot and thy great valiaunce
Have made thee soldier of thy princeesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth blesse her servants, and them high advance!
How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire."

Said Guyon, "Noble lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly prince so soveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her aid to entertaine,
And numbered be amongst knights of Maydenbed,
Great geerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her favor high be reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

"Certes," then said the prince, "I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that queene with all my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happiness
Heaven doth to me covy and fortune favourable."

"Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
Seldom," said Guyon, "yields to vortue aide,
But in her way throwes mischiefs and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
But you, faire sir, be not herewith dismayd,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Fary land."

"Gramercy sir," said he; "but mote I weete
What straunge adventure doe ye now pursue?
Perhaps my succour or advizeement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue."
Then gan sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted hed much way, and measurd many
miles.

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagen to the westerne vale,
Whens they spide a goodly castle, plants
Foreby a river in a pleasant dale;
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
They thether marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty couriers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loop fast lockt, as fearing foes despyght.

Which when they saw, they weened foule reprook
Was to them doon, their entrance to forstall;
Till that the squire gan nigher to approach,
And wind his borne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.
Estroones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,
To weete what they so rudely did require:
Who gently answered, They entrance did desire:

"Fly fly, good knights," said he, "fly fast away,
If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;
Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay;
Here may ye not have entrance, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in this castle hold:
Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
And many good knights slaine that have us sought
to save."

Thus as he spoke, loe! with outrageous cry
A thousand velleins rownd about them swarnd
Out of the rockes and caves adioyning nye;
Vile captiv wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatening death, all in straunge manner armd;
Some with unwelvy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd:
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe upstanding beares.

Fierly at first those knights they did assayle,
And drave them to recoile: but, when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
Like scattered sheepe, whens the shepherds swaine
A lion and a tigre doth espye
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

A while they fled, but soone retourn'd againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And evermore their cruell capitaine
Sought with his raskall routs to enclose them rownd,
And overronne to tread them to the ground:
But soone the knights with their bright-burning
blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from
them fades.

As when a swarme of gusts at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trumpets sowden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clastring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and obvous iniuries,
Till the fierce northerne wind with blustering blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

Thus when they had that treabulous rout disperst,
Unto the castle gate they come againe,
And entrance crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perious paine,
And cumbersome conflict which they did sustaine,
Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shes forth issued with a goodly traine
Of aqires and ladies squaiped well,
And entertained them right fairly, as befell.

Alma she called was; a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee wo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to locke in marriage:
For shee was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flower now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestie,
That euen Heven reioyced her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilly white she was arrayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught;
The traine whereof tooke far behind her strayd,
Branched with gold and perle most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire damells which were taught
That service well: her yellow golden beare
Was trimly worn and in tresses wrought,
No other tirc she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiers.

Goodly shee entertaind these noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginnall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of favour speciall
Of that faire castle to afford them view: [did shew
Shee granted; and, them leading forth, the same

First she them led up to the castle wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and sensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Egyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine whilome built Babel towre:
But O great pittie, that so longer time
So goodly workmanship should not endure! [smre.
Soone it must turne to earth: no earthly thing is

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortal, feminine;
Th' other immortal, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrat was the base,
Proportioned equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle set in Heavens place:
All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For set of wood, nor of enduring brass,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That, when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And, when it opened, no man might it close;
Still opened to their friends, and closed to their
foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of vales, and more smooth and fine,
Then lett or marble far from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wandering vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine:
And over it a fayre portullia bong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the barbian a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debarde,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme:
His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

And round about the porch on every syde
Twise sixtene warders sat, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
T'all yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enaranged ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her gueses,
They did obeysaunce, as becomend right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The porter else to her did lout with humble gestic.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festiuall,
Against the viandies should be ministred.
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged;
He steward was, hight Diet; rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A lolly yeoman, marshal of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both gueses and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward badd. They both attous
Did dewty to their lady, as became;
Who, passing by, furth ledd her gueses anooe
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
The smoke forth threw: and in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall.
Upon a mightie furnace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball:
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

But to delay the heat, leas by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce
An huge great payre of bellows, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the caudron many cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whyles the viandies in the vessell boyld,
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorily
toylid.

The maister cooke was calld Concoction;
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse:
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' achates in seemly wyse,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices awynd;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise,
Others to beare the same away did mynd;
And others it to use according to his kynd.

But all the liquor, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great round vessell plate,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close covraid, and to the backgate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, wherby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill;
For never had they seeme so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
And soone into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pōrtrahed nor wrought;
Not wrought nor pōrtrahed, but easie to be thought:

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
A lovely bevy of faire ladies sate,
Courtod of many a lolly paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his lady to aggrate:
And eke amongst them little Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being returned late
From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

Diverse delights they found themselves to please;
Some song in sweet consort; some laught for joy;
Some playd with strawes; some ydly sett at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasaunce was to them griefe and amoy:
This frowd; that faund; the third for shame did
Another seemed envious, or coy; [blush;
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all attone out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a dancell chose:
The prince by chance did on a lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle
spright.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a poplar branch did hold:
To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd;
"Gentle madame, why seems ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beautil doe with sadness spill?
Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
Or doen you love, or doen you lack your will?
Whatever bee the cause, it sure besecmes you ill."

"Fayre sir," said she, halfe in disdainful wise,
"How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in yourselve doe not the same advise?
Him ill besecmes anothers fault to name,
That may unawares be blotted with the same:
Fennice I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,
That have twelve months sought one, yet no where
can her find."

The prince was inly moved at her speech,
Well weeting trow what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblant sought to hyde the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming whott, 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 Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

The whiles the Feery knight did entertaine
Another damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
But that too off she chaung'd her native hew:
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
Upon her fist the bird, which shooneth vew
And keepe in covert close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polishd yvory
Which cunning craftsmen hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure castory.
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

"Fayre damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise:
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But, if ought else that I note not devyue,
I will, if please you it discure, assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
Held downe her heed, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth case;
Till Alma him bespake; "Why wonder ye,
Faire sir, at that which ye so much embrace?
She is the fontaine of your modestee;
You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itselfe is shee."

Thereat the Elle did blush in privites,
And turnd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd 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 see her castles other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

That turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest Heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it surweyd, as hills doen lower ground:
But not on ground mote like to this be found;
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud towne of Troy, though richly gait,
From which young Hector's blood by cruell Greekes
was spilt.

The roofe betwixt was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and shined continually:
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the prayes of that Makers might!

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,
This parts great workmanship and wondrous powre,
That all this other worldes worke doth exceed,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages;
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest mee, I weene, that lived in their ages.

Not he, whom Greece, the nourice of all good arts,
By Phoebus doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage Pylion syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advice old Priams cittle fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of things present best advise;
The third things past could keep in memoree:
So that no time nor reason could arise,
But that the same could one of these comprise.
Forthy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preindize;
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

His chamber was dispaunted all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapcs of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yt,
Ne can devize be of mortall wit;
Some daily seen and known by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do fit;
Infernal hags, centaurs, feardes, hippodames,
Apes, Lyons, eagles, owles, fooles, lovers, children,
dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flies
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encumberd all mens eares and eyes;
Like many swarmes of bees assembled round
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Deviess, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and propheties;
And all that fained is, as featings, tales, and lies.

Amongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That night Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
Of swarthy complexion, and of crabbd bew,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of agury.

VOL. III.

Whom Alma having shew'd to her guesste, [wals
Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose
Were painted faire with memorabill gesses
Of famous wisards; and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commes wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals,
All artes, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practice and usage
He now was grown right wise and wondrous sage:
Great pleasure had those stranger knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to see: [of three
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme

That chamber seemd ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, thought somewhat they de-
clind;
And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompensd them with a better score: [force
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled

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 ald,
As all thinges els the which this world doth wald;
But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupt dwald:
The warres he well remembred of king Niue,
Of old Assaracus, and Itachus divine.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancie:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls
And old records from ancient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to sett,
A litle boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Ananestes clepd is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their propertie.

The knightes there sitting did him reverence dew,
And woodred at his endless exercises:
Then as they gan his library to vew,
And antique registers for to vew,
There chanced to the princee bound to rize
An ancient booke, light Britis Monuments,
That of this lands first conquest did devize,
And old division into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

K

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquities of Faery Land*:
In which wheras he greedily did looke,
Th' offspring of Elves and Faries there he fond,
As it delivered was from bond to bond:
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their countreys auncestry to understood,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire [desire.
To read those bookes; who gladly granted their

CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Ulbers raynes:
And rolls of Elfin emperours,
Till time of Glorians.

Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equal unto this haughty enterprize?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift itselfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit than hetherto was wount
Here needles me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded soveraigne I recount,
By which all earthly princes the doth far surmount.

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her lineage may conspire;
Which though from Earth it be derived right,
Yet doth itselfe stretch forth to Heavens hight,
And all the world with wonder overprepd;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might!
How shall fraile pen, with fear disparaged, [had!
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bounty.

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegrean love, he wrote,
That all the gods admired his lofty note.
But, if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To decke my song withall, I would assay
Thy name, O soveraine queene, to blazon far away.

Thy name, O soveraine queene, thy realme, and
From this renowned prince derived arre, [race,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern starre
Immortall Fame for ever hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
And, therein have their mighty empire rayd,
In antique times was salvage wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprov'd, unprayed;
Ne was it island then, ne was it payd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein prayed;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Callicks mayne-land
brought.

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 southerne sea-coast lay
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it *Alston*: but later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants, and halfe-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling livened;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That somes of men amaz their sternesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
Unearth is to assure; unearth to wene
That monstrous error which doth some assott,
That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene;
Where, compasing with feends and filthy sprights
Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
They brought forth geaunts, and such dreadful
wights
As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time;
That their owne mother loathd their beaulinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,
Driven by fatal error henc arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battails with his salvage foe;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giants left on growing fore:
That well can witnes yet unto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprinckled with the gore
Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renowned
For the large leape which Debon did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground,
Into the which retoursing backe he fell:
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,
Which that huge soune of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,
Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slaine anon.

In deed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corineus had that province utmost west
To him assigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called *Coruwaile*, yet so called best:
And Debons shayre was, that is *Devonshyre*:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he calld *Canutium*, for his hyre;
Now *Cantium*, which *Esut* we comonly inquirye.

Thus Brute this realme unto his rule subdued,
 And reigned long in great felicity,
 Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschew'd:
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 borne of fayre Inogenes of Italy;
 Amongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
 And Loctrine left chiefe lord of Britanny.
 At last ripe age had him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune, unto small fate.

Loctrine was left the soveraine lord of all;
 But Albanact had all the northerne part,
 Which of himselfe Albania he did call;
 And Camber did possess the westerne quart,
 Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:
 And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
 That once their quiet government annoyd;
 But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart
 And courage fierce that all men did affray,
 Which through the world then swarnd in every part,
 And overflowd all countie far away,
 Like Noyes great flood, with their importune sway,
 This land invaded with like violence,
 And did themselves through all the north display:
 Untill that Loctrine for his realmes defence,
 Did head against them make and strong munificence.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
 Forsoy the river that whylome was hight
 The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
 He them defeated in victorious fight,
 And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
 That forst their chieftain, for his safeties sake,
 (Their chieftain Humber named was aright)
 Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
 Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

The king returned proud of victory,
 And insolent wax through unwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
 Which in his land he lately did appeare,
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lov'd faire ladie Estrild, leudly lov'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
 From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful
 prov'd.

The noble daughter of Coriagus
 Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
 But, gathering force and courage valorous,
 Encountred him in battell well ordaind,
 In which him vanquish she to fly constraind:
 But she so fast pursu'd, that him she tooke
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
 Als his faire leman flying through a brooke
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke;

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare
 Begott by her kingly paramoure,
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, far from all succoure:
 The one she slew upon the present floure;
 But the sad virgin innocent of all
 Adowns the rolling river she did poure,
 Which of her name now Severne men do call:
 Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

Then for her sonne, which she to Loctrin bore,
 (Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway)
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper years he raught and stronger slay:
 During which time her power she did display
 Through all this realme, the glory of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey:
 But, when her sonne to mans estate did wax,
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would tenger vex.

The Madan reigned, unworthie of his race;
 For with all shame that sacred throne he filld.
 Next Meuprise, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being consorted with Manild,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he killd.
 But Ebranck saved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
 In Hensult, where yet of his victories [vies.
 Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land en-

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny:
 For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
 Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desire:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their syre [tyre.
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to re-

Which blott his some succeeding in his seat,
 The second Brute, the second both in name
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame:
 He with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of first Fraunce, a forlorne dame,
 And taugt her first how to be conquer'd; [sacked.
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been ran-

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
 And let the marsh of Esthambrages tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermill?
 That not scith guirith it mote seeme to bee,
 But rather y scith gogh, signe of sad crueltee.

His sonne king Leill, by fathers labour long,
 Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
 Next Huddibras his realme did not increase,
 But taugt the land from wearie wars to cease.
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
 Excelld at Athens all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to threesall vage parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne
 harts.

Example of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbedon,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick brimston,
 Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreyne nation;
 Yet he at last, contending to excell [fell.
 The reach of men, through fight into fond mischief

Next him King Leyr in happie peace long raynd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind
In all that seemed fit for kingly seed;
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To have divided: tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquryd, which of them most did love her parentage.

The eldest, Honorill, gan to protest,
That she much more than her owne life him lov'd;
And Regan greater love to him profest
Then all the world, whenever it were prov'd;
But Cordell said she lov'd him as beboov'd:
Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre
To paint it forth, him to displeasance mov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did shayre.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
And th' other to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes;
But, without dowre, the wise Cordelia
Was sent to Aganip of Celtica:
Their aged syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A private life ledd in Albania
With Honorill, long had in great renowne,
That nought him griev'd to beane from rule de-
posed downe.

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay:
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
Who him at first well used every way;
But, when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truly tryde in his extremest state!
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia himselfe address'd,
Who with natyre affection him receiv'd,
As for her syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd, [resolv'd,
To war on those which him had of his realme be-

So to his crowne she him restord againe;
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by ead,
And after wild it should to her resaine:
Who peecesby the same long time did wald,
And all mens harts in dew obedience held;
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebelld,
And overcome kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raise
But fierce Cundah can shortly to cavy
His brother Morgann, priekt with proud disdain:
To have a pere in part of sovereignty;
And, kindling coles of cruell enmity,
Raid warre, and him in battell overthrow:
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew:
Then did he rainge alicie, when he none equal knew.

His soune Rivall' his dead rowne did supply;
In whose sad time blood did from Heaven rwyne:
Next great Gurgastus, then faire Cecily,
In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne:
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did raybe,
And Gorbogudd, till far in years he grew:
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrax and sternes Potrex him in prison threw.

But O! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinned, nor regards no right,
Stird Potrex up to put his brother downe;
Who, unty him assembling forraigne might,
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight:
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,
Most mercilesse of women, Wyden hight,
Her other soune fast-sleeping did oppress;
And with most cruell hand him a hundred pittilesse.

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this scepter borne
With high renowne and great felicity:
The noble branch from th' antique stocke was torn
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.
Thenceforth this realme was into factions rent,
Whilset each of Brutus' heanes to be borne,
That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus, nee of Brittan's glorie auncient.

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And woodrous wit to manage high affairs,
Who, stird with pittie of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cal into aعدry abryes
By such as claynd themselves Brutus' rightfull
Gathered the princes of the people loose [secret,
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win of loose.

Then made he head against his enemies;
And Ymmer slew of Logris misereate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Staler, both allies,
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confest late,
He overthrow through his owne valiance;
Whose countries he reduc'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governaunce;
Now one, which erst were many made through res-
siance.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some have say
Were unto him-reveald in vision;
By which he freed the travellers high-way,
The churches part, and plottings mans portions:
Restraining stealth and strove extortion;
The gracious Name of great Britany:
For, till his dayes, the civill dominion
By strength was wielded without policy:
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

Donwallis dyde; (for what may time for ay!)
And left two sounes, of peacelesse prowess both;
That sacked Rome too deedly did assay,
The recompence of their perjured oth; [wroth]
And ransackt Greece well tryde, when they were
Besides subiected France and Germany.
Which yet their praises speake, all be they both,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kings of Britany.

Next them did Gurguot, great Belmus sonne,
In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Danmarks wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies:
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
Whom he at sea found wandering from their waies,
A seate in Ireland safely to remayne, [tayne]
Which they should hold of him as subject to Bri-

After him reigned Gatheline his hayre,
The iustest man and trewest in his daies,
Who had to wife dame Mertis the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortal praise,
Which for this realme found many goodly layes,
And wholesome statutes to her husband brought:
Her many deemd to have bene of the Fayres,
As was Asyerid that Numa taught:
Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and
thought.

Her sonne Sillus after her did rayne;
And then Kimarus; and then Dantius:
Next whom Marinus did the crowne sustayne;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deedes, should matched have the best:
As well in that same field victorious
Against the forreine Murand he exprest;
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turnes did rayne:
First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;
Next Archigaid, who for his proud disdayne
Deposed was from principedome soverayne,
And pittous Elidure put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
Till by his death he it recovered;
But Peridure and Vigent him dethronized:

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they out-raigned had their utmost date,
And then therein rescized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendered realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their nephewes late;
Even thrie clevea descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse monuments of his great good:
The rein'd wals he did remedie:
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enmy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombd solemnly:
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgens and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the roiall diademe,
And goodly well long time it governd;
Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
And warlike Cesar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet island never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hanger of dominion!) hether came.

Yet twice they were repulsd backe againe,
And twice renfort backe to their ships to fly;
The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,
And the gray ocean into purple dy:
No had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not Androgens, false to native soyle,
And evions of uncles soveraintie,
Betrayd his country unto forreine spoyle. [foyle]
Nought els but treason from the first this land did

So by him Cesar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

Next him Tenantius reigned; then Kimbeline,
What time th' Eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Entombd was, from wretched Adams line
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
O ioyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plentifully displayd!
O too high ditty for my simple rime!—
Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refused to let be payd.

Good Claudia, that next was emperour,
An army brought, and with him battelle fought,
In which the king was by a treachetour
Disguised staine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde
Both in his armes and crowne, and by that draught
Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

Was never king more highly magnifide,
Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage;
For which the emperour to him allide
His daughter Genuisse in marriage:
Yet shortly he renouust the vassallage
Of Rome againe, who hether hastily sent
Vespasian, that with great spoite and rage
Forwasted all, till Genuisse gent
Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to relent.

He did; and him succeeded Maria,
Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christs Evangely.
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Ioseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grayle, (they say)
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did
deceay.

This good king shortly without isew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did herselfe in sondry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whilst Romanes daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing, stout Bauduca up arose,
And taking armes the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marchd straight against her foes,
And them upwain besides the Severne did unlose.

There she with them a cruell battell tryde,
Not with so good success as shee deserv'd ;
By reason that the captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by Paelinus, from her swerv'd ;
Yet such, as were through former fight preserv'd,
Gathering againe, her host shee 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, herselfe shee slew.

O famous monument of womens prayse !
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
Or to Hypsipyl, or to Thomiris :
Her host two hundred thousand numbred is ;
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemies ;
And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew ;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled ;
So made them victors whome hee did subdew.
Then gan Carausius tyrannize anew,
And gainst the Romane bent their proper powre ;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of emperoure :
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howrs :

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquish playne,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame :
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne ;
But shortly was by Coyll in battell slaine :
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd soveraine :
Then gan this realme renew her passed prime :
He of his name Coylechester baill of stone and lime.

Which when the Romane heard, they hether sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Payre Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all godly shewes and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous wight
For skill in musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunnin laies :

Of whome hee did great Constantine begett,
Who afterward was emperour of Rome ;
To which whiles absent hee his mind did sett,
Octavius here leapt into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome :
But hee his title iustifie by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight :
So settled hee his kingdome, and confirmd his
right :

But, wanting ymew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the empire wan,
Till murdered by the friends of Gratian.
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
During the raigne of Maximinian ;
Who dying left none haire them to withstand ;
Ept that they overran all parts with easy hand.

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miscryes and woofull ruth
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay :
Whome Romane warres, which now four hundred
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay ;
Til, by consent of common end of peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with ioyous
teares :

Who having oft in battell vanquishd
Those spoyfull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein scatterings
With which the world did in those dayes abound :
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea hee heapt a mighty mound, [bowpd.
Which from Alcluid to Panwell did that border

Three sonnes hee dying left, all under age ;
By meanes wherof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage ;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare :
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare ;
From whence estoones arrivd heree three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom hee for his safety employes.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight
Hengist and Horsa, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowned might ;
Who making vantage of their civile learre,
And of those forreyners which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realme ere long they stronger are
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And Vortiger unfet the kingdome to aband.

But, by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
Hee is againe unto his rule restord ;
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face and flattering word.
Soone after which, three hundred lords hee slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord ;
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew,

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
And, here arrivng, strongly challenged
The crowne which Vortiger did long detainne :
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayoe ;
And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopp'd was his breath ;
So now entombd lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

After him Uther, which Penndragon hight,
Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other cesure right ;
As if the rest some wicked hand did read,
Or th' author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The prince himselfe halfe seem'd to offend ;
Yet secret pleasures did offence-empreach,
And wonder of antiquity long stoppt his speach,

At last, quite raviſht with delight to heare
The royall offspring of his native land,
Cryde out; "Deare cuntry! O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster child, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receive!
How brutiſh is it not to understoode
How much to her we owe, that all we gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

But Guyon all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leaſure ſo long leaves here to repeat:
It told how firſt Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beaſts dery'd,
And then ſtole fire from Heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by love depry'd
Of life himſelfe, and hart-strings of an aegle ry'd.

That man ſo made he called Elfe, to veſt
Quick, the firſt author of all Elfin kynd;
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either ſprite,
Or angel, th' author of all woman kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight, [right
Of whom all Faries ſpring, and fetch their lignage

Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And painſant kinges which all the world warrayd,
And to themſelves all nations did ſubweyde:
The firſt and eldeſt, which that ſcepter ſwayd,
Was Elfin; him all India obeyd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis foundation firſt of all:
But Elfine enclod it with a golden wall.

His ſonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field:
But Elfant was of moſt renowned fame,
Who all of chriſtall did Panthea build:
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other three:
Then Elfinor, who was in magick ſkill;
He built by art upon the glaſſy ſee. [to be.
A bridge of braſ, whose ſound Hevens thunder ſeem'd

He left three ſonnes, the which in order raynd,
And all their offspring, in their dew deſcendants;
Even ſeven hundred princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their ſondry governments;
That were too long their infinite coaſtants
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous monuments,
And brave example, both of martiall
And civil rule, to kinges and ſtates imperiall.

After all theſe Elfeleas did rayne,
The wiſe Elfeleas in great maiestie,
Who mightily that ſcepter did ſuſtayne,
And with rich ſpoyles and famous victories
Did high advance the crowne of Faery:
He left two ſonnes, of which faire Elferos,
The eldeſt brother, did untiely dy;
Whose empty place the mightie Oberon
Doably ſupplide, in ſponſall and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie over all
Which, him before, that ſacred ſeaſe did fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriall:
He dying left the faireſt Tanaquill,
Him to ſucceede therein, by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned ſkill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious howre:
Long mayſt thou, Glorian, live in glory and great
powre!

Begyld thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall deſire of cuntryes ſtate,
So long they redd in theſe antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
Till gentle Alma, ſeeing it ſo late,
Perforce their ſtudies broke, and them beought
To thinke how ſupper did them long awate:
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fayrely feaſted as ſo noble knightes ſhe ought.

CANTO XI.

The enmities of Temperance
Beſiege her dwelling place;
Prince Arture them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

WHAT warre ſo cruel, or what ſiege ſo ſore,
As that, which ſtrong affections doe apply
Against the forte of Reaſon evermore,
To bring the ſowle into captivity!
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile fleſh, relenting to their rage;
And exerciſe moſt bitter tyranny
Upon the partes, brought into their bondage:
No wretchedneſſe is like to ſinfull velleag.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to Reaſons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the ſcepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is ſettled there in ſure eſtabliſhment.
There Alma, like a virgin queene moſt bright,
Doth ſloriſh in all beautie excellent;
And to her gueſtes doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

Early, before the Morne with cremoſin ray
The windowes of bright Heven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Bright looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uproſe ſir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purpoſed journey him prepar'd:
With him the palmer eke in habit ſad
Himſelfe addreſt to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers ſyde they both together far'd:

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The ferriman, as Alma had beight,
With his well-rigged bote: they goe aboard,
And he ſoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of ſight,
And faſt the land behynd them fled away.
But let them paſ, whiles winde and wether right
Doe ſerve their turnes: here I a while muſt ſtay,
To ſee a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

For, all as soon as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villains fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde;
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest, when they approached neare.

Them in twelve troupes their captain did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the castle-gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endless hate
They battred day and night, and entranca did
awate.

The other five, five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great bulwarke of that pile,
And unto each a bulwarke did arrett,
T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery, [tery,
With which they dayly made most dreadfull bat-

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle mishapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like owles, with becks uncomely bent;
Others like dogs; others like gryphons dreare;
And some had wings, and some had claws to tear:
And every one of them had lynxes eyes;
And every one did bow and arrowe beare:
All those were lawlesse Lustes, corrupt Envyes,
And covetous Aspects, all cruel enmyes.

Those same against the bulwarke of the right
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respite day nor night;
But soon as Titan gan his head assault,
And soon againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent;
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault:
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money, they that bulwarke sorely rent.

The second bulwarke was the *hewing senoy*,
Gainst which the second troupe designment makes;
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference:
Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
Some like wild bores late roused out of the brakes:
Slaunderous Reproches, and fowle Infamies,
Leasinges, Backbittinges, and vain-glorious Crakes,
Bad Counsels, Prayses, and false Flatteries:
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the *smell*,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayed,
Whose hideous shapes were like to fecundes of Hell,
Some like to houndes, some like to apes, dismayd;
Some, like to puttockes, all in plumes arrayd;
All shap't according their conditions:
For, by those ugly formes, weren pourtrayd
Foolish Delights, and fond Abusions,
Which doe that grave besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band which cruell battie bent
Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the *taste*,
Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement;
Some mouth'd like greedy oysterges; some faste
Like loathly toades; some fashioned in the wast
Like swize: for so deformed is Luxury,
Surfeat, Misdiet, and unthriftie Waste,
Vain Feastes, and ydle Superfluity:
All those this sence fort assyle incessantly.

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew
And force of force, is dreadfull to report;
For some like snakes, some did like spyders abow,
And some like ugly urchins thick and short:
Cruelly they assayed that fift fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall Delight,
With stinges of carnall Lust, and strong effort
Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissance
Against that castle restlesse siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
Upon the bulwarke cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
And evermore their wicked capitayn
Provoked them the breaches to assay, [Guyon,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of
Which by the pansack of that pece they should
attayn.

On th' other side, th' assieged castles ward
Their steadfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many hold repulse and many hard
Atchievement wrought, with perill and with payne,
That goodly frame from ruin to sustaine:
And those two brethren gyauntes did defend
The walls so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That never entranca any durst pretend, [seed,
But they to direfull sleath their growling ghouts did

The noble virgin, ladie of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,
(For never was she in so evill cace)
Till that the prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from an sad affright,
Offering his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th' author of that strife:
She him remercied as the patron of her life.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous congé, he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went,
Payre mote he thee, the prouest and most gent,
That ever brandished bright steele on hys!
Whom some as that durly rablement
With his gay squyre [sawing did espye,
They roard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
Their flutting arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
And round about him socke impatiently,
Like a great water-flood, that tommbling low
From the high mountaines, threatens to overflow
With suddera fury all the fertile playne.
And the good husbandmans long hope doth throw
Adowne the streamer, and all his vovves make vayne;
Nor bounds nor banks his heedlong ruine may sta-
... tayne.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
Which fled asunder, and him fell before;
As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,
When the wroth western wind does reare their locks:
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like dooks;
The fierce Spumador borne of heavenly seed;
Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did breed,

Which suddaine horrour and confused cry
When as their captaine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to wæst, and fault to remedy:
Upon a tygra swift and fierce he rode,
That as the wilde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode;
But of such subtile substance and unground,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes
were unbound:

And in his hand a bended bow was seeme,
And many arrows under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide:
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde:
No was there salve, no was there medicine, [time,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke;
His body lean and meagre as a rake;
And skin all withered like a dried rooke;
Thereeto as cold and drey as a snake;
That seemd 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, - [sight:
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly

Maleger was his name: and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked bags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet nashod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe all full of litle songs
She did support, and Impotence her name: [fume.
But th' other was Impatience arm'd with raging

Soone as the carle from far the prince espyde,
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent;
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell;
Then he another and another did expell.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortal speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whyteare:
But he was not so handy to abide
That bitter stound, but, turning quicks aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to pursue, the infant after hide
So fast as his good courser could him beare;
But labour lost it was to weenie approach him neare.

Far as the winged wind his tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
No scarce his feet on ground were seeme to tread;
Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,
No hedge no ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his sight the vellein turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chase)
Unto his tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drow;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pourse:
But, when his uncouth manner he did vaw,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perious store, [more.
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for

But that lame bag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrows, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh battaill to renew;
Which he espying cast bar to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to tye;
But, soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other bag did far away espye
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude handes and gryeal graplement;
Till that the vellein, coming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:
Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battall balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle aquire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew ere his bitter base.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life unground,
That in assurance it may never stand,
Till it dissolved be from earthly band!
Proove he thou, prince, the prouest man alyve,
And noblest borne of all in Briton land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,
That, had not Grace thee blest, thou shouldst not
survive.

The aqyre arriving, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other jade,
His chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his lord they should behinde invade;
The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochful shame,
As one awakes out of long slombing shade,
Revivying thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame,

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept and down suppress,
With murmures dodayne doth inly rave,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious onset,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that did sett it hinder and molest,
Yt now devoured with flames and scorching heat,
And carries free smotherd with rage and horror great,

So mightly the Briton prince him round
 Out of his bolde, and broke his caryve bands;
 And as a beare, whom angry carres have touzd,
 Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the carle
 Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,
 To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

Which now him turd to disadvantage deare;
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
 But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
 Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
 The knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
 And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and filld his
 place.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
 And all his labor brought to happy end;
 When suddain up the villsaine overthrowne
 Out of his sworne arme, fresh to contend,
 And gan himselfe to second battaill bend,
 As hurt, he had not beene. Thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
 And had not bene removed many a day; [way:
 Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
 To shorne the engin of his meant decay;
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
 But growd he gave, and lightly lept aere:
 Eft fierce retourning, as a falcon fyre,
 That once hath failed of her soues full care,
 Remounts againe into the open ayre,
 And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepayre:

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade,
 He to the carle himselfe agayn addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
 An open passage through his riven brest,
 That halfe the steels behind his backe did rest;
 Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
 When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore:

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
 All were the wound so wide and wonderous
 That through his carcas one might playnly see.
 Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
 And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
 Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,
 That made his spright to grone full pitous;
 Yet nathemore forth sed his groning spright,
 But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
 And trembling terror did his hart apall:
 Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all:
 He doubted least it were some magicall
 Illusion that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost that wanted funeral,
 Or aery spinte under false pretence,
 Or hellish feend rayd up through divelish science.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
 Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
 Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
 That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
 That was most strong in most infirmitee;
 Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

Awile he stood in this astonishment,
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay
 Give over to effect his first intent,
 And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
 Or th' utmost ysave of his owne decay.
 His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld
 At need till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright shield that nought him now avayld;
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,
 And crusbt his carcas ag against his brest,
 That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
 And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest:
 Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
 The iumphish corse unto the sencelesse growd;
 Adowne he kest it wth so puissant wrest,
 That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
 And gave against his mother Earth a gronefull sownd.

As when loves harness-bearing bird from hye
 Stouper at a flying heron with proud disdain,
 The stone-dead quarrye falls so forciblye,
 That it rebownds against the lowly playne,
 A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
 Then thought the prince all peril sure was past,
 And that he victor onely did remaine;
 No sooner thought, then that the carle as fast
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was
 cast.

Nigh his wits end then woze th' amazed knight,
 And thought his labor lost, and travell wayne,
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
 That, whiles he marvelld still, did still him payne;
 Forthly he gan some other wayes advize,
 How to take life from that dead-living swayne,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arise [reprize.
 From th' Earth, and from her womb new spirits to

He then remembered well, that had bene sayd,
 How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
 She eke, so often as his life decayd,
 Did life with usury to him restore,
 And repaid him up much stranger then before,
 So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:
 Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,
 Ne him commit to grave terrestriall,
 But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Until he came unto a standing lake;
 Him therinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake: [usake.
 So end of that carles dayes and his owne paynes did

Which when those wicked bags from far did spye,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands;
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake:
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Malegers cursed darts did take, [make.
So ry'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did

Thus now alone he conquerour remains:
Tho, cunning to his squire that kept his steed,
Thought to have mounted; but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and served not his need, [bleed,
Through losse of blood which from his wounds did
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.

Where many groomes and squiers ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly;
And eke the fayrest Alma meet him there
With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity:
Esteemes she caused him up to be conveyd,
And of his armes despoyled easily
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;
And, al the while his wounds were dressing, by him
stayd.

CANTO XII.

Gayon, by palmers governance,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Dowe of Bliss,
And Acrasy defeat.

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperance
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned head
To prick of highest prayes forth to advance,
Formerly grounded and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountyed:
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fights,
Now comes to point of that same perillous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick
might.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas:
Tho, when appeared the third morrow bright
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright;
And straight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the boteman, "Palmer, sterc sright,
And keepe an even course; for yonder way
We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight!)
That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say;
That deepe engorgeth all this world's pray;
Which having swallowd up excessively,
Hee soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
And belketh forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

"On th' other syde an hideous rock is sight
Of mightie magnes stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On whose cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengery, that none from it can shift:
For, whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring iawes,
They on the rock are rent, and sunck in helpeles
waves."

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Unill they nigh unto that gulfe arryve,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissance doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryve
The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve
In th' huge abyasse of his engolffing grave, [rave.
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terroure

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Socking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible than Hell to see,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare seepe
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
But nought that failes into this dyrefull deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, hut is condemned to be drent.

On th' other side they saw that perillous rocke,
Threatning itselfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke;
And shivered ships, which had bene wrecked late,
Yet stuck with carcasses exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwarde make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame for ever fowly blent.

Porthy this hight the Rock of vile Reproch,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
But yelling meawes, with seagull's hoars and bracc,
And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat wayting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy case,
After lost credit and consumed thrif,
At last them driven hath to this despairfull drift.

The palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus saide; "Behold th' ensamples in our sightes
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast!
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
By these rent reliques speaking their ill plightes!
Let all that live hereby be counselled
To shunne Rock of Reproch, and it as death to dread!"

So forth they rowed; and that ferryman
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the boare waters from his frigit ran,
And the light hubles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many islandes spy
On every side flioting the floodes among:
Then said the knight; "Lo! I the land descrie;
Therefore, old syre, thy course doe thereunto apply."

"That may not bee," said then the ferryman,
 "Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne:
 For those same islands, seeming now and than,
 Are not firme land, nor any certain woone,
 But stragling plots, which to and fro doe roome
 In the wide waters; therefore are they hight
 The Wandring Islands: therefore doo them shonne;
 For they have oft drawne many a wandring wight
 Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

"Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth see,
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispreed
 With grassy greene of delectable hew;
 And the tall trees with leaves appeared
 Are deckt with blossoms dyde 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 uncertein and unsure.

"As th' isle of Delos whylome, men report,
 Amid th' Aegrean sea long time did stray,
 Ne made for shipping any certein port,
 Till that Latona travailing that way,
 Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard assay,
 Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for Apolloes temple highly herried."

They to him hearken, as beseechmeth meete;
 And passe on forward: so their way does lie,
 That one of those same islands, which doe fleet
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
 Upon the banck they sitting did espy
 A daintie damsell dressing of her beare,
 By whom a little shippet foting did appeare.

She, them espying, loud to them can call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
 For she had cause to busie them withall;
 And therewith lowdly laught: but nathemore
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her power and might.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly;
 Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd wordes 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 iustly wite,
 She turnd her boate about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton Phœdria, which late
 Did ferry him over the Idle Lake:
 Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements thus forsake;
 When them the wary boteman thus bespake;
 "Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
 And of our safety good heede to take;
 For here before a perious passage lyes, [dies:
 Where many mermaids haunt making false melo-

"But by the way there is a great quicksand,
 And a whirlepoole of hidden iopardy;
 Therefore, sir Palmer, keepe an even hand;
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly."
 Scarce had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh with water covered;
 But by the checked wave they did decry
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
 It called was the Quicksand of Unbrifted.

They, passing by, a goodly ship did see
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,
 And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
 Which through great disaventure, or surprize,
 Herselfe had roone into that hazardize;
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
 Labour'd in vaine to have recour'd their prize,
 And the rich wares to save from pittous spoyle;
 But neither toyle nor travell might her backe re-
 coyle.

On th' other side they see that perilous poole,
 That called was the Whirlepoole of Decay;
 In which full many had with haplesse doole
 Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
 Like to a restlesse wheele, still running round,
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw their boate within the utmost bound
 Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them drown'd,

But th' heedful boteman strongly forth did stretch
 His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
 That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dread daunger does behind remaine.
 Suddaine they see from midst of all the maine
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea, pufft up with proud daine,
 To swell above the measure of his guise,
 As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise,

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
 His whirling charet for exceeding feare;
 For not one puffle of winde there did appeare;
 That all the three threat woxe much afraid,
 Unweeting what such horrore strange did reare.
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous boast arrayd
 Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sence dismayd;

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
 Such as dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
 Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
 Spring-headed hydes; and sea-shouldring whales;
 Great whirlepooles, which all fishes make to see;
 Bright scolopendres arm'd with silver scales;
 Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles;

The dreadful snab, that hath deserv'd the name
 Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull bew;
 The grisly wasserman, that makes his game
 The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue;
 The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
 Huge ziffus, whom muriners eachew
 No lesse then rocks, as travellers informe;
 And greedy rosmarines with visages deforme;

All these, and thousande thousande many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow robbing roare
Came rushing, in the foamy waves enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold:
No wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearene babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrill.

" Feare nought," then saide the palmer well aviz'd;
" For these same newwaters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us deed,
And draw from on this journey to proceed."
Tho, lifting up his vertuous staffe on bye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull surrie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept;
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayd and pittifully wept,
That through the sea th' resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an island did espie
A seemely maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seem'd some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

Which Guyon hearing, straight his palmer bad
To stee the bote towards that dolofull mayd,
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad:
Who, him avizing better, to him sayd;
" Faire sir, be not displeas'd if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill sayd;
But onely womanish faine forgery,
Your stubborne hart v' affect with fraile infamy."

" To which when she your courage hath mov'd
Through foolish pittie, then her gaidfull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt."
The knight was ruel, and the boteman strayt
Hold on his course with stayd steadfastnesse,
Ne ever shrinke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse;
But with his oars did sweep the watry wilderness.

And now they nigh approach'd to the sted
Wherces those mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasant port they made,
And did like an halfe theatre fulfill:
There those five sisters had continuall trade,
And us'd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd
With th' Hellenic maidens for maystery;
Of whom they over-come were despis'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyty
Transform'd to fish for their bold surquedry;
But th' upper halfe their hew retain'd still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they us'd to fill,
T' allure woebe travellers, whom gotten they did
kill.

So now to Guyon, as he pass'd by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applyde;
" O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever battell tryde,
O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile:
Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ryde;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet in from paine and wearisome
turnoyle."

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered;
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
A solemne meane unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
Which Guyons senses softly tickled,
That he the boteman bad row easly,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the palmer from that vanity
With temperate advyce discourmouled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry,
The land to which their course they levelled;
When suddely a grosse fog over spred
With his dall vapour all that desert has,
And Heavens chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seem'd one confused mass.

Therent they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct theyr way in darknes wide,
But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tumbling into mischiefes unespyde:
Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
Suddenly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with their wicked winges them ofte did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that greasy night.

Even all the nation of unfortunats
And faterl birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
The ill-faste owle, Deaths dreadfull messengere;
The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull dreare;
The lether-winged batt, dayes enemy;
The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere;
The whistler shrill, that whooe heares doth dy;
The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny:

All these, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fid their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stiffe steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land itselfe did pleynly shew.
Said then the palmer; " Lo! where does appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow! [throw."
Therefore, sir Knight, your ready armes about you

He hearkned, and his armes about him took,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her ook,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke:
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,
And his sage palmer that him governd;
But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
They march'd fayrely forth, of ought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for every bard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that huggers poynt or Venus sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Untill they came in view of those wilde beasts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to devour those unexpected guests.

But, soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that coukd all charmes defeat:
Eftsoones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high advanced crests downe meekely feild;
Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wons the Stygian realmes invade
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade;
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
And rule the Puryes when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arrive
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggregate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispenche,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
Aswell their entred guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard their force that fortillage to win,
But Wisedomes powre, and Temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforded bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious ivory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Iason and Medea was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His fabled fayth, and love too lightly fitt;
The wondrous Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the sorrow
Of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billows fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A pitous spectacle did represent;
And othershiles with gold besprinkled [wod.
Yt seemd th' enchanted flame, which did Cræusa

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came: but in the pomb there sat
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more then naturall,
That travellers to him seemd to entize;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wise,
Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestial powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well percieve to bee:

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 envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see:
He of this garden had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devisd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formaltee.

With divers flowres he dutifly was deckt,
And strowed rownd about; and by his side
A mighty maser bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrifice;
Wherewith all new-come guests be gratyfyde:
So did he eke sir Guyon passing by;
But he his ydle curtesie deside,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully, [blants sly.
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed seem-

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and spacious plaine, on every side
Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy ground
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Flores pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompos bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne, [morne.
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early

Thereto the Heavens alwayes joviall
Lookte on them lovely, still in steadfast state,
Ne suffred storme 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 milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attemptd, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holson
smell:

More sweet and holsoner then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe, that bore
A gyant babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phoebus hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
Whenever they their heavenly bowres forelore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much woo'ded Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will and maystering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the hyacinne,
Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered, [hed:
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for woman-

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scrud with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offered it to tast;
Who, taking it out of her tender hand,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken foud,
And with the liquor stained all the land:
Whereat Facesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, so yet withstood,
But suffered him to passe, all were she both; [goth.
Who, sought regarding her displeasure, forward

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happiness envie;
The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the hills for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the christall running by;
And, that which all faire workes doth most agrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no
place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonnesse enuade
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So differing both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This garden to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on Earth might bee,
So pure and whiey that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymagerees
Was over-wrought, and shap'es of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toy'es,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvis in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avia'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trow;
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their floey flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep:

Infinitt streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a lile lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle up-
right.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemd to contend
And wrestle wantonly, no car'd to hyde [eyd.
Their daintie partes from vew of any which them

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a veld,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddainly both would themselves unbele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes reveale.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His dewy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprizian goddess, newly borne
Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace; [brace.
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasure to em-

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his upwonted guise;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a stranger did avise:
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps sloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;
The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bowd
Up in one knot, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd around,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gowd:
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that which rest it no lesse faire was fowd:
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grance,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appears,
Their wanton merriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights that courage cold could
reare:

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counsell'd well him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Bliss,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis;
When thus the palmer; "Now, sir, well advise;
For here the end of all our travell is:
Here woules Acrasia, whom we must surprize,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

Etsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicks that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie; [agree:
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine responce meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire witch herselfe now solacing
With a new lover, whom, through sorceres
And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
There she had him now laid a stombering
In secret shade after long wanton ioyes;
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toys.

And all that 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 downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did socke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rew'd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
*Ah! see, whose fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowers the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly thee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestie,
That fairer seems the less ye see her way!
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo! see soone after how the fades and falls away!*

*So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flower;
No more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady and many a paramoure!
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime*

He ceast; and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their divers notes 't attune unto his lay,
As in approvanee of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarwd not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thicketts close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepeing head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of roses shee was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin;
And was swayd, or rather diswayd,
All in a veile of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtle web Arachne cannot spin;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wovee see [see:
Of scorched dew, do not in th' ayre more lightly

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoylo
Of hungry eies, which wote therewith be fill;
And yet, through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth did fall,
That like pure orient perles adowne it trill;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thould
Fruite harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does seeme
more bright.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place;
That certes it great pity was to see
Him: his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportion'd face;
And on his tender lips the dowry beare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

His warlike armes, the ydle instruments,
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old moornments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advancement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastefull luxurie,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horribles enchantment, that him so did bend!

The noble Effe and carefull palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game,
That sudden forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtle net, which only for that same
The skilfull palmer formally did frame:
So held them under fast; the whites the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire enchauntresse, so awares opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out
to wrest.

And eke her lover strove; but all in vaine:
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They took them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant be tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound:
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse;
Their groves he feld; their gardins did deface;
Their arbors spoyle; their cabinets suppress;
Their banquet-houses burne; their buildings race;
And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowiest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same return'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with furie mad;

Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the palmer soone did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which
there did ly.

Sayd he; "These seeming beastes are men in deed,
Whom this enchauntresse hath transformed thus;
Whylome her lovers, which her lusted did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstuous." "Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
And mournful meed of joyes delicious!
But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state."

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And streight of beastes they comely men became;
Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive dame:
But one above the rest in speciall
That had an hog beenslate, hight Grylle by name,
Repynd greatly, and did him miscall [turall].
That had from boggish forme him brought to na-

Saide Guyon; "See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence!"
To whom the palmer thus; "The doughill kinde
Delights in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his haggish kinde;
But let us hence depart whilst wether serves and
winde."

THE
THIRDE BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

IT falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest:
For which what needes me fetch from Faëry
Forreine examples it to have exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my souveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profect,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart;
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art:

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt:
All were it Zeuxis or Praxitiles,
His daedale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt:
No poets witt, that passeth painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to
marre.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my lockelesse lott doth me constrain
Hereto perforce: but, O dredd averayne,
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd shewes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thyselfe thou covest to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinkled,
In which a gracious servaunt pictured
His Cynthia, his Heavens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

But let that same delicious poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one herselfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chastitee.

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:
Fayre Florimell is chaced:
Duesanes traines and Malecas-
taes champions are defaced.

THE famous Briton prince and Faery knight,
After long ways and perilous paines endur'd,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger sojorne and abode;
But, when thereto they might not be allur'd
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abroad,
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together
yode.

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travell long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all rekew to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convey;
That her for witness of his hard assay
Unto his Faery queene he might present:
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seek adventures, as he with prince Arthure went.

Long as they travel'd through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowned prayse:
Full many countreyes they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight that towards prick'd fayre;
And him beside an aged squire there rode,
That seem'd to couch under his shield threesquare,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield:
He, them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme address his goodly shield
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

Which seeing, good sir Guyon deare besought
The price, of grace, to let him runne that turne.
He granted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant gras as he therron did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

They beeme ymett, 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;
Nathelasse it bore his foe not from his self,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crooper fell;
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he here, [spare.
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbe did

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
He fownd himselfe dishonored so sore.
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have bene,
And brought to grownd, that never wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene;
That speare enchanted was which layd thee on the
greene!

But wene'st thou what wight thee overthrow,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single dainzell thou wert mett
On equal plaine, and there so hard bussitt:
Even the famous Brikmart it was,
Whom strange adventure did from Britayne fett
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas!)
Whose image shoe had seene in Venus looking-glas.

Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce uprose
For to revenge that fowle reprocheful shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he then endure that same.
Which when his palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill, and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare;
For Death sate on the point of that enchanted
speare:

And hasting towards him gan fayre porwade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to wene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie science he had seene
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not withstand:
Nothing on Earth mote alwaies happy beene!
Great hazard were it, and adventure fownd,
To loose long-gotten honour with one evill bond.

By such good meanes he him discourse
From prosecuting his revenging rage;
And eke the prince like treaty hundeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swar'd ayde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde:
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

Thus reconciliation was betwene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaste;
And either vowd with all their power and wit
To let not others honour be defaste
Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,
Ne armes to bear against the others syde:
In which accord the prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

O, goodly usage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was servaunt unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquish'd had no despight:
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry!

Long they thus travel'd in friendly wise,
Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full deroily tryde:
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
Full grisly seem'd: therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,
Save beares, Lyons, and bula, which romed them
arowd.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as cristall stone,
And eke, through faare, as white as whalbe bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaton gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gave her passing to behold.

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evill that poursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His bearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But this sage wizard telles, as he has redd,
That it importunes death and dalefull derrybudd.

So as they gazed after her awhile,
Lo! where a grisly foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyreing jade he fiercely forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
Large werd his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his ciowniah hand a sharp bore-speare he
shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealosity
They staid not to avise who first should bee,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The prince and Guyon equally hylive
Herselfe pursu'd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest dame alive:
But after the foule forter Timias did strive.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of ladies love, did stay behynd;
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But, when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perloous pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment;
Ne evill thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That castle was most goodly edifyde,
And pleaste for pleasure nigh that Forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spacious playne,
Munited with greene, itselfe did spredde wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did darraigne
Fiers battaill against one with cruell might and
mayne.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
All had he lost much blood through many a wound;
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoil, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay:

Like dastard curreas, that, having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rume from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull iopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same six forbear that single enmy.

But to her cry they list not lenden care,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surcease;
But, gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did increase;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compell'd to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
The cause of their disention and outrageous yre.

Whereto that single knight did answer frame;
"These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,
To chaunge my life, and love another dame;
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrosted right:
For I love one, the truest one on ground,
Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Dainzell hight;
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd."

"Certes," said she, "then beens ye six to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justify:
For knight to leave his lady were great shame
That faithfull is; and better were to dy.
All losse is lease, and leme the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may Love be compell'd by maistry;
For, soone as maistry comes, sweet Love sponse
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone."

Then spake one of those six; "There dwelleth here
Within this castle-wall a lady fayre,
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pere;
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
That never any mote with her compayre:
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
That every knight which doth this way repayre,
In case he have no lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

"But if he have a lady or a love,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer then our fairest dame;
As did this knight, before ye hether came."
"Perdy," said Britomart, "the choise is hard!
But what reward had he that overcame?"
"He should advanced bee to high regard,"
Said they, "and have our ladies love for his reward.

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

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe:
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine;
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
"Ah!" said she then, "now may ye all see plaine,
That Truth is strong, and trew Love most of might,
That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight."

"Too well we see," said they, "and prove too well
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:
Forthy, faire sir, yours be the damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegermen faith unto you plight."
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And, after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in and reape the dew reward:
She granted; and then in they all together far'd.

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 enteraynd with courteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Faيرة ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
Who, through a chamber long and spacious,
Kissones them brought unto their ladies sight,
That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

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

These stranger knights, through passing, forth were
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltie [led
And rich purveyance might unseeth be red;
Note princes place beseege so deckt to bea,
Which stately manner whereas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely devise.

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;
In which with cunning hand was pourtrayed
The love of Venus and her paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre;
A worke of rare devise and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her assayd with many a ferrent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit:

Then with what sleights and sweet allurement she
Entyset the boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her paramoure to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beasperes, and from bright Heavens vew,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

And, whilst he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And, whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and pounces trim;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
And joyd his love in secret unespide:
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in Forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of danger that mote him betyde
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refrain
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath unawares: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth ordaine?

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde bore;
And by his side the goddesse groveling
Makes for him endlesse moone, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which staynes his mooy skin with hatefull bew:
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transwee,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize:
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique world's guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might:
And all was full of damzels and of squyres,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;
And Cupid still amongst them kindled lustfull fyres.

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

Thence they were brought to that great ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bountifed
And of rare beautie, saying that askaunce
Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glauce,
Without regard of grace or comely auncunce.

Long worke it were, and heedlesse, to devise
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmd for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spicetree:
The Redcrosse knight was soon disarmd there;
But the brave mayd would not disarmd be,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appeare.

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

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present
Unto her vew, and company unought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all civillise,
And goodly taught so tilt and tournament;
Now were they liegemen to this ladie free,
And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

The first of them by name Gardanté hight,
A jolly person, and of comely weig;
The second was Parianté, a bold knight;
And next to him locanté did ensue;
Bascianté did himselfe most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchanté seemd too fell and keene;
And yett in armes Noctanté greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well becom;
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes becom.

For shee was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stird up affections base,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe that would in error fall:
As hee that hath espide a vermeill rose,
To which sharp thornes and breas the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But, wishing it far off, his ydle wish doth lose.

Whom when the lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wax,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire which fall in scelder flex,
That shortly breot into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

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

Faire ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre;
Ne holt 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 alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

Nought so of love this looser dame did skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glance
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did synne,
And told her meaning in her countenance;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance.

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt;
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyzus satt
Poured out their plenty, without spight or spare;
Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare:
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow;
And aye betweene the cups shee did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guiltfull message know.

So, when they slaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarm, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort:
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine appaunce shonne)
In playner wise to tell her grievance shee begonne;

And all atonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobe, and plaints, and piteous grieffe,
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fyre:
Which spent in vaine, at last shee told her briefe,
That, but if shee did lend her short reliefe,
And doe her comfort, shee mote sigates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had never prieffe
Of such malengins and fine forgerye,
Did easely beleve her strong extremitye.

Full easy was for her to have believe,
Who by self-feeding of her feeble care,
And by long triall of the inward grieffe
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vex,
Could judge what paines doe loving hurts perplex.
Who means no guile, be guiled sooneer shall,
And to faire semblance doth light faith annex:
The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

Forthy shee would not in discourteise wise
Scorne the faire offer of good will protest;
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
But with faire countenance, as besemmed best,
Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest;
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd [steemd,
That from like inward fyre that outward smoke had

Therewith awhile shee her flit fancy fedd,
Till shee mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bowes the false instilled fyre
Did spred itseife, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away;
And every knight, and every gentle squire,
Gan choose his dame with sacrosanct gay, [play.
With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly

Some fell to daunce; some fell to hazardry;
Some to make love; some to make meryment;
As diverse witts to diverse things apply:
And all the while faire Malecasts bent
Her crafty engine to her close intent.
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high love
Doth light the lower world, were haife spent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
Essoones long waven torches weren light
Unto their bowes to guyden every guest:
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, shee gan herselfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft fethered nest;
Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toyle,
Shee soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite
assoile.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire Mallicaste, whose enuierous spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And, under the blacke vele of guilty night,
Her with a scarlott mantle covered
That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

Then panting soft, and trembling every loynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she moov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd ;
And, to her bed approaching, first she proov'd
Whether she slept or wakke: with her soft hand
She softly felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her wary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sense shee found.

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

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her fild bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour: but the dame, halfe dedd
Through suddaine feare and ghastly drev'hedd
Did shriekc aloud, that through the hous it rung,
And the whole family therewith adredd
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

And those sixe knightes, that ladies champions,
And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attous:
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their lady lying on the senselesse ground:
On th' other side they saw the warlike mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade ;
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

About their lady first they flockt around ;
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen srownd ;
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous cotecke broch:
But, by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoite themselves embosse:
Hersaccoord eke the champion of the bloody crosse.

But one of those sixe knightes, Gardantè hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not till it was seene
To pore her side: yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil
steep.

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

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she longer there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade,
Was usd of knightes and ladies seeming gent:
So, earely, see the grouse Earthes gryery shade
Was all disperst out of the firmament, [went.
They tookc their steeds, and forth upon their journey

CANTO II.

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

Heare have I cause in men just blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and chervaltes
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall:
Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glo-
ries all.

But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploitcs themselves inclin'd,
Of which they still the girtond bore away;
Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne straight lawes to curb their liberty:
Yet, with they warlike armes have laide away,
They have exceld in artes and policy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'enry.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte;
But of all wisdom hee thou precedest,
O soveraine queene, whose prayse I would endyte,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excyete;
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an obiect they doe lyte,
And, striving fit to make, I feare, doe marre:
Thyselfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen
farre.

She, travalling with Guyon, by the way
Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
Th'abridg their journey long and lingring day:
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind
To aske this Briton maid, what uncooth wind
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguis'd kind:
Faire lady she him seemd like lady drest,
But fairest knight alive when armed was her brest.

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
To speake awhile, no ready answer make;
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horreur shake;
And ever and anon the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning through bright Heaven fulmined:
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered:

" Faire sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from courses tender pup,
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tosse speare and shield, and to affray
The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As ladies wont, in Pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and pyce thread;
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

" All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, whereso they may be mett,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward:
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The Greater Brytaine, here to seeke for praise and fame.

" Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery land
Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne,
And many strange adventures to seee fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne:
Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
But note I weete of you, right courteous knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me doone
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he hight."

The worde gone out she backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to have misayd,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered; " Faire martiall mayd,
Certes ye misadvised beene t' upbrayd
A gentle knight with so unknighly blame:
For, weete ye well, of all that ever playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

" Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever doe that mote deservin blame:
The noble corage never weeneth ought
That may unworthy of itselfe be thought.
Therefore, faire damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
You and your cuntry both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are."

The royall maide woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her love so highly magnifyde;
And joyd that ever she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
However finely she it faid to hide.
The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare
In the deare closett of her painefull syde
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much rejoyce as she rejoyced there.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde; " However, sir, ye fyde
Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
It ill besemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knightthoode, as I largely can report.

" Let see therefore my vengeance to diswade,
And read, where I that faytour false may find."
" Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"
Said he, " perhaps ye should it better find:
For hartie thing it is, to weene by might
That man to hard conditions to bind;
Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowess paragone saw never living wight.

" No soothlich is it easie far to read
Where now on Earth, or how, he may be found;
For he ne wotteth in one certaine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world around,
Ay doing thinges that to his fame redound,
Defending ladies cause and orphans right;
Whereso he heares that any doth confound
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might;
So is his soveraine honour raised to Hevens hight."

His feeling wordes her feeble soece much pleased,
And softly sunck into her molten hart:
Hart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may alleage his smart;
For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,
That doth the charned make in slomber lay:
Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faid gairesay;
(So dischord oite in musick makes the sweeter lay;)

And sayd; " Sir Knight, these ydle termes forbear;
And, sith it is unceath to find his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,
If chauce I him encounter paravaunt;
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shapa, what shield, what armes, what steed,
what stedd,

And whatso else his person most may want?"
All which the Redcrosse knight to point arde,
And him in everie part before her fashioned.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
However list her now her knowledge fayne,
Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That, but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,
And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
And much more straungely gan to love his sight,
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.
In Dcheubarth, that now South-Wales is hight,
What time king Ryence rain'd and dealed right,
The great magicien Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and Hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glasse, right wondrously squiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soene were
solemniz'd.

It vertue had to shew in perfect night
 Whatsoeuer thing was in the world containd,
 Betwixt the lowest Earth and Heuens hight,
 So that it to the looker appertaynd:
 Whatever foe had wrought, or friend had faynd,
 Therein discovered was, we ought mote see,
 Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
 Forthy it round and hollow shapd was,
 Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world of glasse.

Who wonders not, that reade so wonderous worke?
 But who does wonder, that has red the towre
 Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
 From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
 Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
 Great Ptolomee it for his lemans sake
 Yboulded all of glasse, by magicke powre,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet, when his love was false, he with a peeze it brake.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
 And gaye unto king Ryncel for his gard,
 That neuer foes his kingdome might invade,
 But he it knew at home before he hard
 Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd:
 It was a famous present for a prince,
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,
 That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince:
 Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since!

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart
 Into her fathers closet to repaire;
 For, nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his bayre;
 Where when she had espyde that mirror fayre,
 Herselfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
 Tho, ber-avizing of the vertues rare
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
 Imperious Love bath highest set his throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarte
 Of them, that to him huxome are and prone:
 So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot;
 Not that she lusted after any one,
 For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott;
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

Etsoones there was presented to her eye
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on bye
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize
 And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
 Lookt forth, as Phoebus face out of the east
 Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arise:
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

His crest was covered with a couchant bownd,
 And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
 But woodrous massy and assured sownd,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was, with cyphers old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did win:
 And on his shield enveloped severfold
 He bore a crownd little ermlin, (skin.
 That deekt the azure field with her fayre pouldred

The damzell well did vew his personage,
 And likd well; ne farther fastned not,
 But went her way; ne her unguilty age
 Did weene, unware, that her unlucky lot
 Lay hidden in the bottoome of the pot:
 Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound:
 But the false archer, which that arrow shot
 So slyly that she did not feele the wound, (stound.
 Did amyie full smoothly at her weetelesse wofull

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
 Ruffed of Love, gan lowly to availe;
 And her proud portance and her princely gest,
 With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaille:
 Sad, solemne, sowe, and full of fancies fraile,
 She wote; yet wist she nether how, nor why;
 She wist not, silly mayd, what she did aile,
 Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
 Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
 And refte from men the worldes desired vew,
 She with her nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;
 But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
 Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
 Kept watch and ward about her warily;
 That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
 Her dainty couch with teares which closely she did
 weepe.

And if that any drop of slombing rest
 Did chauce to still into her weary spright,
 When feeble nature felt herselfe opprest,
 Streightway with dreames, and with fantasticke sight
 Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight;
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,
 As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
 Tho gau she to renew her former smart,
 And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,
 Her aged nourse, whose name was Glaucé hight,
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
 And downe againe in her warme bed her dight:
 "Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,
 What uncouth fit," sayd she, "what evill plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead [dead?
 Changed thy lively cheare, and living made thee

"For not of nought these suddain ghastly feares
 All night afflict thy naturall repose;
 And all the day, wheras thine equal peares
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
 Thou in dull corners doest thyselfe inclose;
 Ne tastest princes pleasures, ne doest spred
 Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose
 Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

"The time that mortall men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
 And every river eke his course forbears,
 Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
 And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:
 Like an huge Actn' of deepe engulferd gryefe,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
 Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish rife,
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused
 styffe.

"Ay me! how much I feare least love it bee!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By known signes and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my dear foster child, to ease thy griefe
And win thy will: therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall medebarrre: tell me therefore, my liefest here!"

So having sayd, her twist her armes twaine
Shew straightly straynd, and colled tenderly;
And every trembling ioynt and every vaine
Shew softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen cold away to fly;
And her faire dewy eies with kisses dewe
Shew ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And ever her importuud not to feare
To let the secret of her hart be here.

The demzell pouzd; and then thus fearfully;
"Ah! nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne?
Is not enough that I alone doe dye,
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?
For nought for me but death there doth remaine!"
"O daughter deare," said she, "despaine no whit;
For never sore but might a salve obtaine:
That blinded god, which bath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit."

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

"These idle wordes," said she, "doe nought aswage
My stubborn smart, but more annoiance breed:
For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
My feeble breast of late, and launched this wound
wyde:

"Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
For then some hope I might unto me draw;
But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subjected to Loves cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
And, pleased with that seeming goodlyed,
Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed:

"Sithens it hath infixd faster hold
Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
Now rankleth in this same fraile fleshy mould)
That all mine entrailles flow with poisonous gore,
And th' uleer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my rooning sore finde remedee,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe falln from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and misree!"

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

"Not so th' Arabian Myrrha did sett her mynd;
Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart;
But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,
And to their purpose used wicked art;
Yet playd Pasiphae a more monstrous part,
That lov'd a bull, and learm'd a beast to bee:
Such shamefull lustes who loaths not, which depart
From course of nature and of modestee? [pauce.
Swete Love such lewdnes bands from his faire counte:

"But thine, my deare, (weifare thy heart, my deare!)
Though strange begynning bad, yet fixed is
On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amiss:
Joy thereof have thou and eternal blis!"
With that, unpleasing on her elbow weak,
Her alabaster breast she oft did kee,
Which all that while shee felt to part and quake,
As if an earth-quake were: at last she thus bespake;

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

"But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,
Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow weare, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I, fonder then Cephissus foolish chyld,
Who, having view'd in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguyl'd;
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far cryld."

"Nought like," quoth shee; "for that same wretch-
Was of himselfe the ydle paramoure, [ed boy
Both love and lover, without hope of joy;
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That body, wheresoever that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke might.

"But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
And thee abandond wholly do possess;
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not
Till thou in open fielde adowne be smott:
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must be thy loot,
Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compass thy desire, and find that loved knight."

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy sayd;
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprizd her sence: shee, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

Earely, the morrow next, before that Day
His loyous face did to the world revele,
They both uprose and tooke their ready way
Unto the church, their prayers to appele,
With great devotion, and with litle zeale:
For the faire damzell from the holy herse
Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart food fancies to reverse.

Returned home, the royall infant fell
Into her former fit; for why? no powre
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.
But th' aged nurse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered rew, and savine, and the fowrs
Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
All which she in a earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did
spill.

Then, taking thrise three beares from off her head,
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth bound the thread;
And, after having whispered a space
Certain sad words with hollow voice and base,
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she it;
"Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon my
face:

Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
Th' uneven nomber for this busines is must fitt."

That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne;
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returned
All contrary; for she the right did shunne;
And ever what she did was streight undonnee.
So thought she to undoe her daughter's love:
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove;
That well can witness, who by tryall it does prove.

Ne ought it mote the noble mayd avayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,
But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
That, through long languour and hart-burning
brame,
She shortly like a pyned ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian stroud:
That when old Glaucé saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be found,
She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to withstand.

CANTO III.

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

More sacred fyre, that burnest mightly
In living breasts, ykindled first above
Amongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Love;
Not that same, which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweete fit that doth true beauteie love,
And chosest Vertue for his dearest dame, [Name:
Whence spring all noble deeds and never-dying

Well did Antiquity a god thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes hast so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirrest up th' heroes high intents, [ments,
Which the late world admires for wondrous moni-

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver proove in any of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall maid of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did raise
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the Earth have spreadd their living
praysse,
That Fame in troump of gold eternally displayes.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred dame,
Daughter of Phoebus and of Memorye,
That doest enoble with immortal name
The warlike worthies, from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of Eternitye;
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious soveraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her excellence.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glaucé cast to cure this ladies grieve;
Full many wayes she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell that is chiefe
And choicest medicine for sick harts reliefe:
Forty great care she tookt, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle reprove
And sore reproch, whenso her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune
beare.

At last she her avise, that he which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
To weat, 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 Isemael
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

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

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tumbling downe apace
Amongst the woody hilles of Dyneuowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case
To enter into that same balefull bowere, [vowre:
For fear the cruell feendes should thee unwarre de-

These wandering spirits which have long since
About the world, wandering through the
And through the mountains, where the
The which the wandering spirits which
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The cause, some say, is this: a litle while
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end:
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom loug he lov'd, for him in hast did send;
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake, [slake.
Them bound, till his retourne, their labour not to

In the meane time through that false ladies traine
He was surpris'd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke return'd againe:
Nath'lesse those feonds may not their work forbear,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and travelle day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare:
For Merlin had in magick more insight
Then ever him before or after living wight:

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey;
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darkness night he eke could turne to day;
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest things could frame,
Whenso him list his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feendes do quake when any him to them does
name.

And, sooth, men say that he was not the soune
Of mortall syre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull spright
On a faire lady Nourne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mabhtraval by right,
And cocen unto king Ambroius;
Whence he indued was with skill so marvellous.

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new doubt
For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
Untill the hardy mayd (with Love to friend)
First entering, the dreadful mage there fownd
Doepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge characters in the ground,
With which the stubbornne feendes he to his service
browd.

He nought was mov'd at their entrance bold,
For of their coming well he wist afore;
Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glauce thus; "Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darkness dore
Unwarre have prest; for either fatal end,
Or other mightie cause, as two did bether send."

He bad tell on: and then she thus began; [light
"Now have three Moones with borrowd brothers
Thrice shined faire, and thrise seem'd dim and wan,
Sith a sore evil, which this virgin bright
Tormentoth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright:
But this I read, that, but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see."

Therewith th' enchanter softly gan to smile
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
And to her said; "Beldame, by that ye tell
More neede of leach-crafte hath your damozell,
Then of my skill: who helpe may have elsewhere,
In vaice seekes wonders out of magick spell."
Th' old woman was halfbianck those wordes to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare;

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

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

The doubtfull mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,
Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
Into a cleare carnation suddain dyde;
As fayre Aurora, rysing hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly:
But her olde nurse was nought dishartened,
But vantage made of that which Merlin had av'd;

And said; " Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
(For what doest not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe!"
With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan fourth display;
" Most noble virgin, that by fatal Iure
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit the dismay
The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore:

" For so must all things excellent begin;
And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin
Till they to Hevens hight forth stretched bee.
For from thy wombe a famous progene
Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memoroe
Of those same antique peres, the Hevens brood,
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their
blood.

" Renowned kings, and sacred emperours,
Thy fruitfull offspring, shall from thee descend;
Brave captaines, and most mighty warriors,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall appeare, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe that comes from farre,
Till universall peace compound all evill iarre.

" It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
Glauncing unwares in charming looking-glas,
But the straight course of heavenly destiny,
Led with Eternal Providence, that has
Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prouest knight that ever was:
Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
And doe, by all dew meanes, thy destiny fulfill."

" But read," saide Glauc, " thou magitian,
What wenneshall she out-seeke, or what waies take?
How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?
Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?"
Then Merlin thus; " Indoe the fates are firme,
And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirme,
And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant
terme.

" The man, whom Heavens have ordaynd to bee
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:
He wanneeth in the land of Fayëre,
Yet is no Fairy borne, ne sib at all
To Elfe, but sprung of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did cull;
No other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay.

" But sooth he is the some of Gollois,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;
And for his warlike feates renowned is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Untill the closure of the evening:
From thence him, firmly bound with faithfull band,
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his cuntry to withstand [land.
The powre of forreine Paynims which invade thy

" Great ayd thereto his mighty puissance
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
Where also proofe of thy prow valiance
Thou then shalt make, 't increase thy lover's pray:
Long time ye both in armes shall beare a great away,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away;
Too rathe cut off by practises criminall
Of sectete foes, that him shall make in mischiefes
fall.

" With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late puissance, his ymage dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent: he, from the head
Of his cosen Constantius, without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others stead;
Then shall he isew forth with dreadfull might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

" Like as a lyon that in drowise cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake;
And, comming forth, shall spred his banner brave
Over the troubled south, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
Thrice shall he fight with them, and twice shall win:
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:
And, if he then with victorie can lin, [in
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly

" His soune, hight Vortipore, shall him succede
In kingdome, but not in felicity:
Yet shall he long time warre with happy spoud,
And with great honour many battaills try;
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:
But his soune Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

" Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a gyant in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly uncastee,
That one of th' old heroes seemes to bee!
He the six islands, comprvinciall
In auncient times unto great Britaine,
Shall to the same redoe, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

" All which his soune Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress;
Untill a stranger king, from unknowne soyle
Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fat his throne,
Like a swift otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea with many one
Of his Norweyses, to assist the Britons fone.

" He in his furie shall over-ronne,
And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace:
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;
For all thy citties they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall bren,
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

" Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the north arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twice,
And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rewe his fool-hardie:
For Cadwan, pitying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

" But, after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his soune Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;
Ne shall avails the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleak
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire:
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassallage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their wrackled ire.

" Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,
Together with the king of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both ioynt partakers of their fatall payne:
But Penda, fearefull of like desteney,
Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweard fealty:

" Him shall he make his fatall instrument
To afflict the other Saxons unsubdew:
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by angels rekwed,
All holding crosses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:
Of which that field for endless memory
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

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

" Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the ruine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefast by destiny,
Shall be expird of Britons regiment:
For Heveu itselfe shall their successer envy,
And them with plaguets and murrins pestilent
Consumme, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

" Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoricke, where long in wretched caue
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shal be by vision staide from his intent:
For th' Heavens have decreed to displace
The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment,
And to the Saxons over-give their government.

" Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
The worlds reproch; the cruell victors score;
Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood!
O! who shall helpe me to lament and mourne
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood!"

The damzell was full deepe empassioned
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned;
And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;
" Ah! but will Hevens fury never slake,
Nor vengeance huge relent itselfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy spake,
But shall their name for ever be defaite, [caste?]
And quite from off the Earth their memory be

" Nay but the terme," sayd he, " is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide;
And the just revolution measured
That they as straungers shal be notifie:
For twice foure hundred yeares shal be supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
And their impörtune fates all satisfide:
Yet, during this their most obscuritee,
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men them
faire may see.

" For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,
Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shal intreat;
And Howell Dba shall goodly well indew
The salvage minds with skil of iust and trow:
Then Griffyth Cocon also shall upreare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native courage, that his foes shall feare [beare.
Least backe againe the kingdome be from them should

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

" Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew:
There shall a lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailons bold brood,
Whose claws were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daviske tyrants head shall read
Th' usurped crowne, as if that be were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emougst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

" Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,
There shall a sparkes of fire, which hath longwhile
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of myddle meisty and sovaine name: [clame.
So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe re-

"Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
Betwene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall the royall virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
And the great castle smite so sore withall, [fall.
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to

"But yet the end is not"—There Merlin stayd,
As overcome of the spirites power,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discourse:
Which sudden fitt and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confus'd in behavours:
At last, the fury past, to former hew [shew.
Hec turn'd againe, and cheerfull looks as erst did

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
Of all that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd;
Where they in secret counsell close 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 diverse plots did frame to make in strange disguise.

At last the norne in her foot-hardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake;
"Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fitt,
That of the time doth dew advantage take:
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
That now all Britany doth burne in armes hight.

"That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguise, [teach
And our weak hands (need makes good scholars)
The dreadful spears and shield to exercise:
No certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene tall
And large of limbe t'atchieve an hard emprize;
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practice small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd martiall.

"And, sooth, it ought your courage much inflame
To heare so often, in that royall house,
From whence to none inferior ye came,
Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Perform'd, in paragone of proudest men;
The bold Bauduca, whose victorious
Exploits made Rome to quake; stout Guendolen;
Renowned Martia; and renowned Emmilen;

"And, that which more than all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which fell
Great Ulfia thrise upon the bloody playne;
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne;
Yet Carados himselfe from her except with payne."

"Ah! read," quoth Britomart, "how is she hight?"
"Fayre Angela," quoth she, "men do her call,
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore, faire infant, her ensample make
Unto thyselfe, and equal courage to thee take."

Her barty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the young damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspyre,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her syre,
Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to doo;
And counselld with her nurse her maides attyre
To turne into a xousy habergeon;
And had her all things put in readines anon.

Th' old woman nought that needed did omit;
But all things did conveniently purway.
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons, ryding on foray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods; amongst the which was scene
A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,
All beset with gold and goodly wel becene.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caused to be hang'd hy
In his chiefe church, for endless monuments
Of his success and gladfull victory:
Of which herselfe avising readily,
In th' evening late old Glaucd thether led
Faire Britomart, and, that same armory
Downe taking, her therein apparelld [ished.
Well as she might, and with brave beuldrick gar-

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

Thus when she had the virgins all arrayd,
Another harness which did hang thereby
About herselfe she dight, that the yong mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her squire attend her carefully:
Tha to their ready steedes they clombe full light;
And through back waies, that none might them espy,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night, [right.
Themselves they forth conveyd, and passed forward

No rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came; as Merlin them directed late:
Where, meeting with this Redcrosse knight, she fond
Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
But most of Arthegall and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other, well affectionate,
Friendship profess'd, with unfained hart: [mart.
The Redcrosse knight diverst; but forth rode Brito-

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the Rich Strand:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

Where is the antique glory now become,
That whylome went in wemen to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
Where be the battailes, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abaast to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they only sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
For all too long I burne with envy sore
To heare the warlike foetes which Homers spake
Of bold Penthesilea, which made a lake
Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orulochus, I swell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that els had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.
Well worthie stock, from which the branches spreng
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, O queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this lady I derive along!

Who when, through speaches with the Redcrosse
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall, [knight,
And in each point herselfe informd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and conge tooke withall.
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest
need.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dofte her armes; but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display
Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray:
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind;
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him, such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, courtesous, and kind.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart; [fedd,
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So furth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her address.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And, sitting down upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old squyre unlace her lofty creast:
Tho, having vewd awhile the surges bore
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disadaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd;
Therewith she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd:

"Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearfull life?
O, doe thy cruell wrath and spitefull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife, [ryfe!
Which in these troubled bowels raines and rageth

"For els my feeble vessel, crazd and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that Love it sterres, and Fortune rowes:
Love, my lewd pilott, hath a restless minde;
And Fortune, botswaine, no assurance knowes;
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde:
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and
blinde!

"Thou god of windes, that raignest in the sea,
That raignest also in the continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent!
Then, when I shall myselve in safety see,
A table, for eternall monument
Of thy great grace and my great icopardie,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!"

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe;
(For her great courage would not let her weepe;)
Till that old Glauc' gan with sharpe reprieve
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in Heaven enrolld.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde:
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her coursers mounting light:
Her former sorrow into sudder wrath
(Both coosen passions of distressed spright)
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path:
Love and despight at once her corage kindled both.

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of Heaven and the cleare ayre engrust,
The world in darknes dwels; till that at last
The watry southwinde from the seabord costs
Uplowing doth disperse the vapour lo'te,
And poures itselfe forth in a stormy shoure;
So the fayre Britomart, having disclost
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stoure,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance pourre

Effraones, her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did herselfe preparayre.
The knight, approaching, eternely her bespake;
" Sir Knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despite,
Ne doest by others death ensample take;
I read thee soone retyre, whyles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight."

Ythrid with deepe disdain of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; " Fly they, that need to fly;
Wordes fearene babes: I meane not thee extreat
To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy:
No longer stayd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpspeare the rest made dearely knowne.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Brooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crowner with her
crown.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so force furie and great puissance,
That, through his three-square scoubin percing quite
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steale through his left side did gliaunce:
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her lance;
Thil, sadly sousing on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred oxe that carelesse stands
With gilden hornes and flowry girlands crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whyles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddainly with mortall stroke astownd
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the hely grownd,
And the faire flowers that decked him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upo the Precious Shore.

The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strand; which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden ovre:
Whereat she woodred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despire all; for all was in her powre.

Whyles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoent,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
This warlike sonne unto an earthly poere,
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Fuding the nymphe asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She, of his father, Marmell did name;
And in a rocky cave as night forborne
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne:
For never man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to travell, whereas he did wonne, [sonne.
But that he must go battaill with the sea-nymphe

VOL.-III.

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vasaile made:
That through all Farie lovd his noble fame
Now bleazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade:
And, to advaunze his name and glory more,
Her sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
To endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes
yborne.

The god did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
To doeu his nephew in all riches flow:
Effraones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wrecks of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth which he from them
did keepe.

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

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life:
Forthy she oft him counsell to forbear
The bloody battaill, and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife:

And, for his more assurance, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophcy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:
Who, through foresight of his eternal skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well;
For of a woman he should have much ill; [kill.
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay or

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too, too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refrain!
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre ladies love did fly;
Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine,
That they for love of him would aigates dy:
Dy, whose list for him, he was Loves enemy.

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

M

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That Proteus prophesied should him dismay;
The which his mother vainly did espownd
To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So tickle be the termes of mortall state
And full of subtille sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknown purpose of eternall fate.

Too trow the famous Marinell it fownd;
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy strowd
Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swowd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis bond.
Which when his mother deare did understand,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a poond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forehead fayr to
shade;

Estesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
Shee song, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesom merrh to grievous dremment:
Shee threw herselfe downe on the continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne;
And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

Soone as she up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, she bad her charett to be brought;
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
Bad eke attouce their charett to be sought:
Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensive thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorrow fraught:
The waves obedient to theyre becheast
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

Great Neptune stooode amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid,
And eke himselfe mournd at their mournful plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing meant, yet did,
For great compassion of their sorow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Estesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the grisly monsters of the see
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A teme of dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt;
They were all taught by Triton to obey
To the long raynes at her commaundment:
As swifts as swallows on the waves they went,
That their brode saggy finnes no fome did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent;
The rest, of other fishes drawn weare, [sheare.
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the rich strowd, their charets they forlore,
And let their tamed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd: [sore
And coming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy hood enswallowd they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd.

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recovered be out of her paine;
Had she not bene devouid of mortall slime,
She should not then have bene rely'd againe;
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made so piteous moone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine;
And all her sister nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with and complement.

"Deare image of myselfe," she sayd, "that is
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high advancement? O! is this
Th' immortall name, with which thee yet unborn
Thy grandsire Nereus promist to adorne?
Now lyst thou of life and honor reffe;
Now lyst thou a lump of earth forlorne;
Ne of thy late life memory is left;
Ne can thy irrevocable destiny bee wette!

"Fond Proteus, father of false prophesie!
And they more foud that credit to thee give!
Not this the worke of womens hand ywis, [drive.
That so deepe wound through these deare members
I feared love; but they that love doe live;
But they that dye, doe nether love nor hate:
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;
And to myselfe, and to accursed fate, [late!
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought too

"O! what avails it of immortall seed
To beene ytredd and never borne to dye?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed
Then waste in woe and wayfull misery:
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth aby;e;
But who that lives, is left to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicity:
Sad life worse then glad death; and greater crosse
To see friends grave, then dead the grave selfe to
engrosse.

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

Thus when they all had sorowd their fill,
They softly gan to search his grievely wound:
And, that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmd; and, spredding on the grownd
Their watchet mantles fringed with silver rownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
They pou'd in soveraine balme and nectar good,
Good both for earthly medicine and for heavenly food.

Tho, when the lilly-handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had leasard skill
In leaches craft, by great Apolloes love,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With heavenly seed, whereof wise Paeon sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still
Some little life his feeble sprites among; [song.
Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her

The, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easely unto her charrett beare:
Her tome at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passagesheare;
Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowro
Is built of bollow billowes beaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
And vaulted all within like to the skye,
In which the gods doe dwell eternally:
There they him laide 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 sovaine leach is hight.

The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him round,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wound,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest soune, her dearest harts delight:
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike maide, th' example of that might;
But fayrly well shoe thryvd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought for-
sooke.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the prince and Fary gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee left, pursewing that same foster strong;
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of fry zele, him followed long. [wrong.
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her

Through thick and thin, through mountains and
through playns,
Those two great champions did stoncke pursew
The fearefull damsell with incessant payns;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swift and sent of bowndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way;
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

But Timias, the princes gentle squyre,
That ladies love unto his lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignat yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went:
So beane they three, three sodry wayes ybent:
But fayrest fortune to the prince befell;
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,
To take that way in which that damozell
Was sedd afore, affraid of him as feend of Hell.

At last of her far off he gained vew:
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dread:
Full myrd to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

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

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dread,
That fearefull ladie fledd from him that meant
To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly sbent
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well she vetwde
Herselfe freed from that foster insulent,
And that it was a knight which now her sawde,
Yet she no lesse the knight feard then that villein
rude.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were seldom scene;
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afraid
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:
Yet he her followd still with corage keene
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of Heaven sheene,
And ward his other brethren ioyeous
To light their blessed lampe in loves eternall houe.

All suddenly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And grisly shadowes covered Heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre:
Which when the prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour; he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursed Night that reft from him so goodly scope.

Tho, when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;
Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddenly
Covered with clouds her pilot hath dismayd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low
Did let him forage: downe himselfe he layd
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele his
pillow.

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest;
Instead thereof sad sorrow and disdaine
Of his hard harp did vexe his noble breast,
And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of scambolants vaines
Oft did he wish that lady faire mote bee
His Faery queene, for whom he did complaine;
Or that his Faery queene were such as shee:
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie:

“ Night! thou fowle mother of annoyaunce sad,
Sister of heavie Death, and nurse of Woe,
Which wast begot in Heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to Hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Coeytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Herebus black bow,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods) where thou ungratious;
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in borrowr hideous;

" What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
The slouthfull body that doth love to sleepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
Calls thee his goddesse, in his error blind,
And great dame Natures handmaide chearing every
kind.

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

" Under thy mantle black their hidden lye
Light-shooming Theft, and traiterous Intent,
Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
Shamefull Deceit, and Daunger implment,
Fowle Horror, and eke helish Dreriment:
All these I wote in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee;
And all, that lewdnesse love, doe hate the light to see.

" For Day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
The prayes of high God he faire displayes,
And his large boultie rightly doth areed:
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
Which Darknesse shall subdue and Heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne:
Our life is day; but death with darknesse doth be-
gin.

" O, when will Day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long-expected light!
O, Titan! hast to reare thy joyous waive;
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beam's bright,
And chace away this too long lingering night;
Chace her away, from whences she came, to Hell:
She, she it is, that hath me done despite:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her rowme to day, that can it governe
well."

Thus did the prince that wearie night outweare
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;
And scarcely, ere the Murrow did appeare
His deawy head out of the ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed: so forth he went
With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke seemd 't apply his steps to his intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell:
Three fosters Timias wound;
Belphebe findes him almost dead,
And reareth out of sownd.

Wonders it is to see in diverse mindes
How diversly Love doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont in cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idleness
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness
Ever to creepe into his noble breast;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarce this prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call:

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

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The dwarfe him answered; " Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same: I lately did depart
From Faery court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle lady of great sway
And high accomps throughout 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

" What mister wight," said he, " and how sayd?"
" Royally clad," quoth he, " in cloth of gold,
As meekest may beseeeme a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich-circlet be enrold,
A fayrer wight did never Sonne behold;
And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow,
Yet the herselfe is whiter manifold;
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I know."

" Now certes, swaine," said he, " such one, I went;
Fast flying through this forest from her fo;
A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene;
Herselfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare."
" Ah! dearest God," quoth he, " that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it beare:
But can ye read, sir, how I may her finde, or where?"

"Perdy me lever were to wester thist,"
Said he, "then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too froward night,
Such happinesse did, manlyre, to me spight,
And fro me rest both life and light stonne.
But, dwarfe, aread what is that lady bright
That through this forest wandreth thus alone;
For of her error strange I have great ruth and
moore."

"That lady is," quoth he, "whereso she bee,
The bountiest virgin and most debonaire
That ever living eye, I woe, did see:
Lives none this day that may with her compare
In godfast chastite and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
Fairst Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight;

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

"Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine,
And fowre since Florimell the court forweat,
And vowed never to returne againe
Till him alive or dead she did invest.
Therefore, faire sit, for love of knight hood gent
And honour of trew ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray:

"So may ye gaine to you full great renowne
Of all good ladies through the worlde so wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest rowne
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide!
At least eternall membe shall you abide."
To whom the prince; "Dwarfe, consent to these take;
For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forsake: [sake."
Ill weares he armes, that will them use for ladies

So with the dwarfe he back retournd againe,
To seeke his lady, where he mote her finde;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good squire late left behinde,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,
For doubt of daunger which mote him betide;
For him he loved above all mankinde,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever squire that waited by knights side:

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger which to him betidd:
For, whiles his lord pursued that noble mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd
To bene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire damzell: him he chased long [hid
Through the thicke woods wherein he would have
His shameful head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous
wring.

Nathlesse the villain sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beart,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard [parl.
The heavie plague that for such teachours is pre-

For, soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t'avenge him of that fowle despyght
Which he had borne of his bold enimie:
Tho to his brethren came, (for they were three
Ungracious children of one gracelesse yre)
And unto them complayned how that he
Had used beame of that foole-hardie squyre:
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him fourth into the Forrest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive
In there sterne brestis, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight:
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude hearts had filld with such de-
spight.

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

It fortun'd, as they derized had,
The gentle squyre came ryding that same way,
Unwecting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly fourth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amende, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw
With so fell force, and velleinous despite,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles emperced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no means the high banke he could see,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine dis-
ease.

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

At last, through wrath and vengeance, making way
He on the bancke arryvd with mickle payne;
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill, which both his hands did straye;
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did
flow.

He, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathimore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blis,
But both attonce on both sides him beatad,
And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fier fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;
His sinfull sowle with desperate disdain
Out of her fleshy ferme fled to the place of paine.

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

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

He lives, but takes small joy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
Yet still the blood forth guast in so great store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe! thou gentlest squire alive,
Els shall thy loving lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst archive.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched menns reliefe make way;
For loe! great grace or fortune thether brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble huteresse did wonne,
Shée, that base Bragadochio did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphoebe was her name, as faire as Phoebus sunne.

Shée on a day, as shée pursued the chase
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, she same aloug did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinkled all the grassy greene;
By the great perswe which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shée the beast engor'd had bene,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly swowd;
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The christall humor stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran;
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red were wozen pale and wan.

Saw never living eis more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stoepe to rew,
Or rive in twaine: which when that lady bright,
Besides all hope, with melting cies did vew,
All suddainly abaast shée chaunged hew,
And with sterse horror backward gan to start:
But, when shée better him beheld, shée grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pity perced through her tender hart.

Meckely shée bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frozen members did remaine;
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retainne,
Shée cast to comfort him with busy paine:
His double-folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;
His mayled habereion she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shée went,
To seeke for herbes that mote him remedy;
For shée of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymphe which from her infancy
Her noursed had in strew nobility:
There, whether yt divine tobacco were,
Or panachea, or polygony,
She fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood
deare.

The sovraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shée powdered small, and did in peeces bruce;
And then stweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruce;
And round about, as she could well it use,
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme and soke the swelling bruce;
And, after having searcht the intuse doepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold
to keepe.

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And, growing inly deepe, at last his eies
His watry eies drizzling like dewy rayne,
He up gan lise toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith, he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly maide full of divinities
And gifts of beavenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside,

"Mercy! deare Lord," said he, "what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine angell from her bowre of bliss
To comfort me in my distressed plight!
Angell, or goddesse doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenes me returned to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines sweete
Hast drest my sinfull wounds! I kisse thy blessed
feete."

Thereat she blushing said; "Ah! gentle squire,
Nor goddesse I, nor angell; but the mayd
And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire
No service but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well payd,
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,
Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived see."

By this her damzell, which the former chase
Had undertaken after her, arry'd,
As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryy'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stry'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Deflowed, and their lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly cace their lady fowd,
And reuked out of the beavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Ferre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those damzels search; which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and furth with them con-
vayd.

Into that forest ferre they thence him led
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
With mountaines round about environed
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made
Spreading itselfe into a spacious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Brought the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did re-
straine.

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

Thether they brought that wounded squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest:
Daily she dressed him, and did the best,
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

O foolish physiok, and unfruitfull plaine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound!
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captived in endlessse duratnce
Of sorrow and despayre without allegraunced

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart wore sore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole!
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,
Whiles daily playsters to his wound she layd,
So still his malsady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
Ah, God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a lady that his life releast!

Long while he strove in his corageous breast
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And love for to dialodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soverains bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constraynd:
But, when his meane estate he did rewev,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus
playd:

"Unthankfull wretch," said he, "is this ths meed,
With which her soverain mercy thou doest quight?
Thy life she saved by her gracious deed;
But thou doest weene with vilteinous despight
To blott her honour and her heavenly light:
Dye; rather dye then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to dy:
Dye; rather dye then ever love disloyally.

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

"But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service hacc
To her, to whom the Hevens doe serve and sew?
Thou, a meane squyre of meeke and lowly place;
She, heavenly borne and of celestiaall hew.
How then? of all love taketh equall vew;
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew?
If she will not; dye meekly for her sake:
Dye; rather dye then ever so faire love forsake!"

Thus warraid he long time against his will;
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast;
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes and calcineth by art.

Which seeing, fayre Belphebe gan to feare
 Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
 Or that the wicked steele empoymed were:
 Little shee weend that love he close conceald.
 Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald
 When the bright Sunne his beams thereon doth
 beat:

Yet never he his hart to her reveald;
 But rather chose to dye for sorrow great
 Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

Ehe, gracions lady, yet no paines did spare
 To doe him ease, or doe him remedy:
 Many restoratives of vertues rare,
 And costly cordialles shee did apply,
 To mitigate his stubborne malady:
 But that sweet cordiall, which can restore
 A love-sick hart, shee did to him envy;
 To him, and to all th' unworthy world forelore.
 Shee did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne,
 More deare then life shee tendered, whose flowre
 The girlond of her honour did adorne:
 Ne suffred shee the middayes scorching powre,
 Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre;
 But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,
 Whens the froward skye began to lowre;
 But, soone as calmed was the cristall ayre,
 Shee did it fayre dispreed and let to flourish fayre.

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
 To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
 In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
 Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
 And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
 That mortall men her glory should admyre.
 In gentle ladies breste and bounteous race
 Of woman-kind it fayrest flowre doth spyre,
 And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desyre.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
 Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
 And to your willes both royalties and reames
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might;
 With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight
 Of chastitie and vertue virginall,
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
 And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
 Such as the angells weare before God's tribunal!

To youre faire selves a fayre ensample frame
 Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre;
 To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame
 Of chastitie, none living may compayre:
 Ne poynous envy justly can empayre
 The prayse of her fresh-flowing maydenhead;
 Forthly shee standeth on the highest stayre
 Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
 That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastitie
 Nathlesse shee was so courteous and kynde,
 Tempered with grace and goodly modesty,
 That sequed those two vertues strove to fynd
 The higher place in her heroick mynd:
 So striving each did other more augment,
 And both encreast the prayse of woman-kynde,
 And both encreast her beautie excellent:
 So all did make in her a perfect complemt.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphebe and
 Of Amorett is told:
 The Gardians of Adonia fraught
 With pleasures manifold.

Will may I weene, faire ladies, all this while
 Ye wonder how this noble damozell
 So great perfections did in her compile,
 Sith that in salvage forest shee did dwell,
 So farre from court and royall citadell,
 The great schoolmistresse of all courtesy:
 Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
 All civile usage and gentility,
 And gentle sprite defourne with rude rusticity.

But to this faire Belphebe in her berth
 The Hevens so favorable were and free,
 Looking with myld aspect upon the Earth
 In th' horoscope of her nativitee,
 That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
 On her they poured forth of plentious borne:
 Love laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
 And Phoebus with faire beames did her adorne,
 And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
 And her conception of the ioyous 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 borne, so was she bred;
 So was shee trayned up from time to time
 In all chaste vertue and true bountiehed,
 Till to her dew perfection shee were ripened.

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
 The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
 A Faerie was, yborne of high degree:
 She bore Belphebe; she bore in like cace
 Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
 These two were twines, and twixt them two did share
 The heritage of all celestially grace;
 That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
 Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It were a goodly storie to declare
 By what straunge accident faire Chrysogonee
 Conceiv'd these infants, and how them shee bare
 In this wilde forest wandring all alone,
 After shee had nine moneths fulfilld and gone:
 For not as other womens commune brood
 They were enwomb'd in the sacred throne
 Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune food,
 As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

But wondrously they were begot and bred
 Through influence of th' Hevens fruitfull ray,
 As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
 It was upon a summers shine day,
 When Titan faire his beames did display,
 In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens view,
 Shee bath'd her brest the boyling heat & allay;
 Shee bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
 And all the sweetest flowers that in th' forest grew:

Till faint through yreesome wearines adowne
Upon the grassy ground herselfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombing snows
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd:
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing molliede,
And pierst into her wombe; where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre uspede,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seedes
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd:
So, after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapcs of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mad on which the Sunne bath shynd.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly calld, th' author of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministress matter fit, which, tempered right
With heate and humour, breedes the living wight.
So sprung these twines in womb of Chrysgone;
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright
Wonderd to see her belly so upblow, [gone.
Which still increast till she her terme had full out-

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wilderness a space,
Till that onweedy burden she had reard,
And shoud dishonor which as death she feard:
Where, wearie of long travaill, downe to rest
Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her overcast,
And seized every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

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

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapcs select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
And searcht every way through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
She promis't kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

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

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, Did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischierous deedes, and sayd that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedlesse hartis with love had fir'd,
And his false veisim through their veines impair'd;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile
thereat.

But, when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought that the had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
In which full many lovely nymphes abyde;
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
Forthy she thether cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Disces company.

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

She, having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungart, and breasts unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,
But suffred her so carelesly disguis'd
Be overtaken: soone her garments loose
Uppath'ring, in her become she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose;
Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

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

Therent Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd ;
" Great pittie sure that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives you so good ayd
To your disports ; ill mote ye bene aspayd !"
But she was more engrieved, and replide ;
" Faire sister, ill besemes it to upbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride ;
The like that mine may be your paine another tide.

" As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts ;
So my delight is all in ioyfulness,
In beds, in bowres, in banquetts, and in feasts :
And ill becomes you, with your lofty crests,
To scorne the ioye that love is glad to seeke :
We both are bound to follow Heavens behests,
And tend our charges with obsiaunce meeke :
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to seeke ;

" And tell me if that ye my sonne have heard
To lurke enougth your nimphe in secret wize,
Or keepe their cabins : much I am asfeard
Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,
And turne his arrowes to their exercise ;
So may he long himselfe full easie hide ;
For he is faire, and fresh in face and guize
As any nimphe ; let not it be envide."
So saying every nimphe full narrowly shee side.

But Phoebe therewith sore was angered, [boy,
And sharply saide ; " Goe, dame ; goe, seeke you
Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his bed :
He comes not here ; we scorne his foolish ioy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy :
But, if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby :
He clip his wanton wings that he no more shall flye."

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeasd,
Shee inly sovy was, and gan relent
What shee had said : so her aee soone appeasd
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
Shee was well pleasd, and forth her damzells seat
Through all the woods, to search from place to place
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

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

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore :
She bore withouten paine, that she conceivd
Withouten pleasure ; ne her need implore
Lucinae aide : which when they both perceivd,
They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespake :
At last they both agreed her seeming grievd
Out of her heavie sworne not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried to be fostred :
Dame Phoebe to a nymphe her babe betooke
To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,
And, of herselfe, her name Belphebe red :
But Venus hers thence far away conveyd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed ;
And, in her litle Loves stead which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

Shee brought her to her ioyous paradise
Where most shee wonnes, when shee on Earth does dwell,
So faire a place as Nature can devise :
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gaidus bee, I wote not well ;
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleassant places doth exceed,
And called is, by her lost lovers name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far remoued by fame.

In that same gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify
And decks the girlonds of her paramours,
Are fetcht : there is the first seminary
Of all things that are borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds. Long worke it were
Here to account the endlessse progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there ;
But so much as doth need must needs be counted
here.

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

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire :
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleshy woods would them attire :
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordnained bath, he clothes with sinfull naire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn retorne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they agayne retourned beene,
They in that gardin planted bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshy corruption nor mortall payne :
Some thousand yeares on doon they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the changefull world agayne,
Till tethery they retorne where first they grew :
So, like a wheele, around they runne from old to new.

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

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew:
And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by itselfe, and ranckt in comely rew;
Some sitt for reasonable sowles t' indew;
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare;
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlessse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the ocean could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocks not lessened nor spent,
But still remaines in everlasting store
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horröre,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes
The substances of Natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made;
Which, whereas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the griesly shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne, when the life decayses and forme does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But changed is and often altred to and froe.

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

Great enmy to it, and to' all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who with his scyth adrest
Does mow the flowing herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither and are sowly mard:
He flies about, and with his saggy wings
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thiages mard and spoiled quight:
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
When walking through the gardin them she spyde,
Yet ho'te she find redresse for such despyght:
For all that lives is subject to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;
And sweete Love gentle fits amongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealoy:
Franchly each paramour his leman knowes;
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme:
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decks the wanton pryne,
And eke attouch the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seems to labour under their fruites lode:
The whiles the ioyous hirdes make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the middert of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steels did never lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with pretious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasaunt arber, not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke branches part to part,
With wanton yvie-twine entrayd athwart,
And egiantine and caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part, [through,
That nether Phoebus beams could through them
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phoebus paramoure
And dearest love;
Fooliah Narcisse, that likes the watry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endlessse date.

There went fayre Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis ioyous company,
And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envy;
But she herselfe, whenever that she will,
Posseseth him, and of his sweetnose takes her fill:

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

There now he liveth in eternal blis,
Ioying his goddess, and of her enjoyd;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly blyd:
For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,
(That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd)
In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say, [may,
Hewen underneath that mount, that none him loosn

There now he lives in everlasting ioy,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting himselfe in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thether resortes, and, laying his sad dartes
Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

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

Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre,
The yonger daughter of Chrysgoneus,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee
And trained up in trew feminites:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessooned
In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And lodestarre of all chaste affectione
To all fayre ladies that doe live on ground.
To Faery court she came; where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fowd
His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel
wound.

But she to noce of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight, sir Soudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an heinous coiny,
Who her would forced have to have forelore
Her former love and stedfast loyalty;
As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

But well I weene ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
That was, to meet, the goodly Florimell;
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from prince Arthure fled with wings of idle
feare.

CANTO VII.

The witches some loves Florimell:
She flies; he faines to dy.
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
From gyaunts tyranny.

LIKZ as an hynd forth singled from the beard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feete afeard;
And every lease, that absketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath increast:
So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she suspect whileare.

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

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

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote aligates fare
A traveller unwoated to such way;
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That Fortunes all in squall launce doth rary,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she travell'd, till at length she came
To an hillies side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subject to the same;
All covered with thick woodes that quite it over-
came.

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

There in a gloomy hollow gien she staid
A little cottage, built of stiches and reches
In homely wise, and wald with sods around;
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envide.

The damsell there arriv'd entred in ;
Where sitting on the flore the hag she found
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin ;
Who, soone as she beheld that sudden stood,
Lightly upstart from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one around,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze ;
But shew'd by outward signes that dread her sense
did daze.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, What devill had her thether brought,
And who she was, and what unwouted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unought ?
To which the damzell full of doubtfull thought
Her mildly answer'd ; " Beldame, be not wroth
With silly virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth, [ble' th."
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest over-

With that adorne out of her christall eyne
New trickling leaves she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke ; and therewithall
She sigh'd soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart but ruth of her and plight
Would make to melt, or piteously spall ;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischief, was much moved at so piteous sight ;

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint
And wearie limbs awhile : she nothing-quiet
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon ;
As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gun.

The gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament ;
Whom such whenas the wicked hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright :
To adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A lassy loord, for nothing good to doone,
But stretched forth in ydleness alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade ;
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He w'd to sing, or sleepe in slothfull shade :
Such lazinesse both lowd and poore attonce him
made.

He, coming home at undertithe, there found
The fayrest 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 aw
So inj' smot, that as one, which both gaz'd
On the bright Sunne unweares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne with too much brightnes daz'd ;
So stared he on her, and wrold long while amaz'd.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in so straunge disguisment there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd ?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly looke him answer'd ;
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it wandered :
So both at her, and each at other wonder'd.

But the fayre virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses ryld
Her gentle speach appyde, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time the charite, through her so kind
And courtesie use, conceiv'd affection base,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind ;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beemly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire ;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire ;
His captive thought durst not so high aspire :
But with soft sighes and lovely remembrance
He wou'd that his affection entire
She should arrest ; many resemblances
To her he made, and many kinde remembrances.

Of from the Forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red ;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His maistresse praises sweetly carol'd :
Girlandes of flowers sometimes for her faire bed
He fine would dight ; sometimes the squirrel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant wild :
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke
and mild.

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her some companion :
Her weare palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furniture she freshly dight,
His late miswanded wayes now to remembrace right.

And early, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issu'd, and on her journey went ;
She went in perill, of each waye affear'd,
And of each shade that did itselfe present ;
For still she feard to be overheat
Of that vile hag, or her un civile some ;
Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding moone as they had beene undone.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare ;
He knockt his breast with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent the ragged heare :
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight
Was greatly woe-begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were empurpled bright,
And love to frenzy turn'd ; with love is fusticks light.

All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,
With herbe, with charms, with counsell, and with
teares;

But teares, nor charms, nor herbe, nor counsell, might
Aswage the fury which his entrails teares:
So strong is passion that no reason heares!
Tho, when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turnd herselfe backe to her wicked leares;
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her final bale.

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

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge
Through thicke and thin her to pourwe apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her bee had attained and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornfull 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 sent
And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

Whom when the fearefull damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flic;
That ugly shape so sore her terrifde,
That it she shud no lesse then dread to die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilst his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare;
But, when his force gan faile, his pace gan wax areare.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
As that came last extremity full sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afraid:
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flic no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse:
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forelore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sicknessesse.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging fathers bond;
Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Ægean strand;
As Florimell fled from that monster yond,
To reach the sea ere she of him were raught:
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught: [taught.
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her corage

It fortun'd (High God did so ordaine)
As shee arrived on the roving shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maice,
A little bote lay hovering her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whilst his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same shee leapt, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the foting strand:
So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

The monster, ready on the pray to seee,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perious seas,
But, greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was fott to turne his sight,
And tell the idle tidings to his dame:
Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,
He set upon her palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskaw came:

And, after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he travelled:
Yt was a goodly swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain sheere, that woot yong knights bewitech,
And courtly services, tooke no delight;
But rather loyd to see than seemen sich:
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

It was to weete the good sir Satyrane
That rannge abroad to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:
He was all armd in rugged steele unflide,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutcheon bore a satyrane hedd:
He comming present, where the monster wilde
Upon that milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,
Unto his reskaw ran, and greedily him spedd.

There well perceivd he that it was the horse
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he least ought did ill betide
To that faire maide, the floure of womens pride;
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore apall.

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked fornd;
And with huge strokes and cruell battery
Him fott to leave his pray, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die; but sic more fresh
And ferce he still appeard, the more he did him
threat.

He wist not how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And himselfe weaker through infirmity:
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away he lightly leapt
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored and rag'd to be underkept;
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him kept.

As he that strives to stop a suddain flood,
And in strong banks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a maice,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth loud complain
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him bett so long,
That at the last his ferocies gan abate,
And meekely stoupe unto the victor strong:
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed done to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dunt of steels his carcas could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her slender waste, he took in hand,
And with it bowd the beast that lowd did rore
For great despite of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe fed from the pray:
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had loog bene learned to obey;
Yet never learned he such service till that day.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty gyautesse
Fast flying, on a courser dappled gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursued, and sought for to suppress:
She bore before her lap a dolefull squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrali of her
desire.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He left his captive beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by;
But she the way stund nathemore forthy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran; she, having him descryde,
Herselfe to fight addrest, and threw her lole aside.

Like as a goshaunke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling culver, having spide on high
An eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtle ayre stouping with all his might,
The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battell doth herselfe prepare:
So ran the geautesse unto the fight;
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes High God in peeces
tare.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriv'd;
Yet nathemore the steels sonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd;
But, glauncing on the tempered metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

Her steed did stagger with that puissant strooke;
But she no more was movd with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged oke,
Or on the marble pillour that is pight
Upon the top of mount Olympus high,
For the brave youthly champions to assay
With burning charet wheelies it nigh to smite;
But who that smites it mars his ioyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sternes regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelld so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his breast:
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west:
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

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

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the battell to abide,
But made herselfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursued so nyre
That almost in the backe he oft her stroke:
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblance of faire sight did make;
But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

By this the good sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of his dreame that did him long entrance,
And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding moore, and curst that cruell chaunce
Which rest from him so faire a chevisaunce:
At length he espyde whereas that wofull squire,
Whom he had reskewd from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

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

Then trembling yet through feare the squire bespake;
"That geautesse Argante is beight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against Heaven, and heaped hills on high
To scale the skyes and put love from his right:
Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad through morth,
And drooke with blood of men slaine by his might,
Through incest her of his owne mother Earth
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth;

"For at that berth another babe she bore;
To weat, the mightie Olyphant, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many bath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnies, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
In fleshy lust were mingled both fyre,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

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

" But over all the countris she did rounge,
To seeke young men to quench her flaming thirst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth
She with her brings into a secret ile, [trust,
Where in eternall bondage dye she must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

" Me seely wretch she so at vantage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfy;
That thousand deaths me lever were to dye
Then breake the vow that to faire Columball
I plightid have, and yet keepe steadfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell; [well
Call me the Squire of Dames; that me besemeth

" But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That geantesse, is not such as she seemd,
But a faire virgin that in martiall law
And deedes of armes above all dames is deamd,
And above many knightes is also esteamd
For her great wroth: she Palladine is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread, redeamd:
Ne any may that monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight."

" Her well besemes that quest," quoth Satyrane:
" But read, thou Squire of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thyselfe hast lately traie?"
" That shall I you recount," quoth he, " ywis,
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss.
That gentle lady whom I love and serve,
After long suit and wearie serviss,
Did aske me how I could her love deserve,
And how she might be sure that I would never swerve.

" I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Badd her commaund my life to save or spill:
Eftsoones she badd me with incessant paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my power or skill
I might doe service unto gentle dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill;
And at the twelve monethes end should bring their
names
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games.

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

" To woe, that I my travell should remaine,
And with like labour walke the world around;
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other dames had fownd,
The which, for all the nit I could proposid,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and sowd."
" Ah! gentle squire," quoth he, " tell at one word,
How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy record?"

" Indeed, sir Knight," said he, " one word may tell
All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,
For onely three they were dispos'd so well;
And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayd,
To find them out."—" Mote I," then laughing sayd
The knight, " inquire of thee what were those three,
The which thy profred curtesie deayd?
Or ill they seem'd sure aviz'd to bee,
Or brutishly brought up, that oer'did fashions see."

" The first which then refused me," said hee,
" Certes was but a common courtesane;
Yet flat refus'd to have adoe with mee,
Because I could not give her many a pane."
(Thereat full hartely laugh'd Satyrane.)
" The second was an holy nunne to chosse,
Which would not let me be her chappellaine,
Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

" The third a damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in cuntry cottage fownd by chaunce:
Full litle weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance;
Yet was she fayre, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion:
Long thus I wo'd her with due observance,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

" Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itselfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My ladies love, in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste ladies
traine."

" Perdy, sayd Satyrane, " thou Squire of Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou bent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames;
That may amongst Alcides labours stand."
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe unto his dame,
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.

CANTO VIII.

The witch creates a snowy lady like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

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

But that accursed hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enrankled her malicious hart,
That she decayd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the boast, which by her wicked art
Late fourth she sent, she backe returning spyde
Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart ap-
plyde:

And, with it ranning hastily to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reli'd;
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as doune,
His former griefs with furie fresh reviv'd
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his breast: for sith her dedd
He sorely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misteidd.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprights to entertaine,
The maisters of her art: there was she faime
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully diamayd
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were
decayd.

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

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould coageald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphoeau hills, to her reveald
By errant sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempered with fine mercury
And virgin wax that never yet was sold,
And mingled them with perfect vermyly;
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

VOL. III.

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In silver sockets, shynyng like the skyes,
And a quicke moving spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes:
Instead of yellow lockes she did devyse
With golden wyre to weave her ourled head:
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thrysc
As Florimells fayre heare: and, in the stead
Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcas dead;

A wicked spright, yfraught with fawning guyle
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell somewhyle
From Heavens blis and everlasting rest:
Him needed not instruct which way were beat
Himselfe to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest;
For he in counterfeissance did exceil,
And all the wyles of womens wits knew passing well.

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

Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely loyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne:
But she, the more to seeme such as she might,
Coily rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still, with gentle countenance, retain'd
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd:

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his idole faire,
Her to disport and idle time to pas
In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despair,
Proud Braggadochio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose and credit did maintaine.

He, seeing with that chobole so faire a wight
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merreiled therat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody spere oftsones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment:
"Villein," sayd he, "this lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it ginesay: I will away her beare."

The fearefull chobole durst not ginesay nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who, finding tittle leasure her to wooe,
On Trompartis steed her mounted without stay;
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground and most of men
esteem'd.

N

But, when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glosing speeches frame
To such vaine uses that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powrs, that used her so hard
To reave her honor which she more then life prefard.

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 feets upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capons courage; yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely prayd him.

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

Saying, "Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perillous sword!
But if thee list to see thy courser ronne,
Or prove thyselfe; this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd."
At those proud words that other knight begonne
To wax exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

"Sith then," said Braggadochio, "needest thou wike
Thy daies abridge, through prooffe of puissance;
Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt
May meeete againe, and each take happy chaunce."
This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce
Retird their steeds, to rumpe in even race:
But Braggadochio with his bloody launce
Once having turned, no more returned his face,
But lefte his love to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

The knight, him seeing fie, had no regard
Him to poursew, but to the lady rode;
And, having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his courser sett the lovely Iode,
And with her fled away without abode:
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke himselfe in Heven that was in Hell.

But Florimell herselfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune strange,
And taught the carefull mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to change
The land for sea, at randon there to range:
Yett there that cruell queene avengesesse,
Not satisfyde so far her to estrange
From courtly blis and wouted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

For, being fled into the fishers bote
For refuge from the monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did fote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly;
For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,
And all his windes dau Aeolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmitie,
As pityting to see her waille and weepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

At last when droncke with drowainesse he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd; and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marvell of that accident extreme:
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awakte; or that some extasye
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

But, when her well avizing hee perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:
Tho rudely aakte her, how she thether came?
"Ah!" sayd she, "father, I note read aright
What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety am.

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

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infir such secrette sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand,
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust;
But she with angry scoorne him did withstand,
And shamefully reproved for his rudenes food.

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

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might, and him in vaine revild;
Shee struggled strongly both with foote and hand
To save her honor from that villaine vild,
And cride to Heven, from humane help exild.
O! ye brave knights, that boast this ladies love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch! well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove!

But if that thou, sir Satyran, didst weete,
Or thou, sir Peridure, her sory state,
How soone would yee assemble many a flecte,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
Towres, citties, kingdomes, ye would ruinate
In your avengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate:
But, if sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

But, sith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the Heavens, of voluntary grace
And sovaine favor towards chastity,
Doe succor send to her distressed case:
So much high God doth innocence embrace!
It fortun'd, whilst thus she stilly strove,
And the wide sea impurtuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abroad did rove,
Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard;
An aged sire with head all frowy horr,
And sprinkled frost upon his dewy beard:
Who when those pittifull outeries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resowrd,
His chareit swiffe in hast he thether steard,
Which with a teeme of scaly phocas bownd
Was drawne upon the waves, that foned him around;

And coming to that fishers wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
Into his hart attonce: streight did he bayle
The greedy vellein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very little fayle;
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
Him bott so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

The whiles the pitteous lady ud did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbed face with teares of her faire eyes;
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle:
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assayd,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly
shright.

Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare:
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fiedd
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And fals to ground to seeke for succor neare,
Whereas the hungry spaniels she does spye
With greedy iawes her ready for to teare:
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

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

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frowy lips full softly kiad,
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest:
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought;
And, out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his chareit brought, [sought.
And there with many gentle termes her faire be-

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

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke gainst which doe rave
The roving billowes in their proud disdain,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seemes rough manous hand with engines keepe
Had long while laboured it to engrate:
There was his wonne; ne living wight was seene
Save one old nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe it cleane.

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

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest:
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his faipd kindnes did detest;
So firmly she had scaled up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a god he might;
But she a mortall creature loved best:
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery knight.

Then like a Faerie knight himselfe he dreut;
For every shape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her express,
And offered kingdoms unto her in vew
To be his leman and his lady trew:
But, when all this he nothing saw prevails,
With berder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threates her often did assayle;
So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle.

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

Eternall thraldome was to her more life
 Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love:
 Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe
 Then any shoulde of falsenesse her reprove,
 Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
 Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
 And crowne of heavenly prayse with saintes above,
 Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
 Are still amongst them song, that far my rymes ex-
 ceed:

Fit song of angels caroled to bee!
 But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame,
 Shall be t' advance thy goodly chastitee,
 And to enroll thy memorabile name
 In th' heart of every honourable dame,
 That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endless fame.
 Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
 To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late:

Who having ended with that Squire of Dames
 A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
 The which himselfe then ladies more defames,
 And finding not th' hyena to be slayne,
 With that same squire returned backe againe
 To his first way: and, as they forward went,
 They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
 As if he were on some adventure bent,
 And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir Satyrane him towards did addressse,
 To weet what wight he was, and what his quest:
 And, comming nigh, efsoones he gan to gesse
 Both by the burning hart which on his brest
 He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
 That Paridell it was: tho to him yode,
 And, him saluting as besecmed best,
 Gan first inquire of tydings farre abroad:
 And afterwardes on what adventure now he rode.

Who thereto answering said; "The tydings bad,
 Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,
 Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
 And suddain pature of faire Florimell
 To find him forth: and after her are gone
 All the brave knights, that doen in armes excell,
 To savegard her ywandred all alone;
 Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be one."

"Ah! gentle knight," said then sir Satyrane,
 "Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
 And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
 Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
 That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,
 Which her ador'd, may sore repeat with mee,
 And all faire ladies may for ever sory bee."

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew
 Gan greatly chaung, and seemed dismayd to bee;
 Then said; "Fayre sir, how may I weene it tiew,
 That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee?
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
 Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sure?
 For perdis elles how mote it ever bee,
 That ever hand should dare for to engore
 Her noble blood! the Hevens such crueltie abhorre."

"These eyes did see that they will ever rew
 T' have scene," quoth he, "whom a monstrous
 The palfrey whereon she did travell slew, [beast
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast;
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least
 Her certein losse, if not her sure decay:
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,
 Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray."

"Ah me!" said Paridell, "the signes he said;
 And, but God turne the same to good soothsay,
 That ladies safete is sore to be dradd:
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray."
 "Faire sir," quoth he, "well may it you succeed!
 No long shall Satyrane behind you stay;
 But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed."

"Yenoble knights," said then the Squire of Dames,
 "Well may yee speede in so prayse-worthy payne!
 But sith the Sunne now gimes to slake his beames
 In dewy vapours of the westerne mayne,
 And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
 Mote not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
 Both light of Heaven and strength of men relate:
 Which if, ye please, to yonder castle turne your
 gate."

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere
 Forth marched to a castle them before;
 Where soone arriving they restrained were
 Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
 To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore
 Thecreat displeas'd they were, till that young squire
 Gan them informe the cause why that same dore
 Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:
 The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

CANTO LX.

Malbecco will no strange knights hast,
 For peevish gealoy:
 Paridell gusts with Britomart:
 Both shew their auncestry.

Removaris knights, and honorable dames,
 To whom I levell all my labours end,
 Right sore I feare least with unworthy blames
 This odious argument my rymes should amend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton lady I doe write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
 The shyning glory of your sovaine light;
 And knightthod fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
 Offend the good: for good, by paragone
 Of evil, may more notably be rad;
 As white seemes fayrer maicht with blacke atone:
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
 For lo! in Heaven, whereas all goodness is
 Emongst the angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked sprightes did fall from happy blis;
 What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?

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

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

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

" Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;
Unfily yokt together in one teeme.
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he need misdeeme."
Thereat sir Satyrane gan stytle, and say;
" Extremely mad the man I surely deeme
That weenes, with watch and hard restraint, to stay
A womans will which is disposd to go astray.

" In vaine he feares that which he cannot abonne:
For who wote, not, that womans subtiltyes
Can guyleen Argus, when she list misdonne?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull-wandering feet;
But rust goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps containe that else would algates
fect."

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

" Nay, let us first," sayd Satyrane, " entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let us in;
And afterwards asfray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then, if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wratch for his meprise,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin."
That counsell pleasd: then Paridell did rise,
And to the castle-gate approcht in quiet wise:

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
The good man selfe, which then the porter playd,
Him answered, that all were now retir'd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes conveyd
Unto their maister who in bed was layd,
That none him durst awake out of his dreame;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd,
Then Paridell began to change his theme,
And threatod him with force and punishment ex-
treme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:
And now so long before the wicked fast
They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin fowly overcast
Gan blownen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hayle so horrible and dread,
That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swyne was orderd.

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,
Came to that castle, and with earnest moone,
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;
For flatly he of entrance was refusd;
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to avengge himselfe so sore abus'd,
And evermore the carle of courtesie accus'd.

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

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

Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew'd; like as a boystrous winde,
Which in th' Earthes hollow caves hath long ben hid
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
To move and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issew forth may finde;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth over-
cast.

Their steel-bed speares they strongly coucht, and
Together with impetuous rage and force, [met
That with the terrour of their fierce affret
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.
But Paridell sore brusd with the blow
Could not arise, the counterchange to scorne;
Till that young squyre him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him
throw.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
 And with faire treaty pacifide their yre:
 Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that castles lord they gan conspire,
 To heape on him dew vengeance of his hire.
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe
 To burn the same with unqueneable fire,
 And that uncurteous carle, their commune foe,
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

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

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

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

Shee also dofte her heavy haberieon,
 Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde;
 And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
 To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
 Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lank syde
 Downe to her foot with carelesse modestie.
 Then of them all she plainly was aspyde
 To be a woman-wight, unvist to bee,
 The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

Like as Bellona (being late returned
 From slaughter of the giants conquered;
 Where proud Encelade, whose wide nostrils burn'd
 With breathed flames like to a furnace redd,
 Transfix'd with her speare downe tumbled dedd
 From top of Hemus by him heaped hye;) Hath
 loos'd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
 And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
 From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
 With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
 And each on other, and they all on her,
 Stood gazing; as if suddain great affright
 Had them surpriz'd: at last avising right
 Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
 Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
 In their first error, and yett still answar
 With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew:

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

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

But he, to shifte their curious request,
 Can causen why she could not come in place;
 Her crazed heith, her late recourse to rest,
 And humid evening ill for sicke folkes case:
 But none of those excuses could take place;
 Ne would they eate, till she in presence came:
 Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
 And fairely them saluted, as became,
 And shewd herselfe in all a gentle courteous dame.

They sate to meat; and Satyrane his chauce
 Was her before, and Paridell beside;
 But he himselfe sate looking still askaunce
 Gainst Britomart, and ever closely side
 Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide:
 But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
 All his demesure from his sight did hide:
 On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
 And sent close messages of love to her at will:

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 ignoraunt of that leud lore,
 But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
 And with the like him sunswerd evermore:
 Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
 Emposioned was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

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

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
 His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne:
 Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
 He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
 Or of the fruitfull liquor overthrowne;
 And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
 Or therein write to lett his love be shewne;
 Which well she redd out of the learned fine:
 A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

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

Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was moved by that gentle dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speech and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fittie tide
Him to commend to bar, thus spake, of al well eide:

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

" Most famous worthy of the world, by whom
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Iliou whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renowned through noble fame;
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedaemon fetcht the fayrest dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse;

" Fayre Helene, fowne of beautie excellent,
And girland of the mighty conquerours,
That madest many ladies deare lament
The heave lose of their brave paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan towres,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcasses of noble warrioures
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all over-
sowne!

" From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepheheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
She, of his father, Paris did name;
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
Gathered the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And, with them saying thence, to th' isle of Paros
came.

" That was by him calld Paros, which before
Hight Nausa; there he many yeares did raise,
And built Nausicle by the Postick shore;
The which he dying lefte bent in remaine
To Paridas his sonne,
From whom I Paridell by kin descend:
But, for faire ladies love and glories guine,
My native soile have left, my dayes to spend
In seeing deeds of armes, my lives and labors end."

Whens the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt,
(The ruefull story of sir Paridell)
She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zealous envy of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract:
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
" O lamentable fall of famous towne,
Which raiged so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
In one sad night consumd and throwen downe!
What stony bar, that beares thy haplesse fate,
Is not impiest with deepe compassionne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening
late!

" Behold, sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath fownd another partner of your payne:
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint
As countries cause, and commune-foes daidayne.
But, if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safety retire."

" Anchyses sonne begott of Venus fayre,"
Said he, " out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repaire;
Where he, through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weeltesse wandred
From shore to shore amongst the Lybick sandes,
Ere rest he fownd: much there he sufferd,
And many perilles past in forreine landes, [handes:
To save his people sad from victours vengefull

" At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inlaud folke which sought him hække to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock, so the fates ordaind;
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished; that many deare complaind:
The rivall slaine, the victour (through the flood
Escaped hardly) hardly praised his wedlock good.

" Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part:
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the tittle to convert,
His sonne Iulus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Troians blood,
And in Long Alba plasht his throne apart;
Where faire it flourishd and long time stoud,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome removd."

" There; there," said Britomart, "afresh appeared
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
Of all the world, under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Troians scattered aspring,
That, in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

" It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stabborne neck (whereat he raves,
With roring rage, and sore himselfe does through,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)
She fastned hath her foot; which stands so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is soog
In foreine landes; and all, which passen by,
Beholding it from farre doe think it threatens the skye.

" The Troian Bruté did first that citie fownd,
And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
And Overt-gate by north: that is the bownd
Toward the land; two rivers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat."

" Ah! fairest lady-knight," said Paridell,
" Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for nry wits beene light.
Indeed he said, if I remember right,
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw
Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

" For that same Brute, whom much he did advance
In all his speach, was Sylvius his soone,
Whom having slain through luckles arrowes glaunce,
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
And with him led to sea an youthly trayne;
Where wearie wandring they long time did wosne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean mayne,
And great adventures found, that now were long to
sayne.

" At last by fatall course they driven were
Into an island spacious and brode,
The furthest north that did to them appeare:
Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abroad,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all things fitt for living foode,
But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,
Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode
That fed on living flesh, and droneck mens vitall blood.

" Whom he, through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many Britons boid:
In which the great Goëmagot of strong
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full cold,
Which quaked under their so hideous masse:
A famous history to bee enrolld
In everlasting monuments of brasse,
That all the antique worthies merits far did passe.

" His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke
Faire Lincoln, both renowned far away;
That who from east to west will endlong seeke,
Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
Except Cleopolis; so heard I say
Old Mnemon: therefore, sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin; and you entyrelly pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt us both unknowne." So ended Paridell.

But all the while, that he these speeces spent,
Upon his lips hong faire dame Hellenore
With vigilant regard and dew attent,
Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
The whites unwaris away her wondring eye
And greedy cares ber weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, ever privily,
In speaking, many false belgardes at ber let fly.

So long these knightes discoursed diversly
Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with unickle icopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And heavenly lampes were halfendeale threant:
Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought
Every discourse, and every argument,
Which by the houres he measured, brought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were
brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;
Malhecco her poursewes;
Fynys amongst Satyrea, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

THE MORROW next, so soone as Phoebus lamp
Betrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly Heven amoved quight,
Faire Britomart and that same Faery knight
Uprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight
With Britomart so sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not till his burts he did amend.

So fourth they fard; but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grivoonly
To house a guest that would be needes obeyd,
And of his owne him lefte not liberty:
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fier youngmans unruly maystery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath; [each.
And his faire wife, whom hooest long he kept un-

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

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde.
False Love! why do men say thou cannot not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest
binde,

And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seeest every secret of the minde;
Thou seeest all, yet none at all sees thee:
All that is by the working of thy deitee.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfeen eye did wyle;
His halfeen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellens both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attence, during the while
That he there scourned his woundes to heale;
That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did amyle
To woe how he her love away did steale, [veale.
And bad that none their loyous treasch should re,

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
That least avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift till he her layd aboard.
Whens in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her; yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoate n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentleness or hospitaiges breach.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swound, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
Tha, when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she mercie would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he woud her entaine;
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of love, and lovers paine,
Bransles, ballads, vielayes, and verses vaine;
Of purposes, of riddles, he devyde,
And thousands like which flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entyde
To take to his new love, and leave her old despyde.

And every where he might, and everie while
He did her service dewtiful, and sewd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets disprod,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily sieg, through dispurvaynauce long
And lacke of reawkes, will to parley drive;
And pece, that unto parley eare will give,
Will shortly yield itselfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylive:
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine display'd:

For through his traibes he her intrapped hath,
That she her love and hart hath woly sold
To him without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credits, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre cucquold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly
shee

Derizd hath, and to her lover told.
It pleased well: so well they both agree;
So realie type to ill, ill womens counsels bee!

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth.
When chaumt Malbecco busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest she fyr'd, for sport or for despight:
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appears
The Troiane flames and reach to Hevens bight,
Did clasp her hands, and joyed at that doleful sight;

The second Hellena, fayre dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste
To quench the flames which she had tyr'd before,
Lought at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her lovers armes right fast;
Where streight embraced she to him did cry
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;
For lo! that guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy!

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

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turned,
And left the fire; love, money overcame:
But when he marked how his money barnd,
He left his wife; money did love disclame:
Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
Yet, sith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
The god of his desire, the joy of misers blinde.

Thus whilest all things in troubles upere were,
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The loving couple neede no reawke fears,
But leasure had and liberty to frame
Their purposd fight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct till to end they came;
So beens they gone yfere, a wauten payre
Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

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

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he mused on his late mischefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before:
At last when sorrow he saw bootd nought,
Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he reawke mought;
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confusd thought.

At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,
To search her forth whereso she might be found,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground: so 'akes in hand
To seeke her endlong both by sea and land.
Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
And every where that he mote understand
Of knights and ladies any meetings were;
And of each one he mett he tidings did inquire.

But all in vaine; his woman was to wise
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple ever to surpris
The idly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as he forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which bowed close under a forest aide,
As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

Well weened hee that those the same mote hee;
And, as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize;
And th' other, all ycolad in garments light
Discoloured like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright;
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight:

And ever faire he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,
That is the father of fowle gealowy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her belamour, the partner of his sheet:

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

The boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, "Thou man of nought! what doest thou
Unfitly furisght with thy bag and booke, [here
Where I expected one with shield and spere
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equal pere?"

The wretched man at his imperious speach
Was all abaht, and low prostrating said;
"Good sir, let not my rudenes be no bresch
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A hilly pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a lady"—There he suddain staid,
And did the rest with grievous signes suppress,
While teares stood in his eyes, few drops of bitter
dew.

"What lady?"—"Flan," said Trompart, "take
good hart,
And tell thy grieft, if any hidden lye:
Was never better time to shew thy smart
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commonne remedy."
That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he sayd: "O most redoubted pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches caec to beare."

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," saide hee,
"Sith I enjoyd the gentlest dame alive;
Of whom a knight, (no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive)
By treacherous deceipt did me deprive;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
Which al good knights, that armes do beare this day,
Are bowd for to revenge and puniab if they may.

"And you, most noble lord, that can and dare
Redrease the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious spears
In better quarrell then defence of right,
And for a lady gainst a faithlesse knight:
So shall your glory be advaanced much,
And all faire ladies magnify your might,
And eke myselfe, albee I simple such, [rich."
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon

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

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him rounded close behinde:
Yet stout he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advantage on the pray to cease;
Till Trompart, lowly to the growod inclinde,
Brought him his great courage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

Big looking like a doughty doucèpere,
At last he thus; "Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my need, and glory vertuous pay:
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard [gard.
And mor'd amise with massy mucks unmeet re-

"And more; I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent:
And that vile knight, whoever that he be,
Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood hent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I swear ere long shall dearely it repeat;
Ne he twixt Heven and Earth shall hide his hedd,
But soone he shall be fownd, and shortly doen be
dedd."

The foolish men tharof woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donee,
And humbly thanked him a thousand with
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho' forth the boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he Heaven and Hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruckty;
That moch Malbecco toyed in his iollity.

Thus long they three together traveled,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife that was far wandered:
But those two sought nought but the present pray,
To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For, with the bowe that first he did them lett
The same beheld, tharwith their keene desires were
whett.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
They espide where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
To giust with that brave stranger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past:
Alone he rode without his paragone;
For, having slycht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her flye alone;
He could be clogd: so had he served many one.

The gentle lady, loose at randon left,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte;
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groomer or guide:
Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledde,
With thom as housewife ever to abide, [brodd;
To milke their gotes, and make them cheese and
And every one as comynue good her handeled:

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

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

"Perdy may," said Malbecco, "shall ye not;
But let him passe as lightly as he came:
For little good of him is to be got,
And michle perill to be paynt to shame.
But let us goo to seeke my dearest dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder Forrest wyld:
For of her safety in great doubt I am,
Least salvage bestes her person have despoild:
Then all the world is lost, and we in raine have toyld!"

They all agree, and forward them address:
"Ah! but," said crafty Trompart, "weete ye well,
That yonder in that wastefull wikkeroesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and minotaures, and feendes of Hell,
And many wilde woodmen which robe and read
All travellers; therefore advise ye well,
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too soone to evill end."

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And, with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart; "You, that are the most opprest
With burden of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie beynd:
My lord and I will search the wide forest."
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd;
For he was much afraid himselfe alone to fynd.

"Then is it best," said he, "that ye doe leave
Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from iopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety:
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne pryve bee unto your treasures grave." [brave.
It pleased; so he did: then they march forward

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking hububs thom approaching oere,
Which all the forest did with burrow fill:
That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did thrill
With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half
dedd:

Yet afterwarde, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.
The jolly Satyres full of fresh delight
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledde
Faire Hellenore with gylonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
Shew, proude of that new honour which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore;
The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phoebus gau to hyde his golden hedd.

Tho' up they gau their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd;
But every Satyre first did give a bousse
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.
Now gau the humid vapour shed the ground
With perly dew, and th' Earth's gloomy shade
Did dun the brightness of the welkin rownd,
That every bird and beast awarnd made [invade.
To shrowd themselves, while sleep their senses did

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a gote amongst the gotes did rush;
That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampes of misconceyving night,
And eke through likenesse of his godsh beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht amongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

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

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

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

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

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his bore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early, before the Heavens fairest light
Out of the ruddy east was fully reard,
The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

So soone as he the prison-dore did pas,
He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne scarcely who before: like as a beare,
That creeping close amongst the hives to reare
An bony-combe, the wakfull dogs espy,
And him assayling sore his carkas teare,
That hardly be with life away does fly,
Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from icopardy.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombd had;
Where when he found it not, (for Trompart base
Had it purloyned for his maister had)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away; ran with himselfe away:
That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
With upstart haire and staring eyes dimmay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;
Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
Griefe, and Despyght, and Gealoy, and Scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd;
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd:
That, as a snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd

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

But, through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring
He was so wasted and forpimed quight, [thought,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery spright;
That on the rockes he fell so fit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small:

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In dreary darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rockes fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepees for that occasion;
Ne ever resta he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystroally.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs, his pasture poisonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cross-cuts the liver with internall smart, [dart.
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life atonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight;
Where he, through privy griefe and horrow vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gealoy is hight.

CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceeth Ollyphant;
 Pindes Scudamour distrust:
 Amayes the house of Busyrane,
 Where Loves spoyles are exprest.

O HATEFULL bellish snake! what Furie first
 Brought thee from hateful house of Proserpine,
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nursed,
 And fostred up with bitter milke of time;
 Fowle Genlosy! that turnest love diuine
 To ioylesse dread, and mak't the loving hart
 With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed itselke with selfe-consuming smart,
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

O let him far be banished away,
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell!
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay
 In blessed nectar and pure Pleasures well,
 Untroubled of vile fears or bitter fell.
 And ye, faire ladies, that your kingdomes make
 In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
 And of faire Britomart ensample take,
 That was as trew in love as turtle to her make.

Who with sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
 Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
 From an huge geaunt, that with hideous
 And hateful outrage long him chased thus;
 It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
 Of that Argant vile and vitious,
 From whom the Squire of Dames was reft whylers;
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought
 were.

For as the sister did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceede all womankind;
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly use, all that I ever finde:
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
 The fearefull boy so greedily pursue,
 She was emmoued in her voble minde
 To employ her puissance to his reakew,
 And pricked fiercely forward where she did him see.

Ne was sir Satyrane her far behinde,
 But with like fiercenesse did ensue the chace:
 Whom when the gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
 His former suit, and from them fled space:
 They after both, and boldly had him base,
 And each did strive the other to outrage;
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,
 For he was long, and swift as any roe,
 And now made better speed t' escape his feared foe.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
 But Britomart the flower of chastity;
 For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
 But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,
 That he gas gotten to a Forrest neare,
 Where he is shrowded in security.
 The wood they enter, and search euerie where;
 They searched diversely; so both divided were.

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

His face upon the ground did groveling ly,
 As if he had beene slombing in the shade;
 That the brave mayd would not for courtesy
 Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
 Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
 Him grope, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
 That pittie did the virgins hart of patience rob.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He said; "O soverayne Lord, that sit'st on hye
 And rainest in blis: amongst thy blessed maistes,
 How suffrest thou such shameful crueltie
 So long unreaked of thine enemy!
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe and silent ly?
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodness find no grace, nor righteousnesse no
 need!

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

"My lady and my love is cruelly pend
 In dolefull darkenes from the view of day,
 Whilset deadly torments doe her chast breast rend,
 And the sharpe steale doth rive her hart in tway,
 All for she Scudamore will not deny.
 Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,
 Ne canst her ayda, ne canst her foe dismay;
 Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
 For whom so faire a lady feelles so sore a wound."

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

Tho, stouping downe, she him amoved light;
 Who, therewith somewhat startng, up gan looke,
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
 Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
 And, downe againe himselfe diddainefully
 Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forehead strooke:
 Which the bold virgin seeing, gau apply
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtealy:

" Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe-conceivd griefe
Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
Yet, if that hevenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high Providence;
And ever, in your noble hart, prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and values confidence:
For who will bide the burden of distresse, [cesse-
Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretched-

" Therefore, faire sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
At least it faire endeavour will apply."
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easilly;
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly:

" What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
And now vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse care;
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare!
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchantments and blacke magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull frends hath pointed to her gard.

" There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe:
But yet by torture he would her constraime
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest!"

With this sad berrall of his heavy stressa
The warlike damzell was compassion'd sore,
And sayd; " Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more;
For nothing so much pittie doth implore
As gentle ladies helplesse misery:
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will, with proofe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy."

" Ah! gentlest knight alive," sayd Scudamore,
" What huge heroicke magnanimity [more,
Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?
O spare thy happy daies, and them apply
To better boot; but let me die that ought;
More is more losse; one is enough to dy!"
" Life is not lost," said she, " for which is bought
Endlesse renown; that, more then death, is to be
sought."

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her went to see what new successe
Mote him befall upon new enterprise:
His armes, which he had vow'd to disprofesse,
She gathered up and did about him dresse,
And his forwardd steed unto him gott:
So forth they both yere make their progresse,
And march, not past the mountenance of a shott,
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott.

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

Greatly therat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stowd wnt how herselfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approachen neare:
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
" What monstrous emity provoke we heare?
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
Battel against the gods, so we a god invade.

" Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious, 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 despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;
So mighty be th' enchaunments which the same
do stay.

" What is there els but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leave me to my former languishing!
Fairst Amorette must dwell in wicked chaines,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing!"
" Perdy not so," said shee; " for shameful thing
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce,
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather, let try extremities of chaunce
Then enterpris'd praise for dread to disvaunce."

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
Her ample shield she throw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward right
Assayd the flame; the which oftsoones gave place,
And did itselfe divide with equal space,
That through shee passed; as a thooder-bolt
Perceeth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The soring clouds into sad showres ymol;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire,
And had the stubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell Mulciber would not obey
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, manlyre his fiercenes, to relent,
And backe retire all scorcht and pitifully brest.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
Mgre for great sorrow that he could not pas.
Then for the burning torment which he felt;
That with fell woodnes he offered was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras
Did beat and bounce his head and brest full sore:
The whiles the championesse now entred has
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore;
The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store:

For, round about, the walls yelothed were
With goodly arras of greene maiesty,
Woven with gold and silke so close and nere
That the rich metall lurked prively,
As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where, unware
It shewd itselfe and shone unwillingly;
Like to a discolourd snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht
back declares.

And in those tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate;
And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat:
And eke all Cupids warres they did repeat,
And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the gods to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kesars into thraldome brought.

Therein was writt how often thoudring love
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And, leaving Heavens kingdome, here did rove
In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
Now, like a ram, faire Helle to pervart,
Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearefull ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' o'lay her servants law!

Soone after that, into a golden showre
Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew;
And through the rooffe of her strong brassen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew;
The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
And waucht that none should enter nor isew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Wheras the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffodillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade!
Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade,
She slept; yet twixt her eisids closely spyde
How towards her he rush't, and smil'd at his pryde.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semeles,
Deceiv'd of gealous Iano, did require
To see him in his soverayne maiestee
Armd with his Thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her deaire.
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Ioying his love in likenes more entire:
Three nights in one they say that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lauger to partake.

Twice was he seeme in soaring eagles shape,
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre:
Once, when he with Astorie did scape;
Again, wheras the Trojane boy so fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was thare to behold
How the rude shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare lest down he fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer hold.

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht;
And like a fire, when he Aegrin' assayd:
A shepheard, when Meemotyne he catcht;
And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd. (playd,
Whyles thus on Earth great love these pageants
The winged boy did thrust into his throue,
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd;
"Lo! now the Hevens obey to me alone, [gone]"
And take me for their love, whiles love to Earth is

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despite
That thou bewraydst his mothers wautonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnessse:
Forthy he thrid thee with a leaden dart
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd than was thy iust deart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy
smart.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinet;
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare:
Yet both are of thy traplesse hand extinct;
Yet both in flowers doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a pounce, the other a sweete-breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote have lively seeue
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garland ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare soune,
The soune of Climena, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sonne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fiar brent;
So like, that all the walle did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him sftsoones to follow other game,
And love a shepheards daughter for his dearest dame.

He loved Iaso for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became:
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from Heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely fit;
Now, like a lyon hunting after spoile;
Now, like a hag; now, like a faulcon fit:
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropp'd with brackish dew; his threepoynt pyke
He stearnly shoote, and therewith fierco did stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde
Which foure great hippocrames did draw in tozwise tyde.

His seaborne did seeme to snort awayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the byrnie streame,
That made the sparkling waves to smoke agayne
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:
The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And bong adowne his head as he did dreame;
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisalthis ay could make him glad.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
 And Acolus faire daughter, Amé bight,
 For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,
 And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.
 Also, to win Deucalions daughter bright,
 He turnd himselfe into a dolphin fayre;
 And, like a winged horse, he tooke his flight
 To anaky-locke Medusa to repayre, [syre.
 On whom he got faire Pegasus that fitteth in the

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene
 That sullen Saturne ever woued to love?)
 Yet love is sullen, and Saturnlike seeme,
 As he did for Erigone it prove,¹
 That to a centauré did himselfe transmore.
 So proov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
 When, for to compass Philliras hard love,
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

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

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
 His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so?)
 Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
 That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
 Which he had wrought to many others moe.
 But, to declare the mournfull tragedyes
 And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,
 More eath to number with how many eyes
 High-Heaven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeverye.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damselfe
 Were hearp'd together with the vulgar sort, [gent,
 And mingled with the raskall rabblement,
 Without respect of person or of port,
 To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:
 And round about a border was entrayld
 Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short;
 And a long bloody river through them rayld,
 So lively, and so like, that living sence it fayld.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
 There was an altar built of precious stone
 Of passing valew and of great reowme,
 On which there stood an image all alone
 Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
 And winges it had with sondry colours dight,
 More sondry colours than the proud pavons
 Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
 When her discoloured bow she spreads through Heven
 bright.

Blyndfold he was; and in his cruell fist
 A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
 With which he shot at random when him list,
 Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
 (Ah! man, beware bow thou those darters behold!)
 A wounded dragon under him did ly,
 Whose hideous tayle his lefté foot did unfold,
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
 That no man forth might draw, as no man remedye.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the victor of the gods this bee:
 And all the people in that ample house
 Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
 And oft committed fowle idolatree.
 That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
 Ne seeing could her wooder satisfie,
 But ever more and more upon it gazd, [dazd.
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye
 To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
 Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Be bold; she oft and oft it over-red,
 Yet could not find what sence it figured:
 But whatso were therein or writ or ment,
 She was no whit thereby discourag'd
 From prosecuting of her first intent, [went.
 But forward with bold steps into the next roomes

Much fayrer then the former was that roomes,
 And richlier, by many partes, arayd;
 For not with arras made in painefull loome,
 But with pure gold it all was overlaid, [playd
 Wrought with wilde antickes which their follies
 In the rich metall, as they living were:
 A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
 Such as false Love doth oft upon him weare;
 For Love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft ap-
 peare.

And, all about, the glistring wallies were hong
 With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
 Of mightie conquerours and captaines strong,
 Which were whilome captived in their dayes
 To cruell Love, and wrought their owne decayes:
 Their swords and speeres were broke, and hauberques
 rent,

And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes
 Troden in dust with fury insolent,
 To shew the victors might and merciless intent.

The warlike mayd, beholding earnestly
 The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,
 Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
 But more she mervaild that no footings trace
 Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptinesse
 And solemne silence over all that place:
 Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possess
 So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with careful-
 nesse.

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
 How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where, *Be bold;*
 That much she mus'd, yet could not construe it
 By any ridling skill or commune wit.
 At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend [tend.
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might in-

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
 Yet lving creature none she saw appear.
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
 From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
 Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
 Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
 Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
 But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,
 And her welpainted weapons did about her dreare;

CANTO XII.

The masks of Cupid, and th' enchanted chamber are displayd ;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret through charmes decayd.

Tuo, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre Heaven with an univcrsall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling trumpet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
Bot rather said to cruell enmitie,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning awixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyauce filld the fearefull sted
From the fourth bowre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much ammov'd, but stedfast still persé-
vered.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore;
And forth ysewd, as on the readie flore
Of some théâtre, a grave personage
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haireour and count'nance sage,
Yolad in costly garments fit for tragicke stage.

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

The noble mayd still standing all this vevd,
And merveld at his straunge intendment:
With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
Of minstres making goodly meriment,
With wanton bards, and rymers impudent;
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loves delight with sweet consent:
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enraged orderly.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetness of the melody
The feeble senses wholy did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drown'd:
And, when it ceast, shrill trumpets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marchd forth in trim aray.

VOL. III.

The first was Fanny, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,
Whom love did love and chose his cup to beare;
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that, whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde [cryde.
He filld with Hylas name; the nymphes eke Hylas

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

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other swayne,
Yet was that other swayne the elders syre,
And gave him being, commune to them twayne:
His garnet was disguised very wayne,
And his embrodered boonet rat awry:
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That some they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames
did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yelad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguise,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanack-wyse;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nyceley trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did ayse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay [he lay.
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made;
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, he did need
Straunge horreur to deforme his griesly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this mischief, that mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to or froe;
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld;
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:
She alway anyld, and in ber hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheewe;
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

O

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and purloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
haire;
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silkeshe twynd:

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still auaunce;
And ever, as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling cies did never rest in place,
But walke each where for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face, [pace.
Through which he still did peep as forward he did

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

Bot Fury was full ill appareild
In rage, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drevibed;
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte reate her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roaring here and there;
As a dismayed deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
He looking lompish and full sollein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenance;
She cheerfull, fresh, and full of ioyauce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That evill matcht paire they seemd to bee:
An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in hers an hony lady-bee. [grose.
Thus marchd these six couples forth in faire de-

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,
Led of two grysie villeins, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She dolefull lady, like a dreary spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternal night,
Had Deathe's own ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright
Wherewith the craftesman woult it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;
And a dew wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyffe accursed keвне,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene:

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd,
And those two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
Her forward still with torture did constraene,
And evermore increased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the winged god himselfe
Came riding on a liou ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he had awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire dame he might behold in perfect kinde;
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell minde.

Of which ful prowde, himselfe uprearing hie
He looked round about with sternae disdainye,
And did survey his goodly company;
And, marshalling the exill-ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repeat behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightful, careless, and unkinde;
Shame most ill-favoured, bestiall, and blinde:
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did
scould;
Reproch sharpestings, Repentaunce whipsentwinde,
Shame burning broud-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Amongst them was sternae Strife; and Anger stout;
Unquiet Care; and fond Unthriftyhead;
Lewd Lose of Time; and Sorrow seeming dead;
Inconstant Change; and false Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise; and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance; faint Infirmary;
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

There were full many uses like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering womeus witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in Hell:
All which disguized marcht in masking-wise
About the chamber by the damozell;
And then returned, having marchd thrise,
Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore straightway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened, and bowe all away.
Then the brave maide, which all this while was plait
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issued forth and went unto the dore
To enter in, but forward it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous opore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Whose force might not avails, there sleights and art
 She cast to use, both fitte for hard empirize:
 Fortly from that same rowme not to depart
 Till morrow next shee did herselfe arize,
 When that same maske againe should forth arise.
 The morrow next appeared with ioyous cheare,
 Calling men to their daily exercise:
 Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare
 Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare.

All that day she outwore in wandering
 And gazing on that chambers ornament,
 Till that againe the second evening
 Her covered with her sable vestiment,
 Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
 Then, when the second watch was almost past,
 That brassen dore flew open, and in went
 Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
 Nether of ydle shoves nor of false charmes aghest.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
 Shee cast her eyes to see what was become
 Of all those persons which she saw without:
 But lo! they straight were vanished all and some;
 Ne living wight she saw in all that roomes,
 Save that same woefull lady; both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
 Unto a brassen pillow, by the which she stands.

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

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked booke in hast he overthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface;
 And, fiercely running to that lady drew,
 A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,
 The which he thought, for villenous despight,
 In her tormented bodie to embrew:
 But the stout damzell to him leaping light
 His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his might.

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

So mightily she smote him, that to ground (slaine,
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have
 Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
 Dearnly unto her called to abstaine
 From doing him to dy; for else her paine
 Should be remedlesse; with none but hee
 Which wrought it could the same recure againe.
 Therewith she stayd her hand, both stayd to bee;
 For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see:

And to him said; "Thou wicked man, whose meed
 For so huge mischiefs and vile villany
 Is death, or if that ought dost death exceed;
 Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
 But if that thou this dame do presently
 Restore unto her health and former state;
 This doe, and live; els dye undoubtedly."
 He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date:

And rising up gan straight to over-look
 Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse:
 Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horrour gan the virgins hart to pierce,
 And her faire locks up stared stiff on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes rehearse;
 And, all the while he red, she did extend
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

Amo she gan perceive the house to quake,
 And all the dore to rattle round about;
 Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
 Now slack her threatfull hand for daungers doubt,
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
 Abode, to weet what end would come of all:
 At last that mightie chaine, which round about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brassen pillow broke in peeces small.

The cruell steels, which thrid her dying hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord;
 And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding breast and riven bowels gor'd,
 Was closed up, as it had not bene sor'd;
 And every part to safety full sowd,
 As she were never hurt, was soone restord:
 Tho, when she felt herselfe to be unbowed
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the ground;

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
 Saying; "Ah! noble knight, what worthy meede
 Can wretched lady, quitt from wofull state,
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall beede,
 Even immortall prayre and glory wyde,
 Which I your vassall, by your prowess freed,
 Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
 And goodly well advance that goodly well was
 tryde."

But Britomart, upressing her from ground,
 Said; "Gentle dame, reward enough I weene,
 For many labours more than I have found,
 This, that in safety now I have you seene,
 And meane of your deliverance have bene:
 Henceforth, faire lady, comfort to you take,
 And put away remembrance of late teene;
 Insted thereof, know that your loving make
 Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake."

She much was cheerd to heare him mentiond,
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best.
 Then laid the noble championesse strong hand
 Upon th' enchaunter which had her distract
 So sore, and with foule outrages oppress:
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
 He bound that pittous lady prisoner now relest,
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht utterly and cleane subvert
She found, and all their glory quite decayd;
That sight of such a change her much dismayd.
Thence forth descending to that perious porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers went so cruelly to scorch.

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

But when the victoresse arrived there
Where late she left the pensife Scudamore
With her own trusty squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore;
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was filld with new affright.

But he, sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despairē did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan advize with her old squire,
Who her deare nurslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe
respire.

When Spenser printed his first three books of
the Faerie Queene, the two lovers, sir Scudamore
and Amoret, have a happy meeting: but after-
wards, when he printed the fourth, fifth, and sixth
books, he reprinted likewise the three first books;
and, among other alterations of the lesser kind, he
left out the five last stanzas, and made three new
stanzas, viz. *More easie issew now, &c.* By these
alterations this third book not only connects better
with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that sus-
pense which is necessary in a well-told story. The

stanzas which are mentioned above, as omitted in
the second edition, and printed in the first, are the
following:

At last she came unto the place, where late
She left sir Scudamour in great distresse,
Twixt dolour and despight half desperate,
Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
And of the hardie Britomarts successe:
There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilful anguish, and dead heavinesse,
And to him cold; whose voices knowen sound
Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from
groupd.

There did he see, that most on Earth him ioyd,
His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delayes:
Straight he upstart from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with hasty eagernesse,
Like as a deare, that greedily embayes
In the cool soile, after long thirstinesse, [lesse
Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breath-

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
And straightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
Now the sweet lodge of loue and dear delight:
But the faire lady, overcommon quight
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
And in sweet ravishment pourd out her spright. •
No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two senseless stocks in long embracements
dwalt.

Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thought
That they had been that faire hermaphrodite,
Which that rich Roman of white marble wrought,
And in his costly bath caud to be site,
So seemd those two, as growne together quite;
That Britomart, halfe envying their blisse,
Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse: [lesse
In vaine she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet pos-

Thus doe those loovers with sweet counteruayle,
Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile,
But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
All woxen weary of their iournall toyle;
Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
At this same furrowes end, till a new day:
And ye, fair swayns, after your long tarmoyle,
Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play;
Now cease your work; to morrow is an holy day.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING THE
LEGEND OF CAMEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

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

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

Which whose list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne:
Witness the Father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from Sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these stoicke carboours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred saint my soveraigne queene,
In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene;
To her this song most fitly is address,
The Queene of Love, and Prince of Peace from
Heaven blest.

Which that she may the better deigoe to heere,
Do thou, dread infant, Venus dearding dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awfull maiestie remove:
Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete-smyling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearken to love, and reade this lesson
often.

CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
Duesse discorde breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

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

For, from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight, she never loyod day;
A perilous fight! when he with force her brought
From twentie knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of Love
And ake the ladie safe he brought away;
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowne mischiefe did from him remove.

For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst every man
Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-headed,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was shewen;
And there the ladie ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

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

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

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

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd;
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better
And make her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse:
For otherwiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and otherwiles of lustfulness, [excessive].
That much she feard his mind would grow to some

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

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

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offered that to iustifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so proud
And boastfull challenge, waxed illie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both.

So fourth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lease was courteous then stout,
Cast how to save, that both the custome shewne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

The seneschall was call'd to deeme the right;
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from challenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let:
Then, since that strange knights love from him was quitted,

She claim'd that to herselfe, as ladies det,
He as a knight might iustly be admitted; [fated].
So none should be out shut, with all of loves wote

With that, her glistering helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compass round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is created all with lines of fire light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

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

But that young knight, which through her gentles
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd, [deed]
Ten thousand thanks did yeeld her for her meed,
And, doubly overcome, her ador'd:
So did they all their former stiffe accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford;
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there:

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And griefull pittie privately bemone.
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their hearts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
And each of them had ryding by his side
A ladie, seeming in so farre a space;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hight;
For she could d'oth so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleous colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trow:
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that, such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree:

Her name was Atte, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth daily grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darkness wastes her cursed daies and
nights.

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

And all within the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters plant;
Akers defild, and holy things defast;
Dishevered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;
Great cities rasesackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon;
Of fatall Thebes; of Rome that reign'd long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Iliou,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his princes five [alive:
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithes befell;
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken wades to Hell,
That under great Aoides furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the golden fleece, which made them
strive.

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

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

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

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her hart disced,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was
guided.

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

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

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

Such was that hag, which with Duessa roade;
 And, serving her in her malicious use
 To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude
 To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse:
 For though, like withered tree that wanteth iuyce,
 She old and crooked were, yet now of late
 As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
 She was become, by chaunge of her estate, [mate:
 And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found

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

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
 From farre espide the famous Britomart,
 Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
 With his faire paragou, his conquests part,
 Approching nigh; oftsoones his wanton hart
 Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd;
 "Lo! there, sir Paridel, for your desert,
 Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
 For pitie that ye want a fellow for your sayd."

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to bond:
 Whom whenas Paridel more plaine beheld,
 Albes in heart he like affection fond,
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feild
 That did those grimes and that same scutobion weld,
 He had small lust to buy his love so deure,
 But answered; "Sir, him wise I never held,
 That, having once escaped perill neare,
 Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

"This knight too late his manhood and his might
 I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
 Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
 Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost."
 The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
 "Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,
 "And I, without your perill or your cost,
 Will chaunge yond same other for my fee." [see.
 So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could

The warlike Britonesse her soone adrest,
 And with such uncouth welcome did receive
 Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
 That, being forst his saddle soone to leave,
 Himselfe he did of his new love deceave;
 And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie.
 Which done, she passed forth, not talking leave,
 And left him now as sad as whilome iollie,
 Well warn'd to beware with whom he dar'd to
 dallie.

Which when his other companie beheld,
 They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
 And, finding him unable ooce to weld,
 They reared him on horse-backs and upstayd,
 Till on his way they had him forth conveyd:
 And all the way, with wondrous griefe of mynd
 And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
 More for the love which he had left behynd,
 Then that which he had to sir Paridel resynd.

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
 And made good semblance to his companie,
 Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
 Till that ere long they chanced to espie
 Two other knights, that towards them did ply
 With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:
 Whom whenas Blandamour approaching nie
 Perceiv'd to be such as they seem'd in vew,
 He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For th' one of them he perfectly descrie
 To be sir Scudamour, (by that he bore
 The god of love with wings displayed wide)
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
 And eke because his love he wonne by right:
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
 That, through the bruises of his former fight,
 He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

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

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
 With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
 Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed.
 But Scudamour was shortly well aware
 Of his approach, and gan himselfe prepare
 Him to receive with entertainment meete.
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other downe under their horses feete, [weete.
 That what of them became themselves did scarcely

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
 Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
 Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
 With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
 That fillet all the sea with fume, divydes
 The doubtfull current into divers wayes:
 So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
 But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
 And, mounting light, his foe for lying long uprayes;

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

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd;
 "False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
 And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,
 A knight much better then thyselfe behight,
 Well failes it thee that I am not in plight
 This day, to wreake the damage by thee donne!
 Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
 Is weakned, then thou doest him overonne:
 So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne."

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

" Ah! gentle knight," then false Duessa sayd,
" Why do ye strive for ladies love so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Amongst gentle knights to nourish evermore?
Ne be ye wroth, sir Scudamour, therefore,
That she your love list love another knight,
Ne do yourselfe dislike a whit the more;
For love is free, and led with selfe-delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might."

So false Duessa: but vile Att thus;
" Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme with stirre outrageous
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she goth
In lovely wise, and sleepe, and sports, and playes;
Whilst both you here with many a cursed oth
Swear she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilst to her weares the hayes."

" Vile hag," sayd Scudamour, " why dost thou lye,
And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame?"

" Foad knight," sayd she, " the thing that with
this eye

I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"

" Then tell," quoth Blandamour, " and feare no
blame;

Tell what thou sawst, maugre whose it heares."

" I saw," quoth she, " a stranger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heade of many broken speares;

" I saw him have your Amoret at will;
I saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill;
All manie nights; and manie by in place
That present were to testifie the case."
Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe: as when in chace
The Partian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonish stands in midst of his smart;

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

" Lo! recreant," sayd he, " the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost ahead,
And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
All things not rooted well will soone be rotten."

" Fy, fy, false knight," then false Duessa cryde,
" Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;
Be thou, wherever thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde!"

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

" Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man uniuist!
What vengeance due can equall thy desert,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defild the pledge committed to thy trust!
Let ugly shame and endlessse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
Yet thou, false squire, his fault shall deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply."

The aged dame him seeing so enraged
Was dead with feare; nathlesse as neede required
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that suffrance desired
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare;
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;

Paridell for her strives:

They are accorded: Agapè

Doth lengthen her soones lives.

Firebrand of Hell first tynd in Phlegeton
By thousand furies, and from thence outthrown
Into this world to worke confusion
And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparkes once blown
None but a god or godlike man can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was grown
Amongst those famous yunges of Greece, did take
His silver harpe in hand and shortly friends them
make:

Or such as that celestial psalmist was,
That, when the wicked feend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pass,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such musicke is wise words with time conected,
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive:
Such as that prudent Romane well invented;
What time his people into partes did rive, [drive,
Them reconcyd againe, and to their homes did

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

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie knight
That had a goodly ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight:
It was to weet the bold sir Ferraght hight,
He that from Braggadochio whilome reft,
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandering weft.

Which whenas Blandamour, whose fancie light
Was alwaies sitting as the wavering wiod
After each beautie that appeard in sight,
Beheld; estaunes it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasones eye did blind,
That to sir Paridell these words he sent;
" Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you loyous meriment?"

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

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

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peevish paragone ygot:
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on Earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things dooe, [too.
That might her love prepare, and himg win there-

She, in regard thereof, him recompens
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eyeglance,
And coy lookes temptring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;
That, having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd
most wise.

So great a mistress of her art she was,
And perfectly practis'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft,
Had thousand women of their love becraft,
Yet now he was surpris'd: for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
Was so expert in every subtle slight,
That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceivd was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity:
So blind in lust false colours to decry.
But Atã soon discovering his devise,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

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

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

Exceeding wrath therat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answer to him make;
" Too foolish Paridell! that fayrest soore
Wouldst gather faine, and yet so paines wouldst
But not so easie will I her forsake; [take:
This hand her woone, this hand shall her defend."
With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others friend.

Their fire steedes with so untamed force
Did beare them both to fall avenges end,
That both their speares with pitiless remorse
Through shield and mayle and habergeon did wend,
And in their flesh a grisly passage read,
That with the furie of their owne effort
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget
The perillous present stound in which their lives
were set.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meeke together on the watry lea,
They stemme eck other with so fell despight,
That with the strokes of their owne heedlesse might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asunder;
They which from above behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thounder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unnoted wonder.

At length they both upstart in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreame,
And round about themselves a while did gaze;
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their doted sprights they edg anew,
And, drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did shere, and mantles did reare, and
belmes did hew.

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

And that which is for ladies most befitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty increase;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then ladies cause release: [move,
With which vaine termes so much they did them
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

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

And then those knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniu'r'd by some well knowen token,
That they at last their wrathfull hands let fall, [all
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest with-

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

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,
For none affis but they'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
" Fayrest of faire, that faireness doest excell,
This happy day I have to greet you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand hate
Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell;
Long may you live in health and happy state!"
She fild answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

Then, turning to those knights, he gan anew;
" And you, sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this ladie present in your view
Have rayd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make."

Therest sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
" Aread, thou squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare for me thinke Florimell to take!"
" Not one," quoth he, " but many doe partake
Herein; as thus: it lately so befell,
That Satyrus a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him becomed well.

" But, wheras she herseife was lost and gone,
Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
Therest did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spite to him to beare;
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publike turneing, [bring:
To which all knights with them their ladies are to

" And of them all she, that is fayrest found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those knights, who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she herseife is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those that challenge it, to gard,
And save her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory than ye here find
gaines."

When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to assuage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull frinds thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their forces, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed foe,
That challeng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forg'd and spread with golden foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evil end conure:
For vertue is the band that bindeth hearts most sure.

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

Who, as they now approached nigh at hand,
Deceming them doubtles as they did appeare,
They sent that squire afore, to understand
What mot they be: who, viewing them more neere,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prouest knights in Faery land;
And those two ladies their two lovers deare;
Couragious Cambell, and stout Trissond,
With Canace and Canabine light in lovely band.

Why come, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the felonest on ground,
And battell made the dreeddest dangerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound ;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, Well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthis to be fylled.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
That famous monument hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed eld, the canker-worme of writs !
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits [bits]
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little

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

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,
Well scene in everie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of Nature's wayes ;
In wittie riddles ; and in wise soothsayes ;
In power of herbes ; and tunes of beasts and burds ;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of knights and lords.

Full many lords and many knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond-affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame and honour blemishment ;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But, like to warie ceutonels well stayd,
Still wataht on every side, of secret foes afraid.

So much the more as she refused to love,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought ;
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whereas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, be how
To prevent the perill that mote rise, [thought
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike woovers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring doovers,
(The hardy it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree ;
That, of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

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

Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all ;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight :
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire ladies looke ;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

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

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike ;
Strong Dyamond, but not so stout a knight ;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike :
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight ;
But horse and foote knew Dyamond to wield :
With curtaxe used Dyamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both used Priamond in field.

These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divide ;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap :
And, like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was ; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature ;
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place [space.
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sat carelesse by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemed her good ;
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) [pious told :
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three cham-

Which she with her long fastred in that wood,
Till that to ripeness of mans state they grew:
Then, shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensue,
Seeking adventures where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to doubt
Their safetie; leas't by searching dangers new,
And rash provoking perils all about, [stout.
Their days mote be abridged through their courage

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the three fatal Sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abyasse,
Where Demogorgon in dull darkness pent
Farre from the view of gods, and Heavens bliss [is.
The hideous Chaos keeps, their dreadfull dwelling

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

She, them saluting there, by them sate still
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of love accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst!"

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

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw their longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late:
But Lachesis therest gan to repine,
And said; "Fobd dame! that deem'st of things
As of humans, that they may alread bee, [divine
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine:
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree, [free!
Not all the gods can change, nor love himselfe can

"Then since," quoth she, "the terms of each mans
For noight may lessened nor enlarged bee; [life
Graunt this; that when ye shred with fatal knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their lives may likewise be annex
Unto the third, that his may be so trebly wezt."

They graunted it; and then that careful Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kyad;
But unto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warn'd them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise:
And now, t' increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they joynd all;
Upon which ground this same great battell grew,
(Great matter growing of beginning small)
The which, for length, I will not here pursue,
But rather will reserve it for a canto new.

CANTO III

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.

O! why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire;
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every hoare they knocke at Death's gate!
And he that happie seemes and leas't in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

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

These three that hardie chalgens tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell fer to fight;
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawd the same to keepe aright:
That day, (the dreaddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine)
So soone as Heavens window shewed light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field the chalgens to define.

The feld with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the presse of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe iudges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other side in fresh aray
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray
And to be seene, as his most worthy wage
That could her purchase with his live's adventur'd

Then entered Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearless countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave array and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd;
And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble mayd; [playd.
The whites shrill trumpets and loud clarions sweetly

Which doen, the dooghty challenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet:
Gainst whom sir Priamond, with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trumpet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to loose they had forelet,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

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

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glance
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvantage:
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous paine that did the more enhance
His laughis courage to avengement fall:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them
more to smale.

With that, his poynant speare he fierce aventred,
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For blood to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ot right appeare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffs of every storme doth stagger here and
there.

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

"Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischallenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbears doth not forgive the det."
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierc'd through his beaver quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

Therewith asunder in the midst it brookt,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast
Out of his head-peece Cambell fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That, making way unto his dearest life,
His wearand-pipe it through his forget cleft:
Thence streames of purple blood issuing rife
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife.

His wearie ghost assayd from fleshly band
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently;
Ne changed was into a starre in sky;
But through traduction was ethereous depriv'd,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life depriv'd.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sorrie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yield;
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brothers right;
And challenging the virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone adrest: the trumpets freshly blew,

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to devoure;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That nether plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rived were, like rotten wood, asunder; [showre,
Whilst through their rifts the ruddie blood did
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fill'd the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two tygers prickt with hangers rage
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to sawage,
And gaive a feastfull guerdon of their toyse,
Both falling out doe strive up strifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twist themselves doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle;
But either deigns with other to partake:
So cruelly those knights strove for that ladies sake.

Full many strokes that mortally were ment,
The whites were interchanged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood fearlessse of her foe;
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtful fortune wavering to sad doo,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way; [sway.
And hear'd his murderous axe at him with mighty

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arriv'd
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
The soule had sure out of his body rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent;
But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent:
For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd ayde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent;
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh fold whit his right foot did
alyde.

As when a vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long that hart to him doth lead,
Strikes at an heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreadful soone, avoydes it, shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldesse might
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth
flight.

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept;
Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

They, which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long and weapon vaine to wield,
Unweeping of the Fates divine decree
For lifes succession in those hrethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eeft;
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse come it left.

It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into Triamond, him fild
With double life and grieffe; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrid
With point of steele that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And, rushing forth into the empty field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest;
Who, him affronting soone, to fight was readie prest.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
After he had so often wounded bene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But had ye then him forth advancing seene,
Some newborne might ye would him surely weene;
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight;
Like as a snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worme to nought, now feeling sommers might
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

All was, through vertue of the ring he wore;
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore
His weakened powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equal might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equal coast,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
But sharply him assayld, and sore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he smote, he foyn'd, he bew'd, he laucht,
And did his yron broad so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flaucht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dash't.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes;
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast, as forward erst, now backward to retrace.

Like as the tide, that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Flows up the Shenan with contrarie force,
And, over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other source;
But when the flood is spent, then backe againe,
His borrowed waters forst to re-disbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his soveraine.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be doome'd:
Now this the better had, now had his foe;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seem'd;
Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemed:
And all the while the disentrayld blood
Adowne their sides like hile rivers strem'd,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood
Sir Triamond at last fall feint and feeble stood.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still whenas he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds and all his bruises guarisht:
Like as a withered tree, through husbands toyle,
Is often scene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull appies to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

Through which advantage, in his strength he roas,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seams which did his hauberk close
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not; yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright:
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sward;
Till, having often by him stricken bene,
He forced was to strike and gave himselfe from teame.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather sought
Himselfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend,
Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
He gan to faint toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure;
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

Whereof full blith effoonces his mightie hand
 He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
 To make an end of all that did withstand:
 Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
 Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw;
 And at that instant reaching forth his sword
 Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
 Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upreard,
 In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the
 wound appeard.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
 And, falling heavie on Cambelloes crest,
 Stroke him so hugely that in sworne he lay,
 And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
 And sure, had it not happily found rest
 Upon the brim of his braide-plated shield,
 It would have cleft his braine downe to his breast:
 So both at once fell dead upon the field,
 And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

Which whenas all the lookers-on beheld,
 They weened sure the warre was at an end;
 And iudges rose; and marshals of the field
 Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend;
 And Canacee gan wayle her dearest friend.
 All suddenly they both upstart light,
 The one out of the sword which him did bleed,
 The other breathing now another spright;
 And fiercely each assaying gan afresh to fight.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
 As if but then the battell had begonne:
 Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did de-
 Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne, [spise;
 Desirous both to have the battell donne;
 Ne either cared life to save or spill,
 Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne;
 So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
 That life itselfe seemd loathsome, and long safetiell.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull balance hong,
 Unsure to whether side it would incline,
 And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
 Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tise
 And secret feare, to see their fatal fine;
 All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
 That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
 Confus'd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
 Such as the troubled theatres oftentimes annoyes.

Therent the champions both stood still a space,
 To weeten what that sudden clamour ment:
 Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pace
 One in a charet of strange furniment
 Towards them driving like a storme out sent.
 The charet decked was in woodrous wize
 With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
 After the Persian monarchs antique guize,
 Such as the maker selfe could best by art devise.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
 Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood
 In which their powre all others did excell,
 Now made forget their former cruell mood,
 To obey their riders heat, as seemd good:
 And therein sate a lady passing faire
 And bright, that seemd borne of angels brood;
 And, with her beautie, bountie did compare, [share.
 Whether of them in her should have the greater

Thereto she learned was in magicke leare,
 And all the artes that subtil wits discover,
 Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
 That in the same she farre exceed all other:
 Who, understanding by her mightie art
 Of th' evill plight in which her dearest brother
 Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
 And pacifie the strife which causd so deadly smart.

And, as she passed through th' unruly preace
 Of people thronging thicke her to behold,
 Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
 Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
 For hast did over-runne in dust enroid;
 That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
 Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed loud,
 Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
 And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd
 to dout.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
 About the which two serpents weren wound,
 Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
 And by the tailes together firmly bound,
 And both were with one olive garland crown'd;
 (Like to the rod which Mains some doth wield,
 Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound;)
 And in her other hand a cup shee held,
 The which was with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

Nepenthe is a drinke of soverayne grace,
 Devized by the gods for to asswage
 Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace
 Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
 Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
 It doth establish in the troubled mayd.
 Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the gods to drinke thereof assynd;
 But such as drinke, eternall happinesse do fynd.

Such famous men, such worthies of the Earth,
 As love will have advanced to the skie,
 And there made gods, though borne of mortal berth,
 For their high merits and great dignitie,
 Are wont, before they may to Heaven fite,
 To drinke thereof; whereby all cares forepast
 Are washt away quite from their memorie:
 So did those olde heroes hereof taste, [plaste.
 Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were

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

At last arriving by the listes side
 Shee with her rod did softly smite the ralle,
 Which straight flew ope and gave her way to ride.
 Effoonces out of her cooh she gan avails,
 And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile
 First to her brother whom she loved deare,
 That so to see him made her heart to quails;
 And next to Cambell, whose sad rufull cheare
 Made her to change her bew, and hidden lovet' ap-
 peare.

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
They had as then her loog to entertaine)
And oft them turned both againe to fight:
Which when she saw, downe on the bloody plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From bloody strife; and, blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare did them beseeke.

But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
She smote them lightly with her powerfull wand:
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand.
Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier hand,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof, full glad for thirst, ech drunk an hartie
draught:

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haust, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands, for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the Heaven rings.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befel:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended;
And, entertaining her with curtesies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
And wise Cambius, taking by her side
Faie Canacee as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her coach remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people and much glorified.

Where making ioyous feast their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall complement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he led a loog and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambius to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their drye such lovers were not found
elsewere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrae makes a turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

It often fails, (as here it canst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaunged to foemen fell:
The cause of both of both their minds depends;
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends:
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds.

That well (me seemes) appears by that of late
Twixt Caubell and sir Triamond befell;
As als by this; that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befalls me here to tell:
Who, having those two other knights epide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,
And eke those maskod ladies riding them beside.

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

Yet nigh approaching he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To ladies love, whereso he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provocation them incens'd so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage bore,
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore:
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

But faie Cambius with persuasive myid
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abroad,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faie Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course a cur'd to apply;
Gainst whom sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to have represent.

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

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
 Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne;
 Whom he now seeing, her remembered well,
 How having rest her from the witches somme,
 He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
 To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
 Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
 And proffer made by force her to reprice:
 Which scornfull offer Blandamour gan soone de-
 spise;

And said; " Sir Knight, sith ye this lady claime,
 Whom be that hath were loth to lose so light,
 (For so to lose a lady was great shame)
 Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight:
 And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight
 Together with this hag beside her set,
 That whose wimmes her may her have by right;
 But he shall have the hag that is ybet,
 And with her alwaies ride, till he another get."

That offer pleased all the company:
 So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
 At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
 But Braggadochio said, he never thought
 For such an hag, that seemed worst then nought,
 His person to emperill so in fight:
 But if to match that lady they had sought
 Another like, that were like faire and bright,
 His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
 As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
 And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
 That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
 The battell, offered in so knightly wise;
 And Atè eke provokt him privily
 With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
 But naught he car'd for friend or enemy;
 For in base mind nor friendship dwells nor emmity.

But Cambell thus did shunt up all in iest;
 " Brave knights and ladies, certes ye doe wrong
 To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
 That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
 Against the torneiment which is not long,
 When whose list to fight may fight his fill:
 Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
 And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 Whether shall have the hag, or hold the lady still."

They all agreed; so, turning all to game
 And pleasunt bord, they past forth on their way;
 And all that while, wherso they rode or came,
 That masked mock-knight was their sport and play.
 Till that at length upon th' appointed day
 Unto the place of torneymet they came;
 Where they before them found in fresh aray
 Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame
 Assembled for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crew arrivid did divide
 Themselves asunder: Blandamour with those
 Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
 But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
 For glorie vaine, their fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone.
 The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to every one; [attone.
 The knights in couples marcht with ladies finck

Then first of all forth came sir Satyrane,
 Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
 Of gold, that bad eyes might if not prophane;
 Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
 He open shewd, that all men it mote marke;
 A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
 With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke;
 Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
 It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.

The same alofte he hung in open view,
 To be the prize of beautie and of might;
 The which, eftsoones discovered, to it drew
 The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
 And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
 That all men threw out vowe and wishes vaine.
 Thise happie ladie, and thise happie knight,
 Them seemed that could so goodly riches gaine,
 So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then tooke the bold sir Satyrane in hand
 An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
 And, vauncing forth from all the other band
 Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
 Shewing himselfe all readie for the field:
 Gaiant whom there singled from the other side
 A Primum knight that well in armes was skill'd,
 And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
 Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fierly forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the others force sustaine:
 As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
 Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
 That both rebutted tumble on the plaine;
 So these two champions to the ground were feld;
 Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
 And in their hawls their idle troncheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag, or ouce to wield.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
 He pricked forth in ayd of Satyrane;
 And him against sir Blandamour did ride
 With all the strength and stiffnesse that he can:
 But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
 So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
 That on an heape were tumbled horse and man:
 Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
 But him likewise with that same speare he eke did
 quell.

Which Braggadochio seeing had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his tyme were next; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or diamayd:
 But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
 With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in hast themselves again upreare.

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

And now by this sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swonne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismayd,
Whenas he saw the mercelless affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
For very gull, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wight have beene then in so bad a stand.

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abroad,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found:
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the andrivle glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstand;
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hand.

With that, at him his beamlike speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele for mischief first ordained,
And having now Misfortune got for guide,
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in aound.

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine:
Then gan the part of challengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell:
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the beill.

The morrow next the turney gan anew;
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But amongst them all was not sir Triamond;
Unable he new battell to derraine,
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe he
found.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
Ne done undoe, yet, for to save his name
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfesance he did frame:
The shield and armes, well knowne to be the same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdid, he on himselfe did fight, [to fight.
That none could him discern; and so went forth

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great joy and idolty;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity:
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

They up againe themselves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords themselves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels
That all the rest it did amazed make, [there,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
As two wild bores together grapling go,
Chauffing and foming choler each against his fo.

So as they courst, and turneyd here and there,
It chaunst sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vantage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That, ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowt him on the compact crest,
That forced him to leave his loftie sell, [fell.
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse-feete

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous way
Of many swords that lode on him did lay:
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on
ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
And with his brond-iron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large armes, as did befall:
Like as a lion, that by chauce doth fall
Into the hunters tolie, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdainning to be thrall:
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him
sore.

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

Into the thickest of that knightly preesse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betwene,
Caried with fervent zeale; ne did he cease,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene
Like captive thrall two other knights atweene:
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
That they, which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose to save their proper stakes;
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes:

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight:
So both together give a new alarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorse:
So did these two through all the field their foes en-
force.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprise,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest:
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best:
But Triamond to Cambell it releast,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferrd;
Each labouring t' advance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

The last day came; when all those knightes againe
Assembled were their decedes of armes to shew.
Full many decedes that day were shewed plaine:
But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view;
For from the first he to the last endured;
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost prowess there made knowne:
That, by their many wounds and carelesse harmes,
By shivered speares and swords all under strowen,
By scattered shields, was easie to be shewen.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen;
And squiers make hast to helpe their lords fordonne:
But still the knightis of Maidenhead the better wonne.

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

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight;
That was to weet the stout sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowne to be a valiant knight,
Approved oft in many a perous fight:
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And over-bore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so sore, that none him life behote.

Then, ere his head he reard, he overthrow
Seven knights one after other as they came:
And, when his spere was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of weath, and with the same
Ferd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight
No lesse then death itselfe, in dangerous affright.

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name:
But, when they could not learne it by no wise,
Most answerable to his wyld disguise
It seemed, him to terme the Salvage Knight:
But certes his right name was otherwise,
Though knowne to few that Arthegail he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most
of might.

Thus was sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismay'd, that none of them in field darst stand,
But beaten were and chaged all about,
So he continued all that day thoroughout,
Till evening that the Sunne gan downward bend:
Then rushed furth put of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed bappie till the end!

He at his entrance charg'd his powerfull speare
At Arthegail, in midst of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his umbriere
So sore, that tumbling backe he downe did slyde
Over his horses taile above a stryde;
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe.
Which Cambell seeing, much the same entyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

Whereat full inly worth was Triamond,
And oast t' avenge the shame doon to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he found
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he wond.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he wote therewith displeas'd sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feturd; and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran;
But all of them likewise dismounted were:
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could hide the force of that enchanted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
And overthrow whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knightis full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of challengers relieved.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts first to refraine fro meat
Doe hunt for shade where shrowded they may lie,
And, missing it, faine from themselves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth furth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knightis of Maydenhead that day,
Which else was like to have been lost, and bore
The prayse of prowess from them all away.
Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prizes should win that pretious payde:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest awhile.

CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour, comming to Ceres House,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

Yr both bene through all ages ever scene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath ioynd benee;
And that for reasons speciall priuitee;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serue,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserue.
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerre.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the prooffe of prowess ended well,
The controversie of Beauties soveraine grace;
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in itselfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to ob-
taine.

That girdle gave the vertue of chast love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her 'steemed deare
What time she usd to live in wively sort,
But layd aside whenso she usd her looser sport.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament, they say, did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loves first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections straightly to restraine;
Which vertue it for ever after did retainne.

The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
To visite her beloved paramoure,
The god of warre, she from her middle lood,
And left behind her in her secret bowre
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces went to play.
There Florimell in her first ages flowre
Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt
away.

That goodly belt was Costus hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare:
No wonder then, if that to wimme the same
So many ladies sought, as shall appeare;
For pearlesse she was thought that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The iudges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended [tended].
To decree this doubtfull case, for which they all con-

But first was question made, which of those knights
That lately turneyd had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged, by those worthis wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had donne:
For he last euded, having first begonne.
The second was to Triamond behight,
For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne:
For Cambell victour was, in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize unto that stranger knight,
Whom all men term'd knight of the Hebene Speare,
To Britomart was given by good right;
For that with puisant stroke she downe did beare
The Salvage Knight that victour was whileare,
And all the rest which had the best afore,
And, to the last, unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best: to her therefore
The fayrest ladie was adjudged for Paramore.

But therat greatly grudged Artbeggall,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall:
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede;
But iuly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t' awaite avenged for to be.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensaw'd the paragoo to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftswoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
Whose beauties beame eftswoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did Paridall produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene;
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did sir Ezzramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred ladies moore
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

All which whose dare thinke for to enchaace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen t' weene
To tell the feature of each goodly faec.
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might have sought.

At last, the most redoubted Britoness
Her lovely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face, discovered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did wev,
That she should surely beare the bell away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display:
The sight of whom oneseene did all the rest dismay.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starrs in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder raviaht weare,
And weend no mortal creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see;
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

As guilefull goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spread
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold instead,
He much more goodly glose thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard this idole was to be ared,
That Florimell herselfe in all mens view
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame:
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

That all men woodred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came:
But she herselfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, oftsoones it was unlide.

Which when that scornfull Squire of Dames did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to lest;
"Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be seene from east to west,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest!
Fie on the man that did it first invent,
To shame us all with this, *Ungirt unlent!*
Let never ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly spent."

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre;
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let;
Wheremat the rest gan greatly to envie:
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
As, snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie:

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathelisse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that iudged it;
And she herselfe adiudged to the knight
That bore the hebene speare, as woman in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgop so light
For that strange dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous govern-
ment.

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

Tho unto Satyran she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed;
But Blandamour therat full greatly grudged,
And little pray'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed,
Ne lesse therat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t'appeale, from that which was decreed,
To single combat with sir Satyran:
Thereto him Atē stir'd, new discord to maintaine.

And eke, with these, full many other knights
Sbe through her wicked working did incense
Her to demand and challenge as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretence
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long seem;
Whereto herselfe he did to witness call;
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both sir Paridell did loure.
So all together stir'd up strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraigne:
Each one protest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne iudges powre, no reasons rule, mote them re-
restraine.

Which troublous stirr when Satyran aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And, to accord them all, this meanes devis'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest dame,
To whom each one his challenge should disclame,
And he himselfe his right would she release:
Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possess:
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingness.

They all agreed; and then that snowy mayd
Was in the middist plact among them all:
All on her gazing wiaht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the queue of beautie close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wished to have pleas'd them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

Which when they all beheld, they chaf, and rag'd,
And woe nigh mad for very harts despight,
That from revenge their willes they scarce awrag'd:
Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight:
But he nought car'd for all that they could say;
For he their words as wind esteem'd light:
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From wight unworthie of so noble mood.
In which pursuit how each one did succede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of Britomart it here doth needs
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.
Unluckie mayd, to seeke heremie!
Unluckie mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto herselfe most nie, [scrie!
She through his late disguizement could him not de-

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfere
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long miwent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
That stryfling hag with jealous discontent
Had fill'd, that he to fell reveng was fully bent;

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which curs'd Atë kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his jealous hart,
And through his soule like poysoned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be revert,
For ought that Glaucé could or doe or say:
For, aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

So as they travelled, the drouping night
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest, [nest
They spide a little cottage, like some poore manns

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

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

Rude was his garment, and to raggs all rest,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred bands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made; [vade.
Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds in-

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
About the anvile standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping strookes which thereon sounsed sore:
All sixe stroug groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succed, [ceade.
That he, which was the last, the first did farre ex-

He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing Briareus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for loves avengefull threats.
So dreadfully he did the anvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

Sir Scudamour there entring much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And, having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof; but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amaine,
Like to the northern winde, that none could heare;
Those Pensifensse did move; and sighes the bel-
lows weare.

Which when that warrior saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged dame, his faithfull squire,
Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

There lay sir Scudamour long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close;
Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe arose;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But, wheresoere he did himselfe dispose,
He by no means could wished ease obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing
vaine.

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest,
And all the night the dogs did bark and bowle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very soule.

And, if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunnt to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villains him did rap
Upon his head-peece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

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

With that the wicked carle, the maister smith,
A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt; that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did
see.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did passe.
And now the day out of the ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous
dread.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anon,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged squire attone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
The end wherof and dangerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared:
But here my wearie teame, night over-spent,
Shall breath itselfe awhile after so long a went.

CANTO VI.

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

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

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

Which Scudamour perceiving forth inseed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But, soone as th' other nigh approaching ved
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voide his course; at which so suddain case
He woodred much: but th' other thus can say;
" Ah! gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I use submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day."

Whereto thus Scudamour; " Small harme it were
For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, sir, sith ye my name have bight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite."
" Cartes," sayd he, " ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright:
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

" Then this, sir Salvage Knight," quoth he, " asceede;
Or doe you here within this Forrest wone,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion doune?
That rather seemes, sith knowne armes ye shonne."
" This other day," sayd he, " a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me doune;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night."

" Shame be his meede," quoth he, " that meaneth
shame!

But what is he by whom ye shamed were?"
" A stranger knight," sayd he, " unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare
With which he all that met him doune did beare.
He, in an open turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wearie earst, doune feild,
The fayrest ladie reft, and ever since withheld."

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

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

Whiles thus they communed, lo ! farre away
A knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Atty'd in forraine armes and straunge aray :
Whom when they nigh approacht they painede descryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then sir Scudamour, " Sir Salvage Knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite :
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right."

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fester, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, herself she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as the can ;
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man ;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did devise.

But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former ire ;
And, eft aventing his steele-headed lancee,
Against her rode, full of despitous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require :
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forewent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade :
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet be her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled,)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes
avayled.

So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glauست
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blast
From foule mischaunce ; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell ;
Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell :

Like as the lightning-brond from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry love in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force fallies on some steeple hie ;
Which battning downe, it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischaunce.
Yet she, no wbit dismayd, her steed forsooke ;
And, casting from her that enhaunted lancee,
Unto her sword and shield her moue betooke ;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas :
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras ;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

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

What yron courage eyes could endure
To worke such outrage on so fayse a creature !
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyls so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature !
Certes some hellish furie of some fiend
This mischiefe framd, for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest friend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives
end.

Thus long they trac'd and travest to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursued,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto :
But toward th' end sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decreed.
At last his lucklesse hand be heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrowed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mota be her destinie.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in itselfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glauست
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeared in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through awating sore ;
But somewhat redder then becom'd aright, (fight :
Through toylesome heat and labour of her weary

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring lood their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand :
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtle wire, so shinie cleare ;
For it did glisten like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare,
From his revengefull purpose shooke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacks
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee ;
And pardon her besought his error frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree :
Whiles trembling horrour did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to
quayle.

Nathlesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand;
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But, die or live, for nought he would upstand;
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great injuria.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood got farre aside,
He was therewith right woudrouly dismayd;
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine descried
That peerlesse paterne of dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide;
And, turning feere to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

But Glaucé, seeing all that chanced there,
Well weeting how their error to assoye,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her misled with seemely bel-ascoyle,
Loyous to see her safe after long toyle:
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriors truce awhile;
Which yeelded, they their bevvers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they
were.

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which, in her fathers hall,
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw:
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw, [draw.
That her enhaunced hand she downe can sett with-

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold:
But ever, when his visage she beheld,
Her hand felt downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd hertongue, and thought at him to scold:
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obeyd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would
have misseyd.

But Scudamour now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus bespake; " Certes, sir Artegall,
I ioy to see you fout so low on ground,
And now become to live a ladies thrall, [all."
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her heart-strings tremble,
For sudden ioy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When Glaucé thus gan wisely all upknit;
" Ye gentle knights, whom fortune here hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mervaile nought;
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants
theretoo.

" And you, sir Artegall, the Salvage Knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquered sea, and land,
And Heaven itselfe, that nought may them withstand:
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood and the band
Of noble mindes derived from above,
Which, being knit with vertue, never will remove.

" And you, faire ladie knight, my dearest dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill
The penance which ye shall to him impart:
For lovers Heaven must passe by sorrowes Hell."
Therewith fully blusbed Britomart;
But Artegall close-smyling ioy'd in secret hart.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and feine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would
restraine.

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feares
And feeble hope hung all this while auspence,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; " But, sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed from thence
Where she, captived long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth behove."

To whom thus Britomart; " Certes, sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whether rest,
I cannot unto you aread aright.
For from that time I from enchanters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And overmore from villenie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, no unto whom I more true love did beare:

" Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travell'd, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sale in shadow myld;
Where fearless I to sleepe me downe did lay:
But, whenas I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whylcare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray:
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
beare."

When Scudamour those heaue tydings heard,
His hart was thrid with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or blood or life appeared;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steere
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare:
Till Glauce thus; "Faire sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare;
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd:
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd."

Nathesle he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare; so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
"Great cause of sorrow certes, sir, ye haue;
But comfort take; for, by this Heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wraoke on him that did her reave."

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They took their steeds, and forward thence did pass
Unto some resting place, which mote befall;
All being guided by air Artegall:
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in howre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recurd' after late usage bad.

In all which time sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
Which, being whylome laught with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive;
However she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Vaine is the art that seekes itselke for to deceiue.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd
And many othes, she yielded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound;
And unto her his conges came to take:
But her therewith full sore displeas'd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make;
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

Yet he with strong persuasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soon as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

With which she for the present was appeas'd,
And yielded leave, however malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeas'd.
So, early on the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst knights when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates him a while accompanide.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare wherof seem'd much her to affray:
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And oft againe deviz'd somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayd her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heaue mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind;
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set,

Backe to that desert Forrest they rettyred,
Where sore Britomart had lost her late:
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But, by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence conveyd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The squire her loves; and, being hãm'd,
His daies in dole doth lead.

GREAT god of love, that with thy cruell darts
Dost conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of kings and Keasars to thy service bound;
What glorie or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lanchrest long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more!

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell;
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So dost thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrrest with sorrow and with smart,
In salvage Forrests and in deserts wide
With beares and tygers taking heaue part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide:
That pittie is to heare, the perils which she tride.

So soone as she with that brave Britoness
Had left that turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T' slight, and rest their wearie limbs a while.
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surpryse
Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles faire Amoret of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground:
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping
sound.

It was to weat a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore:
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshy gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke downe hanging low,
In which he wont the reliques of his feast
And eruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raght downe to his waste when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Iodus
flood.

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore;
For all his haire was like a garment scene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knotie snags were sharpen'd all afore,
And beath'd in fire for Steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red;
But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the Forrest bore her quite away
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day:
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, wought feeling, ne nought
fearing.

For she (deare ladie) all the way was dead,
Whilst he in armes her bore; but, when she felt
Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darkness and dread horrour where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swoond;
No wist whether above she were or under ground.

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus answer'd was; "Ah! wretched wight,
That seekes to know anothers grieffe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another is ore-night!"

"Aye me!" said she, "where am I, or with whom?
Among the living, or among the dead?
What shall of me unhappy maid become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread?"
"Unhappy mayd," then answer'd she, "whose
dread
Untride is lease then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in Hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

"This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive;
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The Heavens abhorre, and into darkness drive:
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chaunt, whenever in his power
He may them catch unable to gamestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwardees themselves doth cruelly devour.

"Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
Divide their workes, have past through Hevensheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eyes have seen
Seaven women by him slaine and eaten cleene:
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our moene;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one."

"Ah! dreadful tidings which thou dost declare,"
Quoth she, "of all that ever hath bene knownen!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble breast endured hath, but none
Equall to this, wherenever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linkt with me in the same chaine attore?"
"To tell," quoth she, "that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot!

"But what I was, it likes me to rehearse;
Daughter unto a lord of high degree;
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse
With guilefull Love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any ladies side for leman to have laine.

"But, for his meanness and disparagement,
My sire, who me too dearly well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

"Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things readie dight.
So on a day, unsweeting unto wight,
I with that squire agree'd away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

"But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind;
Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
Where yet untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Emylia*."

"Ah! sad *Emylia*," then sayd *Amoret*,
"Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne!
But read to me, by what device or wit
Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne
Thine honour sav'd, though into thraldome throwne?"
"Through helpe," quoth she, "of this old woman
I have so done, as she to me hath showne: [here
For, ever when he hurnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone:
Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the cave; and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spreading over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe unto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloody banquet should beginne.

Which whenas fearefull *Amoret* perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly gelt whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcrye,
For horror of his shamefull villany:
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes, [toe.
Ne feels the thorns and thickets pricke her tender

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staines,
But over leapes them all, like robucks light,
And through the thickest makes her highest waies;
And evermore, when with regardfull sight
She looking backe spies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight;
More swift than *Myrrh*' or *Daphne* in her race,
Or any of the Thracian nymphes in salvage chace.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on Earth appeares,
But if the Heavens helps to redrease her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortun'd *Belphebe* with her peeres
The woody nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting them the libbards and the beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It so befell, as oft it falls in chace,
That each of them from other sundred were;
And that same gentle squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
Pursuing that faire lady full of feare:
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his greening laughter mote farre off be rad.

Which dreary sight the gentle squire espying
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray:
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight:
For, ever when the squire his javelin shooke,
He held the lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a bockler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke:
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Whilset he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which subtil sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard near:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of corleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her siken garments did with bloud bestaine.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That fust him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarce the squire his hand could once upreare,
But, for advantage, ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

Whilset thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, ranging in her Forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide:
Whom when that theefe approaching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrows ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly drentment,
Well knowing her to be his death's sole instrument.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily pournewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winds,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desyned:
As when *Latonæes* daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrows synde
Gainst wofull *Nisches* unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

So well she sped her and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throate, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was filld.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran to hast his life to have bereft;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion corse quite senselesse left
Was fled to Hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilset all with filthy bloud
The place there over-downe seemd like a sodaine
food.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drearinesse she found,
No creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft-growing sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night;
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall
wight.

Then forth the sad *Amylia* issewed,
Yet trembling every joynt through former feare;
And after her the bag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare;
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd *Belphebe* her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

Thence she them brought toward the place where
She left the gentle squire with *Amoret*: [late
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoone, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the burts which she did get:
For of that carle she sorely bruz'd had bene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be scene.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart, with sight thereof, was filld
With deepe disdain and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild
With that selfe arrow which the carle had kild:
Yet beld her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore:
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith?" she said—and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

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

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright Heavens face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy; there he his cabin made.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battoll stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wilderness, of men forlore
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight:
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and grieisly to concrew,
Uncombd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unband;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shouldders did dispreed,
That who be whilome was unweath was to be red.

There he continued in this careful plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares:
For other food then that wilde Forrest beares,
Ne other drinks there did he ever tast
Then running water tempered with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worce at last.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His own deare lord, prince *Arthure*, came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote hearre tell;
And, as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Having espide his cabin far away.
He to it drew, to weet who there did wounne;
Wearing therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching
Sunne.

Arriving there he found this wretched man
Spending his daies in dolor and despaire,
And, through long fasting, woxen pale and wan,
All over-grown with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne dear squire he ware,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
But like strange wight, whom he had scene so where,
Saluting him, gan into speech to fall, [twail.
And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like outcast

But to his speech he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had bene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguish over-cum;
And unto every thing did answer none;
And ever, when the prince unto him spake
He leuted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make;
Midst sorrow showing joyous semblance for his sake.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Trained up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had scene
To weld his naked sword and try the edges keene;

And eke by that he saw on every tree
How he the name of one engraven had
Which likly was his liefest love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was beated;
Which was by him Belphesaz rightly rad:
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he waxed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
He ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote cease to mitigate his paine;
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe:
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle squire recovers grace:
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corisambo chaunth Placidus,
And is by Arthure aine.

WELL said the Wisemen, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death itselfe more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted; but with penance sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
Not alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossome through heat doth languish and
decay:

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deepeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournfull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyl'd that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perst the hearts of tigris and of
beares.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfere:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Upon a day, as she him ate beside,
By chance he certayne mimiments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a iewel rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the new
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismayd; [straid.
And, looking after long, did marke which way she

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eye returned to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

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

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

And ever, when she nigh approacht, the dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remote:
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that Forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay:
In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous dity new deviz'd,
As if she would have made him understand
His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd:
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds disguis'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agrыз'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

He, her beholding, at her feet downe fell
And kist the ground on which her sofe did tread,
And washt the same with water which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streames proceed;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment;
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull looks unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weced that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface;
That, being mov'd with ruth, she thus bespake:
" Ah! wofull man, what Heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe-dialiked life, doth thee thus wretched make!

" If Heaven; then nooe may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subject borne!
If wrathfull wight; then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne!
But, if through inward grieffe, or wilfull scorne
Of life, it be; then better doe advise:
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise."

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
" Then have they all themselves against me bent!
For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envyng my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

" Ne any but yourself, O dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light!"
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd agrine to former favours state.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortinnes change or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare lord
The noble prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings, what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endlessse world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descride:

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate [wound
Through her late hurta, and through that haplesse
With which the squire, in her defence, her sore
astound.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rewe
The evill case in which those ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous wev
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew [anew
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell:
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked earle, by virgins hood;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his cave in which they both were bood:
At which he wondred much when all those signes
he foud.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know, what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, whens nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare;
(No service lothsome to a gentle kind)
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from feare.

So when that Forrest they had passed well,
A litle cottage farr away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And, entering in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for feinesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts cutyre:

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be foath'd no lesse:
For she was stuff with rancour and despite
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness
It forth would breake and gush in great excessse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe profess;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did misca! [call
And wickedly backbite: her name men Sclaunders

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
 With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name:
 Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
 So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
 With forged cause them falsely to defame;
 Ne ever thing so well was doene alive, [deprive.
 But she with blame would blot, and of due praise

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
 To expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
 But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cancerd malice lind,
 And breathd forth with blast of bitter wind; [hart,
 Which passing through the eares would pierce the
 And wound the soules it selfe with griefe unkind:
 For, like the stings of aspes that kill with smart,
 Her sightfull words did prickle and wound the inner
 part.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
 Whom greatest princes court would welcome fayne:
 But needs, that answers not to all requests,
 Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
 And eke that age despyed nicenesse vaine,
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
 Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
 And manly limbs endur'd with little care
 Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

Then all that evening, welcommed with cold
 And chearlesse hanger, they together spent;
 Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold
 And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
 For lodging there without her owne consent:
 Yet they endured all with patience milde,
 And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
 Regardlesse of that queene so base and wilde
 To be unjuisty bland and bitterly revilde.

Here well I weene, whenas these rimes be red
 With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
 Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
 These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light
 For thus conversing with this noble knight;
 Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
 And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
 For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare:
 More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleas-
 sant lare.

But antique Age, yet in the infancie
 Of time, did live then, like an innocent,
 In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie;
 Ne then of guile had made experiment;
 But, void of vyle and treacherous intent,
 Held vertue, for itselfe, in soveraine awe:
 Then loyall love had royall regiment,
 And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
 From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
 And eke the dove sate by the fawconcs side;
 Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
 But did in safe securitie abide,
 Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
 But when the world wore old, it wore warra old,
 (Whereof it hight) and, having shortly tride
 The traimes of wit, in wickednesse wore bold,
 And dar'd of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

VOL. III.

Then Beautie, which was made to represent
 The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
 Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
 And made the baite of bestiall delight:
 Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;
 And that, which went to vanquish God and man,
 Was made the vassall of the victors might;
 Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,
 Despi'd and troden downe of all that over-ran:

And now it is so utterly decayd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
 In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
 Dew'd with her drops of beautie soveraine,
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
 Sprung of the auncient stocke of princes straine,
 Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
 Whosenoble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.—

Tho, soone as day discovered Heavens face
 To sinfull men with darknes overdyght,
 This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chase
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselves unto their journey dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
 That them to view had beene an unsooth sight;
 How all the way the prince on footpace traced,
 The ladies both on horse together fast embraced.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
 That shamefull hag, the slauder of her sexe,
 Them follow'd fast, and them reviled more,
 Him calling thereto, them whores; that much did vexe
 His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
 False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
 That those two ladies much abash'd did wexe:
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent, [spoke
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poysons

At last, when they were passd out of sight,
 Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
 But after them did barke, and still backbite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
 Like as a curre doth felly bite and tear
 The stone, which passd straunger at him throu;
 So she, them seeing past the reach of care,
 Against the stoues and trees did rayle anew,
 Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongue end
 grew.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
 With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
 Both for great feeblesse which did oft assay
 Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
 And eke through heavie armes which sore annoyd
 The prince on foot, not wanted so to fare;
 Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they spide wheas towards them with speed
 A squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
 Bearing a litte warke before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aide did crye,
 That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brazen skie:
 Whom after did a mighty man pursue,
 Ryding upon a dromedare on his,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of bew, [view:
 That would have marr'd a man his dreadfull face to

Q

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the basiliske, of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venom doth convey
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him overtook before he came in view:
Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
And rescue him, through succoor of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

Eftsoones the prince tooke downe those ladies twaine
From lustie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that squire yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
Who as he gan the same to him aske,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was preat,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble prince his readie stroke repret:

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harme came neare:
Nathlesse it fell with so despitous dreare
And heavis away, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare:
Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tumble downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse
swonne.

Whereat the prince, full wrath, his strong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on high,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And sura, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

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

But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground;
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blasphemise
And curse his god that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie stream,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that squire beheld, he wote full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same dwarfe, right sorie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the prince at leisure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned inaine,
And what he was whose eyre did flame with fire:
All which was thus to him declared by that squire.

"This mightie man," quoth he, "whom you have
slaine,
Of an huge gesantesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many nations into thrakdome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloodie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might,

"Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captived her thought:
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire,

"Therefore Corlambo was he cald aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie;
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Pæana; who seemes outwardly
So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie:
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light,

"So, as it fell, there was a gentle squire
That lov'd a ladie of high parentage;
But, for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
Dissuaded her from such a disparage:
But she, whose hart to love was wholly leant,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But, firmly following her first intent, [consent,
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends

"So twixt themselves they pointed time and place:
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventrous case
Him chaupnt; instead of his Amylia faire,
This gyants soune, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught;
And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire
Him wretched thrall unto his doogon brought,
Where he remaines of all unsuccess'd and nought,

"This gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her joyous glee,
To view the thralls which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chanced there to see
This lovely swaine, the squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she wo'd and prayd him fast,
And for his love him promisist libertie at last.

" He, though allyde unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meane which fortune did unfold,
Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get :
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold,
Fearing, leas if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leaue, and former love forget.

" Yet so much fauour she to him bath bight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this dwarfe, her dearing base,
To whom the keyes of euerie prison dare
By her committed he, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And, whom he list, reserve to be afflicted more.

" Whereof, when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full iolly serie, for the sorrest zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thither went; where I did long conceale
Myselfe, till that the dwarfe did me reueale,
And told his dame her squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that squire to bee;
For neuer two so like did living creature see.

" Then was I taken and before her brought;
Who, through the likeness of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so unrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t' eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new:
Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
But suffred that same dwarfe me to her dongeon
drive.

" There did I finde mine onely faithfull freed
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie:
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie;
But him the more agreu'd I found thereby:
For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his *Amyllas* libertie.
Amyllas will be lov'd, as I mote chesse;
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

" But I with better reason him avia'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and mighthought
Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought,
Whereto full loth was he, he would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet, over-ruled at last, he did to me agree.

" The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyllas*
To come forthwith unto his ladies bowre;
Instead of whom forth came I *Placidas*,
And undiscerued forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire *Peana* I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee, [mea.
And with kind words accord, vowing great love to

" Which I, that was not best to former love
As was my friend that had her long rak'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present needs it wisely ead.
My former hardnesse first I faire excus'd;
And, after, promist large amends to make,
With such smooth termes her error I abus'd
To say friends good more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

" Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand;
That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the slowrie surge
Of a fresh streame I with that *Elfe* did play,
Finding no meanes how I might me enlarge,
But if that dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away.

" Therat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yalling bray,
And me pursu'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hether brought away."
Thes as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tydings of all which there had hapoed on the land.

Where soone as sad *Amyllas* did espie
Her captiue lovers friend, young *Placidas*;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
She to him ran, and, him with straight embras
Enfolding, said; " And liues yet *Amyllas*?"
" He liues," quoth he, " and his *Amyllas* loves."
" Then leaue," said she, " by all the wee I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves;
But what mishap thus long him from myselfe removes?"

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captiuitie;
That her deare hart full deapley made to rew
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercilesome did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrows spent,
She deare besought the prince of remedie;
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd; as shall appaure by his event.

CANTO IX.

The squire of low degree, releast,
Peana takes to wife:
Britomart fights with many knights;
Prince *Arthur* stints their strife.

HAAP is the doubt, and difficult to deeeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance dweest; to weest,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured
bind.

For naturall affection soone doth cease,
 And quenched is with Cupide greater flame;
 But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
 And them with maystring discipline both tame,
 Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
 For as the soule doth rule the earthly name,
 And all the service of the bodie frame;
 So love of soule doth love of bodie passe, [brasse.
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meaneest

All which who list by tryall to assay,
 Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
 In which these squires true friendship more did sway
 Then either care of parents could refraine,
 Or love of fairest ladie could constraine.
 For though Peana were as faire as morne,
 Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdain
 For his friends sake her offered favours scorne,
 And she herselfe her syre of whom she was yborne.

Now, after that prince Arthur graunted had
 To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
 Who new long time had lye in prison sad;
 He gan advise how best he mote darwayne
 That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
 That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
 And, having ympt the head to it agayne,
 Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
 And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd
 Before the ryder, as he captive were,
 And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
 To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
 Till to his castle they approached neare;
 Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
 Saw coming home, all voide of doubtfull feare
 He, running downe, the gate to him unherd;
 Whom straight the prince causing in together herd.

There did he find in her delitious bourse
 The faire Peana playing on a rote,
 Complaining of her cruell paramoure,
 And singing all her sorrow to the note,
 As she had learned readily by rote;
 That with the sweetness of her rare delight
 The prince half rapt began on her to dote;
 Till, better him bethinking of the right,
 He her unware stratched, and captive held by might.

Whence being forth produc'd, whom she perceived
 Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide:
 But when of him no answer she received,
 But saw him senselesse by the squire upstaide,
 She weened well that then she was betraide:
 Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waille,
 And that same squire of treason to upbraide:
 But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile;
 Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to haile.

Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld
 To open unto him the prison dore,
 And forth to bring those thralls which there he held.
 Thence forth were brought to him above a score
 Of knights and squires to him unknowne afore:
 All which he did from bitter bondage free,
 And unto former liberty restore.
 Amongst the rest that squire of low degree
 Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe
 to bee.

Whom soone as faire Emylia beheld
 And Placidas, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing off his visage pale and wan:
 That faire Peana, them beholding both,
 Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
 Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth, [both.
 To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were

But when awhile they had together bene,
 And diversly conferred of their case,
 She, though full oft she both of them had seene
 Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
 Deceived through great likeness of their face:
 For they so like in person did appeare,
 That she unceath discerned whether whether weare.

And eke the prince whenas he them avized,
 Their like resemblance much admired there,
 And mard how Nature had so well disguised
 Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
 As if that by one patterne seene somewhere
 She had them made a paragone to be;
 Or whether it through skill or error were.
 Thus gazing long at them much woodred he;
 So did the other knights and squires which him did
 see.

Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
 In which he found great store of boorded treasure,
 The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
 And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
 Upon all which the Briton prince made seasure,
 And afterwards continu'd there a while
 To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
 Those weaker ladies after weary toile;
 To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

And, for more joy, that captive lady faire,
 The faire Peana, he enlarged free,
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
 To feast and frolicke; nathemore would she
 Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasant glee;
 But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
 And eke of lordship with both land and fee;
 But most she touch'd with with griefe entire
 For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

But her the prince, through his well-wonted grace,
 To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
 From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface;
 And that same bitter corvise, which did eat
 Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
 He with good thewes and speeches well applyde
 Did mollifie, and calmed her raging heat:
 For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
 Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
 Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
 That trustie squire he wisely well did move
 Not to despise that dame which lov'd him best,
 Till he had made of her some better priest;
 But to accept her to his wedded wife:
 Thereto he offered for to make him chief:
 Of all her land and lordship during life:
 He yecked, and her took; so stinted all their strife.

From that day forth in peace and joyous blis :
They liv'd together long without debate ;
Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state :
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defate, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admynrde her change, and spake
her praise.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest ;
Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with abyld
Of his old love coccar'd in secret breast,
Resolved to pursue his former guest ;
And, taking leave of all, with him did heare
Faire Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

Feare of her safety did her not constrain ;
For well she wist now in a mighty bond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstand ;
But now in feare of shame she more did stound,
Seeing herselfe all soley succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond ;
Whose will or weaknesse could no way repress,
In case his burning lust should breake into excess.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reason's lore ;
That, all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their lovers disperd diversly ;
Yet neither shewed to other their hearts privy.

At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed ;
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best becomed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
These foure were they from whom false Florimel
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed ;
To weat, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto ladies love would lend no leisure :
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure :
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove :
But Paridell of love did make no treasure,
But lusted after all that him did move :
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

But those two other, which beside them stooode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour ;
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moodes,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same houre :
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corpes, and their lives deprive.

As when Dan Zolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden treasure
Upon the sea to wreake his full intent ;
They, breaking forth with rude unrollment
From all foure parts of Heaven, doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore ;
As if instead thereof they chaos would restore.

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

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe ;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke :
Yet neither would their fend-like fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment ;
Till that uneth they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

There gan they change their sides, and now part
For Paridell did take to Druons aide, [take ;
For old despight which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour whom alwaies he envide ;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide :
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two barkes, thus carried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew, [anew.
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change

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

Thus they long while continued in fight ;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light :
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late turney for the snowy maide ;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them
wonne.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot blood
Against those two let drive, as they were wood :
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstand ;
Ne yielded foote, ne once abacke did fit,
But, being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some-empurance move;
But they forought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of blood of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloody feast:
So, litle did they hearken to her sweet behest.

Whom when the Briton prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequal match oppress,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge sild his heroicke breast:
Eftsoones himselfe he to their side addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest prease
Divided them, however loth to rest;
And would them faire from battell to surrease,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly
peace.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely fie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth rie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weat.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The prince yet being fresh untoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first dissuade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore;
Till, seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Himselfe he beat their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharply and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrace,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prime,
Had not those two whom instantly desired
T' assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise:
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder termes, as list them to devise;
Mought which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske; who all that pased gan repeat;

And told at large how that same errant knight
To weat, faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their private loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge soone amyold,
And shew'd that she had not that lady left,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

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

" And yet," quoth she, " a greater wrong remeines:
For I thereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endless paines
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost:
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour then sighing deepe thus said;
" Certes her losse ought me to sorrow moote,
Whose right she is, wherever she be straine,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes
waide:

" For from the first that I her love profess,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse houre,
I never joyed happiness nor rest;
But thus turnoid from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devours
In wretched anguishes and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
That, living thus a wretch and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

The good sir Claribell him thus bespake;
" Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, with this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That, as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire ladies love: past perils well repay."

So gan the rest him likewise to require:
But Britomart did him impfortune hard
To take on him that paine; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd;
Which with they cannot in this canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell:

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of virtuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is describ'd;
And lovers life furth set.

" Thus he it said, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony, therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound:
That I too true by triall have approved;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have love,
I never joyed houre, but still with care was mov'd.

" And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all their settled mindes remove,
But seeme gainst common sense to them most
As boasting in their martyrdomme unmeet. [sweet;
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

" Long were to tell the travell and long toyle,
Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
And purchased this peerlesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne:
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearkte, ye gentle knights and ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

" What time the fame of this renowned prize
Flew first abroad, and all mens cares possess;
I, having armes then taken, gan avise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot; with all by lot we hold.

" So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and ancient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame;
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with ivory spilt:

" And it was seated in an island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have access, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise
With curious corbes and pendants graven faire,
And arched all with porches did arise
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guise:

" And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong:
And therein wooded twenty valiant knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient
rights.

" Before that castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of loves, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced;
*Blessed the man that well can use this blis:
Whose oore be the shield, faire Amoret by his.*

" Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And past with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap:
Streight forth issued a knight all arm'd to prooffe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran ferce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses
hoofe.

" Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hup defeated:
So all the twenty I likewise untreated,
And left them grooving there upon the plaine.
Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And, taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

" So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the bridges utter gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast:
I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;
I calld, but no man answerd to my clame:
Yet I perséver'd still to knocke and call;
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I calld aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

" That was to weet the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,
Therein resembling Janus ancient
Which bath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare, [peare.
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not ap-

" On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly;
Through which some lost great hope unheedly,
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entrance afterwards in vaine.

" Me whenas he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide:
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate.
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the treasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

" But by no meanes my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on Earth no where I reckon may;
And underneath, the river rolling still [mans will,
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the work-

" Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate:
The same to all stode alwaies open wide;
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spacious stride,
And with the terror of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would:

" His name was Daunger, dreaded over all;
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart foolles, whom shew of perill bard
Could terrifie from fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard:
Unworthy they of grace, whom one demall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

" Yet many doughty warriors, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternesse of his looke abide;
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feeble their courage cold.
Again, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

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

" So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme that might lie bidden there;
And loe! his hindparts, wherof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appere:
For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
With many moe lay in ambushment there,
Awaiting to entrap the warelesse wight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

" Thus having past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that islands space;
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place
That ever troden was of footings trace:
For all that Nature by her mother-wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
Art, playing second Natures part, supplied it.

" No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From lowest juniper to cedar tall;
No floure in field, that daintie odour throws,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itseife withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

" In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second Paradise I ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in fasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee, [free-
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance

" Fresh shaddowes, fit to shrood from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the Sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play;
Soft-rombng brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High-reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low-looking dales, disioiged from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to please lovers tiew;
False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by Nature made did Nature selfe amaze.

" And all without were walkes and alleys dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even ranks;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shaukes:
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praying their God, and yielding him great thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

" All these together by themselves did spurt
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content-
But, farre above these, another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent;
Which loved not as these for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire, [pire.
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore as-

" Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare;
Trew Ionathan, and David trustie tryde;
Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his feare;
Pylades, and Orestes by his syde;
Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde;
Damon, and Pythias, whom death could not sever:
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed
never.

" Which whenas I, that never tasted blis
Nor happy bowre, beheld with gasfull eye,
I thought there was none other Heaven then this;
And gan their endless happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and gealouse
Might frankly there their loves desire possesse;
Whilst I, through pains and perious jeopardie,
Was fott to seeke my lifes deare possession:
Much dearer be the things which come through
hard distresse.

" Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold but that forthright
Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Whereas my love was lodg'd day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
There worshipp'd of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on Earth, all were they set together.

" Not that same famous temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise king of Iarie framed
With endless cost to be th' Almighties ape;
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be claimed.

" I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht, which open stood;
But therein sat an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Daniak hood,
Sped with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Embroider was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

" On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Thought of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Than th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

" Nathlesse that dame so well them tempered both,
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely hand:
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnawt his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

" Concord she cleped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she herselfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her worke divine did shew:
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
And strife and warre and anger does subdew;
Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

" By her the Heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almightie Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and Hell them quight;
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

" By her I entring half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me comfortayned,
And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
Had not the ladie with her powerfull speach
Him from his wicked will unweath refrayned;
And th' other eke his malice did empowch,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his much.

" Into the innermost temple thus I came,
Which fanning all with frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillars round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands
gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh
as May.

" An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to Heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vowes entere:
And eke an hundred brassen caudrons bright,
To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

" Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was unweath to understand:
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse;
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But, being faire and bricke, likest glasse did seeme.

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

" The cause why she was covered with a veile
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name;
She ayre and another is herselfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

And all about her necke and aboutiers flew
A focke of litle Loves, and Sports, and Ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toys;
The whitest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother: he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of Love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

" And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaying,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragone dawdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Loves coastwayn-
Tormented sore, could not containe it still, (sing)
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill;

" Great Venus! queene of Beautie and of Grace,
The ioy of gods and men; that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare;
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And Heavens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous
cheare:

" Then doth the dædale Earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the paramours:
First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

" Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant frisks, and loath their wonted food:
The Lyons rore; the tygers loudly bray;
The raging bula rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou doest draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

" So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
Ne ought on Earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on Earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre:
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is:
Great god of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse!

" So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilst thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spyde where at the idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting wbenas the antheime should beasing on bye.

" The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equal pears,
Yet unto her obeyed all the best:
Her name was Womanhood; that she express
By her sad semblant and demaunt wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at random, after gazer's guse, [tys.
Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts en-

" And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her deesse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet Chastefulnesse was plac'd,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors chased,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly
graced.

" And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtisie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both lixkt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence;
Both girlonds of his saints against their foes offences.

" Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
(Even in the lap of Womanhood) there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen strayd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd:
That same was fayrest Amoret in place, [grace.
Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues

" Whome soone as I beheld, my hart gan throob
And wade in doubt what best were to be doone:
For sacrilege me seem'd the church to roob;
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undone,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.

" Thereat that foremost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over-bold;
Saying it was to knight unseemely shame,
Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.
To whom I thus; ' Nay, but it fiteth best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold;
For ill your goddesse services are drost
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.'

" With that my shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceald,
On which when Cupid with his killing bow
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I, which all that while
The pledge of faith her hand engaged held,
(Like waie hynd within the weedie soyle)
For no intreatie would forgoe so gloriona spoyle.

" And evermore upon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and faviour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And, nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

" She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles: but yet, for
nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much ado:
But that same ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retreat.

"No lesse did Danger threaten me with dread,
 Whenas he saw me, mangre all his powre,
 That glorious spoyle of beautie with me load,
 Then Carberus, when Orpheus did recoure
 His Iemian from the Stygian princes boore.
 But evermore my shield did me defend
 Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure:
 Thus safely with my love I thence did wend."
 So ended he his tale; where I this canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinell's former wound is heald;
 He comes to Proteus hall,
 Where Thamez doth the Medway wedd,
 And feasts the sea-gods all.

But ah! for pittie that I have thus long
 Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne!
 Now well away! that I have doen such wrong,
 To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
 In hands of love, and in sad thraldome chayne;
 From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
 By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
 She longer yet is like captiv'd to bee;
 That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

Here needs you to remember, how erewhile
 Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
 That virgins love to win by wit or wile,
 Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
 And there in chaynes hev cruelly did bind,
 In hope thereby her to his beat to draw:
 For, whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
 Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
 He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

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

And in the midt thereof did Horror dwell,
 And Darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
 Like to the balefull house of lowest Hell,
 In which old Styx her aged bones alway
 (Old Styx the grandame of the gods) doth lay.
 There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
 Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
 Ne ever from the day the night descride,
 But thought it all one night, that did no houres di-
 vide.

And all this was for love of Marinell,
 Who her despyd (ah! who would her despyse!)
 And womens love did from his hart expell,
 And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
 Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
 For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
 That of the wound he yet in languor lies,
 Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
 Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother sought,
 And many salves did to his sore applie,
 And many herbes did use: but whenas nought
 She saw could ease his rankling maladie;
 At last to Tryphon she for helpe did his,
 (This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeoen hight)
 Whom she besought to find some remedie:
 And for his paines a whistle him behight,
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that leach did hearken to her request,
 And did so well employ his carefull paine,
 That in short space his bruts he had redrest,
 And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
 In which he long time after did remaine
 There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall,
 Who sore against his will did him retaine,
 For feare of perill which to him mote fall
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
 To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
 In honour of the sponsaids which then were
 Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
 Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
 Before that day her wooed to his bed;
 But the proud nymph would for no worldly need,
 Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
 Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
 Should for the gods in Proteus house be made;
 To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
 As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
 As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade:
 All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
 And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
 And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
 In order as they came could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred impe of love,
 The nourling of dame Memorie his deare,
 To whom those rolles, layd up in Heaven above,
 And records of antiquitie appeare,
 To which no wit of man may comen neare;
 Helpe me to tell the names of all those hoodes
 And all those nymphes, which then assembled were
 To that great banquet of the watry gods,
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First came great Neptune, with his three-forkt mace,
 That rules the seas and makes their rise or fall;
 His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
 Under his diademe imperiall:
 And by his side his queene with coronall,
 Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
 Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
 And deckt with pearles which th' Indian sea; for her
 prepare.

These marched farre afore the other crew:
 And all the way before them, as they went,
 Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly triumph and great lollyment,
 That made the rockes to roare as they were rent.
 And after them the royall issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
 First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe claime
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame.

Phoreys, the father of that fatal brood,
By whom those old heroes wooed such fame;
And Glaucus, that wise southsayer understood;
And tragicke Inoer sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight Palamon, and is saylers friend;
Great Brontes; and Atræus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkead;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
Nelus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor; and Caius strong;
Eurytelus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphemus, that upon them goth,
As on the ground, without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx; and Alebius, that know' th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad Aæpæus, comely with his boarie head.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possesset,
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest;
And Inachus renownd above the rest;
Phoenix; and Aon; and Pelagus old;
Great Belus; Phœnix; and Agæoor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the hold
And warlike people which the Britaine islands hold:

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was;
Who, for the proove of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gail, that now is cleeped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might;
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortal spright
Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed was
dight.

But what do I their names seeke to reberse,
Which all the world have with their issue filld?
How can they all in this so narrow verne
Contayned be, and in small compass hild?
Let them record them that are better skild,
And know the monuments of passed age:
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfilld,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage [age,
Which from great Neptune do derive their parent-

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest;
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possesset;
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed; then which none more upright,
No more sincere in word and deed protest;
Most vniu'd of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing himselfe and teaching others to doe right:

Thereto he was expert in prophesies,
And could the ledde of the gods unfold;
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise,
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him foretold
That her all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priams towne: so wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great joy
Of-times amongst the waston nymphs to sport and
toy.

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame,
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the aldis;
Faure Ieter, flowing from the mountains his;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Grooms and Troiens, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood;
And Tygria Gæra, whose strames of none may be
withstood;

Great Ganges; and immortal Euphrates;
Deepe Indus; and Meander intricate;
Slow Peneus; and tempestus Phasides;
Swift Rhene; and Alpheus still immaculate;
Cærazes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but known late;
And that huge river, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons which doe possess the same.

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold!
And shame on you, O men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold!
But tis to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right herof itselfe hath sold;
The which, for sparing little cost or paines,
Loose so immortal glory, and so endless gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue
Before the spouse: that was Arion crownd;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him draw
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægean seas from pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine:
Soone after whom the lovely bridegroom came,
The noble Thames, with all his goodly traine.
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouzé, whom men doe leis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eild, that scarce her way
could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames,
which paired

Themselves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled off through faint and feeble plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway:

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoop sfore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire city, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote a brode,
And with their braunches spread all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.

Ioy to you both, ye double nournery [rify.
Of arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glo-

But he their sunne full fresh and lolly was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet haw,
 On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
 So cunningly enwoven were, that few
 Could weesen whether they were false or true:
 And on his head like to a coronet
 He wore, that seemed strange to common view,
 In which were many towres and castles set,
 That it encompass round us with a golden fret.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
 In her great iron chariot wouls to ride,
 When to Ioves pallace she doth take her way,
 Old Cybek, arrayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a turribant.
 With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
 That was to wreat the famous Troynovant,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty page]
 Attended dusky, ready to obey;
 All little rivers which owe vassallage
 To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay:
 The chunky Kenot; and the Thetis gray;
 The morish Cole; and the soft-sliding Bresse;
 The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;
 And the still Darent, in whose waters cleene
 Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant
 streame.

Then came his neighbour floods which nigh him
 dwell,

And water all the English soile throughout;
 They all on him this day attended well,
 And with most service waited him about;
 Ne none disdaind low to him to lout:
 Ne not the stately Severne gragd'd at all,
 Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
 But both him honor'd as their principall,
 And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
 The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
 And, meeting Min, to Plimouth thence declines:
 And Dart, nigh choekt with sands of tinny mines:
 But Avon marched in more stately path,
 Proud of his adaments with which he shines
 And glisters wide, as als of wondrous bath, [hath.
 And Bristol faire, which on his waves he buikded

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
 Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
 That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
 And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
 Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
 That of his wyliness his name doth take,
 And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby:
 And Mole, that like a nousing mole doth make
 His way still under ground till Thames he overtake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
 Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rhy;
 And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
 The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
 And Clare and Harwich both doth beautify:
 Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwich wall,
 And with him brought a present ioyfully
 Of his owne fish unto their festivall, [ruffins call.
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they

Next these the plentifull Ouse came far from land,
 By many a city and by many a towne,
 And many rivers taking under-hand
 Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
 (The Cle, the Wera, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne)
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
 My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
 He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
 That if old sawes prove true (which God forbid!)
 Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
 Then shine in learning more then ever did
 Cambridge or Oxford, Eaglands goodly beames.
 And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
 And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
 Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bankes
 That Romaine monarch built a bresen wall,
 Which mote the feeblid Britons strongly stancke
 Against the Picts that swarmed over all,
 Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call:
 And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
 And Albany: and Eden, though but small,
 Yet often stainde with blood of many a hand
 Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

Then came those sixe sad brethern, like forlorne,
 That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
 Sixe vallant knights of one faire nympe yborne,
 Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
 And wooned there where now Yorke people dwell;
 Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Ose the most of might,
 High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
 All whom a Seythian king, that Humber hight,
 Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

But past not long, ere Brutus werflike soone,
 Loerinn, them swagd, and the same date,
 Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
 By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
 For in the selfe same river, where he late
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
 And nam'd the river of his wretched fate;
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine, [malne.
 Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still re-

These after came the stony shallow Looe,
 That to old Lancaster his name doth lend;
 And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
 Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
 And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
 Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
 And Linden, that his pikes doth most commend,
 Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
 All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were:
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
 And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdomes nere,
 Why should they not likewise in love agree,
 And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
 They saw it all, and present were in place;
 Though I them all, according their degree,
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
 Nor read the salvage countries through which
 they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the sea ;
The sandy Slane ; the stony Aubrian ;
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea ;
The pleasant Boyne ; the fishy fruitfull Ban ;
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is call'de Blacke-water ; and the Liffar deep ;
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran ;
Strong Allotombing from Slewoagher steep ; [weep
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheïsa wandring there :
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewoome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her and by force deflow'rd ;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreiss scowrd.

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Cloumell, adorne rich Waterford ;
The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Roseponte boord ;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth boord
Great heaps of salmon in his deepe boord :
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come ;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayd Mayre ;
The pleasaunt Bandoa crowed with many a wood ;
The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood ;
And balefull Ours late staind with English blood :
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull service, as to them befell.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknown gearre
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver sprinkled here and there
With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,
And wav'd upon, like water chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewnyd itself, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

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

On her two pretty handmaidens did attend,
One call'd the Tbeise, the other call'd the Crane ;
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading traine ;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day ;
And her before there paced pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepar'd
her way.

And after these the sea-nymphs march'd all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire Nereides men-call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyde Doris ; all which fifty are ;
All which she there on her attending had :
Swift Proto ; milde Eucrate ; Thetis faire ;
Soft Spio ; sweete Endore ; Sao sad ;
Light Doto ; wanton Glauce ; and Galene glad ;

White-hand Eunice ; proud Dyanenob ;
Ioyous Thafia ; goodly Amphitrite ;
Lovely Pasithee ; kinde Eulimene ;
Light-foote Cymothoe ; and sweete Melite ;
Fairest Pherusa ; Phao lily white ;
Wondred Agave ; Poris ; and Nessæ ;
With Erato that doth in love delight ;
And Panope ; and wise Protomedea ;
And snowy-neckd Doris ; and milke-white Gale-
thæa ;

Speedy Hippothoe ; and chaste Actea ;
Large Lisianassa ; and Pruncea sage ;
Enagore ; and light Postopora ;
And, she that with her least word can awrage
The raging seas when they do worst rage,
Cymodoce ; and stout Autonoe ;
And Neso ; and Eicob well in age ;
And seeming still to smile Glaucome ;
And, she that hight of many heastes, Polynome ;

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girtond greene ;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewd wreats ;
Laomedis like the christall sheene ;
Liagore much praised for wise behests ;
And Pezamathe for her brode snowy breasts ;
Cymo ; and Thempse ; and Themistè iust ;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detest,
Euarna ; and Menippe true in trust ;
And Nemartea learned well to rule her lust.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them asinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to upere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde,
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but loves and Phœbus kinde ;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appeere,
And all mankind do nourish with their waters cleere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right,
But well I wote that these, which I descrie,
Were present at this great solemnity
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckesse Marinell, Cymodoce ;
Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has ;
Unto an other canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life:
The nymph, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife.

WHAT an endless worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seeds farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky!
For much more eath to tell the starres on by,
Albe they endless seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posterity:
So fertile be the fouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their
nation.

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witness th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers, yet unred:
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did re-
count.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fill even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocæ,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortal sire, though of immortal wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come;
But walkt abroad, and round about did roame
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
There unto him betid a disadventurous case.

Under the hanging of an hideous cliffes
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclosed to none,
But to herselfe her sorrow did bestowe:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine:

" Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;
Yet, hoping grieffe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For Heaven, that unto all lends equall care,
Is farre from bearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest Hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight:
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

" Yet loe! the seas I see by often beating
Doe pearce the rocks; and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but, when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

" And when my weary ghost, with griefe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his cares be borne,
That blame it is, to him that armes protest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest!"
There did she pause, enforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest;
And, after she had wept and wall'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:

" Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall
Deliver hence out of this dungon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long:
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies atone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.

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

" But O vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me:
So ever loose, so ever happy be!
But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee!"
With that she wept and wall'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance
of her smart.

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard;
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare;
That even for grieffe of minde he oft did groan,
And iuly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bestowe.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollified,
Dame Venus soups that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle throw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to rev.

Now can he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge:
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womans love, long given him in vaine:
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why? he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet, without ship or boate her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to here;
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, whenas no means he could invent,
Backe to himselfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
To damne himselfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despis'd so chaast and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long
trife;

Yet had refuse a god that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocks in vaine,
As he had lost himselfe he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoaning her unworthy paine:
Like as an hynde whose calfe is false unware
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort:
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort:
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;
But, her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way;
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mour'd, and languisht, and alone
did weepe;

That in short space his wouted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight:
His cheek-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their known might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limba, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, umbte once to stir or move.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weepe;
Ne could by search nor any means out find
The secret cause and nature of his lease,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend:
To see an helpelesse evill double grieve doth lend.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
Ne weene what mistier maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some means it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that same former fatal wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rank'd under th' orifs:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plast,
To cure her some, as he his faith had leat;
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, oow with threating sternes,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale: who still her answered, there was
nought.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the stonie Heavens in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his cogrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve:
And, comming to her some, gan first to scold
And chide at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did move:
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seen, that for his love he chose.

Now lesse she feared that same fatal read,
That warn'd him of womens love beware:
Which being ment of mortal creatures dead,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promis't him, whatever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florinell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan streach to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd;
(It 's late, in death, of daunger to advise;
Or love forbid him, that his life denyd;)
But rather gan in troubled mind devise
How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

To Proteus selfe to see she thought it saine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe;
Nor unto any meane to complaine;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his maiestie
To graunt to her her soanes life, which his foe,
A cruell tyrant, had presumptuouslie [die.
By wicked doomes condemn'd a wretched death to

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus;
" Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us:
For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole soveraine:
Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plaine:
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though
rightly nought."

To whom she answer'd; " Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordain'd my some to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he clayn'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative:
Therefore I humbly crave your majestie
It, to replevie, and my sonne reprive:
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive."

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
Under the sea-god's seale autentically,
Commaunding Proteus streight t' enlarge the mayd
Which wandring on his seas imperially
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meeke thankfulness,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulness,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possess.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell.
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote weill,
For she all living creatures did excell,
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him then being sore bestad.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart effoomes away gan chace
Sad Death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters time,
That feels the warmth of sunny beames refection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sun-
shine.

Right so himselfe did Marinell appeare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returns so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he showed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE
FIFTH BOOK.
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,
CONTAINING THE
LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

SO oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossoms of faire vertue bare;
Such oddes I finde twist those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
He seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed course;
And being once amisse grows daily worse and
worse:

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It is now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

Let none then blame me, if, in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes which are corrupted sore;
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for itselfe desired,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;
When Iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cold vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
No wonder; for the Heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

For whose list into the Heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaice appears:
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plact of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europe
bore:

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent borne
So hardly butted those two Twinnes of love,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him
Into the great Nemusan Lyons grove. [borne
So now all range, and doe at random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astray;
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That both enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, he keeps his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other spheres:
For since the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomee his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

And if to those Egyptian wisards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best insight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth west,
And wasted twice where he ought rise aight.
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest;
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

For during Saturnes ancient raime it 's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, no fraud in wight was to be found;
No warre was knowne, no dreadful trumpets sound;
Peace universal rayn'd mought men and beasts:
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred behaests:

Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his Imperiall might;
Whose sovaine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight,
That powre he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread soverayne goddess, that doest highest sit
In seate of iudgement in th' Almightyes stead,
And with magnifick might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome a read,
That furthest nations fill with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read,
As thy great iustice prayed over all;
The instrument whereof loe here thy Artegall,

CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in Iustice lore
Irenas quest pursued;
He doeth avenge on Sangler
His ladies blood embrowed.

Tuovous vertues then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wiked seede of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat:
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That crompt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rankes did de-
face.

Such first was Baccus, that with furious might
All th' east before outam'd did over-rome,
And wrong repressed, and establish right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordoome:
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued;
The club of Iustice dread with kingly powre endowed.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
The champion of true Iustice, Artegall:
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was, to succour a distressed dame
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did claime,
Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto was his
name.

Wherefore the lady, which Irenas hight,
Did to the Faerie queene her way address,
To whom complaining her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse:
That sovaine queene, that mightie emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patronesse,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best stild in righteous lore.

For Artegall in Iustice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astraea, with great industrie,
Whiles here on Earth she lived mortallie:
For, till the world from his perfection fall
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astraea here amongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of Iustice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peeres playing his childish sport;
Whom seeing sit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speeches wilde
To wend with her: so thence him farre she brought
Into a cave from companie exile,
In which she nourish'd him, till yeares he raught;
And all the discipline of Iustice there him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
Whensso it needs with rigour to disponce:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men adrayr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His drowdfull heat, much lesse him match to fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whensso he list in wrath lift up his steely brand:

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In loves eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest Heaven; Chrysaor it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when love those gyants
quelled:

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Temper'd with adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof he took his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame:
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave whereso it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly sheard

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
 Astraea loathing lenger here to space
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
 Return'd to Heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
 Where she hath now an everlasting place
 Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we do see
 The Heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
 And is the Virgin, fixt in her degree, [bee.
 And next herselfe her righteous ballance hanging

But when she parted hence she left her groomes,
 An yron man, which did on her attend
 Always to execute her stedfast doome,
 And willed him with Artegall to wend,
 And doe whatever thing he did intend:
 His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
 Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
 Who in his hand an yron bale did bound,
 With which he threst out falshood, and did truth
 unfold.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
 Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
 Against that cruell tyrant, which opprest
 The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
 And kept the crowne in which she shoudl succeed;
 And now together on their way they bin,
 Whenas they saw a squire in squallid weed
 Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad type
 With many bitter teares shed from his blubbed eyue.

To whom 'as they approched, they espide
 A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
 An headlesse ladie lying him beside
 In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
 That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
 Much was he mov'd at that ruefull sight;
 And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly
 He askt who had that dame so foully dight,
 Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

" Ah! woe is me, and well away," quoth hee
 Burring forth teares like springs out of a banke,
 " That ever I this dismal day did see!
 Full farr was I from thinking such a prank;
 Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
 If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
 That I mote drinke the cup wherof shee dranke;
 But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
 The which another did who now is bed with shame."

" Who was it then," said Artegall, " that wrought?
 And why? doe it declare unto me trow?"
 " A knight," said he, " if knight he may be thought,
 That did his hand in ladies blood embrew,
 And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
 This day as I in solace sate hereby
 With a fayre love whose losse I now do rew,
 There came this knight, having in companie [lie.
 This lucklesse ladie which now here doth headlesse

" He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
 Or that he waxed weary of his owne,
 Would change with me; but I did it denye,
 So did the ladies both, as may be knowne:
 But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
 Would not so rest contented with his right;
 But, having from his coarser her downe throwne,
 Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
 And on his steed her set to beare her out of sight.

" Which when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
 And on him catching hold gan loud to crie
 Not so to leave her nor away to cast,
 But rather of his hand beaught to die:
 With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
 And at one stroke crop't off her head with scorne,
 In that same place wheress it now doth lie.
 So he my love away with him hath borne,
 And left me here both his and mine owne love to
 morne."

" Aread," sayd he; " which way then did he make?
 And by what markes may he be knowne againe?"
 " To hope," quoth he, " him soone to overtake,
 That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
 But yet he prick'd over yonder plaine,
 And as I marked bore upon his shield,
 By which it 's easie him to know againe,
 A broken sword within a bloodie field;
 Expressing well his nature which the same did wield."

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
 His yron page, who him pursw'd so light,
 As that it seem'd above the ground he went:
 For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
 And strong as tyon in his lordly might.
 It was not long before he overtooke
 Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that knight)
 Whom at the first he ghesed by his looke,
 And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

He had him stay and backe with him retire;
 Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
 The lady to alight did oft requyre,
 Whilst he reformed that uncivill fo;
 And streight at him with all his force did go:
 Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
 Is lightly stricken with some stones throwe;
 But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
 That on the ground he layd him like a senselesse
 blocke.

But, ere he could himselfe recure againe,
 Him in his iron paw he seized had;
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
 He found himselfe unwist so ill beated,
 That him he could not wag: thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
 The sight wherof the lady sore adrad,
 And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
 But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

When to the place they came where Artegall
 By that same carefull quyre did then abide,
 He gently gan him to demaund of all
 That did betwixt him and that squire betide:
 Who with steme countenance and indignat pride
 Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
 And his accuser thereupon deside;
 For neither he did shed that ladies blood,
 Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good.

Well did the squire percieve himselfe too weake
 To aunswere his defaunce in the field,
 And rather chose his challenge off to breake
 Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
 And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.
 But Artegall by signes percieving plaine
 That he it was not which that lady kild,
 But that strange knight, the fairer love to guine,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth therout to
 straine;

And sayd, "Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordeale, or by bloody fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side:
But if ye please that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide."
Thereto they both did frankly condescend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

"Sith then," sayd he, "ye both the dead deny,
And both the living lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looka, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moeths day shall in despight
Beare for his penance that same ladies head;
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead."

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offered straight the lady to be slaine:
But that same squire to whom she was more dere,
Whens he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive then to himselfe be shared dead;
And rather then his love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that ladies head:
True love despiseth shame when life is cold in
dread.

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved;
"Not so, thou squire," he sayd, "but thine I
deeme

The living lady, which from thee he reaved:
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, sir Knight, that love so light esteame,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne that doth you best beseme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead ladies head, to tell abroad your
shame."

But Sangliere disdaind utouch his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his behaust;
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To beare that ladies head before his breast:
Untill that Talus had his pride repress,
And forced him, maulgred, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootlesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare;
As rated spannell takes his burden up for feare.

Much did that squire sir Artegall adore
For his great justice held in high regard;
And as his squire him offered overmore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And went with him on his adventure hard:
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
But leaving him forth on his journey far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t' encounter a whole regiment.

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaines; drownes lady Munera;
Does race her cartle quight.

Noow is more honourable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseme brave chevallry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great herodes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the gods on hy:
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceedes:

To which as he now was upon the way,
He chaunst to meet a dwarfe in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward bast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spouse to Marinell.

For this was Dony, Florimells owne dwarfe,
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whylens)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare:
But of her health what Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale chears
Should be sollemniz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spouse all.

"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I do heare;
It will be at the Castle of the Strand;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To do her service so as I am bound.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wone,
That keeps a bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant knights hath there furdonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to
shonne."

"What mister wight," quoth he, "and how far
hence

Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?"
"He is," said he, "a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Having great lordships got and goodly farmes
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he stil them holds, and keeps with
strong effort.

"And dayly he his wrongs increaseth more;
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore.
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a grooms of evill guise,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pils and pils the poore in piteous wise;
But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

His name is hight Pollentè, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth over-go,
And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong:
For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-fats pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through
oversight.

"And underneath the same a river flows,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
But he himselfe through practise usuall
Leapes forth into the foud, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man be equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

"Then doth he take the spoils of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked treasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so by
That many princes she in wealth exceeds,
And purchast all the cuntry lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is Muncera, agreeing with her deedes.

"Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feete beside,
That many lords have her to wife desired;
But she them all despiseth for great pride."
"Now by my life," sayd he, "and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that bridge whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead." No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

Onto the place he came within a while,
Where on the bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarasin, awaiting for some spoile:
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage-money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law:
To whom he answerd wroth, "Loe therethy hire;"
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did
expire.

Which when the Pagan saw he wexed wroth,
And streight himselfe unto the fight addrest;
Ne was sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the foud: streight leapt the carle unbert,
Well weening that his foe was false withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the foud,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their hot blond,
But rather in them kindled choler new:
But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrowed:
And eke the courser whereupon he ran
Could swim like to a fish, while he his backe bestrad.

Which oddes wheras sir Artegall espide;
He saw no way but close with him in best;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Upon his iron collar griped fast,
That with the strait his weand nigh he brast:
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his steed to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his gripe strong
For any thinge wold slacke, but still upon him bong.

As when a dolphin and a seale are met
In the wide champion of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twist them do darraine;
They snof, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine, [rore,
Doth frie with fume above the surges bore:
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome opore.

So Artegall at length him first forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in swimming skillfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sownd.
So ought each knight, that one of perill bee,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pee.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well trained and throughly tride.
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himselfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his fight.

But Artegall pursued him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That, as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the sand,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he bend
High God, whose goodness he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him
dight.

His corpe was carried downe along the lee,
Whose water with his filthy blond it stayned:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned,
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirroure to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contrayned,
That none of them the feeble over-rean,
But alwaies doe their powre within last compasse pen.

That done, unto the castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide;
And with reprochfull blasphemy deside,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

Escootes his page drew to the castle gate,
 And with his iron file at it let file,
 That all the warders it did sore amate,
 The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
 And made them stoupe, that looked earst so high.
 Yet still he bet and bounst upon the dore,
 And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
 That all the peere he shaked from the flore,
 And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

With noise whereof the lady forth appeared
 Upon the castle wall; and, when she saw
 The dangerous state in which she stood, she feared
 The sad effect of her weare overthrow;
 And gan intreat that iron man below
 To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
 Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
 Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
 Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for
 ought.

But, whenas yet she saw him to proceede
 Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
 She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
 And causde great sackes with endless riches fraught
 Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
 And poured forth over the castle wall,
 That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
 Whilst he to gathering of the gold did fall;
 But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall:

But still continu'd his assault the more,
 And layd on load with his huge yron file,
 That at the length he has yreat the dore,
 And made way for his maister to assaile:
 Who being entred, nought did then availe
 For weight against his powre themselves to reare:
 Each one did fie; their harts began to faile;
 And hid themselves in corners here and there;
 And eke their dame halfe dead did hide herself for
 feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde
 That sure they wou'd she was escapt away: [her,
 But Talus, that could like a lime-bonnd winde her,
 And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
 At length found out whereas she hidden lay
 Under an heape of gold: thence he her drew
 By the faire lockes, and fowly did stray
 Withouten pitty of her goodly bew,
 That Artegall himselfe her seemelasse plight did see.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
 Of iustice, which in Talus hand did lye;
 Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
 Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
 And kneeling at his fete submissively:
 But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
 And eke her fete, those fete of silver trye,
 Which sought unrighteousness, and iustice sold,
 Chopt off, and sayd on high, that all might them
 behold.

Herselfe then tooke he by the slender wast
 In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
 Over the castle wall adowne her cast,
 And there he drowned in the dirty mud:
 But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
 Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
 The spoile of peoples evill gotten good,
 The which her aire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
 And burning all to ashes pow'd it down the brooke.

And lastly all that castle quite he faced,
 Even from the sole of his foundation,
 And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
 That there mote be no hope of reparation,
 Nor memory thereof to any nation.
 All which when Talus thoroughly had performed,
 Sir Artegall undid the evil fashion,
 And wicked customes of that bridge reformed:
 Which done, unto his former journey he returned

In which they messur'd mickle weary way,
 Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
 By which as they did travell on a day,
 They saw before them, far as they could vew,
 Full many people gathered in a crew;
 Whose great assembly they did much admire;
 For never there the like resort they knew.
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire
 What thing so many nations met did there desire

There they beheld a mighty gyant stand
 Upon a rocke, and holding forth on his
 An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
 With which he boasted in his surquedrie
 That all the world he would weigh equallie,
 If ought he had the same to counterpoys:
 For want whereof he weighed vanity,
 And filld his ballance full of idle toys:
 Yet was admir'd much of fooles, women, and boys.

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake
 And all the sea, divided each from eiber:
 So would he of the fire one ballance make,
 And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether:
 Then would he ballance Heaven and Hell together,
 And all that did within them all containe;
 Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether:
 And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
 He would to his owne part restore the same againe:

For why, he sayd, they all unequal were,
 And had encroched upon others share;
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
 Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aisey
 So all the rest did others parts empire:
 And so were realmes and nations run awry.
 All which he undertooke for to reaire,
 In sort as they were formed aunciently;
 And all things would reduce unto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him focke,
 And cluster thicke unto his leavings vaine;
 Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke;
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
 And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
 All which when Artegall did see and heare,
 How he mist the simple peoples traine,
 In sdrigfull wize he drew unto him neare,
 And thus unto him spake, without regard or
 feare;

"Thou, that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
 And all things to an equal to restore,
 Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
 And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
 For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
 What was the poyse of every part of yore:
 And looke then, how much it doth overflow
 Or faile thereof, so much is more than just to trow.

' For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers might ;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right :
The Earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hem'd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide :
All which the Heavens containe, and in their
courses guide.

" Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine raine ;
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And amongst them al no change hath yet become found :
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine :
All change is perillous, and all chance unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
For we may be assur'd they shall their course re-
taine."

" Thou foolish elfe," said then the gyant wroth,
" Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth ?
The sea itselfe doest thou not plainly see
Encroch upon the land there under thee ?
And th' earth itselfe how daily its increaseth
By all that dying to it turned be ?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least ?

" Therefore I will throw downe these mountains hie,
And make them level with the lowly plaine,
These towering rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may raine ;
And lordings curbe that commons over-aw ;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will
draw."

" Of things miscene how canst thou deeme aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
" Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight ?
What though the sea with waves continually
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all ;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought :
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought :
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

" Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade ;
For of the earth they formed were of yore :
However gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made ?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie :
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

" They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
No ever any asketh reason why.
The hills doe not the lowly dales disdain ;
The dales doe not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh kings to sit in soverainty ;
He maketh subjects to their powre obey ;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy ;
He gives to this, from that he takes away :
For all we have is his ; what he list doe, he may.

" Whatever thing is done, by him is done ;
Ne any may his mighty will withstand ;
Ne any may his soveraine powre shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast hand :
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand ;
Sith of things subject to thy daily view
Thou doest not know the causes nor their courses."

" For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winds that under Heaven doth blow ;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise ;
Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth flow :
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth flow :
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all ?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

Therewith the gyant much abashed sayd
That he of little things made reckoning light ;
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce he could way aright.
" Which is," sayd he, " more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trow ?"
He answered that he would try it straight :
So he the words into his ballaunce threw ; [few.
But straight the winged words out of his ballaunce

Wroth went he then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide :
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
" Well then," sayd Artegall, " let it be tride :
First in one ballaunce set the true aside."
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale ; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd :
For by no meane the false will with the truth be
wayd.

" Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegale,
" And counterpoise the same with so much wrong."
So first the right he put into one scale ;
And then the gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong :
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise ; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way :
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his ballaunce have broken :
But Artegall him fairly gan asswage,
And said, " Be not upon thy ballaunce wroken ;
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken ;
But in the mind the doome of right must be :
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The care must be the ballaunce, to deere [agrec.
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they

" But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equal share,
And then together doe them both compare :
For truth is one, and right is ever one."
So did he ; and then plaines it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were alone :
But right sat in the middes of the beames alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away ;
 For it was not the right which he did seeke :
 But rather strove extremities to way,
 Th' one to diminish, th' other for to seeke :
 For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
 Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
 Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke
 He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
 And down the rock him throwing in the sea him
 dround.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
 Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
 Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
 And spoyling all her geres and goodly ray
 Does make herselfe misfortunes piteous pray:
 So downe the cliff the wretched gyant tumbled;
 His battred ballances in peeces lay,
 His timbered houses all broken rudely rumbled:
 So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
 Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
 They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
 And mutining to stirre up civill faction:
 For certaine losse of so great expectation:
 For well they hoped to have got great good,
 And wondrous riches by his innovation:
 Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
 They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
 In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
 He much was troubled, he wist what to do:
 For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
 In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
 And otherwise, if that he should retire,
 He fear'd lest they with shame would him persew:
 Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
 The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
 They gan with all their weapons him assay,
 And rudely stroke at him on every side;
 Yet nought they could him hurt, he ought dismay:
 But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
 He like a swarm of flies them overthrowed:
 Ne any of them durst come in his way,
 But here and there before his presence flew,
 And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his
 vew.

As when a faulcon hath with nimble flight
 Flowne at a fowle of ducks fore by the brooke,
 The trembling fowle dismayd with dreadfull sight
 Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
 Doe' hide themselves from her astonysing looke
 Amongst the flags and covert round about.
 When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
 And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
 To Artegall he turn'd and went with him through-
 out.

CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
 Where torne many knights:
 There Braggadochio is uncas'd
 In all the ladies sights.

Aftra long stormes and tempests over-blowne
 The Sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare :
 So whenas fortune all her spight hath showne,
 Some bitfull honours at last must needes appeare ;
 Else should afflicted wights oft-times despaire.
 So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
 After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
 In which captiv'd she many moneths did moarne,
 To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to resourne :

Who, being freed from Proteus cruell band
 By Marinell, was unto him affide,
 And by him brought againe to Faerie land ;
 Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
 The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
 And solemne feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore :
 To which there did resort from every side
 Of lords and ladies infinite great store ;
 Ne any knight was absent that brave courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
 The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
 The bridegromes state, the brides most rich array,
 The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
 The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
 Were worke fit for an herald, not for me :
 But for so much as to my lot here lights,
 That with this present treatise doth agree,
 True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satietie
 Of meates and drinks their appetites suffic'd,
 To dedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
 They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguis'd,
 As each one had his furnitures devis'd.
 And first of all issu'd sir Marinell,
 And with him sixe knights more, which enterpris'd
 To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
 And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

The first of them was hight sir Orimont,
 A noble knight, and tride in hard assayes:
 The second had to name sir Bellisout,
 But second unto none in prowess prayes :
 The third was Brussell, famous in his dayes
 The fourth Ecaster, of exceeding might:
 The fift Armesdan, skild in lovely layes:
 The sixt was Lanasack, a redoubted knight:
 All sixe well seeme in armes, and prov'd in many a
 fight.

And them against came all that list to giust,
 From every coast and countrie under Sonne:
 None was debar'd, but all had leave that lust.
 The trompets sound ; then all together ronne.
 Full many dedes of armes that day were donne;
 And many knights unhorst, and many wounded,
 As fortune fell ; yet little lost or wonne:
 But all that day the greatest prayse redounded [ed].
 To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud resound-

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in Heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame;
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest:
But at the last the trumpets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they departed were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that should doe tryall lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
Rushing off helmes, and riving plates asunder;
That every one his daunger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thunder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did
wonder.

But what on Earth can stayes heppie stand?
The greater proovesse greater perills find.
So farr he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no means he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him hence, of all forsaken,
Unless some succour had in time him overtaken.

It fortun'd, whylist they were thus fill beset,
Sir Artegall into the cit-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy dame:
Where when he undertook by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And straight that boaster pryed, with whom he rid,
To charge his shield with him, to be the better hid.

So forth he went, and soone them overhent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he amaz'd with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray:
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together joynd might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew:
Whom with sore barocke soone they overthrowd,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left lords of the field alone:
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

Which when he had perceiv'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious care
That his false ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trumpets sound, and judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be assign'd by those.

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
Who came not forth: but for sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode-blaz'd in a golden field.

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto him they did addecme the prize
Of all that triumph. Then the trumpets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise:
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greete his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdain did scornefull answers make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely speeches crake.
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimell,
Whom Troupartie had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gaze ment with a veile:
Whom when discovered they had throughly eside,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise:
But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
He gaz'd still upon that snowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmise.

As when two sunnes appears in th' azure skeye,
Mounted in Phoebus charret serie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
So stood sir Marinell when he had scenne
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well advowd,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issew'd,
And unto all himselfe there open shew'd,
And to the boaster said; "Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endow'd,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

" That shield, which thou dost beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour may'd to Marinell:
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell:
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadful stoure, it stir'd this day:
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest away
So sharpe a battall, that so many did dismay.

" But this the sword which wrought those cruell
stounds,
And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
And these the signs," (so shewed forth his wounds)
" By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
But some fayre franck, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall."
For proofe whereof he had them Florimell forth call.

So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashfull shamesfastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face;
As roses did with lillies interface:
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom whereas all the people such did vew, [shew.
They shouted loud, and signes of gladname all did

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true aint beside the image set;
Of both their beauties to make paragons
And trial, whether should the honor get.
Streightway, so soone as both together met,
Th' enchanted danczell variablt into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ke of that godly hew remainyd ought, (wrought.
But th' empty girdle which about her wast was

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which whereas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint hearts with senselesse horrour queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dremient
So daunted was in his despayring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immovable he stood.

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not here, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her roft
While she was flying, like a weary wift,
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling oft
Presented to the fayrest Florimell;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

Full many ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knif;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loyces would be,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unless that she were continent and chast;
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast

Whilset thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And, th' one hand seizng on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
He meant the thiefe there deadly to have smit:
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fryd of
it.

Thereof great hurly burly mov'd was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse:
For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates have perforce,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceiv'd,
He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers force;
And gan inquire how was that steed beceav'd,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceav'd.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood retaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtilt traine;
For which he challenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine;
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose than trie to straine his right.

Which Artegall well bearing, (though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field demie,)
Yet further right by tokens to descric,
He askt, what privie tokens he did beare.
" If that," said Guyon, " may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there."

Whereof to make due tryall one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke:
But by the shoulder hih so sore he bit, [split.
That he him mayned quite, and all his shoulder

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe onto him spake,
And called Brigadore, (so was he hight)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Estsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marks to see;
And, whereas he him nam'd, for joy he brak
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and song aloft, and fouted low on knees.

Thereby sir Artegall did plainly arood,
That unto him the horse belong'd; and sayd,
"Lo there, sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arrayd;
And let that losell, plainly now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned."
But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revild, and rated, and disdayned,
That judgement so unjust against him had ordayned.

Much was the knight incens'd with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny;
And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearly doon aby:
But Guyon did his cholere pacify,
Saying, "Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
To you that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see."

So did he mitigate sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment:
First he his beard did shave, and fowly sheent;
Then from him reft his shield, and it reverat,
And blotted out his armes with falsehood bleut;
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherat;
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour
asperat.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away;
But vaine it was to thinke from him to fle:
Who overtaking him did dismay,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knight-hood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes bloteth good deserts with
blame.

Now when these counterfeites were thus unceas'd
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtil slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights:
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our weanie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive:
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprive.

Whoso upon himselfe will take the skill
True iustice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to decide,
Unless it be perform'd with dreadlesse might:
For powre is the right hand of iustice truly bight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of iustice given was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust:
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on Earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to say.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlucked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florinell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond;
Departed from the castle of the strand
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hand:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and govern-
ment:

With whom, as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely squires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to aswage their ire,
Now with faire words; but words did little good;
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more in-
creast their mood.

And there before them stood a coffer strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have soffred trickle wrong,
Either by being wreackt upon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraigne lands:
Seem'd that few it these squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell bands;
But evermore those damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

But firmly fast they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull proove their rights to try;
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them fortune would iustify:
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To ioyne the combats with cruell intent:
When Artegall arriving happily
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

To whom the elder did this answer frame ;
 " Then wast ye, sir, that we two brethren be,
 To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
 Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
 Two islands, which ye there before you see
 Not farre in sea ; of which the one appeares
 But like a little mount of small degree ;
 Yet was as great and wide ere many years,
 As that same other isle, that greater breadth now
 beares.

" But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
 And this devouring sea, that nought doth spare,
 The most part of my land hath washt away,
 And throwne it up unto my brothers share :
 So his increased, but mine did empaire.
 Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
 That further mayd, hight Philtra the faire,
 With whom a goodly dowre I should have got,
 And should have i' good bree to her in wedlocks knot.

" Then did my younger brother Amidas
 Love that same other damzell, Lucy bright,
 To whom but little dowre allotted was :
 Her vertue was the dowre that did delight :
 What better dowre can to a dame be hight ?
 But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
 And former livel'od fayle, she left me quight,
 And to my brother did clope straightway :
 Who, taking her from me, his owne love left astray.

" She, seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
 Through dolorous despair which she conceyved,
 Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
 Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved ;
 But see how much her purpose was deceived !
 Whilst thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
 Twixt life and death long to and fro she waded,
 She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
 Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

" The wretched mayd, that erst desir'd to die,
 Whence the paine of death she tasted had,
 And but halfe seeme his ugly risionie,
 Can to repent that she had beene so mad
 For any death to change life, though most bad :
 And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
 (The lucky pilot of her passage sad)
 After long tossing in the seas distress,
 Her weery barke at last upon mine isle did rest.

" Where I by chance then wandring on the shore
 Did her espy, and through my good endeavour
 From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
 Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her.
 She then in recompence of that great favour,
 Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
 The portion of that good which fortune gave her,
 Together with herselfe in dowry free ;
 Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

" Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
 Great treasure eitherwise we did finde contained ;
 Which as our owne we took, and so it thought :
 But this same other damzell since hath fained
 That to herselfe that treasure appertained ;
 And that she did transport the same by sea,
 To bring it to her husband new ordained,
 But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way :
 But, whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

" But, whether it indeede be so or no,
 This doe I say, that whatso good or ill
 Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
 (Not wronging any other by my will)
 I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
 And though my land the first did winne away,
 And then my love, (though now it little skill)
 Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray ;
 But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."

So having sayd, the younger did ensue ;
 " Full true it is whatso about our land
 My brother here declared hath to you :
 But not for it this ods twist us doth stand,
 But for this treasure throwne upon his strand ;
 Which well I prove, as shall appeare by trial,
 To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
 Known by good markes and perfect good espial :
 Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall."

When they thus ended had, the knight began ;
 " Certes your strife were easie to accord,
 Would ye remit it to some righteous man."
 " Unto yourselfe," said they, " we give our word,
 To hide that iudgement ye shall us afford."
 " Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
 Under my foote let each lay downe his sword ;
 And then you shall my sentence understand."
 So each of them layd downe his sword out of his
 hand.

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd ;
 " Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
 Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
 Unto your part, and plucked from his away,
 By what good right doe you withhold this day ?"
 " What other right," quoth he, " should you esteeme,
 But that the sea it to my share did lay ?"
 " Your right is good," sayd he, " and so I deeme,
 That what the sea unto you sent your own should
 seeme."

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd ;
 " Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be shewne ;
 Your brothers treasure, which from him is strayd,
 Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
 By what right doe you claime to be your owne ?"
 " What other right," quoth he, " should you esteeme,
 But that the sea hath it unto me throwne ?"
 " Your right is good," sayd he, " and so I deeme,
 That what the sea unto you sent your own should
 seeme."

" For equal right in equall things doth stand :
 For what the mighty sea hath once possessd,
 And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
 Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
 Or else by wracke that wretches hath distress,
 He may dispose by his imperiall might,
 As thing at random left, to whom he list.
 So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight ;
 And so the treasure yours is, Bracidas, by right."

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
 Both Amidas and Philtra were displeas'd :
 But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
 And on the treasure by that iudgement pleas'd.
 So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,
 And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
 Whence their sharpe contention he had ceas'd,
 Departed on his way, as did befall,
 To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

So, as he travelled upon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide:
To whom when he approached neare in sight,
(An uncouth sight) he plainly then descride
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready fer to fight:

And in the midst of them he saw a knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinned hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was unweath was to decry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him railed, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unware some villanous assay.

But he was soome aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent:
Yet, though himselfe did shame on womankind
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardiment:
Who with few sowces, of his yron slaie
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse turned to their proper bale:

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behid them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for knight nist,
Who more than losse of life ydreaded it;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight;

"Sir Turpine, haplesse man, what make you here?
Or have you lost yourselve and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day,
Is false on you by Heavens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead yourselve unto your owne decay?"

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But cooly thus; "Most haplesse wail ye may
Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scoorne of knight-hood this same day:
But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of Heavens will surpasseth humaine
thought."

"Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on Heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, sir Terpin, no let you amaze
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?" (shame,
"Then sith ye needs," quoth he, "will know my
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame,

"Being desirous (as all knights are wont)
Through hard adventures decodes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour fer to hunt,
I heard report that farre abroad did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head, (dread,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be

"The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But, when she saw at last that he would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill (fulfill,
Which she could doe to knights; which now she doth

"For all those knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate:
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoite,
And cloth in womens weedes; and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing;
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

"But if through stout disdain of manly mind
Any her proude observance will withstand,
Upon that gibbet, which is there behid,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand:
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her hand,
I rather chose to die in lives desight,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a knight."

"How bight that Amazon," said Artegall,
"And where and how far hence does she abide!"
"Her name," quoth he, "they Radigund doe call,
A princess of great powre and greater pride,
And queene of Amazonas, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath achieved
With great success, that her hath glorified,
And made her famous, more than is believed;
Ne would I it have ween'd had I not late it priev'd."

"Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that I
To maydenhead and noble knight-hood bore,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to knights doth show,
Therefore, sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squallid weed, the pattern of dispaire,
And wead with me, that ye may see and know
How fortune will your rus'd name repaire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise the world
emprais."

With that, like one that hopelesse was repyr'd
From death's dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gy'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimble did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazon:
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she called Radegone.

Where they arriving by the watchmen were
Descried straight; who all the citty warn'd
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a knight all armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harousse ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long their queene herselfe, halfe like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

And now the knights, being arrived neare,
Did beat upon the gates to enter in;
And at the porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in pieces for his sin:
Which whenas Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bid that straight the gates should be unbar'd,
And to them way to make with weapons well pre-
par'd.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entrance to have made:
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe shoure of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknowne perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side, [abide.
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit
So cruell doale amongst her maides divide,
T'avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colour knew.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and, in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did level,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her judgment breake:
As when a beare bath seiz'd her cruell claws
Upon the carcase of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause [cause.
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintife

Whom whenas Artogall in that distresse
By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse:
There her amyling fiercely fresh he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her;
And, had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger off, and stare with ghastly eye.

Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride
Swoing through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dresfull force he sits at her bylive,
That with his soone, which none endure dare,
Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth
rive.

But, soone as she her sense recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dight,
Through vengefull wrath and sdeignfull pride half
For never had she suffred such despight: [mad;
But, ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they departed them, maugre their might,
And with their troups did far ascender cast:
But amongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

And every while that mighty yron man
With his strange weapoon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and court, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre,
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But whenas daies faire shinie beame, yelowd
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on high,
Caused all her people to surcease from fight;
And, gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight;
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conveyed in, ere she would once retrace.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted; the Elfin knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Caused his pavilion to be richly right
Before the city-gate in open sight;
Where he himselfe did rest in safety
Together with sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of isopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight,
To try her fortune, and his force assay,
Rather than see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disadventurous sight.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that business;
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd;
"Goe, damzell, quickly, doe thyselfe address
To doe the message which I shall expresse:
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery knight,
Who yesterday drove us to such distresse;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field whether hath greater might

" But these conditions doe to him propound ;
That, if I vanquish him, he shall obey
My law, and ever to my love be bound ;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may ;
Whatever he shall like to doe or say :
Goe straight, and take with thee to witness it
Sixe of thy fellows of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and inuicates fit,
And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall hungry
sit."

The damzell straight obeyd ; and, putting all
In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went ;
Where, sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike knights she warning sent.
Then Telus forth issuing from the tent
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding meant :
Where that same damzell lowdly him bespake,
And show'd that with his lord she would empar-
lance make.

So he them straight conducted to his lord ;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greet,
Till they had told their message word by word :
Which he accepting, well as he could weete,
Them fairly entertaynd with curtesies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight :
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete ;
But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdued by guile:
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

So soone as Day forth dawning from the east
Nights humid curtaine from the Heavens withdrew,
And carely calling forth both man and beast
Commanded them their daily workes renew ;
These noble warriors mindesfull to pursue
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto prepaire in order dew ;
The knight, as best was seeming for a knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt herselfe to dight.

All in a camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon satten white as milke ;
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workemen had their courses taught ;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham ; but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

And on her legs she painted boskins wore,
Basted with beads of gold on every side,
And mailles betweene, and laced close afore ;
Uppon her thigh her cemitare was tide
With an embroidered belt of mickall pride ;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stoores that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect ;
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

So forth she came out of the city-gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shauines and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the Heavens hight :
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich pavilion ready nigh
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter :
Soone after ake came she with full intent
And countenance fierce, as having fully bent her
That battell utmost triall to adventer.
The lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing on the middle center ;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how fortune would resolve that dangerous
dout.

The trumpets sounded, and the field began ;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have reeded :
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide ; {side.
She hewd, she foyn'd, she lasht, she laid on every

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage now ;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrow ;
Which sayying, he gan fiercely her pursue :
Like as a smith, that to his cunning feat
The stubborne metall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeses it mollifie with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat,

So did sir Artegall uppon her lay,
As if she had an yron anvil bene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing scene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene :
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded ; {ed,
But ha that helpe from her against her will discard-

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shated quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie away
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew ;
And like a greedie beare unto her pray
With her sharpe cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple blood
forth drew.

Therent she gay to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chance which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spitefull speeches, sitting with her well ;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaime,
And at her strooke with puaissance fearefull fall ;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to pieces round about the plaine,

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In senselesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke:
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her leapt with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sun-shynie helmet swoone unieced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have
reced:

But, whenas he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of Natures goodly grace
In her faire visage void of ornament,
But bath'd in blood and sweat together meet;
Which, in the rudeness of that evil plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone, in foggie winters night, [light
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage ward:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoone she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelties:
And though he still retyr'd, yet ruthlesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increas her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to have
stayd.

Like as a puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unneede for flight,
Was lately broken by some-fortune ill;
The foolish kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth heat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him constraine.

Nought could he do but shun the dred despite
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet would she hearken, ne let him once respire,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

So was he overcome, not overcome;
But to her yeilded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iustly dunned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warlesse word,
To be her thrall and service her afford:
For thought that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned.

VOL. III.

Tho with her sword on him she flailing strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thralldome tooke:
But Terpene, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She causd to be attact and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reake fled:
Where he full shamefully was hang'd by the hed.

But, when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron shille amongst them thoodred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so yondred;
Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and
slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reakew his owne lord, but thought it iust t' obey.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And curld him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame;
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
Instead of curiats and bases fit for fight.

So being clad she brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was field
With monuments of many knights decay
By her subdued in victorions fray:
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
To hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword for feare of further harmes,
With which he want to stirre up battailous alarmes.

There entred in he round about him saw [knew.
Many brave knights whose names right well he
There bound t' obey that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart koth'd so uncomely vew:
But they were first, through penurie and pync,
To doo those workes to them appointed dew:
For nought was given them to sup or dyne, [twyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting lince.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a womans slave!
Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despite,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obey, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him woane in fight.

Who had him scene, imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolus sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdued of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed;
His Lyons skin chaunged to a pall of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely joyed [ed.
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toy-

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamesfast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
T' obey the hearts of mans well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie:
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unless the Heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true subiection:
However it his noble heart did gail
T' obey a womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But, having chosen, now he might not change.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did range,
Can cast a secret liking to this captive strange.

Which long concealing in her covert breast,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers careful plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne lord: [hord.
So great her pride that she such basenesse much ab-

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart;
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of Loves mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her
paine.

Unto herselfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her said; "Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time that I untimely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need!
It is so hapned that the Heavens unist,
Spighting my bappie freedom, have agreed
To thrall my looser life, or my last hale to breed."

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And, to her turning, thus began againe;
"Thy griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine;
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still re-
straine."

"Ah! my deare dread," said then the fearefull
mayd,

"Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even Deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soverayne ladie, and be bold:
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?"
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie;
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

"Clarin," said she, "thou seest yond Fayry knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subiected hath to my unequall might!
What right is it, that he should thraldome find
For leading life to me a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill!
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedom get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

"Bound unto me; but not with such hard hands
Of stroog compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malicious mind or foule offence,
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay."

"Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
Loe! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise, [entise."
With which thou canst even love himselfe to love

The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
Give her great comfort and some harts content:
So from her parting she thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With the Elfin knight, her ladies best beloved:
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus
him proved:

"Unhappy knight, upon whose hopelesse state
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell Heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses awounded
In stup'd sorow, sith thy iuster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit [rit."
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disimbo-

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave:
Both which to barre he with this answer met her;
"Faire damzell, that with ruth, as I perceive,
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your detter."

"Yet weete ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeing well to beare
The storme of Fortunes frowne or Heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy and carrie comely sheare:
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despayre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast."

" But what so stonie minde," she then replyde,
 " But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
 Would to his hope a window open wyde,
 And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?"
 " Unworthy sure," quoth he, " of better day,
 That will not take the offer of good hope,
 And eke pursue, if he attaine it may."
 Which speeches she applying to the scope
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope:

" Then why dost not, thou ill-advised man,
 Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
 And try if thou by faire entreatie can
 Move Radigond? who though she still have worne
 Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
 Of beares and tygres, nor so salvage mynded
 As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
 She yet forgets that she of men was kynded:
 And sooth oft sees that proudest harts base love
 hath blynded."

" Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,"
 Seyd he, " nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
 I have forbore this dustie to fulfill:
 For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
 That she a queene, and come of princely kynd,
 Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
 Chiefly by him whose life her law doth bynd,
 And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
 And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto."

" But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
 From seeking favour where it doth abound;
 Which if I might by your good office get,
 I to yourselve should rest for ever bound,
 And ready to deserve what grace I found."
 She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
 Yet doubting least his hold was but unsoond
 And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
 But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to awayt.

But foolish mayd, whyles heedlesse of the booke
 She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
 Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
 And there was caught to her confusion:
 For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
 She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
 Conceivd close in her beguiled hart,
 To Artagall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
 Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being adaynd,
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
 For feare her mistresse shold have knowlege gaynd:
 But to herselfe it secretly retaynd [ed];
 Within the closet of her covert brest:
 The more thereby her tender hart was paynd:
 Yet to awayt fit tyme she weened best,
 And fairly did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

One day her ladie, calling her apart,
 Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
 Touching her loves successe, her lingring smart:
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
 As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
 But quickly she it overpast, so soone
 As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood:
 Tho gan she tell her all that she had doone, [wonne]
 And all the wayes she sought his love for to have

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
 Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
 Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
 So good a lesson as to love againe:
 Die rather would he in penurious paine,
 And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
 Then his foes love or liking entertaine:
 His resolution was, both first and last,
 His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
 She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gail,
 For very fell despit, which she conceivd,
 To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
 Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
 Of which she vow'd wigh many a cursed threat,
 That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
 Notlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
 She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan
 entreat:

" What now is left, Clarinda? what remains,
 That we may compass this our enterprize?
 Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
 And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,
 With which he dares our offers thus despize:
 Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
 And more my gracious mercie by this wise,
 I will awhile with his first folly beare, [neare]
 Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more

" Say and do all that may hereto prevaile;
 Leave nought unpromit that may him perwaile,
 Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
 With which the gods themselves are mylder made:
 Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
 The art of mightie words that men can charme;
 With which in case thou canst him not invade,
 Let him feele hardnesse of thy heave arme:
 Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe
 with harme.

" Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
 For I him find to be too proudly fed:
 Give him more labour, and with straighter law,
 That he with worke may be forweard:
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
 That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
 And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
 Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide;
 And let, whatever he desires, be him denide.

" When thou hast all this doon, then bring me newes
 Of his demeaner; thenceforth not like a lover,
 But like a rebell stout, I will him use:
 For I resolve this siege not to give over,
 Till I the conquest of my will recover."
 So she departed full of griefe and adaine,
 Which inly did to great impatience move her:
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
 Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtilt nets she did unfold,
 And all the engines of her wit display;
 In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
 And of his innocence to make her pray.
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
 That both her ladie, and herselfe withall,
 And eke the knight attonce she did betray;
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
 Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad name, which, feynng to receive
In her owne mouth the food meant for her chyld,
Withholdes it to herselfe, and dooth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld;
Even so Clarinda her owne dame beguyld,
And turn'd the treat, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

For, comming to this knight, she purpose feyned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had mede
Unto her queene, his freedome to have gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade;
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore:
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

And, more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devise how to enlarge him out of bound.
The Payrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie;
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might deserve such
grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceptfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her dame his freedome did denye.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but little friendied;
Untill his owne true love his freedome gayned:
Which in another canto will be best containied.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegalls mishap:
She goes to seeke him; Dolon meastes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegal
Great weakness, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill:
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet in the straightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtil bait,
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved:
Whose character in th' adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engrawed,
That no new loves impression ever could [should].
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour blemish

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarce so conceived in her jealous thought.
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought:
For, after that the utmost date asynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde [fynde].
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies false to

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalse in his adventurous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytous treason, or had unwardly oppress;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with jealous feare,
Least some new love had him from her possess;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill; yet could she not forbear.

One while she blam'd herselfe; another while
She him coudena'd as trustlesse and untrew:
And then, her griefe with error to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few:
Yet, when she reckned them still drawing neare,
Each hoar did seeme a moneth, and every moneth
a yere.

But, whenas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turpe,
As her owne selfe, to ease herselfe of doubt.
Now she devis'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights, to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lapped in delight: [spight].
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did

One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened west,
Towards which coast her love his way addrest:
There looking forth shee in her heart did find
Many vain fancies working her unrest;
And sent her winged thoughts more swift then wind
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede;
Well wond she then, ere him she please descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede:
Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote arade
That it was Talus, Artegal's his groomme:
Whereat her hart was filld with hope and drede;
Ne wold she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him, forth to know his tidings
somme.

Even in the dore him meeting, she began;
 "And where is he thy lord, and how far hence?
 Declares at once: and hath he lost or won?"
 The yron man, as he wanted sence
 And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
 Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
 And stood still mute, as one in great suspence;
 As if that by his silence he would make
 Her rather reade his meaning then himselfe it spake.

Till she againe thus sayd; "Talus, be bold,
 And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
 That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold."
 To whom he thus at length; "The tidings sad,
 That I would hide, will needs I see be rad.
 My lord (your love) by hard mishap doth lie
 In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
 "Ay me," quoth she, "what wicked destinie!
 And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"

"Not by that tyrant, his intended foe;
 But by a tyrannesse," he then replide,
 "That him captived hath in haplesse woe."
 "Cease thou, bad newes-man; badly dost thou hide
 Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide;
 The rest my selfe too readily can spell."
 With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
 Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell;
 And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

There she began to make her moanefull plaint
 Against her knight for being so untrew;
 And him to touch with falsehoods fowle attainit,
 That all his other honour overthrow.
 Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rewe,
 For yielding to a strangers love so light,
 Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
 And evermore she did him sharply twight
 For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly
 plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
 How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
 To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
 And then againe she did herselfe torment,
 Indicuing on herselfe his punishment.
 While she walkt, and chaust; while she threw
 Herselfe upon her bed, and did lament:
 Yet did she not lament with loude alew, [few.
 As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singulfs

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
 Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
 With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe,
 Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
 But kicks, and squalls, and striker for fell despight;
 Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
 Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light,
 Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
 Such was this ladies fit in her loves fond accusing.

But when she hād with such unquiet fits
 Herselfe thus close afflicted long in vaine,
 Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
 She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
 By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
 And gan enquire of him with mykder mood
 The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
 And what he did, and in what state he stoud,
 And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

"Ah wellaway!" sayd then the yron man,
 "That he is not the while in state to woo;
 But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wad,
 Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
 But his owne doome, that none can now undo."
 "Sayd I not thou," quoth she, "ere-while aright,
 That this is thinge compacte betwixt you two
 Me to deceiue of faith unto me plight,
 Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?"

With that he gat at large to her dilate
 The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
 In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
 All which when she, with hard endurance had
 Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
 With sodaine stoumes of wrath and grief attone;
 Ne would abide, till she had answers made;
 But streight herselfe did dight, and armor don,
 And moustant to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

So forth she rode upon her ready way,
 To seeke her knight, as Talus her did guide:
 Sadly she rode, and never word did say
 Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
 But still right downe; and in her thought did hide
 The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
 To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
 Which had her lord in her base prison pent,
 And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
 Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
 She chaunst to meete toward the even-tide
 A knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
 As if himselfe to solace he were faine:
 Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
 To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine;
 As well by view of that his vestiment,
 As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

He coming neare gan gently her salute
 With courteous words, in the most comely wise;
 Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
 Then termes to entertaine of common guise,
 Yet rather then she kindness would despise,
 She would herselfe displease, so him requite.
 Then gan the other further to devise
 Of things abroad, as next to hand did light, [light:
 And many things demaund, to which she answer'd

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
 Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee;
 Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
 That gave none other place. Which when as hee
 By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
 He list no longer to use lothfull speach,
 But her besought to take it well in gree,
 Sith shady damp had dimd the Heavens reach,
 To lodge with him that night, unless good cause em-
 peach.

The championesse, now seeing night at dore,
 Was glad to yeeld unto his good request;
 And with him went without gaine-saying more.
 Not farre away, but little wide by west,
 His dwelling was, to which he him addrest;
 Where some arriving they received best;
 In seemely wise, as them besecerned best;
 For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
 And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare.

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awaited her to have undrest:
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought:
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe betide her wele or wo.

Which when their host perceiv'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leave of her he did depart:
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe-grieved,
Not suffering the least twinkling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight, re-
prieved.

"Ye guilty eyes," sayd she, "the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little while
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
To thinke of your nights want, that should yce
waking keepe."

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry change her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to cease
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his lady treacherously.

What time the native belman of the night,
The bird that warn'd Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
All adainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was rayds againe, that no man could it spie.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment:
Yet stirr'd not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her
bound.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight:
Whom some as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thrasher ready keight:
They, seeing that, let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous array.

But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron haile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout:
Yet Talus after them aspace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scatted sheepe they lay.
Then, backe returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deece,
Yet being first t' abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede,
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknown was) whence all this did proceede;
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evil went in hart.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight;
A man of subtil wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slye shifts and wiles did underminde
All noble knights, which were adventorous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse woones:
The eldest of the which was alaine erwhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had devis'd of late [hate.
With these his wicked soons, and shew'd his cankred

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he guest,
Which still was wout with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine:
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulness,
Ne suffred slottfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth ysew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilge man and all his family:
And, comming down to seeke them where they woud,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie;
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty foud:
They all were fled for feare; but whether, nether
kond.

She saw it vaine to make there longer stay,
But tooke her steede; and thereon mounting light
Gan her address unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a sight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That, if two met, the one mote needs fall o'er the ledge.

There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake:
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
"Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet knight art noue,
No more shall now the darknesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
But with thy blood thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guisard by thee slaine and murdered by thy slight."

Strange were the words in Britomartis care;
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge she came; and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared:
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
Like coles that through a silver censer sparkle bright.

She stayd not to advise which way to take;
But, putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Through the midat of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Upon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe his challenge he releast:
The other over side the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Upon two stubborn oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwixt them none appears in sight;
The engine, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth
The other it with force doth overthrow [beare;
Upon one side, and from his rootes doth reare:
So did the championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their carelesse left to bestow.

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

Noouer is on Earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define:
For th' Heavens themselves, whence mortal men
implore

Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest love, who doth true justice deale
To his inferiour gods, and evermore
Therewith contains his heavenly common weale:
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Iustice was a god of soveraine grace
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Egyptian kings that whylome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case;
For that Osyris, whilst he lived here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

His wife was Isis; whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainie,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice which is equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently:
Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

There she receivd was in goodly wise
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Upon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kembd
They wore rich mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend;
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne:
For that they both like race in equall Iustice runne.

The championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould
Borne upon stately pilours, all dispreed
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She woodred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thareon could never gaze
her fill.

Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Upon her head she wore a crowne of gold;
To shew that she had powre in things divine:
And at her fete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

One foote was set upon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddesse: whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe upon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which the idoll as it were inclining
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sense desining:
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And ioyous light the house of love forsooke:
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlasse,
And by the altars side herselfe to slumber plasse.

For other beds the priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides upon the cold hard stone,
To enure themselves to sufferance thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life; that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

Therefore they wrote not taste of fleshy food,
 Ne feed on ought the which doth blond containe,
 Ne drinke of wine; for wine they say is blood,
 Even the blood of gyants, which were slaine
 By thundring love in the Phlegrean plaine:
 For which the Earth (as they the story tell)
 Wrath with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
 Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
 With inward griefe and malice did against them swell:

And of their vitall blood, the which was shed
 Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
 The fruitfull vine; whose liquor bloody red,
 Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
 Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
 To make new warre against the gods againe:
 Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
 The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
 Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike maide herselfe repose,
 Under the wings of Isis all that night;
 And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
 After that long daies toile and weary plight:
 Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
 Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
 There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
 A wondrous vision, which did close impleie
 The course of all her fortune and potentie.

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice
 To Isis, deckt with mitre on her head
 And linnen stole after those priestes guise,
 All sodainely she saw transfigured
 Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
 And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold;
 That even she herselfe much wondered
 At such a change, and joyed to behold
 Herselfe adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

And, in the midst of her felicity,
 An hideous tempest seemed from below
 To rise through all the temple sodainely,
 That from the altar all about did blow
 The holy fire, and all the embers strow
 Uppon the ground; which, kindled privily,
 Into outragious flames unwarres did grow,
 That all the temple put in jeopardy
 Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
 Under the idols fete in fetterlesse bowre,
 Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
 As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
 And gaping greedy wide did straight devoure
 Both flames and tempest; with which grown great,
 And swaine with pride of his owne peerlesse powre,
 He gan to threaten her likewise to eat; [beat
 But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did

Tho, turning all his pride to humble meeke,
 Himselfe before her fete he lowly threw,
 And gan for grace and love of her to seeke:
 Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
 That of his game she soone enwombd grew,
 And forth did bring a lion of great might,
 That shortly did all other beasts subdew:
 With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
 And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth
 sight.

So thereupon long while she wailing cry,
 With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasia;
 Until she spide the lamps of lightesome day
 Up-lifted in the porch of Heaven hie:
 Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
 And forth into the lower parts did pee,
 Whereas the priests she found full busily
 About their holy things for morrow mas;
 Whom she saluting faire, faire revaluted mas:

But, by the change of her unchearefull looks,
 They might perceive she was not well in plight,
 Or that some pensiveenes to heart she tooke:
 Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
 To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
 To her bespake; "Sir Knight, it seemes to me
 That, thorough evill rest of this last night,
 Or ill spayd or much dismayd ye be;
 That by your change of cheere is come for to see."

"Certes," sayd she, "sith ye so well have spide
 The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
 I will not seeke the same from you to hide;
 But will my cares unfold, in hope to find
 Your aide to guide me out of error blind."
 "Say on," quoth he, "the secret of your heart:
 For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
 I am adiu'd best counsel to impart
 To all that shall require my comfort in their smart."

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
 Of all that vision which to her appeared,
 As well as to her minde it had recoverd.
 All which when he unto the end had heard,
 Like to a weeke faint-hearted man he fared
 Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
 And, with long locks up-standing stiffly, stared
 Like one adawd with some dreadfull spright:
 So fild with heavenly fury thus he her behight;

"Magnifick virgin, that in queint disguise
 Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
 So to pursue a perillous emprize; [hood,
 How couldst thou weeene, through that disguised
 To hide thy state from being understood?
 Can from th' immortal gods ought hidden bee?
 They doe thy lineage, and thy lordly brood,
 They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
 They doe thy love forlorne in womens thraldome see,

"The end whereof, and all the long event,
 They do to thee in this same dreame discover:
 For that same crocodile doth represent
 The righteous knight that is thy faithfull lover,
 Like to Oyris in all that endeavor:
 For that same crocodile Oyris is,
 That under Isis fete doth sleepe for ever;
 To shew that clemencie oft, in things amiss, [his
 Restraines those sterns behests and cruell doomes of

"That knight shall all the troublous stormes sawage
 And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
 To binder thee from the iust heritage
 Of thy sires crowne, and from thy countrey dewre:
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
 And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme;
 And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
 That lion-like shall shew his powre extreme.
 So blesse thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy
 dreame!"

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those priests bestowed rich reward;
And soyl all gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their goddesse brought.
Then taking leave of them she forward went
To seek her love, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wouled bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought;
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she had to open hold,
That she the face of her new foe might see:
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she had them forth
to hold.

So there without the gate, as secret best,
She raised her pavilion be right;
In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Upon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Had doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowrs did peepe;

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone he prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in equiuet breast
Did closely harbour such a ienious guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriourenesse with laughty crest
Did forth issue all ready for the fight;
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

But, ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the straight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fons,
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternaly frowned
For high disdain of such indignity,
And would no leuger treat, but had them sound:
For her no other termes should ever be
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

The trumpets sound, and they together ran
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins stoot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
Their duty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses than they them translated; [hated.
Which they now hackt and bwd as if such use they

As when a tygre and a lionesse
Are met at spooying of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedynesse;
But first the tygre claws thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loose her right away
Doth in defence thereof fall stoutly stound:
To which the lion strongly doth gameasy,
That she to hunt the beast first toke in hood;
And therefore ought it have wherever she it found.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with blood which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trude, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seeds, of which unjimey death should
grow.

At last proud Radigund with fell despight,
Having by chance capid advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbroyding said; "This token beare
Unto the man whom thou dost love so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gapest."
Which spitefull words she sore engrav'd to beare
Thus answer'd; "Lewdly thou say love depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely
bravest."

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glaucing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a grisly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce uphold; yet soone she it requit:
For, having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it smierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her loves distresse
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft:
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the foremost win;
And, pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmeil with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron saie did thresh so thid,
That he no worke at all left for the loach; [peach.
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may em-

And now by this the noble conqueresse
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet, when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughterd carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to stake:
For else he sure had left not one alive;
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would deprive.

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd:
Which breaking open with indignat ire,
She entred into all the partes entire:
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguis'd in womanlike attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly made in misery midnigh.

At last whenas to her owne love she came,
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof ahasht-with secrete shame
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad;
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Iealous suspect as true untruely drad:
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to save his sad misfortunessore.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chast Penelope possesse,
To see her lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares;
That she knew not his favours likeliness,
For many scarres and many hoary heares; [feares.
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine

"Ah! my deare lord, what sight is this," quoth she,
"What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew
In bloud of kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on Earth so wondrous change have
wrought,

As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to nought?
Then farwell, fleshy force; I see thy pride is
nought!"

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight;
And in their steade for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewd had,
Whilste fortune favoured her successe in fight:
In which whenas she him anew had claid, [glad,
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his semblance

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as princess rained;
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and, them restoring
To mens subiection, did true justice deale:
That all they, as a goddesse her adoring, [loring,
Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to her

For all those knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And, that they should for ever faithfull be,
Made them swaere fealty to Artegall:
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposed to proceed, whatso befall,
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe:
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe;
That womanish complaints she did repress,
And tempred for the time her present heaviness.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then, hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble lord sir Artegall
Went on his way; ne ever howe did cease,
Till he redeemed had that lady thrall:
That for another canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan; drive his wife
Alicia to despaire.

Nought under Heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifie
Their hardned hearts enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome leard that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean knight
For his love sake his lions skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane;
But left his love (albe her strong request)
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode himselfe uppon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A damzell flying on a palfrey fast
Before two knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to have her overhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

Soone after these he saw another knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bece,
They being chased that did others chace.
At length he saw the hidmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he sigates now abide, and answer make.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Success against her greedy enemy:
Who seeing her approach gan forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight have overweat.
So both together, ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met: but Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in tilt and tournament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two speares length: so mischief overmatcht
the wronger:

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke assunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him past.

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir Artegall, without discretion
He at him ran with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe: so both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
And tottred, like two towers which through a tem-
pest quooke.

But, when againe they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had layd of their pretence:
Which when the damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray;
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire reade,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both do heare what she to them will say.

They stayd their hands; when she thus gan to speake;
" Ah! gentle knights, what meane ye thus unwise
Upon yourselves anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witness the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground: what doe ye then devise
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee [mee]."
Which was the roots of all; end your revenge on

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about
To see if it were true as she had told;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Esteemes they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventiales reare each other to behold.
Tho, when as Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admir'd both his heart and hew,
And touch'd with intire affection sigh him drew;

Saying, " Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yield for amends myseife yours evermore,
Or whatso penance shall by you be red."
To whom the prince; " Certes me needeth more
To crave the same; whom error so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the dead.

" But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespass soone be made,
Since neither is endamag'd much thereby."
So can they both themselves full eath persuade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

Then Artegall gan of the prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on ground
were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that mayd.
" Certes I wote not well," the prince then sayd,
" But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd,
And lo! the damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know."

Then they that damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her foe,
From whom she erst so fast away did flie;
And what was she herselfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them atone.
To whom she thus; " Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a queene that not far hence doth wone,
A princess of great powre and maiestie, [nis.
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and

" Her name Mercilla most men use to call;
That is a mayden queene of high renouwe,
For her great bounty knowen over all
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beareth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

" Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wounes here by,
That with most fell despite and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good knights, (of which so brave a band
Serves her as any princess under sky)
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

" Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seekes by trayterous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant himselfe;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his god of his ungodly selfe,
And idoles serves: so let his idole serve the Elfe!

" To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stir'd up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia;
Who counsels him, through confidence of right,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she herselfe professeth mortall foe
To justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working, to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her knights and people to doe so.

" Which my siege lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and establishment of rest
Both to herselfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of small peace and faire attoument
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

" All times have wost safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes just:
But this proude dame, disdainyng all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brast,
Reviding me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, no ome deserved blame.

" And lastly, that no shame might wanting be;
When I was gone, some after me she sent
These two false knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But, thank be God, and your good hardiment!
They have the price of their owne folly payd."
So said this damzell, that hight Samient;
And to those knights for their so noble ayd
Herselfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks
repayd.

But they now having thoroughly heard and seene
All those great wrongs, the which that mayd com-
To have bene done against her lady queene
By that proud dame, which her so much disdaind,
Were moved much therat, and twist them fained
With all their force to worke avengement strong
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
And upon all those knights that did to her belong.

Bât, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their desaigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves devise:
First, that sir Artegaill should him array
Like one of those two knights which dead there lay;
And then that damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convey
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornfull lady that for her had sent.

So as they had devis'd, sir Artegaill
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquish thrull,
That damzell, led her to the Souldans right:
Where some as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her wiewdow as she looking lay,
She weened straight it was her Paynim knight,
Which brought that damzell as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a page that mete direct his way:

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offer'd his service to disarm the knight;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his strange armouright:
Soone after whom the prince arriv'd there,
And, sending to the Souldan in despite
A bold defiance, did of him requere
That damzell whom he held as wrongfull prisoner.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commaundod straight his armour to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a charret hie,
(With yron wheelles and bookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his bestes for provender did spred;)

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with bloudie rust; whites on the greene
The Briton prince him readie did awayte
In glistening armes right goodly well becene,
That shone as bright as duth the Heaven sheene;
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his lord; to th' end
He should his faile to small execution bend.

Thus goe they both together to their gearre
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous cheare
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement;
But the brave prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharpe wheelles in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne.
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts dislaiu'd
score.

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eachew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That, had he not it shunn'd with beedfull view,
It had himselfe transfix'd or his horse, [mov'd.
Or made them both one masse withouten more re-

oft drew the prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him beare;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
So fast away, that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farr was gone and past;
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

Against the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embattled cart,
And of all other weapons lease or more,
Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore:
The wicked shaft, guyd through th' ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to misch eke bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his curiven side.

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opeped had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He note not come to wreake his wrathfull mood:
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And feast himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he sought t' approach unto him ay
His charret wheelles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursue and chase,
That his good steed, all were he much renownd
For noble courage and for hardie race, [place
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to

Thus long they trave and travest to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes away he might him teach:
At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powerfull light empeach;
And coming full before his horses view,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their senses dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldain them from flying stay
With raynes or wanted ruse, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their view;
From which like amazed deere dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly as then there feste could beare
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare:
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore;
But go which way they list; their guide they have
forlore.

As when the fire-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaestons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous scorpion vew
With ugly oracles crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knownen courses they forwent;
And, leading th' ever burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scordd all former law: [draw
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
The yron charret, and the wheelles did teare,
And tost the Paynim without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare.

Yet still the prince pursew'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
Amongst the yron hookes and graples kerne
Torne all to rags, and reut with many a wound;
That no whole peeces of him was to be seene,
But scatted all about, and strow'd upon the Greene.

Like as the cursed soune of Theseus,
That following his chace in dewy mornne,
To fly his stepdames love outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne:
So was this Souldain rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle monument.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by Heavens high decree,
Iustice that day of wrong herselfe had wroken;
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like example mote for ever warn'd bee.

So on a tree, before the tyrants dore,
He caused them to hang in all mens sight,
To be a monument for evermore.
Which when his ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appaid her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or feynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan estornes devise to be aveng'd for it.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berbbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne knight,
That brought her backe: and, comming present
there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murderd infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus priests, her owne deare flesh did teare:
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Menades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that damzell there.

But Artegall being thereof aware
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught;
And, as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfeon'd or distraught,
She forth did come whether her rage her hore,
With franticke passion and with furie fraught;
And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolours to deplore:

As a mad bytch, whenas the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at random, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreake, her wrath
On man and beast that cometh in her path.
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a tygre, and that tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That ladies part and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld goates them chased all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame;
So that with small force them all he averaume.

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
And there the prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph enterayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pomp, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrang,
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another
song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

What tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with might?
Nor fit amongst men that doe with reason mell,
But amongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake devour,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreaded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

Where having with sir Artegall a space
Well solart in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein beight
Unto that damzell and her ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way:
But she them woo'd, by all the means she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her ladie thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
As often falles, of sundry things did commen;
Mongst which that damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure which not farre thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villainie, bold and stout,
Which wouned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could
get it out.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, she sayd,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtil in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face:
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knowne by his feates, and famous over all.

Through these his sleights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewn farre under ground,
A dreadful depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say it goeth downe to Hell:
And, all within, it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

Which when those knights had heard, their hearts
gan earne
To understand that vilieus dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
"Were not," sayd she, "that it should let your
Towards my ladies presence by you ment, [pace
I would you guyde directly to the place."
"Then let not that," said they, "stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle have
heat."

So forth they part, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the vilieus wone:
Which when the damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to advize what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den aloof,
Wayling, and rayving pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

With noyse whereof whenas the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensaerie,
Ere to his den he backward could recytle,
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke; and there, upon a soyle
Having herselfe in wretched wise abiected, [facted.
Gan weepe and waille as if great griefe had her af-

The cry whereof entering the hollow cave
 Effraones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
 With hope of her some wishfull boot to have :
 Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
 Upon the Earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
 And long curld locks that downe his shoulders shag-
 And on his backe an uncouth vestiment [ged,
 Made of straunge stuffe, but all to worne and tagged,
 And underneath his breech was all to torne and
 legged.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
 And ever round about he cast his looke :
 Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
 With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
 But used to fish for fooles on the dry shore, [store.
 Of which he in faire weather went to take great

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
 So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd ;
 And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride :
 But, when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
 He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
 To banish feare; and with Sardonian amyle
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
 Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle, [whyle.
 That from herself unwares he might her steale the

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
 Charms to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 That they the whiles may take lesse headie keepe,
 How he his nets doth for their ruine lay :
 So did the villaine to her prate and play,
 And many pleasant tricks before her show,
 To turne her eyes from his intent away :
 For he in slights and iugling feates did flow,
 And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

To which whilst she lent her intente mind,
 He suddenly his net upon her threw,
 That overspawd her like a puffe of wind;
 And smatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
 Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
 Crying for helpe aloud: but whenas ny
 He came unto his cave, and there did vew
 The armed knights stopping his passage by,
 He threw his burden downe and fast away did fly.

But Artegall him after did pursue ;
 The whiles the prince there kept the entrance still:
 Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
 Like a wyld gote, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will ;
 That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill :
 Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
 To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
 To follow him; for he was swift in cbrace :
 He him pursued wherever that he went;
 Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
 Whereso he fled, he followd him apace :
 So that he shortly forst him to forsake
 The hight, and downe descend unto the base :
 There he him coarst afresh, and soone did make
 To leave his proper forme, and other shap to take.

Into a foxe himselve he first did tourne;
 But he him hunted like a foxe full fast:
 Then to a bush himselve he did transforme;
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last
 Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand :
 But he then stoned at it so long did cast,
 That like a stone it fell upon the land;
 But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
 And to his lord sir Artegall it lent,
 Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights :
 Who whilst in hand it grypping hard he hent,
 Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
 And prickt him so that he away it threw :
 Then gan it runne away incontinent,
 Being returned to his former hew ;
 But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

But, whenas he would to a snake againe
 Have turn'd himselve, he with his yron flayle
 Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
 That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
 He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
 Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past ;
 So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle :
 There they him left a carrion outcast
 For beasts and foules to feede upon for their repast.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle mayd
 To see her ladie, as they did agreee :
 To which when she approached, thus she sayd ;
 " Loe now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye hee
 Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see :
 There shall ye see my soverayns ladie queene,
 Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
 That ever yet upon this Earth was seene,
 Or that with diademe hath ever crowned beene."

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
 The prayes of that prince so manifold ;
 And, passing litle further, commen were
 Where they a stately pallace did behold
 Of pompous show, much more then she had told,
 With many towres and terras mounted hie,
 And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
 That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skye,
 And with their brightnesse dar'd the strange be-
 holders eye.

There they alighting, by that damzell were
 Directed in, and shewed all the sight ;
 Whose porch, that most magnifike did appeare,
 Stood open wyde to all men day and night ;
 Yet warded well by one of mickle might
 That sate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
 To keepe out gryle, and malice, and despight,
 That under shew oft-times of fayned semblance,
 Are wont in princes courts to worke great scath and
 hindrance :

His name was Awe; by whom they passing in
 Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
 All full of people making troublous din
 And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
 Which unto them was dealing righteous doome :
 By whom they passing through the thickest presse,
 The marshall of the hall to them did come,
 His name hight Order; who, commanding peace,
 Them gnyded through the throng, that did their
 clamors cease.

They ceas't their clewors upon them to gaze ;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray :
For never saw they there the like array ;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But inoyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing iust iudgments, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threats of any to be wroken.

There, as they entred at the scricne, they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
Nayld to a post, adidged so by law ;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that queene for forged gurylo,
Both with bold speeches which he blased bad,
And with lewd verses which he did compyle ;
For the bold title of a poet bad [sprad.
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayffing rymes had

Thus there he stood, whilst high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Fou ; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in :
So now *Malfoat* was plainly to be red ;
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a weiled
Of evill words, and wicked sclauders by him shed.

They, passing by, were guyd'd by degree
Unto the presence of that gracious queene ;
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device ;
And all embost with lyons and fouldrice.

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tisew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spredding wings did wyde unfold ;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enfold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle angels through the glittering gleames.

Seemed those litle angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimble bold ;
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate ;
She, angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state ; [sate.
Whylest kings and Kesar at her feet did them pros-

Thus she did sit in soverayne maiestic,
Holding a sceptre in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and elemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand :
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand ;
Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd 'd 'd adorne her royall state ;
All lovely daughters of high love, that hight
Lize, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis ; those they try
Upon loves iudgment-seat wayt day and night ;
And, when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme and cruell vengeance stay.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through fayttie which offend :
Those did upon Mercilles throne attend,
Iust Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Erene ;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments chene,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly stene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all ;
Whylest underweath her feete, there as she state,
An huge great lyon lay, (that mote appall
An hardie courage) like captived thral
With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
That once he mought not move, nor quich at all ;
Yet did he murmurre with rebellious sowd,
And soffly royne, when salvage choler gun redound.

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two strange knights were to her presence
brought ;
Who, bowing low before her maiestic,
Did to her myld obaysance, as they ought,
And meekent boone that they imagine mought :
To whom she eke isclaying her withall,
As a faire stonpe of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefult countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempered with some-maestic imperiall.

As the bright Sunne, what time his seric teares
Towards the western brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beames,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw ;
So did this mightie ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such honage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that maiestic and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-welle,
Dealing of justice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people mean and base :
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard ;
But, at the sight of these, those were awhile debar'd.

But, after all her princely entertaynes,
To th' bearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe exposures the gun convert againe ;
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesseth forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter thoroughly scand
One either part, she plac'd th' one on th' one,
Th' other on th' other side, and nam'd them some,

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele; [speach
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
To all essayes; his name was called Zele:
He gan that ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crimes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured, [ed.
He now t' abhorre and loath her person had procur-

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arrayd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischief unto many a knight
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dread Mercilla oft did frame.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell;
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
And with them practiz'd, how for to deprive
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto herselfe deryve, [dryve.
And triumph in their blood whom she to death did

But through high Heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall princes, all this cursed plot
Ere prove it tooke discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crimes:
Such be the meede of all that by such meane
Unto the type of kingdoms title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untied queene, [seebe.
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame:
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her
red.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the peoples cry and common sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly Justice charged her with breach of lawes.

But then, for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her loyn'd Regard of Womanhead;
And then came Danger threatening hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth
powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton prince was sore compassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent:
Which whenas Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest ferrou to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to present.

He gan t' efforce the evidences anew,
And new accusations to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish bew,
The cursed Até, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoye and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach; and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did
lay.

Then brought he forth with griesly grim aspect
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulteric her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

All which whenas the prince had heard and scene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie offences was drawn cleene:
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeale of justice, was against her bent:
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their queene for judgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for justice gainst the thrall.

But she, whose princely breast was touched neare
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight:
Gerioneus seneſchall
He ſlayes in Belgee right.

Sour clerkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Iuſtice part,
Or drawe forth from her by diuine extreate:
This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightyes euerlaſting ſeat
She firſt was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of
grace.

For if that vertue be of ſo great might
Which from iuſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But, to preſerue inuoliated right,
Oft ſpilles the principall to ſaue the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art
That ſeekes to ſaue the ſubiect of her ſkill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart;
As it is greater prayſe to ſaue then ſpill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayſe,
That herein doeſt all earthly princes paſſe?
What heavenly Muſe ſhall thy great honour rayſe
Up to the ſkies, whence firſt deriv'd it was,
And now on Earth itſelfe enlarged has,
From th' utmoſt brinke of the Armericke ſhore,
Unto the margent of the Moluans?
Thoſe nations farre thy iuſtice doe adore; [more.
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayſe much

Much more it prayſed was of thoſe two knights,
The noble prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had ſcene and heard her doome arights
Agaſt Duceſſa, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till ſtrong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then ruſing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the laſt honour to her wretched corſe.

During all which, thoſe knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curteſies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthe patterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day amongst many living are,
Who them to their poſterities doe ſtill declare,

Amongst the reſt, which in that ſpace befell,
There came two ſpringalls of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To ſeek for ſuccour of her and her peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother who, a widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a ſtrong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and ſlaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was Belge; who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had borne,
And mother of a frutefull heritage, [scene
Even ſeventeene goodly ſonnes; which who had
In their firſt ſowre, before this fatal teene
Them overtooke and their faire bloſſomes blaſted,
More happie mother would her ſurely weene
Then famous Niobe, before ſhe taſted
Lateſſes childrens wrath that all her iſſue waſted.

But this fell tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his idols ſacrifice their blood,
Whyleſt he of none was ſtopped nor withſtood:
For ſoothly he was one of matchleſſe might,
Of horrible aſpect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſt empight, [fight.
And th' armes and legs of three to ſuccour him in

And ſooth they ſay that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the ſonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine ſo ſore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppreſſion,
Which brought that land to his ſubiectiō,
Through his three bodies powre in one combyn'd;
And eke all ſtrangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyue for food aſsynd;
The fayreſt kyne alive, but of the fierceſt kynd;

For they were all, they ſay, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all ſtrangers ſlew,
No day nor night did ſleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anon
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the houſe of Night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

His ſonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monſtrous father fell
Under Alcides club, ſtraight took to his flight
From that ſad land, where he his eye did quell,
And came to this, where Belge then did dwell
And flouriſh in all wealth and happineſſe,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her poble husbands late deceaſe;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretched-
neſſe.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage and her yet freſh woe,
Himſelfe and ſervice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forrein foes
That ſhould their powre agaſt her right oppoſe;
Wherefore ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertayn'd and did her champion chooſe;
Which long he uſed with carefull diligece,
The better to confirme her feareleſſe confidence.

By means whereof ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gave him ſoveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirre up ſtrife and many a tragicke ſtore;
Giving her deareſt children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monſter to deuoure,
And ſetting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monſtrous parent Geryoneo.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull-widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this ladies gift:
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many knights and ladies gent.

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton prince with his brave peers;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to beare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyrd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To graunt him that aduventure for his former feat.

She gladly graunted it: then he straightway
Himselfe unto his journey can prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That night the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple bayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the Heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind becomen,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youtthes, which him did guide
And all his way before him still prepare:
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first aduventure forward forth did ride.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that ladies sad;
Wherof that tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,
In which she wout to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up joyfully;
For well she wist this knight came succour to supply.

And, running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares; "Ah! my sweet
Sayd she, "yet now I ginnew life to feele; [boyes,"
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe at this your ioyous sight.
Alreadie seemes that Fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and Sonne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble
knight."

Then turning unto him; "And you, sir Knight,"
Said she, "that taken have this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in Heaven immortall guerdon gaue
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom might else but bare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

Much was he moved with her piteous plight;
And low dismounting from his lofty steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

"Ay me!" said she, "and whither shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threatening towres
Rased and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marshes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewtles do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry amongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous
dogs."

"Nathlesse," said he, "deare ladie, with me goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour yeild;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field!
The Earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with
him wends.

They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had bene,
And in her necke a castle huge had made, [swade.
The which did her commaund without needing per-

That castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly castle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th' offended Heavens list to lowne
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
When those gainst states and kingdomes do conspire,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure!

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstand;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his idle most untrewe,

To him he hath before this castle Greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich besene,
On which that cursed idole, farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named;
Offering to him in sinful sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likeness framed,
And powring forth their blood in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes, to see, it would agrize.

And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed idole altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never scene of none
That lives on Earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they here is all the tyrants fee:
So that no whit of them remaying one may see.

There eke he placed a strong garrison,
And set a seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all venturous knights in fight;
To whom he woot shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had woone:
To which when now they gan approach in sight,
The ladie counseled him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had foully bene forlorne.

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard;
But, ryding straight under the castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their tyrants seneschall:
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall
Esteemes forth pricked proodly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce address him to the
fight.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they would have ryven
Out of their breasts with furions despight: [quight
Yet could the seneschals no entrance find
Into the princes shield where it empight,
(So pure the metall was and well refynd)
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd:

Not so the princes; but with restless force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his babericon and eke his corse;
Which tumbling downe upon the senselesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the grisly shades of night:
There did the prince him leave in deadly wound,
And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

But, as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point issuing forth space,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race
Did all their speares attonce on him eachace.
As three great culverings for batterie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forthrent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

So all attonce they on the prince did thonder;
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder;
But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him; which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare (syde)
Past through his shield and pierst through either
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknighly play.
There, whilst they entering th' one did th' other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkase tumbling on the threshold sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lump of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was therout fled and past,
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
That it the posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the prince hard pressed in betweene,
And entranoe woone: streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save; but he there slew him at the
skreene.

Then all the rest which in that castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conveyd out at a posterne dore.
Long sought the prince; but when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had ved,
And, what she had not scene within, unto her shewed:

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting
For so great prowess as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that castle he her led
With her two sones right deare of her beloved;
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcame the great
Gerione in fight:
Doth slay the monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.

It often fails, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belg's seemes; whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton knight.

Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the lady Belgé now had found
A champion, that bad with his champion fought,
And laid his senceshall low on the ground,
And eke himselfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting end of principle unsoound:
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage and take better cheare.

Nathlesse himselfe he armed all in best,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the castle which they conquerd had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongefull state.

The prince staid not his answers to devise,
But opening streight the sparre forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wrize;
And asked him, if that he were the sarce,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly answerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously upon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight;
That the bold prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have
rive.

Thereeto a great advantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them was:
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nimblease sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

Which uncouth use whens the prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon foynd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift.

Therewith all fraught with fury and diadaine
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely, t' avenge himselfe againe
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seized not, where it was hight,
Upon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head by quite did small.

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof whens the gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laughd so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene emraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry:

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on bie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chanced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrivd on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine:
But th' adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempered, that for all his maine
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine:

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine swy,
As if he would have tottered to one side:
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That curt'ie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importone might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree and cropped quight.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through earasing heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And Hell unto himselfe with horroure great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light; but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats;
But onely wexed now the more aware
To save himselfe from those his furious heats,
And watch advantage how to worke his care,
The which good fortune to him offred faire:
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repair,
His side all bare and naked overtooke, [strooke.
And with his mortal steel quite through the body

Through all three bodies he him strooke atonce,
That all the three atonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
So now all three one senselesse lumpes remaine,
Enswallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
And byting th' earth for very Deaths diadaine;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the House of Dole, his daies there to de-
plore.

Which when the lady from the castle saw,
Where she with her two sommes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast herselfe did draw
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the citties wall
Upon these warriors, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it faire, they eke him greeted all.

But Belgè with her sonnes prostrated low
Before his feete, in all that peoples sight, [wo,
Mongt joyes mixing some tears, mongt wele some
Him thus bespake; "O most redoubted knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That eart was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
What gerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But ev'n that which thou savedst thine still to re-
maine!"

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying; "Deare lady, deedes ought not be scamd
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their truth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed away?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay."

She humbly thank him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd; "Ah! sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and established my peace."
"What is these else," sayd he "left of their root?
Declare it boldly, dame, and doe not stand in dout."

"Then wote you, sir, that in this church hereby
There stands an idole of great note and name,
The which this gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom, for endlesse horreur of his shame,
His offred up for daily sacrifice
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devise, [guize,
The more t' aggrate his god with such his bloody

"And underneath this idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carcases that die
In sacrifice unto that cursed feend:
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever escap'd: for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poisonous entrails fraught with dire decay."

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart gan ease
For great desire that monster to assay;
And prayd the place of her abode to learne:
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monster underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll, saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did behold.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And, the third time, out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' altars smooke
A dreadful feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyeen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifde that feared nothing ill.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretcht forth that nigh filld all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of belish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the borrouer which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fowle did finde.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
A lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse;
A dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds whereso it is empight;
And eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy fight.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herselfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death deceived like a foole.

She coming forth, whenas she first beheld
The armed prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assault, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turnd for great affright;
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend:
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend;
But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her lions clawes he flura her feete away did wipe.

With that accorde she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to beare, and nigh asunder brast;
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe aghast
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour shooke;
Who nought was terrifde but greater courage tooke.

As when the mast of some well-simbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne;
Whilest still she stands as stonish and forlorne;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile:
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He joynted it, and maid the swinging of her taile.

Then gan she cry much louder than afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belgè selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
But then the feend herselfe more fiercely reard
Upon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not forsesene with heedfull view, [rew :
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an upon way
To issue forth ; the which, once being brust,
Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely gush't,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth ; and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly sinke :
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or
thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awbaped make :
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belgè, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger
drad.

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
She gan reioyce and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praying his renowned worth
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that monsters spoyie,
And eke that idoll deem'd so costly dere ;
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto Heaven it rung ;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dancing forth, and ioyous carrols song :
So him they led through all their streetes along
Crowned with girlands of immortall baies ;
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with Belgè did awhile remaine
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Uncill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assurance and establishment.
Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,
Fell loath to Belgè and to all the rest ;
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former journey him address ;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

But turne we now to noble Artegall ;
Who, having left Mercilla, straightway went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weete, to worke Irenes franchiseement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talas wayting diligent,
Through many perils ; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approach he has.

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeaeres long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone :
To whom as he approacht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Unto his sovaine queene her soite for to commend.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan ;
" Haile, good sir Sergie, ~~thou art~~ knight alive,
Well tride in all thy ladies troubles than
When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive ;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found ?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive ?"
To whom he thus ; " She liveth sore and sound ;
But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound

" For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a knight,
To meeete her at the Salvage Ilands ryde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come ; where she, afraid of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtil slight
Surprized was, and to Grantortoe brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

" And now he hath to her prefast a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him justifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall sure aby." Those tidings sad
Did much abash sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that tyrants hand and wasage bad.

Then thus replide ; " Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I to blame for that faire maide,
That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide :
But witnesse unto me, ye Heavens ! that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide :
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And Rept from completing the faith which I did owe.

" But now aread, sir Sergie, how long space
Hath he her lent a champion to provide."
" Ten daies," quoth he, " he granted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side :
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste :
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

" Now turne againe," sir Artegall then sayd ;
" For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure yourselfe, sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend."
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confus'd array ;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

To which as they approach the cause to know,
They saw a knight in dangerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse :
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands [stands.
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage with-

Yet still he strives, as any perill spares,
To rescue her from their rude violence ;
And like a lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence :
But all in vaine ; their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence ;
For, soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

And now they doe so sharply him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save ;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name :
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight with endless shame.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew unto his aide ; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, however strong and stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule ; untill that yron man
With his huge faile began to lay about ;
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran, [fan.
Like scattered schaffe, the which the wind away doth

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to grette them faire,
And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from dangerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to empaire :
Of whom sir Artegall gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfere,
And who he was, and what those villains were,
The which with mortal malice him pursu'd so nere.

To whom he thus ; " My name is Burbon hight,
Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
Untill late mischiefe did upon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore >
And that faire lady, which in that upore
Yo with those captives saw, Plourdelis hight,
Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore ;
Whiche withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

" But sure to me her faith she first did plight
To be my love, and take me for her lord ;
Till that a tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entycee her to him for to accord.
O, who may not with gifts and words be tempted !
With which she hath me ever since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented :
Ay me, that ever gayle in women was invented !

" And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away :
Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine have bent
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may ;
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequal might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to foregoe th' attempt remedlesse."

" But why have ye," said Artegall, " forborne
Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay ?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any knight be happen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes display."
To whom sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame ;
" That shall I unto you," quoth he, " bewray ;
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame, [came.
And deeme it doen of will, that through enforcement

" True is that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Redcrosse ;
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge upon the boose :
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or lesse ;
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did assail,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

" But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more ;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin being battred sore
I layd aside, and have of late forborne ;
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned :
Yet can I not my love have nathemore ;
For she by force is still from me detayned, [ed. 17
And with corruptfull brybes is to untrath mistrayn-

To whom thus Artegall ; " Certes, sir Knight,
Hard is the case the which yo doe complain ;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a streight mote yo constrain)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventurous field :
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dishonour
yield !"

" Not so," quoth he ; " for yet, when time doth
My former shield I may resume againe : [serve,
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
Whenas necessitie doth it constraine."
" Fie on such forgerie," said Artegall,
" Under one hood to shadow faces twaine :
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all :
Of all things, to dissemble, fooly may befall !"

" Yet let me you of courtesie request,"
Said Burbon, " to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed."
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyle
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him estoones unto the fight [might.
Did set upon these troupes with all his powre and

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of fyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assaile with terrible alarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bills and playves making a dreadfull luster;
That first at first those knights backe to retire:
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre, [wyre.
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe in-

But, whenas overblown was that brant,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with hid yron sayle,
Gainst which no fight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chased them both over hill and dale:
The raskall manie soone they overthrow; [subdew.
But the two knights themselves their captains did

At last they came wherens that ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight
To save themselves, and scattered were abroad:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roial robes, and many jewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage had
Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had.

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre:
But she, backstarting, with disdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his love
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those knights so forward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and aprayded sore.

Sayd Artegall; "What foule disgrace is this
To so faire ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beutie, that unblemish is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight?
Is ought on Earth so pretious or deare
As praye and honour? or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glorie beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phoebus lampe doth shine
more cleare?"

"Why then will ye, fond dame, attempted bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For gulfes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold; [hold."
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare;
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find:
But, hanging down her head with heave cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as she amazed were:
Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd;
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his steede, whiler she no whit ginessyd:
So bore her quite away nor well nor ill assayd.

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursue
That raskall many with unpittied spoyle;
Ne cessad not, till all their scattered crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle:
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commanded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approaching fast, required speed.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth sir Burbon side,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field,

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

Witness may Burbon be; whom all the bands,
Which may a knight assure, had surely bound,
Untill the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithles and unsound:
And witness be Gerione found,
Who for like cause faire Belgè did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no lease
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse.

Gainst whom sir Artegall long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being thereto
Appointed by that mightie Faerie prince,
Great Gloriana, that tyrant to fordoe,)
Through other great adventures hether too
Had it forsuckt: but now time drawing ny,
To him assyud her high beheast to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
To weete if shipping readie he mote there deary.

Tho, when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell:
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fell;
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But, whenas nigh unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the bottome plainc,
Talus into the sea did forth issew [throw;
Though darts from shore and stones they at him,
And wading through the waves with stedfast way,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore; whence he them chast away
And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle doth
affray.

The whyles sir Artegall with that old knight
 Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
 And forward marched to a towne in sight.
 By this came tydings to the tyrants care,
 By those which earst did fly away for feare,
 Of their arrivall; wherewith troubled sore
 He all his forces streight to him did reare,
 And, forth issuing with his scouts afore, [shore:
 Meant them to have incountered ere they left the

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
 And fiercely charged them with all his force;
 But Talus sternely did upon them set,
 And bracht and battred them without remorse,
 That on the ground he left full many a corse;
 Ne any able was him to withstand,
 But he them overthrew both man and horse,
 That they lay scattred over all the land,
 As thicke as doth the seeds after the sowers hand:

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
 Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
 To which all barking did awhile asswage
 Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
 Till he an herald calld, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend unto the tyrant streight,
 And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
 He thether came, but for to trie the right
 Of fayre Irenas cause with him in single fight:

And willed him for to reclayne with speed
 His scattred people, ere they all were slaine;
 And time and place convenient to areed,
 In which they two the combat might darraigne,
 Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
 And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
 And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
 The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
 So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

That night sir Artegall did chuse his tent
 There to be pitched on the open plaine;
 For he had given straight commendement
 That none should dare him once to entertaine:
 Which none durst breake, though many would right
 For faire Irena whom they loved deare: [faine
 But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
 That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
 He all things did purvay which for them needfull
 were.

The morrow next that was the dismall day
 Appointed for Irenas death before,
 So soone as it did to the world display
 His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
 The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
 Of Artegals arrivall her to free,
 Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
 Weening her lifes last howe then neare to bee,
 Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

Then up she rose, and on herselfe did dight
 Most equalid garments, fit for such a day;
 And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
 She forth was brought in sorrowfull dight
 For to receive the doome of her decay:
 But coming to the place, and finding there
 Sir Artegall in battailous array
 Waiting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
 And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
 That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
 And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
 Thereon distill and dew her daintie face,
 Gins to look up, and with fresh wanted grace
 Disprede the glorie of her leavies gay;
 Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
 When Artegall she saw in that array,
 There waiting for the tyrant till it was farre day:

Who came at length with proud presumptuous gear
 Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
 All armed in a cote of yron plate
 Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
 And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
 Of colour rustie-browne, but sare and strong;
 And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
 Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
 With which he went to fight, to justifie his wrong:

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
 Like to a giant for his monstrous hight,
 And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
 Ne ever any found his match in might;
 Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
 His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
 That could have frayd one with the very sight,
 And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerue;
 That whether man or monster one could scarce dis-
 cerne.

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
 With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
 As if he would have daunted him with feare;
 And, grinning grievely, did against him weld
 His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
 But th' Irlin swayne, that oft had scene like sight,
 Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld:
 But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
 And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

The trumpets sound; and they together goe
 With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
 And their huge strokes full dangerously bestow,
 To doe most damage whereas most they ment:
 But with such force and furie violent
 The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
 That through the yron walles their way they rent,
 And even to the vital parts they past, [brast.
 Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or

Which cruell outrage whenas Artegall
 Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
 He shund his strokes, where-ever they did fall,
 And way did give unto their gracelesse speed:
 As when a skillfull swarines doth reed
 A storme approaching that doth perill threat,
 He will not bide the danger of such dread,
 But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
 And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abear,
 And stouped oft his head from shame to shield:
 No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare;
 And, much to gains, a litle for to yield:
 So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
 But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
 And did his yron axe so nimble wield,
 That many wounds into his flesh it made, [lade.
 And with his burdenous blowes him sore did over-

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His croell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-blond thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Therewith he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twist him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing took no great effect;
But, byting deepe, therein did sticke so fast
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield unlooe,
Which Artegall perceiving, strooke no more,
But losing some his shield did it forgoe;
And, whiles he combed was therewith so sore,
He gas at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

So well he him pursw'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chryssor on the head,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted:
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill beated,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That, falling, on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly raft his head to ease him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for joy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrants awa,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppress;
And, running all with greedie ioyfulness
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse
As their true liege and princeesse naturall;
And eke her champions glorie sounded over all:

Who, streight her leading with meete maiestic
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceable,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That tyrants part with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heauey payne;
That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,
Not one was left that durst her once have disobaid.

During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that used to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

But, ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie court, that of necessity
His course of iustice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that realme for to redrease:
But envious cloud still dimmeth vertues ray!
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He took his leave of her there left in heavinesse.

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence furth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags he met,
By the way-side being together set,
Two greasly creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces [cases.
Did maneb the more augment, and made most ugly

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt: and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely; thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arow
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were, like raw leather, pale and blew;
And as she spake, therewith she slavered; [she sed:
Yet spake she seldom: but thought more, the lesse

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks claws; with th' one of which she
scratched

Her cursed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping loathsomely.

Her name was Envie, knowne well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest croase may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall:
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous dyant:

And if she hept of any good to beare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that say had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

The other nothing better was then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree:
For whoso Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evil she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have
betrayed.

For, whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doon she heard, she would straightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaundersoply upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment:
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearken what any one did good report,
To blot the name with blame, or wrest in wicked
sort:

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it ecke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many;
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was high Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Eovy selfe excellling
In mischief; for herselfe she only vent:
But this same both herselfe and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils;
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had dis-
trad.

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And lockt together gainst sir Artegall;
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischief fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Beside, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad, [lad.
Whom they by slights allur'd and to their purpose

Such were these hags, and so unhandsome dreat:
Who when they nigh approaching had espyde
Sir Artegall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres had scryde
A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flockes:
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares does beat her brest and forehead
knockes.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whileare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despyghtfully:
The cursed serpent, though she hungreily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remainyd secretly;
And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

Then th' other coming neare gan him revile,
And foully rayle, with all she could invent;
Saying that he bad, with unmanly guile
And foule abuson, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,
Had staynd with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for Grandtoro, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd he foully did to die.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barker and bary
With bitter rage and fell contention;
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the aire rebellowd againe;
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did paide
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tonge did
straine.

And, still among, most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her, that as false sclauders at him threw:
And more, to make them pierce and wound more
deepe,
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron taile,
If her sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heart observed,
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie court; where what him fell shall eise be
told.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE.

THE waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies and chears my dulled
spright.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of leasurings treasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
No none can find but who was taught them by the
Muse:

Revele to me the sacred nursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men and wicked worlds disdain;
Since it at first was by the gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at first
From heavenly seedes of bounty sovaine,
And by them loog with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripeness grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all grows not a fayrer floure
Then is the bloome of comely courtesie;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,

And spreads itselke through all civillie:
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned shewes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eyes misdeeme:

But, in the triall of true courtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pass,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay that it can blynd
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is brass:
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows but inward thoughts
defynd.

But where shall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be scene
The goodly praise of princely courtesie,
As in yourselve, O sovaine lady queene?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It shewes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so, from low to high, uplifted is your name.

Then pardon me, most dreaded sovaine,
That from yourselve I doe this vertue bring,
And to yourselve doe it returne againe:
So from the ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king:
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your court where courtesies excell.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Malefort
A damzell used vyld:
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana weze more mylde.

Of court, it seemes, men courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well besecmeth that in princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation:
Right so in Faery court it did redound,
Where courteous knights and ladies most did won
Of all on Earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

But amongst them all was none more courteous
Then Calidore, beloved over all: [knight
In whom it seemes that gentleness of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guise withall
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in battelous affray, [play.
That him did much renowe, and far his fame dis-

Ne was there knight ne was there lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mees liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace;
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evill to embase:
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Upon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met upon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had:
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad:
When Calidore thus first; "Haille, noblest knight
Of all this day on ground that breathe living
spright!

"Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploit and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arise.
"Now, happy man," said then sir Calidore,
"Which have, so goodly as ye can devise,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowned make for evermore.

"But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endless trace; withouten guyde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde."
"What is that quest," quoth then sir Artegall,
"That you into such perils presently doth call?"

"The Blatant Beast," quoth he, "I doe pursue,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
Yet know I not or how or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace."
"What is that Blatant Beast then?" he replide;
"Is it a monster bred of hellishe race,"
Then answered he, "which often hath annoyd
Good knights and ladies true, and many else de-
stroyd.

"Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chimera, in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fan,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew; and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly tor-
ment."

"Then, since the Salvage Island I did leave,"
Sayd Artegall, "I such a beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barked at mee,
As if that he attonce would mee devoure:
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure."

"That surely is that beast," said Calidore,
"Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had:
Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
"Now God you speed," quoth then sir Artegall,
"And keepe your body from the danger drad;
For ye have much adoe to deale withall!"
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenas by chaunce a comely squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous wound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
To whom approaching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for so demands he staide,
But first him loode, and afterwards thus to him said;

"Unhappy squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruel hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captiv'd in this shameful place?"
To whom he answered thus; "My haplesse case
Is not occasion'd through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

"Not farre from hence, upon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long maynaind with mighty wrong:
For may no knight nor lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
By reason of the streight, and rocks among,)
But they that ladies lockes doe shave away,
And that knights beard, for toll which they for pas-
sage pay."

"A shamefull use as ever I did heare,"
 Sayd Calidore, "and to be overthrowne.
 But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
 And for what cause? tell if thou have it knowne."
 Sayd then that squire; "The lady, which doth owne
 This castle, is by name Brisna hight;
 Then which a prouder lady liueth none:
 She long time hath deare lou'd a doughty knight,
 And sought to win his love by all the meanes she
 might.

"His name is Crudor; who, through high disdain
 And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
 Refused bath to yeeld her love againe,
 Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
 With beards of knights and lockes of ladies lynd:
 Which to provide, she hath this castle dight,
 And therein bath a seneschall assayd,
 Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
 Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.

"He, this same day as I that way did come
 With a faire damzell my beloved deare,
 In execution of her lawlesse doome
 Did set appon us lying both for feare;
 For little bootes against him hand to reare:
 Me first he tooke unable to withstand,
 And whiles he her pursued every where,
 Till his returne unto this tree he bond;
 Ne wote I surely whether he her yett have fond."

Thus whiles they speake they heard a ruefull shriek
 Of one loud crying, which they straightway ghest
 That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.
 Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,
 They saw that carle from farre with hand unblest
 Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
 That all her garmets from her snowy brest,
 And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
 Ne would be spare for pittie, nor refraine for feare.

Which bayous sight when Calidore beheld,
 Eftsoones he loockt that squire, and so him left
 With hearts display and inward colour queld,
 For to pursue that villaine, which had rest
 That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft:
 Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde;
 "Leave, faytor, quickly that misgotten weft
 To him that hath it better instifyde." [defyde.]
 And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art

Who, hearkning to that voice, himselfe apread,
 And, seeing him so fiercely towards make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afraid,
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
 And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake;
 "Art thou the caytive that defiest me,
 And for this mayd, whose party thou doest take,
 Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
 Yet shall it not her lockes for ransom fro me free."

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,
 That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
 And oft reculle to shunne his sharpe despight:
 But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
 Lying in waite how him he damage might:
 But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
 He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling course
 Shall drive a mill, within strong banks is pent,
 And long restrayned of his ready course;
 So soone as passage is unto him lent,
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
 Such was the fury of sir Calidore:
 When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
 Who as he still decayd, so he increased more.

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
 Wheneas the carle no longer could sustaine,
 His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
 Toward the castle, where, if need constraine,
 His hope of refuge used to remaine:
 Whom Calidore perceiving fast to see,
 He him pursu'd and chased through the plaine,
 That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
 Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
 The gate soone opened to receive him in;
 But Calidore did follow him so fast,
 That even in the porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to his chin:
 The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
 Did choke the entraunce with a lumps of sin,
 That it could not be shut; whilist Calidore
 Did enter in, and slew the porter on the flore.

With that the rent the which the castle kept
 About him sockt, and hard at him did lay;
 But he them all from him fell lightly swept,
 As doth a steare, in heat of summers day,
 With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
 Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
 Where of the lady selfe in sad dismay
 He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame:

"False traytor knight," said she, "no knight at all,
 But scoone of armes! that hast with guilty hand
 Murdered my men, and slaine my seneschall;
 Now comest thou to rob my house unward,
 And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better knight
 Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
 Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
 And if none do, yett shame shall thee with shame
 requight."

Much was the knight abashed at that word;
 Yet answer'd thus; "Not unto me the shame,
 But to the shamefull doer it afford.
 Blood is no blemish; for it is no blame
 To punish those that doe deserve the same;
 But they that breake bands of civillie,
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame
 Both noble armes and gentle courtesie:
 No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

"Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
 This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
 And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
 To all that passe: that shall you glory gaine
 More then his love, which thus ye seeke to obtaine."
 Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde;
 "Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdain
 Thy courtesous love, that doest my love deride,
 Who scoone thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be de-
 fyde."

"To take defiance at a ladies word,"
 Quoth he, "I hold it no indignity;
 But were he here, that would it with his sword
 Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby." [By
 "Cowherd," quoth she, "were not that thou wouldst
 Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place."
 "If I doe so," said he, "then liberty
 I leave to you for aye me to disgrace [deface."
 With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to

With that a dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
 And taking from her hand a ring of gould
 (A privy token which betweene them past)
 Bad him to flic with all the speed he could
 To Crudor; and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to reskue her against a knight,
 Who through strong powre had now herself in hold
 Having late slaine her senseshall in fight,
 And all her people murdred with outrageous might:

The dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night:
 But Calidore did with her there abyde
 The coming of that so much threatened knight;
 Where that discourteous dame with scornfull pryde
 And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
 That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
 Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
 Did well endure her womanish disdain,
 And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
 Above the Earth upreard his flaming head,
 The dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,
 Brought sunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread
 He would her succour, and alive or dead
 Her foe deliver up into her hand:
 Therefore he wil'd her doe away all dread;
 And, that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

Thereof full blyth the ladie straight became,
 And gan t' arguent her bitterness much more:
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
 Ne ought dismayed was sir Calidore;
 But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore:
 And, having soone his armes about him dight,
 Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
 Where long he stayed not, whereas a knight
 He spide come pricking on with all his powre and
 might.

Well weend he streight that he should be the same
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
 Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
 But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
 They bene ynett in midst of the plaine
 With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
 That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
 But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
 Neither of other taking pittie nor remorse.

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senselesse sound;
 Yet would he not him hurt although he might:
 For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
 But when Briana saw that dreary sound,
 There where she stood uppou the castle wall,
 She deent'd him sure to have bene dead on ground;
 And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
 In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
 And gan to stretch his limbe; which feeling ill
 Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
 But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
 He shooke off luskishnesse; and, courage chill
 Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew, [sew,
 To prove if better foote then horsebacks would en-

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two for maystery of might;
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious despit;
 Which as it still increas't, so still increas't
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releas't,
 Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceas't.

Thus long they trac'd and travert to and fro,
 And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
 Into the life of his malignant foe;
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
 As they had potshares bone; for nought mote slake
 Their greedy vengeances but goary blood;
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven sides forth gush'd like a flood.

At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
 At once did heave with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
 And prove the final fortune of the fight;
 But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
 And nimbler-handed then his enemy,
 Prevented him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie, [smilie:
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke bu-

And, ere he could recover foote againe,
 He following that faire advantage fast
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
 That him upon the ground he groveling cast;
 And leaping to him light would have unlust
 His helme, to make unto his vengeance way:
 Who, seeing in what danger he was plast,
 Cryde out; "Ah mercie, sir! doe me not slay,
 But save my life, which lot before your foot doth
 lay."

With that his mortall hand awhile he stayd;
 And, having somewhat calmd his wrathfull heat
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
 "And is the boast of that proud ladies threat,
 That menaced me from the field to beat,
 Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne
 Strangers no more so rudely to entreat;
 But put away proud looks and usage sterne,
 The which shal nought to you but foule diabolour
 yearne.

"For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
 That count'ie doth as well as armes professe,
 However strong and fortunate in fight,
 Then the reproch of pride and crueltie:
 In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,
 Who hath not leard himselfe first to subdew:
 All flesh is fraile and full of sicklenesse,
 Subject to fortune's chance, still chaunging new;
 What haps to day to me to morrow may to you.

" Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew:
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall yourselve behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground;
Next, that yeladies ayde in every stead and stound."

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere.
So, suffering him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmly to obey,
He up arose, however life or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana which all this beheld;
Who coming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herselfe she did proect;
And him adoring as her lives deare lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

So all returning to the castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertaie;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And, after all, unto sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was
afore.

But Calidore himselfe would not refaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them straight unto that squire againe,
Whom from her seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong;
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

CANTO II.

Calidore seen young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight:
He makes him squire, and of him leares
His state and present plight.

WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a ladie whom a knight should love,
As courtesie; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behoove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For soue so goodly gracious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine:
For everie thing, to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with
paine.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares;
Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farr away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke
ryde.

And them beside a ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foote in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But, ere he came in place, that yonth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with won-
der filld.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
Of Lincolnne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters borne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle wayne:
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed, [swaine:
At length bespake; "What means this, gentle
Why hath thy hand too bold itself embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no knight: which armes impugne plain?"
"Certes," said he, "loth were I to have broken
The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

"For not I him, as this his ladie here
May witness well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me first through pride and puissance strong
Amayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
"Perdie great blame," then said sir Calidore,
"For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore."

"That shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare.
I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this Forrest and wyld woodie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this knight who there lyes slaine,
Together with this ladie, passing on the plaine.

"The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his ladie, that him ill became,
On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any dame:
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenshe she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe.

"Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Moch was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth and full of proud disdain
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revild againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

"Which, I no lesse disdainyng, backe returned
His scornfull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he straightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
Which I, enforst to heare though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne out in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart."

Moch did sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke [breach
His wrath on him that first occasion broke:
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same ladie, whether what he spoke
Were sobthly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire.

Of all which whenshe could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame;
Said then sir Calidore; "Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite blame;
For, what he speake, for you he speake it, dame;
And what he did, he did himselfe to save: [shame:
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse,
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave,

"But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable,
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
"Certes, sir Knight," said she, "full loth I wene,
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead:
But, since it me concernes my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere,

"This day, as he and I together rode,
Upon our way to which we wren bent,
We chaunst to come fore by a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a ladie gent
Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all jealous eyes:
Faire was the ladie sure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes,

"Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share:
Whereto whens my presence he did spy
To be a let, he had me by and by
For to alight: but, whens I was loth
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand down from his steed me,
through, [straight go'th,
And with presumptuous powre against that knight

"Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete,
For ladies service and for loves delight,
Then fearing any forman there to meete:
Whereof he taking odde, streight bids him dight,
Himselfe to yeeld his love or else to fight;
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answerd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill apayd, [said,
in which he had good right gaynst all that it gaine-

"Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch: but he was fierce and wroth,
No time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it bootyd not,

"Meane while his ladie, which this outrage saw,
Whilst they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
My knight hery soone, as seemes, to danger drove
And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, whenshe he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

" But, whenas her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chaunf he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
Struve to appease him, and perswaded long;
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

" Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fate, he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pouching me with the butt-end of his speare,
In vaine complaying to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare, [heare.
But more enforst my paine, the more my playnts to

" So passed we, till this young man us met;
And being moor'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meete, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
" Now sure," then said sir Calidore, " and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Whoever thbinks through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and haught,
To wrong the weaker, oft fallis in his owne assault."

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquitted;
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
He prayed it much, and much admynred it;
That sure he weened him born of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good;

" Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto Latorias come
After his chace on woodie Cynthus done;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
Or surely borne of some heroicke seed,
That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly head.

" But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell,)
I would thyselfe require thee to reveale;
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale:
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

To whom then thus the noble youth; " May be,
Sir Knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unsweeting unto me;
Nathelasse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Some of a king, (however thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlone,
And lost the crowne which should my head by right
adorne,)

" And Tristram is my name; the onely heire
Of good king Meliograas which did rayse
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine:
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

" The widow queene my mother, which then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring wot a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed;
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein land, whereas no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

" So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the Fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weer of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me streight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long [strong.
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature

" All which my daies I have not lowly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raugeth in the Forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowe that evr was seene.

" Ne is there hanke which mantlieth her on search,
Whether high towering or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her fight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know:
Such be our ioyes which in these Forrests growt
Onely the use of armes, which most I ioy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy, [imply.
And being now high time these strong ioynts to

" Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won in
fight."

All which when well sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now, then earst, he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; " Faire chyld, the high desire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie."

There him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young Tristram grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leavés small
Long shut up in the bud from Heavens view,
At length breaks forth, and brode displays his
anyling hew.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answer he to him behight;

" Glad would I surely be, thou courteous squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breast:
But I am bound by vow, which I protest
To my dread soveraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

" But since this ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safeguard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her from danger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne;
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

But Tristram, then despyling that dead knight
Of all those grossly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright metall shyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning thesteif a thousand wayes:
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight:
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good sir Calidore;
Who, ere he thence had traveld many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despitous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perillous and wyde, [dyde:
That all his garments and the grasse in vermill

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with careful hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning:
Which sorie sight when Calidore did view,
With heavie eyne from teares unweath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournfull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then, speaking to the ladie, thus he said;
" Ye dolefull dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arrayd
This knight unarm'd with so unknighly breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight."
The ladie, hearing his so courteous speech,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sight:

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight,
Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
Ioying together in unblam'd delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound:
Yet, when she fled into that covert greave, [leave.
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilgen armes, with azure band
Quartred atwart, and bearing in his targe
A ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge.

Then gan sir Calidore to ghesse straightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram erst did slay.
And to her said; " Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your knight so ill bestad,
Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight, [knight.
Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved

" Therefore, faire lady, lay aside this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure; and thinke what relief
Were best devise for this your lovers smart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Conway to be recurd." She thank him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convey him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
" Faire lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

So off he did his shield, and downward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purveyd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne;
Thence they him carried to a castle neare,
In which a worthy ancient knight did wone:
Where what endu'd shall in next canto be be-
gounn.

CANTO III

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast;
Saves Serena, whilst Calopine
By Turpin is opprest.

True is, that whilome that good poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners; in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne:
For seldome seene a trotting stallion get
An smbling colt, that is his proper owne:
So seldome seene that one in haecnesse set
Doth noble courage shew with courteous manners

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensempel of that courteous deed
Dooe to that wounded knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the castle where they had decreed:
There of the knight, the which that castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had bene of mickle might,
And borne great way in armes amongst his peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the father of that wounded knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aidas was his name; and his sonnes, Aladine.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beere
By a faire lady and a straunger knight,
Was ioly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; " Ah! sorry boy!
Is this the hope that to my hoary heere
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

" Such is the weaknesse of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the state of earthly things;
That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us hale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Keasars and of kings!
Let none therefore, that is in meane place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case!"

So well and wisely did that good old knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire lady would be heard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And ioly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now
be brought:

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pore; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her ay,
The lusty Aladine, though meane borne
And of lesse livelood and habilitie,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne [scorne.
His meaneesse much, and make her th' others riches

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade;
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did carst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whercof she now bethinking, gan t' advise
How great a hazard she at carst had made
Of her good fame; and farther gan devise [guize.
How she the blame might salve with coloured dis-

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his
quest.

But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
So well she wash't them, and so well she watch't him,
That of the deadly swoond, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispatch't him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attach't
him.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with dreery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deeply sigh'd, and grownd inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twist them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save whole her hazarded estate;
For which the open helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpes were past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous knight and full of faithfull trust;
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth burst
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darknesse, did with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him addresso unto his former way.

But first him seemed fit that wounded knight
To visite, after this nights pefillous passe;
And to saluate him if he were in plight,
And eke that lady his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was;
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mougst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked source.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold;
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Mr Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she herselfe had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite:
So, as they past together on their way,
He can devise this counter-cast of sight,
To give faire colour to that ladies cause in sight.

Straight to the carkeasse of that knight he went,
(The cause of all this evil, who was slaine
The day before by iust avengement
Of noble Tristram) where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that ladies fathers house he came;
Most peevish man, through feare what of his childre
became.

There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous knight, who her had reft
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witness thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

Most ioyfull man her sire was, her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld; no lesse the lady did advance.
Thus having her restored trustly,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploitte he did himselfe apply.

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chauncat to come whereas a iolly knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight;
For that himselfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from evovous eyes that mote him spight:
And eke the lady was full faire to see,
And courtous withall, becomming her degree.

To whom sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abscht, but more himselfe thereby,
That he so rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that knights conceiv'd displeasur,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at leisure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate:

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And pleasance of the place, the which was dight
With diverse bowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her bed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dight.

All sodainely out of the Forrest nere
The Blatant Beast furth rushing unaware
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her beare
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfure
Unto the knights, and calling off for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to resque the distressed mayde.

The beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her space
For to have spoyled her; when Calidore,
Who was mote light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in midst of his race;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

Who nathlesse, when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evil plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,
That he would let him breath nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

And now by this sir Calepine, so hight,
Came to the place where he his lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypp with griesly wound:
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stooping downe to her in dreary sround
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

So wth he set his beste paines apply,
That the faint spright he did reuoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality:
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside;
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assurauce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

Now whenas Phœbus With his fiery waide
Unto his inne began to draw apace;
Tho, waxing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not went on foote with heavy armes to trace;
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to gyde,
In hope there for his love some succout to pryde.

But, coming to the Hivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
No wist which way he through the fôrd mote pas:
Thus whilst he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed knight approaching to the place
With a faire lady lincd by his syde, [to ride,
The which themselves prepard thorough the fôrd

Whom Calpeine saluting, as became,
Beought of courtesie, in that his needs,
For safe conducting of his sickely dame
Through that same perillous fôrd with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed:
To whom that other did this taunt retorne;
"Perdy, thou peasant knight mightst rightly reed
Me thou to be full base and euill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scoorne.

"But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fere on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with bleeding paine,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vaine."
With which rude speach his lady much displeas'd
Dre him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And wou'd on her owne palfrey him have eas'd
For pity of his dame whom she saw so pleas'd.

Sir Calpeine her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentleness refus'd,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despite to be so fowle abus'd
Of a rude churle, whom often he accus'd
Of fowle discourtesie, thut for knight;
And, strongly wading through the waves unus'd,
With speare in th' one hand stayd himselfe upright,
With th' other staid his lady up with studdy might.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bankes beholding him;
At whose chancery, for more despite,
He laugh'd, and mockt to see his like to swim.
But whenas Calpeine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same carle with countenance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swim.
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe
and fell:

"Unknightly knight, the blemish of that vale,
And blot of all that armes upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant knight,
Unless thou dare, for thy deare ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laugh't them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scoorne the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calpeine offended,
That him to no revenge he fôrd could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemn'd.

But he, wought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turbed his steede about another way;
And with his lady to the castle rid,
Where was his wou; no did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sick charge some harbour there to seek;
Where he arrivng with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

But the rude porter that no blunders had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entrance boldly unto him forbad:
Nath'lesse the knight, now in so deddy case,
Gart him entreat even with subdillion base;
And humbly prayd to let them in that night:
Who to him answer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unless that with his lord he formerly did fight.

"Full loth am I," quoth he, "as now at eart
When day is spent, and rest of needeth moost;
And that this lady, both whose sides are peart
With wounds, is ready to forgo the host;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such courtesie afford,
Unless that I were cheruanto enforst:
But yet wread to me, how might thy lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of this
Ford?"

"His name," quoth he, "if that thou list to leard,
Is hight sir Turpine, one of mightie might
And manhood rare, but terrible and steard
In all manies to every errant knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle despite."
"It seemes," sayd he, "if he so valliant be,
That he should be so stern to stranger wight:
For seldome yet did living creature see
That courtesie and manhood ever disagree."

The groom went straightway in, and to his lord
 Declar'd the message which that knight did move;
 Who, sitting with his lady then at board,
 Not only did not his demand approve,
 But both himselfe revild and eke his love;
 Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
 Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
 And earnestly entreated that they might
 Find favour, to be lodged there for that same night.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
 Ne from his currish will awit reclame.
 Which answer when the groom returning brought,
 To Calpine, his heart did iuly flame
 With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
 That he could not thereof avenged be:
 But most for pity of his dearest dame,
 Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;
 Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy
 He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
 But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
 Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
 So downe he tooke his lady in distresse,
 And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
 Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
 Whiles he himselfe all night did mought but weepe,
 And wary watch about her for her safeguard keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
 Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
 Serena full of dolorous dismay,
 Twixt darknesse dread and hope of living light,
 Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
 Then Calpine, bowever inly wroth,
 And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
 Yet for the feeble ladies sake, full loth
 To make there longer stay, forth on his journey
 go'th.

He go'th on foote all armed by her side,
 Upstaying still herselfe upon her steede,
 Being unhable else alone to ride;
 So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
 Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
 He chaunst far off an armed knight to spy
 Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
 Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
 That meant to make advantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
 To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
 Tho, whenas he approached nigh in vew,
 By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
 To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
 Had him abside and shamed yesterday;
 Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde
 His former malice to some new assay,
 He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewise,
 And couching close his speare and all his powre,
 As bent to some malicious enterprise,
 He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
 Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure
 Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
 With that ran at him, as he would devoure
 His life atonce; who nought could do but shew
 The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

Yet he him still pursw'd from place to place,
 With full intent him cruelly to kill,
 And like a wilde gaste round about did chace
 Flying the fury of his bloody will:
 But his best succour and refuge was still
 Behind his ladies back; who to him cryde,
 And called off with prayers loud and shrill,
 As ever he to lady was affyde,
 To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager felcense him pursw'd;
 So that at length, after long weary chace,
 Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
 He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
 His violence in vaine; and with his speere
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood wensw'd
 In great abundance, as a well it were,
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appeere.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
 But chaste him still for all his ladies cry;
 Not satisfyde till on the fatal ground
 He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously;
 The which was certes in great inopardy,
 Had not a woodrous chaunce his reaks wrought,
 And saved from his cruell villany:
 Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thought!
 That in another canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calpine by a salvage man
 From Turpine rescuw'd is;
 And, whylist an infant from a beare
 He saves, his love doth misse.

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
 Having spent all her mastes and her groundhold,
 Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
 At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
 That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
 Such was the state of this most courteous knight
 Being oppress'd by that faytour bold,
 That he remayned in most perilous plight,
 And his sad ladie left in pitifull afright:

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
 A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
 Drawne with that ladies loud and piteous shrigh,
 Toward the same incessantly did runne
 To understand what there was to be done:
 There he this most discourteous craven found
 As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
 Chasing the gentle Calpine aound,
 Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

The salvage man, that never till this houre
 Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
 Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
 Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
 That even his ruder hart began to rew,
 And feele compassion of his evil plight,
 Against his foe that did him so pursw;
 From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
 And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
 Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
 Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
 But naked, without needfull vestiments
 To clad his corpse with meeke habiliments,
 He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
 No more then for the stroke of straws or bents:
 For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
 He was invulnerable made by magicks leire.

He stayed not t' advize which way were best
 His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
 But with fierce fury and with force inferat
 Upon him ran; who being well prepard
 His first assault full-warily did ward,
 And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
 Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
 That forth him backe recoyle and reele areare;
 Yet in his bodie made no wound nor blood appeare.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
 Like to a tygre that bath mist his pray,
 And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
 Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
 Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
 The salvage nation doth all dread despize:
 Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
 And held the same so hard, that by no wize
 He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
 And every way did try, but all in vaine;
 For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
 But bayld and puild with all his might and maine,
 That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
 Who having now no use of his long speare
 So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
 Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
 He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
 And him pursuwed with impörtune speed,
 For he was swift as any bucke in chace;
 And, had he not in his extremest need
 Bede helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
 He had him overtaken in his flight.
 Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
 Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
 And shrieked out; a thing uncomely for a knight.

But, when the salvage saw his labour vaine
 In following of him that fled so fast,
 He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
 With speede unto the place, whereas he last
 Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
 There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
 And eke the ladie fearefully aghost,
 Both for the perill of the present stound,
 And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
 From that vile kozell which her late offended;
 Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
 And perill, by this salvage man pretended;
 Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended
 By reason that her knight was wounded sore:
 Therefore herselfe she wholly recommended
 To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
 To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
 Came to her creeping like a fawning bound,
 And by rude tokens made to her appeare
 His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
 Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
 For other language had he none nor speach,
 But a soft murmure sad and confused sound
 Of senselesse words (which Nature did him teach
 T' expresse his passions) which his reason did com-
 peach:

And coming likewise to the wounded knight,
 When he beheld the streames of purple blood
 Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
 He made great thone after his salvage mood;
 And, running straight into the thickest wood,
 A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
 Whose vertue he by use well understood;
 The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
 And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched
 thought.

Then taking up that recreants shield and speare,
 Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
 With him to wend unto his wunning neare;
 To which he easily did them perswade.
 Farre in the Forrest, by a hollow glade
 Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading brode
 Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
 Where foot of living creature never trode,
 Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this
 wights abode.

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests;
 To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
 By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests:
 But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
 Must be their bed; their pillow was unsowed;
 And the frutes of the Forrest was their feast:
 For their bad stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
 Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
 Did taste the blood, obeying Natures first behest.

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
 They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
 Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
 And sav'd from being to that captive thrall.
 Here they of forme (as fortune now did fall)
 Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
 Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
 That, having there their wounds awhile redrest,
 They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

During which time that wyld man did apply
 His best endeavour and his daily paine
 In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
 For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine
 When ought he did, that did their lyking gains.
 So as ere long he had that knight's wound
 Recured well, and made him whole againe:
 But that same ladie hurts w^o herbe he found
 Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

Now whenas Calopine was woxen strong,
 Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
 To take the ayre and bears the thrushes song,
 Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
 And without sword his person to defend;
 There him befell, unlooked for before,
 An hard adventure with unhappie end,
 A cruell beare, the which so infant bore,
 Betwixt his bloodie iawes, besprinkled all with gore.

The little babe did loudly wecke and squall,
 And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill.
 As if his cry did mannes helpe to call
 To Calypso, whose eares these shriekes drew,
 Percing his heart, with pines point did thrill;
 That after him he ran with wretched haste
 To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
 Whom though he saw now somewhat swoopst,
 Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursued that.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
 Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,
 And hinder him from libertie to part:
 For having long time, as his dally wood,
 There went to weare, and went on foot for need,
 Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
 That like an hawk, which feeling herselfe freed
 From bales and leas which did let her flight,
 Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed de-
 light.

So well he sped him, that the wearie beare
 Ere long he overtook and forst to stay;
 And, without weapon him assaying neare,
 Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
 Wherewith the beate earg'd to loose his pray
 Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
 And furie, to be crossed in his way,
 Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
 To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

But the bold knight no whit threat dismayd,
 But catching up in hand a ragged stone
 Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
 Upon him ran, and thrust it all atones
 Into his gaping throte, that made him grove
 And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being unable to digest that bone;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
 Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
 Striving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
 He with him clood, and, laying mightie hold
 Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
 That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
 And, thus oppressing him with urgent paine,
 Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
 Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatening his sharpe claws, now wanting
 powrs to straine.

Then toke he up betwixt his armes twaine
 The little babe, sweet reliques of his pray;
 Whom pitying to heare so sore-complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray;
 And every little limbe he searcht around,
 And every part that under sweat-bands lay,
 Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
 Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
 He with him thought backe to returne againe;
 But when he loekt about on every syde,
 To weet which way were best to entertaine
 To bring him to the place where he would faine,
 He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
 Ne by inquire learne, nor ghesse by anye;
 For nought but woods and Forrests farr and nye,
 That all about did close the compass of his eye.

Much was he then assaulted, as could tell
 Which way to take: now west he went widd,
 Then south, then neither, but as fortune fell:
 So up and downe he wandred many a mile
 With wearie travell and uncertaine toyle,
 Yet nought the nearer to his journeyes end;
 And evermore his lovely little spoyle
 Crying for food did greatly him offend:
 So all that day, in wandring, vaine he did spend.

At last, about the setting of the Sonne,
 Himselfe out of the forest he did wynd,
 And by good fortune the plains champion wote:
 Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
 Some place of succour to content his mynd,
 At length he heard under the Forrests syde
 A voice, that seem'd of some womankyn,
 Which to herselfe lamenting kindly cryde,
 And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceived
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
 As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
 Of loth to let her sorrowe be bewrayd:
 Whom whenas Calypso saw so dismayd,
 He to her drew, and, with faire blandishment
 Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd;
 "What be you, wofull dame, which thus lament,
 And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not re-
 pent."

To whom she thus; "What need me, sir, to tell
 That which yourself have erst ased so right?
 A wofull dame ye have bene termed well;
 So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
 Cannot redressed be by living wight!"
 "Nathlesse," quoth he, "if need doe not you bynd,
 Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright:
 Ofttimes it hope that sorrowes of the mynd
 Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd."

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
 "Sith then ye needs will know the grieffe I heerd,
 I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
 The wife of bold sir Bruin, who is lord
 Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
 From a great gyant, called Cornocraust,
 Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
 And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
 That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

"So is my lord now seiz'd of all the land,
 As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
 And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
 Ne any dares with him for it debate:
 But to these happie fortunes cruell fate
 Hath ioyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
 All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate,
 And like in time to further ill to grow,
 And all this land with endless losse to over-flow.

"For th' Heavens, envying our prosperitie,
 Have set vouchsaf to graunt unto us twaine
 The gladdest blessing of posteritie,
 Which we might see after ourselves wretched
 In th' heritage of our unhappy paine:
 So that for want of heires it to defend,
 All is in time like to recurre againe
 To that state fere, who dayly doth attend
 To leape into the same after our lives end.

" But most my lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding moone, when he does thinke
That all this layd unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth rouse [damee.
In the next booke, by whom that seed should be for-

" Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
That from his side some noble chyld should rise,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant should with brave surprize
Quite overthrow, who now giues to despise
The good sir Bruin growing farre in years,
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise.
Lo! this my cause of grieft to you appeares;
For which I thus doe grieve, and pouce forth cease-
lesse teares."

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy grieft;
And, when he had devis'd of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the prieffe:
And, having cheerd her, thus said; " Faire dame,
In evill counsell is the comfort chieff;
Which though I be not wise enough to fraime,
Yet, as I will it meane, vouchsafe it without blame."

" If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
This little babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may embrace
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in chivalry,
Or square up in love of leasur'd philosophy,

" And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose lineage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have sprung bene
(As their victorious deedes have often shewn,
Being with fame through many nations blowne)
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap,
Therefore some thought that those brave ungs were
shewn

Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sup,
That made them grow so high & all honorable hap."

The ladie, heartning to his sensefull speech,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor reason,
Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach:
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and season;
And, having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

Right glad was Calpisne to be so rid
Of his young charge wherof he skilled nought;
Ne she lesse glad; for she so wysly did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That, when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne;
And it in goodly thewes so well brought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes; the which elsewhere
are shewne.

But Calpisne, now being left alone
Under the greenwoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from Heavens sight;
Albe that dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wand,
And offerd him, his courtesie to requite,
Both house and armes and whatso else to lend,
Yet be them all refus'd, though thank her as a friend;

And, for exceeding grieft which inly grew,
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despayt, to be so sorely lost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, no lig in ease set,
Till that his ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safety did remaine.

CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well,
Till she prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his squyre,
With the hermit leaves behynd.

O what an easie thing is to deery
The gentle blood, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hap't!
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt;
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guise, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame:
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when times shall be to tell the same.

Who, whenas now long time he lacked had
The good sir Calpisne, that farre was strayd,
Did waxe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afraid;
And, leaving there this ladie all dismayd,
Went forth straightway into the Forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde:
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where
he spyde.

Tho, backe returning to that sove dame,
He shewed a countenance of exceeding moone
By speaking signes, as he then best could fraime,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beaping his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament:
By which she well perceiv'ing what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe torment.

Upon the ground herself she fiercely threw,
 Regardless of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
 That with their blood did all the flore imbrow,
 As if her breast new launght with murderous knife
 Would straight dislodge the wretched wearie life:
 There she long groveling and deepe grooning lay,
 As if her vitall powers were at strife
 With stronger death, and feared their decay:
 Such were this ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom when the salvage saw so sore distressed,
 He reared her up from the bloodie ground,
 And sought, by all the means that he could best,
 Her-to recure out of that stony wound,
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
 Yet would she be recomforted for nought,
 Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
 But day and night did weke her carefull thought,
 And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
 She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
 And wend abroad, though feeble and furlorne,
 To seeke some comfort in that sorie case:
 His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
 Well as she could she got, and did bedight;
 And being thereon mounted forth did pace
 Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
 Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

Whom when her host saw readie to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But gan himselfe address to take her part.
 Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
 Had left behind, he gan eftsomnes prepare,
 And put them all about himselfe unfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
 But without sword upon his thigh to sit:
 Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
 That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
 A salvage man matcht with a ladie fayre
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might
 Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
 But he did her attend most carefully,
 And faithfully did serve both day and night
 Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
 Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
 It chaunst some furniture about her steed
 To be disordred by some accident;
 Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
 Of this her groomme; which he by signes did reede;
 And straight his combrous armes aside did lay
 Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed;
 And, in his homely wise, began to assay
 To amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
 Lo! where a knight, together with his squire,
 All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
 Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire
 After adventures, where they mote them get:
 Those were to west (if that ye it require)
 Prince Arthur and young Timias, which men^{cs}
 By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

After that Timias had againe recured
 The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
 And of her grace did stand againe assured,
 To happie blame he was full high assured,
 Nether of envy nor of change afear'd:
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
 And with unisat detraction him did beard;
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
 That in her sovaine lykng he dwelt evermore.

But, of them all which did his ruine seeke,
 Three mightie enemies did him wrost despight,
 Three mightie ones, and cruell minded ecke,
 That him not onely sought by open right
 To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
 The first of them by name was calld Decetto,
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and height;
 The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto;
 The third, nor strong nor wise but spightfullest,
 Defetto.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
 And severall deceipts, but all in vaine;
 For neither they by force could him destroy,
 Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil traine:
 Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
 They did their counsels now in one compound:
 Where singled forces failt, conioynd may gaine.
 The Blatant Beast the fittest means they found
 To worke his utter shame, and throughly him con-
 found.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
 When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
 They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
 To draw him from his deare beloved dame
 Unwares into the danger of defame:
 For well they wist that aquire to be so bold,
 That no one beast in Forrest wyde or tame
 Met him in chase, but he it challenge would, [should
 And plucke the pray oftymes out of their greedy

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
 Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
 Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
 Ne skillful of the uncouth inoparty;
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 That, his great force unable to endure,
 He forced was to turne from him and fly:
 Yet, ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
 Him hoodlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Securely he did after him pursue,
 Thinking by speed to overtake his flight;
 Who through thicke woods and brakes and briars
 him drew,
 To weary him the more and waste his spight,
 So that he now has almost spent his spright:
 Till that at length unto a woody glade
 He came, whose covert stopt his further sight;
 There his three foes sbrowded in guilefull shade
 Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

Sharply they all atonce did him assalle,
 Burning with inward rancour and despight,
 And heaped strokes did round about him halle
 With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
 Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
 Yet he them all so warily did ward,
 That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
 And all the while his backe for best safegard
 He lent against a tree, that backward onset bard.

Like a wyld bull, that, being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a cur-re-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that cur-re, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incommber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threatens his horus, and bellowes like the thonder:
So did that squire his foes disperse and drive asunder.

Him well behoved so; for his three foes
Sought to encompass him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose:
But, most of all, Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him-circumvent;
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent:
Yet be them all withstood, and often made relent.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Foll like ere long to have escaped hard;
Wheras unwarres he in the Forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be upon his gard;
With noise whereof the squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

Eftsoones he spide a knight approaching nye;
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, himself did faster hie
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pity so to see him overset:
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to pursue;
The covert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

Then, turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true squire;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; "My life, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or Heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where
bene weft?"

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the squire nought answered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seem'd fit time to entertaine:
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the mad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armouris lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
Which when that squire beheld, he to them stept
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him leapt, [kept:
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling

Grasping his grinded teeth with grisly looke,
And sparking fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his flat unwarres on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying band upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

With that alouds the faire Serena cryde
Unto the knight, them to dispart in twaine:
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was; and by what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand;
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

To whom she thus; "I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst dame that lives this day on ground,
Who both in minde (the which most grieveth me)
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this dreary stound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, unceath is to define.

"In salvage Forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wyld man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert Forrests bred,
It is most strange and wonderful to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

"Let me therefore this favour for him Aske,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to prove your power on wight so weake!"
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure brake,
That they to pity turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

So, having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to procede;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:
And eke this squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas [has.
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed

So forth they rode together all in troupe [ease
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some
To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe:
And all the way the prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Some while with merry purpose, fit to please,
And other while with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the paine did them tor-
ment.

Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foule discourtesies and unknighly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late
Without compassion of her cruell smart:
Although Blandin did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of makee, without her dearts,
Not onely her enclosed late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary knight.

Wherewith the prince sore moved there avoud
That, soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shameful knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way;
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which among it may.

And nigh thereto a little chappell stode,
Which being all with yvy overcrawped
Docks all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire brancched over head:
Therein the hermite, which his life here led
In straight observances of religious vow,
Was wont his bowres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now, {nor how.
Whennas these knights arriv'd, they wist not where

They stayd not there, but straightway in did pas:
Whom when the hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion straight he troubled was;
Which braking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave beseeching grace:
For well it seem'd that whilome he had bene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with cur'tsie well beseeue:

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowned much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now, and weary to
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disavow;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incumbrance did himselfe as-
toyle.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
For his owne turve; yet inly neat and cleue,
Docket with greene boughes and flowers gay beseeue:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged shewes, as fittir beene
For coorting foles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, he did of want complaine,
But, being well suffic'd, them rested faine:
But fair Serena all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blistant Beast
Had given them, whose griefs through suffrance
sore increast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing carely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some amangement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight
Unto their journey; but that squire and dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one shote to frame:
Their hearts were sick; their sides were sore;
their feete were lame.

Therefore the prince, whom great affaires in trynd
Would not permit to make there longer stay,
Was forced there to leave them both beynd
In that good hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: so forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage (that whyleaste
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be che-
where.

CANTO VI.

The hermite heales both squire and dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeat and shame
For his late villainies.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysonous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are helish paine.

Such were the woundes the which that Blistant Beast
Made in the bodies of that squire and dame;
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:
Howbe that careful hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysonous humour which did most infest {drest.
Their rankling woundes, and every day them duly

For he right well in leaches craft was seene;
And, through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tosed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforce, and them recured aright;
And all the passions heale, which wound the weaker
spright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
In which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies:
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He took himselfe unto this hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festered privily;
And, ranciling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be disciplind
With wholesome reeds of ad sobriety,
To rule the stubborn rage of passion blinde:
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd: "Faire daughter dame,
And you, faire sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came;
In vaing of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie:

"For in yourselve your onely helpe doth lie
To heale yourselve, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
First learne your outward senses to refrain
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eie, your eares, your tongue, your talk re-
straine [taine
From that they most affect, and in due termes cou-

"For from those outward senses, ill affected,
The seeds of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppress with little thing:
But, being grown strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts; and lastly, scattering
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his final bane.

"For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venomous and keene,
Made all of rusty-yeen ranciling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteth not to weene.
With salve, or antidote, or other mone,
It ever to amend: no marvels ought;
For that same beast was bred of hellish strome,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught:

"Echidna is a monster direfull dred,
Whom gods doe hate, and Heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts profess
A faire young mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous dragon, full of fearfull ugliness.

"To her the gods, for her so dreadfull face,
In fearfull darkness, furthest from the skie
And from the Earth, appointed have her place
Amongst rocks and caves, where she enrol'd doth lie
In hideous horror and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age:
There did Typhacoe with her company;
Cruell Typhacoe, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' Heavens tremble oft, and him with roves
awage.

"Of that complexion they did then begot
This hellish dog, that hight the Blastant Beast;
A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysonous gall forth to infect
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever might that bore so lofty crest,
Ne ever ladie of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

"In vaine therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
That rather needes wise reed and discipline
Then outward salves that may augment it more."
"Aye me!" sayd then Serena, sighing sore,
"What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore!"
"But sith we need good counsell," sayd the swaine,
"Aread, good sirs, some counsell that may us sus-
taine."

"The best," sayd he, "that I can you advize,
Is, to avoide th' occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evill doth arise,
Remov'd is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restrain your will;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill;
Shun secrete, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight."

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly bearken to his grave behest,
And kept so well his wise commandments,
That in short space their maladie was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull beast [ocass
Was thoroughly heal'd. The when they did see
Their wounds recur'd, and fores raincreast,
Of that good beraiter both they took their leave,
And went both on their way; ne ead would other
leave:

But each the other wou'd accompanie;
The lady, for that she was much in dreed,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy isle unmeetly set,
And a lowd foole her leading thorough dry and wet,

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof herself she did acquite,
I must a while forbear to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton prince did lise,
Pursuing that proud knight, the which whileare
Wrought to sir Calepine so foule despight;
And eke his lady, though she sickly were,
So lowly had abuse, as ye did lately heare.

The prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serena to him delivered had,
Purs'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeanes and usages bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wyld man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor fur being shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendment.

Arriving there, as did by chance befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble foete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

Ere long to him a homely groomme there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his lords forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the prince, him sayning to embase,
Mytde answer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why? his lord of old
Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

Which when the salvage coming now in place
Beheld, estaones he all cowaged grew,
And, rannaing straight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all his peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that some knight and salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently:
But the bold prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell (fell)
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him

Yet he them still so sharply did pursew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evill tydings to their lord to shew:
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same knight
And salvage with their blood fresh steaming red,
He wone nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight;

"Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this unmauly maner,
And now triumphest in the pitsons spoile [nor
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black disho-
And foule defame dot decke thy bloody baner?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end which still attendeth on her."
With that himselfe to battell he did frame; [came.
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppress,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addressse:
And evermore that cravcu coward knight
Was at his hacke with heartlesse hoodnesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

Whereof whenas the priuce was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement:
So likewise turnde the prince upon the knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turnd' abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick presse, there thinking him to
hyde:

But, when the prince had once him plainly eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde;
But, joyning close, huge lode at him did lay;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

But, when his foe he still so eger saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the prince him ever foot forsake
Whereso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chase;
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

At last he up into the chamber came
Wheres his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the priuce him overtake anon
Crying in vaine to her him to besome;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swoone:
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempered Steele did not into his braynepan byte.

Which when the ladie saw, with great affright
She starting up began to shriek aloud;
And, with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And, falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd;
That, with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover;
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rise,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the priuce his basenesse did despise;
And eke his dame, him seeing in such guise,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare:
Who rising up at last in ghastly wise,
Like dreadfull ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him sheat,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd ;
" Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
That euer I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytize so unworthie art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knight-
lesse part.

" Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare :
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
T' erect this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant knights and ladies thou dost rewe ;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms despoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare :
Yet dost thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

" And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame ; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercise,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight ;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this world's sight :
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong
then right.

" Yet, since thy life unto this ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne !
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Who thus to profess ; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne ;
But onely breath, aith that I did forgive !"
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine ;
And layng yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine ;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattered sheeps, to seeke for salucie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did be,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the prince so felly saw to rage,
Approaching to him neere, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to saruage :
Who them perceiving, straight to him obeyd,
As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his hearts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
Into the chamber, where that dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

Whom when the salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his ladie there at ease,
He well remembered that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his lord for to displease :
Tho all in rage he on him streight did cease,
As if he would in peeces him have rent ;
And, were not that the prince did him appease,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent : [meat.
But streight he held his hand at his commaunds-

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The prince himselfe there all that night did rest ;
Where him Blandins fayrely entertayned
With all the courtous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best :
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest ;
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by
wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some bid end to make more easie way,
Or to allude such feendings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay :
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listd she could fawne and flatter ;
Now smyling smoothly like to summers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter ;
Yet were her words hut wynd, and all her tears but
water.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women woot their guilefull wits to guyde ;
Or leard the art to please, I doe not fynd :
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacifyde
The wrathfull prince, and wrought her husbands
Who nathelless, not therewith satisfyde, [peace :
His rancorous despyght did not release,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse :

For all that night, the whiles the prince did rest
In carelesse couch not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent :
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the prince did early rise,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine ;
And layng yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine ;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattered sheeps, to seeke for salucie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did be,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld ; his two knights
Doe gaize their treasons need.
Fayre Mirabellases punishment
For Loves disdainde decreed.

Like as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with frants delight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight :
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile doughill mind ;
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrave
He gan devise to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore, so soon as he was out of view,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursue.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approach in dangers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chance were blowne,
Betwixt them to divide and each to make his owne.

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischefe which he only meut,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge knight, that neare sfore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare ladie hent;
Which if they would afford him syde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights believ'd that all he sayd was trow;
And, being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offered meed:
Said then the one of them; "Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?"

"He rides," said Turpine, "there not farre sfore,
That a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde."
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devising of his love more then of danger drad.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe; "False traytour knight,
Foule woman-wrongs!"—for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th' one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the Hea-
vens darke.

But th' other, ayinging better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the sflowre:
But the stout prince with much more stoddy stowre,
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
That the cold steele through piercing did devoure
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his-own bloody gore.

As when a cast of faulces make their flight
At an harneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might
The warie foule his bill doth backward wing;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;
But th' other, not so swift as she before, [more,
Fayles of her course, and passing by doth hurt no

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so distast sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight:
But the steele-head so steadfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he cryd.

Not so the prince; for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hold, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And, to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearfull swayne beholding death so nigh
Cryde out aloud, for metraie, him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descree
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave,
Then thus said he; "There is a straunger knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his bid despight,
For that himselfe theretodid want sufficient might."

The prince much mused at such villenie, [meed;
And sayd; "Now sere ye well have earn'd your
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unless to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischief breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weake
He would surceasse, but him whereso he were would
seeke.

So up he rose, and forth straightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine lyes he bore;
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
And grisly wounds, that him appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said; "How now, sir Knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule unesomely plight, [sight?"
So different from that which erst ye seem'd in

"Perdie," said he, "in evill boure it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a task as life for hyre to sell;
The which I erst adventur'd for your sake:
Witness the wounds, and this wide bloodie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeold, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have, that life so dearely did redeeme."

"But where then is," quoth he halfe wrathfully,
 "Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
 That cursed caytive, my stroong enemy,
 That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?
 And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?"
 "He lyes," said he, "upon the cold bare ground,
 Stayne of that errant knight with whom he fought;
 Whom afterwards myselve with many a wound
 Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound."

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
 And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
 Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
 For else his feare could not be satisfide.
 So, as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
 With stromes of bloud; which tractyng by the traile,
 Ere long they came, wheras in evill tyde
 That other wayne, like hales deadly pale,
 Lay in the lap of death, rowing his wretched bale.

Much did the craven seeme to mone his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
 And, him bewayling with affection base,
 Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
 For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
 Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
 Wherwas the prince himselfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground, [wound.
 Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
 Having his armes and warlike things undight,
 Fearslesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To doe some thing, that seemed to him best;
 The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,
 Like to the evening starre adorn'd with dewy ray.

Whom wheras Turpin saw so loosely layd,
 He weeped well that he indeed was dead,
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
 But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
 Plaine signes in him of life and liveliead.
 Wherewith much griev'd against that straunger knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He would have backe rettyred from that sight,
 That was to him on Earth the deadliest despyght.

But that same knight would not once let him start;
 But plainly gan to him declare the case
 Of all his mischief and late lucklesse smart;
 How both he and his fellow there in place
 Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
 And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
 Had vow'd unto the victor, him to trace
 And follow through the world wherso he went,
 Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
 Began to tremble every limbe and veine;
 And, softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd
 T'advise him better then by such a traine
 Him to betray unto a stranger swaine:
 Yet rather counsell'd him contrarywise,
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
 To joyne with him and vengeance to devise,
 Whyleast time did offer meanes him sleeping to sur-
 prise.

Nathlesse, for all his speech, the gentle knight
 Would not be tempted to such villenie,
 Regarding more his feith which he did plight,
 All were it to his mortal!l enemy,
 Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
 Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
 Thus whylest they were debating diversie,
 The salvage forth out of the wood issew'd [vew'd.
 Backe to the place, wherwas his lord he sleeping

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
 And, throwing downe his load out of his hand,
 (To weet, great store of Forrest frute which hee
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
 Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
 That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
 Rent by the roo; which he so sternly shoote,
 That like an hazel wand it quivered and quooke.

Wherewith the prince awaking, when he spyde
 The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
 He started up; and snatching neare his syde
 His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
 Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
 And his left hand upon his collar layd.
 Therewith the coward, deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
 But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But, as he lay upon the bumbled gras,
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
 Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
 Then, letting him arise like abieft thrall,
 He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
 And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

And after all, for greater infamie,
 He by the beeles him hung upon a tree,
 And baffuld so, that all which passed by
 The picture of his punishment might see,
 And by the like ensample warned bee,
 However they through treason doe trespassse.
 But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
 Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
 Led by a carle and foole which by her side did passe.

She was a ladie of great dignitie,
 And lifted up to honorable place,
 Famous through all the land of Faerie:
 Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
 Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Nature's grace,
 That all men did her person much admire,
 And praise the feature of her goodly face;
 The beames wherof did kinde lovely fire
 In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle
 squire:

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
 That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
 But scord them all that love unto her ment;
 Yet was she lord of many a worthy pere:
 Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
 That could not weigh of worthinesse aright:
 For beantie is more glorious bright and cleare,
 The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
 And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

But this coy damzell thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her prayed more;
And that, the more she did all love despise,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did weale or watch the wearis night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any night,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

Through such her stubborne stiffnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whyles she, the ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:
What could the gods doe more, but doe it more
aright?

But loe! the gods, that mortall follies view,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whyles she did weepe, of no man mercifide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort, [report;
That of their loves successe they there may make

It fortun'd them, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he waxed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or begyled,
He had his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a iurie was impaned straight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away contayd:
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murdered cruelly by a rebellious mayd.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indicted was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scoonefull lasses.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A bayliffe errant forth in post did pame,
Whom they by name there Portsmore old call;
He which doth summon lovers to Loves judgement
hall.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned:
But she there: oould plead, nor answer ought,
Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned:
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like: which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repressse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wilderness
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie leares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace;
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before, [place,
Through her spiteous pride, whyles love lackt
She had destroyed two and twenty more. [fore:
Aie me, how could her love make half amends there-

And now she was upon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle squire, with faire serene,
Met her in such miscomely foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demean
With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make; and ecke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands unclean
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her
doole.

Ne ought it mote avails her to eutreat
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse:
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with wearisome sigh dead,
Yet would not let her live, nor rest a little stead:

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And ecke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a gyant monstrous:
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old gyants, which did warres darraigne
Against the Heavens in order battailous;
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, whenas Unas knight he did maintaine.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fery eyes,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a crane, did stryde
At every step upon the tiptoes his;
And, all the way he went, on every eyde
He gaz'd about and stared horrible,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malabar, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was Didaïne, who led that ladies horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and
through plains,

Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen reins:
But that same foole, which most increaseth her paines,
Was Scorne; who, having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks; and still, when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

Whose cruell handling when that squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse
As such a lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And, maugre all his might, hacke to relent:
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly absent.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather than ouce his burden to sustaine:
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide [pride.
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his

Like as a mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret
And fume in his disdainfull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

Nathelesse so sharply still he him purswd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rowd)
And with his yron club to ground him strroke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,
Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: tho, when he up did looke
And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd
Him often scourg'd, and forst his fecte to fynd:
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of scorn-
ing growes.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought
To seeke for safety; which long time she sought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepinc was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellæ fortunes I doe farther say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Didaïne;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of salvages,
By Calepinc is freed.

Ya gentle ladies, in whose sovaine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternal dowe,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift;
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe
abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Ensample take of Mirabellæ case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touch'd with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify;
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met prince Arthure with sir Enias,
(That was that courteous knight, whom he before
Having subdu'd yet did to life restore;)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

The squire himselfe, whenas he saw his lord
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all;
Shame would be hid: but whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmowed therewithall;

And to the prince thus said; "See you, sir Knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yond lady and her squire with foule despite
Abuse, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pity or of awe!
See! how they doe that squire beat and revile!
See! how they doe the lady hale and draw!
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them some acquite, and both of blame as-
sole."

The prince asserted; and then he, straightway
 Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
 With which approaching thus he gan to say;
 "Abide, ye caylive treachetours untrew,
 That have with treason thrall'd unto you
 These two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
 And now your crime with cruelty pursue:
 Abide, and from them lay your loathly haps;
 Or else abide the death that hard before you stands."

The villaine stayd not answer to invent;
 But, with his yron club preparing way,
 His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
 The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
 That seem'd nought the course thereof could stay,
 No more then lightening from the lofty sky:
 He list the knight the powre thereof assay,
 Whose doome was death; but, lightly slipping by,
 Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

And, to requite him with the like againe,
 With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
 And strooke so strongly, that the carle with paine
 Sav'd himselfe but that he there him slew;
 Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
 And gave his foe good hope of victory:
 Who, therewith flesht, upon him set anew,
 And with the second stroke thought certainly
 To have supplyde the first, and paid the usury.

But Fortune answered not unto his call;
 For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
 The villaine met him in the middle fall,
 And with his club bet backe his broad-yrone bright
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
 Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe
 He driven was to ground in selfe despairight;
 From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
 He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdain.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
 Came running in; and, whilst on ground he lay,
 Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
 That downe he kept him with his scornfull sway,
 So as he could not weld him any way:
 The whiles that other villaine went about
 Him to have bound and thrall'd without delay;
 The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
 Threatning to yoke them two and tame their cpr-
 age stout.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
 By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,
 They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
 Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
 So did these two this knight oft tug and teare.
 Which when the prince beheld, there standing by,
 He left his lofty speede to aide him neare;
 And, buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely by
 Upon that carle, to save his friend from jeopardy.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
 To be captiv'd and banded as he list,
 Himselfe address't unto this new debate,
 And with his club him all about so blist,
 That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
 Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes a low,
 Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
 Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

But yet the prince so well enured was
 With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
 That way to them he gave forth right to pass;
 Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
 But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
 At last the caylive after long discourse,
 When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
 Resolved in one ' assemble all his force,
 And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
 And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
 Thought sure have powdered him to powder soft,
 Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre;
 But Fortune did not with his will conspire:
 For, ere his stroke attayped his intent,
 The noble child, preventing his desire,
 Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
 And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
 Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
 That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
 But all that leg, which did his body beare,
 It crackt throughout, (yet did no blood appeare)
 So as it was unable to support
 So huge a burden on such broken geare,
 But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt;
 Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Etsoones the prince to him full nimble stopt,
 And, least he should recover foote againe,
 His head meant from his shoulders to have swept:
 Which when the lady saw, she cryde amaine;
 "Stay, stay, sir Knight, for love of God abstaine
 From that unwares ye westlesse doe intend;
 Slay not that carle, though worthy to be slaine;
 For more on him doth then himselfe depend;
 My life will by his death have lamentable end."

He staide his hand according her desire,
 Yet nathemore him suffred to arise;
 But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
 What meaning mote those uncouth words comprise,
 That in that villaines health her safety lies;
 That were so might in man, nor heart in knights,
 Which durst her dreaded rescue enterprize,
 Yet Heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
 Would for itselfe redresse, and punish such des-
 pignts.

Then hunting forth in teares, which gushed fast
 Like many water-streams, awhile she stayd;
 Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
 Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
 "Nor Heavens, nor men, can me most wretched mayd
 Deliver from the doome of my desert,
 The which the god of love hath on me layd,
 And damned to endure this direfull spart,
 For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

"In primes of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
 Of beauty gan to bud, and blossom delight;
 And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowrs
 Of all her gifts, that please each living sight;
 I was below'd of many a gentle knight,
 And sude and sought with all the service dew:
 Full many a one for me deepe ground and sigh't,
 And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
 Complaining out on me that would not on them rew.

"But let them love that list, or live or die;
 Me list not die for any lovers dole;
 Ne list me leave my loved libertie
 To pity him that list to play the foole:
 To love myself I learned had in schoole.
 Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
 And, sitting careless on the scorers stooles,
 Did laugh at these that did lament and plaine:
 But all is now repayd with interest againe.

"For loe! the winged god, that woundeth hearts,
 Cause me be called to accompt therefore;
 And for revengement of those wrongfull smart,
 Which I to others did inflict afore,
 Addoos'd me to endure this penance sore;
 That in this wise, and this unmette array,
 With these two lewd companions, and no more,
 Didaime and Soorne, I through the world should stray,
 Till I have sav'd so many as I erst did slay."

"Certes," sayd then the prioe, "the god is iust,
 That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile:
 For were no law in love, but all that lust
 Might them oppresse, and painfully turmoile,
 His kingdome would continue but a while.
 But tell me, lady, wherefore doe you beare
 This bottle thus before you with such toile,
 And eke this wallet at your backe arreare,
 That for these caries to carry much more comely
 were?"

"Here in this bottle," sayd the sory mayd,
 "I put the tears of my contrition,
 Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
 And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
 I put penance for things past and gon.
 Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
 That all which I put in falls out anon,
 And is behinde me trudden downe of Soorne,
 Who mocketh all my paine, and laughes the more
 I mourn."

The infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
 And wondred much at Cupids iudgment wise,
 That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
 And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.
 Then suffred he Didaime up to arise,
 Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
 By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,
 Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
 Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
 As if he never had received fall;
 And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
 As if he would have daunted him withall:
 And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
 Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
 As if such pride the other could asail;
 Who was so far from being ought amazed,
 That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraised.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
 Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
 He from those hands weend him to have unwound;
 But when approaching neare he plainly found
 It was his owne true grooms, the gentle squire,
 He therat went exceedingly astound,
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
 Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane while the salvage man, when he beheld
 That huge great foole oppressing th' other knight,
 Whom with his weight unwedly downe he held,
 He flew upon him like a greedy kight
 Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
 And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
 Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
 And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
 So sore him scourgeth that the blood downe followeth.

And sure I weene, had not the ladies cry
 Proov'd the prince his cruell hand to stay,
 He would with whipping him have done to dye:
 But, being cheekt, he did abstaine straightway
 And let him rise. Then thus the prince gan say;
 "Now, lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
 That, if ye list have liberty, ye may;
 Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose, [lose."
 Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines

"Ah! nay, sir Knight," said she, "it may not be,
 But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
 This penance, which enjoyned is to me,
 Least unto me betide a greater ill:
 Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will."
 So humbly taking leave she turnd aside:
 But Arthure with the rest went onward still
 On his first quest, in which did him betide
 A great adventure, which did him from them divide.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
 Of faire Soorne; who, as erst you heard,
 When first the gentle squire at variance fell
 With those two caries, fled fast away, afraid
 Of villany to be to her inferd:
 So fresh the image of her former dread,
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
 That every foote did tremble which did tread,
 And every body two, and two she foure did read.

Through hills and dales, through bushes and through
 breres,
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
 Herselfe now past the perill of her feares:
 Then looking round about, and seeing nought
 Which doubt of daunger to her offer brought,
 She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
 And, sitting downe, herselfe awhile bethought
 Of her long travell and turmoyleing paine;
 And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
 The good sir Calepine, her owne true knight,
 As th' onely author of her wofull time;
 For being of his love to her so light,
 As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
 Yet never turtle truer to his make,
 Then he was tride unto his lady bright:
 Who all this while endured for her sake
 Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

Tho whenas all her plaints she had displayd,
 And well disbarbened her grievied breast,
 Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd;
 Where, being tyred with travell, and opprest
 With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest:
 There whilst in Morpheus bosome asse she lay,
 Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
 False Fortune did her safety betray
 Unto a strange mischance, that menas'd her decay.

In these wyde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive.)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

Thereto they used one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devour, which on their border
Were brought by error or by wreckfull wynde:
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

Some as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselves! but when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devise what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better:
Then, when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of god she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrifice,
Whose share, her guiltlesse blood they would present:
But of her dainty flesh they did devise
To make a common foast, and feed with garmandize.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose;
Some wbet their knives, and strip their elboes bare:
The priest himselve a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloody vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

The damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brazen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefull eyes,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid bew
Benumbs her cheekes: then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breast embrew.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in perces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth heare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly treasures of nature appear:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes.

Her yvory neck; her alabaster breast;
Her paps, which like white silken pillows were
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an altar did itselfe upere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon [won.
The spoiles of princes hang'd which were in basted

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyres;
And some of them gan amongst themselves devise
Thereof by force to take their beasty pleasure:
But them the priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasures [measure.
Vow'd to the gods: Religion held even theeves in

So, being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the Heavens wyde
By this dispoed, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a damnable deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowers which they nigh hand
obtainyd.

Tho, whenas all things readie were aright,
The damzell was before the altar set,
Being already dead, with fearefull fright:
To whom the priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certain secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Wherat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the baggyppes and the hornes to shrill
And skrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune bether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in beavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endless toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weeltise of the wretched stormen
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast, [part
And catching up his arms streight to the noise forth

There by th' uncerteine glime of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyled of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groving sore from grievd hart entire:
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Redie to launch her breast, and let out loved life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng;
 And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
 He him preventing lays on earth along,
 And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends:
 Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
 Of whom he makes such havoc and such hew,
 That swarwes of damned soules in Hell he sends:
 The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
 Fly like a focke of doves before a falcouns vew.

From them returning to that ladie backe,
 Whom by the altar he doth sitting find
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
 Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind;
 He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
 And then to question of her present woe;
 And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind:
 But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
 One word durst speake, or answer him a whit
 thereto.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
 She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
 That though the sight did cover her disgrace,
 Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood:
 So all that night to him unknown she past:
 But day, that doth discover bad and good,
 Forseeing, made her knowne to him at last:
 The end whereof ile keepe untill another cast.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
 And loves fayre Pastorell:
 Coridon caries him, yet he,
 For ill, rewards him well.

Now turns againe my tale, thou iolly swayne,
 Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
 I lately left a furrow one or twayne
 Unplough'd, the which my coultter had not cleft;
 Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
 As I it past; that were too great a shame,
 That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,
 Which should befall to Calidores immortall name.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
 And toyle endured, with I left him last
 Against the Blatant Beast; which I forborne
 To finish then, for other present hast.
 Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
 Through hills, through dales, through forests, and
 through plaines,
 In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
 Which he achiev'd to his owne great gaines,
 Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the monster did pursue,
 That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
 Ne rested he himselve (but natures dew)
 For dread of daunger not to be restrest,
 If he for slouth forsackt so famous quest.
 Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
 And from the citties to the townes him prest,
 And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
 And from the countrie back to private farmes he
 scoursd.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
 Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
 And shepherds singing, to their fockes that fed,
 Lays of sweet love and youtles delightfull heat:
 Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
 He followed fast, and chased him so nie,
 That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
 And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to fie.

There on a day, as he pursu'd the chace,
 He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes
 Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
 The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes;
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought:
 To whom sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
 And them to tell him courteously besought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thether
 brought.

They answer'd him that no such beast they saw,
 Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
 Their happie fockes, nor daunger to them draw;
 But if that such there were (as none they kead)
 They prayd high God them farre from them to send:
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
 After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
 Offred him drinks to quench his thirstie heat,
 And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
 They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
 Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
 Tho, having fed his fill, he there beyde
 Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
 Of sondry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
 Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands
 had dyde.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
 Higher then all the rest, and round about
 Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
 Of lovely lasses; and them all without
 The lustie shepheard swayne sate in a rout,
 The which did pype and sing her praynes dew,
 And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder about,
 As if some miracle of heavenly bew
 Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
 And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
 Which she did more augment with modest grace
 And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
 Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
 Did for their soveraine goddesses esteeme,
 And, caroling her name both day and night,
 The fayrest Pastorells her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepherds swayne,
 But her did honour; and eke many a one
 Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
 Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
 But most of all the shepheard Coridon
 For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
 Yet neither she for him nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking had: [ascend.
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind

Her whyles sir Calidore there viewed well,
 And markt her rare demaure, which him seemed
 So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
 To be a princes paragone esteemed,
 He was unware surpris'd in subtle bands
 Of the blynd boy; ne thence could be redeemed
 By any skill out of his cruell hands; [stands.
 Caught like the bird which gazing still on others

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
 Ne any will had thence to move away,
 Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay
 And sate there still, until the flying day
 Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
 Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
 And evermore his speach he did apply [taxy.
 To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fan-

By this the moystie Night approaching fast
 Her dewy humour gaz on th' earth to shed,
 That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
 Their tender flocke, now being fully fed,
 For feare of wetting them before their bed:
 Then came to them a good old aged syre,
 Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
 With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
 That wil'd the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet, by common voice, esteemed
 The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
 And of herselfe in very dede so deemed;
 Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
 Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
 In th' open fields an infant left alone;
 And, taking up, brought home and nursed well
 As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
 That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
 And streight unto her litte flocke did fare:
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
 Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
 Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
 Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
 To helpe faire Pastorella borne to drive
 Her floecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
 Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
 And night arrived hard at hand, began
 Him to invite unto his simple home;
 Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
 And all things therein meane, yet better so
 To lodge then in the salvage fields to come.
 The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
 Being his harts owne wish; and home with him did
 go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
 And of his aged beldame homely well;
 Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
 And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
 By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
 After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
 And, supper readie dight, they to it fell
 With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
 The which doth litte crave contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
 And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away;
 The gentle knight, as he that did excell
 In courtesie and well could doe and say,
 For so great kindness as he found that day
 Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife:
 And, drawing thence his speach another way,
 Gan highly to commend the happie life [strife.
 Which shepheards lead, without debate or bitter

"How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state
 In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,
 Leading a life so free and fortunate
 From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
 Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
 Where warres, and wrockes, and wicked comitie
 Doe them afflict, which no man can appease!
 That certes I your happinesse envie,
 And wish my lot were piast in such felicitie!"

"Surely, my soune," then answer'd he againe,
 "If happie; then it is in this intent,
 That having small yet doe I not complaine
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But doe my selfe, with that I have, content;
 So taught of nature, which doth litte need
 Of forreine helpe to lifes due nourishment:
 The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

"Therefore I doe not any one envy,
 Nor am envyde of any one therefore;
 They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
 And store of cares doth follow riches store.
 The litte that I have growes dayly more
 Without my care, but onely to attend it;
 My lambs doe every yeare increase their score,
 And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
 What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth
 send it!

"To them, that list, the worlds gay shewes I leave,
 And to great ones such follie doe forgive;
 Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
 And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
 To sad decay, that might contented live.
 Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
 Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
 But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
 And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

"Sometimes I hunt the fow, the vowed foe
 Unto my lambs, and him dislodg away;
 Sometime the fawne I practise how to doe,
 Or from the goat her kiddes, how to convey;
 Another while I baytes and nets display
 The birds to catch or fishes to beguyle;
 And, when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
 My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle;
 And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throate
 doth boyle.

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
 When pride of youth forth pricked my deaire,
 That I disdain'd amongst mine equal peares
 To follow sheepe and shepheards base attyre;
 For further fortune then I would inquire:
 And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
 Where I did sell myselfe for yearly hire,
 And in the princes gardin daily wrought:
 There I beheld such vaineesse as I never thought.

" With sight whereof some cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myselfe to blame,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare:
Thou, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

Whylost thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hing still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empiert his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was always bent;
That twist his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe-entraunced grew.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; " Now surely, syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadows to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Farelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which toseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every chaunges dread.

" That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great monstg whom I woo,
And now have provid what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great lordship and ambition;
And wish the Heavens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

" In vaine," said then old Melibee, " doe men
The Heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;
Sith they know best what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use,
For not that, which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his
brest.

" It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poure:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches: fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devise;
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

" Since then in each mans self," said Calidore,
" It is up fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave aw hyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate.
In seas of troubles and of toylelesse paine;
That, whether quite from them far to retrate
I shall resolve or backe to turne againe,
I may here with yourselfe some small repose obtaine.

" Not that the burden of so hold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my hovre and hall:
Besides, for recompence herooft, I shall
You well reward, and golden guardon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live." [drive.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake; " Sir Knight, your bounteous
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display [proffer
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with dangers dread:
But, if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to yourselfe aread."

So there that night sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
Daily beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to queech his fire he did it more augment.

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quiet usage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene;
But, being bred under base shepherds wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things;
Did little whit regard his courteous guise,
But cared more for Calios carolings
Then all that he could doe, or o'er devise; [spize.
His layes, his loves, his looks, she did them all de-

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himselfe address
In shepherds weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of Steele-head speare, a shepherds hooke;
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Benooe sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke; love so much
could.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that strangers guise,
And many jealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and loog paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were;
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there, [dere.
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loare
And byte his lip, and even for gealouie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good boure,
That, all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her address,
He would commend his guift, and make the best:
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to faucie in her brest:
This new-come shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day, whenas the shepheard swaynes together
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee;
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellas grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

But Calidore, of courtesie inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Pastorellin, him to grace,
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woz frolicke, that erst seemed dead.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their iudge did Pastoralla chose;
A garland was the meed of victory:
Thus Coridon, forth stepping, openly
Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practis'd was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his
foe great shame.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wozne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abear
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour: so it surely wrought
With this faire mayd, and in her mynds the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearly
bought.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell;
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
Was favoured and to hef grace commended:
But what strange fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilst Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Faery queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chasing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath more
engrieved.

That from henceforth he means no more to see
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour fed with light report
Of every blast, and sayling alwaies in the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low;
For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which thers doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hills, in woods, in dales;
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bailes.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
The glance whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that shame-shine, that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianses heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will de-
clare.

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilst his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the Earth which were:
For all that ever was by Natures skill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there;
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

It was an hill plaite in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to dis-
clo which all trees of honour stately stood, {daine;
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre :

And at the foote thereof a gentle fad
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unward with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wykde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto appoch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphes and Faeries by the bauks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serue to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
No ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlocke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court
And in her coveraine majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refuse and thought unfit.

Unto this place whenas the Elfin knight
Appoch, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unware to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did hyde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himselfe his eyes envye,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All rauaged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

All they without were rauaged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the middert of those same three was placed
Another damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enched,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much
graced.

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridele bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright Heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tel:
But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to exceli,
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her beseme: and ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowers that far did smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw; [dew.
But, most of all, those three did har with gifts eu-

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaidens of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowd of them: but that faire one,
That in the midst was placed parauaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, to weete, that iolly shepheards lasse,
Which piped thers unto that merry root;
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poor Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.
Pypte, iolly shepheard, pypte thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place;
Thy love is there aduaunt to be another Grace.

Much woodred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene;
And standing long astonishd in upright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties queene,
Or nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But, soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great moore for that unhappy tarme:
But Calidore, though no lesse sorry wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to moorne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote
learne:

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake;
" Hail, iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leade in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me what mote these dainty damzels be, {playes:
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant
Right happy thee, that mayest them freely see!
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

"Not I so happy," answer then that swaine,
 "As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chase,
 Whom by no means thou canst recall againe;
 For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
 "Right sorry I," saide then sir Calidore,
 "That my ill fortune did them hence displace:
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thes
 grieves so sore."

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
 "Then wote, thoushepheard, whatso'er thou bee,
 That all those ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are Venus damzels, all within her foe,
 But differing in honour and degree:
 They all are Graces which on her depend;
 Besides a thousand more which ready bee
 Her to adorne, whena she forth doth wend; [beak
 But those three in the midat, doe chiefe on her at-

"They are the daughters of sky-ruling love,
 By him begot of faire Euryome,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
 As he, this way coming from feastful glee
 Of Thetis wedding with Acidee,
 In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
 The first of them bight myde Euphroayne,
 Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry; [cherry
 Sweete goddesses all three, which me in mirth do

"These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
 As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
 Sweete semblant, friendly offices that bynde,
 And all the accompients of curtesie:
 They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
 We should ourselves demaunc, to low, to hie,
 To friends, to foes; which skill men call civility.

"Therefore they alwayes smoothly seeme to smile,
 That we likewise should myde and gentle be;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
 Simple and true from covert malice free;
 And eke themselves so in their daunce they bore,
 That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
 But one still towards shew'd herselfe afore; [store.
 That good should from us goe, then come in greater

"Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
 But that fourth mayd, which there amidst them
 Who can aread what creature mote she bee, [traced,
 Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
 With heavenly gifts from Heven first embraced!
 But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth with those three other placed:
 Yet was she certes but a country lasse;
 Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe:

"So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
 All other lesser lights in light excell;
 So farre doth she in beautyfull array
 Above all other lasses beare the bell;
 Ne lesse in vertue that becomes her well
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
 For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
 Have for more honor brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.

"Another Grace she well deserves to be,
 In whom so many graces gathered are,
 Excelling much the meane of her degree;
 Divine resemblance, beauty sovaine rare,
 Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare!
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 That all her peres cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
 She made me often pipe, and now to pipe aspace.

"Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
 That all the Earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
 Great Gloriana, greatest maiesty!
 Pardon thy shepheard, mought so many layes
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And underneath thy feeta to place her praye;
 That, when thy glory shall be farre displayd
 To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

When thus that shepheard ended had his speech,
 Sayd Calidore; "Now sore it yrketh mee,
 That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
 As now the author of thy bale to be,
 Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from thee:
 But, gentle shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
 Thus did the courteous knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

In such discourses they together spent
 Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
 With which the knight himselfe did much content,
 And with delight his greedy fancy fed
 Both of his words, which he with reason red,
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
 With such regard his senses ravished,
 That thence he had no will away to fare, [share.
 But wiaht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling

But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore
 His poyrnous point deepe fixed in his hart
 Had left, now gan afresh to rancie sore,
 And to renew the rigour of his smart;
 Which to recure, no skill of leaches art
 Mote him availle, but to returne againe
 To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
 Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
 Like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the
 maine.

So, taking leave of that same gentle swaine,
 He backe returned to his rusticke worne,
 Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
 To whom in sort, as he at first begonne,
 He daily did apply himselfe to donne
 All dewfull service, void of thoughts impure;
 Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
 By which he might her to his love allure,
 And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,
 Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
 Did strive to match with strong contention,
 And all his paines did closely emulate;
 Whether it were to catoll, as they saie
 Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
 Or to present her with their labours late;
 Through which if any grace chaunst to arise [ffire.
 To him, the shepheard straight with jealousie did

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberries,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident:
A tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell claws full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like bell-gate,
Did ruspe at Pastorell her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Can cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in hast
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the danger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his friend:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to read
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

He had no weapon but his shepherds booke
To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonishd he fell;
Whence ere he could recou^r, he did him quell,
And bewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thank that had her death
prevented.

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reiect,
Yet to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him knight,
But usde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skil of any wight.

So well he wooed her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And loyed long in close felicity:
Till Fortune, fraught with mallice, hinde and brote,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

It fortun'd one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawlesse people, Brigants light of yore,
That never made to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepherds did invade;
And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much dis-
order.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mougt which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
That ever livd, and the onely glory of his night:

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convey:
Their dwelling in a little island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrown gras:

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But darknesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well scree as felt.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grealy theeves, she thought herself in Hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in dark-
nesse dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittfull complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a floure that feels no heate of Sunne
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade;)
And what befell her in that theevish wounse,
Will in another canto better be begonse.

CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilset Melibee is slaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

Tha toys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on Earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to Heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on Earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befall to this faire mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That when she hears her heavinesse, would rew
And pity her sad plight, so chaung'd from pleasant
hew.

Whyeist thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
 It so befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
 That he which was their capitaine profest,
 And had the obiefe command of all the rest,
 One day, as he did all his prisoners view,
 With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
 Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournefull hew
 Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did shew.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
 And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
 That her alone he for his part desired
 Of all the other pray which they had got,
 And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
 From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
 And sought her love by all the meanes he mote;
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
 And mixed threats among, and much unto her
 vowed.

But all that ever he could doe or say
 Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
 Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
 To graunt him favour or afford him love:
 Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
 By which he mote accomplish his request,
 Saying and doing all that mote before;
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
 But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

At last, when him she so impörtune saw,
 Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
 Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
 She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
 Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
 That she thereby mote either freely wend,
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
 A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
 With better tearmes she did him entertaine;
 Which gave him hope, and did him haiffe perswade,
 That he in time her ioyance should obtaine:
 But when she saw, through that small favours gaine,
 That further then she willing was he pret;
 She found no meanes to barre him, but to feine
 A sodaine sicknesse which her sore opprest,
 And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
 Once to approach to her in privy,
 But onely amongst the rest by her to sit,
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,
 And seeking all things meete for remedy:
 But she resolvd no remedy to fynde,
 Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
 Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
 Her sicknesse was not of the body hut the mynde.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
 It chaunet a sort of merchants, which were wount
 To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
 And by such trafficks after gambes to hunt,
 Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,
 T^e inquire for slaves; where being readie met
 By some of these same theeves at th^e instant brunt,
 Were brought unto their capitaine, who was set
 By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those merchants were
 Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
 And therefore prayd that those same captives these
 Mote to them for their most commodity
 Be sold, and amongst them shared equally.
 This their request the capitaine much appalled;
 Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
 And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
 And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
 And Coridon with many other mee,
 Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught;
 All which he to the marchants sale did shewe:
 Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
 Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
 Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe;
 And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
 The more t^e arguent her price through praise of
 comliness.

To whom the capitaine in full angry wize
 Made answer, that "the mayd of whom they spake
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
 With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
 But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
 Little for him to have one silly lasse;
 Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
 That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:"
 So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake
 she was.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
 And eke but hardily seeme by candle-light,
 Yet, like a diamond of rich regard,
 In doubtful shadow of the darke some night
 With starrie beames about her shining bright,
 The marchants fixed eyes did so amaze, [light,
 That what through wonder, and what through de-
 A while on her they greedily did gaze,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
 And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
 They all refused in regard of her;
 Ne ought would buy, however prisd with measure,
 Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure,
 They did esteeme, and offred store of gold: [sure,
 But then the capitaine, fraught with more displea-
 Bad them be still; "his love should not be sold;
 The rest take if they would; he her to him would
 hold."

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeves
 Buldly him bad such iniurie forbear;
 For that same mayd, however it him grieves,
 Should with the rest be sold before him there,
 To make the prises of the rest more deare.
 That with great rage he stoutly doth demay;
 And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
 That whose hardie hand on her doth lay,
 It dearly shall aby, and death for handell pay.

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
 They fall to strokes, the frate of too much talke,
 And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
 Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
 But making way for Death at large to walke;
 Who, in the horror of the grisly night, [stalks,
 In thousand dreadful shapies doth amongst them
 And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-light
 Out-quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, strying each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell brigants there.

But, first of all, their captives they doe kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old Melibee is slaine; and him beside
His rag'd wife; with many others wide:
But Coridon, escaping craftily,
Creeper forth of doores, whilst darkees him doth hide,
And flies away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was, by the captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety than himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was elsime and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the armes fell down with him in
drearie swoond.

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell;
Tho, whenas he was dead, the fray can cease;
And each to other calling did coupall
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
Therefo they all attonce agreed well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many
foue.

Their captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Some much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out lile beames, like starres in foggie
night.

But, when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helpes they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last:
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up-like one aghast.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that having saved her from dying
Renov'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to waiyle and weepe,
Winging her hands, and ruefully loud crying!
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those brigants her did keepe.

VOL. III.

But when they saw her now reviv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdain
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarce yssiding her due food or timely rest,
And scarcely soffring her infested wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest,
So leave we her in wretched thraiddome bound,
And turne we back to Calidore, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepherds cottage spoyled night,
And his love left away; he weened good
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell desight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chauff, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh'd,
And fared like a furious wyld beare, [where,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being other-

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine:
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare:
The woods did nought but echoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
Where wout the shepherds oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he
found.

At last, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approached eye,
He mote perceive, by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds bynd.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt, Where was the rest,
Where Pastorell?—Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smut his brust,
And up to Heaven his eyes fast-streaming threw:
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, What meant that rufull hew;
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

" Ah! well away," sayd he, then sighing sore,
" That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye!"
" Die! out alas!" then Calidore did cry,
" How could the Death dare ever her to quell!
But read thou, shepherd, read what dooing
Or other dyrefull hap from Heaven or Hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away,
and tell."

Tho, when the shepherd breathed had awhile,
He thus began; " Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how these brigants vile
With cruell rage and deathfull violence
Spoyld all our cotes, and cur'd us from hence;
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence;
Or how those thieves, whilst one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fery fierce and
bold.

Y

" In that same conduct (woe is me!) befall
This fatal chance, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent;
Old Melibee and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall, [forfall,
Their captaine long withstood, and did her death

" But what could he gainst all them doe alone ?
It could not boot; needs mote she die at last!
I onely scapt through great confusions
Of cries and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darkness, dreadfully agast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Deappointed of those joyes and jollyhead, [lead."
Which with those gentle shepherds here I went to

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deadened was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his breast did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat;
Of cursing th' Heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there [were.
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake;
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or, if it to revenge he were too wreake, [breake.
Then for to die with her, and his lives threat to

The Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that thorough woome,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be doone:
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordoone,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede;
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably.
And both with shepherds hookes; but Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily:
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunst, upon a hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepherds to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best
assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The self-same flockes the which those thieves had
From Melibee and from themselves whylence; [rest
And certaine of the thieves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept:
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And, seeing them, for tender pittie wept: [keepe,
But, when he saw the thieves which did them
Mis hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe, [swade
Though not his feare; for noight may feare dis-
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counsell'd to invade
Now all unware, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them say,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faise,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine:
Mongst which the thieves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were,
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which why-
lere [clowere
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themselves were evil groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they some agreed, and earnest toke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and cheape;
For they for better hyre did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forooke.

Tho, whenas towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their bellish dens those thieves them brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entayles sought:
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet livd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and byth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had most possess.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the thieves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best;
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the captaine's nest:
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind for dread of worse effort.

When to the cave they came, they found it fast:
But Calidore with huge restlesse might
The doores assayed, and the locks upbrast:
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold knight
Encountering him with small resistance slew:
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did view.

But whenas Calidore was come in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudder was revived therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into Deaths mouth to fall,
At length espies at hand the happie coast,
On which he safety hopes that canst found to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacks of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele that long for death had sought:
Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and cry was rayzed all about;
And all the brigants flocking in great store
Unto the cave gan presse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And, enterpayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the foremost that came first to hand;
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him appoch,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth 't encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mooget which he found a sword of better say,
With which he furth went into th' open light,
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many eyes in whottest summers day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes doe overlay,
And with their little stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming aro,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppress, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging broad divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth
wide.

Like as a lioe mougt an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysrest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convery
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gas to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speeches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her unweath at last he did revive
That long had lyeu dead, and made againe alive.

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and treasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and tent:
But Fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Mad reft from Melibee and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understande.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

Lixx as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine coast,
Is met of many a counter wind and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crust,
And she herselfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

For all that bether to hath long delayd
This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to re-
straine.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those brigants powra,
Unto the castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was lord the good sir Bellamour;
Who whylome was in his youtnes freshest flowre,
A iustie knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloody battell for a ladie deare,
The fayrest ladie then of all that living were:

Her name was Claribell; whose father hight
The lord of many llands, farre renownd
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the prince of Picteland, borderin^e nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamour empierced were,
By all meanes shoud to match with any foreign
ferre:

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entirely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few:
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongoon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so straightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

Nathlesse sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret gifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place;
Whereof her wombe unvist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought;
Which she straightway (for dread leas if her syre
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
Shesould it cause be fostred under straunge styre.

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
 Into the emptie fields, where living wight
 Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
 She forth gan lay unto the open light
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight;
 Whom whylest aye did with watrie eyne behold,
 Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
 She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
 That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
 Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
 But, alowg it againe like as before,
 Bedew'd with teares there left it in the place;
 Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
 Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
 To weet what mortal hand, or Heavens grace,
 Would for the wretched infants helpe pryvada;
 For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
 His fleecie Locke upon the playnes around,
 Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,
 Came to the place; where when he wrapped foud
 Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
 And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
 He tooke it up and in his mantle wound;
 So home unto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her owne it nurst and nam'd evermore.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thralld,
 And Bellamour in bands; till that her syre
 Departed life, and left unto them all:
 Then all the stormes of Fortunes former yre
 Were turnd, and they to freedom did retire.
 Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,
 And lived long in peace and love entyre,
 Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
 Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thither.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
 For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
 And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
 Long since had fought in field: als Claribell
 Nq lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
 Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
 There they awhile together thus did dwell
 In much delight, and many joyes among,
 Untill the damzell gan to weep more sound and strong.

Tho gan sir Calidore him to advize
 Of his first quest, which he had long foreloste,
 Aske'm'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
 The which the Faery queene had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, forelacked had so sore;
 That much he feared least reproachfull blame
 With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
 Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
 As through the world thereby should glorifie his
 name.

Therefore, resolving to returne in heat
 Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
 To leave his love, now perill being past,
 With Claribell; whylest he that monster sought
 Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
 So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
 Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
 With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
 He went forth on his quest, and did that him befall.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
 In this explicit, me needeth to declare
 What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
 During his absence left in heavy care,
 Through daily mourning and nightly misfere;
 Yet did that ancient custome all she might,
 To cherish her with all things choise and rare;
 And her owne handmayd, that Makias bight,
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this maiden faire
 Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
 Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
 Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
 The rosie marke, which she remembered well
 That litle infant had, which forth she keast,
 The daughter of her lady Claribell. [dwell:
 The which she bore the whiles in prison she did

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
 In her conceitfull mynd that this faire mayd
 Was that same infant, which so long sith past
 She in the open fields had loosely layd
 To Fortunes spoyle, unable it to ayd:
 So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in heat
 Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
 To tell her, how the Heavens had her graste,
 To save her chyld, which in Misfortunes mouth
 was plaste.

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
 Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
 Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
 And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
 " My lief," sayd she, " ye know that long yge,
 Whilset ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
 A litle mayde, the which ye chylded tho,
 The same againe if now ye list to have,
 The same is yonder lady, whom high God did save."

Much was the lady troubled at that speach,
 And gan to question streight how she it knew,
 " Most certaine markes," sayd she, " do me it teack;
 For on her brest I with these eyes did vew
 The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
 Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
 Besides, her countenance and her likely hew,
 Matched with equal years, do surely prieve
 That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet
 doth live."

The matrone stayd no longer to enquire,
 But forth in heat ran to the stranger mayd;
 Whom catching greedily, for great desire
 Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
 In which that rose she plainly saw displayd:
 Then, her embracing twixt her arms twaine,
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
 " And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
 And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did father?"

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
 And times comparing with their accidents,
 She found at last, by very certaine signes
 And speaking markes of passed monuments,
 That this young mayd, whom chance to her presents,
 Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
 Tho, wondring long at those so strange events,
 A thousand times she her embraced new, [twaine.
 With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting

Whoever is the mother of one chyld,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fynde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy describe:
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was; that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pity melt.

Thence running forth unto her loved lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowleg'd, for his owne, faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous beast by final force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and toyle
Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodness he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a monastery did light, [might
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and

Into their cloysters now he broken had, [there,
Through which the monckes he chased here and
And them pursu'd into their dourtours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did teare and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.

From thence into the sacred church he broke,
And robd the chancell, and the deakes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blasphemie spoké,
And the images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to rewe;
So all confounded and disordered there:
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatal hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing soone approached neare.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing first him turns againe:
Sternely he turned againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steels, and ran at him againe
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peeble within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifde his foes, and armed him.
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grisly grim:

And therein were a thousand tonges empight
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
And some of beares, that grownd continually;
And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor
whom.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloody gere,
At all that came within his ravenging;
And spake licentious words and hateful things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne Kesar spared he a whit nor king;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his basefull teeth of injury.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Renountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight
That fumed all about his bloody iawes:
Tho, rearing up his former feete on tight,
He rump't upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feild,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly quell'd.

Full cruelly the beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fume out bloody gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himself upright:
For still, the more he stovs, the more the knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight:
He grind, he bit, he scracht, he veinin threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrow,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish beast,
Whilst Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast, [creast.
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre in-

Tho, when the beast saw he mote nought avails
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and rails
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he thought, for all that, him forbear,
But strained him so streightly that he choat him
neare.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrinke
And rage to quails, he tooke a muzzle strong
Of sweet yron made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more befaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong:
And therunto a great long chaïne he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his ow
despight.

Like as whylome that strong Tiryathian swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of Hell
Against his will fast bound in yron chaines,
And roing horribly did him compell
To see the hatefull Sunne, that he might tell
To griealy Pluto, what on Earth was donce,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For eye in darknesse which day-light doth shonne:
So led this knight his captiye with like conquest
wonne.

Yet greatly did the beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose;
And chauffed ioly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left skold to rore:
Yet durst he not draw becke, nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand, [land.
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, wherso he did go,
Out of their townes did sound about him throng,
To see him leade that beast in bondage strong;
And, seeing it, much woddred at the sight:
And all such persons, as he earst did wroag,
Reioyced much to see his captive plight, [knight.
And much admir'd the beast, but more admir'd the

Thus was this monster, by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore, supprest and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:

So did he ecke long after this remaine,
Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men) he broke his yron chaines,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischief and more scath he
To mortall men then he had done before; [wrought
No ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good sir Polles him tooke in hand;
And after him sir Lamoracke of yore;
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He grown is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him dos bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poets rime;
But reads, without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meane,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More than my former writs, all were they cleane
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens
treasure,

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER THE

LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleas'd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to reigne)
Pretends, as well of gods as men,
To be the soveraine.

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth away,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rebearse, that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herself began to reare
Against all the gods, and th' empire sought from
them to beare.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery land amongst records permanent.
She was, to west, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes armes for Heavens regiment;
Whom though high love of Kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stamme long after did survive:

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of love, and high authority:
As Hecate, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on his
Warres and allarums unto nations wide, [pride.
That makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble at her

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
 Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine;
 That as a goddess: men might her admire,
 And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine:
 And first, on Earth she sought it to obtaine;
 Where she such proofe and sad examples shewed
 Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
 That not men onely (whom she soone subdued)
 But eke all other creatures her bad doings reved.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
 That all which Nature had establisht first
 In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
 She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
 And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
 Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
 She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
 That God had blest, and did at first provide
 In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
 But eke of Justice, and of Policie;
 And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
 And death for life exchanged foolishly:
 Since which, all living wights have learn'd to die,
 And all this world is woxen daily worse.
 O pittious worke of Mutabilitie,
 By which we all are subiect to that curse, [name:
 And death, in stead of life, have sucked from our

And now, when all the Earth she thus had brought
 To her behest and thrall'd to her might,
 She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
 To attempt the empire of the Heavens hight,
 And love himselfe to shoulder from his right.
 And first, she past the region of the ayre
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare.

Thence to the circle of the Moone she clambe,
 Where Cynthia reignes in everlasting glory,
 To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
 All fairly deckt with Heavens goodly storey;
 Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
 Old aged sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
 Hight Tyme) she entred, were he life or sory;
 Ne staid till she the highest stage had scand,
 Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an ivory throne shes found,
 Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
 Environ'd with some thousand starres around,
 That duly her attended day and night;
 And by her side there ran her page, that hight
 Vesper, whom wth the evening-starre intend;
 That with his torch, still twinkling like twilight,
 Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
 And joy to weary wandring travellers did lend:

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
 The goodly building of her palace bright,
 Made of the Heavens substance, and up-held
 With thousand crystall pillars of huge hight;
 Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
 And t' envie her that in such glorie reigned.
 Eftsoones she cast by force and tortions might
 Her to displace, and to herselfe t' have gained
 The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her
 waind.

Boldly shee bid the goddesse downe descend,
 And let herselfe into that ivory throne;
 For she herselfe more worthy thereof wend;
 And better able it to guide alone;
 Whether to men whose fall shee did becomen,
 Or unto gods whose state shee did maligne,
 Or to th' infernall powers her need give lone
 Of her faire light and bounty most becomen,
 Herselfe of all that rule shes dream'd most coodgane.

But shee that had to her that sovereigne seat
 By highest love assign'd, therein to beare
 Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
 Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
 But, with sterne countenance and disdainfull cheare
 Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
 And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
 Bade her attorce from Heavens coast to pack,
 Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunders wreck.

Yet nathemore the giantesse forbore;
 But, boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
 To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
 And, there-with lifting up her goldeu wand,
 Threatned to strike her if shee did with-stand:
 Wherewith the starres, which round about her blazed,
 And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
 All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
 And on her uncouth habit and sterne lookestill gazed.

Mean while the lower world, which nothing knew
 Of all that chanced here, was darkned quite;
 And eke the Heavens, and all the heavenly crew
 Of happy wights, now unparraide of light,
 Were much afraid and wondred at that sight;
 Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
 And brought againe on them eternall night;
 But chiefly Mercury, that next doth reigne,
 Ran forth in haste unto the king of gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-cry
 To loves faire palace sit in Heavens hight;
 And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
 Gan call to him aloud with all their might
 To know what meant that suddaine lack of light
 The father of the gods, when this he heard,
 Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
 Doubting least Typhon were againe appear'd,
 Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
 Downe to the circle of the Moone, to knowe
 The cause of this so strange astonishment,
 And why shee did her wonted course forlowe;
 And, if that any were on Earth belowe
 That did with charmes or magick her molest,
 Him to attache, and downe to Hell to throwe;
 But if from Heaven it were, then to arrest
 The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wing-foot god so fast his plumes did beat,
 That soone he came wherwas the Titanesse
 Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
 At whose straunge sight and haughty hardinesse.
 He wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
 Yet, laying feare aside to doe his charge,
 At last he bade her, with bold stedfastnesse,
 Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
 Or come before high love her doings to discharge.

And therewithall he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both gods and bellish fiends afraid:
Whereat the Titaness did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd; That in evill hower
He from his love such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia silver bower;
Sith shee his love and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia selfe; but all their king-
doms sought.

The Heavens herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall estate,
With all the gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amaze, [bold,
Save love; who, changing nought his count'nance
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold;

"Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly powers:
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the Heavens eternal towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their blood, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull Earth, which doth us yet despise.

"Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phoebe from her silver bed,
And eke ourselves from Heavens high empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best ye can devise."

So having said, he ceas'd; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreading beak
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest powers of Heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise.
Meanewhile th' Earths daughter, though she nought
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise [did reek
What course were best to take in this hot bold em-
prise.

Estroones she thus resolv'd; that whil't the gods
(After returns of Hermes embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds;
Before they could new counsell re-allie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend:
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To loves high palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: good onset boads good end.

Shee there arriving boldly in old pass;
Where all the gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:
But love, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and maiestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

That when the haughty Titaness beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudencie,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queid;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as roft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience;
Unwill that love himselfe herselfe bespake:
"Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence;
Witness art thou, and what dost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou Earths mansion to for-
sake?"

Shee, halfe confus'd with his great command,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand;
"I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos child:
But by the fathers, be it not envide,
I greater am in blond, whereon I build, [end'd.
Then all the gods, though wrongfully from Heaven

"For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right;
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unjust
And guilefull meanes, through Corybant's slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, love, injuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might;
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast fold:
Witness, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have
told!"

Whil't she thus spake, the gods that gave good care
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Being of stature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the goddesses in place)
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forsaie race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his penne:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till, having paus'd awhile, love thus bespake;
"Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspire
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Promethens tasting of our ire,
Would have suffic'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refrain:

"But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprise,
And challenge th' heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to Hell?" With that, he shooke
His nectar-dew'd locks, with which the sky
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brood in hand he tooke.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven beare)
Hestaid his hand; and, having chang'd his cheere,
He thus againe in milder wise began;
"But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if love should doe still what he can!"

"But thee, faire Titan child; I rather wene,
Through some vaine error, or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
Or through example of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou dost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men, dismaide with her affright,
To bandie crownes, and kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seeme to
showe.

"But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse;
Much lesse the title of old Titans right:
For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the empire of the Heavens bright;
Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

"Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish gazle;
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell;
There to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faime
Have love thy gracious lord and soveraigne."
So having said, she thus to him replide;
"Cease, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by profiers vaine
Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy side,
For to betray my right before I have it tride.

"But thee, O love, no equall iudge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of gods and men by equall might,
To weete, the god of Nature, I appeale."
Thereat live waxed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her appellation seale.

Afternoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their titles and best rights:
That was, to weete, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head, in all mens sights,
Of my old father Mole, whom shepherds quill
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rural skill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file [knights,
To sing of billes and woodes mongst warres and
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne sounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianes spights,
(Being of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this holy-islands hights)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meane while, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
Of to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine queene profess
Of woods and Forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsome waters more then most on
ground:

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
(Either for chace of beasts with hound or bowe,
Or for to abroode in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe)
She chose this Arlo; where shee did resort
With all her nymphes endangered on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort; [sport:
For with the nymphes the satyres love to play and

Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright:
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That shepherd Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks [shows
Of some faire bride, brought forth with poppooes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady covertes growes,
That on each side her silver channell crowes,
Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes shooe
doth drowne.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
After her sweetie chace and toilelesse play,
To bathe herselfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye:
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphes in privy.

No way he found to compass his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And, after, pleasing gifts for her purraid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her lady see [bee.
When she herselfe did bathe, that he might secret

Thereat hee promis't, if she would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weete, that whereas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Panchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

The simple maid did yield to him soone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foolc-hardy dew,
Was of his bounds devour'd in hunters hev,
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for love a like? pray.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud protest
His foolish thought: a foolish faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden best,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy boen of so divine a meed.

The goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclio'd the bush about, and there him tooke
Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an buswife, that with bosie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her dayr' house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapp'd him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull
mind:

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare;
For nought against their wils might countervaille:
Ne ought he said, whatever he did heare; [peare.
But, hanging downe his head, did like a mome ap-

At length, when they had scouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penance him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would
spill

The wood-gods breed, which must for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penance light:
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in deeres skin to clad; and in that plight
To bunt him with their bounds, himselfe save how
bee might.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;
Bot gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much affraid, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
Then all accorde their hands upon Molanna laid.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deeres-skin they covered, and then chaast
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any deere; so sore him dread aghaast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shooting as they the Heavens would have braist;
That all the woods and dales, where he did sie,
Did ring againe, and loud reccobs to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Her wheel'd with stones: yet Faunus, for her paine,
Of her beloved Fauchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
Till with the Fauchin she herselfe doe wed, [spread.
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whose sweete streames, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne oonly her, but also quite foreooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountaine, which doth overlooks
The richest champion that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons
bred.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay:
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to speace,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoile that coast around,
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have
found!

CANTO VII.

Pealing from love to Natures bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence: but Nature soone
Her righteous doome areada.

AN! whither doest thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?
And my fraile spirit, that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight unfit for her weak wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of Heavens king
(Thy soveraine sire) his fortunate success;
And victory in bigger notes to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of Heavens empire sought to dispossesse?

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my sable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of Heaven and heavenly sire,
Can tell things doen in Heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo-hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare;
As wall for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

And thither also came all other creatures,
 Whatever life or motion doe retainē,
 According to their sundry kinds of features;
 That Arlo scarcely could them all containe;
 So full they filled every hill and plaine:
 And had not Natures sergeant (that is Order)
 Them well disposed by his busie paine,
 And raunged farre abroad in every border, border.
 They would have caused much confusion and dis-

Then forth issew'd (great goddesse) great dame, Na-
 With goodly port and gracious maiesty, [ture
 Being far greater and more tall of stature
 Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
 Yet certes by her face and physanomy,
 Whether she man or woman indy weare,
 That could not any creature well deare;
 For, with a veile that wrinkled every where,
 Her head and face was hid that mote to none ap-
 peare.

That, some doe say, was so by skill devised,
 To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
 From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
 For that her face did like a lion shew,
 That eye of wight could not indure to view:
 But others tell that it so beauteous was,
 And round about such beames of splendor threw,
 That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true; for well I weene
 That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
 Her garment was so bright and woodrous sheene,
 That my fraile wit cannot devise to what
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
 As those three sacred saints, though else most wise,
 Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
 When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
 Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their
 eyes.

In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill
 She placed was in a pavilion;
 Not such as craftsmen by their idle skill
 Are wont for princes states to fashion;
 But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
 Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
 Did seeme to bow their blossoming heads full lowe
 For homage unto her, and like a throne did show.

So hard it is for any living wight
 All her array and vestiments to tell,
 That old Dan Geoffrey (in whose gentle spright,
 The pure well-head of poesie did dwell)
 In his *Joiles parley* durst not with it mell,
 But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
 Had in his *Plaint of Kindes* describ'd it well:
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that Alane where he may be
 sought.

And all the earth far underneath her foote
 Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
 Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
 That might delight the smell, or please the view,
 The which the nymphes from all the brooks thereby
 Had gathered, they at her foot-stools threw;
 That richer seem'd than any tapestry,
 That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest faire attire;
 And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
 With hardened frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an oaken girland now did tire,
 As if the love of some new nymph late seene
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to greene:
 Ah! gentle Mole, such ioyance hath thee well be-
 seene.

Was never so great ioyance since the day
 That all the gods whylome assembled were
 On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
 To celebrate the soleme bridal cheare
 Twixt Peleus and dame Thetis pointed there;
 Where Phœbus self, that god of poets hight,
 They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
 That all the gods were ravish'd with delight
 Of his celestiaall song and musicks woodrous might.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred,
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
 Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted;
 Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
 Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told,
 Before her came dame Mutabilitie;
 And, being lowe before her presence feild
 With meek obaysance and humilitie,
 Thus gau her plaintif plea with words to amplifye:

"To thee, O greatest goddesse, onely great,
 An humble suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
 Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
 Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
 Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie,
 Which any of thy creatures doe to other
 Oppressing them with power unequally,
 Sith of these all thou art the equall mother,
 And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother:

"To thee therefore of this same Love I plaine,
 And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
 That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raige,
 Of which the greatest part is due to me,
 And Heaven itselfe by heritage in fee:
 For Heaven and Earth I both alike do deeme,
 Sith Heaven and Earth are both alike to thee;
 And gods no more then men thou dost esteeme:
 For even the gods to thee, as men to gods; do seeme.

"Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesse, by what right
 These gods do claime the worlds whole sovereignty;
 And that is onely dew unto my might
 Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
 As for the gods owne principality,
 Which Iove usurpes unjusty, that to be
 My heritage, Iove's selfe cannot deny,
 From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
 Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

"Yet mangle Iove, and all his gods beside,
 I doe possess the worlds most regiment.
 As if ye please it into parts divide,
 And every parts inholders to convert,
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
 And first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
 That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
 And unto Mutability not thrall,
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and ecke in generall:

" For all that from her springs, and is yoredd,
 However fayre it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we some decay; and, being dead,
 To turne againe unto their earthly slime:
 Yet, out of their decay and mortall crimes,
 We daily see new creatures to arise,
 And of their winter spring another prime,
 Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
 So turne they still about, and change in restless wise.

" As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts;—
 The beasts we daily see massacred dy
 As thralls and vassals unto mens behests;
 And men themselves doe change continually,
 From youth to old, from wealth to poverty,
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
 No doe their bodies only sit and fly;
 But eoke their minds (which they immortall call)
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

" Ne is the Water in more constant case;
 Whether those same on high, or these belowe:
 For th' ocean moveth still from place to place;
 And every river still doth ebbe and flowe;
 Ne any lake, that seems most still and slowe,
 Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
 When any winde doth under Heaven blowe;
 With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
 Now like great hills; and streight, like sluices, them
 unfold.

[Faded text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

" Next is the Ayre, which who feeles not by sense
 (For of all sense it is the middle meane)
 To sit still, and with subtill inducense
 Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
 In state of life? O weake life! that does lesse
 On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre,
 Which every howre is chang'd, and sitid cleane:
 With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
 The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impair.

" Therein the changes infinite beholds,
 Which to her creatures every minute chaunce:
 Now boyling hot; streight freezing deadly cold;
 Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce;
 Streight bitter storms, and balefull countenance
 That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
 Rayns, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
 And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them
 quake) [changes make]
 With flames and flashing lights that thousand

" Last is the Fire; which, though it live for ever,
 Ne can be quenched quite; yet, every day,
 We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
 To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
 So makes himself his owne consuming pray:
 Ne any living creatures doth he breed;
 But all, that are of others bread, doth slay;
 And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
 Noe ghat leaving but their barren ashes without feede.

" Thus all these fowes (the which the groundwork
 Of all the world and of all living wights) [bee
 To thousand sorts of change we subject see:
 Yet are they chang'd by other woodrous sights
 Into themselves, and lose their native might;
 The Fire to Aire, and th' Ayre to Water steere,
 And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
 With Fire, and Aire with Earth, approaching neere;
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

" So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
 However these, that gods themselves do call,
 Of them doe claime the rule and sovereignty;
 As Vesta, of the fire athepestil;
 Vulcan, of this with us so usuall;
 Ops, of the earth; and Iuno, of the ayre;
 Neptune, of seas; and Amphes, of rivers all:
 For all those rivers to me subject are;
 And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

" Which to approven true, as I have told,
 Voochasfo, O goddess, to thy presence call
 The rest which doe the world in being hold;
 As Times and Seasons of the yeare that fall:
 Of all the which demand in generall,
 Or iudge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
 Whether to me they are not subiect all.
 Nature did yeeld thereto; and by and-by
 Bade Order call them all before her maesty.

So forth inew'd the Seasons of the yeare:
 First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres
 That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
 And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
 A guilt engraves morion he did weare;
 That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the lolly Sommer, being dight
 In a thin silken casock coloured greene,
 That was unlynd all, to be more light:
 And on his head a girlond well besene
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
 A bowe and shaftes, as he in Forrest greene
 Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
 And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated
 sore.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
 As though he joyed in his plentifull store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, fall glad
 That he had banisht hunger, which to fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
 With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde, [yold.
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had

Lastly, came Winter clothed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
 Whil't on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
 And the dull drops, that from his purpled hill
 As from a limbeck did adown distill:
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with old;
 That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
 And after them the Monthes all riding came:
 First, sturvy March, with browes full sternly bent,
 And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
 The same which over Hellespontus swam;
 Yet in his hand a spade he also bent,
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds yasmine,
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went, [meant
 And hid her womb with fruitfull hope of mourisb-

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed,
 And wanton as a kid whose horse new buds:
 Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
 Europa soting through th' Argolick fluds:
 His hornes were gilded all with golden studs,
 And garnished with garlands goodly dight
 Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
 Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd
 in sight [delight.
 With waves, through which he waded for his loves

Then came faire May, the fayrest gayd on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
 Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
 The Twinnes of Leda, which on eyther side
 Supported her like to their sovaine queene:
 Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
 And leapt and daunc't as they had raviht beene!
 And Cupid selfe about her flutred all in greene.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
 All in greene leaves, as he a player were;
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
 Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
 And backward yole, as bargemen wont to fare
 Bending their force contrary to their face; [grace.
 Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest

Then came hot Iuly boyfing like to fire,
 That all his garnements he had cast away:
 Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
 (It was the beast that whylome did forray
 The Néerwan Forrest, till th' Amphitricone
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array):
 Behinde his backe a sitbe, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
 Forth by the killy hand, the which was crown'd
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:
 That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on Earth, and plenty made abound;
 But, after wrong was lov'd and iustice solde,
 She left th' unrighteous world, and was to Heaven
 extold.

Next him September march'd seke on foote;
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
 Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
 And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
 In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
 A Paire of Waights, with which he did essaye
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equall gave to each as Justice duly comma'd.

Then came October fall of merry glee;
 For yet his soule was totty of the must,
 Which he was treading in the wine-flats see,
 And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolicke and so full of iust:
 Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Dianes doon uniuert
 Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
 He had his ploughing-shere and conker ready tyde.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
 For he had been a fating hog of late,
 That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steame,
 And yet the season was full sharp and beuam;
 In planting eke he took no small delight:
 Whereon he rode, not came was to deeme;
 For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
 The seed of Saturne and faire Naie, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December:
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
 His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad;
 Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeeres,
 They say, was nourisht by th' Iean mayd;
 And in his hand a brand deepe howle he bore,
 Of which he freely drinke an health to all his peeres.

Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well
 In many weeds to keep the cold away;
 Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
 And shrove his nayles to warme them if he may;
 For they were numb'd with holding all the day
 An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
 And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
 Upon an huge great Earth-pot Steane he stood,
 From whose wide mouth, there slowd forth the Ro-
 mane flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
 In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
 Drawne of two Fishes for the season sitting,
 Which through the flood before did softly glyde
 And swim away; yet had he by his side
 His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
 And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
 Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
 So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew
 places found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
 Riding together both with equall pace;
 Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white:
 But Night had covered her uncomely face
 With a blacke veile, and held in hand a meece,
 On top wherof the Moon and stars were pight,
 And Sleep and Darknesse round about did trace:
 But Day did beare upon his scepters light
 The goodly Sun encompass't all with beames bright.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove
 And timely Night; the which were all endow'd
 With wondrous beauty fit to kinde love;
 But they were virgins all, and love eschew'd
 That might forsack the charge to them forswow'd
 By mighty Iove; who did them porters make
 Of Heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
 Which they did daly watch, and nightly vake
 By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
 Death with most grim and grisly visage scene,
 Yet is he sought but parting of the breath;
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weeme,
 Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
 But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
 Such as they false Dan Cupid to have seene,
 Full of delightfull health and lively ioy, [play.
 Deckt all with flowres and wings of gold fit to em-

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse;
 "Lo! mighty mother, now be iudge, and say
 Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
 Change doth not reign and bear the greatest sway:
 For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?
 But times do change and move continually:
 So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
 Wherefore this lower world who can deuy
 But to be subiect still to Mutabilitie!"

Then thus gan love; "Right true it is that these
 And all things else that under Heaven dwell
 Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all diseise
 Of being: but who is it (to me tell)
 That Time himselfe doth move and still compell
 To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee,
 Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
 That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
 So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee."

To whom thus Mutability; "The things,
 Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
 Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
 And say, they by your secret power are made:
 But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
 But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
 Mov'd by your might, and ordered by your syde,
 Yet what if I can prove, that even yee [mee?
 Yourselves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
 Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much ye make
 Loves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
 On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
 Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake:
 Besides, her face and countenance every day
 We changed see and sundry forms partake, [gray:
 Now burnd, now round, now bright, now brown and
 So that as changefull as the Moons men use to say.

"Next Mercury; who though he lesse appears
 To change his bew, and always seeme as one;
 Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
 And is of late far out of order gone:
 So Venus ecke, that goodly paragone,
 Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day:
 And Phoebus self, who lightsome is alone,
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

"Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most;
 For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
 That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 And cleave without his usuall sphere to fare;
 That even these star-gazers stonight are
 At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
 So likewise grim sir Saturne oft doth spare
 His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
 So many turning cranks these have, so many
 crookes.

"But you, Dan Iovg, that only constant are,
 And king of all the rest, as ye do claime,
 Are you not subject ecke to this misfare?
 Then let me aske you this withouten blame;
 Where were ye borne? some say in Crete by name,
 Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
 But, wheresoever they comment the name,
 They all consent that ye begotten were [peare.
 And borne here in this world; ne other can ap-

"Then are ye mortall borne, and thral to me;
 Unless the kingdome of the sky yee make
 Immortall and unchangeable to be:
 Besides, that power and vertue, which ye spake,
 That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
 And your owne natures change: for each of you,
 That vertue have or this or that to make,
 Is ebeckt and changed from his nature trew,
 By others opposition or obliquid view.

"Besides, the sundry motions of your speares,
 So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,
 Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
 What is the same but alteration plaine?
 Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:
 Yet do the starres and siges therein still move,
 And even itself is moved, as wizards saime:
 But all that moveth doth mutation love:
 Therefore both you and them to me I subiect prove.

"Then since within this wide great universe
 Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
 But all things tost and turned by transverse;
 What then should let, but I aloft should reare
 My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
 Now iudge then, O thou greatest goddeesse trew,
 According as thyselfe doest see and heare,
 And unto me addoom that is my dew;
 That is, the rule of all; all being rul'd by you."

So having ended, silence long ensuew;
 Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
 But with firme eyes affix the ground still viewed.
 Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
 Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
 Did hang in long suspence what would ensuew,
 To whether side should fall the soveraigne place:
 At length she, looking up with chearfull view, [few:
 The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches

"I well consider all that ye have sayd;
 And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
 And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
 They are not changed from their first estate;
 But by their change their being doe dilate;
 And, turning to themselves at length againe,
 Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:
 Then over them Change doth not rule and raigue;
 But they raigue over Change, and doe their states
 maintaine.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire.
 And thee consent thus to be rul'd by me:
 For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
 But time shall come that all shall changed be,
 And from thenceforth none no more change shall
 So was the Titaness put downe and whist, [see!"
 And love confirm'd in his imperiall see.
 Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
 And Natures selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

CANTO VIII

UNPERFITS.

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
 Of Mutability, and well it way;
 Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
 Of the Heav'n's rule; yet, very sooth to say,
 In all things else she bears the greatest sway:
 Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
 And love of things so vaine to cast away;

Whose flowing pride, so fading and so tickle,
 Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming
 sickle!

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
 Of that same time when no more change shall be,
 But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
 Upon the pillours of Eternity,
 That is contrary to Mutability:
 For all that moveth doth in change delight:
 But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
 With him that is the God of Sabbath night:
 O! that great Sabbath God, grant me that sabbaths
 signs!

MISCELLANIES.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADIE,
THE LADIE CAREY. 1590.



TO THE

RIGHT WORSHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE;
THE LA: CAREY.

Most brave and bountifull is: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet handes, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my self wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yielded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde & humble scale which I bear unto your is: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty, to my self, which yet may not be unminde; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed; being also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your selfe, and spread in the mouths of all men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses; and, under your name, to commend to the world this small poëme. The which beseeching your is: to take in worth, & of all things therein according to your wouted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your is: ever humbly;

R. S.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I stee of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through proud ambitious and hart-swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small inarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfull Muse of nyne,
That wout'st the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wailfull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes: and is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which doe possess the empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred Earth, and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilst Heaven did favour his felicitie,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and heire
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed
Above th' ensample of his equall peares,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure prove such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh young flye, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to wast,
But loy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide cocques of the ayrie coast;
And, with unwearied wings, each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie
Up to the cloudes, and thence with pincoons light
To mount aloft unto the cristall skie,
To view the workmanship of Heavens hight:
Whence down descending he along would flie
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a summers day, when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in Heaven Hyperion's fierie child
Ascending did his beames abroad dispreed,
Whiles all the Heavens on lower creatures stuide;
Young Clarion, with vauntfull lustiched,
After his guize did cast abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from yron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
No lesse then that which Vulcane made to shield
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An haire hide of some wild beast, whom hee
In salvage Forrest by adventure slew,
And rest the spoyle his ornament to bee;
Which, spraddling all his backe with dreadfull view,
Made all, that him so horrible did see,
Thinke him Alcides with the Lyons skin,
When the Nemeian conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistening burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metall was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly oricalche from strange Phoenixe;
But such as could both Phœbus arrows ward,
And th' hayling darts of Heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death doo hyde;
So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

Lastly his shinie wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours passing farre
All painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe; ne Heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinkling starre;
Nor Iuncos bird, in her ey-spotted traine,
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The archer god, the soune of Cytheree,
That loyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see,
VOL. III

Bears in his wings so manie a changefull token.
Ah! my liege lord, forgive it unto mee,
If ought against thine honour I have tolde;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full many a ladie faire, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her love would her provide;
Or that, when them the gorgeous flie had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steale them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame Venus on a day,
In spring when flowres doo clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her ayround
To gather flowres, her forehead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe
In curteous usage and unstained bewe.

Who being nimbler ioynted then the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts envying sore,
Tolde Venus, when her as the worstiest
She praised, that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddesse gathering jealous feare,
Not yet unmindfull, how not long agoe
Her soune to Psyche secrete love did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;
And, giving bastie credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that damzell, by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so pientouslie
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his journey did himselfe address,
And with good speed began to take his flight;
Over the fields, in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champagne o're he soared light;
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows greens,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.
But none of these, how ever sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancy, nor him cause t' abide:
His choicfull sense with every change doth sit
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unstaide desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his spirits:
There larish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire,
T' excell the naturall with made delights:
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth sie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border;
And takes survey, with curious braue eye,
Of every floure and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is sweete)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meet,
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lic,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearceheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that paradise;
The wholesome saulge, and lavender still gray,
Ranke smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,
The roses raiguing in the pride of May,
Sharpe isope good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire marigoldes, and bees-alluring thyme,
Sweet marioram, and dayies decking prime:

Coolle violets, and orpine growing still,
Embathed balme, and chearfull galingale,
Fresh costmarie, and breathfull camomill,
Dull poppy, and drink-quickning seuale,
Vayne-healing verven, and hed-purging dill,
Sound savorie, and basil hartie-halo,
Fat colworts, and comforting peresline,
Cold lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this garden, fetcht from farre away,
Of everie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffaunce
Of all his giadfulness, and kingly ioyssaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enioy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raigne in th' aire from th' Earth to highest skie,
To feed on bowres and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what ever thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on Earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day?
Eith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may!
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About us daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a god, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso Heavens in their secret doome
Ordained have, how can fraile fleshy sight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some
Do serve to them, and with impórtune might
Warre against us the vassals of their will.
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie heppie sie,
Whose cruell fate is woven even now
Of loves owne hand, to worke thy miserie!
Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
Which thy old sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent:
Nought may thee save from Heavens avengement!

It fortun'd (as Heavens had behight)
That in this garden, where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of spigit,
Had lately built his hateful mansion;
And, lurking closely, in awaite now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterfie
In this faire plot dispaicing to and fro,
Fearing of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie!
His heart did carne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rantling poysson sweide,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion heide.

The cause, why he this sie so peliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never coded.

For the Tritonian goddess having hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had filld,
Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthie workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous dawvell rashly dar'd
The goddess selfe to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Iove did abuse
Europa like a bull, and on his backe
Her through the sea did beare; so lively scene,
That it true sea, and true bull, ye would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,
And her play-fellows ayde to call, and feare
The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord!) how she in everie member shooke,
When as the land she saw no more appears,
But a wilde wilderness of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the ball she pictur'd winged Love,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other spring
A burning teade about his head did move,
As in their ayres new love both triumphing:
And maieic nymphes about them flocking round,
And many Tritons which their hornes did sound.

And, round about, her worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
Enwoven with an yvie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres;
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envie pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth devowres,
Could not accuse. Then gan the goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate,
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie:
Twelve gods doo sit around in roiall state,
And love in midst with awfull maieestic,
To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late:
Each of the gods, by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowne; but love above them all,
By his great lookes and power imperiall.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
Clayring that sea-coast citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he challengeth the place;
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But seildome seene, foreiudgement proveth true.

Then to herselfe she gives her Aegide shield,
And steel-hed speare, and morion on her bedd,
Such as the oft is seene in warlike field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which straight forth did
A fruitfull olyve tree, with berries spredd, [yield
That all the gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of olyves hoarie.

Amongst these leaves she made a butterflye,
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Fluttering among the olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colour, and his glistering eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, as ought ginaesaid;
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismayd,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share;
Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poisonous ranour turne:

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrified,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white straight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shankes, of narrow empied;
And her faire face to foule and loathsome howe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venom growe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Esfated grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
And weaving straight a net with maieic a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne;
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
In diaper, in damaske, or in lyne;
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost;
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine;
Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the Leonian god framde craftily,
Mare sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
Was like to this. This same he did applie
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That rang'd eachwhere without suspicion.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wist he his fatal future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could devise.
At length, the foolish sic without foresight,
As he that did all daunger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelesselie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemye.

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine;
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons store,
Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily foxe, that having spide
Where on a sunnie banke the lambes doo play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe; till, seeing readie tide,
He rusbeth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings unawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cries,
And mournfull tunes, enough my grieffe to show?
Helpe, O thou tragick Muse, me to devise
Notes sad enough, t' expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the drierie stowd is now arrived,
That of all happiness hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
Of Aeolus raise perforce him drove on bed,
Was (O sad hap and howe unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his final overthrowe.

There the fond fie, entangled, strugled long,
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine:
For, striving more, the more in laces stroog
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wings twaine
In lyric snares the subtil loopes among;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,
And, all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercie of th' avenger lent.

Which when the grisly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the resistles pray; and, with fell spight,
Under the left wing strooke his weapon sie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning spight
In bloodie streames forth sed into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

THE
RUINES OF TIME.

1591.

DEDICATED TO THE
RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE
LA: MARIE, COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE.

Most honourable and bonnifull ladie, there bee
long sithens deepe sowed in my breast the seedes
of most entire love and humble affection unto that
most brave knight, your noble brother deceased;
which, taking roote, began in his life time some-
what to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him,
as then in the weakoes of their first spring; and
would in their riper strength (had it pleased
high God till then to drawe out his daies) apired
forth fruit of more perfection. But since God
hath disdeigned the world of that most noble spi-
rit, which was the hope of all learned meo, and
the petron of my young Mases; together with
him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut
off, and also the tender delight of those their first
blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens
my late coming into England, some friends of

mine, (which might much prevaile with me, and
indeede commoud me) knowing with howe
straight bandes of doctie I was tied to him, as
also bound unto that noble house, (of which the
chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to
revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have
not shewed anie thankfull remembrance towards
him or any of them; but suffer their names to
sleep in silence and forgetfulness. Whome
chieflye to satisfy, or els to avoide that fowle blot
of unthankfulness, I have conceived this small
poeme, intituled by a generall name of The
Worlds Ruines: yet speciallie intended to the
renewing of that noble race, from which both
you and he sprung, and to the eternizing of
some of the chief of them late deceased. The
which I dedicate unto your la. as whome it most
specially concerneth; and to whome I acknow-
ledge my selfe bounden by many singular favours
and great graces. I pray for your honourable
happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

Your ladieship ever humbly at command,

E. S.

THE
RUINES OF TIME.

It chaunged me on day beside the shore
Of silver-streaming Thamesis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Veriame stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memorie,
Nor anie little monument to see,
By which the traveller, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
A woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wyrie gold
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing.
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth
In her right hand a broken rod she held, (railing:
Which towards Heaven she seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that rivers nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere love lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th' ancient genius of that citie brent:
But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

"Ah! what delight!" (quoth she) "in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whose happines the Heavens envying,
From highest staire to lowest step me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scoorne."

Much was I grieved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint;
That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And, after, did her name of her request.
"Name have I none" (quoth she) "nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fate's unjust decreeing."

"I was that citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane victors, which it woune of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I be,
And lyc in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
Verlame I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastefull gras?"

"O vaine worlds glorie, and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinfull Earth!
Which, from their first untill their utmost date,
Taste no one houre of happines or merth;
But like as at the ingate of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers wombe,
So wailing back, go to their wofull toombe."

"Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee of devouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gaie,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaye."

"Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect somme?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' Earth and of their raine?"

"What nowe is of th' Assyrian lyoness,
Of whom no footing now on Earth appears?
What of the Persian heares outrageousness,
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the Grecian libbard now ought heares,
That over-ran the east with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure?"

"And where is that same great seven-headed beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her behest,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth nowe hide?
With her owne weight downe pressed now shee lies,
And by her heapes her bugenesse testifies."

"O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst Heavens with equall vewe
Deign'd to behold me and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:
And of the whole world as thou wast the emperre,
So I of this small northerne world was princeesse."

"To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adorn'd with purest gold and precious stone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would believe,
And, with rehearsing, would me more agreeve."

"High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely pallaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, state; galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries;
All those (O pitie!) now are turnd to dust,
And overgrowne with black oblivious rust."

"There to for warlike power, and peoples store,
In Britannie was none to match with mee,
That manie often did able fall sore:
Ne Troynovant, though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compar'd bee;
That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seaven yeeres about me dwelt."

"But long ere this, Bunduca, Brittonesse,
Her mightie boat against my bulwarks brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse,
That, lifting up her brave heruick thought
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought,
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed:
Yet was she foyle'd, whenas she me assailed."

"And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere,
And priz'd with slaughter of their generall:
The monument of whose sad funeral,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted; [ed.
But now to nought, through apoyle of time, is wast-

"Wasted it is, as if it never were;
And all the rest, that me so honor'd made
And of the world admir'd ev'rie where,
Is turnd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appears no shade,
But grislie shades, such as doo haunt in Hell
With fearful fiends, that in deep darknes dwell."

"Where my high steeples whilom usde to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to towe,
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand
For the shrieks-owls to build her balefull bowrs:
And where the nightgale wont forth to powre
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull lovers,
There now haunt yelling mewes and whining plovers."

"And where the christall Thamis wont to slide
In silver channell, downe along the lee,
About whose flowrie bankes on either side
A thousand symphes, with mirthfull iollities,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no rivers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes ever greene."

"Seames, that that gentle river for great griefe
Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plain'd;
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pain'd,
And his pure streames with guiltles blond oft stained;
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,
And his sweete waters away with him led."

"There also, where the winged ships were seene
In liquid waves to cut their fomic waie,
And thousand fishers numbred to have been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous preie
Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
Nor ever ship shall saile there anie more."

" They all are gone, and all with them is gone !
 Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
 My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
 And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
 Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
 To be benomed with compassion kinde,
 And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

" But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
 Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable cie:
 Nor aie lives that mentioneth my name
 To be remembered of posteritie,
 Save one, that mangre Fortunes iniurie,
 And Times decay, and Envies cruell tort,
 Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

" Cambden! the nourice of antiquitie,
 And lanterne unto late succeeding age,
 To see the light of simple veritie
 Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
 Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
 Cambden! though Time all monuments obacure,
 Yet thy iust labours ever shall endure.

" But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
 And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
 Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
 And all my antique monuments defaced ?
 Sith I doo daillie see things highest placed,
 So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
 Forgettén quite as they were never borne.

" It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mightie prince, of most renowned race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did see to gaine his grace;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the busome of his soveraines,
 And *right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

" I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
 Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare;
 I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
 Scarce aie left to close his eylds neare;
 Scarce aie left upon his lips to laie
 The sacred sod, or requiem to saie.

" O trustlesse state of miserable men,
 That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
 And vainely thinke your selves halfe happie then,
 When painted faces with smooth flattering
 Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing;
 And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,
 Him trae in heart and trustie to you trow!

" All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
 That everie shower will wash and wipe away;
 All things doo change that under Heaven abide,
 And after death all friendship doth decaye.
 Therefore, what ever man beart worldlie sway,
 Living, on God and on thy selfe relie;
 For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

" He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
 Save what in Heavens storehouse he uplaid:
 His hope is faild, and come to posse his dread,
 And evill men (now dead) his dedees upbraide:
 Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
 He now is gone, the whiles the foxe is crept
 Into the hole, the which the badger swept.

" He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
 And all his gravaies vapoured to noight,
 That as a glasse upon the water shone,
 Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
 His name is worne already out of thought,
 Ne aie poet seekes him to revive;
 Yet manie poets honourd him alive.

" Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloote,
 Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
 Ne tell his sorrow to the listening rout (praise:
 Of shepheard groomes, which woost his songs to
 Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
 Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
 Wake, shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

" And whom els did goodnes by him gaine,
 And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
 Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
 (For manie did, which doo it now denie)
 Awake, and to his song a part applie:
 And I, the whilset you mourne for his decease,
 Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

" He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
 His brother prince, his brother noble peere,
 That whilset he lived was of none envyde,
 And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
 Deare unto all that true affection beare:
 But unto thee most deare, O dearest dame,
 His noble spouse, and paragon of fame.

" He, whilset he lived, happie was through thee,
 And, being dead, is happie now much more:
 Living, that locked chaumt with thee to bee,
 And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
 As living, and thy lost deare love deplore.
 So whilset that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
 Dost live, by thee thy lord shall never die.

" Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
 Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
 For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
 His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,
 Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever:
 And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live;
 Such grace the Heavens doo to my verses give.

" Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die,
 Thy father, that good earle of rare renowne,
 And noble patron of weake povertie;
 Whose great good dedes in countrey, and in towne,
 Have purchast him in Heaven an happie crowne:
 Where he now liveth in eternal blis,
 And left his soune t' ensue those steps of his.

" He, noble bud, his grandsires livelie hayre,
 Under the shadow of thy countenance
 Now gines to shoote up fast, and flourish sayre
 In learned artes, and goodlie gouvernaunce,
 That him to highest honour shall advaunce.
 Brave impe of Bedford, grow space in bountie,
 And count of wisdom more than of thy countie!

" Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,
 That goodly ladie, sith she ete did spring
 Out of his stocke and famous familie,
 Whose praises I to future age doo sing;
 And forth out of her happie womb did bring
 The sacred brood of learning and all honour; [Bez.
 In whom the Heavens powred all their gifts upon

" Most gentle spirite breathed from above,
Out of the bosome of the Makers bliss,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertie,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this world's worth,
Worthie of Heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

" His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestiaall grace,
Loathing this sinfull Earth and earthlie aime,
Fled backe too soone unto his native place;
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robbd of all right and true nobilitie.

" Yet, ere his happie soule to Heaven went
Out of this fleshie gaole, he did devise
Unto his heavnelie Maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifice;
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offering of his guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

" O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the Heavens new joy;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumberous worldes annoy!
But, where thou dost that happiness enjoy,
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see!

" Yet, whilst the Fates afford me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, untill that timele death
By Heavens dooms doo ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

" Then will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thine owne sister, poevrie lady bright,
Which to thee sings with deep hart sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feele my feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy,
O sad joy made of mourning and annoy!

" Yet will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selfes valiance,
That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forests ring,
And fields resound, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepheards leave their lambs unto mischaunce,
To runne thy shrill Arcadian pipe to heare:
O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were!

" But now more happie thou, and wretched was,
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes rejoyce,
Conversert, and dost heare their heavnelie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.

" So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng
Of heavnelie poets and heroes strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And everie where through excellent desert.

" But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was, ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes ever lie,
Unless they mentioned be with infamie.

" What booteth it to have beene rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
But sleeper in dust dead and inglorious,
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or bliss.

" How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famoslie did flourish;
Of whom no word we heare, nor signe now see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge doo perishe,
Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetise,
Which might their names for ever memorise!

" Provide therefore (ye princes) whilst ye live,
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie doo give;
For they be daughters of dame Memorie
And love, the father of Eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie doo chose.

" The seven-fold yron gates of grisly Hell;
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie
Out of dread darknesse to eternal day,
And them immortal make which els would die
In foule forgetfulness, and nameles lie.

" So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merite,
Out of the dust, to which the Ocean wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,
To highest Heaven, where now he doth inherite
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest paramour.

" So raised they eke faire Ledaes warlike twinnes,
And interchangd life unto them lent,
That, when th' one dies, the other then beginsse
To shew in Heaven his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment,
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

" So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred sisters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortall wretches their bliss may not remove:
But with the gods, for former vertues meede,
On nectar and ambrosia doo feede.

" For deeds doe die, how ever noble donne,
And thoughts of man do as themselves decay:
But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye;
Ne may with storming showers be washt awaie,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with barnfull blast,
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

" In vaine doo earthly princes then, in vaine,
 Seeke with Pyramides, to Heaven aspired;
 Or huge Colosses, built with costlie paine;
 Or brassen pilloors, never to be fired;
 Or shrines, made of the metall most desired;
 To make their memories for ever live:
 For how can mortall immortalitie give?

" Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,
 But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
 Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder:
 Such one Lisippus, but is worne with rainne:
 Such one king Edmond, but was rent for gainne.
 All such vaine monuments of earthlie masse,
 Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe.

" But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
 Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
 Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
 Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
 To mount to Heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 And with sweete poets verse be glorified.

" For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
 Could save the soune of Thetis from to die;
 But that blinde bard did him immortal make
 With verses, dipt in dew of Castalie:
 Which made the easterne conquerour to crie,
 " O fortunate young-man, whose vertue found
 So brave a trompe, thy noble acts to sound."

" Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
 Good Melibæ, that hath a poet got
 To sing his living praises being dead,
 Deserving never here to be forgot,
 In spite of envie, that his deeds would spot:
 Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded,
 And men of armes doo wander unwarded.

" Those two be those two great calamities,
 That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
 Of Salomon with great indignities;
 Who whilome was alive the wisest wight.
 But now his wisdom is disprooved quite;
 For he, that now weids all things at his will,
 Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

" O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
 To see that vertue should dispised be
 Of him, that first was raide for vertuous parts,
 And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
 Lets none about up that nigh him planted bee:
 O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
 Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned!

" O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illusion
 Hath so wise men bewicht, and overkest,
 That they see not the way of their confusion:
 O vaineesse! to be added to the rest,
 That do my soule with inward griefe infest:
 Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
 And in my case their owne ensample see.

" And who so els that sits in highest seats
 Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
 Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
 Let him behold the horror of my fall,
 And his owne end unto remembrance call;
 That of like ruine he may warned be,
 And in himselfe be mov'd to pittie mee."

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
 With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
 That I through inward sorrowe wexen faint,
 And all astonished with deepe dismay
 For her departure, had no word to say;
 But sate long time in senselesse sad affright,
 Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
 My thought returned grieved home againe,
 Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
 For ruth of that same womans piteous paine;
 Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
 I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
 That frozen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greiving in my groning breast,
 And despellie musing at her doubtfull speech,
 Whose meaning much I labored forth to wreste,
 Being above my slender reasons reach;
 At length, by demonstration mee to teach,
 Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,
 Like tragick pageants seeming to appeare.

I.

I saw an image, all of masse gold,
 Placed on high upon an altare faire,
 That all, which did the same from farre beholde,
 Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
 Not that great idol might with this compare,
 To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have made
 The holie brethren falslie to have praide.
 But th' altare, on the which this image staid,
 Was (O great pittie!) built of bricke clay,
 That shortly the foundation decayd,
 With showres of Heaven and tempests worne away;
 Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
 Scorned of everie one, which by it went;
 That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament.

II.

Next unto this stately towre appeared,
 Built all of richest stone that might be found,
 And nigh unto the Heavens in height appeared,
 But placed on a plot of sandle ground:
 Not that great towre, which is so much renowned
 For tongues confusion in Holie Writ,
 King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.
 But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
 That buidles so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
 As with each storme does fall away, and sit,
 And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle,
 To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle!
 I saw this towre fall sodainelie to dust,
 That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant paradize,
 Full of sweete flowers and daintiest delights,
 Such as on Earth man could not more devise,
 With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights:
 Not, that, which Merlin by his magicke slights
 Made for the gentle squire, to entertaine
 His fayre Belphebe, could this gardine staine.
 But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine!
 Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
 In earthlie blis, and joy in pleasures vaine,
 Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
 That where it was scarce seemed anie sight?
 That I, which once that beauteie did beholde,
 Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

IV.

Soone after this a giuant came in place,
Of woodrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of spach, and meeke of nature:
Not he, which in despite of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the lewiah hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugens boast;
For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' ocean overstride,
And reach his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride!
One of his foete unwares from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe abisse,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

V.

Then did I see a bridge, made all of golde,
Over the sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' upbolde,
But like the colored rainbows arched wide:
Not that great arche, with Traian edilside,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.
But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sixt time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained.

VI.

I saw two beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave.
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to have.
Nor after greedie spoyles of blood to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compass world were sought around.
But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The cave, in which these beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distrayght twixt feare and pittie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the sudden shrill I was appalled.
"Behold" (said it) "and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of Heaven, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the rest must needs be left behinde:"
With that it had me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

L

Upon that famous rivers further shore,
There stood a snowie swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde, as ever fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie crew
Of white Stramonian brood, might no man view:

There he most sweetly sung the prophesie
Of his owne death in dolefull elegie.
At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him foreward to die,
With loftie sight above the Earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest Heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly signe;
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilist thus I looked, loe! adowne the lee
I saw an harpe stroong all with silver twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yvorie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been
The harpe, on which Dan Orpheus was scene
Wylde beasts and Forrests after him to lead,
But was th' harpe of Philisides now dead.
At length out of the river it was reard
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilist all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in Heaven a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

III.

Soone after this I saw on th' other side,
A curious coffer made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser world's good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drownd was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.
At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two angels, downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Above the reach of anie living sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

IV.

Looking aside I saw a stately bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw never summers day.
I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo! her bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight:
With that she started up with cherefull sight,
When suddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed,
The same that was bred of Medusas blood,
On which Dan Perseus, borne of heavenly seed,
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:
Full mortally this knight ywounded was,
That streames of blood forth flowed on the gras:
Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas!)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through brave atcheivements from his esemies:
Fainting at last through long infirmities,

He smote his steed, that straight to Heaven him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly I saw an arke of purest golde
Upon a brazen pillour standing hie, [bold,
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great prince to
Encloade therein for endless memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seem'd the Heavens with the Earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.
At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercurie,
From Heaven descending to appease their strife,
The arke did beare with him above the skie,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in Heaven, where happiness is rife:
At which the Earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L' ENVOY.

Immortal spirite of Philisides,
Which now art made the Heavens ornament,
That whilome wast the world's chiefst riches;
Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
His losse, by lacke of thee to Heaven hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable hense!
And ye, faire ladie! th' honour of your daies,
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne;
Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping teares t' adorne;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring borne,
So unto Heaven let your high minds aspire,
And loath this droue of sinfull worlds desire!

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

1591.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADIE STRANGE.

Most brave and noble ladie; the things, that
make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee,
are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie)
are throughlie knowne to all men; namely, your
excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and
your noble match with that most honourable lord,
the very paterne of right nobilitie: but the
causes, for which ye have thus deserved of me to
be honored, (if honour it be at all) are, both
your particular bounties, and also some private
hands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your la-
diship to acknowledge. Of which whereas I found
my selfe in no part woorthie, I devised this last
slender meanes, both to intimate my humble af-
fection to your ladieship, and also to make the
same universallie knowne to the world; that by

honouring you they might know me, and by
knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe,
noble lady, to accept this simple remembrance,
though not worthy of your self, yet such, as per-
haps by good acceptance thereof ye may here-
after call out a more meet and memorable evi-
dence of your owne excellent deserts. So recom-
mending the same to your ladieships good liking,
I humbly take leave.

Your h: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

REHEARSE to me, ye sacred sisters nine,
The golden brood of great Apollons wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad tune,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicone,
Making your musick of hart-breaking moone!

For since the time that Phoebus foolish sonne
Ythundered, through Joves avengfull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compass of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loved twinnes, the deariings of her joy,
Her Paici, whom her unkindly frow,
The Fatal sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyces
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voyces
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in channels
To romble gently downe with murmur soft, [clear
And were by them right tunefull taught to heare
A bases part amongst their comorts oft;
Now, fowt to overflowe with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares.

The joyous nymphes and lightfoote Faeries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete;
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismall heaviness,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglynesse.

Ay me! what thing on Earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds
Hath stirred up so mischierous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarte?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin, thou eldest suster of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensue.

CLIO.

Hearc, thou great father of the gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
And thou our sire, that reignest in Castalie
And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly arts:
Hearc, and behold the miserable state
Of us thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The futes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorne,
Doo seek to make us of the world furlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou, great love, by doome unist
Didst to the type of honour earent advance;
They now, putt up with sdaignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned imps that wont to shoote up still,
And grow to heigh of kingdomes government,
They underkeep, and with their spreading armes
Dobest their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoves the honorable race
Of mightie poeres true wisdoms to sustaine,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned forheids, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather leare themselves behoves to bee;
That is the girlond of nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doo esteeme
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdoms influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deeme;
Base minded they that want intelligence:
For God himselfe for wisdoms most is praised,
And men to God thereby are highest raised.

But they doo onely strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boast of armes and auncestrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did those armes first give
To their grandeyes, they care not to achieve.

So I, that doo all noble festes profess
To register, and sound in trumpet of gold;
Through their bed doings, or base slothfulness,
Finde nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them to blason out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time;
And all that in this world is worthe hight
Shall die in darknes, and lie hid in slime!
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing,—

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
That could have made a stonie heart to weep;
And all her sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
So ended shee: and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

O! who shall powre into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that never may be drye,
A brassen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull Heavens and fill the ayër wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the house of heaviness,
Fild with the wraeks of mortall miserie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves to win.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without Understanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy shew is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the breast with constant patience
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts:
She solaceth with rules of sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smarte;
When he is sad, shew seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be wrie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdoms him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or pilot her to awey:
Full and dreadfull is that ships event;
So is the man that wants intendment.

Why then doo foolish men so much despise
The precious store of this celestiall riches?
Why doo they banish us, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappie wretches!
The which lie drowned in deepe wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne unshappiness.

My part it is and my professed skill
The stage with tragick buskin to adorne,
And fill the scene with plaint and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Then this, of men depriv'd of sense and minde.

For all mans life now seemes a tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sorn catastrophes;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophies,
Are heapt with spoiles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is filld,
Fit for Megera or Persephone;
But I that in true tragedies am skilld,
The flowers of wit, finde nought to busie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning-matter I have none.—

Then gan she wofully to waille, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her sisters, thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shrieks and drierie dolefull cries:
So rested she: and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

THEATRE.

Where be the sweate delights of learnings treasure,
That wont with comick sock to beautifie
The painted theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as queene,
And maske in mirth with graces well bescene?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greisly countenance,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, yerept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe abysses,
Where being bredd, he light and Heaven does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire scene with rudenes foule disguise.

All places they with follie have possert,
And with vaine toys the vulgar entertaines;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
Fine Counterfeunace, and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the comick stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasure graced,
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limed forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly merriment
Is also deaded; and in dolour drest.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribandrie
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each litle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the learneds taske upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe;
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
Not honoured nor cared for of anie;
But loath'd of losels as a thing forforme:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.—

Therewith she lowdly did lament and strike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly;
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singulfs did supply.
So rested shee: and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

ENTRANCE.

Like as the dewling of the Summers pryde,
Faire Philomele, when Winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearelesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilset favourable times did us afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will;
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,
Like wofull culvers, doo sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossomes blasted;
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound
Now without fruits or leaves are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the senses
And livelie spirits of each living wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than Cymarians daylie night:
And monstrous Error, flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that seemed fayre.

Image of hellish herroour, Ignorance,
Borne in the become of the black abysses,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his scenes both syre and brother hight.

He, armd with blindness and with boldnes stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced;
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Fables and Satyres, hath our dwellings rased;
And our chaat bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutishnesse and bestiall filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedesowed with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure Castalian,
The famous witness of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled paddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted werewith paines,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the shepherds swaines
Were wont so oft their pastoralls to sing,
They have cut downe, and all their pleasure-meads,
That now no pastorall is to be heard.

In stead of them, fowle goblins and shriek-owles
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble Echo now laments, and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
So all is turned into wildernesses,
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose ioy was eas't with spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
(My spirits now dismay'd with sorrow dull)
Doo mooe my miserie with silence soft.
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the Heavens afford me remedy.—

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe,
And pitious lamentation did make;
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrows did partake.
So rested shee: and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

TERPSICHOE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Fears through his own fault or Fortunes spight
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that eas't in ioyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all bliss did sit,
Like virgin queenes, with laurell garlands crown'd,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit;
Sith Ignorance our kingdomes did confound,
Be now become most wretched wights on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath plac'd his accursed brood,
By him begotten of fowle Infamy;
Blind Error, scornfull Folie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries;
They cherrish chaunt, and rymes at randon fling,
The fruitfull spawnes of their ranke fantasies;
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they doo with their toys possess,
And raigne in liking of the multitude;
The schooles they fill with fond new-fanglenesse,
And sway in court with pride and rashnes rude;
Mongst simple shepherds they doo boast their skill,
And say their musicke matcheth Phœbus quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their princes that learning is but vaine;
Faire ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine;
Clerks they to leathly bilenes entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannise,
For their usurped kingdomes maintenance,
The whiles we silly maidens, whom they despise
And with reprochfull scornes discountenance,
From our owne native heritages exile,
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
Unless some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake, compassion our paine,
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call;
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,
Because none living pittieeth our paine.—

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,
That naught on Earth her grieffe might pacifie;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
With shrieks, and groanes, and grievous agonie.
So ended shee: and then the next in row
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensue.

PHATO.

Ye gentle spirits! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devise, full of the fire of love,
With beautie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possess,
Forgetfull of your former heaviness:

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to defile,
And blazon forth an earthlie beauties praise
Above the compasse of the arch'd skie:
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And eulogies turne into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whereas those bitter stounds
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule, in measure moderate,
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Love with jawdaes fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the devicefull matter of my song;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprung
Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortall breasts.

Such high conceipt of that celestia!l fire,
The base-borne brood of Blindnes cannot see,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytherea, the mother of Delight,
And queene of beautie, now thou maist go pack;
For lo! thy kingdom is defaced quite,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay come, the winged god of love,
May now goe prun his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three twins, to light by Venus brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom whatever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment or in court or schoole;
For that, which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole;
He sings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayse—

With that she powred forth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLIOPÉ.

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment?

For they, to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of loves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose living praises in heroic style,
It is my chiefe profession to conspyle;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on Earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the sanctuities
Of th' old heroes memoriz'd anew;
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shal be forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
What oddes twist Iras and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excelle;
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his owne freewill.

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I an hight,
And guiden Trompet of Eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to Heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie:
Bacchus and Hercules I rais'd to Heaven,
And Charlemaine amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion read,
And will henceforth immortalize no more;
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble peeres, whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seekes for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that bought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee, which poets wont divide,
Now parasites and sycophants doo share:
Therefore I mourne and endless sorrow make,
Both for my selfe and for my sisters sake.—

With that she lowdly gan to wail and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre;
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
So ended she: and then the next in row
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

URANIA.

What wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powrd on Earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall minde doth inwardly infect
With love of blindness and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkness without sovenance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceipt of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is their onely comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;
But Hell, and darkness, and the grislie grave,
Is Ignorance, the enemy of Grace,
That minde of men borne heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first hee fostred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formlesse mas:
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie,
And looke into the christall firmament;
There we behold the Heavens great hierarchie,
The starres pure light, the spheres swift movément,
The spirites and intelligences fayre,
And angels waiting on th' Almighties chayre.

And there, with bumble minde and high insight,
Th' Eternal Makers maiestie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can see.
O soveraigne lord, O soveraigne happiness,
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happines have they, that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenly discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed care
Have they, that scorne the schoole of arte divine,
And benish me, which do profess the skill
To make men heavenly wise through humbled will.

However yet they meo despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And, please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heavnie wrought:
So, loathing Earth, I looke up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men, [breed,
Which want the blisse that wisdom would them
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den
Of ghostly darknes, and of gastlie dreed:
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe complaine,
And for my sisters eake whom they disdain.—

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie,
As if her eyes had bene two springing wells;
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee; and then the next in row
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensue.

POLYTHYMIA.

A dolefull case deemes a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements;
And squalid Fortune, into basenes song,
Doth scorne the pride of wooted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I woot the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though having little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of poetry;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have made the face of goodly poesie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might professe
But princes and high priests that secret skill;
The sacred lawes therein they woot expresse,
And with deepe oracles their verses fill:
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the nourning of nobilitie.

But now nor prince nor priest doth her maintayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands nucleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kears and of kings.

One onlie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Mahens maiestie,
That with rich bountie, and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble poesie;
Ne onlie favours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peerles poesie.

Most peerles prince, most peerles poesie,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliza, sacred emperesse!
Live she for ever, and her royall p'laces
Be filld with praises of divinst wits,
That her eternize with their heavnie writs!

Some few beside this sacred skill esteeme,
Admirers of her glorious excellencie;
Which, being lightned with her beauties beame,
Are thereby filld with happie influence;
And lifted up above the worldis gaze,
To sing with angels her immortal praise.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having bene with acorns alwaies fed;
Can no whit favour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
For whom I waille and weepe all that I may.—

Effraones such store of teares shee forth did powre,
As if shee all to water would have gone;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waille, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did brake:
The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

VIRGILS GNAT.

1591.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,
THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,
LATE DECEASED.

Whom's, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great lord) the causer of my care,
In cloudie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto your selfe, that onely privie are.

But if that any Oedipus unware [spright,
Shall chance, through power of some divining
To reade the secrets of this riddle rare,
And know the purposes of my evill plight;
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to gloose upon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vent.
But what so by my selfe may not be shoven,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily knowne.

We now have playde, Angustus, wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And, like a colowd weaving slenderly,
Have onely playde: let thus much then excuse
This Gnat's small poems, that th' whole historie
Is but a leet, though evrie it abuse:
But who such sports, and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this Gnat's idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy senses allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit poesie:
The golden offspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great loves pragmatic,
Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
Playing on ivorie harp with silver string.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
 Of poets prince, whether he woo beside
 Faire Xanthus sprinkled with Chimaeras blood;
 Or in the woods of Aetery abide;
 Or whereas Mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
 Doth his broad forehead like two hornes divide,
 And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
 With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye sisters, which the glorie bee
 Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
 Go too; and, dauncing all in companie,
 Adoroe that god: and thou holie Pales,
 To whome the choicest care of husbandrie
 Returneth by continuall successes,
 Have care for to pursue his footing light [dight.
 Through the wide woods, and groves, with green leaves

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
 Betwixt the Forrest wide and starrie sky:
 And thou, most dread Octavius, which oft
 To learned wits giv'st courage worthily,
 O come, thou sacred child, come sliding soft,
 And favour my beginnings graciously:
 For not these leaves do sing that dreadfull stound,
 When giants bloud did staine Phlegrean ground.

Nor how th' halfe horsy people, Centaures bight,
 Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord;
 Nor how the East with tyrannous despight
 Burnt th' Attick towres, and people slew with sword;
 Nor how Mount Athos through exceeding might
 Was digged downe; nor yron bands aboard
 The Pontick sea by their huge navy cast;
 My volume shall renouwe, so long since past.

Nor Hallespont trampled with horses foete,
 When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray;
 But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
 Delights (with Phoebus friendly leave) to play
 An easie running verse with tender feete.
 And thou, dread sacred child, to thee alway,
 Let everlasting lightsome glory strive,
 Through the worlds endles ages to survive.

And let us happie roome remaine for thee
 Amongt heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;
 And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
 As thy due meede that thou deservest best,
 Hereafter many yeares remembred be
 Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest;
 Live thou for ever in all happinesse!
 But let us turne to our first businesse.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
 Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills:
 They now amongst the woods and thickets meet,
 Now in the vallies wandring at their wills, [acent;
 Spread themselves farre abroad through each de-
 Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills;
 Some, clambering through the hollow cliffes on hy,
 Nibble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby.

Others the utmost boeghs of trees doe crop,
 And brouze the woodbine twiggcs that freshly bud;
 This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
 Of some soft willow, or new grown stud;
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
 And chew the tender prickles in her ood,
 The whilles another high doth overlooke
 Her owne like image in a christall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards have,
 Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
 With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
 Ne meases all things by the costly rate
 Of riotise, and semblaits outward brave!
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
 And read the greedie mindes of covetous men,
 Do ever creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the flooce, which him arayes,
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye;
 Ne glistering of golde, which underlayes
 The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye;
 Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rays
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
 Ne yet his cup embost with imagery
 Of Bortas or of Alcons vanity.

There he, lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
 His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
 There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
 And fruitefull Pales, and the Forrest greene,
 And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight,
 Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
 And where fresh springing wells, as christall meate,
 Do always flow, to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead then a more happie life
 Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart sincere,
 No greedy riches knows nor bloudie strife,
 No deadly fight of warlick fleets doth feare;
 Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
 That in the sacred temples he may reare
 A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
 Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worship with his sythe,
 And not with skill of craftsman polished:
 He ioyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
 With sundrie bowers in wilde feldes gathered;
 Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth:
 Sweete Quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
 And perfect Pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
 Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts devoure.

This all his care, this all his whole indeavour,
 To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in quiet matches treasure,
 Content with any food that God doth send;
 And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leiscour,
 Unto sweets sleepe he may securely lend,
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
 The whilles his flock their chewed cudcs do eat.

O flocks, O fawns, and O ye pleasant springs
Of Tempe, where the coun'trey nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shepherd sings
As merrie notes upon his rusticke sife,
As that Aescran bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which food men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
This shepherd drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime;
Hyperion, throwing forth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of Heaven gan clime,
And, the world parting by an equall lot,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the shepherd gather into one
His stragling goates, and drave them to a foord,
Whose carule streame, rombling in pible stone,
Crept under mosse as Greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe Heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drove, from the force of Phoebus boyling ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood
(O Delian goddess) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,
Cruell Agavè, flying vengeance sore
Of king Nictileus for the guiltie blood,
Which she with curnd hands had shed before;
There she halfe frantick, having slaine her sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy Greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing scene.
Not so much did Daa Orpheus repress
The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie goddesses
Staid thee, O Peneus, powring forth to thee, [glee.
From cheereful lookes, great mirth and gladsome

The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
For first the high palme-trees, with branches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding gullefully away
Ulyses men, whom rapt with sweetenes now,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay;
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
The Sunnes and daughters waylde the rash decay
Of Phaëton, whose limbs with lightning rent
They gathering up, with sweete teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one:
Whom ah accompanied the oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one:
The oke, whose acornes were our foodes before
That Ceres seeds of mortall men were knowne,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sowne.

VOL. III.

Here also grew the rougher-finded pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom golden fleece did make an heavenly signe;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres divine,
Decks all the Forrest with embellishment;
And the blacke holme that loves the watric vale;
And the sweete eypress, signe of deadly bale.

Amongst the rest the clambring yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the poplar happily should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top surwey,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs em-
bowing,
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweets consent;
And under them a silver spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around:
All with the ayrie echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place the shepherds flocks
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On everie bush, and everie hollow rocke, [best;
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote
The whiles the shepherd self, tending his stocks,
Sat by the fountains side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him
Displaid on ground, and seized everie lim.

Of trecherie or traines bought tooke he keep,
But, localie on the grassie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleep;
Which, weighing down his drouping drowie hedd,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Devoid of care, and feare of all falshed:
Had not incoustant fortune, bent to ill,
Did strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wosted time in that same place
An huge great serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:
He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughs with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now, more and more having himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he lifeth up on hie,
And with proud vauut his head aloft doth holde;
His crests above, spotted with purple die,
On everie side did shine like scalie golde;
And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sternes lookes to threaten kindled fyre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace,
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand captaine and most trustie guide:
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fire eyes on everie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearely reads, that might his passage stay.

A a

Much he disdaines, that anie one should dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burne, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent;
Fellie he bisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hatb his iawes with asgrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloodie drops is stained,
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle noarling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the sleepe shepheard went;
And, marking where his ey-lids twinkling rare
Shewd the two pearles, which sight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fayre,
His litle needle there indoxing deep,
Ward him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly grazing slewe
As in avengement of his heedles smart,
That straight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismayd, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and, catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rest, and straight about him gan beholde
What god or fortune would assist his might.
But whether god or fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse afraid.

The scalle backe of that most hideous snake
Enwrapped round, oft fayning to retire,
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his breast-front tyre;
And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake
And gazing ghastly on; (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard;)
Yet, when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this the Night forth from the darkeome bowre
Of Herebus her temed steedes gan call,
And laesie Vesper in his timely bowre
From golden Oeta gan proceede withall;
Whenas the shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward farr,
And unto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose some so storne as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and, now loosing everie lim,
Sweetly slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did sleepe;
The image of that Gnat appeared to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With greatie countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong, which he had done of late,
In steed of good bestowing his cruell fate.

Said he, "What have I wretch deserv'd; that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcast,
Whilset that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careless limbe in loose sleep dost display.

"So livest thou; but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over Letheas river,
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lighted with deadly lamps on everie post?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming flêr-brood, encountring mee,
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

"And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo hay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister fire red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull tormentes to be sorely beaten.

"Ay me! that thankes so much should faile of meed;
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of Pittie vanisht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Justice long agoone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

"I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And left mine owne his suffie to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:
Not unto him that never hath trespass,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

"I carried him into waste wildernesses,
Waste wildernesses, amongst Cymmerian shades,
Where endless paines and hideous heavinesses
Is round about me heapt in darkeome glades.
For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades;
Far of beholding Ephialtes tide,
Which once assail'd to burse this world so wide.

"And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull yet
Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire;
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre:
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black shadowes of the Stygian shore,
Whom wretobed ghosts sit wailing evermore.

"There next the utmost brink doth he abide,
That did the baskets of the gods bewray, [drive
Whose thirst through thirst to nought nigh being
His sense to seeke for ease turnes every way:
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For scorning to the sacred gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none.

"Go ye with them, go, cursed damocles,
Whose bridale torches stole Erynnis tynde;
And Hymen, at your spouses sad, forestalls
Tydings of death and massacres unkinde:
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,
And murder'd troupe upon graut heapes to lay.

" There also those two Pandemonian maides,
Calling on His, His evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guiltie blades;
For whom the Thracian king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a lapping, flowie them upbraydes,
And flustering round about them still does sore;
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endless paine.

" But the two brethren borne of Cadmus blood,
Whilst each does for the sovereignty contend,
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend
His cursed steels, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloodie hand was slaine.

" Ah (wala-day!) there is no end of paine,
Nor change of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Whens other powers farre different I see,
And must passe over to th' Elisian plaice:
There grim Persephone, encountering mee,
Doth urge her fellow furies earnestlie
With their bright firebrands me to terrifie.

" There chaste Alceste lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate:
Lo! there lives also the immortal praise
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope; and from her farre aways
A ruseme route of youngmen, which her wood,
All slaine with darts, lie wallow'd in their blood.

" And said Eurydice thence now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee!
Bold sore he was, and worthie spiritie bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could believe that any thing could please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease.

" Né feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor those same mournefull kingdomes, compassed
With rustie horror and fowle fashion;
And deep digd vaults; and Tartar covered,
With bloodie night, and darke confusion;
And judgement seates, whose iudge is deadlie dred,
A iudge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

" But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde:
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
To follow Orpheus musicke through the land:
And th' oaks, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
Did move, as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,
Through their hard barke his silver sound receav'd.

" And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
Drawing in teeries along the starrie skie;
And didst, O monthly virgin, thou delay
Thy sightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The queene of Hell to move as easily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

" She, (ladie) having well before approved
The feends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behoord,
Ne ever did her eyesight turne arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved;
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brook't at the gods decree,
And thereby mad't at her ever damn'd to be.

" Ah! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into bliss,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted:
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great heroes, doo in order stand.

" There be the two stout sonnes of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their syres dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renow'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues carriage.

" For th' one was raviht of his owne bondmaide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy:
But th' other was with Thetis lorc assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his ioy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy;
That from th' Argolick ships, with furious yre,
Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre.

" O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great warre, which Troianes oft beholds,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrian soyle with bloodie rivers swelde,
And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corse,
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;
Whilst Hector rag'd, with outrageous minde, [tyude,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks seete to have

" For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce sight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
And, like a kindly nurse, did yeeld (for spight)
Store of firebrands out of her nourerick
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the navie of their enemies,
And all the Rhétæan shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships, which they did seeke to burne.

" Gainst which the noble some of Telamon
Oppos'd himselfe, and, thwarting his huge shield,
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the Troian field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrill,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryve
The rattling Heavens, and cloudes asunder dryve.

" So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships from turning home againe
To Argos; th' other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.
Thus th' one Æacide did his fame extend:
But th' other ioy'd, that, on the Phrygian playne
Having the blood of vanquist Hector shedd,
He compass Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.

" Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent;
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment;
Therefore from him Laertes soune his weve
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæsus fall,
And este in Dolons subtilè surprysall.

" Againe the dreadfull Cyclopes him dismay,
And blacke Læstrigones, a people stout:
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
Manie great bandogs, which ber gird about:
Then doo the Ænean Cyclops him asfray,
And deep Charybdis gulping in and out:
Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
And greivly feends of Hell him terrifie.

" There also goodly Agamemnon boasts,
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts;
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack porta.
Ah! but the Greekes themselves, more dolorous,
To thee, O Troy, paid penance for thy fall;
In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

" Well may appeare by proofe of their mischaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth advance,
Himselfe therefore to Heaven should elevate:
For loftie type of honour, through the glance
Of envious dart, is downe in dust prostrate;
And all, that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

" Th' Argolicke power returning home againe,
Enrich with spoiles of th' Ericthonian towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre:
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone ensued them with heavie stowre.
Nereis to the seas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges clave.

" Suddenly, whether through the gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The Heavens on everie side enclouded bee:
Black stormes and fogs are blown up from farre,
That now the pylote can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doo make most dreadfull warre;
The billowes striving to the Heavens to reach,
And th' Heavens striving them for to impeach.

" And, in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres and all the heavenly powres
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And downe on them to fall from highest towres:
The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent, [showres,
Throws lightning forth, and heile, and harmful
That death on everie side to them appeares,
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

" Some in the greedie foulds are sunke and drent;
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throne;
Some on th' Euboick cliffs in pieces rent;
Some scattred on the Hercæan shores unknowne;
And manie lost, of whom no monument
Remaines, nor remorie is to be showne:
Whilst all the purchase of the Phirgian pray,
Toot on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

" Here manie other like heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crew,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from Rome by linage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in sovereignty,
And doth all nations unto her subdue:
Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,
Horatii that in vertue did excell.

" And here the antique fame of stout Camill
Doth ever live; and constant Curtius,
Who, stiffe bent his vowed life to spill
For countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
Amidst the towne with his owne corps did fill,
T' appease the powers; and prudent Motius,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by' ensample of the same.

" And here wise Curius, companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest;
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest;
And here the praise of ether Scipion
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage yow'd,
Trembling their forces, sound their praises loud.

" Live they for ever through their lasting praise!
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes that Phoebus sunnie rayes
Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies moorne;
And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
Where Phlegeton with quenchebles flames doth barne;
By which iust Minos righteous soules doth sever
From wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever.

" Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of Hell
Girt with long askes, and thousand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell iudge, compell
With bitter torture, and impatient paines,
Cause of my death and iust complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complaines
To be the author of her ill unwaies,
That careless hear'st my' intollerable cares.

" Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaiot behinde.
But doo thou haunt the soft-downe-rolling river,
And wide greene woods and fruitful pastures minde;
And let the fitting airs my vaine words sever."
Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous crie, that anie would have smarted.

Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
Had left the heavie shepheard, woodrous cares
His inly grievod minde full sore opprest;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares
For that Onas death, which deeply was imprest;
But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such, as through their might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same river lurking under greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And, quaring it in compasse well besene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space;
His yron-headed spade the making cleene,
To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heap of earth he hoorded up on his,
 Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
 And thereupon did raise full busily
 A little mount, of greene turff edifice;
 And on the top of all, that passers by
 Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
 Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
 That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe;
 The rose engrained in pure scarlet die;
 The lilly fresh; and violet belowe;
 The marigolde; and cherefull rosemarie;
 The Spartan myrtle, whence sweet gumb does flowe;
 The purple hyacinthe; and fresh costmarie;
 And saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle;
 And lawrell, th' ornament of Phoebus toyle.

Fresh rhododaphne; and the Sabine flowre,
 Matching the wealth of th' auncient frankiaccence;
 And pallid yvie, building his owne howre;
 And box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;
 Red amaranthus, lucklesse paramour;
 Oxeye still greene; and bitter patience;
 Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well
 Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
 And whatso other heart of lovely hew,
 The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
 To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new;
 He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
 In whose high froot was writ as doth ensue:

*To thee, small great, in lieu of his life saved,
 The shepherd hath thy deaths record engraved.*

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR,

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

1591.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most faire and vertuous ladie; having often
 sought opportunitie by some good meanes to
 make knowne to your ladieship the humble affec-
 tion and faithfull dnetie, which I have alwaies
 professed, and am bound to beare to that house,
 from whence yee spring, I have at length found
 occasion to remember the same, by making a
 simple present to you of these my idle labours;
 which having long aithers composed in the raw
 concept of my youth, I lately amongst other
 papers lighted upon, and was by others, which
 liked the same, moved to set them forth.
 Simple is the device, and the composition meane,

yet carrieth some delight, even the rather be-
 cause of the simplicitie and meaneesse thus per-
 sonated. The same I beseech your ladieship take
 in good part, as a pledge of that profession which
 I have made to you; and keepe with you untill, with
 some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it
 out of your hands, and discharge my utmost du-
 tie. Till then wishing your ladieship all increase
 of honour and happinesse, I humbly take leave.

Your la: ever humbly;

HD. SP.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR,

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

It was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
 That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraide
 Fleed back to Heaven, whence she was first conceived:
 Into her silver bowre the Sunne received;
 And the hot Syrian Dog on him awaiting,
 After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
 Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
 And pow'd on th' Earth plague, pestilence, and
 Emongst the rest a wicked maladie [death.
 Raig'd amongst men, that manie did to die,
 Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason;
 That it to leaches seemed strange and reason.
 My fortune was, amongst manie others mee,
 To be partaker of their common woe;
 And my weake bodie, set on fire with griefe,
 Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
 In this ill plight, there came to visite mee
 Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,
 Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
 And meanes of gladsome solace to devise.
 But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
 His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
 They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
 With talke, that might unquiet fancies reave;
 And, sitting all in seates about me round,
 With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
 They cast in course to waste the wearie howres
 Some tolde of ladies, and their paramours;
 Some of brave knights, and their renowned squires;
 Some of the Faeries and their strange attires;
 And some of gjaunts, hard to be beleev'd;
 That the delight thereof me much releev'd.
 Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
 The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well;
 She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
 Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
 Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided;
 The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
 All were my spirits heavie and diseas'd,
 He write in termes, as she the same did say,
 So well as I her words remember may.
 No Muses aide me needes hereto to call;
 Base is the style, and matter meane withall.
 ¶ Whilome (saide she) before the world was civil,
 The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evil

And hard estate, determined to seeke
 Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke:
 For both were castie and unhappie witted;
 Two fellows might no were be better fitted.
 The Foxe, that first this cause of griefe did finde,
 Gan first thus plaine his case with words unkinde.
 " Neighbour Ape, and my gossip eke beside,
 (Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide)
 To whom may I more trustely complaine:
 The evill plight, that doth me sore constraime,
 And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
 Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
 Thus manie yeares I now have spent and worne,
 In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
 Dooing my country service as I might,
 No lesse I dare saie than the proudest wight;
 And still I hoped to be up advanced,
 For my good parts; but still it hath mischaunced.
 Now therefore that no longer hope I see,
 But forward fortune still to follow mee,
 And losels lifted high where I did looke,
 I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.
 Yet, ere that anie way I doo betake,
 I meane my gossip wive first to make."
 " Ah! my deare gossip," answer'd then the Ape,
 " Deeply doo your sad words my wits awape,
 Both for because your griefe doth great appeare,
 And eke because my seife am touched neare:
 For I likewise have wasted much good time,
 Skill wayting to preferment up to clime,
 Whilst others always have before me' stept,
 And from my beard the fat away have swept;
 That now unto despaire I gin to growe
 And meane for better winde about to throwe.
 Therefore to me, my trustie friend, asread
 Thy counsell: two is better than one head."
 " Certes," said he, " I meane me to disguise
 In some strange habit, after uncouth wise,
 Or like a pilgrim, or a lymiter,
 Or like a gipsen, or a juggeler,
 And so to wander to the world's ende,
 To seeke my fortune, where I may it mead:
 For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
 Wide is the world I wote, and everie stroete
 Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,
 Continuallie subject unto change.
 Say, my faire brother now, if this device
 Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
 " Surely," said th' Ape, " it likes me wondrous well,
 And, would ye not poore fellowship expell,
 My seife would offer you t' accompanie
 In this adventures chaucefull iopardie:
 For, to weze olde at home in idleness,
 Is disadvantageous, and quite fortunelesse;
 Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee."
 The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
 So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
 So soone as day appeard to peoples wiewing,
 On their intended journey to proceede;
 And over night, whatso theretoo did neede,
 Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
 The morrow next, so soone as one might see
 Light out of Heavens windowes forth to looke,
 Both their habiliments unto them tooke,
 And put themselves (a Gods name) on their way;
 Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wry
 This hard adventure, thus began t' advise:
 " Now read, sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
 What course ye weene is best for us to take,
 That for our selves we may a living make.

Whether shall we professe some trade or skill?
 Or shall we varie our device at will,
 Even as new occasion appeares?
 Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares
 To anie service, or to anie place?
 For it behoves, ere that into the race
 We enter, to resolve first hereupon."
 " Now surely brother," said the Foxe anon,
 " Ye have this matter motioned in season:
 For everie thing that is begun with reason
 Will come by readie meanes unto his end;
 But things miscounsell'd must needs miswend.
 Thus therefore I advize upon the case,
 That not to anie certaint trade or place,
 Nor anie man, we should our selves applie;
 For why should he that is at libertie
 Make himselfe bond? sith then we are free borne,
 Let us all survile base subiection scorne;
 And, as we seee somes of the world so wide,
 Let us our fathers heritage divide,
 And chalenge to our selves our portions dew
 Of all the patrimoine, which a few
 Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land.
 For now a few have all, and all have nought,
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordain'd first, ne by the law of Nature,
 But that she gave like blessing to each creature
 As well of worldly livelode as of life,
 That there might be no difference nor strife,
 Nor ought cold wipe or thine: thrice happie then
 Was the condition of mortall men.
 That was the golden age of Saturne old,
 But this might better be the world of gold:
 For without golde now nothing will be got,
 Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot;
 We will not be of anie occupation,
 Let such vile vassalls borne to base vocation
 Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
 Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.
 But we will walke about the world at pleasure
 Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure.
 Free men some beggers call, but they be free;
 And they which call them so more beggers bee:
 For they doo swinke and sweate to feed the other,
 Who live like lords of that which they doo gather,
 And yet doo never thanke them for the same,
 But as their due by Nature doo it claime.
 Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
 Lords of the world; and so will wander free,
 Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie:
 Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so manie)
 Light not on some that may our state amead;
 Sildome but some good commeth ere the ead."
 Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinance:
 Yet, well considering of the circumstance,
 As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid,
 And afterwards with grave advisement said;
 " I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
 The purpose of the complot which ye tell:
 For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
 Of each degree) that boggers life is best:
 And they, that thinke themselves the best of all,
 Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
 But this I wot withall, that we shall runne
 Into great daunger like to be undoone,
 Wildly to wander thus in the world's eye,
 Withouten pasport or good warrantie,

For fears lest we like rogues should be reputed,
 And for care-marked beards abroad be bruted;
 Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,
 How to prevent this mischief ere it fall,
 And how we may, with most securitie,
 Beg amongst those that beggers doo dole."
 "Right well, deere gossip, ye advized have,"
 Said then the Foze, "but I this doubt will save:
 For, ere we farther passe, I will devise
 A passport for us both in fittest wize,
 And by the names of souldiers us protect;
 That now is thought a civile begging sect.
 Be you the souldier, for you likest are
 For manly semblance, and small skill in warre:
 I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
 Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion."
 The passport ended, both they forward went;
 The Ape clad souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
 In a blew jacket with a crosse of radd
 And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
 Much blood through many wounds therein received,
 Which had the use of his right arme bereaved;
 Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
 With a plume feather all to peeces tore:
 His breeches were made after the new cut,
 All Portugese, loose like an emptie gut;
 And his hose broken high above the heeling,
 And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
 But neither sword nor dagger he did beare;
 Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare;
 In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
 On which he leane'd, as one farre in elde.
 Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
 Doth turne the name of souldiers to abusion,
 And that, which is the noblest myserie,
 Brings to reproach and common infamie!
 Long they thus travailed, yet never met
 Adventure, which might them a working set:
 Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed;
 Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
 At last they chaunst to meet upon the way
 A simple husbandman in garments gray;
 Yet, though his vesture were but meane and base,
 A good yeoman he was of honest place,
 And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
 Gay without good, his good hearts greatest loathing.
 The Foze, him spying, had the Ape him dight
 To play his part, for loe! he was in sight,
 That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine,
 And yeeld them timely profits for their paine.
 Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
 And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
 As if good service he were fit to do;
 But little thrift for him he did it to:
 And stontly forward he his steps did straine,
 That like a handsome swaine it him became:
 When as they nigh approached, that good man,
 Seeing them wander loosly, first began
 T' enquire, of custome, what and whence they were?
 To whom the Ape; "I am a souldiere,
 That late in warres have spent my dearest blood,
 And in long service lost both limbs and good;
 And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
 I driven am to seeke some meanes to live:
 Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
 I would be readie, both in deed and word,
 To doo you faithful service all my dayes.
 This yron world," that same he weeping sayes,
 "Brings downe the stoutest hearts to lowest state:
 For miserie doth bravest mindes abate,

And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."
 The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
 Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his paine;
 And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to shewe,
 Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to tetch, to mowe;
 Or to what labour els he was prepar'd?
 For husbands life is laborous and hard.
 Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
 Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
 He would have alipt the collier handsomly,
 And to him said; "Good sir, full glad am I,
 To take what paines may ease living wight:
 But my late maymed limbs lack wouted might
 To doo their kindly services, as needeth:
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
 So that it may no painfull worke endure,
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe endure,
 But if that anie other place you have,
 Which askes small paines, but thriftines to save,
 Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
 Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father."
 With that the husbandman gan him advise,
 That it for him were fittest exercise
 Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee;
 And asked him, if he could willing bee
 To keep his sheepe, or to attend his awyne,
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
 "Gladly," said he, "what ever such like paine
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine:
 But gladdest I of your fleecie sheepe
 (Might it you please) would take on me the keep.
 For, ere that unto armes I me betooke,
 Unto my fathers sheepe I use to looke,
 That yet the skill thereof I have not loste:
 Thereto right well this curdog, by my coste,"
 Meaning the Foze, "will serve my sheepe to gather,
 And drive to follow after their belwether."
 The husbandman was meanly well content
 Triall to make of his endeavourment;
 And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
 Of all his flocks, with libertie full large,
 Giving account of th' annuall increase
 Both of their lamber, and of their woolley fleece.
 Thus it this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
 And the false Foze is dog: (God give them paine!)
 For ere the years have halfe his course out-run,
 And doo returne from whence he first begun,
 They shall him make an ill accompt of th' gift.
 Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
 Expired had the terme, that these two javels
 Should render up a reckning of their travels
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist what answers unto him to frame,
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
 For their false treason and vile theverie:
 For not a lamber of all their flocks supply
 Had they to shew; but ever as they bred,
 They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed:
 For that disguised dog lov'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked shepheard to his will.
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left; [ref.
 And, when lamber fail'd, the old sheeper lives they
 That how t' acquite themselves unto their lord
 They were in doubt, and flaxly set aboard.
 The Foze then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
 Respite till morrow t' answer his desire:

For times delay, new hope of helps still breeds.
 The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,
 And bad next day that all should readie be.
 But they more subtil meaning had than he:
 For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
 For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent:
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were
 In careles sleep, they without care or feare
 Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde,
 And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde:
 Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
 For a full complement of all their ill,
 They stole away, and looke their hestie flight,
 Carried in cloudes of all-concealing night.
 So was the husbandman left to his losse,
 And they unto their fortunes change to touse.
 After which sort they wandered long while,
 Abusing manie through their cloaked guile;
 That at the last they gan to be descryed
 Of everie one, and all their sleights copyed.
 So as their begging now them failed quite,
 For none would give, but all men would them wyte;
 Yet would they take no paines to get their living,
 But seeke some other way to gaunce by giving,
 Much like to begging but much better named;
 For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed.
 And nowe the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
 And th' Ape a casocke sidelong hanging downe;
 For they their occupation meant to change,
 And now in other state abroad to range:
 For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
 They forg'd another, as for clerkes booke redd.
 Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
 Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell;
 At length chaunst with a formall priest to meeke,
 Whom they in civill manner first did greet,
 And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
 The man straight way his cholour up did move,
 And with reproachfull termes gan them revile,
 For following that trade so base and vile;
 And askt what license, or what pas they had?
 "Ah!" said the Ape as sighing wondrous sad,
 "Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
 Must either driven be perforce to serving,
 Or asked for their pas by everie squib,
 That list at will them to revile or scib:
 And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
 Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
 Natheles because you shall not us misdeeme,
 But that we are as honest as we seeme,
 Yee shall our passport at your pleasure see,
 And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee."
 Which when the priest beheld, he vev'd it nere,
 As if therein some text he studying were,
 But little els (God wote) could thereof skill:
 For read he could not evidence, nor will,
 Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
 Ne make one tittle worse, ne make one better:
 Of such deep learning little had he neede,
 Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
 Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
 From whence arise diversitie of sects,
 And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd:
 But this good fr did follow the plaine word,
 Ne medled with their controversies vaine;
 All his care was, his service well to saine,
 And to read homilies upon holidayes:
 When that was done, he might attend his playes;
 At easie life, and fit high God to please.
 He, having overlookt their pas at ease,

Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
 That no good trade of life did entertaine,
 But lost their time in wandring loose abroad;
 Seeing the world, in which they bookles boad,
 Had wayes enough for all therein to live;
 Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
 Said then the Foxe; "Who hath the world not tridde,
 From the right way full eath may wander wide.
 We are but novices, new come abroad,
 We have not yet the tract of anie troad,
 Nor on us taken anie state of life,
 But readie are of anie to make prife.
 Therefore might please you, which the world have
 Us to advise, which forth but lately moved, [proved,
 Of some good course, that we might undertake;
 Yet shall for ever us your bondmen make."
 The priest gan weze halfe proud to be so praid,
 And thereby willing to afford them aide,
 "It seemes," said he, "right well that ye be clerks,
 Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
 Is not that name enough to make a living
 To him that hath a whit of Natures giving?
 How manie honest men see ye arise
 Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize;
 To deanes, to archdeacons, to commissaries,
 To lords, to principals, to prebendaries?
 All lolly prelates, worthise rule to beare,
 Who ever them envie: yet spite bites neare.
 Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
 Might unto some of those in time arise?
 In the meane time to live in good estate,
 Loving that love, and hating those that hate;
 Being some honest curate, or some vicker
 Content with little in condition sicker." [great,
 "Ah! but," said th' Ape, "the charge is wondrous
 To feed mens soules, and hath an heavie threat."
 "To feed mens soules," quoth he, "is not in men:
 For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.
 We are but charg'd to lay the meate before:
 Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
 But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
 The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place.
 Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
 Did rule the Jewes, *All shall be taught of God.*
 That same hath Iesus Christ now to him taught,
 By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
 He is the shepheard, and the priest is hee;
 We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
 Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay;
 Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;
 For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
 It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore:
 They whilome used duly everie day
 Their service and their holie things to say,
 At morn and even, besides their anthemes sweets,
 Their penie masses, and their compluyces meets,
 Their diriges, their trentals, and their shrifts,
 Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
 Now all those needlesse works are laid away;
 Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
 It is enough to doo our small devotion,
 And then to follow any merrie motion.
 Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list;
 Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist,
 But with the finest silkes us to aray,
 That before God we may appeare more gay,
 Resembling Aarons glorie in his place:
 For farre unfit it is, that person base
 Should with vile cloaths approach Gods maiestie,
 Whom no uncleannes may approchen nie;

Or that all men, which anie master serve,
 Good garments for their service should deserve;
 But he that serves the Lord of Hosts most high,
 And that in highest place t' approach him nigh,
 And all the peoples prayers to present
 Before his throne, as an ambassage sent
 Both to and fro, should not deserve to weare
 A garment better than of wooll or hare.
 Beside, we may have lying by our sides
 Our lovely lasses, or bright shining brides:
 We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
 But have the gospell of free libertie."
 By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
 The Foxe was well induc'd to be a parson;
 And of the priest aftsoones gan to enquire,
 How to a benefice he might aspire.
 "Marie, there," said the priest, "is arte indeed:
 Much good deep learning one therout may roed;
 For that the ground-works is, and end of all,
 How to obtaine a beneficiall.
 First therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
 Your selfe attyred, as you can devise;
 Then to some nobleman your selfe applye,
 Or other great one in the world's eye,
 That hath a zealous disposition
 To God, and so to his religion:
 There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
 Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale:
 For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
 There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
 And seeme as saintlike as saint Radegund:
 Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
 And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke:
 These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,
 And be thou sure one not to lacke ere long.
 But if thee list unto the court to throng,
 And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
 Then must thou thee dispose another way:
 For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie,
 To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
 To crouche, to please, to be a beetle stock
 Of thy great masters will, to scorne, or mock:
 So maist thou chauce mock out a benefice,
 Unless thou canst one cointure by device,
 Or cast a figure for a bishoprick;
 And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
 These be the wayes, by which without reward
 Livings in court be gotten, though full hard;
 For nothing there is done without a fee:
 The courtier needs must recompensed bee
 With a benevolence, or have in gage
 The primitias of your personage:
 Scarce can a bishoprick forpas them by,
 But that it must be gelt in privitie.
 Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
 But of more private persons seeke elsewhere,
 Wheress thou maist compound a better penie,
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
 For some good gentleman, that hath the right
 Unto his church for to present a wight,
 Will cope with thee in reasonable wise;
 That if the living yerely doo arise
 To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
 Shall twentie have, and twentie thou haat womne:
 Thou hast it womne, for it is of franke gift,
 And he will care for all the rest to shift;
 Both that the bishop may admit of thee,
 And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
 This is the way for one that is utlern'd
 Living to get, and not to be discern'd.

But they that are great clerkes, have nearer wayes,
 For learning sake to living them to raise:
 Yet maie eke of them (God wote) are driven
 T' accept a benefice in peces riven.
 How easit thou (friend) have I not well discourst
 Upon this common-place, though plaine, not wourst?
 Better a short tale than a bad long thriving:
 Needes anie more to learne to get a living?"
 "Now sure, and by my hallidome," quoth he,
 "Ye a great master are in your degree:
 Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
 And doo not doubt but duly to encline
 My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare."
 The priest him wisht good speel, and well to fare:
 So parted they, as eithers way them led.
 But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
 Through the priests bolesome counsell lately taught,
 And through their owne faire handling wisely wrought,
 That they a benefice twixt them obtained;
 And crafty Reynold was a priest ordained;
 And th' Ape his parish clarke procur'd to bee:
 Then made they revell route and goodly glee.
 But, ere long time had passed, they so ill
 Did order their affairs, that th' evil will
 Of all their parishners they had constrain'd;
 Who to the ordinarie of them complain'd,
 How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
 And them of crimes and heresies accus'd;
 That purrivants he often for them sent:
 But they neglected his commaundment.
 So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
 Till at the length he published to bolde
 A visitation, and them cyted thether:
 Then was high time their wits about to geather;
 What did they then, but made a composition
 With their next neighbour priest for light condition,
 To whom their living they resigned quight
 For a few pence, and ran away by night.
 So passing through the countray in disguise,
 They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,
 And after that long straid here and there,
 Through everie field and Forrest farre and nere;
 Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
 But, almost ster'd, did much lament and mourne.
 At last they chaunst to meeete upon the way
 The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
 With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
 And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.
 Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise;
 But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
 Their meanease; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
 Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his sprite,
 Said; "Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
 That I see you so goodly and so gay
 In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
 Fill'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
 Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
 Or fortunes doth you secret favour give."
 "Foolish Foxe!" said the Mule, "thy wretched need
 Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed,
 For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
 My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
 That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
 That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gait."
 "Ay me!" said then the Foxe, "whom evil hap
 Unworthis in such wretchednes doth wrap,
 And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee:
 But rood faire sir, of grace, from whence come yee;
 Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare;
 Newes may perhaps some good unsweeting beare."

"From royall court I lately came," said he,
 "Where all the braverie that eye may see,
 And all the happinesse that heart desire,
 Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
 That hath not scene that Heavens portrature:
 But tidings there is none I you assure,
 Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
 That courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall."
 "But tell us," said the Ape, "we doo you pray,
 Who now in court doth beare the greatest sway:
 That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
 We may seeke favour of the best of all."
 "Marie," said he, "the highest now in grace,
 Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
 For in their speedie course and nimble flight
 The Lyon now doth take the most delight;
 But chieffe ioyes on foot them to beholde,
 Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde:
 So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
 And buxome to his bande, is ioy to see;
 So well his golden circlet him besemeth:
 But his late chayne his liege unmeete esteemeth;
 For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
 In the wilde forest raunging fresh and free.
 Therefore if fortune thee in court to live,
 In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
 To some of these thou must thy selfe apply:
 Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
 So vainly shalt thou to and fro be tost,
 And lose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
 And yet full few, which follow them I see,
 For vertues here regard advanced bee,
 But either for some gainfull benefit,
 Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit,
 Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle see,
 That ye may better thrive than thousands mee."
 "But," said the Ape, "how shall we first come in,
 That after we may favour seeke to win?"
 "How els," said he, "but with a good bold face,
 And with big words, and with a stately pace,
 That men may think of you in generall,
 That to be in you, which is not at all:
 For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
 (As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth.
 Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
 Your selves theretoo, according to occasion:
 So fare ye well, good courtiers may ye bee!"
 So, proudly neighing, from them parted hee.
 Then gan this craftie couple to devise,
 How for the court themselves they might aguize:
 For thither they themselves meant to addresse,
 In hope to finde there happier success.
 So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
 Himselfe had clothed like a gentleman,
 And the slic Foxe, as like to be his groom,
 That to the court in seemly sort they come;
 Where the fund Ape, himselfe uprearing by
 Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
 As if he were some great magnific,
 And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go;
 And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeissance,
 Supports his credite and his countenance.
 Then gan the courtiers gaze on everie side,
 And stare on him, with big looks basen-wide,
 Wondring what mister might he was, and whence:
 For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
 Fashion'd with quaint devises never scene
 In court before, yet there all fashions beene;
 Yet he them in newfauglennesse did see:
 But his behaviour altogether was

All Turckes, much the more admyr'd;
 And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
 To dignitie, and adsign'd the low degree;
 That all, which did such strangeness in him see,
 By secreete means gan of his state acquire,
 And privily his servant thereto hire:
 Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,
 Reported unto all, that he was sure
 A noble gentleman of high regard,
 Which through the world had with long travel
 far'd,

And scene the manners of all beasts on ground;
 Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.
 Thus did the Ape at first him credit geive,
 Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine
 With gallant shewe, and daylie more augment
 Through his fine feates and courtly complement;
 For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and
 spring,

And all that els pertaines to reveling,
 Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.
 Besides he could doo manie other poynts,
 The which in court him served to good stead:
 For he mougt ladies could their fortunes read
 Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
 And iuggle finely, that became him well:
 But he so light was at legierdemaine,
 That what he toucht, came not to light againe;
 Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
 And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke.
 So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
 For he therein had great felicitie;
 And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
 But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,
 To heare the iavel so good men to nip:
 For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
 And common courtiers love to gybe and beare
 At everie thing, which they heare spoken ill,
 And the best speaches with ill meaning spill;
 Yet the brave courtier, in whose beauteous thought
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
 Anies good name for envie or despite:
 He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
 Ne will be carried with the common winde
 Of courts inconstant mutabilitie,
 Ne after everie tattling fable flie;
 But heares, and sees, the follies of the rest,
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best:
 He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
 But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
 And unto all doth yeeld due curtisie;
 But not with kissed hand below the knee,
 As that same spish crew is wont to doo:
 For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
 He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
 Two filthie blots in noble gentrie;
 And lothefull idleness he doth detest,
 The canker worme of everie gentle breast;
 The which to banish with faire exercise
 Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise:
 Now menaging the moother of stubborn steedes,
 Now practising the proove of warlike deedes,
 Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
 Now the nigh ayred ring away to beare:
 At other times he casts to see the chase
 Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,

To enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull)

Or els by wrestling to wax strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with sughen bowe,
And manly legs still passing to and fro,
Without a gownd beat him fast beside,
A vaine example of the Persian pride;
Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorpe on foote to goe.
Thus when this courtly gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his rest, and there with sweets delight
Of musicks skill revives his toyled spright;
Or els with loves, and ladies gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts;
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes;
Sweets ladie Muses, ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of Heavens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people differant,
Of kingdomes change, of divers government,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowned knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposis,
And in his princes service spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place;
Through dyes deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praise;
For he is fit to use in all assayes,
Whether for armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and civill governance.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his courting most applie:
To learne the enterdeale of princes strunge,
To marke th' intent of counsells, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men sometime,
Supplanted by fine falsehood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
To enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
Which through wise speaches and grave confir-
ences

He daylic eckes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull courtier in his kinde:
But unto such the Ape lent not his minde;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descrie his lewd conditions:
But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thrifles games that may be found;
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit,
With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlic wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rise:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorpe
A pandares coate (so basely was he borne);
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But ah, for shame,
Let not sweete poets praise, whose onely pride
Is virtue to advaunce, and vice deride,

Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetrie be named!
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon;
And with the sugrie sweets thereof allure
Chast ladies eares to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
That chieffie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorpe
The seotaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mowd,
Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
Ne other knowlege ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewde speach
Against Gods holie ministers oft reach,
And mooke divines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to advaunce,
And to uphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could devise;
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce: yet sure his honestie
Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie,
And filthie brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good ladies gifts:
But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practise ill
Of coosinage and cleanly knaverie,
Which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.
Besides he used another slipperie sight,
In taking on himselfe, in common sight,
False personages fit for everie sted,
With which he thousands cleanly consind:
Now like a merchant, merchants to deceave,
With whom his credits he did often leave
In gage for his gay masters hopelesse dett:
Now like a lawyer, when he had would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his masters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same:
Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he seeme a farmer, that would sell
Bargaipes of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coosin men not well aware:
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might see.
Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poore wters, that in court did haunt some while:
For he would learne their busines secretly,
And then informe his master hastily,
That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,
And beg the sute, the which the other ment.

Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
 The simple suter, and wish him to chuse
 His master, being one of great regard
 In court, to compas anie sute not hard,
 In case his paines were recompenst with reason:
 So would he worke the silly man by treason
 To buy his masters frivolous good will,
 That had not power to doo him good or ill.
 So pitifull a thing is suters fate!
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to court, to see for had ywist,
 That few have found, and man e one hath mist!
 Full little knowest thou, that hast not bride,
 What Hell it is, in suing long to bide:
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
 To wast long nights in peniue discontent;
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
 To have thy princes grace, yet want her peeres;
 To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse despair;
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to roume,
 To speed, to give, to want, to be undone.
 Unhappie wight, borne to disastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
 Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
 Finds all things needfull for contentment meeke;
 And will to court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie:
 That curse God send unto mine enemy!
 For none but such, as this bald Ape unblest,
 Can ever thrive in that unlucke quest;
 Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
 That by his shifts his master furnish can.
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
 His craftie feates, butt that they were descride
 At length by such as sate in Justice seate;
 Who for the same him fowlie did entreate;
 And, having worthily him punished,
 Out of the court for ever banished.
 And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
 That wont provide his necessaries, gan
 To growe into great lacke, he could upholde
 His countenance in those his garments olde;
 Ne new ones could he easily provide,
 Though all men him uncased gan deride,
 Like as a puppit placed in a play,
 Whose part once past all men bid take away:
 So that he driven was to great distresse,
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
 Then closely as he might he cast to leave
 The court, not asking any passe or leave;
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,
 Ne ever staid in place, ne spake to wight,
 Till that the Foxe his copemate he had found,
 To whom complayning his unhappie stound,
 At last againe with him in travell ioynd,
 And with him far'd some better chauce to fynde.
 So in the world long time they wandered,
 And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;
 That them repented much so foolishly
 To come so farre to seeke for misery.
 And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
 Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
 Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
 Whilst through the forest recklesse they did goe,
 Lo! where they spide, how, in a gloury glade,
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,

His crowne and scepter lying him beside,
 And having doft for beate his dreadfull hide:
 Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde,
 And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
 And bad him put all cowardize away;
 For now was time (if ever they should hope)
 To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
 And them for ever highly to advance,
 In case the good, which their owne happie chauce
 Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
 Scarce could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake;
 Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe
 Where nought but dread and death do seeme in show.
 "Now," sayd he, "whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
 May we his crowne and mace take from the ground,
 And eke his skinne the terror of the wood,
 Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke good)
 Make kings of beasts, and lords of forests all,
 Subject unto that powre imperiall."
 "Ah! but," sayd th' Ape, "who is so bold a wretch,
 That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch;
 When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide,
 To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?"
 "Fond Ape!" sayd then the Foxe, "into whose brest
 Never crept thought of honor, nor brave gest,
 Who will not venture life a king to be,
 And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see,
 Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
 Where none shall name the number of his place?
 One ioyous houre in blisfull happines,
 I chuse befor a life of wretchednes.
 Be therefore counsell'd herein by me,
 And shake off this vile harted cowardree.
 If he awake, yet is not death the next,
 For we may color it with some pretext
 Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme:
 Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme,
 And I creepe under ground; both from his reach:
 Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach."
 The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
 Now gan some courage unto him to take,
 And was content to attempt that enterprise,
 Tickled with glorie and rash covetise.
 But first gan question, whether should assay
 Those royall ornaments to steale away?
 "Marie, that shall your selfe," quoth he theretoo,
 "For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;
 Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,
 Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
 Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
 And ever thinke a kingdome is your part."
 Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adventure,
 Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
 Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,
 And everie stick that underneath did ly:
 Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
 For making noyse, and still his care he lent
 To everie sound that under Heaven blew;
 Now went, now stopt, now crept, now backward drew,
 That it good sport had been him to have eyde:
 Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde)
 Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,
 He all those royall signes had stolne away,
 And with the Foxes helpe their borne aside
 Into a secret corner unespide.
 Whither wheras they came they fell at words,
 Whether of them should be the lord of lords:
 For th' Ape was stryfull, and ambitious;
 And the Foxe gailefull, and most covetous;

That neither pleased was, to have the rayne
Twixt them divided into even twaine,
But either (algates) would be lord alone:
For love and lordship hide no paragone.
"I am most worthy," said the Ape, "with I
For it did put my life in leopardie:
Thereto I am in person and in stature
Most like a man, the lord of everie creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a kingly soveraigne."
"Nay," said the Foxe, "sir Ape, you are astray:
For though to steale the diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did first devise the plot by pollicie;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit:
For which also I claime my selfe more fit,
Thao you, to rule: for government of state
Will without wisdome soone be ruinate.
And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
Most like a man, man is not like an ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite;
But I therein most like to him doo merite,
For my sly wyles and subtil craftinesse,
The title of the kingdome to possessse."
Nathles (my brother) since we parted are
Unto this point, we will appeare our iarre;
And I with reason meeete will rest content,
That ye shall have both crowne and government,
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:
And hereupon an oath unto me plight."
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore: for who would not oft sweare,
And oft unswear, a diademe to beare?
Then freely up those royall spoiles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke;
But it dissembled, and upon his head
The crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seeme
Of the wilde beasts, in his new glory sheene.
There the two first, whome he encountered, were
The Sheepe and th' Ase, who, stricken both with
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye; [fears
But unto them the Foxe slowd did cry,
And in the kings name bad them both to stay,
Upon the payne that therof follow may.
Hardly nathles were they rearmayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there dissuaded them from needlesse feare,
For that the king did favour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to corte:
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his maiestye
Use them but well, with gracious clemencie,
As whome he knew to him both fast and true:
So he perswaded them, with homage due
Themselves to bumble to the Ape prostrate,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyved them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell ragged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshy corpes to make invasion:
But, soone as they this mock-king did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,

Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
As currant, sent the Foxe to them streight way,
Commanding them their cause of strife bewray:
And, if that wrong on eyther side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at court, it to defend;
In the meane time upon the king 't attend.
The subtil Foxe so well his message sayd,
That the proud beasts him readily obeyd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack wose,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That king indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palace hye;
Where taking conge, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared sight, which late they sawe.
The Ape thus seized of the regal throne,
Eftsoones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might longer have endurance.
First to his gate he pointed a strong guard,
That none might enter but with issues hard:
Then, for the safegard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
Bred of two kindes, as griffons, minotaures,
Crocodiles, dragons, beavers, and centaures:
With those himselfe he strengthened mightilie,
That feare he neede no force of emnie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his gracieles skill;
And all wyde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoiles enlurd his private treasures.
No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard of season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
But crueltie, the signe of curriah kinde,
And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogauce;
Such followes those whom fortune doth advauce.
But the false Foxe most blindly plaid his part:
For, whatsoever mother-wit or arte
Could worke, he put in prooffe: no practise slye,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt;
But through his hand alone must passe the gaunt.
All offices, all leases by him leyt,
And of them all, whatso he likte, he kept.
Iustice he sold iniustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was;
But, so he got it, little did he pas.
He fed his cuba with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweats of others sweating toyle;
He crammed them with crumbs of benefices,
And filld their mouthe with meads of malefices;
He clothed them with all colours save white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;
He chaffred chayres in which churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let:
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinance so needfull, but that hee

Would violate, though not with violence,
 Yet under colour of the confidence
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
 And reckned him the kingdome's corner stone.
 And ever, when he ought would bring to pass,
 His long experience the platforme was :
 And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
 The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
 For to encrease the common treasure store;
 But his owne treasure he encreas'd more,
 And lifted up his lofty towres thereby,
 That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;
 The whiles the princes pallaces fell fast
 To ruine: (for what thing can ever last ?)
 And whilst the other peeces, for povertie,
 Were forst their ancient houses to let lie,
 And their olde castles to the ground to fall,
 Which their forefathers famous over all
 Had founded for the kingdome's ornament,
 And for their memories long monument.
 But he no count made of nobilitie,
 Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorie,
 The realmes chief strength and girdle of the
 crowne.

All these through famed crimes he thrust adowne,
 Or made them dwell in darkness of disgrace :
 For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
 Of men of armes he had but small regard,
 But kept these lowe, and straigned verie hard.
 For men of learning little he esteem'd ;
 His wisdoms he above their learning deem'd.
 As for the rascal commons least he cared ;
 For not so common was his bountie shared ;
 " Let God," said he, " if please, care for the manie,
 I for my selfe must care before els anie :"
 So did he good to none, to manie ill,
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
 Yet none durst speake, no none durst of him praise ;
 So great he was in grace, and rich through guine.
 He would he anie let to have access
 Unto the prince, but by his owne addresse :
 For all that els did come, were sure to faile ;
 Yet would he further none but for avails.
 For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
 The Fowe had priz'd of friendship store,
 What time the Ape the kingdome first did guine,
 Came to the court, her case there to complaine ;
 How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemie,
 Had since shee slaine her lambe most cruellie ;
 And therefore crav'd to come unto the king,
 To let him knowe the order of the thing.
 " Soft goodlie Sheepe !" then said the Fowe, " not
 soe :

Unto the king so rash ye may not goe ;
 He is with greater matter busied
 Than a lambe, or the lames owne mothers hed.
 Ne certes may I take it well in part,
 That ye my cousin Wolfe so foully thwart,
 And seeke with slander his good name to blot :
 For there was cause, els doo it he would not :
 Therefore successe, good dame, and hence depart."
 So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart :
 So manie moe, so everie one was used,
 That to give largely to the boxes refused.
 Now when high love, in whose almightie hand
 The care of kings and power of empires stand,
 Sitting one day within his turret hie,
 From whence he vewes, with his black-lidded eye,
 Whatso the Heaven in his wide vawts contains,
 And all that in the deepeart Earth remains ;

And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,
 Whom not their kindly sovereigne did wælde,
 But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,
 Had all subvert ; he adiegnfully it scor'd
 In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
 But that with thunder bolts he had him shaine,
 And driven downe to Hell, his dewest need :
 But, him avizing he that dreadful deed
 Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
 Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name
 Unto the world, that never after anie
 Should of his race be voyd of infamie ;
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
 To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
 From whence he never should be quit, nor staid.
 Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd,
 And bad him flie with never resting speed
 Unto the forest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
 And there enquiring privily, to learne
 What did of late chauce to the Lyon stearne,
 That he wuld not the empire, as he ought ;
 And whence were all those plaints unto him brought
 Of wrongs, and spoyle, by salvage beasts com-
 Which done, he had the Lyon be remitted [mittid :
 Into his seate, and those same treachours vile
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
 The sonne of Maia, soon as he receiv'd
 That word, streight with his sware wings he cleav'd
 The liquid cloudes, and lucid firmament ;
 He staid, till that he came with steep descent
 Unto the place, where his prescript did shewe.
 There sleeping, like an arrowe from a bowe,
 He soft arriv'd on the grassie plaine,
 And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
 Till that unto the palace nigh he came.
 Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame ;
 And that faire face, and that ambrosiall hew,
 Which woult to decke the gods immortall crew,
 And beautifie the shini' firmament,
 He doft, wailt for that rude rabblement.
 So, standing by the gates in strange disguise,
 He geth enquire of some in secret wize,
 Both of the king, and of his government,
 And of the Fowe, and his false blandishment :
 And evermore he heard each one complaine
 Of foule abuses both in realme and maine.
 Which yet to prove more true, he went to see,
 And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
 Tho on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
 Which maketh him invisible in sight,
 And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
 Making them thinke it but a vidoos. [swards ;
 Through power of that, he runnes through enemies
 Through power of that, he passeth through the herds
 Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
 Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle ;
 Through power of that, his cunning theveries
 He woult to worke, that none the same espies ;
 And, through the power of that, he putteth on
 What shape he list in apparition.
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand
 He tooke Caduceus his snakie wand,
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
 And Furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
 With that he canst sleep to seize the eyes,
 And feare the harts, of all his enemyes ;
 And, when him list, an universall night
 Throughout the world he makes on everie wight ;
 As when his syre with Alcunens lay :
 Thus dight, into the court he tooke his way,

Both through the gard, which never him descride,
 And through the watchmen, who him never spide:
 Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
 Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,
 Each place abounding with fowle iniuries,
 And fid with treasure rackt with robberies;
 Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
 Which had been slaine to serve the Apes behaests;
 Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
 And lawlesse rainging with riotize;
 Besides the infinite extortions,
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
 That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
 Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
 He would no more endure, but came his way,
 And cast to seek the Lion, where he may,
 That he might worke the avengement for this
 shame

On those two caytives, which had bred him blame.
 And, seeking all the Forrest busily,
 At last he found, where sleeping he did ly:
 The wicked wood, which there the Foxe did lay,
 From underneath his head he took away,
 And then him waking, forced up to rise.
 The Lion looking up gan him avize,
 As one late in a traunce, what had of long
 Become of him: for fantasie is strong.
 "Arise," said Mercurie, "thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
 The whilet thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
 And thy throne royall with dishonour blest:
 Arise, and doe thy selfe redeeme from shame,
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame."
 Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart;
 And, rousing up himselfe, for his rough hide
 He gan to reach; but no where it spide:
 Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
 And chafte at that indignitie right sore.
 But when his crowne and scepter both he wanted,
 Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and
 panted;

And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours,
 To them that had purloyn'd his princely honours.
 With that in hast, disrobed as he was,
 He toward his owne pallace forth did pas;
 And all the way he roared as he went,
 That all the Forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
 At last he came unto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
 And manie warders round about them stood:
 With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
 That all the pallace quaked at the sound,
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and hartles left;
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were left,
 Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
 But the false Foxe when he the Lion heard,
 Fled closely forth, straightway of death afraid,
 And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
 With fained face, and watrie eyne half weeping,
 To excuse his former treason and abuson,
 And turning all unto the Apes confusion:
 Nath'les the royall beast forbore beleaving,
 Bus had him stay at ease till further preaving.
 Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,
 Rearing yet louder that all harts it daunted,

Upon those gates with force he fiercely flew,
 And, rending them in pieces, fellly flew
 Those warders strange, and all that els he met.
 But th' Ape still flying he no where might get:
 From rowne to rowne, from beame to beame he fled
 All breathles, and for feare now almost ded:
 Yet bim at last the Lyon spide, and caught,
 And forth with shame unto his judgement brought.
 Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,
 To heare their doome, and sad ensamble see:
 The Foxe, first author of that treacherie,
 He did uncase, and then away let fle.
 But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he knight
 Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;
 Since which, all apes but halfe their eares have left,
 And of their tales owe utterlic bereft.—

So Mother Hubbard her discourse did end:
 Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend;
 For weako was my remembrance it to hold,
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde.

THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY MILTAY.

1591.

Yx heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
 Under deep ruines, with huge wells opprest,
 But not your praise, the which shall never die
 Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
 If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
 May reach from hence to depth of darkest Hell,
 Then let those deep abysses open rive,
 That ye may understand my shrieking yell!
 Thrice having scene under the Heavens veale
 Your toasts devoted compass over all,
 Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
 And for your antique foris here doo call,
 The whites that I with sacred horror sing
 Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing!

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
 And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre;
 Greece will the olde Ephebian buildings blaze;
 And Nylus nurslings their pyramides faire;
 The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
 Of loves great image in Olympus placed;
 Mausolus worke will be the Carian glorie;
 And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced;
 The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
 The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
 And what els in the world is of like worth,
 Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
 But I will sing above all monuments
 Seven Romane hills, the worlds seven wonderments.

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
 And nought of Rome in Rome perceivst at all,
 These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
 Olde palaces, is that which Rome men call.
 Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
 And how that she, which with her mightie powre
 Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last;
 The pray of Time, which all things doth devoure!

Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!
That which is firme doth sit and fall away,
And that is fitting durh abide and stay.

She, whose high top above the starres did sore,
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both Heaven and Earth in roundness compassing;
Iove fearing, least if she should greater growe,
The giants old should once againe uprise, [nowe
Herwhelm'd with hills, these seven hills, which be
Tombs of her greatnes which did threate the skies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnall,
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noysoine Esquiline,
And Caelian on the right; but both her feete
Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

Who lists to see, what ever Nature, Arte,
And Heaven, could doo; O Rome, these let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee!
Rome is no more: but, if the shade of Rome
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By magicke skill out of eternall night:
The corpses of Rome in ashes is entomb'd,
And her great spirite, reioyned to the spirite
Of this great masse, is in the same enwomb'd;
But her brave writings, which her famous merite
In spite of Time out of the dust doth rears,
Doo make her idole through the world appeare.

Such as the Berecynthian goddesse bright,
In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so manie gods she brought to light;
Such was this citie in her good daies fownd:
This citie, more than that great Phrygiana mother
Retownd'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe, her equall match could see:
Rome onely might to Rome compar'd bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble:
So did the gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power should not resemble
Her that did match the whole Earths puissance,
And did her courage to the Heavens advancee.

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde monuments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine;
Triumphant arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie;
That you to see doth th' Heaven it selfe appall;
Alas, by little ye to nothing sie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all!
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate!
For if that Time make ende of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

Through armes and rasses Rome the world subdu'd,
That one would weene that one sole cities strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had survey'd,
To be the measure of her breadth and length:

This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,
Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest Earth ioin'd to the Heaven hie;
To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane empire might be quight;
And that though Time doth common wealthe devowre,
Yet no time should so low embase their bright,
That her head earth'd in her foundations deep
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

Ye cruell starres, and eke yn gods unkinde,
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature;
Why have your hands long sit hence traveled
To frame this world, that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong?
I say not, as the common voyces doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone have being
Are temporal, and subject to decay:
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some that weene the contrarie in thought,
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by charmes
Atcheiv'd the golden fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the Earth engendred men of armes
Of dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;
So this brave towne, that in her youthlie daies
An hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nurslings praise
The drie Sunnes both ope and other hous:
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules so ranke seed to repress,
Amongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter merciless;
Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

Mars, shaming to have given so great heed
To his off-spring, that mortall puissance,
Pufft up with pride of Romane hardie-head,
Seem'd above Heavens powre it selfe to advance;
Cool'ng againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had those Romane spirits filld,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,
Into the Gothicke colde, hot rage insill'd:
Then gan that nation, th' Earths new giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre.
And, beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th' end that none, all were it love his sire,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane empire.

Like as whilome the children of the Earth
Heapt hills on hills to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles love at them his thunderbolts let sie;
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' Earth under her childrens weight did groane,
And th' Heavens in glorie triumpht over all:
So did that haughty front, which heaped was
On these seven Romane hills, it selfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the Heaven, that gan her force to feare.
But now these scorned fields become her fall,
And gods secure feare not her force at all.

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
 Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
 Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
 Tho which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest made;
 Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
 No rust of age hating continuance,
 Nor wrath of gods, nor sight of men unstable,
 Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance;
 Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
 Nor swelling streames of that god snakie-paced,
 Which hath so often with his overflowing
 Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced;
 But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
 Makes the world wonder what they from thee left.

As men in summer fearies passe the foord,
 Which is in winter lord of all the plaine,
 And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard
 The ploughmans hope and shepheards labour vaine:
 And as the coward beasts use to despise
 The noble lion after his lives end,
 Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardie
 Daring the foe that cannot him defend:
 And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
 Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde:
 So those, which whilome went with pallid cheekes
 The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
 Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse vaine,
 And, conquer'd, dare the conquerour disdain.

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghosts,
 Which, joying in the brightnes of your day,
 Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous
 boasts

Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
 Tell me, ye spirits! (sith the darksome river
 Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
 Doo not restraine your images still mourning)
 Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
 Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
 Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
 When ye sometimes behold the ruina'd pride
 Of these old Romane works, built with your hands,
 Now to become nought els but heaped sands?

Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre
 In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
 Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
 Against a rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse:
 Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast
 Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie,
 Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in wast,
 To stop his wearie cãriere suddenly:
 And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
 Gathered in one up to the Heavens to spyre,
 Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebly:
 So whilome did this monarchie aspyre
 As waves, as winds, as fire, spred over all,
 Till it by fetall doome adowne did fall.

So long as loves great bird did make his flight,
 Bearing the fire with which Heaven doth us fray,
 Heaven had not feare of that presumptuous might,
 With which the giants did the gods assay.
 But all so soone, as scorching Soome had brent
 His wings which wont the Earth to overspredd,
 The Earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
 That antique horror, which made Heaven adred.

VOL. III.

Then was the Germane raven in disguise
 That Romane eagle seene to cleave aunder,
 And towards Heaven freshly to arise
 Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to powder;
 In which the fowle, that serves to beare the lightning,
 Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

These heapes of stones, these old wals, which ye see,
 Were first enclosures but of salvage sayle;
 And these brave pillages, which maystred bee
 Of Time, were shepheards cottages some while.
 Then tooke the shepheards kingly ornament
 And the stout hyde arm'd his right hand with steeler:
 Eftsoones their rule of yearly presidents
 Grew great, and sixe monthes greater a great deele;
 Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
 That thence th' imperiall eagle rooting tooke,
 Till th' Heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
 Her power to Peters successor betooke;
 Who, shepheardlike, (as Pates the same foreseeing)
 Doth shew that all things turne to their first being

All that is perfect, which th' Heaven beautifies;
 All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
 All that doth feede our spirits and our eyes;
 And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
 All the mishap, the which our daies outweare,
 All the good hap of th' oldest times afore;
 Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
 Like a Pandora, locked long in store,
 But Destinie this huge Chaos turmoyleing,
 In which all good and evil was enclosed,
 Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
 Caried to Heaven, from sinfull boadage loosed:
 But their great sinner, the causers of their paine,
 Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
 With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
 Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
 Doth plunge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire;
 And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
 With his great bellie sprede the dimmed world,
 Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
 In raine, or snowe, or haille, he forth is horid;
 This citie, which was first, but shepheards shade,
 Uprising by degrees, grew to such height,
 That quene of land and sea her selfe she made,
 At last, not able to beare so great weight,
 Her power, disperst, through all the world did vade;
 To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissance
 Of Affrike could not tame, that same brave citie,
 Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischance,
 Sustain'd the shocke of common enmitie;
 Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,
 Had all the world in armes against her bent,
 Was never scene, that anie fortunes wreakes
 Could breake her course begun with brave intent.
 But, when the object of her vertue failed,
 Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
 As he that having long in tempest sailed,
 Faine would arrive, but cannot for the storme,
 If too great winde against the port him drive,
 Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
 Which near'd her rule with Africa, and Byze,
 With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
 And they which see the dawning day arise;

B b

Her counsaings did with mutinous upprure
Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while:
So, when the compass course of the universe
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undone:
The seeds, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wambe againe be hid.

O warie wisdoms of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne,
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cancring laisure not be overborne!
He well foresaw, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idleness would turne to civill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.
For, in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As, in a vicious bodie, grosse disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to passe, when, swolne with plentie pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

If the blinde Furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts out t' enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with claws, or scale creasts;
What fell Erynis, with hot burninge tongue,
Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbew'd,
That, each to other working cruell wronge,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romanes) your hard destinie?
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
Pow'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

O that I had the Thracian poets herpe,
For to awake out of th' infernal shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie loyns of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ansonian light might be restor'd!
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the portraicts of these palaces,
By paterns of great Virgils spirit divine!
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde, with levell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
But him behooves to view in compass round
All that the Ocean grasps in his long armes;
Beit where the yerele starre doth scorch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blows his bitter stormes.
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome;
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:
For th' auncient plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
These haughtie beapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcies, these baths, these temples
hie;
Iudge, by these ample ruines vew, the rest
The which injurious Time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde is reckning best;
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then also marke, how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the Romaine dæmon
Doth yett himselfe with fatal hand enforce,
Again on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

He that hath seeme a great oke drie and dead
Yet clad with reliques of some trophies olde,
Lifting to Heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whose foots he ground hath left but feeble holde,
But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wretched rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunkes all rotten and unround
Onely supports herselfe for ments of wormes;
And, though she owe her fall to the first winde,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And, manie yong plants spring out of her rinde;
Who such an oke hath seeme, let him record
That such this citie honour was of yore,
And amongst all cities flourish much more.

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise;
All that which Greece their temples to embrace,
After th' Iosicke, Atticke, Doricke guise;
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave;
All that Lysippus practike arte could forme;
Apelles wit; or Phidias his skill;
Was wont this auncient citie to adorne,
And the Heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which Athens ever brought forth wise;
All that which Africke ever brought forth strange;
All that which Asie ever had of prise;
Was here to see. O marvelous great change!
Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament;
And, dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

Like as the seeded field greene grass first shows,
Then from greene grass into a stalke doth spring,
And from a stalke into an eare forth-grown,
Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring;
And as in season due the husband mowes
The waving lockes of those faire yellow beares,
Which bound in sheaves, and layd in comely rows,
Upon the naked fields in stalkes be reares:
So grew the Romane empire by degree,
Till that barbarian hands it quite did apill,
And left of it but these olde markes to see,
Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill:
As they, which gleane, the reliques use to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him chaunst to ceaster.

That same is now nought but a champion wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whomever dost abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
Ne Africke thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincke,
Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemaine,
Nor the borne souldier which Rhine running drinks:

Thou only cause, O Civil Furies, art!
Which, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spite,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatness growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowns might'st fall more horriblie.

Hope ye, my verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane harpes worke may challenge for her meed?
If under Heaven aile endurance were,
These monuments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les, my lute, whom Phoebus deign'd to give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities:
For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,
Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou bee,
That thou art first, which of thy nation song
Th' olde honour of the people gown'd long.

2. error.

Bellay, first garland of free poësie [with,
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave
Well worthie thou of immortalitye,
That long hast travel'd, by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decayes!
Needes must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other give eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are endless, and thy prayse
Excelling all, that ever went before.
And, after thee, give Bartas his to mayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almightye to adora,
Live, bappie spirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame!

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

1591.

One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced!
On which when as my thought was thrughly plac'd,
Unto my eyes strange shewes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights compassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire ladie!) take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things better forth.

In summers day, when Phoebus fairly shone,
I saw a bull as white as driven snowe,
With gilden hornes embow'd like the Moone,
In a fresh flowing meadow lying lowe:
Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes so did overflowe,
That he all wallow'd in the weedes downe beaten,

Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Till that a brise, a scorn'd little creature,
Through his faire hide his agric sting did threaten.
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased:
So by the small the great is oft diseased.

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Upon a sunnie banks outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mightie crocodile,
That, cram'd with guilties blood and greedie pray
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little bird, call'd Tadmia,
The least of thousands which on Earth abide,
That first this hideous beast to open wide
The graisly gates of his devouring Hell,
And let him feede, as Nature did provide,
Upon his iawes, that with blacke venins swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

The kingly bird, that beares Loves thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
That made all other foules his thralls to bee:
The silly fie, that no redress did see,
Spide where the eagle built his towring nest,
And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his young ones, and himselfe distress;
Ne suffred him in aile place to rest,
But drove in Loves owne lap his eggs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his egg to fling away:
For which when as the foule was wroth, said love,
"Lo! how the least the greatest may reprove."

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it sleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his faggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abyss him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like Heavens thunder,
And all the waves were stain'd with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seemes small in common eyes.

An hideous dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
With shields of brass that shone like burnisht golde,
And forked sting that death in it did beare,
Strove with a spider his unequal peare;
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtil vermin, creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;
Which, through his entrails spreading diversly,
Made him to swell, that sigh his bowells burst,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatness trust.
O, how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
The weak, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

High on a hill a goodly cedar growe,
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanoe,

Her match in beautie was not anie one.
 Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
 A little wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
 That on her sap and vitall moisture fed:
 Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
 Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
 And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
 That shortly balde and bared she became.
 I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,
 To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

Some after this I saw an elephant,
 Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
 That on his backe did beare (as battelliant)
 A golden towre, which shone exceedingly;
 That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
 Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
 Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,
 And shortly gan all other beast to scorne.
 Till that a little ant, a silly worme,
 Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,
 That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
 Both borrowed pride, and native beautie stained.
 Let therefore nought, that great is, therein glorie,
 Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
 A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
 And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
 Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
 Faire blew the winds into her boome right;
 And th' Heavens looked lovely all the while;
 That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
 And at her owne felicitie did smile.
 All sodainely there clove unto her keele
 A little fish, that men call remora,
 Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
 That winde nor tide could move her thence away.
 Strange thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
 Should able be so great an one to wing.

A mighty lyon, lord of all the wood,
 Having his hunger thoroughly satisfide
 With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
 Safe in his dreadles den, him thought to hide:
 His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,
 And all his glory in his emell clawes.
 I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
 And bad him battaile even to his jawes;
 Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth drawes,
 And his proude heart is filld with fretting ire:
 In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
 And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire;
 That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.
 So weakest may anoy the most of might!

What time the Romaine empire bore the raine
 Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
 The nations gan their soveraigntie disdeine,
 And cast to quit them from their bondage quight:
 So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
 The Gallies were, by corrupting of a mayde,
 Possesst nigh of the capitol through slight,
 Had not a goose the treachery bewrayde:
 If then a goose great Rome from ruine stayde,
 And love himselfe, the patron of the place,
 Preservd from being to his foes betrayde;
 Why do vaine men meane things so much deface,
 And in their might repose their most assurance,
 Sith nought on Earth can challenge long endurance?

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,
 My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
 With inward ruth and deare affection,
 To see so great things by so small distress:
 Thenceforth I gan in my enrieved breast
 To scorne all difference of great and small,
 Sith that the greatest often are oppress,
 And unawares doe into danger fall.
 And, ye, that read these ruines tragicall,
 Learne, by their losse, to love the low degree;
 And, if that Fortune chaunces you up to call
 To Honours seat, forget not what you be:
 For he, that of himselfe is most secure,
 Shall finde his state most sickle and unsure.

THE

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1591.

It was the time, when Rest, soft sliding downe
 From Heavens height into mens heavy eyes,
 In the forgetfulness of sleepe doth drowne
 The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;
 Then did a ghost before mine eyes appeare,
 On that great rivers bank, that runnes by Rome;
 Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
 My lookes to Heaven whence all good gifts do come,
 And crying lowd, "Lo! now behold," quoth hee,
 "What under this great temple placed is:
 Lo, all is nought but flying vanitie!"
 So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
 Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
 In God alone my confidence do stay.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
 An hundred cubits high by just assize,
 With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
 All wrought with diamond after Dorick wise:
 Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
 But shining christall, which from top to base
 Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
 One hundred steps of Afrika golds enchase:
 Golde was the target; and the seeling bright
 Did shine all soaly with great plates of golde;
 The floure of iasp and emeraude was dight.
 O worlds vaineesse! Whiles thus I did behold,
 An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
 And overthrow this frame with raine great.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,
 Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
 Justly proportion'd up unto his height,
 So far as archer might his level see:
 The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
 Made of the metall, which we most do honour;
 And in this golden vessel couched ware
 The ashes of a mightie emperour:
 Upon foure corners of the base were pight,
 To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
 A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
 Alas this world doth nought but grievance hold!
 I saw a tempest from the Heaven descend,
 Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

I saw rayside up on yvorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest metallis warke,
The chapters alabaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall arke:
On each side purtraid was a victorie,
Clad like a nimph, that wings of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on his,
The auncient glory of the Romaine peeres.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for love his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene,
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the banks of the Ausonian streame:
There many an auncient trophée was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races gréatnes did attest,
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
Ravish I was so rare a thing to see;
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdain
A twaine of forked trees send forth againe.

I saw a wolfe under a rockie cave
Nourishing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the
nones:

I saw her rounge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T' embrew her teeth and claws with lukewarm
blood

Of the small beards, her thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
That with an hundred speeres her flank wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle;
Some on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

I saw the bird, that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wigs assay to mount on bight;
By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
Following th' ensamplic of her mothers sight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines bight,
Untill she raught the gods owne mansions:
There was she lost; when suddaine I behelde,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in fire fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the foule, that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with gressy shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a strange beast with seven heads arose,
That townes and castles under her brest did course,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer fozs
Alike with equall ravine to devour.

Much was I made, to see this monstrous kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull how;
When at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scythian mew,
That sperrt these cloudes; and, in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

Then all astoind with this mighty ghost,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loose,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe;
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Poured forth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creekie shores about,
Wheroun the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood;
And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes: his left the palme tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull olive twig;
And head with lawrell garnish was about.
Sudden both palme and olive fell away,
And faire greene lawrell branch did quite decay.

Hard by a rivers side a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to Heaven with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
"Where is," quoth she, "this whilom honoured face?"
Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When gods and men my honour up did raise?
Suffic'd it not that civill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this hydra new,
Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many Nereos and Caligulaes
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?"

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
Which, like incense of precious order tree,
With balmie odours fill'd th' ayre farre and nie.
A bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout up to the throne of gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she unto Heaven did stie.
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On evere side a thousand shining beames:
When sudden dropping of a silver dew [flames;
(O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious
That it, which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as christall gainst the sunnie beames,
The botome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a boye alluring sleepe sat trembled,
Of manie accords more sweete than mermaids song:
The weates and benches shone as yvorie,
And hundred nymphes sat side by side about;
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
A troupe of satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their vilaine feete the streame did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs away.

Much richer then that vessel seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
Upon the Latine coast herselfe to reare:

But suddenly arose a tempest great,
 Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
 Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
 This ship to which none other might compare:
 And finally he storme impetuous
 Bankt up these riches, second unto none,
 Within the gulfe of greedie Nerues.
 I saw both ship and mariners each one,
 And all that treasure drowned in the maine:
 But I the ship saw after raied againe.

Long having deeply gron'd these visions end,
 I saw a citie like unto that same,
 Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
 But that on sand was built the goodly frame:
 It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,
 And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
 (If ought here worthie) of immortal dayes,
 Or if ought under Heaven might firme endure.
 Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
 When from the northerne coast a storme arose,
 Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
 On all which did against his course oppose,
 Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
 The weake foundations of this citie faire.

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
 Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
 Wearie to see the Heavens still wavering thus,
 I saw Typhoeus sister coming neare;
 Whose head, full bravely with a morion bidd,
 Did seeme to match the gods in maiestic.
 She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,
 Over all the world did raise a trophee hie;
 An hundred vanquisht kings under her lay,
 With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wise;
 Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
 I saw the Heavens in warre against her rize:
 Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thunder,
 That with great noyse I wakke in sudden wonder.

THE
 VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

1591.

Being one day at my window all alone,
 So manie strange things happened me to see,
 As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
 At my right hand a hynde appear'd to mee,
 So faire as mote the greatest god delibe;
 Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
 Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
 With deadly force so in their cruell race
 They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
 That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
 Under a rocke, where she alas, oppress,
 Fell to the ground, and there untimely did.
 Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
 Oft makes me wayle so hard a dextenie.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
 Made all of heben and white yvorie;
 The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were:
 Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,

The skie eachwhere did shew full bright and faire:
 With rich treasures this gay ship fraught was:
 But sudden storme did so turnioyle the aire,
 And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
 Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
 And perished past all recoverie.
 O! how great ruth, and sorrowfull amny,
 Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
 Thus in a moment to see lost, and drown'd,
 So great riches, as like cannot be found.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
 Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,
 Amidst the yong groome wood of Paradise;
 Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
 Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
 Chauting in shade their sundrie melodie,
 That with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere.
 While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
 The skie gan everie where to overcast,
 And darkned was the welkin all about,
 When sudden flash of Heavens fire out burst,
 And rent this royall tree quite by the roote;
 Which makes me much and ever to complaine;
 For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
 A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
 Whereto approched not in anie wise
 The homely shepheard, nor the roder clowne;
 But manie Muses, and the nymphes withall,
 That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
 To the soft sounding of the waters fall;
 That my glad hart therat did much rejoyce.
 But, while herein I took my chiefe delight,
 I saw (alas) the gaping Earth devour
 The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;
 Which yet aggreeses my hart even to this houre,
 And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
 To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

I saw a phoenix in the wood alone,
 With purple wings, and crest of golden beere;
 Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anon,
 That of some heavenly wight I had the vowe;
 Untill he came unto the broken tree,
 And to the spring, that late devoured was.
 What say I more? each thing at last we see
 Doth passe away: the phoenix there, alas,
 Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
 Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdain,
 And so forthwith in great despite he did;
 That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,
 For ruth and pitie of so haples plight:
 O! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

At last so faire a ladie did I spie,
 That thinking yet on her I borne and quake;
 On heards and flowres she walked pensively,
 Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake:
 White seem'd her robes, yet wove so they were,
 As snow and golde together had been wrought:
 Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
 A stinging serpent by the heele her caught;
 Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure;
 And, well assur'd, she mounted up to ioy.
 Alas, on Earth so nothing doth endure,
 But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

When I beheld this tickle troubles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, sitting too sad fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe;
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
Where my free spirits might not asie mee
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
And ye, faire ladie, in whose bounteous breast
All heavenly grace and vertue shined is,
When ye these rithmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of Heavens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that Death shall spoyle your goodly
features.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS DOUGLAS
HOWARD, DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOW-
ARD, VICOUNT STEDHAM, AND WIFE OF ARTHUR CORBET,
ESQUIRE.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADIE HELENA,
MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto
your honour the dedication of this little poëme,
for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of
whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and
in affection greatly devoted, unto your ladieship.
The occasion why I wrote the same, was aswell
the great good fame which I heard of her de-
ceased, as the particular goodwill which I bear
unto her husband master Arthur Gorges, a lover
of learning and vertue, whose house, as your la-
diship by marriage hath honoured, so doe I find
the name of them, by many notable records, to
be of great antiquitie in this realme, and such as
have ever borne themselves with honourable re-
putation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to
their prince and country: besides, so lineally
are they descended from the Howards, as that
the lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John
duke of Norfolk, was wife to sir Edmund, mo-
ther to sir Edward, and grandmother to sir Wil-
liam and sir Thomas Gorges, knights: and there-
fore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour
done to the white lyon, but will be most gratefull
to your ladieship, whose husband and children do
so neerely participate with the blood of that no-
ble family. So in all dutie I recommend this
pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to
your honourable favour and protection. London,
this first of Januarie, 1591. Your honours hum-
bly ever.

ED. SP.

DAPHNAIDA.

What was man he be whose heavie mynd,
With griefe of mournfull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would fynd,
Let reade the ruffull plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I weene, the wofulst man alive,
Even sad Aleyon, whose empierced breast
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

But whose else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence;
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing;
For even their heavie song would breede delight;
But here no tunes, save sobs and grooes, shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,
Let those three Fatsall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weave the direfull threds of destinie,
And in their wrath break off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadfull queene
Of darknes deepe come from the Stygian straunds,
And grisly ghosts, to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomy evening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steedes, now having overran
The compact skie, gan water in the west,
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowing pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaver wit possesser,
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heavinesse,
Which she conceived hath through meditation
Of this worlds vaineasse and life's wretchednesse,
That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion.

So as I mused on the miserie
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man; I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did come,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Iacob staffe in hand devoutly crost,
Like to some pilgrim come from farre away.

His carelesse locks, uncumbed and unshorne,
Hong long adowne, and heard all overgrowne,
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne:
Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did groone,
As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenance
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
Most like Aleyon seeming at a glance;
Aleyon he, the iullie shepheard swaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with plessaunce every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softlie sayd, "Alcyon!" Therewithall
He lookt aside as in disdainfull wise,
Yet stayed not, till I againe did call:
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow sound,
"Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedest man that treads this day on ground?"

"One, whom like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And given like cause with thee to waile and wepe;
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle shepheard! stay,"
Quoth I, "till thou have to my trustie care
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay."

"Cease, foolish man!" (saide he, halfe wrathfully)
"To seeke to heare that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguish, which doeth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne doe I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone."

"Ther be it so," quoth I, "that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt."

"Who life does loath, and long to be unloved
From the strong shackles of frail flesh," quoth he,
"Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Doem the occasion of his death to see;
Rather desires to be forgotten quite,
Than questiou made of his calamitie;
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light."

"Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
And carest for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought;)
I will to thee this beavie case relate:
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate."

"Whilome I nede (as thou right well doest know)
My little Booke on western downes to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
And slowrie banks with silver liquor steepe;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce."

"It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearlesse and free, a faire young lionesse,
White as the native rose before the change
Which Veus blood did in her leaves impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other beasts in beawtie staine."

"Much was I moved at so goodlie sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to east how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver chaine."

"And afterwarde I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stont and salvage wert;
For being borne an auncient lions bayre,
And of the race that all wild beasts do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and was so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

"For ahee in field, where ever I did wand,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or cis in sleepe, if may,
Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe;
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warris keepe."

"Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drom'd in carelesse quiet deepe:
My lovely lionesse without hecst
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plaine or wood."

"Of did the shepbeards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envye,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my lionesse, whose praises wyde
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they tryde,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse."

"Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my joy would have no end;
But oh! fond man! that in worlds ficklenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedest her thy friend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

"For whilist I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruel satyre with his murderous dart,
Gredie of mischief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweete companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my hart:
My lionesse (ah, woe is me!) is gon!

"Out of the world thus was shee reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoyle,
And borne to Heaven, for Heaven a fitter pray;
Much fitter then the lyon, which with toytle
Alcides slew, and fast in firmament;
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament."

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe;
But, when I saw the anguish of his sight
Some deale aleid, I him bespake againe;
"Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine."

"Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy loved lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlde rule possesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vasselnesse;
Therefore more plain areade this doubtfull case."

Then sighing sore, "Daphne thou know'st," quoth
 "She now is dead;" no more endur'd to say, [he,
 But fell to ground for great extremitie;
 That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
 Was much apaid; and, lightly him appearing,
 Revoked life, that would have fled away,
 All ware my selfe, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
 And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
 The stormie passion of his troubled breast,
 But he thereby was more empassionate;
 As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate;
 And breaking fourth at last, thus dearnely plained:

I.

"What man henceforth that breatheth vital aire
 Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
 Which so unjustly doth their judgements share
 Amongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
 The innocent, as those which do transgreame,
 And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
 Than worst or foulest, but doe both oppresse?"

"If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so faire, sith faireness is neglected?
 Or why be they themselves immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected?
 She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
 Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
 Yet she in pureness Heaven itselfe did pas.

"In pureness and in all celestiall grace,
 That men admire in goodly womankind,
 She did excell, and seem'd of angels race,
 Living on Earth like angell new divinde,
 Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

"No age hath bred (since faire Astraea left
 The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight;
 And, when she part'd hence, with her she left
 Great hope, and robd her race of bounty light.
 Well may the shepheard lasses now lament;
 For double losse hy her hath on them light,
 To loose both her and bounties ornament.

"No let Elisa, royall shepherdesse,
 The praises of my parted love eny,
 For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
 Powr'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
 By her owne shepheard, Colin, her own shepheard,
 That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
 Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

"She is the rose, the glory of the day,
 And mine the primrose in the lowly shade:
 Mine, ah! not mine; amisse I mine did say:
 Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made;
 Mine to be his, with him to live for ay.
 O that so faire a flower so soon should fade,
 And through untimely tempest fall away!

"She fell away in her first ayen spring,
 Whilst yet her leafe was Greene, and fresh her rinde,
 And whilst her braunch faire blossomes fourth did
 She fell away against all course of kinde. [bring,
 For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
 She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.
 Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my under-song.

II.

"What hart so stonie hard but that would weepe,
 And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
 What Timon but would let compassion creepe
 Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares?
 In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
 I wasted have, my heart blood dropping wearas,
 To think to ground how that faire blossome fell.

"Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
 Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
 But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye,
 So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
 And cloode her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
 The whiles soft Death away her spirit hent,
 And soule asoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

"Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
 She, all resolv'd, and readie to remove,
 Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
 'Aleyon! ah, my first and latest love!
 Ah! why does my Aleyon weepe and mourne,
 And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
 As if to me had chaunst some evill tourne!

"I, since the messenger is come for mee,
 That summons soules unto the bridale feast
 Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
 And straight obey his sovaine behest;
 Why should Aleyon then so sore lament
 That I from miserie shall be releast,
 And freed from wretched long imprisonment!

"Our daies are full of dolour and disease,
 Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
 That nought on Earth may lessen or appease;
 Why then should I desire here to remaine!
 Or why should he, that loves me, sorrie bee
 For my deliverance, or at all complaine
 My good to heare, and toward joyes to see!

"I goe, and long desired have to goe;
 I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
 Whereas no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
 May come, their happie quiet to molest;
 But saints and angels in celestiall thrones
 Eternally him praise that hath them blest;
 There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

"Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
 Of the late love the which betwix us past,
 My young Ambrosia; in lieu of mee,
 Love her; so shall our love for ever last.
 Thus, doare! adieu, whom I expect ere long!—
 So having said, away she softly past:
 Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make mine under-song.

III.

"So oft as I record those piercing words,
 Which yet are deepe engraven in my breast,
 And those last deadly accents, which like swords
 Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest,
 With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,
 The which my soul first conquerd and possess'd,
 The first beginners of my endless care:

"And when those pallid cheekes and aske how,
 In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,
 And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,
 I match with that sweete smile and chearful brow,
 Which all the world subdued unto it,
 How happie was I then, and wretched now!

" How happie was I when I saw her leade
The shepherds daughters dauncing in a rownd!
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grass, with rosy garland crown'd!
And, when she list, aduance her heavenly voyce,
Both nymphes and Muses nigh she made astound,
And flocks and shepherds caused to reioyce.

" But now, ye shepheard lasses! who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your vielayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, with shee dead
That was the lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

" Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever shepheard sound his oaten quill
Unto the manie that provoke them might
To idle pleassance; but let ghastlinesse
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauinesse:

" Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drouth drie up the cristall wells;
Let th' Earth be barren, and bring forth no flowres,
And th' ayre be filld with noyse of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

" And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of uglinesse;
For shee it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but stepdame, cruell, merciless.
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my naderung.

IV.

" My litle flock, whom eart I lov'd so well,
And wont to feed with finest grasse that grow,
Feede ye henceforth on bitter astruffell,
And stinking smallage, and unsauerie rew;
And, when your mawes are with those weeds cor-
Be ye the pray of wolues; ne will I rew [rupted,
That with your carkasses wild beasts be gluttet.

" Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To careless Heavens I doo daylie call;
But Heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry;
And cruell Death doth scorne to come at call,
Or grant his boone that most desires to dye.

" The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remains;
But the ungodly ooes he doth forsake,
By Eving long to multiplie their paine:
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the great iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

" Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away;
For worthe of a better place was shee:
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormentet be.
Sith then they so have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doe service day by day.

" For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age:
My bread shall be the anguish of my trynd,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

" And shee, my love that was, my saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiell throne
(In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pittie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and see their miserie.

" So when I have with sorrow satisfied
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th' Heavens with long languor pacified,
Shee, for pure pitie of my sufferance weeke,
Will send for me; for which I daily long;
And will fill then my painfull penance ceke.
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my underung.

V.

" Henceforth I hate what ever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade;
So soone as on them blowes the northern winde,
They tarrie not, but sit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grieffe of minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

" I hate the Heaven, because it doth withhold
Me from my love, and aka my love from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly silms and fraille mortalitie;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies;
I hate the ayre, because signes of it be;
I hate the sea, because it teares supplyes.

" I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see;
I hate the darkness and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulness in mee;
I hate all times, because, all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not stayed be,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

" I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying;
I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine eares;
I hate to tast, for food withholdes my dying;
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares;
I hate to smell, no sweet on Earth is left;
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares:
So all my senses from me are bereft.

" I hate all men, and shun all womankinde;
The one, because as I they wretched are;
The other, for because I doo not finde
My love with them, that wout to be their starre:
And life I hate, because it will not last;
And death I hate, because it life doth marre;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

" So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certain state,
But, still nastedfast, round about doth gon
Like a mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does dye.

" So doo I live, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in self-consuming paine!
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht for me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdain!
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my underwong.

VI.

" Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
And doo not dye then in despight of death;
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares fade quiet! Is it so unseath
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

" To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life draws care, and care continuall woe;
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so;
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

" Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

" But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
For faire Euridyce, her daughter dere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought;
So will I traveli whilst I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth nere
To loose his teeme, will I take up my inne.

" No sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philument, my fortune to deplore;
With Philument, the partner of my plight.

" And ever as I see the starre to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
How my fair starre (that shined on me so bright)
Fell sodainly and faded under ground;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

" But soon as day doth shew his deawie face,
And calls forth men unto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darkesome place,
Or some dere cave, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my underwong.

VII.

" Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Faire thing on Earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight;
For all I see is vaive and transitorie,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

" And ye, fond men! on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought under Heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride,
Be sure that they shall have so long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only useance
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

" And ye, true lovers! whom deastrous chauce
Hath farre exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferance,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserabile case,
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

" And ye, more happie lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your compassion spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen unto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

" And ye, my fellow shepherds! which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hills and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines;
And, when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines
That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdain.

" And, ye faire damsels! shepherds deare delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,
When as my heare shall happen to your sightes,
Vouchsafe to deek the same with cypresse;
And ever sprinkle brackish teares among,
In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

" And ye poore pilgrims! that with restless toyle
Wearie yourselves in wandring desert wayes,
Till that you come where ye your vov'es assoyle,
When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes.
Cease, shepheard! cease, and end thy underwong."

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes waxt pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
Amooved him out of his stonie swoond,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a steinfull eie at me,
That in his trauince I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbrd face,
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeas'd,
I him desyrde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approch'd, to be pleas'd
To torne aside unto my cabinet,
And stay with me, till he were better eas'd
Of that strong stow'd which him so sore beest.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
 Ne longer him intreat with me to staie,
 But without taking leave he fourth did gos
 With staggering pace and dismal looks dismay,
 As if that Death he in the face had seene,
 Or hellish hags had met upon the way;
 But what of him became I cannot weene.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

1595.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIP AND WORTHY KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAIN OF HER MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEN OF
 THE STANNERRIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTIE
 OF CORNWALL.

SIR,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies ydle
 as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied,
 nor altogether unadutifull, though not precisely
 officious, I make you present of this simple pas-
 torall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the
 meanness of the stile, but agreeing with the truth
 in circumstance and matter. The which I
 humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment
 of the infinite debt, in which I acknowledge my
 self bounden unto you for your singular favours,
 and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my
 late being in England; and with your good con-
 siderance protect against the malice of evil mouthes,
 which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and
 misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray conti-
 nually for your happinesse. From my house of
 Kilcolman, the 27. of December.

1591. [rather perhaps 1595.]

Yours ever humbly,

ED. SP.

THE shepherds boy (best known by that name)
 That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
 Lais of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
 Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
 Charming his oaten pipe unto his peere,
 The shepheard swaines that did about him play:
 Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
 Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
 Like hartlesse deere, dismayd with thunders sound.
 At last, when as he piped had his fill,
 He rested him: and, sitting then around,
 One of those groomes (a jolly groomer was he,
 As ever piped on an oaten reed,
 And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
 Hight Hobbinol;) gan thus to him areed.

" Colin, my life, my life, how great a losse
 Had all the shepherds nation by thy lacke!
 And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse!
 That, sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
 Was heard to sound as she was wont on hys,
 Hast made us all so blessed and so happye.
 Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
 The woods were heard to waile full many a sylbe,
 And all their birds with silence to complaine:
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
 And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
 The running waters wept for thy returne,
 And all their fish with languour did lament:
 But now both woods and fields and flocks revive,
 Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
 That us, late dead, hast made againe alive:
 But were it not too painefull to repeat
 The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
 In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
 Now at thy leisure them to us to tell."

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus;
 " Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet:
 For of good passed newly to discuss,
 By dubble usurie doth twice renew it,
 And since I saw that angels blessed eie,
 Her worlds bright Sun, her Heavens fairest light,
 My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
 Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,
 Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
 But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
 My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure.
 Wake then, my pipe; my sleepeie Muse, awake;
 Till I have told her praises lasting long:
 Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake;—
 Harke then, ye jolly shepherds, to my song."

With that they all gan throb about him neare,
 With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie:
 The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
 Did round about them feed at libertie.

" One day" (quoth he) " I sat, (as was my
 trade)

Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
 Of the greene alders by the Mullae shore:
 There a strange shepheard chaunst to find me
 out,

Whether allured with my pipes delight,
 Whose pleasing sound ysprilled far about,
 Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,
 And how he hight, himselfe he did yeleepe
 The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
 And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
 He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
 And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
 He found himselfe full greatly pleas'd at it:
 Yet, smulging my pipe, he took in hand
 My pipe, before that smulged of many,
 And plaid thereon; (for well that skill he cood);
 Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
 He pip'd, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped;
 By change of turnes, each making other weary;
 Neither envying other, nor envid,
 So piped we, until we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
 That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake:
 " And, should it not thy reddie course restraine,
 I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,

To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie;
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse."

"Nor of my love, nor of my lasse," quoth he,
"I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desert choose to dwell.
But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
Which to the shyny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his banks appeare."

"Of fellowship," said then that bony boy,
"Record to us that lovely lay againe:
The staine wherof shall nought these cares amoy,
Who all that Colin makes do covet faine."

"Hearre then," quoth he, "the tenor of my
tale,

In sort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leasing new, nor grandams fable stale,
But auccient truth coufirm'd with credence old.
"Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain
gray

That walls the northaide of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter fresh as flours of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nymph, which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right
To Buttavant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that auccient cittie,
Which Kilmullah clepped is of old;
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie
To travellers, which it from far behold.
Full faine she lov'd, and was belov'd full faine
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which Allo hight, Broad-water called farr;
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that river for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone.
Nath'lesse the nymph her former liking held;
For love will not be drawnd, but must be ledde;
And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got first to wedde.
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd, with jealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent;
Him to deceiue, for all his watchfull ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That, whilst the one was watcht, the other might
Passe onspide to meete her by the way;
And then, besides, those little streames so broken
He under ground so closely did couvay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
So secretly did he his love enjoy:
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepherds boy.
Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great avenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which oncomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.

So of a river, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought;
And, lost among those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his love he bought."

Which having said, him Thestylis bespake;
"Now by my life this was a mery lay,
Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make.
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What dittle did that other shepheard sing:
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forsoine thing."

"That shall I eke," quoth he, "to you declare:
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia the ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debar'd.
And ever and anon, with signalls rife,
He cryed out, to make his undersong;
'Ah! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?'"

Then gan a gentle bonnylasse to speake,
That Marin hight; "Right well he sure did plaie,
That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasur breake,
And move to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further, Colin, as befell:
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade."
"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,"
Quoth he, "and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great lyking to my love,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlorne,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.

The which to leave, thenceforth he counsell'd mee,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him his Cynthia to see;
Whose grace was great and bounty most rewardfull.
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankynd did far excell;
Such as the world admyn'd, and praised it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare.
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill;
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea, that is
A world of waters heaped up on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with boarse crie."

"And is the sea," quoth Coridon, "so fearfull?"
"Fearfull much more," quoth he, "then hart can
fear:

Thousand wyld beasts with deep mootheres gaping
direfull

Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, already dead with feare,
And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring streames
Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to Hell.
For, as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it scord the daunger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with some subtil matter.
Yet had it armes and wings, ad head and taile,
And life to move itselfe upon the water.

Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waves, but through them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboard us gently did receive,
And without harme us furre away did beare,
So furre that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and Heaven to us appeare.
Then hartlesse quita, and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tall,
Under what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment
Of a great shepherdesse, that Cynthiaight,
His liage, his ladie, and his lifes regret—

"If then," quoth I, "a shepherdesse she be,
Where be the flockes and herds, which she doth
keep?"

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?"

"These be the hills," quoth he, "the surges
hie,

On which faire Cynthia her herds doth feed:
Her herds be thousand fishes with their frise,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton, blowing loud his wretched borne:
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wood too and fro at evening and at morne.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his herd
Of stinking seales and porcupises together,
With hoary head and dewy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And I, among the rest, of many least,
Have in the ocean charge to me assign'd;
Where I will live or die at her behest,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred nymphes all heavenly borne,
And of immortall races doo still attend
To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be shorne,
And fold them up, when they have made an end.
Those be the shepherds which my Cynthia serve
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandement at hand."

"Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, least land we never should have eyde:
Thereof our ship her course directly bent,
And if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We Lunday passe; by that same name is ment
An island, which the first to west was shorne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in jeopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encroching crueltie.
Those same the shepheard told me, were the fields
In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed;
Faire goodly fields, then which Arminia yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first, to which we nie approached, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horse, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemd to be a goodly pleasant les:
There did a loffie mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately beape of stones upreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which us did beare:

There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthia's land."
"What land is that thou meanst," then Cuddy sayd,
"And is there other then whereon we stand?"
"Ah! Cuddy," then quoth Colin, "thou'st a fow,
That hast not seeme least part of Natures worke:
Much more there is unkend then thou doest know,
And much more that does from mens knowledge
surke.

For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides some goodly rivers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy Fanchins praise,
Or unto Ailo, or to Mulla cleare:
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seeme in thy daies."

"But if that land be there," quoth he, "as here,
And is theyr Heaven likewise there all one?
And, if like Heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone?"

"Both Heaven and heavenly graces do much
more."

Quoth he, "abound in that same land then this.
For there all happie peace and plentiful store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosy,
No grievely famine, nor no raging sword,
No nightly bodragt, nor no lene and cries;
The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest ranger.
There learned arts do flourish in great honour,
And poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use:
Fer God his gifts there plentifully bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse."

"But say on further," then said Corylia,
"The rest of thine adventure, that betyded."
"Forth on our voyage we by land did passe,"
Quoth he, "as that same shepheard still us gyrded,
Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came:
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatness I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on Earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
Upon a virgin bydes adorned head,
With roses dight and goolds and daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee;
Or like faire Phebes garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deeme, but who the godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is to adore, with humble mind,
The image of the Heavens in shape humane."

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
Saying; "By wondring at thy Cynthiaes praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise."

But let us heare what grace she showed thee,
And how that shepheard strange thy cause ad-
vanced."

"The shepheard of the ocean," quoth he,
"Unto that goddesse grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her care,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight,
For not by measure of her owne great mind,
And woodroos worth, she mott my simple song,
But joyd that country shepheard ought could
fynd

Worth harkening to, amongst the learned throng."
"Why?" said Alexis then, "what needeth shee?"

That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepherds in her fee,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly elfe?
Or be the shepherds which do serve her laetic,
That they list not their mery pipes applie?
Or be their pipes untunable and crazie,
That they cannot her honour worthyie?"

"Ah I say," said Colin, "neither so, nor so:
For better shepherds be not under skie,
Nor better hable, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus, now woomen aged
In faithful service of faire Cynthia:

And there is Corydon though meanly waged,
Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
And there is sad Alcyon bent to moorne,
Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth teare
Sweet layes of love to endless plaints of pittie.

Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt,
In thy sweet Egiantine of Mesurage;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirrh allure.
There etc is Palin worthis of great praise,
Albe he envie at my rustick quill:

And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tones from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon free from spite,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rewe:
Yet he himselfe may rewe be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster throughly taught
In all this skill, though knownen yet to few;
Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
His Elisie would be redde answ.

Who lives that can match that heroic song,
Which he hath of that mightie princesse made?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun:
That, when he faintly hath as it should be,
No braver poems can be under Sun.

Nor Pu nor Tybure swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse when it with bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.

And there is a new shepheard late up sprung,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornfull Jasse.

Yet doth his treading Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on high,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In loves soft laies and lower thoughts delight,

Then rouse thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
And to what course thou please thy selfe advance:

But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that shepheard of the ocean is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,
That can empieros a princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to moone.

Helpe, O ye shepherds, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to moorne:
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
Amyntas, foure of shepherds pride forlorne:
He whilst he lived was the noblest swaine,
That ever piped in an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there, though last not least, is Action;
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound.

All these, and many others no remaine,
New, after Astrofell is dead and gone:
But, while as Astrofell did live and raine,
Amongst all these was none his paragone.
All these do flourish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make:
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepherds make."

Then spake a lovely lass, bright Lucida;
"Shepheard, enough of shepherds thou hast
told,

Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia:
But of so many nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd;
That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts remoudest."

"Ah far be it," quoth Colin Clout, "from me,
That I of gentle mayds should ill deserve:
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve;
The beams of beauteie sparkled from above,
The fountaine of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect love,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shew,
And I here ever onely, ever use:
One ever I all vowed here to be,
One ever I, and others never none."

Then thus Melissa said; "Thrice happie mayd,
Whom thou dost so embrace to deitie:
That woods, and hills, and valleys thou hast
made

Her name to echo unto Heaven high.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?"

"They all," quoth he, "me graced goodly well,
That all I praise; but, in the highest place,
Urania, sister unto Astrofell,

In whose brave mynd, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Ophar,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.

Ne lesse praise-worthie I Thoma read,
Whose goodly beames though they be over dight
With mourning stole of careful wydowhead,
Yet through that darke some vale do glister bright;
She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind,
And courts' chief garland with all vertues dight.
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
Fairst Marian, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is Manilia,
Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiaes
traîne:

That same is she to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neeces death I did complaine:
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirror of feminite:
Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Fairst Galathea with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there thou waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her woo; but here with us
About the borders of our rich Coshma,
Now made of Mas, the nymph delicious.
Ne lesse praiseworthy fairst Nera is,
Nera ours, not theirs, though there she be;
For of the famous Shure, the nymph she is,
For high desert, advaunt to that degree.
She is the blossom of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull hearts.
Ne lesse praiseworthy Stella do I read,
Though taught my praises of her neeced arre,
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath praie'd and rais'd above each other starre.
Ne lesse praiseworthy are the sisters three,
The honor of the noble familie:
Of which I meaneest boast my selfe to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie:
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis;
Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull Charillis:
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the flower of rare perfection,
Fairst spreading forth her leaves with fresh de-
light,

That, with their beautie amorous reflexion,
Bereave of sense each rash beholders sight.
But sweet Charillis is the paragone,
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the myid temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile posses,
And, it embracing deare without disdain,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast:
Of all the shepherds daughters which there bee,
And yet there be the fairest under skie,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eie:

She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker selfe to be admir'd;
And like a goodly beacon high adrest,
That is with sparks of heavenly beautie fired.
But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I assead,
That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new bands adventure dread;—
Shepheard, what ever thou hast heard to be
In this or that prayd diversly apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And seald up in the treasure of her hart.
Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthie, courteous Candida,
For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme.
Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended:
But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
This Sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,
I deeme it best to hold eternally
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,
Then by discourse them to indignite."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake:
"Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
But of great Cynthiaes goodness, and high
grace,

Finish the storie which thou hast begunne."
"More eare," quoth he, "it is in such a case
How to begin, then know how to have done.
For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
And everie day, in which she did a deed,
Demaunds a yeare it duly to display.
Her words were like a streame of honny feeding,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive:
Hable to melt the hearers heart unsweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe alive.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the buches of the fruitfull vine;
Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sun,
Furth looking through the windowes of the east,
When first the fleecie cattell have begun
Upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincence,
Which from a golden censur forth doth rise,
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes up to the vaulted skie.
There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Amongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
Much like an angell in all forme and fashion."

"Colin," said Cuddy then, "thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so
hie:"

Such loftie flight base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie."
"True," answered he, "but her great excellence,
Lifts me above the measure of my right:
That, being filld with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrap't in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly furth:
And, when I speake of her what I have thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth."

Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
And, when as death these vitall hands shall breake,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
Her name in every tree I will endose,
That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow:
And in the ground each where will it engrowe,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
Here name Ile teach in known termes to frame:
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they
call,

Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be withoute of her bountie here alive,
Which she to Colin her poore shepheard shewed."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
Saying; "Why Colin, since thou foundst such grace
With Cynthia and all her noble crew;
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew;
And back returnedst to this barren soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep acope, with hunger and with toyle?
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell."

"Happie indeed," said Colin, "I him hold
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy:
But I, by that which little while I proved,
Some part of those oporunities did see,
The which in court continually heved,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having leard repentance late, to mourns
Amongst those wretches which I there descryde."

"Shepheard," said Thestylis, "it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthy thou dost
spee."

"Cause have I none," quoth he, "of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demead so well:
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which, through report of that lives painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home, to seek for it,
And leave their lambs to losse mislead amisse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seekts with malice, and with
strife,

To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,

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Either by slaunders his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling cortesie,
A filed toung furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines;
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaine.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unless, to please, it selfe it can applie;
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shitt,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares:
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beare.
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
But are like bladders blownen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into nought.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soon away;
Such is their gloffe that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchace highest rowmes in bowre and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call."

"Ah! Colin," then said Hobbinol, "the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest)
Full many worthie ones then waiting ware,
As ever else in princes court thou vewest.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine profess,
And those that do to Cynthia exponde
The ledde of straunge languages in charge:
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore unistly thou dost wyte them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few."

"Blame is" quoth he "more blamelesse gene-
rall,
Then that which private errors doth pursue;
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie
bee;

For all the rest do most what far amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,

C c

In which like moldwarps nousing still they turke,
Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse;
And do themselves, for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of lasciu Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they emew,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, moustring all his men in Venus vew,
Denies them quite for seruitors of his."

"And is Love then," said Corylus "once knowne
In court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened sure he was our god alone,
And only woud in fields and forests here:"

"Not so," quoth he, "love most aboundeth
there.

For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
Unless that some gay mistresse badge he beares:
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Unless he swim in love up to the eares.
But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,
(As it should be) all otherwise devise,
Then we poore shepherds are accustomed here,
And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And use his ydle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serve as they professe,
But make him serve to them for sordid uses:
Ah! my dread lord, that doest liege hearts pos-

sessesse,
Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
But we poore shepherds whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into error led,
Do make religion how we rashly go
To serve that god, that is so greatly drest;
For him the greatest of the gods we deeme,
Borne without syre or couples of one kynd;
For Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixtured ioynd:
So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
And in the gardenes of Adonis nurst:
Where growing he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That love himselfe his powre began to dread,
And, taking up to Heaven, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes every where
Into the world, at random as he will,
On us fraile men, his wretched vassalls here,
Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to Heaven uplifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie;
Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepherds awaine,
What evert feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie yield."

"Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall rage
Of love," quoth Cuddy, "is breath'd into thy brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possess.
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of Love I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou doest my,
And so religiously to be esteemed.

Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that god the priest thou shouldst bee:
So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see."

"Of Loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to defioe,
Indeed," said Colin, "passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre divine.
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attome,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to rovet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie downe to peize; the hungry t' eat,
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie.
So, being former foes, they wened friends,
And gan by litle learne to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan Heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day:
Next gan the Earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drown'd away:
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature,
Soone as on them the Suns life-giving light
Had powred kindly heat and formal feature.
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget:
The lyon chose his mate, the turtle dove
Her deare, the dolphin his owne dolphin;
But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation:
For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd;
Beautie, the burning lamp of Heavens light
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd:
Against whose powre, nor god nor man can fynd
Defence, ne wand the daunger of the wound;
But, being hurt, seekte to be medicin'd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares; and, when he list ahev
grace,

Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules their creatures by his powerful saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence which therto doth them
draw.

Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme:
And with chaste heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyall lust:
Ne amongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as exills out of his court be thrust."

So having said, Melissa spake at will;
"Colin, thou' now full deeply hast dirvyd
Of love and beautie; and, with wondrous skill,
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd.

To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all women are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend."
"That ill," said Hobbinol, "they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare:
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare."
"Indeed," said Lucid, "I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too crnell hard;
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire mayd
To use him so that used her so well;
Or who with blame can iustly her upbrayd,
For loving not? for who can love compell?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine;
For demigods they be and first did spring
From Heauen, though graft in frailteste feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did reuile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amende to her with trouble praise.
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise."

"Ah! shepherds," then said Colin, "ye ne
weet

How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds daughters which amongst you bee,
But of diuine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie:
So his her thoughts as she her selfe have place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love:
Yet that I may her honour parauant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe,
And long affliction which I have endured:
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow shepherds, which do see
And hear the languours of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witness bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophe of her great conquest."

So, having ended, he from ground did rise;
And after him uprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warned them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS
KNIGHT, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

*Dedicated to the most beautiful and vertuous ladie,
the countesse of Essex.*

Shepherds, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loves concealed smart;
And with your piteous layes have learned to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart:
Hearken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfullst verse that ever man heard tell:
To you whose softened hearts it may empierce
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to some other wight,
For well I wot my rymes beare rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycter wit
Shall hap to heare, or coveit them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

A certain shepheard borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepheard bore,
About the grassie benches of Hamony,
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight,

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love:
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepheard might behove.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed;
A slender swaine, excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly faire wore both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demaure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and wearily beguyld.
No spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
 Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast;
 As somers lark that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth coming from the east.
 And layes of love he also could compose:
 Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many maydens often did him woo,
 Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
 Or make for them as he was woot to doo
 For her that did his heart with love inflame.
 For which they promised to dight for him
 Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a nymph both of the wood and brooke,
 Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
 Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,
 To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
 And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
 Yet woodgods for them often sighted sore:
 Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
 Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
 For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
 His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star is she,
 As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
 (A fairer star saw never living eye)
 Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
 Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
 His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon
 her.

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
 On her he spent the riches of his wit:
 For her he made bymnes of immortal praise,
 Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
 Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed;
 For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ylle words alone he wowed,
 And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)
 But with brave deeds to her sole service vowd,
 And bold atchievements her did entertaine.
 For both in deeds and words he moutred was,
 Both wise and hardie, (too hardie alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
 In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepherds are among.
 In every one he vanquisht every one,
 He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie
 Or rather infelicitie he found,
 That every field and forest far away
 He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
 No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
 No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
 Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise
 To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad,
 His mistresse name, and his owne fame, to raise.
 What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
 Since, round about us, it doth make abroad!

It fortun'd as he that perillous game
 In forcaine soyle pursued far away;
 Into a Forrest wide and waste he came,
 Where sturg he heard to be of salvage pray.
 So wide a forest and so waste as this,
 Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toytes, and subtil traieses,
 He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:
 So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
 That he of them great troups did scoone entrapp.
 Full happie man (misweeing much) was hee,
 So rich a spoils within his power to see.

Escoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
 Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
 To slaughter them, and wyte their small bale,
 Least that his toyle should of their troups be
 brast.

Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
 Now with his sharp bore spear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
 That none might scape, (so partiall unto none):
 Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
 As to become unmyndfull of his owne.
 But pardon that unto the cruell skien,
 That from himselfe to them withdrew his eien.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
 A cruell heart of most accursed brood
 Upon him turnd, (despayre makes cowards stout)
 And, with fall tooth accustomed to blood,
 Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
 That it both bone and muscles ryval quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
 And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,
 That he endured not the direfull stound,
 But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw;
 The whiles the captive heard his nets did read,
 And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
 To whom alive was nought so deare as hee:
 And ye faire mayds, the matches of his yeares,
 Which in his gracco did boast you meant to see!
 Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
 To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed!

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of drevyhead,
 And sad ensample of mans sudden end:
 Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
 Unpitied, unplaynd, of foe or friend!
 Whilst none is nigh, thine eyelids up to close,
 And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds sewing of the chace,
 As they the forest ranged on a day,
 By fate or fortune came unto the place,
 Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay;
 Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
 Had not good hep those shepherds thatber had.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
 And in their armes then softly did him rease:
 Tho' (as he wild) unto his loved lease,
 His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
 The dolefulst biere that ever man did see,
 Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With cruddled blood and fithie gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearily well adorned;
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in fairest somers day,
She fierly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away:
And her faire brest, the threasury of ioy,
She spoyled thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, unpictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And pituous mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But be whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which, when she saw, she staid not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forth with her ghost out of her corps did sit,
And followed her make like turtle chaste:
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pitying this paire of lovers trow,
Transformed them there lying on the field
Into one flowre that is both red and blew:
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly found as any star in skyes:
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That herbe of some, starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthis, though not so well:
But thou, where ever thou dost finde the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel:
And, when so ever thou it up dost take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepherds sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepherds all which loved him full deare,
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thither flock to see what they did haere.
And when that pittoous spectacle they rowed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great griefs opprest:
And every one did weep and waille, and mone,
And meanes devis'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that boore, since first on grassie greene
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like moorning seen.

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepherdesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shap and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

[The following poems are evidently a collection brought together by Spenser.]

DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

As ye, to whom shall I my case complaint,
That may compassion my impatient griefe!
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my eniven heart may find reliefe!
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To Heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremedied wo:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill!

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subject to the Heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide what ever they decree,
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remains:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back returns,
To pay their usury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waille their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rewe.

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath croppt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre!
Untimely croppt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in untimely howre.
Great losse to all that ever him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepherds lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes,
Never againe let lasses put gyrlond on.
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad cypress now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made,
 Who ever made such layes of love as hee ?
 Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd
 Unto your selves, to make you mery glea.
 Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
 Your mery water now asleepe ! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
 Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy :
 Both you and me, and all the world he quight
 Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
 Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee !
 Shepheards, hope never like againe to see !

Oh Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
 Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done ?
 What is become of him whose flowre here left
 Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?
 Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
 Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
 With all the flowries of celestiaall grace,
 By soveraine choyce from th' heavenly quires select,
 And lineally deriv'd from angels race,
 O ! what is now of it become aread.
 Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead ?

Ah ! so : it is not dead, ne can it die,
 But lives for aie, in blissfull Paradise :
 Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
 In bed of jillies wrapt in tender wise ;
 And compost all about with roses sweet,
 And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestiaall brood,
 To him do sweetly caroll day and night ;
 And with strange notes, of him well understood,
 Lull him a sleepe in angelick delight ;
 Whilst in sweet dreame to him presented bee
 Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure
 Of their divine aspect, appearing plainie,
 And kindling love in him above all measure,
 Sweet love still ioyous, never feeling paine.
 For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
 He may enjoy from jealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis,
 Sweet spirit never fearing more to diee ;
 Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
 Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.
 Whilst we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
 And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

But live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,
 And give us leave thee here thus to lament !
 Not thee that doest thy Heavens ioy inherit,
 But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.
 Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eyes,
 Mourning, in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine
 Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
 Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
 Whilst here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
 Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne :
 And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him fall many other moe,
 As evertie one in order lov'd him best,
 Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
 With dolefull layes unto the time address.
 The which I here in order will rehearse,
 As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearts.

THE
 MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

Come forth, ye nymphes, come forth, forsake your
 watry bowres,
 Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament :
 Help me to tuse my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
 Of liffles tumbling streames: come, let salt teares
 of ours,
 Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent
 Ioyne us to mourne with waifull plaints the deadly
 wound [poweren.
 Which fatal clap hath made ; decreed by higher
 The dreery day in which they have from us yreat
 The noblest plant that might from east to west be
 found. [wofull end,
 Mourne, mourn, great Phillips fall, mourn we his
 Whom spitefull death hath plact untimely from
 the tree, [frute,
 Whiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie
 Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy knight
 defend ? [moved thee
 What wraifull mood, what fault of ours, hath
 Of such a shining light to leave us destitute ?
 Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst us behold,
 Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,
 And with thy presence oft vouchsaf't to attribute
 Fame and renowne to us for glorious martiall deeds.
 But now their [thy] irefull beemes have chill'd our
 hearts with cold ; [land :
 Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our
 Parre off to others now thy favour honour breeds ;
 And high disdain doth cause thee shun our cline,
 (I feare ;) [at hand,
 For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time pear
 Thou wouldst have heard the cry that wofull Eng-
 land made ; [hears,
 Eke Zeland's piteous plaints, and Hollands tores
 Would haply have appear'd thy divine angry mynd :
 Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yield
 their shade,
 And wailing to let fall the honor of their head ;
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their
 kinde.
 Up from his tombe the mightie Corinens rose,
 Who cursing off the fates that this mishap had brod,
 His hoary locks he tare, calling the Heavens un-
 kinde. [the Moe,
 The Thames was heard to roare, the Reyne and eke
 The Scheld, the Danow selfe, this great mischance
 did rue, [and cleere
 With torment and with grief: their fountains pure
 Were troubled, and with swelling soude declar'd
 their woe.
 The Muses comfortles, the nymphs with paled hue,
 The silvan gods likewise, came running farre and
 neere, [his ;
 And all with teares bedew'd, and eyes cast up on
 O help, O help, ye gods, they ghostly gun to crye.

O change the cruel fate of this so rare a wight,
And grant that nature's course may measure out
his age.

The beasts their food forsooke, and, trembling
Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them so
fright.

Out from amid the waves, by storme them stirr'd
This crye did cause to rise th' old father Ocean
hoare,

Who grave with ead, and full of maiestic in sight,
Spake in this wise. "Refrain," quoth he, "your
teares and plaints,

Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests
No humble speech, nor moone, may move the fixed
stint

Of destinie or death: such is his will that paints
The earth with colours fresh; the darkest skies
with store

Of starry lights: and though your teares a hart of
Might tender make, yet nought herein they will
prevaille."

Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to
His vitall force to faint, and Death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
With eyes lift up to Heav'n, and courage franks as
With cheerfull face, where valour lively was express'd,
But humble mynd, he said, "O Lord, if ought
this fraile

And earthly carcasse have thy service sought t' ad-
If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest;
If justice to maintaine that valour I have spent
Which thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I might
advantage

Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou
Perbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be
best,

If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set;
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be
plast

In th' everlasting bliss, which with thy precious
Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he set,
And straight a cloudle mist his senses overcast;
His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses hūd
Cart from the stalke, or like in-field to purple flowre,
Which languisheth being shred by culter as it past.
A trembling chilly cold ran through their veines,
which were

With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,
Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did de-
clare,

Next, murmuring ensuide; at last they not forbear
Plaine outcries, all against the Heav'ns that en-
viously

Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare.
The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide
his face

For griefe, whereby the Earth feard night eternally:
The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turn'd
their streames,

And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and frett apace:
And grisly ghosts by night were scene, and fierie
gleames,

Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did
To rent the skies, and made both man and beast
asturd:

The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance fore-
By dem'full noise; and dogs with howling made
man deeme

Some mischief was at hand: for such they do es-
As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.

Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella
plaine

Her greivous losse, or scene her heavie mourning
While she, with woe opprest, her sorrows did unfold.
Her haire hung loose, neglect, about her shoulders
twaine;

And from those two bright starres, to him sometime
Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson
downe

Twixt lilly and the rose. She wrong her hands
And piteously gan say: "My true and faithfull
phoebe,

Alas, and woe is me, why should my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my joy!

What cruell envious hand hath taken thee away,
And with thos my content, my comfort, and my stay?
Thou onlie wast the ease of trouble and annoy,
When they did me assaile; in thee my hopes did
rest.

Alas, what now is left but grief, that night and day
Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest!
O greedie envious Heav'n, what needest thee to have
Enrich't with such a jewell this unahappie age;
To take it back againe so soone! Alas, when shall
Mine eies see ought that may content them, since
thy grave,

My onely treasure, hides the ioyes of my poore hart!
As here with thee on Earth I liv'd, even so equall
Me thinkes it were with thee in Heav'n I did abide;
And as our troubles all we here on Earth did part,
So reason would that there of thy most happie state
I had my share. Alas, if thou my trustie guide
Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone
In darknesse and astray; weake, wearie, desolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art
gone!"

This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her
And instead of more words, seem'd that her eies a lake
Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plentifully there-
fro:

And, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round about
If Venus, when she wait'd her deare Adonis plaine,
Ought moore'd in thy fier hart compassion of her woe,
His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares among,
Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her
paine:

Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise.
The blinded archer-boy, like Iarke in showre of raine,
Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
Under those cristall drops, which fell from her fair
eies;

And at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely
Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her clej, and clear those
lights,

Those lights through which his glory and his con-
The Graces tuckt hef hây, which hung like theads
of gold,

Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.
All things with her to weep, it seem'd, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones
so cold.

The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds,
Forbearing many a day to clear it selfe againe;
Which made them esteeme feare the daies of
Pirrh's shold

Of creatures spoile the Earth, their fatall threads us-

For Phoebus gladsome raies were wished for in
vaine,
And with her quivering light Latona's daughter
faire,
And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipmans
guide.
On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his
traîne,
Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented
th' aire,
So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves,
And such as came to shoare were beaten with de-
spaire.
The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to
slide,
Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden hol-
low caves,
Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans
eye,
Ay Phillip did resound, aie Phillip they did crie.
His nimphs were seent no more (though custom stil
it craves)
With haire spred to the wynd themselves to both or
sport,
Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,
The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceive.
The shepheards left their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still; their loving mery
layes
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks mesp might
perceive
To wander and to straine, all carelesly neglect.
And, in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and
dayes
Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints,
and mone.
But thou (O blessed soule!) doest haply not respect
These teares we shed, though full of loving pure
affect,
Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throoe,
Where full of maiestie the high Creator reignes;
In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all com-
plete,
Whose love kindles thy spright; where, happie al-
waies one,
Thou liv'st in bliss that earthly passion never straines;
Where from the purest spring the sacred nectar
sweete
Is thy continuall drinke; where thou doest gather
now
Of well employed life th' inestimable gaines.
There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he setta to thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that boast
Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrus, Hannibal,
Scipio, and Caesar, with the rest that did excell
In martiall prowess, high thy glorie do admire.
All haile, therefore, O worthis Phillip immortall,
The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy
name!
Whose worthis praise to sing, my Muses not aspire,
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,
Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy
fame
Extend, that enies rage, nor time, might end the
same.

PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, &c.¹

LYCON. COLIN.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheere this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, whereia all things complaine
This great mishap, this greivous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Crowne? how with hollow sowed
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaime,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his banks, unto the bared trees;
Phillisides is dead. Up, iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freeze,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: but, as I may,
With sobes and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

COLIN. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill, to teach
A griev'd mynd powre forth his plaints; how long
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (woemest thou)
To learne to mourne her lost make: No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders ball their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to show, a heavie cheere,
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seene, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eyes, since that same fatal bowe?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth us invite to make a sad consort;
Come, let us ioyne our mournfull song with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
Thy voice; and eccho will our words report.

LYCON. Though my rude rymes ill with thy verses
That others farre excell; yet will I force [frame,
My selfe to answer thee the best I can,
And honour my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O Pan)
To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods; if ever pitous plaint
We did endite, or taugt a wofull minde
With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.
COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O harmful death,
O deadly harme! Unhappy Albion,

¹ The signature to this poem is L. B. that is, Lodowick Brykett. Mr. Warton's conjecture, that lord Brooke might be the person designed by those initials, cannot, I believe, be supported. Mr. Warton, however, concedes that L. B. may signifie the author's name, as in the poem we have neither the perspicuity nor the harmony of Spenser. Todd.

When shalt thou see, among thy shepheards all,
 Any so sage, so perfect? Whom unseath
 Earie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
 Courteous, valiant, and liberall.
 Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire
 Untrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill.
 And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send
 A flood of teares to bathe the earth; and there
 Doth call the Heav'n's despightfull, envious,
 Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
 Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
 Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
 The nymphs and oreades her round about
 Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
 And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts,
 Accuse the direfull dart that Death sent out
 To give the fatal stroke. The starrs they blame,
 That deafe or careless seeme at their request.
 The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun;
 They leave their cristall springs, where they wont
 frame

Sweet bowres of myrtle twigs and lawrell faire,
 To sport themselves free from the scorching Sun.
 And now the hollow caves where horror darke
 Doth dwell, whence demaibt is the gladsome aire,
 They seek; and therein mourning spend their time
 With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and
 barke,

And seeme to beare a burden to their plaint.
 Lycos. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
 Why should my tongue expresse thee? who is left
 Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
 Lycos unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
 What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
 Of thy chief comfort; of thy onely stay!
 Where is become thy wonted happie state,
 (Alas!) wherein through many a hill and dale,
 Through pleasant woods, and many an unknowne
 Along the banks of many silver streames, (way,
 Thou with him yodest: and with him didst scale
 The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appennine!
 Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames
 Of vertue kindled in his noble breast,
 Which after did so gloriously forth shine!
 But (woe is the!) they now quenched are
 All suddainly, and death hath them opprest.
 Loe father Neptune, with sad countenance,
 How he sits mourning on the strom now bare,
 Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
 The white feete washeth (wading this mischance)
 Of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
 The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves
 All for his comfort gathered there they be.
 The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
 The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
 To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
 The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,
 Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
 And all their heads, with cypres gyrlonds crown'd,
 With wefull shrikes salute him great and small.
 Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her desire
 Narcissus, their last accents doth renew.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age;
 O widow world; O brookes and fountains cleere;
 O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rung
 With his sweet caroling, which could sarvage
 The fiercest wrath of tyggs or of beare:
 Ye silvans, fawnes, and satyres, that among
 These thickets oft have danced after his pipe;
 Ye nymphs and nayades with golden heare,

That oft have left your purest cristall springs
 To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe
 Away all griefe and sorrow from your hearts:
 Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
 When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
 So sweet a sounde who to you now imparts?
 Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives
 The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.
 Happie name! happie tree! faire may you grow,
 And spred your sacred branch, which honor gives
 To famous emperours, and poets crowne.
 Unhappie flock that wander scattered now,
 What marvell if through grief ye wozen leane,
 Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne!
 For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
 Whose parting bath of weale bereft you cleane.
 Lycos. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite,
 That now in Heav'n with blessed soules doest bide:
 Looke down a while from where thou sittest above,
 And see how busie shepheards be to emdize
 Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
 And gratefull memory of their kynd love.
 Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
 (Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare)
 Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
 The inward torment and tormenting paine,
 That thy departure to us both hath bred;
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
 Behold the fountains now left desolate,
 And withered grasse with cypres boughes bespred;
 Behold these flowers which on thy grave we strew;
 Which, faded, shew the givers faded state,
 (Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure)
 Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
 Whose prayers importune shall the Heav'n's for ay,
 That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
 That learned shepheards honor may thy name
 With yearly praises, and the nymphs alway
 Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowers;
 And that for ever may endure thy fame. [steep
 COLIN. The Sun (lo!) hastned hath his face in
 In western waves; and th' aire with stormy showres
 Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
 Lycos, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.

Vertute summa: caetera fortuna.

L. B.

AN ELEGIE,

ON

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHILL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 AIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, LORD GOVERNOUR OF
 FLUSHING.

As then, no winde at all there blew,
 No swelling cloudes scolded the aire;
 The skie, like grasse [glasse] of watchet bew,
 Reflected Phoebus golden haire;

This poem was written by Matthew Roydon, as we are informed in Nash's Preface to Greene's Arcadia, and in Engl. Parnassus. The Phoenix Nest, set forth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, gentleman, 4to. 1593, commences also with "An Elegie, or friends passion, for his Astrophill, &c."

To the two following pieces I am unable to assign their authors: but no reader will imagine them the productions of Spenser. Todd.

The garnisht tree no pendant sturd,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly beare,
The lion king, the elephant;
The maiden unicorn was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that monarchs do obtaine,
With love-inice staine the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the poets braine;
And Phillis philbert there away,
Compared with mirtle and the hay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie;
And for the bed of love forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull spongie;
All in a circle comparat were,
Like to an amphitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The aerie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here Philomell, that knowes full well
What force and wit in love doth dwell.

The shiebred eagle, rbiall bird,
Percht there upon an oke above;
The turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love.
The swan that sings, about to dy,
Leaving Memander stood thereby.

And, that which was of wonder most,
The phoenix left sweet Arabie;
And, on a cedar in this coast,
Buik up her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture, by the same
Prepared to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse:
A man or stone, I knew not that;
No stone; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end:
Earthy and pale with ghastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncooth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throws,
As might have torne the vitall strings;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complain;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine:

After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heavenly he gan to say:

"O Sonne!" said he, seeing the Sonne,
"O wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star in faine, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eye;
Shine upon those possessors delight,
And let me live in endless night."

"O griefe that liest upon my soule,
As heavie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead;
Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
D'ide in the breast of Astrophill."

"And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to know
What be the sorrows me agreevs;
Listen ye then to that Inu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe."

"You knew, who knew not Astrophill?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possessions still?)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much."

"Within these woods of Arcadie,
He chiefs delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say."

"When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Upon his lovely cheerrull eyne;
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while."

"A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospell bookes,
I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye."

"Was never eie did see that face
Was never care did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long;
But eyes, and cares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweets perfections caught."

"O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare demerits did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine!
O could the stars, that breed that wit,
In force no longer stand at!

"Then being filld with leasard dew,
The Muses willed him to love;
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will move;

As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So love sets out our better parts.

" Stella, a nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly bliss,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this ;
Tis likely they acquainted soone ;
He was a sun, and she a moone.

" Our Astrophill did Stella love ;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
Absent thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill !
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

" Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie,
Yet in his poesies when we reade,
It is apparant more thereby,
He, that hath love and iudgement too,
Sees more than any other doo.

" Then Astrophill hath honored thee ;
For when thy bodie is extinet,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And live by virtue of his inke ;
For by his verses he doth give
The short-livede beautie aye to l'ive.

" Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sinne or blame,
To love a man of vertuous name.

" Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A poets braine with finer store :
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.

" Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armour Heaven admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies ;
He sparkled in his armes affarrs,
As he were dight with heris starrs.

" The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar)
Such maiestie," quoth he, " is seeld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie."

" In this surmise he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede ;
The flame and bolt together shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine."

His word (was slaine!) straightway did move
And Natures inward life strings twich ;
The skie immediately above
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,

The wrastling winds from out the ground
Filld all the aire with rattling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forest beasts made ruthfull moone,
The birds did tune their moorning call,
And Philomel for Astrophill
Unto her notes annext a phill.

The turtle dove with tones of rathe
Shewd feeling passion of his death,
Mo thought she said " I tell thee truths,
Was never he that drew in breath,
Unto his love more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound."

The swan, that was in presence beere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
" Good things," quoth he, " may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death gives life, and so he di'de."

The generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of [each] kinde,
Fired the phoenix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a phoenix nere should be.

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That under branches ere can bee,
Of worth and value as the tree.

The eagle markt with piercing sight
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to love the case,
What sorrow Nature doth sustaine,
For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And, while I followed with mine eie
The flight the eagle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke ;
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone,
So was the friend that made this moone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My molting hart maude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aight :
And here my pen is fowt to shrinke,
My teares discolor so mine inke.

AN EPITAPH,

UPON

THE RIGHT HON. SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT :
LOED GOVERNOR OF FLORING.

To praise thy life, or waille thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscur'd in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life suppress,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seed the rising Sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy time/come fate.

Drawne was thy race aught from princely line,
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that Nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have)
Doth vertue shew, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly minde,
That God thee gave, who found it now too deere.
For this base world, and hath resum'd it nere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth;
The Heavens made hast, and staid nor yeeres, nor time;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words the scales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare employ'd thee thence,
To treat from kings with those more great than kings;
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence!

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sickness, and base fortunes might:
Thy rising day saw never wofull night,
But past with praise from off this worldly stage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
Vertue express, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath won?
Young yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure;
O! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Lettres thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the Heavens above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Young sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy
Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall, [fall;
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hannibal! died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthelesse rime,
Let angels speake, and Heaven thy praises tell.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
Staid are my thoughts, which lov'd, and lost, the
wonder of our age,

Yet question'd now with fire, though dead with frost
ere now, [know not how.
Enrag'de I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I

Hard harted mindes relent, and Rigors teares
abound, [she found;
And Envie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault
Knowledge her light hath lost, Valor hath slaine
her knight; [delight.
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was
her pride, [spring tide:
Time crieth out, "My ebbe is come; his life was my
Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her
reports; [dry sorts.
Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in son-

He was (wo word that word!) to ech well thinking
minde [ever shinde,
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertus
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest
works of wit.

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose death (though life) we rue, and wrong, and
al in vhin do mone:
Their home, not him, waile they, that fill the world
with cries; [to the skies.
Death alse not him, but he made death his ladder

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the
wrong; [is al-to long,
Who wishing death, whom death denies, whose thred
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no reliefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending
griefe.

Harts ease and onely I, like parables run on,
Whose equall length keep equall breath, and never
meet in one: [rowes call,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sor-
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking
him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames; [beames!
Farewell sometimes enjoy'd, joy; eclipsed are thy
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes
brings forth; [minds of worth.
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting

And farewell merry hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie as-
signes;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd; in me no mirth may
dwell, [farewell!

Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content,

Now rime, the source of rage, which art no kin to
skill, [not how to kill,
And endless griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes
Go, seeks that haples tombe; which if ye hap to
finde, [good a minde.
Salute the stones, that keep the lims that held us

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE.

Made in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and vertuous ladies, the lady Elizabeth, and the lady Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honourable the earle of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthie gentlemen, M. Henry Gifford and M. William Peter, esqyers.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweets-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did gyster fayre;
When I, (whom [whose] sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shadowes, did afflict my brayne)
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorned with dainty gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours
Against the brydale-day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of nymphes I chanced to spy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untide,
As each had bene a bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their basket,
And with fine fingers cropt full featoually
The tender stalkes on hie.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet, pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroomes posies
Against the brydale-day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swannes of goodly beere
Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and had his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Boyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as Heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not long;
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

ERAOONES the nymphes, which now had flowers their
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood, (211,
As they came floating on the cristal flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
For sove they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede,
But rather angels, or of angels broode;
Yet were they bred of souers-beat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Temous waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattered with flowers, through Themaly they streeme,
That they appeare, through lillies plentifull store,
Like a brydes chamber flore.
Two of those nymphes, mean while, two garlands
bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowie forebeads therewithall they crown'd,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle birdes! the worlds faire ornament,
And Heavens glorie, whom this happie bower
Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bower,
Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement;
And let faire Venus, that is queene of love,
With her heart-quelling smile upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said, their brydale daye should not be long:
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those ioyous birdes did passe along
Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
And all the fowle which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell

The rest, so far as Cynthia doth abound
The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame:
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome went the Templer-knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride;
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein went to dwell.
Whose want too well now now feels my freendles case;
But ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes: runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great Englands glory, and the worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did
thunder,

And Hercules two pillors standing neere
Did make to quake and feare:

Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie!
That fillst England with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlessse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
And great Elisae glorious name may ring
Through all the world, til'd with thy wide alarmes,
Which some brave Moses may sing
To ages following,
Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towres this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great raine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Besecming well the bower of any queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the Twins of love they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the Heavens bright,
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
Receiv'd those two faire brides, their loves delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his bryde
Against their brydale day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

AMORETTI, OR SONNETS;

AND

EPITHALAMION.

G. W. SENIOR, TO THE AUTHOR.

DARKE is the day, when Phoebus face is shrouded,
 And weaker sights may wander soone astray :
 But, when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
 With stoddy steps they keep the perfect way :
 So, while this Muse in foraine land doth stay,
 Invention weeps, and pens are cast aside ;
 The time, like night, depriv'd of chearfull day ;
 And few do write, but (ah !) too soon may slide.
 Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
 And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
 Daunting thereby our neighbours ancient pride,
 That do, for poeie, challenge chiefest name :
 So we that live, and ages that succeed,
 With great applause thy learned works shall read.

² Perhaps George Whatstone, a poetaster and dramatic writer in the reign of Elizabeth ; for he is characterised by a contemporary writer, "as one of the most passionate amongst us to bewail the *perplexities of love.*" These Amoretti, or Sonnets, we

G. W. JUNIOR, TO THE AUTHOR.

AN! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
 Piping to shepherds thy sweet roundelays ;
 Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
 Heroicke deeds of past or present days ;
 Or whether, in thy lovely mistresse praise,
 Thou list to exercise thy learned quill ;
 Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please
 With rare invention, beautified by skill,
 As who therein can ever joy their fill ?
 O ! therefore let that happy Muse proceed
 To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
 Where endlessse honour shall be made thy meed :
 Because no malice of succeeding daies
 Can raise those records of thy lasting praise.

may therefore suppose quite suited to his taste. If this address to Spenser be written by Whatstone, we may suppose G. W. jun. by whom the other address is signed, to be his son. Todd.

AMORETTI, &c.

SONNET I.

HARR, ye leaves ! when as those lilly hands,
 Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
 Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft hands,
 Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight,
 And happy lines ! on which, with starry light,
 Those lumping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
 And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
 Written with teares in barts close bleeding book,
 And happy rymes ! bath'd in the sacred brooke
 Of Helicon, whence she derived is ;
 When ye behold that angels blessed looke,
 My soules long lacked food, my Heavens blis ;
 Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please, I care for other poe !

SONNET II.

Usurper thought ! whom at the first I bred
 Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart ;
 And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
 Till greater then my wombe thou woren art :
 Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
 In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood ;
 And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
 And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
 But, if in presence of that fayrest proud
 Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet ;
 And, with meek humblasse and afflicted mood,
 Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat :
 Which if she graunt, then live, and my love che-
 rish :
 If not, die soone ; and I with thee will perieh.

SONNET III.

Tax soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
 Witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed !
 The light wherof hath kindled heavenly fyre
 In my fraile spirit, by her frow baseness rayned ;
 That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
 Base thing I can no more endure to view :
 But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
 At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
 So when my toung would speak her praises dew,
 It stopped is with thoughts astonishment ;
 And, when my pen would write her titles true,
 It raviest is with fancies wonderment :
 Yet in my hart I then both speak and write
 The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

New yeare, forth looking out of Janus gate,
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight :
 And, bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
 Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright :
 And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
 Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower,
 Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
 His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
 For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
 Is ready to come forth, him to receive ;
 And warms the Earth with divers colord floure
 To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
 Thou you, faire floure ! in whom fresh youth doth
 Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine. [raime,

SONNET V.

Ruiner thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride :
 The thing which I doo most in her admire,
 Is of the world unworthy most onvide :
 For in those lofty lookes is close impide,
 Scorn of base things, and a sleighe of foul dishonor ;
 Threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
 That loosely they ne dare to looks upon her.
 Such pride is praise ; such portlinesse is honor ;
 That boldned innocence helures in hir eyes ;
 And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
 Spreds in defiance of all enemies.
 Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
 Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

Be nought dismayd that her unmovd mind
 Doth still persist in her rebellious pride :
 Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
 The harder wome, the firmer will abide.
 The-durefull oak, whose sap is not yet dride,
 Is long ere it conceives the kindling fyre ;
 But, when it once doth berne, it doth divide
 Great heat, and makes his flames to Heaven aspire.
 So hard it is to kindle new desire
 In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever :
 Deepe is the wound, that dists the parts entire
 With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.
 Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
 To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

SONNET VII.

FAYRE eyes ! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
 What wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,
 The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart
 Into the object of your mighty view ?
 For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
 Then is my soule with life and love inspired :
 But when ye lowre, or looke on mee askew,
 Then do I die, as one with lightning fyred.
 But, since that lyfe is more then death desired,
 Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best ;
 That your bright beams, of my weak eyes admyred,
 May kindle living fire within my brest.
 Such life should be the honor of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

More then most faire, full of the living fire,
 Kindled above unto the Maker nere ;
 No eyes but ioyes, in which all powers conspire,
 That to the world naught else be counted deare :
 Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
 Shoot out his darts to base affections wound ;
 But angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
 In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within ;
 You stop my toung, and teach my hart to speake ;
 You calme the storme that passion did begin,
 Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
 Dark is the world, where your light shined never ;
 Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

Low-wortz I sought to what I might compare
 Those powrefull eyes, which lighten my dark spright :
 Yet find I nought on Earth, to which I dare
 Remembe th' ymage of their goodly light.
 Not to the Sun ; for they doo shine by night ;
 Nor to the Moone ; for they are changed never ;
 Nor to the starres ; for they have purer sight ;
 Nor to the fire ; for they consume not ever ;
 Nor to the lightning ; for they still perceiver ;
 Nor to the diamond ; for they are more tender ;
 Nor unto cristall ; for nought may them sever ;
 Nor unto glasse ; such baseness mought offend her.
 Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

Unknowing lord of love, what law is this,
 That me thou makeest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
 Of her freewill, scornning both thee and me ?
 See ! how the tyrannesse doth joy to see
 The huge mountains which her eyes do make ;
 And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
 But her proud hart doe thou a litle shake,
 And that high look with which she doth consptroll
 All this worlds pride bow to a baser make,
 And al her faults in thy black book enroll :
 That I may laugh at her in equal sort, [sport.
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my paine her

SONNET XI.

DAILY when I do seeke and see for peace,
 And hostages doe offer for my truth;
 She, cruell warrior, doth her selfe address
 To battell, and the weary war renew'th;
 Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,
 To graunt small respite to my restlesse toyle;
 But greedily her fell intent poursewth,
 Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
 Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
 But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,
 To force me live, and will not let me dy.
 All paine hath end, and every war hath peace;
 But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

ONE day I sought with her hart-thrilling eyes
 To make a truce, and termes to entertaine;
 All fearelesse then of so false enemies,
 Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
 So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
 A wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
 In the close covert of her guilful eyes,
 Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
 Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
 Was first to yield my selfe into their hands;
 Who, me captiving streight with rigorous wrong,
 Have ever since kept me in cruell bands.
 So, ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
 Against your eyes, that justice I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.

In that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
 Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,
 And to the ground her eye-lids low embaseth,
 Most goodly temperature ye may descry;
 Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.
 For, looking on the earth whence she was borne,
 Her minde remembereth her mortalitie,
 Whatso is fayrest shall to earth retorne,
 But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne
 Basething, and thinke how she to Heaven may clime;
 Trading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
 That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime.
 Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me;
 Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

R'R
 Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite,
 Great shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
 So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light.
 'Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
 Then those small forts which ye were wont belay:
 Such haughty mynds, mur'd to hardy fight,
 Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
 Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
 And lay incessant battery to her heart;
 Playnts, prayers, vows, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;
 Those engines can the proudest love convert:
 And, if those fayle, fall down and dy before her;
 So dying live, and living do adore her.

VOL. III.

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull merchants, that, with weary toyle,
 Do seeke most precious things to make your gain;
 And both the Indias of their treasure spoile;
 What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
 For loe, my love doth in herselfe containe
 All this worlds riches that may farre be found;
 If saphyres, loe, her eyes be saphyres plaine,
 If rubies, loe, hir lips be rubies sound:
 If pearles, hir teeth be pearles, both pure and round:
 If yvorie, her forehead yvorie weene;
 If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
 If silver, her faire hands are silver sheene:
 But that which fairest is, but few behold,
 Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
 On those fayre eyes, my loves immortall light;
 The whites my stonish hart stood in amaze,
 Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
 I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,
 Legions of Loves with little wings did fly:
 Darting their deadly arrows, fyry bright,
 At every rash beholder passing by.
 One of those archers closely I did spy,
 Ayming his arrow at my very hart:
 When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
 The damzell broke his misintended dart.
 Had she not so doone, sure I had bene slayne;
 Yet as it was, I hardly escap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

THE glorious pourtraict of that angels face,
 Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,
 And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
 What pen, what pencill, can expresse her fill?
 For though he colours could devise at will,
 And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
 Least, trembling, it his workmanship should spill;
 Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
 The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrows glide;
 The charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart;
 The lovely plesance; and the lofty pride;
 Cannot expressed be by any art.
 A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth neede,
 That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THE rolling wheele that runneth often round,
 The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare:
 And drizzling drops, that often doe rebound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
 Yet cannot I, with many a drooping tear
 And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
 Or looke with pity on my paynfull smart.
 But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
 And, when I weep, she sayes, teares are but water;
 And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
 And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
 So do I weepe, and waile, and pleade in vaine,
 Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

D d

SONNET XIX.

The merry cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes all lovers wayte upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of byrds resounded
Their anthemes sweet, devized of Loves prayse,
That all the woods theyr echoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
Ere cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

SONNET XX.

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure;
The whites her foot she in my necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in the lowly flour.
And yet the lyon that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdaineeth to devoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylda,
Than either lyon, or the yonnesse;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse blood defylde,
But taketh glory in her cruellnesse.
Fayrer then fayrest! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mist by equal part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;
And, with stern countenance, back againe doth chase
Their looser lookes that stir up lustes impure;
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;
And with another doth it streight recure;
Her smile me draws; her frowne me drives away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes;
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!

SONNET XXII.

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is;
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse:
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yrs;
And on the same my hart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre:
The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relicke to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

Penelope, for her Uliases sake,
Deviz'd a web her woovers to deceave;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unweave:
Such subtils craft my damzell doth conceave,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne:
For all that I in many dayes do weave,
In one short houres I find by her undonee.
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end:
For, with one looke, she spils that long I sponne;
And, with one word, my whole years work doth rend.
Such labour like the spyders web I fynd,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

SONNET XXIV.

When I behold that beauties wooderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part;
Of Natures skill the onely complement;
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart;
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in counsell did agree
Into this sinful world from Heaven to send;
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne misery,
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully?
Yet better were atonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride;
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too wel have tride.
But yet if in your hardened brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace;
Then all the woes and wrecks, which I abide,
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace;
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

SONNET XXVI.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a briers;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the egiantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypresse, but his rynd is rough;
Sweet is the nat, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the become-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I account of little paine,
That endlessse pleasure shall unto me gaine!

SONNET XXVII.

Faire proud! now tell me, why should faire be proud,
 Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
 And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
 However now thereof ye little weene!
 That goodly idoll, now so gay besene,
 Shall doffe her fleshes borrowd fayre attyre;
 And be forgot as it had never beene;
 That many now much worship and admire!
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
 Shall to you purchas with her thankles pain!
 Faire! be no longer proud of that shall perish;
 But that, which shall you make immortal, cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

Thy laurel-leave, which you this day doe weare,
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd:
 For since-it is the badge which I doe beare,
 Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclin'd:
 The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
 Let it likewise your gentle brest inspire
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves attyre:
 Proud Daphne, scorning Phoebus lovely fyre,
 On the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
 For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
 Did her transforme into a laurel-tree.
 Then fly no more, fayre love, from Phoebus chace,
 But in your brest his leave and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

See! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave
 My simple meaning with disdainfull scorne;
 And by the bay, which I unto her gave,
 Accountes my self her captive quite forlorne.
 The bay, quoth she, is of the victors borne,
 Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
 And they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
 To sing the glory of their famous deeds.
 But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
 Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall;
 That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
 I may in trump of fame blaze over all.
 Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
 And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET XXX.

My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre;
 How comes it than that this her cold so great
 Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
 But harder grows the more I her intreat!
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 Is not delayd by her hart-frozen cold;
 But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 And feele my flames augmented manifold!
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all thing melts, should harden yse;
 And yse, which is congeald with senselesse cold,
 Should kindle fyre by wonderful devyse!
 Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kynd.

SONNET XXXI.

As! why hath Nature to so hard a hart
 Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace!
 Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
 And all those precious ornaments deface.
 Sith to all other beastes, of bloody race,
 A dreadfull countenance she given hath;
 That with theyr terrour all the rest may chace,
 And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
 But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
 Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew;
 That she the better may, in bloody bath
 Of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
 But, did she know how ill these two accord,
 Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

Thy paynefull smith, with force of fervent heat,
 The hardest yron soone doth mollify;
 That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
 And fashion to what he it list apply.
 Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
 Her hart more hard then yron soft a whit;
 Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
 Doe beat on th' andvile of her stubberne wit:
 But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
 The more she frieneth in her wilfull pryde;
 And harder grows, the harder she is smit
 With all the playnts which to her be applyd.
 What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne!

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred empress, my dear dred,
 Not finishing her queens of Faëry,
 That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead:
 But Lodwick, this of grace to me asread;
 Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it
 Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?
 How then should I, without another wit,
 Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle!
 Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
 Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle.
 Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest;
 Or lend you me another living brest.

SONNET XXXIV.

LYKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde,
 By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
 Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty gyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray!
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
 Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
 Doe wander now, in darkness and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me past;
 Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
 My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
 Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
 Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
 In secret sorrow, and sad penitensse.

SONNET XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
 Still to behold the object of their paine,
 With no contentment can themselves suffice;
 But, having, paine; and, having not, complaine.
 For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sus ayne;
 And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
 In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
 Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poore.
 Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
 Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
 But lothe the things which they did like before,
 And can no more endure on them to looke.
 All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
 And all their shewes but shadowes, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have end,
 Or shall their ruthless torment never cease:
 But al my days in pining languor spend,
 Without hope of asswagement or release!
 Is there no means for me to purchase peace,
 Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;
 But that their cruelty doth still increase,
 And dayly more augment my miseries?
 But, when ye have shew'd all extremities,
 Then think how little glory ye have gayned
 By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despysa,
 Mote have your life in honor long maintainyd.
 But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
 Ye shall condeinned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses
 She doth attyre under a net of gold;
 And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold, or haire, may scarce be told?
 Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare;
 And, being caught, may craftily enfold
 Their weaker barts, which are not wel aware?
 Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
 Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
 In which if ever ye entrapp'd are,
 Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
 Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden bee!

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARRON, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas;
 Through the sweet musick, which his harp did make,
 Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease.
 But sly rude musick, which was wont to please
 Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
 The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
 Nor more the dolphin from her stubborn will;
 But in her pride she dooth persevere still,
 All carelesse how my life for her decays:
 Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
 To spill were pitt'y, but to save were praye!
 Chase rather to be prayd for doing good,
 Than to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWISSER smile! the daughter of the queene of love,
 Expressing all thy mothers powerfull art,
 With which she woult to temper angry love,
 When all the gods be threats with thundring dart:
 Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
 For, when on me thou shinedst late in adnesse,
 A melting pleasaunce ran through every part,
 And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse.
 Whylest rapt with joy resembling heavenly madnesse,
 My soule was ravisht quite as in a trance;
 And, feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,
 Fed on the fulnesse of that chearfull glance.
 More sweet than nectar, or ambrosiall meate,
 Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 And tell me whereto can ye lyken it;
 When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
 An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
 Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day;
 That, when a dreadful storme away is fit,
 Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;
 At sight wherof, each bird that sits on spray,
 And every beast that to his den was fled,
 Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 And to the light lift up their drooping hed.
 So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
 With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
 To be so cruell to an humbled foe?
 If nature; then she may it mend with skill:
 If will; then she at will may will forgoe.
 But if her nature and her will be so,
 That she will plague the man that loves her most,
 And take delight to increase a wretches woe;
 Then all her natures goodly gifts are lost:
 And that same glorious beauties ydle boast
 Is but a buyt such wretches to beguile,
 As, being long in her loves tempest tost,
 She meases at last to make her pitious spoyle.
 O fayrest fayre! let never it be named,
 That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

SONNET XLII.

THE love, which me so cruelly tormenteth,
 So pleasing is in my extremest paine,
 That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
 The more I love and doe embrace try vaine.
 Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
 To be acquit fro my continual smart;
 But joy, her thrall for ever to remayne,
 And yield for pledge my poor and captived hart;
 The which, that it from her may never start,
 Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chaynes;
 And from all wandering loves, which mote pervart
 His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
 Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
 And doe me not before my time to dy.

SONNET XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speake?
 And, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
 And, if I silent be, my hart will breake,
 Or choked be with overflowing gall.
 What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
 And eke my toung with proud restraint to tie;
 That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
 But like a stupid stock in silence die!
 Yet I my hart with silence secretly
 Will teach to speake, and my just cause to plead;
 And eke mine eyes, with meek humility,
 Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;
 Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
 Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN those renowned noble peres of Greece,
 Through stubborn pride, among themselves did iar,
 Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece;
 Then Orpheus with his harp theyer strife did bar.
 But this continual, cruell, civill warre,
 The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;
 Whilist my weak powres of passions warried are;
 No skill can stint, nor reason can awake.
 But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
 Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
 And grieffe renew, and passions doe awake
 To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
 Mongst whom the more I seeke to settle peace,
 The more I fynd their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, lady! in your glasse of cristall cleene,
 Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew:
 And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
 Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
 Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
 Thing so divine of vew of earthly eye,
 The fayre idea of your celestiall hew
 And every part remains immortally:
 And were it not that, through your cruelty,
 With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
 The goodly ymage of your vianomy,
 Clearer than cristall, would therein appere.
 But, if your selfe in me ye playne will seee, [need be.
 Remove the cause by which your fayre beames dark-

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN my sbodes prefixed time is spent,
 My cruell fayre straight bids me wend my way:
 But then from Heaven most hideous stormes are
 As willing me against her will to stay. [sent,
 Whom then shall I, or Heaven or her, obey?
 The Heavens know best what is the best for me:
 But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
 My lower Heaven, so it performe must be.
 But ye high Heavens, that all this sorowe see,
 Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
 Aswage your stormes; or else both you, and she,
 Will both together me too sorely wrack.
 Enough it is for one man to sustaine
 The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smiling lookes,
 Untill ye have their guylefull traynes well tryde:
 For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
 That from the foolish fish theyer bays do hyde:
 So she with flattering smyles weake harts doth guyde
 Unto her love, and tempts to theyr decay;
 Whome, being caught, she killis with cruell pryde,
 And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
 Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
 Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle;
 That they take pleasure in their cruell play,
 And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.
 O mighty charm! which makes men love theyr base
 And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with payne

SONNET XLVIII.

INSOLECT paper! whom too cruell hand
 Did make the matter to avenge her yre;
 And, ere she could thy cause well understand,
 Did sacrificze unto the greedy fyre.
 Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
 Then so bad end for heretics ordasynd;
 Yet hereby nor treason didst conspire,
 But plead thy masters cause, unjustly paynd.
 Whom she, all carelesse of his grief, constrained
 To utter forth the anguish of his hart:
 And would not heare, when he to her complained
 The piteous passion of his dying smart.
 Yet live for ever, though against her will,
 And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAYRE cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
 Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
 Then know that mercy is the Mighties jewell;
 And greater glory think to save then spill.
 But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
 To shew the powre of your imperious eyes,
 Then not on him that never thought you ill,
 But bend your force against your enemyes:
 Let them feel the utmost of your cruelties;
 And kill with looks, as cockatrices do:
 But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
 With mercifull regard give mercy to.
 Such mercy shall you make admyn'd to be;
 So shall you live, by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

LOWE languishing in double maledy
 Of my harts wound, and of my bodys grieffe;
 There came to me a leach, that would apply
 Fit medicines for my bodys best reliefe.
 "Vayne man," quoth I, "that hast but little prefe
 In deep discovery of the myndis disease;
 Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
 And rules the members as it selfe doth please?"
 Then, with some cordials, secke for to appease
 The inward languour of my wounded hart;
 And then my body shall have shortly ease:
 But such sweet cordials passe physicians art."
 Then, my lyfes leach! doe you your skill reveale;
 And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

Doe I not see that fayrest ymagis
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let theyr famous monuments to fade?
Why then doe I, untrained in lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend?
Sith never ought was excellent assayde
Which was not hard t' atchive and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attand,
Mote soften it and to his will allure:
So do I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure.
Only my paines will be the more to get her;
But, having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoild of warlike armes and knowne shield.
So doe I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorrow and to solitary paine;
From presence of my dearest deare exyde,
Long-while alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approach, that may my solace breed;
But sudden dumps, and dreary sad diedayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penance make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

The panther, knowing that his spotted hyde
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray;
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whylst he on them may pray:
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play.
For, with the goodly semblance of her bew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the hayte her gazers to embrew:
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

Of this worlds theatre in which we stay,
My love, like the spectator, ydy sits;
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a comedy:
Some after, when my joy to sorrow fits,
I wails, and make my woes a tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merrth, nor rues my smart:
But, when I laugh, she rocks; and, when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? if nor merrth, nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senselesse stone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I marvelle of what substance was the mould,
The which her made attonce so cruell faire: (are:
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly
Not water; for her love doth burne like fyre:
Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:
Not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.
Then needs another element inquire
Whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.
For, to the Heaven her haughty looks aspire;
And eke her love is pure immortall hye.
Then, sith to Heaven ye lykened are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAYRE ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
As is a tygre, that with greedinesse
Hunts after blood; when he by chance doth find
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitlesse,
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rock amidst the raging floods;
Gainst which, a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWEET warrior! when shall I have peace with you?
High time it is this warre now ended were;
Which I no longer can endure to see,
Ne your incessant battie more to beare:
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appear,
That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my hart through-launced every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
That al my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

BY HER THAT IS MOST ASSURED TO HER SELFE.

WEAKE is th' assurance that weake flesh reposes
In her own powre, and scorneth others ayde;
That scorneth fals, when as she most supposes
Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is fragile, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blower up with ayre:
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd,
Her glorious pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance:
And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
Falls lowest: for on Earth nought hath endurance.
Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arte!

SONNET LIX.

Trust happie she! that is so well assured
 Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,
 That neither will for better be allured,
 Ne feard with worse to any chauce part;
 But, like a steddie ship, doth strongly part
 The raging waves, and keeps her course aright;
 Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
 Ne ought for feyerer weathers false delight.
 Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
 Of grudging foes, ne favour usek of friends:
 But, in the stay of her owne steadfast might,
 Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.
 Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest;
 But he most happy, who such one loves best.

SONNET LX.

Trust, that in course of heavenly speares are skild,
 To every planet point his sundry yeare:
 In which her circles voyage is fulfilld.
 As Mars in threescore yeares doth run his speare.
 So, since the winged god his planet cleare
 Began in me to move, one yeare is spent:
 The which doth longer unto me appeare,
 Then al those fourty which my life out-went.
 Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
 The speare of Cupid fourty yeares containes:
 Which I have wasted in long languishment,
 That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.
 But let my loves fayre planet short her wayes,
 This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

Thy glorious image of the Makers beutie,
 My sovrayne saynt, the idoll of my thought,
 Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
 T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
 For, being as she is, divinely wrought.
 And of the brood of angels heavenly born;
 And with the crew of blessed saynts uprought,
 Each of which did her with theyr gifts adorne;
 The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
 The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre;
 What reason is it then but she should scorne
 Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!
 Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
 Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degre.

SONNET LXII.

Thy weary yeare his race now having run,
 The new begins his compass course anew:
 With shew of mourning mylde he hath begun,
 Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.
 So let us, which this change of weather vew,
 Change eke our mynds, and former lives amend;
 The old yeares sinnes forpast let us eschew,
 And fly the faults with which we did offend.
 Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send,
 Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray:
 And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,
 Shall turne to calmes, and tynely cleare away.
 So, likewise, love! cheare you your heavy spright,
 And change old yeares annoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIIL

Arrive long stormes and tempests sad away,
 Which hardly I endured heretofore,
 In dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
 With which my silly bark was tossed sore;
 I doe at length desyre the happy shore,
 In which I hope ere long for to arrive: [store
 Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with
 Of all that deare and daynty is alive.
 Most happy he! that can at last atchive
 The ioyous safety of so sweet a rest;
 Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
 Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
 All paines are nothing in respect of this;
 All sorowes short that gaine eternall bliss.

SONNET LXIV.

Comme to kisse her lips, (such grace I found)
 Me seemd, I smelt a garden of sweet flowers,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For dainzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
 Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowers;
 Her ruddy chockes, lyke unto roses red;
 Her snowy browes, lyke budded bellamoures;
 Her lovely eyes, lyke pincks but newly spread;
 Her goodly bosome, lyke a strawberry bed;
 Her neck, lyke to a bounch of cullambynes;
 Her breast, lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed;
 Her nipples, lyke young blossomd jessemyne;
 Such fragrant flowers doe give most odorons smell;
 But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

Thy doubt which ye misdecme, fayre love, is vaine,
 That foodly feare to lose your liberty;
 When, losing one, two libertie ye gayne,
 And make him bond that bondage erst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands, the which true Love doth tye
 Without constraynt, or dread of any ill:
 The gentle birde feelles no captivity
 Within her cage; but sings, and feeds her fill.
 There Pride care not approach, nor Discord spill.
 The league twixt them, that loyal Love hath bound:
 But simple Truth, and mutual Good-will,
 Seeks, with sweet Peace, to save each others wound:
 There Faith doth fearless dwell in brassen towne,
 And spotlesse Pleasurs builds her sacred bowne.

SONNET LXVI.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
 With pjenteous hand by Heaven upon you thrown;
 This one disparagement they to you gave,
 That ye your love lent to no meane a one.
 Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
 Could not on Earth have found one fit for mate,
 Na but in Heaven matchable to none,
 Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?
 But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
 Then had ye sorted with a princes pere:
 For, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
 And, in my darknes, greater doth appeare.
 Yet, since your light hath ooke enlumin'd me,
 With my reflex yours shall increased be.

SONNET LXVII.

LYKE as a huntsman after weary chase,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
When I all weary had the chase forsooke,
The gentle deer returned the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she, beholding me with mykder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did hide;
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her firmlye tyde.
Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyl'd.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin;
And, having harrowd Hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,
Being with thy deare blood cleane washt from sin,
May live for ever in felicity!
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe;
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne!
So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the anticke world
Us'd trophies to erect in stately wize;
In which they would the records have enrolld
Of theyre great deeds and valorous emprize.
What trophies thou shalt I most fit devise,
In which I may record the memory
Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prize,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortall monument;
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such worlds rare wonderment;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose robe-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goddly colours gloriously arrayd;
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the ioyous Time will not be staid,
Unless she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe some ready make,
To wait on Love amongst his lively crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
For none can call agayne the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I lov to see how, in your drawn work,
Your selfe unto the bee ye doe compare;
And me unto the spider, that doth lurke
In close away, to catch her unaware:
Right to your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thrall'd to his love;
In whose straight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all about
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant eglantine;
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked tyne.
And all theseforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the spyder and the gentle bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OVR, when my spirit doth spread her holder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky;
It down is weighd with thought of earthly things,
And clogd with burden of mortality;
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Resembling Heavens glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly,
And unto Heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraille fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other Heaven, but how it might
Her hearts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on Earth to have such Hevens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.

BRING my self captiyed here in care,
My hart, (whom none with servile hands can tye,
But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre)
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
Even so my hart, that went on your fayre eye
To feed his fill, flies backe unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently enrage, that he may be your thrall:
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
To sing your name and praises over all:
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first deaynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:
The second is my soveraigne queene most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent:
The third, my love, my lives last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayst:
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prayst.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
 But came the waves, and washed it away:
 Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
 "Vayne man," said she, "that doest in vaine assay
 A mortall thing so to immortalize;
 For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
 And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize."
 "Not so," quod I; "let baser things devise
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the Heuens wryte your glorious name.
 Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

SONNET LXXVI.

FAYRE besome! fraught with vertues richest treasure,
 The neat of love, the lodging of delight,
 The bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
 The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright;
 How was I raviht with your lovely sight,
 And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray!
 Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,
 On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray;
 And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in May,
 Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace)
 They loosely did their wanton wings display,
 And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
 Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy rest,
 Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne;
 A goodly table of pure yvory,
 All spred with juncata, fit to entertayne
 The greatest prince with pompous royaltie:
 Mougat which, there in a silver dish did ly
 Two golden apples of unvaleted price;
 Far passing those which Hercules came by,
 Or those which Atalanta did entice;
 Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice;
 That manie sought, yet none could ever taste;
 Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise
 By Love himselfe, and in his garden placed.
 Her brest that table was, so richly spredd;
 My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have
 fedd.

SONNET LXXVIII.

Lackys my love, I go from place to place,
 Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the hyud;
 And seeke each where, where last I sawe her face,
 Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
 I seeke the fields with her late footing synd;
 I seeke her bowre with her late presence deekt;
 Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd;
 Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:
 But, when myne eyes I therunto direct,
 They ydly back return to me agayne:
 And, when I hope to see their trew obiect,
 I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.
 Coase them, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see;
 And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
 For that your selfe ye daily such doe see:
 But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
 And vertuous mind, is much more prayd of me:
 For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
 Shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew;
 But onely that is permanent and free
 From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
 That is true beantie: that doth argue you
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
 Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom all true
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
 He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made;
 All other fayre, lyke flowers, untymely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I have run
 Through Faery-land, which those six books compile,
 Give leave to rest me being half foredonne,
 And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
 Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
 Out of my prison I will break anew;
 And stoutly will that second work assayle,
 With strong endeavour and attention dew.
 Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
 To sport my Muse, and sing my loves sweet praise;
 The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
 My spirit to an higher pitch will raise.
 But let her prayes yet be low and meane,
 Fit for the haudmayd of the Faery queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAYRE is my love, when her fayre golden haire
 With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke;
 Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appears;
 Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
 Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
 With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay;
 Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth
 dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 But fayrest she, when so she doth display
 The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight;
 Through which her words so wise do make their way
 To beare the message of her gentle spright.
 The rest be works of Natures wonderment;
 But this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

lov of my life! full oft for loving you
 I blesse my lot, that was so lucky plac'd:
 But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
 That are so much by so meane love embraced.
 For, had the equall Hevens so much you grac'd
 In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
 Some heavenly wit, whose vorse could have enchas'd
 Your glorious name in golden monument.
 But since ye deig'd so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth;
 That little, that I am, shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal prayes forth:
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

LET not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest ;
Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest :
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
And modest thoughts breathd from well temperd
Goe visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest, [spirits,
Accompanyde with angelick delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
The which my selfe could never yet attayne :
But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrayn.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

THE world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter :
So does the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
Begin his willesse note space to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not, envy or admyre ;
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayes fill.
Which whereas Fame in her shrill trump shall thun-
der,

Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

VANIOUS tongue, tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that self kynd with which the Faries fell
Their snake heads doe combe, from which a spring
Of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well ;
Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of Hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre ;
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell,
In my true love did stirre up coles of yre ;
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
And, catching hold on thine own wicked hed,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred !
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepard !

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne ;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
They sad protract from evening untill morn.
For, when as day the Heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end :
And, when as night hath us of light forloane,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with changes to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a myle.
So sorrowe still doth seem too long to last ;
But ioyous houres do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray ;
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon their shadowes vayne,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding the ides purest,
Through contemplantion of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my self sustayne,
And thereon feed my love-affamish hart.
But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
I starve my body and mine eyes doe blynd.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate ;
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful row
For his returne that seemes to linger late :
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love ;
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dote :
Ne ioy of ought, that under Heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight :
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can more,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

SONNETS

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH
THEY APPEARED.

I.

*To the right worshipfull, my singular good friend, M.
Gabriel Harvey, doctor of the lawes.*

HARVEY, the happy above happiest men
I read; that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition :
And, as one carelesse of suspicion,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great ;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat :
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerlesse liberty ;
Lifting the good up to high Honours seat,
And the evil damning evermore to dy :
For life and death, is in thy doomesdall writing !
So thy renowne lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

Your devoted friend, during life,

EDMUND SPENSER.

II.

Whoso wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine
Unto the type of true nobility ;
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
Deriv'd farr from famous anacostic :

Behold them both in their right vianomy
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree.
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The ods twist both, of both the deour aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee;
But thanks to him, that it deserves, blisight;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truly it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

III.

UPON THE

HISTORIE OF GEO. CASTRIOT, ALIAS SCANDERBERG,
KING OF THE EPYROTS,

Translated into English.

WHEREFORE doth vaine Antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old heros, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes and sild their childrens
cares?

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their colossus great:
Their rich triumphall arks which they did raise,
Their huge pyramids, which do Heauen threat.
Lo! one whom later age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great;
Great both by name, and great in power and might,
And meriting a mere triumphant seate.
The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, O Scanderberg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

IV.

THE antique Babel, empress of the east,
Upread her buildinges to the threatned skie:
And second Babel, tyrant of the west,
Her atry towers upraised much more high.
But, with the weight of their own surquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the Earth did feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly;
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight;
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceeds in policie of right.
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As Lowkepers stile that bath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENSER.

POEMS.

POEM I.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The bynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyve to grope for honny:
But, when he saw me sting and cry,
He took his wings and away did fly.

POEM II.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close convey
Into the others stead:
With that Love wounded my loves hart,
But Diane beats with Cupids dart.

POEM III.

I saw, in secret to my dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her; "All hayle, my mother!"
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
"Then, never blush, Cupid," quoth I,
"For many have err'd in this beauty."

POEM IV.

Uprox a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mothers lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murr'ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
And saw the beast so small;
"Whats this," quoth he, "that gives so great a
That wakens mens withall?" [voyce,
In angry wise he lies about,
And threatens all with corage stout.
To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game:
"See! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
Nor men in Earth, to rest:
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyre sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly."
Nathelasse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The bee him stung therefore:
"Now out alas," he cryde, "and welaway,
I wounded an full sore:
The fly, that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little borne."
Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his griefe complayned:
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained.
"Think now," quoth she, "my son, how great the
smart
Of those whom thou doost wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found:
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doost spoyle of lovers make."

She took him straight full piteously lamenting,
 And wrapt him in her smock:
 She wrapt him softly, all the while repeating
 That be the fly did mock.
 She drest his wound, and it embalmed well
 With salve of sovaigne might:
 And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
 The well of deare delight.
 Who would not oft be stung as this,
 To be so bath'd in Venus blis?
 The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
 Of that his malady:
 But he, soone after, fresh againe cured
 His former cruelty.
 And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
 With his sharpe dart of love:
 And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
 His mothers heart to prove.
 So now I languish, till he please
 My pining anguish to appease.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
 Beene to the ayding, others to adorne,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
 To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
 But joyed in their praise;
 And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
 Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did raise,
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
 And teach the woods and waters to lament
 Your dolefull dremiment:
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
 And, having all your heads with girlands crown'd,
 Helpe me mine owne loves praynes to resound;
 No let the same of any be envide:
 So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
 So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
 The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

EARLY before the worlds light-giving lampe,
 His golden beame upon the hills doth spread,
 Having dispersd the nights uncheerfull dampes,
 Doe ye awake; and with fresh lustyhed,
 Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
 My truest turtle dove;
 Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
 And long since ready furth his make to move,
 With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In theyr fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
 For loe! the wished day is come at last,
 That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her usury of long delight:
 And, whylest she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing. [ring.
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho

BRING with you all the nymphes that you can heare
 Both of the rivers and the Forrests Greene,
 And of the sea that neighbours to her neare;
 All with gay girlands goodly wel besene.
 And let them also with them bring in hand,
 Another gay girland,

For my fayre love, of lillies and of roses,
 Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale poses,
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridale bowers.
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along,
 And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
 For she will waken strait;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

Ye nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe exceed)
 And ye likewise, which keepe the russhy lake,
 Where none doo fishes take;
 Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the christall bright,
 That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
 That on the hoary mountayne use to towre;
 And the wyld wolves, which seeke them to devour,
 With your Steele darts doe chace from coming neer;
 Be also present heere,
 To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing. [ring.
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho

WAKE now, my love, awake; for it is time;
 The rosy Morn long since left Tithons bed,
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
 And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious bed.
 Hark! how the cheerefull birds dochaunt theyr Jaies,
 And carroll of loves prayse.
 The merry lark hir martins sings aloft;
 The thrush replies; the mavis descant playes;
 The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this dayes meriment.
 Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' awaite the coming of your ioyous make,
 And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
 The dewy leaves among!
 For they of joy and pleasure to you sing. [ring.
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho

My love is now awake out of her dreame,
 And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
 More bright then Hesperus his bead doth reve.
 Come now, ye damazels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight:
 But first couse, ye fayre flowers, which were begot,
 In loves sweet paradice, of Day and Night;
 Which doe the seasons of the year allot,
 And all, that ever in this world is fayre,
 Doe make and still repayre;
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprien queene,
 The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,
 Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:
 And, as ye her array, still throw betwene
 Some graces to be seene;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing. [ring.
 The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho

Now is my love all ready forth to come :
 Let all the virgins therefore well awayt ;
 And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her grooms,
 Prepare your selves ; for he is coming strait.
 Set all your things in seemely good aray,
 Fit for so joyfull day :
 The joyfullst day that ever Sunne did see.
 Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshiny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace.
 O fayrest Phoebus ! father of the Muse !
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote thy minde delight,
 Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;
 But let this day, let this one day, be mine ;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy soverayne praises loud wil sing,
 That all the woods shal answer, and theyr echo ring.

HAARE ! how the ministrils gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry musick that resounds from far,
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But, most of all, the damzels doe delite,
 When they their tymbrils smyte,
 And thereto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
 That all the senses they doe ravish quite ;
 The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused voyce,
 As if it were one voyce.
 Hymen, to Hymen, Hymen, they do shout ;
 That even to the Heavens theyr shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
 And loud advance her laud ;
 And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing, [ring.
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr echo

LOE ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her becoms, that ye would weene
 Some angell she had beene.
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ;
 And, being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some mayden queene.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as ou her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayces sung so loud,
 So farre from being proud.
 Nathless doe ye still loud her prayces sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

TELL me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before ?
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store :
 Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the Sun hath rudded,
 Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
 Her breast like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
 Her paps lyke lyllics bodded,

Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre ;
 And all her body like a pallas fayre,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
 To Honors seat and Chastities sweet bowre.
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,
 Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
 Meduses a mafeul bed.
 There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
 There Vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
 And giveth lawes alooe,
 The which the base affection doe obey,
 And yeld theyr services unto her will ;
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
 And unrevcald pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayces sing,
 That all the woods should answer, and your echo
 ring.

ORAN the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
 That commeth in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
 She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view :
 Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces :
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make ;
 And let the roving organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
 The whites, with hollow throates,
 The choristers the joyous anthems sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echoing.

BEHOLD, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesseth her wth his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
 Like crimson dyde in grayne :
 That even the angells, which continually
 About the sacred altar doe remaine,
 Forget their service and about her fly,
 Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsowd.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band !
 Sing, ye sweet angells, alleluja sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo
 ring.

Now all is done: bring home the bride againe;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory;
 Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
 With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
 Never had man more ioyfull day than this,
 Whom Heaven would heape with bliss.
 Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
 This day for ever to me holy is.
 Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
 Poure out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,
 That they may sweat and drunken be withall.
 Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall,
 And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine;
 And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
 For they can doo it best:
 The whiles the maydens doe their carroll sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho
 ring.

Now ye the beis, ye yong men of the towne,
 And leave your wonted labors for this day:
 This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
 That ye for ever it remember may.
 This day the Sunne is in his chiefest light,
 With Barnaby the bright,
 From whence declining daily by degrees,
 He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
 When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
 But for this time it ill ordained was,
 To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
 And shortest night, when longest siter weare:
 Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
 Ring ye the beis, to make it weare away,
 And benefiers make all day;
 And dance about them, and about them sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

As! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lende me leave to come unto my love?
 How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
 Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,
 Within the westerne fome:
 Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
 And the bright evening-star with golden cressat
 Appeare out of the east.
 Fayre childe of Beauty! glorious lampe of Love!
 That all the host of Heaven in ranks doost lead,
 And guldest lovers through the nights sad dread,
 How chearefully thou lookest from above,
 And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
 As ioying in the sight
 Of these glad many, which for ioy do sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

Now cease, ye damseis, your delights forepast;
 Enough it is that all the day was yours:
 Now day is doene, and night is nighing fast,
 Now bring the brude into the brydall houses.
 The night is come, now soon her disaray,
 And in her bed her lay;
 Lay her in lillice and in violets,
 And silken curtains over her display,
 And odourd sheets, and arras coverlets.
 Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
 In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, when as love her took
 In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
 Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
 With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
 Now it is night, ye damseis may be gone,
 And leave my love alone,
 And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome, Night! thou night so long expected,
 That long daies labour doest at last defray,
 And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
 Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
 Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
 That no man may us see;
 And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
 From feare of perrill and foule horror fray.
 Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our ioy;
 But let the night be calme, and quietome,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
 Lyke as when love with fayre Alcmena lay,
 When he begot the great Thyrtian groome:
 Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
 And begot Majesty.
 And let the mayds and youngmen cease to sing;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
 Breake gentle sleepe with misconceivd dout.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
 Make sudden sad affrights;
 Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helples harmes,
 Ne let the ponke, nor other evill sprights,
 Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes,
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not;
 Let not the shriech-owle, nor the stork, be heard;
 Nor the night raven, that still deadly yels;
 Nor damned ghosts, caid'up with mighty spels;
 Nor grisly vultures make us once affeard:
 Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking
 Make us to wish theyr choking.
 Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let still Silence trow night-watches keepe,
 That sacred Peace may in assurance rayse,
 And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playse;
 The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
 Like divers-feathered doves,
 Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
 And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
 Their praty steekthes shall worke, and marcs shall
 spread

To flich away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceald through covert night.
 Ye sounes of Venus, play your sports at will!
 For greedy Pleasore, carelesse of your toyce,
 Thinks more upon her paradise of ioyes,
 Than what ye do, albe it good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 For it will soone be day:
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
 Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
 Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleepest,
 But walkes about high Heaven at the night?
 O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
 My love with me to spy:
 For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
 And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
 The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
 His pleasures with thee wrought.
 Therefore to us be favorable now;
 And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly dost enlarge,
 Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
 And the chaste wound informe with timely seed,
 That may our comfort breed:
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
 Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And thou, great Iuno! which with awful might
 The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
 And eke for comfort often called art
 Of women in their smart;
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.
 And thou, glad genius! in whose gentle hand
 The bridele bowre and gemiall bed remaine,
 Without blemish or stain;
 And the sweet pleasures of their loves delight
 With secret ayde dost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night,
 And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
 Grant that it may so be,
 Till which we cease your further prayse to sing;
 Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye high Heavens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
 In dreadfull darkness lend desired light;
 And all ye powers which in the same remaine,
 More than we men can fayne;
 Poure out your blessing on us plentifully,
 And happy influence upon us raine,
 That we may raise a large posterity,
 Which from the Earth which they may long possess
 With lasting happinesse,
 Up to your haughty pallsaces may mount;
 And, for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
 So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:
 The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring!

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my love should duly have been deckt,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your dew time to respect,
 But promise both to recompens;
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endless monument!*

FOWRE HYMNES.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,
 THE LADIE MARGARET, COUNTESS OF COMBELLAND,
 AND THE LADIE MARIE, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two hymnes in the praise of love and beantie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I was mov'd, by the one of you two most excellent ladies, to call in the same; but, being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reforme them, making (instead of those two hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beantie) two others of heavenly and celestiall; the which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beantie, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better meases, yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich this first of September, 1596. Your honors most bounden ever,

in all humble service,

ED. SP.

HYMNE I.

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long since hast to thy mightie powre
 Perforce subdu'd my poor captiv'd hart,
 And, raging now theron with restless stowre,
 Dost tyrannize in everie weaker part.
 Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart
 By any service I might do to thee,
 Or ought that else might to thee pleasing be.

And now t' assuage the force of this new flame,
 And make thee more propitious in my need,
 I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
 And thy victorious conquests to reced,
 By which thou madest many hearts to bleed
 Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embrewed,
 And by thy cruell darts to thee subdued.

Onely I fear my wits enfeebled late, [bred,
Through the sharp sorowes which thou hast me
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed:
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou nightie god of love!
Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou dost sit in Venus iap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kisse,
That sweeter farre than any nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengefull darts;
And ye, fair nymphs! which oftentimes have loved
The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your barts
For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft when ye were sorrie.

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed!
Which in the conquests of your beautie best,
Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterve their harts that needeth nourture most,
Prepare yourselves to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your souveraigne king.

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the mynd,
And all the bodie to thy heast doest frame,
Victor of gods, subdoer of mankynd,
That doest the lions and fell tigers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne nativitie,
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly pearles?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From Heavens view, and in deep darkness kept,
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus lapp, unarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked:

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from Heavens life-giving fyre,
He gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weake at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro' all that great wide wast, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandering way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever,
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to rounge themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to coospyre
Each against other by all means they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
Did piace them all in order, and compell
To keepe themselves within their sundrie raines,
Together linkt with adamantyne chaines;
Yet so, as that in every living wight
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
And duly well observed his behest; [tained
Through which now all these things that are con-
Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
Their being have, and daily are increast
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
Whilst they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd;
But man that breathes a more immortal mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie;

For, having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is entymind with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre
That seemes on Earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than beautes glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fruil men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much curavight bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe,
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make full piteous mone
Unto the author of their balefull bane: [groane
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and
Their lives they loath, and Heavens light disdain;
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whilst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play,
Whytest they lye languishing like thrales forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emulate the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remains scarce any little part,
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enrosen her disdainfull brest,
That no one drop of pittie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doest shew no favour unto mee,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the sovaine lord of all,
How fallst it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely beasts despise,
And on thy subjects most doth tyrannise?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if thou wilt ever swerve,
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearely deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties he onfyred
As things divine, least passions doe impreme,
The more of steadfast mynds to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on godfastnesse;
But baseborne mynds such lappes regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hasty fyre;
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre.

For Love is lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weak wings dare not to Heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavie earth, up to the Heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,
Which be beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrhour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it;
Like Tantalus, that in store doth starved ly,
So doth he pine in most satiety;
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

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Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine:
Thrice happie man! might he the same possesse,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,
That Heavens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on Earth so heavenly to have seene
His hart enshrined saint, his Heavens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,
May please her best, and grace unto him gaine;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his brest he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But carriest him to that which he had eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
swords and speares;
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armet his resistlesse hand.

Witness Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Eneas in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre;
For both through Heaven and Hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils, and these paynes,
He may but purchase lykyn in her eye,
What Heavens of joy then to himselfe he faynes!
Esteemes he wyes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approach more neare, till in her inmost brest
He may embosomed bee and loved best;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then bellish paine!
And to his fayning fancies represent
Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
Thou that hast never lov'd cannot not believe
Least part of th' evils which poore lovers greave.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmises, the distrustfull shewes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the womes,
The feyned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make & loves life a wretches Hell.

K e

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelouse,
Which eates the heart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of losing his felicitie.
Ah, gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his ioyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou dost thy entrance make
Unto thy Heaven, and doest the more endere
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The Same more bright and glorious doth appeare;
So thou thy folke, through paines of purgatorie,
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and Heavens glorie.

There thou them pleasest in a paradise
Of all delight and ioyous happy rest,
Where they doe feede on nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus deariings, through her bountie blest;
And lie like gods in yvory beds awayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game; [queene,
Then her they crowne their goddesses and their
And decke with flowers thy altars well besene.

Ay me! deare lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might myselfe assure
That happie port for ever to recure!
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise
And heavenly hymne, such as the angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Bove all the gods, thee only honoring;
My guide, my god, my victor, and my king:
Till then, drad lord! vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

HYMNE II

IN MONOQUE OF BEAUTIE.

As! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry mee?
What wondrous fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Why! seekst thou to make thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And up aloft above my strength doth rayse
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I erst, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy mother deare,
An honourable hymne I eke should fraze,
And, with the brightness of her beautie cleare,
The ravish hearts of gazefull men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such beauteous-enchanting might.

Therto do thou, great goddess! queene of Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewy
Nothing on Earth seems fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
To illuminate my dim and dulledd eyes,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thine:

That both to thee, to whom I messege it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortal beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreme,
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some dew of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLD WAS GREAT WORMEHEART did cast
To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had past
A goodly patterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashion'd them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous patterne, wheresoever it be,
Whether in Earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in Heaven, that so man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to desire,
Is perfect beautie, which all men adore;
Whose face and feature doth so much excelle
All mortal sense, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
Which closeth it therafter doth refine,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is enight.

For, through infusion of celestiall powre,
The duller earth it quickeneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please; that is thy soveraine might,
O Cyprian queene! which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them dost streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe; which, shynyng in the face,
Thence to the soules darts amorous desyre,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre;
Therewith thou pointest thy sons poysoned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then do ydle wits gylest,
That Beautie is nought else but mixture made
Of colour faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexion, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measured, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolors smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blind?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers view ?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powres shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of art
Exceed, in perfect limning every part ?

But ah! beleve me there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men ;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
That beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shall decay,
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted gair :
That golden wyre, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light procedes, which kindleth lovers fire,
Shall never be extinguish't nor decay ;
But, when the vital spirits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retire ;
For it is heavenly borne and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,
At first out of that great immortall spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Down from the top of purest Heavens hight
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retaining still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshy seeds is eft enaced,
Through every part she doth the same impresse,
According as the Heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules, which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshy bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might
Temper so trim, that it may well be scene
A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And bath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearfull grace and amiable sight ;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou dost behold
A comely corpes, with beautie faire endew'd,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with fair conditions thow'd ;
Fit to receive the seeds of vertue strow'd ;
For all that faire is, is by nature good ;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it failes that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drow'd,
Eith' by chance, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance fow'd,
Which it assumed of some stubborn grow'd,
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foole imperfection.

And oft it failes, (ay me, the more to reu !)
That goodly Beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abus'd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorre,
Whilist every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire Beauties blame,
But theirs that doth abuse it unto ill :
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will :
Nathelasse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
However fleshes fault it filthy make ;
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire dames ! the worlds deare ornaments,
And lively images of Heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dim'd, and your bright glorie darkned quight ;
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloyall lust, fair Beauties foulest blame,
That base affection, which your eares would bland
Commend to you by Loves abused name,
But is indeede the bonds slave of Defame ;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your brightshyning starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and true,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightness to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire ; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likeness doth display ;
Like as two mirrors, by oppoed reflection,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appaere,
It you behoves to love, and forth to say
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fontaine may ;
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshroud ever,
That it of loving eyes be view'd never ?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize,
That liket to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first course may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt ;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do larre.

For love is a celestiall harmonie
Of likely parts compos'd of starres concent,
Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
To work each others ioy and true content,
Which they have harbour'd since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know each other here below'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other truaes
Should in loves gentle band combynd bee
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all, that like the beaustie which they see,
Straight do not love; for love is not so light
As straight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refined form, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes fraile infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first Sunne, yet sparkling in his sight,
Thereof he fashione in his higher skill
An heavenly beaustie to his fancies will;
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirror of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairnesse doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other men, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

~~These eyes see through numerous eye-glances,
Which in their soul shining and fro,
Which from the heart these eyes fierce launces;
Which having received, backe againe they go,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
Which carrie these eyes to sharp effect,
Which carrie these eyes to some sweets aspect.~~

In which how many wonders doe they see
To their conceipt, that others never see! (feede,
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they
Like gods with nectar in their banquet free;
Now of her looks, which like to cordials bee;
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight;
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinkling starrs in frostie night;
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All these, O Cythera! and thousands more
Thy handmaidens be, which do on thee attend,
To decke thy beaustie with their daunties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and friend,
That in mens hearts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then I, triumph! O great Beauties queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest here,
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fealties
Adore the powre of thy great majestie,
Singing this hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poor liegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great sovereigne!
That she, whose conquering beauty doth captive
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you faire Venus deareling, my dear dread!
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddess of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my hart long pynning griefe,
And shew what woodrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

HYMNE III.

ON HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy Heavens light,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovaine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high Heavens King.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayces of true love to sing.

And ye that went with greedy vain desire
To reade my fault, and, wondering at my flame,
To warme your selves at my wide sparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursues,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renews.

BEFORE THIS WORLDES GREAT FRAME, in which all things
Are now containd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyes wings
About that mightie bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That high Eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For fair is lov'd;) and of it self begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sone and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no iot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equal honour crown'd.

With him be reignd, before all time prescribed,
In endless glorie and immortal might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
Whose kingdomes thrize no thoughts of earthly
wight

Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to rehearse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure Lampe of Light,
Eternall Spring of grace and wisdomd trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marvoiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All gisting glorious in their Makers light.

To them the Heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall bliss,
And be partakers of those joyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For be his beames doth unto them extend,
That darkness there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, no hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happiness decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

~~These words are taken out of the booke of the prophet
Isaiah chapter 60. Verse 1. The Gentiles shall
come to the light of the Lord. Verse 2. They shall
bring forth their silver and their gold, and
offer sacrifices of righteousness. Verse 3. They
shall praise the Lord, the Lord that hath redeemed
Jerusalem. Verse 4. For as the sun shall arise
in the evening, and as the day shall be clear
in the morning, so shall the redemption of
Jerusalem be. Verse 5. And the Gentiles shall
bring forth their silver and their gold, and
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Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From Heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest Hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Dengendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride; (for pride and love may ill agree;)
And now of sinne to all example bee:
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest angels fall to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In his wyde pallace, through those angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowne colony therein, [beg'n
Whose root from earths base groundworks should

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by woodrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which he had fashion'd in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathd a living spright
Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
Endow'd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortal could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behold;
For love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
No lesse than angels, whom he did ensee,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death; to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him be like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despeyred Hell,
Him, wretch, in doole would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reignded with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abject thrall, in fleshe fraile attyre,
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misgyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did lyde:
So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the iust by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of loves deep wound, that pierct the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his soles, that from his beast had swerved!

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so deere wound?
Whose bleeding source their streames yet never
But still do flow, and freshly still redownd, [staunch,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsoemd,
And close the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was encooted in all fleably slyme.

O blessed Well of Love! O Fountaine of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starrs! O Lampe of Light!
Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds beight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st it is lesse of all this love,
But love of us, for gneration of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove?
Had he required life for us againe,
Had it bene wrong to ask his owne with guine?
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were leas, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
No ought demands but that we loving bee,
As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had straine,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himselfe, in his dear sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules, unto us leat.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Maker's hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heridage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
That we, however of us light concerned.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Compaunded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake;
Knowing that, whateone to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all doe live.

Such mercy he by his most holy words
Unto us taught, and to approve it true,
Exampl'd it by his most righteous deeds,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouse thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,
In which thou walowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures soyle;
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to him thy heave clouded eyne,
That thou this soveraine beautie mayst behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he entred was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betwene the toyfull one and humble mee,
And in what rage, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unsultry wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
How with most scornfull taunts, and fell despights
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused;
How scourgd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how brusd;
And, lastly, how twist robbers crucifyde, [syde!
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and

Then let thy flinty hart, that feelles us paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilst as thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to thy soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy breast his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mynd,
Thou must him love, and his behests embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possess,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and adorable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all Earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seems durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beauties all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing lights,
Blinding the eyes, and ruining the sight.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweets enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

HYMNE IV.

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

Happ with the rage of mine own raviht thought,
Through contemplantion of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in Heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights;
I faime to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Spright!
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortal Beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subject to fleshy eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplantion of th' immortal sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein read
The endless kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the sea, engirt with brassen bands;
Then th' aire still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tead,
And further is from Earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie it at last ascend;
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And Heaven then fire, appeares more pure and
fayre.

Looks thou no further, but aduise thine eye
On that bright shyne round still moving masse,
The house of blessed God, which men call skye,
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grass,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which, ruling night and day,
As king and queene, the Heavens empire sway;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seeme
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their captains flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these Heavens, which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light farre passing theirs.

And as these Heavens still by degrees arise,
Until they come to their first movers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arive,
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the Heaven where happy soules have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie;
More faire is that, where those ideas on his
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that Heaven, in which do raise
The soveraigne powres and mightie potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall princes and imperiall states;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall seates
And heavenly dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternal burning seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,
Be th' angels and archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelleng,
As to the highest they approach more near,
Yet as that highest farre beyond all telling,
Faireer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endless perfectnesse?

Cease then, my tongue! and lead unto my mynd
Leave to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd;
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisdome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves can not endure his sight.

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot sustaine
The Suns bright beames when he on us doth shynae,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are dull, how can we see with feeble eyes
The glorie of that Maiestic diuine,
In sight of whom both Soe and Moore are darke,
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meane, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brassen booke,
To read enregistered in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do
And, lyke the native brood of eagles kynd, [blynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmitie.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footstoolle of his Maiestic
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke up with corruptible eye
On the dred face of that Great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chauce to look on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the iust wrath of his avengfull threats
That sits upon the righteous throas on hy;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firme and durable then steale or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great dragon strongly doth repressae,
Under the rigour of his iudgment iost;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light:

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish air, wherby al things are red;
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare;
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed, [breed.
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightness from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his becomme Sapience doth sit,
The sovaine deareling of the Deity,
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerlesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purist gold
Is set, in signe of highest sovereignty;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both Heaven and Earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high behest,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell;
For she the daughters of all womens race,
And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on Earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admyred it,
Have putray'd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she her selfe had she remained still,
And were as faire as fabled wits do fayre,
Could once come neare this beauty sovayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweete Teian poet, which did speed
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise,
Seen but a glimpse of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would be her face commend,
Above that idols of his faying thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie fills the Heavens with her light,
And darkes the Earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weak and faint
The pourtraict of so heavenly how to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her sovaigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of mightie Heavens King;
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possess'd,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whose may, thrise happie man him bold,
Of all on Earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;
No ought on Earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wisfull sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Euen heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the sprite.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that fills the brazen sky;
And feele such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine;
But all that eare seemd sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased eare now sources to paine:
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but froyed shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fyre,
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
By name of honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lacre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on Earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in theyr inward ey;
On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd
All happie joy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false beauties flattery bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies grief;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Sovereine Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Euen the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possessd,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

"BRITAIN'S IDA."

WRITTEN BY THAT RENOWNED POET,
EDMOND SPENCER.

LONDON: PRINTED FOR THOMAS WALKLEY, AND ARE TO
BE SOLD AT HIS SHOP AT THE EAGLE AND CHILL IN
BRITAINES SQUARE. 1688." 12MO.

THE

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LADY MARY,

DAUGHTER TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE, GEORGE,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Most noble lady! I have presumed to present
this poem to your honourable hand, encouraged
onely by the worth of the famous author, (for I
am certainly assured, by the ablest and most
knowing men, that it must be a worke of Spen-
cers, of whom it were pittie that any thing should
bee lost) and doubting not but your lady-ship will
graciously accept, though from a meane hand, this
humble present, since the man that offers it is a
true honourer and observer of your selfe and your
princely family, and shall ever remaine

the humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

MARTIAL.

Accipe fecundi Calicem studiosæ Maronis,
Ne nugis positâ, arma virâmq; cadas.

SEE here that stately Muse, that erst could raise
in lasting numbers great Elinæes praise,
And dress fair Vertue in so rich attire,
That even her foes were forced to admire
And court her heavenly beauty! Shee that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleased here
To slacke her serious fight, and feed your eare
With Love's delightome toys: doe not refuse
These harmlesse sports; 'tis leasred Spencers' Muse;
But think his looser poems worthier these
The serious follies of vaukilfull men.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The youthly shepherds wanning here,
And beauties rare displayd, appeare;
What exercise hee chiefly affects,
His name and scornfull love neglects.

In Ida vale (who knowes not Ida vale?)
When harmlesse Troy yet felt not Græciâ spite,
An hundred shepherds woun'd, and in the dale,
While their faire fockes the three-leav'd pastures bite,
The shepherds boyes with hundred sportings light,

¹ The prior's assertion is the only authority on
which this poem has been admitted into the edi-

Gave wings unto the times too speedy hast :
Ah, foolish lads! that strove with lavish wast
So fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast.

Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd,
A dainty boy there wou'd, whose harmless yemas
New in their freshest budding gently swaid ;
His nymph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,
Youth's downy blossome through his cheeks ap-
peares;

His lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould,
(Where never anger churlish rinkle dight)
His auburn lockes hung like darke threads of gold,
That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
To play among their wanton curls delighted ;
His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd :
Ah! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be stor'd,
Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one re-
stor'd?

His lilly-cheeks might seeme an ivory plaine,
More purely white than frozen Apenine,
Where lovely Bashfulness did sweetly raise,
In blushing scarlet cloth'd and purple fine.
A hundred bearts had this delightfull shrine
(Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seem, in divers tye,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

His cheerfull lookes and merry face would prove
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love ;
Of all the other parts enough is se'd,
That they were fit twins for so fayre a head!
Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de ;
Dye they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
He thousand boyes (ah, foole!) and thousand maids
deni'd.

His joy was not in musiques sweete delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte)
Or dainty songs to daintier eases indite,
But through the plaines to chase the nible hart
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certaine dart
The tusked boare or savage beare to wound;
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound ;
Ah, foole! to seek so farre what never might be
found!

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades,
Where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them)
Anchises was; Anchises oft the glades
And mountains beard, Anchises had disdain'd them;
Not all their love one gentle looke had gain'd them,
That rocky hills, with echoing noyse consenting,
Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
Harder then rocky hills, laugh't at their vaine la-
menting.

times of Spenser's works, since its first publication in 1633. The critics agree in believing that it was not written by Spenser. It is rather remarkable also that the poem, if it had been Spenser's, should have been unknown to the editor of his works in 1611, whom I believe to be Gabriel Harvey, his particular friend. Todd.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO II.

THIS ARGUMENT.

Diana's garden of delight
With wonder holds Anchises sight ;
While from the bower such musique sounds,
As all his senses nere confounds.

One day it chanc'd as hee the deere peruse,
Tyr'd with sport, and faint with weary play,
Faire Venus growe not farr away he view'd,
Whose trembling leaven invite him there to stay,
And in their shades his sweating limbes display ;
There in the cooling glade he softly pace,
And much delighted with their even spaces,
What in himselfe he scorn'd, hee prais'd their kind
embraces.

The woods with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whose springing youth felt never winters spiting)
To laurels sweete were sweetly married,
Doubling their pleasing smells in their uniting ;
When single much, much more when mixt, de-
lighting:
No foot of beast durst touch this hallowed place,
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entred with feare, but soon turn'd back his frightful
face.

The thicke-lockt boughs shut out the tall-tale Skene,
(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her knowne fault, which oft she wight undone)
And scattered rayes did make a doubtfull sight,
Like to the first of day or last of night :
The fittest light for lovers gentle play :
Such light best shewes the wandring lovers way,
And guides his erring hand: night is Love's holly-
day.

So farre in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd
That now he views the garden of Delight,
Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers array'd,
With divers joy captiv'd his wandring sight ;
But soon the eyes rendered the eares their right ;
For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,
That all his senses flockt into his eare,
And every faculty wist to be seated there.

From a close bower this dainty musique flow'd,
A bower appareld round with divers roses,
Both red and white, which by their liveries show'd
Their mistis faire, that there her selfe reposes ;
Seem'd that would strive with those rare musique
clozes,
By spreading their faire bosomes to the light,
Which the distracted sense should most delight ;
That, rapt the melted eare; this, both the eare
and sight.

The boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wishing feare,
Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
The bower, much more the guest so lodg'd there;)
And, as he goes, he marks how well agree
Nature and Arte in discord unity,
Each striving who should best performe his part,
Yet Arte now helping Nature, Nature Arte ;
While from his eares a voyce thus stole his heart.

"Fond men! whose wretched care the life some end-
By striving to increase your joy, do spend it; [ing,
And, spending joy, yet find no joy in spending;
You hurt your life by striving to amend it;
And, seeking to prolong it, soonest end it:
Then, while fit time affords these time and leisure,
Enjoy while yet thou mayst thy life's sweet pleasure:
Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his trea-
sure.

"Love is life's end; (an end, but never ending;)
All joys, all sweetest, all happiness, awarding;
Love is life's wealth (nere spent, but ever spending)
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding:
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove;
Ah! shouldst thou live but once loves sweetest to
prove,
Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love."

To this sweet voyce a dainty musique fitted
Its well-tun'd strings, and to her notes concerted,
And while with skiffall voyce the song she ditted,
The blabbing Echo had her words retorted;
That now the boy, beyond his soule transported,
Through all his limbes feeling a pleasant shaking,
And, twist a hope and feare, suspects mistaking,
And doubts he sleeping dremes, and broad awake
feares waking.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Faire Cythereas limbes beheld,
The straying lads heart so intrin'd,
That in a trance his melted spright
Leaves th' senses slumbering in delight.

Now to the bower hee sent his thersish eyes
To staele a happy sight; there don they finde
Faire Venus, that within halfe naked lyes;
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not returne the message to the minde;
But, full of feare and superstitious awe,
Could not retire, or backe their beams withdraw,
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing saw.

Her goodly length stretcht on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright)
Few roses round about were scattered,
As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight
To see a skinne much more then filly-white:
The bed sankt with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to thinke a chance more blessed,
Both blessed so to kisse, and so agayne be kised.

Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest Moone,
Whose full-grown orb begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide room to Beauty's regiment,
Which on the plains with Love triumphing went;
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which, with their dainty threads oft-times enlaced,
Made the eye thinke the pearls was there in gold in-
chased.

Her full large eyes, in betty-blacke array'd,
Prov'd beauty not compar'd to red and white,
But oft her selfe in blacke more rich display'd;
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight;
A thousand Loves was playing in each eye;
And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtisie,
By sweete persuasion was a bloodlesse victory.

The whitest white, set by her silver cheekes,
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;
The freshest purple fresher dyes must seeke,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On these Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves that, with bold wanton traine
Under those colours, marching on the plaine,
Force every heart, and to low vasselage constraine.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
From their so want imbracements seldome parted,
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;
But, when sweet words their joyning sweet parted,
To th' care a dainty musique they imparted:
Upon them fitly sat, delightful smiling,
A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguiling;
Ah! that such shews of joyes should be all joyes
exiling.

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
So sweet a lodge; but when she once intended
To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,
More fast it throaged so to be expended;
And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
Playing i' th' breath, more sweete than is that firing
Where that Arabian onely bird, expiring, [spiring,
Lives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh re-

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inchased,
Seem'd a fair iowell wrought with cunning hand,
And, being double, doubly the face graced:
This goodly frame on her round necke did stand;
Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd;
And, on his top the heavenly sphere up-rearing,
Might well present, with daimier appearing,
A lesse but better Atlas, that faire Heaven bearing.

Lower two breasts stand, all their beauties bearing,
Two breasts as smooth and soft; but, ah, alas!
Their smoothest softnes farre exceeds comparing;
More smooth and soft, but naught that ever was,
Where they are first, deserves the second place;
Yet each as soft and cusch as smooth as other;
And when thou first tri'st one, and then the other,
Each softer seemes then each, and each then each
seemes smoother.

Lowly betweene their dainty hemispheres,
(Their hemispheres the heavenly globes excoelling)
A path more white than is the same it beares,
The lacteal path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
Where best Delight all joyes sits freely dealing;
Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh joyes attend-
Receive in giving; and, still love depending, [ing,
Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending.

But stay, hold shepheard! here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy new-borne quill,
As farther to those dainty lambs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beautifull hill
Which past the finest hand or choicest skill:
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soone be blam'd,
For now the shameles world of best things is asham'd.

That cunning artist, that old Greece admir'd,
Thus farre his Venus silly portrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd;
His dedale hand, that Nature perfected
By Arte, felt Arte by Nature limited.
Ah! will he know, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

Such when this gentle boy her closely view'd,
Onely with thinnest silken vaile o'er-layd,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their worke to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbes sweet slumbring in de-
light.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The swooning swaine recovered is
By th' goddesse; his soule-rupting blame:
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.

Sore-swooning Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies;
With all she starts, and wondereth withall;
She thinks that there her faire Adonis dyes,
And more she thinks the more the boy she eyes:
So, stepping neerer, up begins to reare him;
And now with Love himselfe she will confer him,
And now before her Love himselfe she will prefer him.

The lad, soone with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himselfe so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his fitting soul, to Heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and bliasse instated;
Oh! would he dye, so to be often saved;
And now with happy wish he closely craved
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingraved.

The Paphian princess (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful Didaime could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit releast,
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base)
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace:
But oh! those smiles (too full of sweete delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight;
So, seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble sprits.

"Tell me, fair boy!" said she, "what erring chance
Hither directed thy unwary pace?
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
Their foule aspect in thy so pleasant face:
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lacke of love, or mutuall answering fire?
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?
Tell me, what ist thy faire and wishing eyes re-
quire?"

The boy, (whose sence was never yet acquainted
With such a manique) stood with eares erected,
And, sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sugred strains long time expected;
Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,
First sighes arising from his heart's low center,
'Thus gan reply, when each word hold would venter,
And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

"Fair Cyprian queens, (for well that heavenly face
Prooves thee the mother of all-conquering Love)
Pardon, I pray thee, my unwasting pace;
For no presumptuous thoughts did hither moove
My daring feete to this thy holy grove;
But lucklesse chance (which, if you not gaine-say,
I still must see) hath caus'd me here to stray,
And lose my selfe (alas!) in losing of my way.

"Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;
Never till now I saw what ought be loved;
And now I see, but never dare aspire
To moove my hope, where yet my love is mooved;
Whence though I would, I would it not remooved;
Only since I have plac't my love so high,
Which sure thou must, or sore thou wilt, deny,
Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye."

But shee that in his eyes Loves face had seen,
And flaming heart, did not such sains disdain,
(For cruelty fits not sweete Beauties queene)
But gently could his passion entertain,
Though she Loves princesse, he a lowly swain:
First of his bold intrusion she acquites him,
Then to her service (happy boy!) admits him,
And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him.

And now with all the Loves he grow acquainted,
And Cupids selfe, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
Forcing to love that most his love despised:
And now the practique boy did so approve him,
And with such grace and cunning arte did moove
him, [hiss-
That all the pritty Loves and all the Graces love

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The lovers sad despairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints;
Sweetly importun'd, he doth show
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

Yet never durst his faint and coward heart
(Ah, foole! faint heart faire lady we're could win!)
Assaile faire Venus with his new-learnt arte,
But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flamm'd out, the more he prest it in;
And thinking oft how just shee might disdain him,
While some cool mirtle shade did entertaine him,
Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he
plain him:

" Ah, fond and hapless boy ! nor know I whether
More fond or hapless more, that all so high
Hast plac'd thy heart, where love and fate together
May never hope to end thy misery,
Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy :
All hindrances (alas !) conspire to let it ;
Ah, fond, and hapless boy ! if canst not get it !
In thinking to forget, at length learn's to forget it.

" Ah, farre too fond, but much more hapless swaine !
Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
Serve and observe thy love with willing paine ;
And though in vaine thy love thou dost persevere,
Yet all in vaine dost thou adore her ever.
No hope can crowne thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
Nor dares thy self desire thine owne desiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring."

Thus off the hopeless boy complaining lyes ;
But she, that well could guess his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceal love from Loves mothers eyes ?)
Did not disdain to give his love contenting ;
Cruel the soule that feeds on soules tormenting :
Nor did she scorne him, though not nobly borne,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorne
That with so noble skill her title did adorne.

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood,
While hope and feare with hundred thoughts begun
Fit prologue to his speech ; and fearefull blood
From heart and face with these post-tydings runne,
That eyther now he 's made, or now undone ;
At length his trembling words, with feare made
Began his too long silence thus to breake, [woake,
While from his humble eies first reverence seem'd
to speake.

" Faire queene of love ! my life thou maist command,
Too slender price for all thy former grace,
Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand ;
But never dare I speak her name and face ;
My life is much lesse-priz'd than her disgrace :
And, for I know if I her name relate
I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
Unless thou swear by Six I purchase not her hate."

Faire Venus well perceiv'd his subtle shift,
And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
While thus the boy persw'd his former drift :
" No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skill'd,
Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,
Though helpt with all the choicest artes direction,
But when he durst describe her Heaven's perfection,
By his imperfect praise disparis'd his imperfection.

" Her forme is as her selfe, perfect celestriall,
No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgraces :
Beyond compare such nothing is terrestriall ?
More sweete than thought or pow'rfull wish embraces ;
The map of Heaven, the summe of all her graces :

But if you wish more truly kimb'd to eye her,
Than fainting speech or words can well deasy her,
Look in a glasse, and there more perfect you may
spy her."

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The boyes short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soule with blisse enchant ;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inurged Jove contrives his thrall.

" 'Tis crafty arte," reply'd the smiling queene,
" Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
Yet might'st thou thinke that yet 'twas never scene
That angry rage and gentle love consented ;
But if to me thy true love is presented,
What wages for thy service must I owe thee ?
For by the selfe-same vow I here avow thee,
Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee."

" Pardon," replies the boy, " for so affecting
Beyond mortality, and not discarding
Thy service, was much more than my expecting ;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
Thy love I dare not aske, or mutual fixing,
One kisse is all my love and prides aspiring, [ing."
And after starve my heart, for my too much desir-
" Fond boy !" sayd she, " too fond, that askt no more ;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
And giving spends not our increasing store :"—
Thus with a kisse his lips she sweetly prest ;
Most blessed kisse ! but hope more than most blest.
The boy did thinke Heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not haffe his joy by being over-joy'd.

" Why sighst ? faire boy !" sayd she, " dost thou
repent thee
Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay ?"
" Well may I sigh," sayd he, " and well lament me,
That never such a debt may hope to pay."
" A kisse," sayd she, " a kisse will back repay."
" Wilt thou," reply'd the boy, too much delighted,
" Content thee with such pay to be requir'd ?"
She grants ; and he his lips, heart, soule, to pay-
ment cited.

Look as a ward, long from his lands detain'd,
And subject to his guardians cruel lore,
Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd ;
So he ; yet though in laying out his store
He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poore ;
With that he markes, and tels her out a score,
And doubles them, and trebles all before.
Fond boy ! the more thou paist, thy debt still grows
the more.

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him
 With kindly heats, inflaming his desiring,
 Or whether those sweete kisses had inspir'd him,
 He thinks that something wants for his requiring,
 And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring;
 But yet though that hee knoweth so she gave,
 That he presents himselfe her bounden slave,
 Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat else
 to crave.

And, boldned with successe and many graces,
 His hand, chain'd up in feare, he now releaseth,
 And asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces,
 Againe it prison'd in her tender breast:
 Ah, blessed prison! primers too much blest!
 There with those sisters long time doth he play,
 And now full boldly enters loves highway, [stray.
 While downe the pleasant vale his creeping hand doth

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
 Hiding his blushing with a sugred kisse,
 With such sweete heat his rudeness doth allay,
 That now he perfect knowes whatever blisse
 Eldre Love taught, and he before did misse;

That merit with ioy, in such untri'd ioyes trying,
 He gladly dies; and, death new life applying,
 Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

Long thus he liv'd, stumbling in sweete delight,
 Free from sad care and fickle worlds annoy,
 Bathing in liquid ioyes his melted sprite;
 And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish boy!)
 Too proud, and too impatient of his ioy,
 To woods, and Heav'n, and Earth, his blisse imparted,
 That Jove upon him downe his thunder darted,
 Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty
 swarted.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
 Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
 That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
 Light ioyes float on his lips, but rightly grace
 Suckles deepe, and th' heart's low center doth im-
 brace.

Might I enjoy my love till I unbid it,
 I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it:
 He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.

GLOSSARY

TO

SPENSER'S WORKS.

ABBARE, bear, demean, behave.*Abord*, from the bank.*Abord*, across, from shore to shore.*Abrait*, awaked.*Abrayd*, awake.*Abus*, the Humber, in Yorkshire, from the British*Aber*, the mouth of a river.*Abv*, abide.*Abve*, endure, or suffer.*Acclaieth*, encumbreth.*Accloyes*, chokes, or clogs up.*Accoid*, plucked down, daunted.*Account*, tell over, number.*According*, granting.*Accoyd*, daunted, same as *Accoid*, above; or, in *Faerie Queene*, b. iv. canto viii. p. 277, carressed, made much of.*Accoyld*, stood around, called up, or gathered together.*Accremed*, increased, united.*Acchates*, provisions, from the old French *achet*, a thing bought.*Acquis*, released.*Adaw*, to daunt, overawe, keep in subjection.*Adawed*, daunted, confounded.*Addest*, went to, directed the course to.*Adore*, used sometimes for *adora*.*Adorne*, ornament.*Adownd*, driven forward, impelled, or hastened.*Advise*, consider.*Advise*, to bethink one's self.*Affect*, affection.*Affections*, passions, from the Latin *affectus*.*Afflicted stile*, low and jejune style.*Affrap*, encounter, or strike down.*Affrended*, made friends.*Affret*, rencounter, basty meeting.*Affronted*, encountered, or opposed.*Affronting*, opposing.*Aganip*, Aganippus, king of France.*Agas*, age is frequently used for age in general.*Aggrace*, favour, kindness.*Aggrate*, delight, or please.*Aghest*, frequently used both as a verb and participle.*Aglets*, points, or tags of lace.*Agreate*, grace and favour.*Agreably*, alike, like each other.*Aguid*, accoutred, or dressed.*Agusse*, to deck, or adorn.*Alabaster*, the usual old spelling of alabaster.*Albee*, whether.*Albion*, England, so called from the white rocks.*Allegge*, to lessen, or assuage.*Alleggeance*, alleviation.*Alow*, howling, lamentation.*Aligates*, wholly, altogether, by all means.*All*, sometimes for altogether, entirely; sometimes for although.*All and some*, one and all, every one.*All be*, although (be) be.*Allectus*, the Roman general.*Allegge*, ease, alleviate.*All hale*, the Saxon form of salutation, all health.*All-to*, completely or entirely.*Aima*, the mind.*Ais*, also.*Amate*, subdue, or damn.*Amated*, perplexed.*Amenage*, manage, carriage.*Amenance*, carriage, behaviour, conduct.*Amis*, a kind of garment.*Amoves*, moves.*Angle*, or corner.*An howre*, any while.*Anoy*, hurt.*Anticks*, buffoons.*Appeach*, impeach, accuse, censura.*Appeached*, impeached, censured.*Appele*, to pronounce, or repeat, or to accuse.*Appellation*, appeal.*Apply*, mind, or observe.*Arayd*, apparelled, or dressed.*Arere*, backward.*Arew*, in a row, together.*Armericks*, Bretagne in France, formerly called Armerica.*Arret*, appoint.*Arrett*, appoint, assign, or allot.*Assence*, askew, or asquint.*Aspire*, aim at.*Assuile*, put off, was freed from.*Assuiled*, absolved.*Assot*, stupefied.*Assotte*, to doat.*Assuyle*, liberate, or set free, or to determine.*Arkert*, to befall unawares.*At dore*, near at hand.*At curst*, lately.

At one clap, at once.
At random, for *random*, without direction.
Atone, or *Attone*, friends again, at one, atoned or reconciled.
Attempt, to temper or adapt.
Attempted, sometimes for tempted.
Attenti, sometimes for attention.
Attone, together, at once. See *Atone*.
Attrapt, adorned.
Avail, bring down.
Avails, to sink.
Avails, drops or towers.
Avails, abate, sink down, come down, dismount.
Aventred, pushed at a venture.
Aventring, pushing forward.
Avide, bethought.
Avise, to bethink one's-self, to look upon, to see.
Avising, looking upon.
Avise, saw.
Avise, bethought.
Avingsfull, circumspect.
Avours, i. e. make avours, to justify.
Awrayled, enamelled.
Authenticall, authentic.
Awbape, terrify.
Awbaped, terrified.
Aye, evermore.
Ayry ways, ways through the air.
Ayulets, or *Aylets*, tagged points.

Back, low; or, bid the back, a phrase in the sport of prison-base.
Back retr'y'd, drawn out back again.
Baffuld, treated with ignominy.
Bails, power.
Bale, poison.
Balks, to baffle, or, a ridge or furrow.
Balkt, disappointed, or treated with contempt.
Ban, to curse, or exclaim against.
Bancks, the seat of honour.
Band, did curse.
Bandog, formerly the name of a mastiff.
Bands, banishes.
Bannerall, a small flag.
Barnas, curses.
Barbarous, uncivilized.
Barbs, bits or bridles.
Barbican, a watch tower, or fortification for the defence of gates.
Bare, raw.
Basciomans, kissing hands.
Base humilistic, subjection.
Basinet, helmet, or headpiece.
Bastard, sometimes used for base.
Bate, bit, or did bite.
Battill, to grow fat.
Baudriche, or *Bauldriche*, a belt, the zodiac.
Bayt, to rest.
Beard, to affront.
Beare, bier.
Beartlikead, a greeting to the person of a beast.
Beath'd, bathed.
Beesperes, fair companions, or peers, equals.
Bed, sometimes for to bid.
Bedight, called or named.
Beginns, sometimes for beginning.
Begor'd, smeared with gore.
Behaves, employes, uses, the primitive sense of the word.
Behight, committed or entrusted, sometimes pro-

mised, commanded, reckoned, esteemed, spoke, adjudged.
Bel-acquits, kind salutation and reception.
Belamour, lover.
Belamour, lover.
Belamy, fair friend.
Belay, to attack; or, according to Johnson, to place in ambush.
Belay'd, laid over, or decorated.
Belgardes, sweet, or beautiful looks.
Beime, quickly.
Bell, a girdle, or waste band.
Bend, a band, or knot.
Benempt, named.
Bent, levelled.
Bents, rushes, bent-grass.
Bendes, sometimes for near.
Bente, or *Befite*, becomes.
Besprint, besprinkled.
Best, sometimes, first in precedence.
Bested, or *Bestadde*, disposed, ordered.
Betake, sometimes for commit, or deliver to.
Beteems, give, deliver.
Betight, happened.
Betooks, delivered, or committed.
Bett, better.
Bewis, or *Bemy*, company.
Bewails, sometimes to make choice of, to select.
Beyond, at some distance.
Bickerment, contention, strife.
Bids, bid.
Bilbo, a sword, from Bilboa, in Biscay, where the best blades are made.
Blacks, Hell.
Blam'd, brought a reproach upon.
Blame, reproach.
Blessed, in heraldry, displaying a coat of arms in its proper colours and metals.
Blend, blemish, or confound.
Blent, confounded, spoiled with mixing, blemished, disgraced.
Bless, wave or brandish.
Blest, preserved, kept from danger.
Blit, wounded.
Blive, presently.
Blanket liveries, gray coats.
Blont, stupid, or unpolished.
Blooms delight, bloom delight.
Blunt, uncivilized, unpolished.
Bohrags, or *Borbrags*, or *Borbragingt*, incursions on the borders of a country.
Bold empirie, perilous fight.
Boord, run sportingly.
Boorded, addressed.
Boot, booty.
Bord, account, or address.
Borbragingt. See *Bohrags*.
Borne without her den, born without the due qualities of a woman.
Borrow, or *Borowe*, pledge.
Borrell, a plain fellow, coarse, rude.
Borrow, pledge or surety.
Bouget, budget, or pouch.
Boughtes, twists, or folds.
Bouked, sifted.
Bounty, generosity, goodness.
Bourne, boundary, river or strait.
Bowers, chamber, apartment.
Bowers, chambers.
Bowrs, shoulders.

- Bousing*, drinking.
Brace, compass.
Braze, or *Braze*, severe or sharp.
Brand, sword.
Bronlets, brawls, a French dance.
Brus-proof, firm and durable as brass.
Brayned, the brains dashed out.
Brayn-pen, the head.
Breach, what is made by the breaking in of the sea.
Breeme, sharp and bitter.
Bretiren, sometimes for relations in general.
Brickle, full of, or fit for bricks.
Bridale, the nuptial feast.
Brigantines, coats of mail, or a species of ship.
Brigants, the inhabitants of the northern parts of England.
Brim, the margin or bank of a stream.
Britomartis, among the Cretans, a name for Diana, the goddess of chastity.
Briton monuments, the monuments or antiquities of Britain.
Brise, a gad, or horse-fly.
Broach, the brauding of a sword.
Broake, to bear, endure, or digest.
Bruist, sometimes for burst.
Brutenesse, sottishness, stupidity.
Brytes, the breeze, or gad-flies.
Bug, a monster, any frightful appearance.
Bullie, bulls.
Burden, sometimes for club.
Burgonet, a Spanish murion, or steel head-piece.
Burgenis, to spring forth, or bud.
Bushy teade, bushy torch.
Buste payne, diligent labour.
Bushets, little bushes.
But, sometimes for except; *but for*, because; *but if*, unless.
Buxome, yielding, or obedient.
Buxome aire, yielding air.
Buxome and bent, meek and obedient.
By and by, presently.
By cyphers, astrological figures.
By hook or by crooke, proverb, by right or wrong, by one means or other.
Bynampi, boqueathed, dictated or named.
Byte, bite.
- Cabinets*, cots, or little cabins.
Canus, a thin transparent dress.
Can, sometimes for knows; *As can*, he began.
Can tune, did tune, or knew how to tune.
Cancered carle, ill-natured old man.
Candle-light, used for reason, or the reasoning faculty.
Canon, that part of a horse-bitt which is let into the mouth.
Captaine, captain.
Capuccio, a capuchin, the hood of the cloke.
Carefull, sorrowful.
Carefull cold, cold which acts like cold, cools, allays.
Carke, care.
Carle, churl.
Carven, cut.
Cast, sometimes for considered.
Car'd, made hollow.
Causeless, without any just cause.
Causen, account for, assign reasons.
Caytrie, base.
Caytive courage, a base and abject mind.
Caytives, villains, wretches.
- Chaffr'd*, sold, or exchanged.
Chamelot, the stuff called camlet.
Chamfred, wrinkled, or indented.
Chaplet, a kind of garland like a crown.
Character, sometimes figure, image.
Charme, temper or tune.
Charmes, literally *carmina*, songs.
Charming, tempting by enchantment.
Chaw, jaw.
Chayre, chair, or chariot.
Chaw'n might, might be cheered.
Checklaton, or *Shecklaton*, a robe of state, or the cloth of gold of which it was made.
Checkmate, a term in chess.
Cheere, countenance.
Cherry, for cherish.
Chevisance, bargain, gain, enterprize.
Childe, a youth, or young man.
Chin, sometimes for the face.
Chyided, conceived, or sometimes brought forth.
Clame, cull.
Cleane, clean.
Clemence, clemency.
Cleane, cleen, entirely.
Close, secretly.
Closely, secretly.
Cloyd, a term used among farriers, when a horse is pricked with a nail in shoeing.
Collad, hung about the neck.
Common, commune.
Comment, devise, or feign.
Commonly, sometimes for lovingly and sociably.
Compare, sometimes for procure.
Compass, round.
Complement, complete character.
Complements, every thing which serves to complete.
Complishing, accomplishing, fulfilling.
Complor, plot, or combination.
Complyes, even-song; the last service of the day.
Concert, harmony.
Concrew, grew together.
Cond, learnt.
Condition, generally used for the inward qualities of the mind.
Confound, sometimes for confounded.
Congé, leave.
Congregate, assembled together.
Conspire, conspire.
Constant, resolute, persevering.
Constraint, uneasiness.
Contains, hold together, keep within bounds.
Conteck, content, strife.
Contraire, to cross or thwart.
Contrive, sometimes to wear out.
Controversie, debate or contention.
Convent, summon to appear.
Convince, sometimes to overthrow, or to convict.
Copemate, a companion, or friend.
Coportion, equal share.
Corage, heart, or mind.
Corbe, crooked.
Corber, corbels, ornaments in architecture.
Cordwayne, leather from Cordouan, Spanish leather, so called from Corduba.
Coronall, a garland.
Cor'rive, corrosive.
Costet, a lamb brought up without the dam.
Cott, a little boat.
Covetise, covetousness.
Could, sometimes for knew.

Counsel sad, grave advice.
Counterfeinace, counterfeiting, dissimulation.
Courd, protected, as a hen courd over her young chickens.
Course, sometimes for the course, or ship's way, in navigation.
Couth, knew, from *coune*, to know.
Cowardree, cowardice.
Cowheard, coward, old spelling.
Crackt, sometimes for broken or subdued.
Crafty eyes, a periphrasis for eyes.
Cragge, neck.
Crats, necks.
Crake, boast.
Crackt, lusty, courageous.
Crants, the sudden or frequent involutions of the planets.
Craven, base, or recreant.
Created, tufted, plumed.
Crime, sometimes for reproach.
Crooke, the gibbet.
Croud, the fiddle.
Cruell kynde, kind with cruelty.
Cruell eyes, for cruel eyes.
Cruenall, purse.
Cyffing, for scuffling.
Calber, a dove.
Culverage, a piece of ordnance so called.
Cryer, for cry.
Cunning hand, skilful hand.
Cunningly, like artists.
Cural, for cuirass, a breast-plate.
Cureless, difficult to be cured.
Cursed, sometimes for ill-fated.

Dadais hand, ingenious or cunning hand.
Dainty, delicate.
Dainty, frequently for elegant or beautiful.
Damne, sometimes for condemn.
Damnd, condemned.
Damnyfyt, injured.
Danish, Danish.
Dapper, neat, pretty.
Darrynne, to arrange, prepare, set in array.
Darred, i. e. lark, a lark caught by a daring-glass.
Dayer-man, arbitrator, or judge.
Daynt, dainty, fine.
Deadly mode, made for death, Hell and destruction.
Deare, sometimes for dearly.
Deare constraint, pleasing uneasiness.
Dearily, mournfully.
Death's mouth, the jaws of death.
Deare-burning, burning bright with holy dew.
Debate, sometimes for fight.
Debonaire, gracious, kind.
Decesse, decease.
Decreased, decreased.
Deeme, adjudge.
Deene, din, noise.
Default, sometimes for offend.
Defend, for to keep off, or to repell.
Daffy, finely and nimbly.
Define, sometimes, to decide.
Degenerated, degenerated.
Degenerating, degenerating.
Deheubarth, South Wales.
Deigne, vouchsafe.
Delay, sometimes to smooth or soften; to put away; to temper, or mitigate.
Delayed, removed, put away, tempered.

Delices, delights, dainties, pleasant fantasies.
Demays, demeanour, or appearance.
Demeane, behaviour, demeanour; sometimes a verb, to treat.
Demise, humble.
Deapt, deemed, judged.
Depart, separate, remove; sometimes for departure.
Derrily, anxiously, earnestly.
Derring do, aforesaid.
Derring doe, daring deeds.
Derring doers, daring and bold doers.
Describe, describe.
Desiring, designing.
Despatis, despoit.
Detaine, sometimes for detention.
Devicefull sights, sights full of devices, as mosques, triumphs, &c.
Devoys, duty.
Dew, due, i. e. descent.
Diaprad, divorced.
Did pray, made a prey of.
Did shame, was ashamed.
Diffused, dispersed, or disordered.
Dight, adorned.
Dilate, enlarge upon, relate at large.
Dint, often for stroke.
Disting, striking.
Dirke, dark.
Dirks, darkens.
Discontentous deare, unfortunats hurt or trouble.
Discharge, to clear from the charge.
Divided, cleft in two.
Disloast, disengaged, untied.
Discourse, shifting ground, traversing to and fro.
Discast, shaken off.
Disseas, want of ease, uneasiness.
Disentrayle, to draw, or drag forth.
Disentrayled, drawn along stately.
Disgrate, dissolute, debauched.
Dishabled, lessened.
Disleall, perfidious, treacherous.
Disloignd, remote.
Disloyall, unfaithful, perfidious.
Dirmayd, badly made, ill-shaped.
Disparcing, ranging about.
Disparage, sometimes for disparagement, unequal or improper union.
Dispence, consumption, or expense.
Dispitous, unmerciful.
Disple, discipline.
Disadvantages, misfortunes.
Disseise, dispossess.
Disseised, dispossessed.
Distraughted, distracted.
Ditt, ditty or song.
Dierre, i. e. dream, a dream that occasions diversity and distraction.
Diversit, turned aside.
Divide, in music, to play divisions; sometimes to distribute.
Divinde, made divine, deified.
Doe well, cause to flow.
Don, do on, put on.
Done, caused, sometimes for do.
Donghill, dunghill, low, debased.
Downe, put on, or do.
Doole, complaint.
Doofull, dolefull.
Doome, judgment.
Dortours, places where the monks slept.

Doubt, sometimes for fear.
Doubled, sometimes for redoubted.
Doubtfull, fearful.
Doucèpere, lez douze pairs, the twelve peers of France.
Dout, fear.
Downe way, weigh down.
Downe, sometimes for through.
Drapets, linen cloths.
Draught, sometimes for resemblance.
Dreadfull, full of the dread of danger.
Dreare, horreur, sometimes for misfortune, and for force, sorrow.
Drent, drenched, or drowned.
Dreer, sorrow, sadness.
Dreiment, darkness.
Dresse, order, dispose.
Dreuil, driveller, a fool.
Drive, sometimes for drove, or driven.
Droyle, to work sluggishly.
Dryiked, dismalness, sorrow.
Dumpeish, mournfull.
Dusps, lamentations.
Dureus, confinement.
Dwell, remain.
Dyde, dyed, coloured.

Early, early.
Earst, at earst, at length.
Edifide, or *Edifyde*, built.
Eeke, increase, eaked, increased.
Eft, afterwards, moreover, again.
Element, the sky, or air.
Eld, old age.
Els, else, other.
Embate, to demean, or lessen, to debase.
Embassade, an ambassador.
Embay, to bathe, to delight or cherish; *embayd*, delighted.
Embayld, bound up.
Embouse, to enclose, sheath, or lodge, sometimes to adorn.
Embout, overwhelmed, hard pursued, sometimes ornamented, concealed, or enclosed.
Embowd, arched, bent like a bow.
Embroyled, full of wounds and sores.
Embrave, decorate.
Embrowed, wet with blood, steeped, or moistened.
Eme, uncle.
Empaire, grow worse, or to hurt or invade.
Emparlanee, parley.
Empeach, to hinder.
Emperill, endanger.
Emprite, enterprise.
Enaunter, lest that.
Enchafed, engraven.
Encheason, or *Enchason*, occasion, cause.
Endew, endow, clothe, invest.
Endoue, to engrave, carve, or write on the back.
Enfeloned, become fierce.
Enforme, fashion.
Enfouldered, thrown forth like thunder and lightning.
Enfyred, kindled, set on fire.
Engore, to pierce, to prick, to make bloody or gory.
Engraind, dyed in grain.
Engrave, sometimes for put into the grave, to bury.
Enhanced, raised, lifted up.
Enrood, unrooted, implanted.
Enstemes, furnishes with seed, fattens, or nourishes.

Entayled, carved.
Entayle, carving, sculpture.
Enterdeale, mediation.
Entertaine, sometimes to take.
Entertake, entertain, receive.
Enterlayne, entertainment.
Entire, not mangled or wounded, in a whole skin.
Entrailed, or *Entrayld*, wrought between, twisted, as in knot-work.
Entyre, inward, inner.
Envy, sometimes to vie with.
Entire, to use, or practise.
Enured, committed, used.
Equipage, order.
Esloyne, withdraw.
Esnoyne, excuse, a law phrase.
Eternal night, death, or darkness of Hell.
Elke, easy.
Ever among, ever and anon.
Evil hears, have an ill character, are ill spoken of.
Euboean, from Euboea, an island near Scotia.
Euflet, evets, or ests, newts, &c.
Ëxcheat, or *Fischeat*, any lands or profits that fall to the lord of a manor by forfeiture, &c.
Expert, for to experience.
Express, pressed out.
Expyre, send forth, or bring forth.
Extarise, sudden surprise.
Extirpe, extirpate.
Extort, for extorted.
Extreats, extraction.
Eyas, undigged.
Eye of Heaven, the Sun.

Fade, vanish.
Fam, or *Faine*, glad, desirous, or joy.
Fained, desired.
Faitours, vagabonds.
Falsed, broke, made false, feigned.
Falsers, deceivers.
Fats, faced, having faces.
Fatnesse, a strong hold.
Fatall end, destiny.
Fatall error, wandering as the fates directed.
Fay, faith, truth.
Fayled, or *Fayld*, deceived, cheated.
Fagnes, takes delight.
Fagrelly, softly.
Faytor, or *Faytour*, a deceiver, vagabond, impostor.
Feare, sometimes for the thing feared, or which raises fear; sometimes a companion, and spell *tere*, or *phere*.
Fearred, affrighted.
Fearfull, occasioning fear.
Features, sometimes for fashion, make.
Feedes, enjoys.
Fell, gall, anger, melancholy.
Felly, cruelly, or fiercely.
Felnesse, fierceness.
Femistee, womanhood.
Fere, a companion, sometimes used for husband.
Ferne, farm, in the sense of lodging-house.
Feutred, made ready.
Fiant, commission, or warrant.
Field, sometimes used for battle.
File, defile, or sometimes for style.
Filed, defiled, sometimes smooth, polished.
Fine, taper, thin.
Fire-mouthed, a mouth emitting flames.
Fit, or *Fitt*, a strain, or air.

Flamed, inflamed.
Flect, sometimes for float.
Flourets, young blossoms.
Folke-mote, assembly of people.
Fon, fool.
Fond, foolish, but sometimes used for found.
Fons, often used for foes.
Food, sometimes for feud.
For, sometimes for because, instead of notwithstanding.
Fortly, or *For-ty*, therefore.
Forbore, ill bear.
Forby, by, or near to.
For-hent, taken before being able to escape.
Forlent, given before hand.
Forerought, before taught.
Forerwent, gone before.
Forhaile, distress.
Forlent, left forlorn.
Forlorne, left forsaken.
Formally, sometimes according to form or method.
Formerly, first, or before hand.
Formerly, sometimes first of all.
Forsay, foraging, or pillaging.
Forslacked, delayed.
Forrath, sunburnt.
Forrath, over laboured.
Forth do well, poor forth.
Forth to hold, to march forth.
Forthink, think before-hand of.
Forward, bold.
Forwearied, over fatigued.
Foster, a fosterer.
Fouldring, thundering.
Foundring, tripping and falling.
Foy, the tribute due from subjects. [âle.
Foyle, trample upon, or overthrow, sometimes de-
Frams, to order right.
Francker frasion, a merrier companion.
Franklin, a person of note, classed with the ranks
of miles and armiger.
Frasion, a companion.
Frees, genteel, of easy carriage.
Frend, befriend.
Frense, a stranger, or foreigner.
Fresh, to refresh.
Frends, befriends.
Fronce, frozen.
Frounce, to plait, or fold.
Froward, forward, in opposition to towards.
Frouie, or *Frowy*, musty or mossy, frousy.
Fulgent, king of the Picts.
Fulminant, shot, like lightning.
Furniment, furnishing, furniture.
Fyde, feelled, felt.
Fyled, kept and filed up.
Fyna, thin, taper.
Fyrie-footed, fiery-footed.

Galage, a wooden shoe.
Gang, go.
Garre, to cause, occasion, oblige.
Gates, goats.
Gay, glaring.
Gay be comt, of a gay appearance.
Geare, old spelling for gear.
Geason, rare, uncommon.
Gelt, for gelding.
Gent, courteous or free, noble.
Gentle thowes, genteel accomplishments.

Gergos, a husbandman.
German, brother.
Gerne, or *Gira*, for grin; to yawn.
Gest, action, or adventure.
Ghesse, to think.
Giambeur, boots.
Gibe, to jest.
Gin, engine, or plot.
Gyrlonds, guardians.
Giuts, juts, or tournaments.
Glade, gladden, or make glad.
Glaives, swords, or sometimes clubs.
Glib, the mustachio, or hair upon the upper lip.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glode, for glowed, or glided.
Glosing, deceiving by a false glass, flattering, lying.
Gnawe, snarl.
Good houre, good fortune.
Goodman, master of the house.
Gorge, the throat.
Gosnib, friends.
Gownd, wearing a gown.
Grace, favour.
Grails, particles of gravel.
Gramercy, great thanks.
Grange, sometimes for a dwelling.
Grantoria, great injury and wrong, a tyrant's name.
Grats, graced, favoured.
Grations, handsome.
Grayle, gravel.
Great hart, executing of laws and justice.
Great name, great celebrity.
Grease, a groove, or grove.
Gree, degree, sometimes liking or satisfaction, fa-
vour.
Greet, mourning, or sorrow.
Greets, weep.
Grile, pierced.
Griens, greasy.
Gris, sometimes for grind.
Grippe, gripping, tenacious.
Groynd, grunted.
Gryde, pierced.
Gryery, dirty, moist, or foggy.
Grylls, Gryllus, one of the companions of Ulysses
transformed into a hog by Circe.
Grynie, filthy, or squalid.
Guant, the river Grant, or Cam.
Guarish, to heal.
Guardon, reward.
Gyeld, hall, a guild-hall.
Gyre, circle.

Haberions, sleeves, and gorget of mail.
Hable might, proper strength.
Hacqueton, the stuffed jacket worn under armour.
Hagard hawk, a wild hawk.
Hale, whole, sometimes welfare.
Halfendeale, half.
Hall, sometimes used for chamber.
Hallidome, holy judgment.
Han, have.
Handes, sometimes for persons.
Harbrough, or *Herbrough*, an inn, a lodging.
Hard easy, dangerous enterprise.
Harnesse, suit of armour.
Harrodd, conquered.
Harty, zealous, empassioned, encouraging.
Hawbergh, a coat of mail without sleeves, made of
plate, or of chain metal.

Haught, high.
Hault, embraced.
Hawardy, rashness, or playing at hazard.
Howd, a keeper of cattle, a herdsman.
Hoardgraams, keepers of cattle.
Heben wood, ebony.
Hell them quills, perhaps cover, or devour them quite.
Hent, seized, snatched, or took, caught.
Here by there, here and there.
Herie, worship, honour.
Herried, honoured.
Herrell, rehearsal, relation.
Herse, rehearsal.
Hest, behest, command.
Hew, for hewing.
Heydegayes, a country dance, or round.
Hidder and shidder, male and female, he and she.
Hight, entrusted, committed, called.
Hild, held.
Hippodames, sea-horses.
Hoare, hoary.
Hole, sound, entire.
Holy graysle, the real blood of our Saviour, pretendedly brought by Joseph of Arimathea.
Hood, a term denoting a state, as manhood, &c.
Hook and crooke; see *By hook*.
Hoosed, hoivered.
Hors, sordid.
Hospitage, hospitality.
Hospitale, inn.
Hostless, inhospitable.
Hostry, lodging.
Hot, named, called.
Hoood, hoivered.
Housing fire, fire used in the sacrament of marriage.
Howes, stated prayers at certain hours of devotion.
Hugger-mugger, secretly.
Humblese, humility.
Hurtle, or *Hurdlen*, to rush forth, push forward.
Husbands toyle, labour of the husbandman.
Hilding, base, contemptible.
Hynde, a kind of servant, a hind;

Jane, a coin, money.
Jasp, jasper, stone.
Jawels, wandering or dirty fellows.
Idole, image.
Jesses, the leathers that fasten on the hawk's bells.
Ill affected, affected with bad impressions.
Ill sayed, dissatisfied.
Ill beded, in bad plight.
Image of thy day, emblem of thy life.
Impe, a child.
Impach, sometimes to hinder.
Impes, children.
Impie, wrap up.
Implore, sometimes used as a substantive.
Imply, wrap up.
Implyes, envelope, hides.
Impartible, not to be borne.
Impartone, sometimes for cruel, salvage.
Impugne, oppose or resist.
In, inn.
In, often used for on.
In derring-doe, in manhood and chivalry.
In field, in open battle.
Incompered, incomparable.
Infuse, infusion.

In gentle themes, in gentle accomplishments.
In place, used for here, and sometimes for there; in existence.
In round lists, lists encompassed all round.
Inclination, bending downwards.
Incline, bend down.
Inclining, bowing.
Incontinent, incontinently, instantly.
Indew, to put on, to be clothed with.
Indewd, swallowed and digested, relished.
Indifferent, impartial.
Indigne, unworthy.
Indignifyde, treated disdainfully.
Infamy, slander.
Infant, the prince.
Inferd, brought upon.
Informed, half-formed, imperfect.
Ingate, entrance.
Inholders, inhabitants.
Inly, inwardly, entirely.
Inne, habitation, seat, or recess.
Inquest, quest, or adventure.
Inspyre, breathe, or blow.
Instantly, earnestly.
Intended, stretched out.
Intendment, intendment, understanding, attention, or thought.
Interesse, interest, or right and title to.
Intimate, to partake of mutually.
Intus, confusion.
Invoid, go into.
Inwent, find.
Invented, met with, found.
Invoet, to put on as part of a dress.
Jolly, handsome.
Jollyhead, a state of jollity.
Jovial, cheerful, joyous.
Jouissance, joy.
Journal, daily.
Joyousness, mirth.
Erronowmed, the negation of renown, disgrace.

Keeps, a charge, or flock.
Knight, caught.
Ken, know.
Kene, sharp.
Kerne, a churl, or farmer.
Kest, cast.
Kidst, knowest.
Kind, nature, or sex.
Kirks, church.
Kirtle, a petticoat, or a mantle, or surtout.
Knife, dagger, or poniard, or sword.
Knightless, unknighly.
Kydst, knowest.
Kynd, or *Kynde*, nature.

Lad, led.
Lady gent, an accomplished or handsome lady.
Lady thral, captive lady.
Laire, or *Larr*, a sheltered place where cattle rest or feed.
Lamping, shining.
Larc, see *Lair*.
Last, sometimes for greatest, or best.
Latched, caught.
Late ygos, lately.
Leunes, ballance.
Lay, a lay or lea of land.
Lay-stall, a place to lay dung or rubbish in.

- Lager*, laws.
Leach, physician.
Leach-crafts, the art of healing, or of physic.
Leake, leaky.
Leare, art, or learning.
Leases, lessons.
Leasing, lying.
Leav'd, levied, raised.
Ladden, language, or dialect.
Lee, the stream.
Leefe, grateful, or dear.
Legerdemayne, slight of hand.
Leke, leaky.
Lemas, a sweetheart, a concubine.
Lere, a lesson.
Let, listen.
Let, hinderance, to hinder.
Let be, or Lettbe, away with, let go, let alone.
Lett, to hinder.
Leam, lightning.
Lead, often used for ignorant.
Lead word, impudent language.
Lewdly, foolishly, impudently.
Leigore, one of the daughters of Nereus.
Libberd, leopard.
Liefe, willing.
Lig, or *Ligge*, or *Ligger*, to be.
Light, sometimes for lightly, nimbly.
Like to quell, like to die, or to be starved.
Lilled, lolled.
Lime-hound, a limier, or large dog, used in hunting the wild boar.
Lin, cease, or give over.
Lividen, did live.
Livery and seizin, delivery and possession, a law term.
Lofty siege, lofty seat.
Loos, praise.
Loose, solve, or explain.
Loosely, carelessly.
Lordship, sovereignty.
Lore, left, or lost.
Loring, instruction.
Lorne, left.
Lorrell, a loose contemptible fellow.
Lozell, a loose good-for-nothing fellow.
Lo'ste, loosed, dissolved.
Loth, unwilling.
Lover, an opening in a cottage to let out the smoke, and to let in the light.
Loves, sometimes for lovers.
Low, bowed down, did homage.
Lower, sometimes for low.
Louted, did honour and reverence.
Louting low, bowing low.
Lug, a perch or rod for land-measuring, containing sixteen feet and a half.
Luskermesse, sluggishness, inactivity.
Lust, sometimes for will, choice.
Lustihood, jollity.
Lustless, languid, or lifeless.
Lusty, lovely, handsome.
Lybicks orens, the quicksands called the Syrtis.
Lymiter, a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.
Lyshe, soft and gentle.

Macraie, tear, distract.
Mage, magician.
Mahound, or *Mahounne*, Mahomet.
Mais, sometimes to verify, to devise.

Make, a companion.
Making, poetical composition.
Male, sometimes for mail.
Malices, evil deeds.
Malengin, ill intent.
Malengin, guile.
Malison, a source of evil words.
Maliced, bore ill-will.
Maligne, grudge or oppose.
Malist, regarded with ill-will.
Mall, a mallet, a blow, to maul.
Mangy, often used for company.
Mard, threw down.
Marge, brink.
Mark-white, white mark.
Marr, Mars, the god of war.
Martelled, hammered.
Martyrest, dost torment.
Matchesse, not paired, or alike.
Mate, and; *did mate*, did distress, or render sorrowful.
Maitravel, one of the three provinces, into which Wales was divided by Roderic the Great.
Mavis, the cock-thrush, or song-thrush.
Maugre, or *Maugre*, in spite of, but sometimes used as an imprecation.
Maugrd, whether he would or not.
Mey, maid, often used for can.
Meene, mien.
Meer'd, divided.
Meere, limit, or boundary.
Measured, travelled.
Medd, mingled.
Medding, mixing.
Meere, absolute, entire.
Meint, mingled.
Melling, meddling.
Memories, sometimes for obsequies for the dead.
Ment, mingled.
Mercifull, pitied.
Mercment, mirth.
Mercians, inhabitants of Mercia, one of the kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy.
Mery, pleasant, delightful.
Mesprise, contempt, or neglect.
Mew, place of confinement.
Mewes, prisons.
Meynt, mingled.
Mickle, much.
Misee, move.
Might, frequently used for should.
Mincing mineon, affected wanton.
Mimne, a little song; *minim*, a term in music.
Mimments, toys, trifles.
Minish, diminished.
Minstrael, minstrel.
Mirke, obscure.
Mirkome, dark.
Mis, etc.
Miscreance, or *Miscreance*, dispraise, or misbelief.
Misdome, judge wrongly of.
Miser, a miserable man.
Misseyd, spoken otherwise, or the contrary.
Mister, manner, kind.
Mistreat not, signifies not.
Miswent, gone astray, wandered.
Mocks and mowes, insults by distortions of the face, making mouths.
Moist daughters, the Hyades, a constellation of seven stars in the head of the Bull.
Mold, mole.

Moose, a dull stupid blockhead.
Mosaic, image, superscription, ornament.
More, often used for greatly, greater.
Mores, roots.
Morion, head-piece.
Mortal crime, mortality.
Most, often used for greatest.
Most regiment, chief government.
Mott, measured.
Mountaneous, amount of.
Months, months. See *Mocks*.
Muple, debts.
Musell, much.
Musket, defence or fortification.
Mured, enclosed.
My inward good, my approaching happiness.
Mysterie, profession, trade, or calling.

Namely, particularly.
Narre, nearer.
Naz, nehas, or has not.
Nathemore, not the more.
Nature, natural.
Ne best, the meane sort of men.
Ne desperate, neither despaired in.
Neighbour town, next town.
Nephew, used for grandchildren.
Nest, in familiar language for house.
Net, neat, clean.
Nett, pure, clean.
New, sometimes for newly, lately.
New in pound, anew in the balance.
New-borne, regenerated.
Newell, a new thing.
Niggardie, niggardliness.
Nil, will not.
Nis, is not.
Noblesse, nobility, or nobleness.
Nonce, occasion.
Northern Waggoner, Bootes, one of the constellations.
Nostrils, nostrils.
Not, knew not.
Naught aword, is awordly.
Nout, would not.
Noddle, noddle.
Nourish up, educate.
Noused, nursed.
Noyd, annoyed, injured.
Nye, advance.

Oblique, oblique.
On, sometimes for ome.
On high, highly, in high terms.
On high, aloud.
Onely, sometimes for greatest.
Ordeal, ordeal.
Oricable, a saronous metal, a species of brass.
Overcrow, crow over, or insult.
Overdight, covered over.
Overgrass, overgrown with grass.
Overhale, draw over.
Overture, an open place.
Overwent, overgone.
Ought, sometimes for owed; nothing, or not at all; owned, or had a right to.
Ouchet, jewels.

Pact, land, country.
Paine, labour, difficulty.
Palmer's weed, the dress of palmers, or pilgrims.

Panacea, a sovereign remedy.
Panickell, the brain-pa, the skull, crown of the head.
Parbrake, vomit.
Pardele, the panther.
Paravant, peradventure.
Paravant, publicly.
Parget, varnish, or plaster.
Part, sometimes for party.
Partake, to share, to make partaker.
Partes exterie, partes interiores, the inner parts.
Passing price, passing price, surpassing, extraordinary.
Passion, often used for any commotion of the mind.
Passionate, to express with affection.
Passioned, disordered.
Pate, head.
Payne, labour.
Payd, pointed.
Peace, violent blow, stamp, or weight.
Peere, castle, fortified place.
Peeres, fellows and companions.
Perdy, an old oath, or expletive.
Peregall, equal.
Persant, piercing.
Persue, pursuit.
Pert, open.
Phantaster, the imagination.
Pight, placed, or fixed.
Pill, to take by extortion.
Places, palaces.
Pled, pleaded.
Plight, plighted, folded.
Pointed, appointed.
Poll, synonymous with pill, to take by extortion.
Polygon, a medicinal herb.
Ponke, or *Pouke*, the fairy Robin Goodfellow, known by the name of Puck.
Port, carriage, aspect.
Portance, compartment.
Potshards, potshards.
Pouke, see *Ponke*.
Pouldred, beaten to dust.
Pause, pease.
Practice paine, practised and endeavour.
Prank, a mode of dressing the ruff.
Prank, an injury, or mischief.
Pray, sometimes for a beast of prey.
Preyde, preyed upon.
Preace, press or crowd.
Preaving, proving, proof.
Preif, proof.
Preudise, a conjecture, or judgment.
Prepense, to consider.
Presege, to point out with the hand.
President, often for precedent.
Prast, ready at hand, quick.
Pretended, held furth to view, stretched out.
Presenting, coming before.
Price, sometimes as a verb, to pay the price.
Pricking, spurring.
Price, ppyre; *priced*, proved.
Prime, morning, sometimes the spring, or prime of the Moon.
Principle unbound, had beginning.
Prisw, secret.
Professe, to have the appearance of.
Proiect, throw.
Protese, stretching out, extent.
Prouest, bravest.

Phrase, to smooth or set in order.
Fryer, to pay the price of.
Purpose, sometimes for conversation.
Purchar, sometimes for robbery.
Purposes, discourses.
Pionings, works of pioneers.

Quail, to quell, or subdue.
Quaint, nice, or shy.
Quar'le, quarrell.
Quarry, game or prey, a term in falconry.
Quart, division, the fourth part.
Quayd, quailed, or subdued.
Queen, sometimes for queen, a term of reproach.
Quenit, quenched, extinguished, sometimes strange, odd.
Quaint elect, quaintly or oddly chosen, motley.
Quene, please.
Quest, a romance, an expedition, or adventure.
Quick, to stir.
Quight, to release, or disengage.
Quip, to sneer at, or insult.
Quips, sneers, or taunts.
Quire, company.
Quite clame, release and quit, law phrase.
Quited, requited.
Quoaks, quaked.

Rablement, a crowd, or rabble.
Raft, bereft, deprived.
Raise, flow.
Raine, reign, region.
Rakehell, rascal.
Randon, random.
Ranke, fiercely.
Rapt, in a rapture.
Rashly, at a venture, inconsiderately.
Raskall many, the rascality.
Raskall routs, the lowest mobs.
Rats, sometimes for manner.
Rathe, early.
Rather lambs, lambs ewed in the beginning of the year.
Reached, reached.
Rawan, a hill in Merionethshire.
Ray, defile, array or ornament, order.
Rayle, to flow, to trickle down.
Rayne, realm or region, empire.
Rayons, beams, or rays.
Recoglye, retire, come back.
Recreant, one who yields, a coward or traitor.
Recuite, or *Recule*, to retreat, retire.
Recure, recover, regain.
Recovered, recovered.
Red, esteemed, considered as.
Redesse, put together.
Reede, precept or advice.
Regiments, governments.
Relate, to bring back.
Relent, slacken, or remit, soften; sometimes for stopping, or to stay, abate.
Relide, joined himself.
Reliv'd, brought to life again, reanimated.
Reliv'd, brought to life again.
Remerced, thanked.
Rencounter, an accidental combat or adventure.
Renew, to tell from the beginning.
Reinfort, reinforced.
Re'nfort, reinforced.
Renowned, renowned.

Reversit, reversed.
Replevis, restore.
Reprise, reproof; *reproved*, reprov'd.
Reprise, to take again.
Revised, had possession again.
Resemblances, comparisons, or favours.
Resant, resident.
Resolv'd, dissolved, or laid at ease.
Restless, sometimes for unceasing, and for resistless.
Restore, sometimes as a substantive for restoration or restitution.
Retrait, picture, portrait.
Retyre, retirement.
Reverse, to cause to return.
Revert, return.
Revert, clothe again.
Revert, to roll back.
Row, row.
Ribaudrie, ribaldry, obscenity.
Rid, red, rad, be spoken of, or declared.
Right, as an adverb, directly.
Ring, encircle.
Rivage, the shore.
Rive, for riven, torn.
Ronts, young bullocks.
Roods, the cross or crucifix.
Rosiere, rose-tree.
Rote, probably the psalter, a musical instrument.
Roved, roved.
Roved, shot with the rover, a species of arrow.
Rout, a company.
Round, a kind of dance.
Rownded, whispered.
Royne, growl.
Ruddock, robin red-breast.
Ruffed, ruffled, disordered.
Ruffin, reddish, ruffian-like.
Ruinque, to fall, brought to ruin, thrown down.
Rulesse, lawless.
Rybond, scoundrel, ruffian.
Ryven, torn, plucked.

Sacred, sometimes for enchanted.
Sacred ashes, ashes proscribed to impious rites, cursed.
Sad, grave of countenance or attire, heavy.
Sailer, often used for wings.
Saine, say.
Saluted, saluted.
Salience, assault, or sally.
Salied, leaped.
Saloguesse sans finesse, wildness without art.
Saluted, saluted.
Sam, together.
Sarmit, a half-silk stuff, glossy like satin.
Sardonian myla, a distorted kind of laugh, said to be produced by certain herbs growing in Sardinia.
Saw, sentence, decree.
Say, or *Sey*, a thin sort of stuff.
Say, sometimes for assay, proof.
Scand, climbed up.
Scarbee, beetle.
Scarmoges, skirmishes.
Scath, damage, hurt.
Scatterings, scattered or dispersed rovers.
Scawe, discern.
Score, exchange.
Screen, screen.
Scribe, scribe.

Squeeze, squeeze; *crust*, squeezed or pressed out.

Scryde, descried.

Scryne, an escrutoire, desk.

Slayned, disdained.

Sea-bord, sea-bordering.

See, seat, sometimes used for sea.

Seemlesse, unseeably.

Seemlyhed, seemly, decent appearance.

Seised, possessed.

Sers'd, fixed; *retiaing*, fixing.

Selconth, uncommon.

Selinis, or *Selbaus*, a town in Cilicia.

Sell, saddle.

Senseshall, household steward, the master of the ceremonies.

Senseful, sensible.

Sent, sometimes for scent, sensation, perception.

Sere, withered.

Serue to, serve.

Severall, severally, asunder.

Sew, pursue, follow.

Seved, pursued.

Shame, sometimes for be ashamed.

Shamefastness, shamefacedness.

Shapt, shaped.

Shene, shining, fair.

Shend, put to shame.

Shene, fair and shining.

Shent, reproached, blamed.

Shere, transparent, clear.

Sheres, cuts, divides.

Shole, shallow.

Shape, shaped, framed.

Shrifts, confessions.

Shright, *shrightes*, shriek, shrieks.

Shrill, to sound shrilly.

Shyne, light.

Shyned, shone.

Sib, or *Sibbe*, related to, akin.

Sicker, sure, secure.

Sides, loins.

Siege, seat.

Sigh't, sighed.

Sight, sometimes for opinion.

Signe, the word, used in military affairs.

Sike muster men, such kind of men.

Sicher, sure, secure.

Silent waves, still, quiet waves.

Silly, for *seely*, harmless, innocent.

Silver sleeps, quiet sleep.

Sen, often for since.

Singul'us, convulsive sobs or sighs.

Sith, time, times.

Sits, is becoming.

Sleeping fame, fame of a person now dead.

Slight, art.

Sly, slyly wrought.

Snar, snarl.

Snarled, entangled.

Snobba, chide or revile.

So goodly scope, so fair a prospect.

Sodaine, sudden.

Sold to entertaine, to receive her pay.

Somedale, somewhat, in some degree.

Sootie, sweet.

Soothlick, soothly, truly.

Sor'd, hurt, made sore.

Sort, company.

Sovenance, or *Sovenance*, remembrance.

Souce, at, like a hawk at his prey.

Source, source, original.

Sound, to sound, or try.

Soyle, the soil, sometimes the prey.

Space, to walk about, or roam about.

Spalles, shoulders.

Sparre the gate, shut the door.

Speckled, spotted, infamous, scandalous.

Spell, a verse, or charm.

Sperre, to fasten.

Sperred, dispersed, scattered.

Sperst, dispersed.

Spill, inlaid.

Sprent, sprinkled, or spread over.

Spring, or *Springal*, a young person.

Springals, young men.

Spyals, spies.

Spyre, shoot forth.

Squid, any petty fellow.

Squint eye, partial judgment.

Square, for square, rule.

Stadle, support.

Stal'd, stolen.

Stales, devices, tricks.

Stanch, weary or faint.

Stare, stoutly.

States, state-canopies or pavilions.

Stay, stop or catch.

Sted, station or place.

Steme, exhale or evaporate.

Stemme, stem or stay.

Stent, stint, restrain.

Sterna, tail.

Sterve, starve.

Steven, noise.

Stie, ascend.

Stild, dropped.

Strayt, street.

Stinted, left off.

Stire, stir, move, incite.

Stole, a long robe, or garment, reaching to the ancles.

Stounds, times or occasions, fits.

Stoure, a fit.

Stours, danger, or misfortune.

Strawse, race, lineage.

Streams, send forth.

Stright behight, strictly commanded.

Strens, descent, race.

Stress, distress.

Stricken, wounded.

Strong, sometimes for strong.

Stryfull, strife-full, contentious.

Studdle, stook or trunk.

Sty, or *Stye*, to sour or ascend.

Subject plaine, plain beneath.

Subtime, used sometimes for haughty.

Succeed, approach.

Sudden, quick, ready.

Suffrance, forbearance, want of being taken care of.

Suppress, kept under.

Surbet, wearied, or bruised.

Surprise, to seize.

Surquedrie, or *Surquetry*, pride, presumption.

Swarved, moved out of place.

Sweat and swinke, laboured hard.

Sweet teene, pleasing uneasiness.

Swelt, swooned.

Swinck, labour.

Swinged, for stinged.

Sybbe, related, akin.

Syte, situation.

Table, a picture or board on which pictures were painted.

Takest keepe, takest care.

Tapet, worked or figured stuff.

Tassel gent, a gentle tiercel, the male of the goshawk.

Tende, torch.

Tennant, joined together in a team.

Teene, sorrow, vexation, grief; sometimes to afford, or stir up.

Teld, for told.

Tempereth, governs.

Tempest dread, dreadful tempest.

Termlesse, unlimited.

Terror, sometimes for religious awe.

Than, sometimes for then.

The grouse, the whole.

Thee, thrive, prosper.

Themed ill, ill-bred, ill-mannered.

Themes, manners, accomplishments.

Thick, or *Thicke*, thicker.

Tho, used for then.

Thrall, thrill, pierce.

Threasure, treasure.

Three square, triangular.

Thrillant, piercing.

Thrilled, pierced.

Thrilling, piercing.

Thrilling throb, a piercing sigh.

Thirst, thirst.

Thro, sometimes for throw, agony.

Throw, a short space, a little while.

Thrust, thrust; *thrustiness*, the same.

Thryse, a third part.

Thunder-light, lightning.

Tickle, uncertain.

Tide, tied.

Tight, tied.

Timely, according to proper time and measure.

Tinct, dyed or stained.

Tind, kindled, excited.

Tine, inflame, rage.

To-dashed, much bruised.

To-ferc, together.

To-merke, very obscure, or dark.

To-rent, entirely rent.

Todde, bash.

To-fore, before.

Tong, tongue.

Tooting, looking about.

Tort, or *Torte*, injury, wrong.

Tortious, injurious.

Tottis, or *Totty*, wavering.

Trade, tread, footsteps.

Traine, tail; sometimes deceit.

Tranels, woven or plaited divisions.

Transward, changed, transformed.

Trast, traced.

Trasel'd, laboured, endeavoured.

Treachours, traitors.

Treachours, traitors.

Trague, a truce or cessation of arms.

Trenchard, cutting.

Trentals, a popish service of thirty masses.

Tressed, withered and curled.

Troad, treading, footsteps, path.

Trode, tread, or path.

Trow, believe, think.

Truncked, maimed, deprived of the head.

Trye, tried, refined.

Twight, twit, upbraid.

Tydes, seasons.

Tynde, kindled or lighted.

Tyned, lost, died.

Tyranno, tyrant.

Tyrannous, acting the part of a tyrant.

Vade, vanish.

Vailed, pulled off, laid down.

Vaine, idle.

Valow, value, sometimes valour.

Valourance, valour.

Varlet, page or squire.

Vassing, advancing.

Vayne, useless.

Vele, veil.

Vellenage, servitude.

Vellet, velvet.

Venery, hunting.

Vented up, gave vent to, or lifted up.

Venteth, smuffeth in the wind.

Vertue, efficacy.

Virtuous pray, virtuous recompense.

Vetchie, of pease straw.

Vilde, vile.

Vine-propp stime, the elm that props up the vine.

Virelaye, a light kind of song.

Virginal, belonging to, or becoming a virgin.

Vismour, countenance.

Umbriers, the visor of a helmet.

Unacquainted, unusual.

Unbid, without saying his prayers.

Uncooth, unknown, unusual.

Undersong, to take in, entrap.

Undertake, to hear, or understand.

Undertime, undermyde, the afternoon, toward the evening.

Unesth, scarcely; sometimes for underneath.

Unceon payre, unsuitably matched.

Unhappy paine, unsuccessful adventures.

Unhappy hour, misfortune.

Unhousie, uncover, expos to view.

Unhete, uncover.

Unherst, taken from the helm.

Unkempt, unpolished.

Unkinds, unnatural.

Unlast, unlaced.

Unmethes, scarcely.

Unproved, untried.

Unproved wath, unforeseen mischief.

Unproved wath, sincerity.

Unshed, for shed or scattered.

Unthirty wath, indiscreet mischief.

Until, unto.

Unvalowd, invaluable.

Unweary, unexpected.

Unwisd, unknown.

Upbreyer, upbraiding.

Upheid, upheld.

Upetaring, high advancement.

Upstart, upstart.

Urchins, hedge-hogs.

Usage queint, odd behaviour.

Wacht, watched.

Was, won.

Wags, to carry on, to pledge.
Wagmoires, quagmires.
Ward, the guards or garrison, the porter.
Ware, cautious.
Wareless, not aware.
War-hable, fit for war.
Warie, sometimes for weary.
Warks, work.
Warrayd, made war upon.
Warrs, worse.
Warrs old, worse being old.
Watchet, blue colour.
Waves, waves.
Way, esteem.
Way'd journeyed.
Wayment, bewail, lament.
Weanell waste, a weaned youngling.
Weaved, waved, floated.
Weed, raiment.
West, wet.
Wetelesse, not understood.
Weste, waved, avoided, removed; a stray or wanderer.
Wield, wield.
Wels, or *Wo*, prosperity, or misfortune.
Welked, shortened, or impaired.
Welkin, the sky.
Well, welfare, to flow.
Well apayd, well satisfied.
Well avaying, looking upon with attention.
Well thersed, full of moral wisdom.
Weller, wallow.
Wend, weened, thought.
Went, way or path, turnings and windings.
West, set in the west.
What, fare, things, affairs.
Whelky, wreathed, or twisted as the whalk, or rounded, embossed.
Whether, sometimes for whither.
Whilome, once, sometime.
Whist, hushed, silenced.
Whote, hot.
Wight, quick or active; wightly, quickly, suddenly.
Wit'd a captas, ordered a writ.

Wimble, nimble.
Wimple, a sort of hood.
Wimpled, plaited, covered.
Wm, overtake.
Wizards, wise men.
Wisely, considerately.
Wits, or *Wiles*, blame.
Wits the witelless, blame the blameless.
With small force, finally.
Without entrails, twisted.
Wo worth, cursed.
Woo, and,
Woo, for wont, used.
Wonne, conquered; a habitation, or to inhabit.
Wonneed, baunted.
Wont, used.
Wood, mad.
Woon, dwell.
Word, motto.
Wowed, wooed.
Wracke, ruin, or violence.
Wrapt, entangled, encumbered.
Wreaked, cared, or reckoned.
Wroten, revenged.
Wyde, void.
Wyle, or *Wytten*, reproved, or blamed.

Yale, gate.
Ydly, idly.
Yeade, go.
Yeare, earn, gain, procure.
Yede, go.
Yfers, in company together.
Yirks, jerks, or lashes.
Ylke, the same.
Ympt, a term in falconry, to join to, or add.
Yode, went.
Yold, yielded, gave way.
Yood, furious, extravagant.
Yongeh, or *Yongih*, youth.
Yought, placed.
Yrkes, vexes, grieves.
Ysame, together, gathered.
Ysue, certainly, or truly.

THE
POEMS
OF
SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE
LIFE OF DANIEL,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

SAMUEL DANIEL, the son of a music-master, was born near Taunton in Somersetshire, in the year 1662. In 1579 he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall, Oxford, where he continued about three years, and by the help of an excellent tutor made considerable improvement in academical studies. He left the university, however, without taking a degree, and pursued the study of history and poetry, under the patronage of the earl of Pembroke's family. This he thankfully acknowledges in his *Defence of Rhime*, which is retained in this edition, as a necessary document to illustrate the ideas of poetry entertained in his time. To the same family he was probably indebted for an university education, as no notice occurs of his father, who, if a music-master, could not well have escaped the researches of Dr. Burney.

The first of his productions, at the age of twenty-three, was a Translation of Paulus Jovius's *Discourse of rare Inventions*, both military and amorous, called *Impresse*, London, 1585, 8vo. to which he prefixed an ingenious preface. He afterwards became tutor to the lady Anne Clifford, sole daughter and heiress to George, earl of Cumberland, a lady of very high accomplishments, spirit, and intrepidity. To her, when at the age of thirteen, he addressed a delicate admonitory epistle. She was married, first to Richard, earl of Dorset, and afterwards to the earl of Pembroke, "that memorable simpleton," says lord Orford, "with whom Butler has so much diverted himself." The pillar which she erected in the county of Westmoreland, on the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, the spot where she took her last leave of her mother,

..... still records, beyond a pencil's power,
The silent sermons of a parting hour,
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace.¹

Among her other munificent acts was a monument to the memory of our poet, on which she caused it to be engraven that she had been his pupil, a circumstance which

¹ See Mr. Park's valuable edition of the Royal and Noble Authors. C.

² Roger's *Pleasures of Memory*, quoted by Mr. Park, *ubi supra*. C.

she seems to have remembered with delight at the distance of more than half a century after his decease.

At the death of Spenser, Daniel, according to Anthony Wood, was appointed poet laureat to queen Elizabeth, but Mr. Malone², whose researches lead to more decisive accuracy, considers him only as a volunteer laureat, like Jonson, Dekker, and others, who furnished the court with masks and pageants. In king James's reign he was made gentleman extraordinary, and afterwards one of the groomes of the privy chamber to the queen consort, who took great delight in his conversation and writings. Some of his biographers attribute this promotion to the interest of his brother-in-law, Florio, the Italian lexicographer, but it is perhaps more probable that he owed it to the Pembroke family. Mrs. Cooper, in her *Muses' Library*, observes that in the introduction to his poem on the Civil Wars, he acknowledges the friendship of one of the noble family of Mountjoy, and this, adds our female critic, is the more grateful and sincere, as it was published after the death of his benefactor.

He now rented a small house and garden in Old Street, in the parish of St. Luke's, London, where he composed most of his dramatic pieces, and enjoyed the friendship of Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Chapman, as well as of many persons of rank, but he appears to have been dissatisfied with the opinions entertained of his poetical talents; and towards the end of his life retired to a farm which he had at Beckington, near Philips-Norton, in Somersetshire, where, after some time devoted to study and contemplation, he died, and was buried Oct. 14, 1619. He had been married to his wife, Justina, several years, but left no issue.

Of Daniel's personal history we know little, but the inferences to be drawn from his works are highly favourable. He is much praised by his contemporaries, although chiefly with a view to his genius. In *Choice Drollery*, 8vo. 1656, an anonymous writer terms him

The pithy Daniel, whose wit lines afford
A weighty sentence in each little word.

Another, in *Sportive Wit*, 8vo. in some verses called *A Censure of the Poets*, speaks of him, thus:

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom I
May speak of, but to censure do deny:
Only have heard some wise men him revere
To be too much historian in verse.
His rhimes were smooth, his metres well did close;
But yet his manner better fitted prose.

His friend, Charles Fitz-Geoffry, wrote the following Latin epigram in his praise.

Spenserum si quis nostrum velit esse Maronem,
Tu, Daniele, mihi Nunc Britannus eris.
Sic illum potius Phœbus velit esse Britannum,
Tum, Daniele, mihi tu Maro noster eris.
Nil Phœbo uteris: si quid foret, illud haberet
Spenserus, Phœbus tu, Daniele, foret.
Quippe loqui Phœbus cuperet si more Britanno,
Haud scio quo poterat, in velit ore tuo.

² *Life of Dryden*, vol. i. p. 85. C.

Thus translated in the *Biographia Britannica* :

" If Spenser merits Roman Virgil's name,
Daniel at least comes in for Ovid's fame.
If Spenser rather claims Apollo's wit,
Virgil's illustrious name will Daniel fit.
No higher than Apollo we can go :
But if a loftier title you can show,
That greater name let Spenser's Muse command,
And Daniel be the Phœbus of our land.
For in my judgment, if the god of verse
In English would heroic deeds rehearse,
No language so expressive he could choose,
As that of English Daniel's lofty Muse."

Sylvester, in his *Du Bartas*, calls him

" My dear sweet Daniel, sharp-concepted, brief,
Civil, contentious, for pure accounts chief."

Edmund Bolton, in a criticism on the style of our poets before the year 1600, says,
" The works of Samuel Daniel containe somewhat aflat, but yet withal a very pure and copious English, and words as warrantable as any mans, and fitter perhaps for prose than measure."

Gabriel Harvey, in his *Foure Letters*, and *Certaine Sonnets*, cordially recommends him, with others, for his studious endeavours to enrich and polish his native tongue.

Fuller's account, who lived near enough to the time of his death to have known something of his character, is worth transcribing.

" He was born not far from Taunton, in this county, (Somersetshire) ; whose father was a master of music ; and his harmonious mind made an impression on his son's genius, who proved an exquisite poet. He carried in his Christian and surname two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures, that he abhorred all prophaneities. He was also a judicious historian ; witness his *Lives of our English Kings since the Conquest until King Edward III.* wherein he hath the happiness to reconcile brevity with clearness, qualities of great distance in other authors. He was a servant in ordinary to queen Anne, who allowed him a fair salary. As the tortoise burieth himself all the winter under the ground, so Mr. Daniel would lye hid at his garden-house in Old-street, nigh London, for some months together, (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses) and then would appear in publick, to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowel and Mr. Camden were principal.

" Some tax him to smack of the old cask, as recanting of the Romish religion ; but they have a quicker palate than I who can make any such discovery. In his old age he earned husbandman, and rented a farm in Wiltshire, nigh the Devines. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon. For though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow husband-man poet, yet there is more required to make a rich farmer than only to say his *Georgics* by heart ; and I question whether his Italian will fit our English husbandry. Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel his fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit."

His works consist of, 1. *The Complaint of Rosamond*, Lond. 1594, 1598, 1611, and 1623, 4to. 2. *Various Sonnets to Delia*. 3. *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, Lond. 1594,

1598, 4to. 4. Of the Civil Wars between the Houses of Lancaster and York, Lond. 1604, 1609, 8vo. and 1623, 4to. 5. The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses, presented in a Mask, &c. Lond. 1604, 8vo. and 1623, 4to. 6. Panegyric congratulatory, delivered to King James at Burleigh Harrington, in Rutlandshire, Lond. 1604, and 1623, 4to. 7. Epistles to various great Personages, in verse, Lond. 1601, and 1623, 4to. 8. Musophilus, containing a general defence of learning, printed with the former. 9. Tragedy of Philotas, Lond. 1611, &c. 8vo. 10. Hymen's Triumph; a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy, at the Nuptials of Lord Roxborough, Lond. 1623, 4to. 2d edit. 11. Mus; or a Defence of Rhime, Lond. 1611, 8vo. 12. The Epistle of Octavia to M. Antonius, Lond. 1611, 8vo. 13. The First Part of the History of England, in Three Books, Lond. 1613, 4to. reaching to the end of king Stephen, in prose; to which he afterwards added a Second Part, reaching to the end of king Edward III. Lond. 1618, 1621, 1623, and 1634, folio; continued to the end of king Richard III. by John Trussel, sometime a Winchester scholar, afterwards a trader and alderman of that city. 14. The Queen's Arcadia, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy, 1605, 1623, Lond. 4to. 15. Funeral Poem, on the Death of the Earl of Devon, Lond. 1623, 4to. In the same year his poetical works were published, in 4to. by his brother John Daniel.

The editor of Phillips's *Theatrum*, (1800) to whom I am indebted for the above list, adds, that "the character of Daniel's genius seems to be propriety, rather than elevation. His language is generally pure and harmonious; and his reflections are just. But his thoughts are too abstract, and appeal rather to the understanding than to the imagination, or the heart; and he wanted the fire necessary for the loftier flights of poetry."

Mr. Headly, who appears to have studied his works with much attention, thus appreciates his merit. "Though very rarely sublime, he has skill in the pathetic, and his pages are disgraced with neither pedantry nor conceit. We find, both in his poetry and prose, such a legitimate and rational flow of language as approaches nearer the style of the eighteenth than the sixteenth century, and of which we may safely assert that it never will become obsolete. He certainly was the Atticus of his day. It seems to have been his error to have entertained too great a diffidence of his own abilities. Constantly contented with the sedate propriety of good sense, which he no sooner attains than he seems to rest satisfied; though his resources, had he but made the effort, would have carried him much farther. In thus escaping censure, he is not always entitled to praise. From not endeavouring to be great, he sometimes misses of being respectable. The constitution of his mind seems often to have failed him in the sultry and exhausting regions of the Muses; for, though generally neat, easy, and perspicuous, he too frequently grows slack, languid, and enervated. In perusing his long historical poem, we grow sleepy at the dead ebb of his narrative, notwithstanding being occasionally relieved with some touches of the pathetic. Unfortunate in the choice of his subject, he seems fearful of supplying its defects by digressional embellishment; instead of fixing upon one of a more fanciful cast, which the natural coolness of his judgment would necessarily have corrected, he has cooped himself up within the limited and narrow pale of dry events; instead of casting his eye on the general history of human nature, and giving his genius a range over her immeasurable fields, he has confined himself to an abstract diary of Fortune; instead of presenting us with pictures of truth from the effects of the passions, he has verified the truth of action only; he has sufficiently, therefore, shown the historian, but by no means the poet. For, to use a sentiment of sir William Davernant's: 'Truth narrated and past, is the idol of historians, (who worship a dead thing) and

truth operative, and by its effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter but in reason." Daniel has often the softness of Rowe without his effeminacy. In his *Complaint of Cleopatra* he has caught Ovid's manner very happily, as he has no obscurities either of style or language, neither pedantry nor affectation, all of which have concurred in banishing from use the works of his contemporaries. The oblivion he has met with is peculiarly undeserved: he has shared their fate, though innocent of their faults."

The justice of these remarks cannot be disproved, although some of them are rather too figurative for sober criticism. Daniel's fatal error was in choosing history instead of fiction; yet in his lesser pieces, and particularly in his sonnets, are many striking poetical beauties; and his language is every where so much more harmonious than that of his contemporaries, that he deserves his place in every collection of English poetry, as one who had the taste or genius to anticipate the improvements of a more refined age. As a dramatic writer, he has been praised for his adherence to the models of antiquity; but whoever attempts this, attempts what has ever been found repugnant to the constitution of the English theatre.

TO THE HIGH AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

CHARLES

HIS EXCELLENCE.

SIR,

PRESENTS to gods were offered by the hands of Graces; and why not those to great princes, by those of the Muses? To you therefore, great prince of honour, and honour of princes, I jointly present poesy and musick; in the one, the service of my defunct brother; in the other, the duty of my self living; in both, the devotion of two brothers, your highness's humble servants. Your excellence then, who is of such recommendable fame with all nations, for the curiosity of your rare spirit to understand, and ability of knowledge to judge of all things, I humbly invite; leaving the songs of his Muse, who living so sweetly chanted the glory of your high name. Sacred is the fame of poets; sacred the name of princes: to which

humbly bows, and

vows himself ever

your highness servant,

JOHN DANIEL.

POEMS

97

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

What times forego Richard the Second's reign;
The fatal causes of this civil war:
His uncle's pride; his greedy ruinous gain:
Gloc'ster's revolt, and death, deliver'd ara.
Herford, accus'd, exil'd, call'd back again,
Pretends t' amend what others rule did mar.
The king from Ireland hastes, but did no good;
Whilst strange prodigious signs foretoken blood.

I SING the civil wars, tumultuous broils,
And bloody factions of a mighty land;
Whose people haughty, proud with foreign spoils,
Upon themselves turn back their conqu'ring hand:
Whilst kin their kin, brother the brother foils;
Like ensigns all, against like ensigns band:
Bows against bows, the crown against the crown;
Whilst all pretending right, all right's thrown down.

What fury, O what madness held thee so,
Dear England, (too too prodigal of blood)
To waste so much, and war without a foe;
Whilst France, to see thy spoils, at pleasure stood!
How much might'st thou have purchas'd with less
wre,
T' have done thee honour, and thy people good?
Thine might have been whatever lies between
The Alps and us, the Pyrenees and Rhene.

Yet now what reason have we to complain,
Since hereby came the calm we did enjoy,
The bliss of thee, Eliza? Happy gain
For all our losses; when as no other way
The Heav'ns could find, but to unite again
The fatal sever'd families, that they
Might bring forth thee: that in thy peace might
That glory, which few times could ever show.

Come, sacred Virtue; I no Muse, but thee,
Invoke, in this great labour I intend.
Do thou inspire my thoughts: infuse in me
A power to bring the same to happy end.
Raise up a work for later times to see,
That may thy glory and my pains commend:
Make me these tumults rightly to rehearse;
And give peace to my life, life to my verse.

And thou, Charles Montjoy, who did'st once afford
Rest for my fortunes on thy quiet shore,
And cheer'd'st me on these measures to record
In graver tones than I had us'd before;
Behold, my gratitude makes good my word
Engag'd to thee, although thou be no more;
That I, who heretofore have liv'd by thee,
Do give thee now a room to live with me.

And Memory, preserv'ess of things done,
Comethou, unfold the wounds, the wrack, the waste;
Reveal to me how all the strife begun
'Twixt Lancaster and York, in ages past:
How causes, counsels, and events did run,
So long as these unhappy times did last;
Unintermix'd with fictions, fantasies:
I verify the truth, not *postume*.

And to the end we may with better ease
Discern the true discourse, vouchsafe to show
What were the times foregoing, near to these,
That these we may with better profit know.
Tell how the world fell into this disease;
And how so great distemperature did grow:
So shall we see by what degrees it came;
How things at full do soon wax out of frame.

Ten kings had from the Normen conquer reign'd,
With intermix'd and variable fate,
When England to her greatest height attain'd
Of power, dominion, glory, wealth, and state;
After it had with much ado sustain'd
The violence of princes, with debate

¹ Which was in the space of 260 years.

For titles, and the often mutinies
Of nobles, for their ancient liberties.

For first, the Norman² conq'ring all by might,
By might was forc'd to keep what he had got;
Mixing our customs and the form of right
With foreign constitutions he had brought;
Mast'ring the mighty, humbling the poorer wight,
By all severest means that could be wrought;
And, making the succession doubtful, rent
This new-got state, and left it turbulent.

William¹ his son tracing his father's ways,
(The great men spent in peace, or slain in fight)
Upon depressed weakness only preys,
And makes his force maintain his doubtful right:
His elder brother's claim vexing his days,
His actions and exactions still incite;
And giving beasts what did to men pertain,
(Took for a beast) himself in th' end was slain.

His brother Henry⁴ next commands the state;
Who, Robert's title bestir' to reject,
Seeks to repacify the people's hate;
And with fair shows, rather than in effect,
Allays those grievances that heavy sat;
Reforms the laws, which soon he did neglect:
And 'reft of sons, for whom he did prepare,
Leaves crown and strife to Maud his daughter's care.

Whom Stephen⁵, his nephew, (falsifying his oath)
Prevents; assails the realm, obtains the crown;
Such tumults raising as torment them both,
Whilst both held nothing certainly their own:
Th' afflicted state (divided in their troth,
And partial faith) most miserable grown,
Endures the while; till peace, and Stephen's death,
Gave some calm leisure to recover breath.

When Henry⁶, son to Maud the empress, reigns,
And England into form and greatness brought;
Adds Ireland to this sceptre, and obtains
Large provinces in France; much treasure got,
And from exactions here at home abtains:
And had not his rebellious children sought

² 1067. William I. surnamed the Conqueror, the base son to Robert VI. duke of Normandy, reigned twenty years and eight months; and left the crown of England to William, his third son, contrary to the custom of succession.

⁴ 1087. William II. had wars with his elder brother, Robert duke of Normandy; with whom his uncle Otto, and many of the nobility of England, took part. He was slain hunting in the New Forest, by sir Walter Tyrrell shooting at a deer, when he had reigned thirteen years.

⁶ 1100. Henry I. the youngest son of William the Conqueror, reigned thirty-five years and four months; whose sons (William and Richard) being drowned in the sea, he leaves the crown to Maud, first married to the emperor Henry IV. and after to Geoffrey Plantagenet, earl of Anjou.

⁵ 1135. Stephen, son to the earl of Blois and Adela, daughter to William the Conqueror, invades the kingdom, contends with Maud the empress for the succession, and reigned tumultuously eighteen years and ten months.

⁶ 1154. Henry II. son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, earl of Anjou, and Maud the empress, associated

To embroil his age with tumults, he had been
The happiest monarch that this state had seen

Him Richard⁷ follows in the government;
Who muzz the glory of our arms increas'd,
And all his father's mighty treasure spent,
In that devoutful action of the east:
Where to whilst he his forces wholly bent,
Despite and treason his design oppress'd;
A faithless brother, and a fatal king,
Cut off his growth of glory in the spring.

Which wicked brother, contrary to course,
False John⁸, usurps his nephew Arthur's rights;
Gets to the crown by craft, by wrong, by force;
Rules it with lust, oppression, rigour, might;
Murders the lawful heir without remorse:
Wherefore procuring all the world's despite,
A tyrant loath'd, a homicide censur'd,
Poison'd he dies, disgrac'd, and unlamented.

Henry⁹ his son is chosen king, though young,
And Lewis of France (elected first) bequill'd;
After the mighty had debated long,
Doubtful to choose a stranger or a child:
With him the barons (in these times grown strong)
War for their ancient laws so long enfil'd.
He grants the Charter, that pretended ease;
Yet kept his own, and did his state appease.

Edward¹⁰, his son, a martial king, succeeds;
Just, prudent, grave, religious, fortunate:
Whose happy-order'd reign most fertile breeds
Plenty of mighty spirits, to strength his state;
And worthy minds, to manage worthy deeds,
Th' experience of those times ingenerate:
For, ever great employment for the great,
Quickens the blood, and honour doth beget.

And had not his misled, lascivious son,
Edward the Second¹¹, intermitted so
The course of glory happily begun,
(Which brought him and his favourites to woe)
That happy current without stop had run
Unto the full of his son Edward's flow:
But who hath often seen, in such a state,
Neither and son like good, like fortunate?

his son Henry in the crown and government; which turned to his great disturbance, and set all his sons (Henry, Richard, Geoffrey, and John) against him: He reigned thirty-four years and seven months.

⁷ 1189. Richard went to the holy wars, was king of Jerusalem; whilst his brother John, by the help of the king of France, usurped the crown of England. He was detained prisoner in Austria, redemmed, and reigned nine years and nine months.

⁸ 1199. King John usurps the right of Arthur, son to Geoffrey, his elder brother; and reigns seventeen years. He had wars with his barons; who elected Lewis, son to the king of France.

⁹ 1216. Henry III. at nine years of age was crowned king, and reigned sixty-six years.

¹⁰ 1272. Edward I. had the dominion over the whole island of Britain; and reigned gloriously thirty-four years, seven months.

¹¹ 1307. Edward II. abused by his minions, and debauched by his own weakness, was deposed from his government, when he had reigned nineteen years and six months; and was murdered in prison.

But now this great succeder¹² all repairs,
And reindear'd that discountin'd good;
He builds up strength and greatness for his heirs,
Out of the virtues that adorn'd his blood.
He makes his subjects lords of more than theirs,
And sets their bounds far wider than they stood.
His pow'r and fortune had sufficient wrought,
Could but the state have kept what he had got.

And had his heir¹³ surviv'd him in due course,
What limits, England, had'st thou found? What
bar?

What world could have resisted so great force?
O more than men! (two thunderbolts of war)
Why did not time your joined worth divorce,
T' have made your several glories greater far?
Too prodigal was Nature thus to do,
To spend in one age what should serve for two.

But now the sceptre in this glorious state,
Supported with strong pow'r and victory,
Was left unto a child¹⁴; ordain'd by Fate
To stay the course of what might grow too high:
Here with a stop that greatness did abate,
When pow'r upon so weak a base did lie.
For, lest great fortune should presume too far,
Such oppositions interposed are.

Never this island better peopled stood;
Never more men of might, and minds address'd;
Never more princes of the royal blood,
(If not too many for the public rest)
Nor ever was more treasure, wealth, and good,
Than when this Richard first the crown possess'd,
The second of that name; in two occur'd;
And well we might have mis'd all but the first.

In this man's reign began this fatal strife,
(The bloody argument whereof we treat)
That dearly cost so many a prince his life,
And spoil'd the weak; and even consum'd the great;
That, wherein all confusion was so rife,
As Memory ev'n grieves her to repeat:
And would that time might now this knowledge lose,
But that 't is good to learn by others' woes.

Edward the Third being dead, had left this child¹⁵
(Son of his worthy son deceas'd of late)
The crown and sceptre of this realm to wield;
Appointing the protectors of his state
Two of his sons to be his better shield;
Supposing uncles, free from guile or hate,
Would order all things for his better good,
In the respect and honour of their blood.

Of these, John duke of Lancaster¹⁶ was one;
(Too great a subject grown for such a state:
The title of a king, and glory won
In great exploits, his mind did elevate
Above proportion kingdoms stand upon;
Which made him push at what his issue gat:)

¹² 1326. Edward III.

¹³ Edward the Black Prince, who died before his father.

¹⁴ Richard II. being but eleven years of age, was crowned king of England, 1377.

¹⁵ Richard II. son to the Black Prince.

¹⁶ The duke of Lancaster, entitled king of Castile, is the right of his wife Constance, eldest daughter to king Peter.

The other, Langley¹⁷; whose mild temperance
Did tend unto a calmer quietness.

With these did Woodstock¹⁸ interpose his part;
A man for action violently bent,
And of a spirit averse and over-thwart,
Which could not suit a peaceful government:
Whose ever-swelling and tumultuous heart
Wrought his own ill, and others discontent.
And these had all the manage of affairs,
During the time the king was under years.

And in the first years of his government,
Things pass'd at first: the wars in France proceed,
Though not with that same fortune and event,
Being now not follow'd with such careful heed:
Our people here at home grown discontent,
Through great exactious insurrection breed;
Private respects hinder'd the common-weal;
And idle ease doth on the mighty steal.

Too many kings breed factions in the court;
The head too weak, the members grown too great:
Which evermore doth happen in this sort (threat
When children rule; the plague which God doth
Unto those kingdoms, which he will transport
To other lines, or utterly defeat.

¹⁷ For, the ambitious once mear'd to reign,
Can never brook a private state again.

¹⁸ And kingdoms ever suffer this distress,
Where one, or many, guide the infant king;
Which one, or many, (tasting this excess
Of greatness and command) can never bring
Their thoughts again t' obey, or to be less:
From hence these insolencies ever spring,
Contempt of others, whom they seek to foil;
Then follow leagues, destruction, ruin, spoil."

And whether they which underwent this charge
Permit the king to take a youthful vein,
That they their private better might enlarge:
Or whether he himself would further strain,
(Thinking his years sufficient to discharge
The government) and so assum'd the rein.
Or howsoever, now his ear be lends
To youthful counsel, and his lusts attends.

And courts were never barren yet of those,
Which could with subtle train, and apt advice,
Work on the prince's weakness, and dispose
Of feeble frailty, easy to entice.
And such no doubt about this king arose,
Whose flattery (the dang'rous nurse of vice)
Got hand upon his youth, to pleasures bent,
Which, led by them, did others discontent.

For now his uncles grew much to dislike
These ill proceedings: were it that they saw
That others favour'd, did aspiring seek
Their nephew from their counsels to withdraw,
(Seeing him of a nature flexible and weak)
Because they only would keep all in awe;
Or that indeed they found the king and state
Abus'd by such as now in office sat.

¹⁷ Edmund Langley, earl of Cambridge, after created duke of York.

¹⁸ Thomas of Woodstock, after made duke of Gloucester.

Or rather else they all were in the fault ;
Th' ambitious uncles, th' indiscreet young king,
The greedy council, and the minions naught,
And all together did this tempest bring.
Besides the times, with all injustice fraught,
Concurr'd with such confus'd misgoverning ;
That we may truly say, " this spoil'd the state,
Youthful counsel, private gain, partial hate."

And then the king, besides his jealousies
Which nourish'd were, had reason to be led
To doubt his uncles for their loyalties ;
Since John of Gaunt (as was discovered)
Had practis'd his death in secret wise ;
And Glouc'ster openly becomes the head
Unto a league, who all in arms were bent
T' oppose against the present government ;

Pretending to remove such men as were
Accounted to abuse the king and state.
Of whom the chief they did accuse was Vere¹⁸ ;
Made duke of Ireland with great grace of late ;
And diverse else¹⁹, who for the place they bear
Obnoxious are, and subject unto hate :
And these must be sequester'd with all speed,
Or else they vow'd their swords should do the deed.

The king was forc'd in that next parliament,
To grant them what he durst not well refuse.
For thither arm'd they came, and fully bent
To suffer no repulse, nor no excuse :
And here they did accomplish their intent ;
Where Justice did her sword, not balance, use :
For e'en that sacred place they violate,
Arresting all the judges as they sat.

And here had many worthy men their end,
Without all form, or any course of right.
" For still these broils, that public good pretend,
Work most injurious, being done through spite.
For those aggrieved evermore do bend
Against such as they see of greatest might ;
Who, though they cannot help what will go ill,
Yet since they may do wrong, are thought they
will."

And yet herein I mean not to excuse
The justices and minions of the king,
(Who might their office and their grace abuse)
But blame the course held in the managing.
" For great men over grac'd, much rigour use ;
Presuming favourites discontentment bring ;
And disproportioned harmony do break ;
Minions too great, argue a king too weak."

¹⁸ Robert Vere, duke of Ireland.

¹⁹ Ann. reg. 11. the duke of Gloucester, with the earls of Derby, Arundel, Nottingham, Warwick, and other lords, having forced the king to put from him all his officers of court at this parliament, caused most of them to be executed; as John Beauchamp, lord steward of his house, sir Simon Burley, lord chamberlain, with many other. Also the lord chief justice was here executed, and all the judges condemned to death, for maintaining the king's prerogative against these lords, and the constitutions of the last parliament, ann. 10.

Now that so much was granted, as was sought ;
A reconciliation made, although not meant,
Appear'd them all in show, but not in thought,
Whilst every one seem'd outwardly content :
Though hereby king, nor peers, nor people got
More love, more strength, or easier government ;
But every day things still succeeded worse :
" For good from kings is seldom drawn by force."

And so, it thus continued, till by chance
The queen (which was the emperor's daughter)
dy'd²¹ ;
When as the king, t' establish peace with France,
And better for home-quiet to provide,
Sought by contracting marriage to advance
His own affairs, against his uncle's pride ;
Took the young daughter²² of king Charles to wife,
Which after, in the end, rais'd greater strife.

For now his uncle Glouc'ster much repin'd
Against this French alliance, and this peace ;
As either out of a tumultuous mind,
(Which never was content the wars should cease) :
Or that he did dishonourable find
Those articles, which did our state decrease :
And therefore storm'd, because the crown had wrong ;
Or that he fear'd the king would grow too strong.

But whatsoever mov'd him, this is sure,
Hereby he wrought his ruin in the end ;
And was a fatal cause that did procure
The swift approaching mischiefs that attend.
For so, the king no longer could endure
Thus to be crown'd in what he did intend ;
And therefore watch'd but some occasion fit
T' attack the duke, when he thought least of it.

And fortune, to set forward this intent, [bring;
The count St. Paul²³, from France, doth hither
Whom Charles the Sixth employ'd in compliment,
To see the queen, and to salute the king :
To whom he shows his uncle's discontent,
And of his secret dangerous practising ;
How he his subjects sought to sullevate,
And break the league with France concluded late.

To whom the count most cunningly replies ;
" Great prince, it is within your power, with ease,
To remedy such fears, such jealousies,
And rid you of such mutineers as these,
By cutting off that, which might greater rise ;
And now at first preventing this disease,
And that before he shall your wrath disclose :
For who threats first, means of revenge doth lose.

" First take his head, then tell the reason why ;
Stand not to find him guilty by your laws :
You easier shall with him your quarrel try
Dead than alive, who hath the better cause.
For in the murdering vulgar usually
This public course of yours compassion draws ;
Especially in cases of the great,
Which work much pity in the indiscreet.

²¹ Ann. reg. 18.

²² Ann. 20. Isabel, daughter to Charles VI.

²³ Valerian, E. of S. Paul, who had married the king's half-sister.

" And this is sure, though his offences be such,
Yet doth calamity attract commiseration;
And men rejoice at prisoners bloodshed much,
(How just soever) judging 't is by force.
I knew not how, their death gives such a touch,
In those that reach not to a true discourse;
As so shall you, observing funeral right,
Be hold still as unjust and win more spite.

" And oft the cause may come prevented so;
And therefore when 't is done, let it be heard:
For thereby shall you scape your private woe,
And satisfy the world too afterward.
What need you weigh the rumours that shall go?
What is that breath, being with your life compar'd?
And therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
In secret sort let him be dispatched be.

" And then arraign the chief of those you find
Were of his faction secretly compact;
Who may so well be handled in their kind,
As their confessions, which you shall exact,
May both appease the aggrieved people's mind,
And make their death to aggravate their fact:
So shall you rid yourself of dangers quite,
And show the world, that you have done but right."

This counsel, uttered unto such an ear
As willing listens to the safest ways,
Works on the yielding master of his fear,
Which easily to any course obeys:
For every prince, seeing his danger near,
By any means his quiet peace assays.
" And still the greatest wrongs that ever were,
Have them been wrought, when kings were put in
fear."

Call'd in with public pardon and release²⁴,
The duke of Gloucester, with his complices;
All tumults, all contentions seem to cease,
The land rich, people pleas'd, all in happiness;
When suddenly Gloucester came caught with peace,
Warwick with proffer'd love and promises,
And Arundel was in with cunning brought,
Who else abroad his safety might have wrought.

Long was it not ere Gloucester was convey'd
To Calice²⁵, and there strangled secretly:
Warwick and Arundel close prisoners laid,
Th' especial men of his confederacy;
Yet Warwick's tears and base confessions staid
The doom of death, and came confin'd thereby,
And so prolongs this not long base-begg'd breath;
But Arundel was put to public death.

Which public death (receiv'd with such a cheer,
As not a sigh, a look, a shrink bewrays)
The least felt touch of a degenerate fear)
Owe life to envy, to his courage praise;
And made his stout defended cause appear
With such a face of right, as that it lays

²⁴ At the parliament, in anno 11, LL. of the league with Gloucester, being pardoned for their opposing against the king's proceedings, were quiet till anno 21, when upon report of a new conspiracy, they were surprised.

²⁵ Mowbray, earl marshal, after made duke of Norfolk, had the charge of dispatching the duke of Gloucester at Calice.

The side of wrong t'wards him, who had long since
By parliament²⁶ forgiven this offence.

And in this unconceiv'd vulgar sort,
Such an impression of his goodness gave,
As sainted him, and rais'd a strange report
Of miracles effected on his grave:
Although the wise (whose zeal did not transport)
" Knew how each great example still must have
Something of wrong, a taste of violence,
Wherewith the public quiet doth dispose."

The king forthwith provides him of a guard,
A thousand soldiers daily to attend;
Which now upon the act he had prepar'd,
As th' argument his actions to defend:
But yet the world hereof conceiv'd so hard,
That all this nought avail'd him in the end.
" In vain with terror is he fortified,
That is not guarded with firm love beside."

Now storm his griev'd uncles, though in vain,
Not able better courses to advise:
They might their grievance inwardly complain,
But outwardly they needs must temporise.
The king was great; and they should nothing gain
T' attempt revenge, or offer once to rise: (strong,
This league with France had made him now so
That they must needs as yet endure this wrong.

For like a lion that escapes his bounds,
Having been long restrain'd his use to stray,
Ranges the restless woods, stays on no ground,
Riots with bloodshed, wantons on his prey;
Seeks not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to see his strength, and what he may:
So this unbridled king, (freed of his fears)
In liberty, himself thus wildly bears.

For standing now alone, he sees his might
Out of the compass of respective awe;
And now begins to violate all right,
While no restraining fear at hand he saw.
Now he exacts of all, wastes in delight,
Riots in pleasure, and neglects the law:
He thinks his crown is licens'd to do ill:
" That less should list, that may do what it will."

Thus being transported in this sensual course;
No friend to warn, no counsel to withstand,
He still proceedeth on from bad to worse,
Sooth'd in all actions that he took in hand²⁷,
By such as all impiety did nurse,
Commending ever what he did command.
" Unhappy kings! that never may be taught
" To know themselves, or to discern their fault."

And whilst this course did much the kingdom daunt,
The duke of Hereford²⁸ being of courage bold,
As son and heir to mighty John of Gaunt,
Utters the passion which he could not hold,
Concerning those oppressions, and the want
Of government; which he to Norfolk²⁹ told,

²⁶ The king had by parliament before pardoned the duke, and these two earls; yet was the pardon revoked.

²⁷ Nihil est quod credere de se non possit, cum laudatur, Dicit equa potestas.

²⁸ Henry Bolingbroke of Hereford.

²⁹ Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

To th' end he (being great about the king)
Might do some good, by better counselling.

Herof doth Norfolk presently take hold,
And to the king the whole discourse relate:
Who not conceiting it as it was told,
But judging it proceeded out of hate,
Disdaining deeply to be so controll'd;
That others should his rule prejudicate,
Charg'd Herford therewithal: who re-accus'd
Norfolk, for words of treason he had us'd.

Norfolk denies them peremptorily;
Herford recharg'd, and supplicates the king
To have the combat of his enemy,
That by his sword he might approve the thing.
Norfolk desires the same as earnestly:
And both with equal courage promising
Revenge of wrong, that none knew which was free:
For times of faction times of slander be.

The combat granted, and the day assign'd,
They both in order of the field appear,
Most richly furnish'd in all martial kind,
And at the point of intercombat were;
When lo! the king chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his warder, to arrest them there;
As being advis'd a better way to take,
Which might for his more certain safety make.

For now considering (as it likely might)
The victory might hap on Herford's side,
(A man most valiant, and of noble sprite,
Belov'd of all, and ever worthy try'd;)
How much he might be grac'd in public sight,
By such an act, as might advance his pride,
And so become more popular by this;
Which he fears too much he already is.

And therefore he resolves to banish both,²⁰
Though th' one in chiefest favour with him stood,
A man he dearly lov'd; and might be loth
To leave him, that had done him so much good:
Yet having cause to do as now he doth,
To mitigate the envy of his blood,
Thought best to lose a friend to rid a foe,
And such a one as now he doubted so.

And therefore to perpetual exile he
Mowbray condemns; Herford for but ten years:
Thinking (for that the wrong of this decree,
Compar'd with greater rigour, less appears)
It might of all the better liked be.
But yet such murm'ring of the fact he hears,
That he is fain fow of the ten forgive,
And judg'd him six years in exile to live.

At whose departure hence out of the land,
How did the open multitude reveal
The wondrous love they bare him under-hand!
Which now in this hot passion of their zeal
They plainly show'd, that all might understand
How dear he was unto the common-weal.
They fear'd not to exclaim against the king,
As one that sought all good men's ruining.

²⁰ Mowbray was banished the very day (by the course of the year) wherein he murdered the duke of Gloucester.

Unto the shore, with tears, with sighs, with moan,
They him conduct; crossing the bounds that stay
Their willing feet, that would have further gone,
Had not the fearful ocean stop't their way:
"Why, Neptune, hast thou made us stand alone,
Divided from the world, for this, say they;
Hemm'd in to be a spoil to tyranny,
Leaving affliction hence no way to fly?"

"Are we lock'd up, poor souls, here to abide
Within the watry prison of thy waves,
As in a fold, where, subject to the pride
And lust of rulers, we remain as slaves;
Here in the reach of Might, where none can hide
From th' eye of Wrath, but only in their graves?
Happy condems you of other lands,
That sift your soil, and oft scape tyrants hands."

"And must we leave him here, whom here were fit
We should retain, the pillar of our state?
Whose virtues well deserve to govern it,
And not this wanton young effeminate.
Why should not he in regal honour sit,
That best knows how a realm to ordinate?
But one day yet we hope thou shalt bring back
(Dear Bolingbroke) the justice that we lack."

Thus mutter'd (lo!) the uncontented sort,
That love kings best before they have them still,
And never can the present state comport,
But would as often change as they change will.
For this great duke had won them in this sort,
By succ'ring them, and pitying of their ill;
That they supposed straight it was one thing,
To be both a good man and a good king.

When as the graver sort that saw the course,
And knew that princes may not be controll'd,
Lik'd well to suffer this, for fear of worse;
"Since many great one kingdom cannot hold."
For now they saw intestine strife of force
The apt-divided state entangle would,
If he should stay whom they would make their head,
By whom the vulgar body might be led.

They saw likewise, "that princes oft are fain
To buy their quiet with the price of wrong;"
And better 'twere that now a few complain,
Than all should mourn, as well the weak as strong;
Seeing still how little realms by change do gain:
And therefore learned by observing long,
"I admire times past, follow the present will;
Wish for good princes, but I' endure the ill."

For when it nought avail, what folly then
To strive against the current of the time?
Who will throw down himself, for other men,
That make a ladder by his fall to climb?
Or who would seek to embroil his country, when
He might have rest; suffering but others crime?
"Since wise men ever have preferred far
Th' unjust peace before the justest war."

Thus they consider'd, that in quiet rest,
Rich, or content, or else unfit to strive;
Peace-lover Wealth, hating a troublesome state,
Doth willing reasons for their rest contrive:
But if that all were thus considerate,
How should in court the great, the favour'd thrive?
Factions must be, and these varieties;
And some must fall, that other some may rise.

But long the duke remain'd not in exile,
 Before that John of Gaunt, his father, dies :
 Upon whose 'state the king seiz'd now, this while
 Deposing of it as his enemy's.
 This open wrong no longer could beguile
 The world, that saw these great indignities :
 Which so exasperates the minds of all,
 That they resolv'd him home again to call.

For now they saw 't was malice in the king,
 (Transported in his ill-conceited thought)
 That made him so to prosecute the thing
 Against all law, and in a course so naught.
 And this advantage to the duke did bring
 More fit occasions, whereupon he wrought.
 " For to a man so strong, and of such might,
 He gives him more, that takes away his right."

The king²¹, in this mean time, (I know-not how)
 Was drawn into some actions forth the land,
 T' appease the Irish, that revolted now :
 And there attending what he had in hand,
 Neglects those parts from whence worse dangers
 As ignorant how his affairs did stand. [grow,
 Whether the plot was wrought it should be so,
 Or that his fate did draw him on to go,

Most sure it is that he committed here
 An ignorant and idle oversight ;
 Not looking to the duke's proceedings there,
 Being in the court of France, where best he might ;
 Where both the king and all assur'd were
 T' have stop't his course, being within their right :
 But now he was call'd, he thought him sure ;
 And, free from farther doubting, liv'd secure.

So blinds the sharpest counsels of the wise
 This overshadowing Providence on high,
 And dasheth all their clearest-sighted eyes,
 That they see not how nakedly they lie.
 There where they little think, the storm doth rise,
 And overcasts their clear security ;
 When men hath stop't all ways, save only that
 Which (as least doubted) ruin eunters at.

And now was all disorder in th' arms,
 And whatsoever death a change portend ;
 As idle luxury, and wantonness,
 Forteous-like varying pride, vain without end ;
 Wrong-worcker Riot (motive to oppress)
 Endless emotions which the idle spend,
 Consuming many, and credits crack'd,
 Call'd on this purging war that many lack'd.

Then ill-persuading want, in martial minds,
 And wronged patience, (long oppress'd with might)
 Looseness in all, (which no religious binds)
 Commanding force, (the measure made of right)
 Gave fuel to this fire ; that easy finds
 The way t' inflame, the whole endanger'd quite.
 These were the public breeders of this war,
 By which still greatest states confounded are.

For now this peace with France had shut in here
 The overgrowing humours war do spend :
 For where t' evacuate no employments were,
 Wider th' unwieldy burthen doth distend.
 Men wholly us'd to war, peace could not bear,
 As knowing no other course whereto to bend ;

For brought up in the broils of these two realms,
 They thought best fishing still in troubled streams.

Like to a river that is stop't his course,
 Doth violate his banks, breaks his own bed,
 Destroys his bounds, and over-runs by force
 The neighbour-fields, irregularly spread ;
 Even so this sudden stop of war doth nurse
 Home-broils within it self, from others led :
 So dangerous the change herof is try'd,
 Ere minds 'come soft, or otherwise employ'd.

But all this makes for thee, O Bolingbroke,
 To work a way unto thy sovereignty :
 This care the Heavens, Fate, and Fortune took,
 To bring thee to thy sceptre easily.
 Upon these falls that hap which him forsook ;
 Who, crown'd a king, a king yet must not die.
 Thou wert ordain'd by Providence to raise
 A quarrel, lasting longer than thy days.

For now this absent lord out of his land,
 (Where though he show'd great sprite and valour
 Being attended with a worthy band [then,
 Of valiant peers, and most courageous men)
 Gave time to them at home, that had in hand
 Th' ungodly work, and knew the season when ;
 Who fail not to advise the duke with speed,
 Soliciting to what he soon agreed.

Who presently, upon so good report,
 Relying on his friends fidelity,
 Conveys himself out of the French king's court,
 Under pretence to go to Britany ;
 And with his followers that to him resort,
 Landed in England²² ; welcom'd joyfully
 Of th' all'ring vulgar, apt for changes still,
 As headlong carry'd with a present will.

And coming to quiet shore, but not to rest,
 The first night of his joyful landing here,
 A fearful vision²³ doth his soul molest ;
 Remaining to see in re' rent form appear
 A fair and goodly woman all distrest ;
 Which, with full-weeping eyes and rent hair,
 Wringing her hands, as one that griev'd and pray'd,
 With sighs commix'd with words unto him said :

" O ! whether dost thou send, my unkind son ?
 What mischief dost thou go about to bring
 To her, whose Genius thee here look'st upon,
 Thy mother-country, whence thyself didst spring ?
 Whither thus dost thou in ambition run,
 To change due course by foul disordering ?
 What bloodshed, what turmoils dost thou com-
 To last for many woful ages hence ? (speak,

" Stay here thy foot, thy yet unguilty foot,
 That can'st not stay when thou art further in :
 Retire thee yet unarm'd, whilst it doth beg ;
 The end is spoil of what thou dost begin.
 Injustice never yet took lasting root,
 Nor held that long, impiety did win :

²¹ The duke being banished in September, landed in the beginning of July after, at Ravenspurre, in Yorkshire ; some say but with 60 men, others with 3000, and eight ships, set forth and furnished by the duke of Bretagne, ann. reg. 22.

²² The Genius of England appears to Bolingbroke.

²³ Anno regni 22.

The babes unborn shall (O!) be born to bleed
In this thy quarrel, if thou do proceed."

This said, she ceas'd—When he, in troubled thought
Griev'd at this tale, and sigh'd, and thus replied:
"Dear country, O I have not hither brought
These arms to spoil, but for thy liberties:
The sin be on their head that this have wrought,
Who wrong'd me first, and thee do tyrannize.
I am thy champion; and I seek my right:
Provok'd I am to this by others spite."

"This, this pretence," saith she, "the ambitious
To smooth injustice, and to flatter wrong: [find,
Thou dost not know what then will be thy mind,
When thou shalt see thyself advanc'd and strong.
When thou hast shak'd off that which others bind,
Thou soon forgettest what thou leasped'st long:
Men do not know what then themselves will be,
When as more than themselves they see."

And bereft withal turning about, he wakes,
Lab'ring in spirit, troubl'd with this strange sight;
And mus'd awhile, waking advisement takes
Of what had pass'd in sleep, and silent night;
Yet hereof no important reckon'g makes,
But as a dream that vanish'd with the light:
The day-deisus, and what he had in hand
Left it to his diverted thoughts unspan'd.

Doubtful at first, he wary doth proceed;
Seems not t' affect that which he did effect;
Or else perhaps seems as he meant indeed,
Sought but his own, and did no more expect.
Then, Fortune, thou art guilty of his deed,
That did'st his state above his hopes erect;
And thou must bear some blame of his great sin,
That left'st him worse than when he did begin.

Thou did'st conspire with pride, and with the time,
To make so easy an ascent to wrong,
That he who had no thought so high to climb,
(With aw'ring comfort still allur'd along)
Was with occasion thrust into the crime;
Seeing others' weakness, and his part so strong.
"And who is there in such a case that will
Do good, and fear, that may live free with ill?"

We will not say nor think, O Lancaster,
But that thou then didst mean as thou didst swear:
Upon th' Evangelists at Doncaster,
In th' eye of Heaven, and that assembly there;
That thou but as an upright orderer
Sought'st to reform th' abused kingdom here,
And get thy right, and what was thine before:
And this was all; thou would'st attempt no more.

Though we might say and think that this pretence
Was but a shadow to th' intended act;
Because the event doth argue the offence,
And plainly seems to manifest the fact.
For that hereby thou might'st win confidence
With those, whom else thy course might hap dis-
And all suspicion of thy drift remove; [tract,
"Since easily men credit whom they love."

But God forbid we should so nearly pry
Into the low deep bury'd sins long past,
T' examine and confer iniquity,
Whereof Faith would no memory should I set;
That our times might not have t' exemplify
With aged stains; but with our own than a cast,

Might think our blot the first, not done before,
That new-made sins might make us blush the more.

And let unresting Charity believe,
That then thy oath with thy intent agreed,
And others' faith thy faith did first deceive,
Thy after-fortune forc'd thee to this deed:
And let no man this idle censure give,
Because th' event proves so, 't was so decreed:
"For oft our counsels sort to other end,
Than that which frailty did at first intend."

Whilst those that are but outward lookers on,
(Who seldom sound these mysteries of state)
Deem things were so contriv'd as they are done,
And hold that policy, which was but fate;
Imagining all former acts did run
Unto that course they see th' effects relate;
Whilst still too short they come, or cast too far,
"And make these great men wiser than they are."

But by degrees he ventures now on blood,
And sacrific'd unto the people's love
The death of those that chief in envy stood;
As th' officers, (who first these dangers prove)
The treasurer, and those whom they thought good,
Busby and Green²² by death he must remove:
These were the men the people thought did ease
Those great exactions, and shou'd the laws.

This done, his cause was preach'd with least
skill,

By Arundel th' archbishop²³; who these shou'd
A pardon sent from Rome, to all that will
Take part with him, and quit the faith they ow'd
To Richard, as a prince unfit and ill,
On whom the crown was fatally bestow'd:
And easy-yielding Zeal was quietly caught,
With what the mouth of Gravity had taught.

O that this power from everlasting given,
(The great alliance made 'twixt God and us,
Th' intelligence that Earth should hold with Hea-
Sacred Religion²⁴! O that thou wast thus [v's)
Be made to smooth our ways unjust, unweave;
Brought from above, Earth quarrels to disown.
Must men beguile our souls to win our wills;
And make our zeal the furtherer of ill?

But the ambitious, to advance their might,
Dispense with Heaven, and what religion would:
"The armed will find right, or else make right;"
If this means wrought not yet another should.
And this and other now do all incite
To strength the faction that the duke doth hold;
Who easily obtained what he sought;
His virtues and his love so greatly wrought.

The king still humbled in this Irish war,
(Which by his valour these did well succeed)
Had news how here his leads revolted are,
And how the duke of Hereford doth proceed;
In these affairs he fears are grown too far;
Hastes his return from thence with greatest speed;

²² The duke put to death William Scroope, earl of Wiltshire, treasurer of England; with sir Henry Green, and sir John Busby, for misgoverning the king and the realm.

²³ Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury.

²⁴ Bis peccat, qui preterit religionis peccat.

But was by tempests, winds, and seas, debarr'd,
As if they likewise had against him warr'd.

But at the length (though late) in Wales he lands;
Where thoroughly inform'd of Henry's force,
And well advertis'd how his own case stands,
(Which to his grief he sees tends to the worse)
He leaves t' Aumarle²¹, at Milford, all those bands
He brought from Ireland; taking thence his course
To Conway²² (all disguis'd) with fourteen more,
To th' earl of Salisbury, thither sent before.

Thinking the earl²³ had rais'd some army there;
Whom there he finds forsaken, all alone:
The forces in those parts which levied were,
Were closely shrunk away, dispers'd and gone.
The king had stay'd too long; and they, in fear,
Resolved every man to shift for one.
At this amaz'd, such fortunes he laments;
Foresees his fall, whereto each thing consents.

In this disturb'd, tumultuous, broken state,
Whilst yet th' event stood doubtful what should be;
Whilst nought but headlong running to debate,
And glittering troops and armour men might see;
Fury and fear, compassion, wrath, and hate,
Confus'd through all the land, no corner free:
The strong, all mad, to strife, to ruin bent;
The weaker wail'd; the aged they lament,

And blame their many years that live so long,
To see the horror of these miseries.
"Why had not we," say they, "dy'd with the strong
In foreign fields, in honourable wise,
In just exploits, and noble without wrong;
And by the valiant hand of enemies?
And not thus now reserved in our age,
To home-confusion, and disordered rage."

Unto the temples flock the weak, devout,
Sad wailing women; there to vow, and pray
For husbands, brothers, or their sons gone out
To bloodshed; whom nor tears nor love could stay.
Here grave religious fathers (which much doubt
The sad events these broils procure them may)
As prophets warn, exclaim, dissuade these crimes,
By the examples fresh of other times.

And "O! what do you now prepare," said they;
"Another conquest, by these fatal ways?
What, must your own hands make yourselves a prey
To desolation, which these tumults raise?
What Dane, what Norman shall prepare his way,
To triumph on the spoil of your decays?
That which nor France, nor all the world could do,
In union, shall your discord bring you to?"

"Conspire against us, neighbour nations all,
That envy at the height whereto w' are grown:
Conjure the barb'rous North, and let them call
Strange fury from far distant shores unknown;
And let them all together on us fall,
So to divert the ruin of our own;
That we, forgetting what doth so incense,
May turn the hand of malice to defence.

²¹ Edward duke of Aumarle, son to the duke of York.

²² Conway-castle in Wales.

²³ Montague, earl of Salisbury.

"Caln these tempestuous spirits, O mighty Lord;
This threatening storm, that over-hangs the land:
Make them consider e'er they unsheath the sword,
How vain is th' Earth, this point whereon they stand;
And with what sad calamities is stor'd
The best of that, for which th' ambitious band;
Labour the end of labour, strife of strife,
Terror in death, and horror after life."

Thus they in zeal, whose humbl'd thoughts were
good,
Whilst in this wide-spread volume of the skies
The book of Providence disclosed stood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miseries,
In lines of fire, and characters of blood;
There fearful forms in dreadful flames arise,
Amazing comets, threatening monarchs night,
And new-seen stars, unknown unto the night:

Red fir'y dragons in the air do fly,
And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights;
Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky,
Prodigious monsters, ghastly fearful sights;
Strange ghosts and apparitions terrify:
The woful mother her own birth affrights;
Seeing a wrong deformed infant born,
Grieves in her pains, deceiv'd, in shame doth mourn.

The Earth, as if afraid of blood and wounds,
Trembles in terror of these falling blows;
The hollow concaves give out groaning sounds,
And sighing murmurs, to lament our woes:
The ocean all at discord with his bounds,
Reiterates his strange untimely flows.
Nature all out of course, to check our course,
Neglects her work, to work in us remorse.

So great a wreck unto it self doth (to!)
Disorder'd, proud mortality prepare,
That this whole frame doth even labour so
Her ruin unto frailty to declare;
And travails to fore-signify the woe,
That weak providence could not beware.
"For Heav'n and earth, and air and seas, and all,
Taught men to see, but not to shun their fall."

Is man so dear unto the Heavens, that they
Respect the ways of Earth, the works of sin?
Doth this great all, this universal weigh
The vain designs that weakness doth begin?
Or doth our fear, father of zeal, give way
Unto this error ignorance lives in;
And deem our faults the cause that move these
pow'rs,
That have their cause from other cause than ours?

But these beginnings had this impious war,
Th' ugly bloodshed that did so defile
The beauty of thy fields, and e'en did mar
The flow'r of thy chief pride, thou fairest Isle:
These were the causes that incens'd so far
The civil-wounding hand, enrag'd with spoil;
That now the living, with afflicted eye,
Look back with grief on such calamity.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.
BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Richard moans his wrong, and wails his reign;
And here betray'd, to London he is led,
Besely attir'd, attending Her'ford's train;
Where th' one is scorn'd, the other welcomed.
His wife, mistaking him, doth much complain;
And both together greatly sorrowed:
In hope, to save his life, and ease his thrall,
He yields up state, and rule, and crown and all.

In dearth of faith, and scarcity of friends,
The late great mighty monarch, on the shore,
In th' utmost corner of his land attends,
To call back false Obedience, fell before;
Toils, and in vain his toil and labour spends;
More hearts he sought to gain, he lost the more:
All turn'd their faces to the rising sun,
And leave his setting fortune, night begun.

Piercy¹, how soon, by thy example led,
The household-train forsook their wretched lord!
When with thy staff of charge disabour'd,
Thou brak'st thy faith, not steward of thy word,
And took'st his part, that after took thy head;
When thine own hand had strengthen'd first his word.
"For such great merit do upbraid, and call
For great reward, or think the great too small."

And kings love not to be beholden ought; [worst:
Which makes their chiefest friends off speed the
For those, by whom their fortunes have been wrought,
Put them in mind of what they were at first;
Whose doubtful faith if once in question brought,
'Tis thought they will offend, because they durst;
And, taken in a fault, are never spar'd;
"Being easier to revenge than to reward."

And thus these mighty actors, sons of change,
These partizans of factions often try'd,
That in the smoke of innovations strange
Build huge uncertain plants of unsway'd pride;
And on the hazard of a bad exchange,
Have ventur'd all the stock of life beside;
"Whilst princes rais'd, disdain to have been rais'd
By those whose helps deserve not to be prais'd."

But thus is Richard left, and all alone,
Save with th' unarmed title of his right;
And those brave troops, his fortune-followers, gone,
And all that pomp, (the complements of might)
Th' amusing shadows that are cast upon
The state of princes, to beguile the sight;
All vanish'd clean, and only frailty left,
Himself of all besides himself bereft.

¹ Thomas Piercy was earl of Worcester, brother to the earl of Northumberland, and steward of the king's house.

Like when some great Columns, whose strong base
Or mighty props are shrunk, or sunk away,
Foreshowing ruin, threatening all the place
That in the danger of his fall doth stay;
All straight to better safety seek space,
None run to help the ruin while they may:
"The peril great, and doubtful the redress,
Men are content to leave right in distress."

And look how Thames, enrich'd with many a flood,
And goodly rivers, (that have made their graves,
And bury'd both their names, and all their good,
Within his greatness, to augment his waves)
Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood,
Unto the ocean, (which his tribute craves)
And lays up all his wealth within that pow'r,
Which in it self all greatness doth devour.

So seek the mighty², with their following train,
Unto the all-receiving Bolingbroke,
Who wonders at himself, how he should gain
So many hearts as now his party took;
And with what ease, and with how slender pain,
His fortune gives him more than he could look:
What he imagin'd never could be wrought,
Is pour'd upon him far beyond his thought.

So, often, things which seem at first in show,
Without the compass of accomplishment,
Once ventur'd on, to that success do grow,
That ev'n the authors do admire th' event:
So many means which they did never know,
Do second their designs, and do prevent
Strange unexpected helps; and chiefly them,
When th' actors are repated worthy men.

And Richard, who look'd Fortune in the back,
Saw headlong Lightness running from the right,
Amazed stands, to note how great a wreck
Of faith his riots caus'd; what mortal spite
They bear him, who did law and justice look:
Saw how concealed Hate break'd out in sight,
And fear-depressed Rave, (past before)
When th' occasion, thus unlook'd the door.

Like when some mastiff-whelp, dispos'd to play,
A whole confused herd of beasts doth chase,
Which with one vile consent run all away;
If any harder than the rest, in place
But offer head that idle fear to stay,
Back straight the daunced chaser turns his face;
And all the rest (with bold example led)
As fast run on him, as before they fled:

So, with this bold opposer rushes on
This many-headed monster, Multitude:
And he, who late was fear'd, is not upon,
And by his own (Actæon-like) pursu'd;
His own, that had all love and awe forgone:
Whom breath and shadows only did detour,
And never hopes, which promises pursue;
Though rarely men keep promises so made.

² The duke of York, left governor of the realm in the absence of the king, having levied a great army, as if to have opposed against Bolingbroke, brought most of the nobility of the kingdom to take his part.

Which when he saw, thus to himself complains;
 "O why do you, fond, false-deceived, so
 Run headlong to that change that nothing gains,
 But gain of sorrow, only change of woe?
 Which is all one; if he be like who reigns:
 Why will you buy with blood what you forego?
 'Tis nought but shows that ignorance esteems:
 The thing possess'd is not the thing it seems.

"And when the sins of Bolingbroke shall be
 As great as mine, and you unanswered
 In these your hopes; then may you wish for me,
 Your lawful sov'reign, from whose faith you fled;
 And, grieved in your souls, the error see
 That shining promises had shadowed:
 As th' hum'rous sick removing, find no ease,
 When changed chambers change not the disease.

"Then shall you find this name of liberty,
 (The watch-word of rebellion ever us'd;
 The idle echo of uncertainty,
 That evermore the simple hath abus'd)
 But new-turn'd servitude, and misery;
 And ev'n the same, and worse, before refus'd.
 Th' aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
 Cuts off those means by which himself got up.

"And with a harder hand, and straiter rein,
 Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
 Doubting th' occasion like might serve again:
 His own example makes him fear the more.
 Flen, O injurious land! what dost thou gain,
 To aggravate thine own afflictions' store?
 Since thou must needs obey kings government;
 And no rule ever yet could all content.

* What if my youth hath offer'd up to lust
 Licentious fruits of indiscreet desires,
 When idle heat of vainer years did thrust
 That fury on? Yet now when it retires
 To calmer state, why should you so distrust
 To reap that good where'to mine age aspires?
 (The youth of princes have no bounds for sin,
 Unless themselves do make them bounds within.

† Whosoever not, that sees ought, (woe worth the while)
 (The easy way, that greatness hath to fall)
 Involv'd with deceit, bann'd in with guile;
 Outh'd up in batt'ry, fawn'd on of all;
 Within his own living as in exile;
 Learns but with others ears, or not at all;
 And ev'n is made a prey unto a few,
 Who lock up grace, that would to other shew.

And who (as let in lease) do farm the crown,
 And joy the use of majesty and might;
 Whilst we hold but the shadow of our own,
 Veas'd with vain shows, and dallied with delight:
 hey, as huge unproportion'd mountains grown,
 between our land and us, shadowing our light,
 bereave the rest of joy, and us of love,
 and keep down all, to keep themselves above.

Which wounds, with grief, poor unrespected zeal,
 When grace holds no proportion in the parts;
 When distribution in the common-wealth
 of charge and honour, due to good deserts,
 is stop'd; when others' greedy hands must deal
 the benefit that majesty imparts;
 That good we meant, comes gleaned home but light;
 whilst we are robb'd of praise, they of their right."
 VOL. III.

Thus he complain'd—When Jo, from Lancaster,
 (The new entitl'd duke) with order sent
 Arriv'd Northumberland³, as to confer,
 And make relation of the duke's intent:
 And offer'd there, if that he would refer
 The controversy unto parliament,
 And punish those that had abus'd the state,
 As causes of this universal hate;

And also see that justice might be had
 On those the duke of Glouc'ster's death procur'd,
 And such remov'd from council as were bad;
 His cousin Henry would, ho there assur'd,
 On humble knees before his grace be glad
 To ask him pardon, to be well secur'd,
 And have his right and grace restor'd again:
 The which was all he labour'd to obtain.

And therefore doth an enterprisè exhort;
 Persuades him leave that unbeseeming place,
 And with a princely hardiness resort
 Unto his people, that attend his grace.
 They meant his public good, and not his hurt;
 And would most joyful be to see his face.
 He lays his soul to pledge, and takes his oath,
 The host of Christ, an hostage for his troth.

This proffer, with such protestations, made
 Unto a king that so near danger stood,
 Was a sufficient motive to persuade,
 When no way else could show a face so good:
 Th' unbroodrablè means of safety bad
 Danger accept, what majesty withstood.
 "When better choices are not to be had,
 We needs must take the seeming best of bad."

Yet stands he in doubt awhile what way to take;
 Conferring with that small-remaining troop
 Fortune had left; which never would forsake
 Their poor, distressed lord; nor ever stoop
 To any hopes the stronger part could make:
 Good Carlisle⁴, Ferby, and sir Stephen Scroope,
 With that most worthy Montague⁵, were all
 That were content with majesty to fall.

Time, spare; and make not sacrilegious theft
 Upon so memorable constancy:
 Let not succeeding ages be bereft
 Of such examples of integrity.
 Nor thou, magnanimous Leigh⁶, must not be left
 In darkness, for thy rare fidelity;
 To save thy faith, content to lose thy head;
 That rev'rent head, of good men honour'd.

Nor will my conscience I should injury
 Thy memory, most trusty Jenico⁷,
 For b'ing not ours; though wish that Usacony
 Claim'd not for hers the faith we rev'rence so;
 That England might have this small company
 Only to her alone, having no mo.
 But let's divide this good betwixt us both;
 Take she thy birth, and we will have thy troth.

³ The earl of Northumberland sent to the king, from Henry Bolingbroke, now duke of Lancaster.

⁴ The bishop of Carlisle.

⁵ Montague, earl of Salisbury.

⁶ This was sir Peter Leigh's ancestor, (of Lynce in Cheshire) that now is.

⁷ Jenico d'Artois, a Gascoign.

Grave Montague², whom long experience taught
In either fortune, thus advis'd his king:
"Dear sov'reign, know, the matter that is sought
Is only how your majesty to bring
(From out of this poor safety you have got)
Into their hands, that else hold ev'ry thing.
For now, but only you they want of all;
And wanting you, they nothing theirs can call.

"Here have you craggy rocks to take your part,
That never will betray their faith to you;
These trusty mountains here will never start,
But stand t' upbraid their shame that are untrue.
Here may you fence your safety with small art,
Against the pride of that confus'd crew:
If men will not, these very cliffs will fight,
And be sufficient to defend your right.

"Then keep you here; and here you shall behold,
Within short space, the sliding faith of those
That cannot long their resolution hold,
Repent the course their idle rashness chose.
For that same mercenary faith they sold,
With least occasions discontented grow,
And insolent those voluntary bands;
Presuming how by them be chiefly stands.

"And how can he those mighty troops sustain
Long time, where now he is, or any where?
Besides, what discipline can he retain,
Whereas he dares not keep them under fear,
For fear to have them to revolt again?
So that itself when greatness cannot bear,
With her own weight, must needs confus'dly fall,
Without the help of other force at all.

"And hither to approach he will not dare;
Where deserts, rocks, and hills, no succours give;
Where desolation, and no comforts are;
Where few can do no good, many not live.
Besides, we have the ocean, to prepare
Some other place, if this should not relieve:
So shall you tire his force, consume his strength,
And weary all his followers out at length.

"Do but refer to time, and to small time;
And infinite occasions you shall find,
To quell the rebel, even in the prime
Of all his hopes, beyond all thought of mind.
For many (with the conscience of the crime)
In colder blood will curse what they design'd;
And had success upbraiding their ill fact,
Draws them (whom others draw) from such an act.

"For if the least imagin'd overture
But of conceiv'd revolt men once espy,
Straight shrink the weak; the great will not endure;
Th' impatient run; the discontented fly:
The friend his friend's example doth procure;
And all together haste them presently,
Some to their home, some hide; others that stay
To reconcile themselves, the rest betray.

"What hope have you that ever Bolingbroke
Will live a subject, that hath try'd his fate?
Or what good reconciliation can you look,
Where he must always fear, and you must hate?
And never think that he this quarrel took,
To re-obtain thereby his private state:

'Twas greater hopes that bore to him did call;
And he will thrust for all, or else lose all.

"Nor trust this subtle agent, nor his oath.
You know his faith—you try'd it beforehand.
His fault is death—and now to lose his troth,
To save his life, he will not greatly stand.
Nor trust your kinsman's proffer; since you both
Show, blood in princes is no steadfast band.
What though he hath no title?—he hath might:
That makes a title, where there is no right."

Thus he.—When that good bishop³ thus replies,
Out of a mind that quiet did affect:
"My lord, I must confess, as your case lies,
You have great cause your subjects to suspect,
And counterplot against their subtilties,
Who all good care and honesty neglect;
And fear the worst what insolence may do,
Or armed fury may incense them to.

"But yet, my lord, fear may as well transport
Your care, beyond the truth of what is meant;
As otherwise neglect may fall too short,
In not examining of their intent:
But let us weigh the thing, which they export;
'Tis peace, submission, and a parliament:
Which, how expedient 'tis for either part,
'Twere good we judg'd with an impartial heart.

"And first, for you my lord, in grief we see
The miserable case wherein you stand;
Void here of succour, help, or majesty,
On this poor promontory of your land:
And where how long a time your grace may be
(Expecting what may fall into your hand)
We know not; since th' event of things do lie
Close'd up in darkness, far from mortal eye.

"And how unfit it were you should protract
Long time, in this so dangerous disgrace?
As though that you good spirit and courage lack'd
To issue out of this opprobrious place:
When ev'n the face of kings do oft exact
Fear and remorse in faulty subjects base;
And longer stay a great presumption draws,
That you were guilty, or did doubt your cause.

"What subjects ever so enrag'd would dare
To violate a prince; t' offend the blood
Of that renowned race, by which they are
Exalted to the height of all their good?
What if some things by chance misguid'd were,
Which they have now rebelliously withstood?
They never will proceed with that despite,
To wreck the state, and to confound the right.

"Nor do I think that Bolingbroke can be
So blind-ambitious to affect the crown;
Having himself no title, and doth see
Others, if you should fail, must keep him down.
Besides, the realm, though mad, will never give
To have a right succession overthrow;
To raise confusion upon them and theirs,
By prejudicing true and lawful heirs.

² The earl of Salisbury, his speech to king Richard.

³ The bishop of Exeter.

" And now it may be, fearing the success
Of his attempts, or with remorse of mind,
Or else distrusting secret practices,
He would be glad his quarrel were resign'd ;
So that there were some orderly redress
In those disorders, which the realm did find :
And this, I think, he now sees were his best ;
Since further actions further but unrest.

" And for th' impossibility of peace,
And reconciliation, which my lord objects ;
I think, when dying injury shall cease,
(The cause pretended) then surcease th' effects :
Time, and some other actions, may increase,
As may divert the thought of these respects ;
Others law¹⁰ of forgetting injuries,
May serve our turn in like calamities.

" And for his oath, in conscience and in sense,
True honour would not so be found untrue,
Nor spot his blood with such a foul offence
Against his soul, against his God, and you.
Our lord forbid, that ever with th' expense
Of Heav'n, and heavenly joys, that shall ensue,
Mortality should buy this little breath,
To endure the horror of eternal death.

" And therefore, as I think, you safely may
Accept this proffer, that determine shall
All doubtful courses by a quiet way ;
Needful for you, fit for them, good for all.
And here, my sov'reign, to make longer stay,
To attend for what you are unsure will fall,
May slip th' occasion, and increase their will :
For fear, that's wiser than the truth, doth ill."

Thus he persuades, out of a zealous mind,
Supposing men had spoken as they meant ;
And unto this the king likewise inclin'd,
As wholly unto peace and quiet bent ; [hind
And yields himself to th' earl :—goes, leaves be-
His safety, sceptre, honour, government :
For gone, all's gone—he is no more his own :
And they rid quite of fear, he of the crown.

A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
A huge aspiring rock, neighb'ring the skies,
Whose surly brow imperiously commands
The sea his bounds, that at his proud feet lies ;
And spurns the waves, that in rebellious bands
Assault his empire, and against him rise.
Under whose craggy government there was
A niggard narrow way, for men to pass :

And here, in hidden cliffs, concealed lay
A troop of armed men, to intercept
The unsuspecting king ; that had no way
To free his foot, that into danger stept.
The dreadful ocean on the one side lay ;
The hard-encroaching mountain th' other kept.
Before him, he beheld his hateful foes ;
Behind him, trait'rous enemies enclose.

Environ'd thus, the earl begins to cheer
His all-amazed lord, by him betray'd :
Bids him take courage, there's no cause of fear ;
These troops but there to guard him safe were laid.
To whom the king : " What need so many here ?
This is against your oath, my lord," he said.
But now he sees in what distress he stood ;
To strive was vain ; to entreat would do no good.

¹⁰ Lex amnestia.

And therefore on with careful heart he goes ;
Complains, (but to himself) sighs, grieves, and frets ;
At Rutland dines, though feeds but on his woes ;
The grief of mind hinder'd the mind of meats.
For sorrow, shame, and fear, scorn of his foes ;
The thought of what he was, and what now threats ;
Then what he should, and now what he hath done ;
Musters confused passions all in one.

To Flint from thence, unto a restless bed,
That miserable night he comes convey'd ;
Poorly provided, poorly followed ;
Uncourted, unrespected, unobey'd :
Where if uncertain sleep but hover'd
Over the drooping cares that heavy weigh'd,
Millions of figures fantasy presents
Unto that sorrow, waken'd grief augment.

His new misfortune makes deluding sleep
Say 'twas not so :—false dreams the truth deny.
Wherewith he starts ; feels waking cares do creep
Upon his soul, and gives his dream the lie ;
Then sleeps again :— and then again as deep
Deceits of darkness mock his misery.
So hard believ'd was sorrow in her youth ; [truth
That he thinks truth was dreams, and dreams were

The morning-light presents unto his view
(Walking upon a turret of the place)
The truth of what he sees is prov'd too true,
A hundred thousand men before his face
Came marching on the shore, which thither drew.
And more to aggravate his great disgrace,
Those he had wrong'd, or done to them despite,
(As if they him upbraid) came first in sight.

There might he see that false, forsworn, vile crew,
Those shameless agents of unlawful lust ;
His panders, parasites, (people untrue
To God and man, unworthy any trust)
Preaching unto that fortune that was new,
And with unblushing faces foremost thrust ;
As those that still with prosp'rous fortune sort,
And are as born for court, or made in court.

There he beheld, how humbly diligent
New Adulation was to be at hand ;
How ready Falshood stept ; how nimbly went
Base pick-thank Flatt'ry, and prevents command.
He saw the great obey, the grave consent,
And all with this new-raisd aspirer stand :
But, which was worst, his own part acted there
Not by himself ; his pow'r not his appear.

Which whilst he view'd, the duke he might perceive
Make t' wards the castle to an interview :
Wherefore he did his contemplation leave,
And down into some sifter place withdrew ;
Where now he must admit, without his leave,
Him, who before with all submission due,
Would have been glad t' attend, and to prepare
The grace of audience with respective care.

Who now being come in presence of his king,
(Whether the sight of majesty did breed
Remorse of what he was encompassing,
Or whether but to formalize his deed)
He kneels him down with some astonishing ;
Rose—kneels again (for craft will still exceed)
When as the king approach'd, put off his hood,
And welcom'd him ; though wish'd him little good.

To whom the duke began: " My lord, I know,
That both uncall'd, and unexpected too,
I have presumed in this sort to show,
And seek the right which I am born unto.
Yet pardon, I beseech you, and allow
Of that constraint which drives me thus to do.
For since I could not by a fairer course
Attain mine own, I must use this of force."

" Well; so it seems, dear cousin," said the king:
" Though you might have procur'd it otherwise:
And I am here content in ev'ry thing
To right you, as yourself shall best devise.
And God vouchsafe, the force that here you bring
Beget not England greater injuries."
And so they part.—The duke made haste from
It was no place to end this difference. [thence;

Straight towards London, in this heat of pride,
They forward set, as they had fore-decreed;
With whom the captive king, constrain'd, must ride,
Most meanly mounted on a simple steed:
Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
Thereby neglect of all respect to breed.
For th' over-spreading pomp of prouder might
Must darken weakness, and debase his sight.

Approaching near the city, he was met
With all the sumptuous shows joy could devise;
Where new desire to please did not forget
To pass the usual pomp of former guise.
Striving Applause, as out of prison loit,
Runs on, beyond all bounds, to novelties;
And voice, and hands, and knees all do now
A strange deformed form of welcome show.

And manifold confusion running, greets, [near:
Shouts, cries, claps hands, thrusts, strives, and presses
Houses improv'd were t' enrich the streets,
And streets left naked, that (unhappy) were
Plac'd from the sight where joy with wonder meets;
Where all of all degrees strive to appear;
Where divers-speaking zeal one murmur finds,
In undistinguish'd voice to tell their minds.

He that in glory of his fortune sat,
Admiring what he thought could never be,
Did feel his blood within salute his state,
And lift up his rejoicing soul, to see
So many hands and hearts congratulate
Th' advancement of his long-desir'd degree;
When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by,
He re-salutes them all with cheerful eye.

Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
The unregarded king; that drooping went
Aloof, and (but for spite) scarce look'd upon:
Judge, if he did more envy, or lament!
See what a wondrous work this day is done!
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present;
In th' one to show the best of glory's face,
In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace.

Now Isabel, the young afflicted queen,
(Whose years had never show'd her but delights,
Nor lovely eyes before had ever seen
Other than smiling joys, and joyful sights:
Born great, match'd great, liv'd great, and ever been
Partaker of the world's best benefits)
Had plac'd her self, hearing her lord should pass
That way, where she unseen in secret was;

Sick of delay, and longing to behold
Her long-mis'd love in fearful jeopardies:
To whom although it had in sort been told
Of their proceeding, and of his surprise;
Yet thinking they would never be so bold,
To leave their lord in any shameful wise;
But rather would conduct him as their king,
As seeking but the state's re-ordering.

And forth she looks, and notes the foremost train;
And grieves to view some there she wish'd not there.
Seeing the chief not come, stays, looks again;
And yet she sees not him that should appear.
Then back she stands; and then desires, as fain
Again to look, to see if he were near.
At length a glitt'ring troop far off she spies;
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries.

" Lo yonder! now at length he comes," saith she:
" Look, my good women, where he is in sight.
Do you not see him? yonder; that is he!
Mounted on that white courser, all in white;
There where the thronging troops of people be.
I know him by his seat: he sits upright.
Lo, now he bows! dear-lord, with what sweet grace!
How long have I long'd to behold that face!"

" O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
I doubt me when he comes but something near,
I shall set wide the window—what care I
Who doth see me, so him I may see clear!"
Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
(Sweet lady) in the thing she held so dear:
For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook,
And him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke.

Then Envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,
Where Sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat; [rise,
And words of wrath, from whence complaints should
Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:
" Traitor," saith she, " is't thou, that in this wise
To brave thy lord and king art made so great?
And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong,
To look on thee? for this stay'd I so long?"

" Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel so?
Well! for their error I will weep them out.
And hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe;
And loath the mind, that gave me not in doubt.
What! have I added shame unto my woe?
I'll look no more—Ladies, look you about;
And tell me if my lord be in this train;
Lest my betraying eyes should err again."

And in this passion turns herself away.
The rest look all, and careful note each wight;
Whilst she, impatient of the least delay,
Demands again: " And what; not yet in sight?
Where is my lord? what! gone some other way?
I muse at this—O God, grant all go right!"
Then to the window goes again at last,
And sees the chiefest train of all was past;

And sees not him her soul desir'd to see:
And yet hope spent makes her not leave to look.
At last her love-quick eyes, which ready be,
Fastens on one; whom though she never took
Could be her lord; yet that sad cheer which he
Then show'd, his habit and his woful look,
The grace he doth in base attire retain,
Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

"What might he be," she said, "that thus alone
Rides pensive in this universal joy?
Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan:
All are not pleas'd with ev'ry thing this day.
It may be, he laments the wrong is done
Unto my lord, and grieves; as well he may.
Then he is some of ours; and we of right
Must pity him, that pities our sad plight.

"But stay: is't not my lord himself I see?
In truth, if 't were not for his base array,
I verily should think that it were he:
And yet his baseness doth a grace bestow.
Yet God forbid—let me deceived be:
And be it not my lord, although it may:
Let my desire make vows against desire;
And let my sight approve my sight a liar.

"Let me not see him but himself, a king:
For so he left me—so he did remove.
This is not he—this feels some other thing;
A passion of dislike, or else of love.
O yes, 't is he!—That princely face doth bring
The evidence of majesty to prove:
That face I have conferr'd which now I see,
With that within my heart, and they agree."

Thus as she stood assur'd, and yet in doubt;
Wishing to see, what seen she griev'd to see;
Having belief, yet fain would be without;
Knowing, yet striving not to know 't was he:
Her heart relenting; yet her heart so stout,
As would not yield to think what was, could be;
Till quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,
She must confess, or else deny the light.

For whether love in him did sympathise,
Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt;
Ev'n just before where she thus secret pries,
He stays, and with clear face looks all about.
When she—" 'T is, O! too true—I know his eyes:
Alas! it is my own dear lord!"—cries out:
And with that cry sinks down upon the floor;
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Sorrow keeps full possession in her heart;
Locks it within; stops up the way of breath;
Shuts senses out of door from ev'ry part;
And so long holds there, as it hazardeth
Oppressed nature, and is forc'd to part,
Or else must be constrain'd to stay with death:
So by a sigh it lets in sense again,
And sense at length gives words leave to explain.

Then like a torrent had been stopt before,
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow;
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,
The true intelligence of grief to show.
Sighs hinder'd words; words perish'd in their store;
Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.
One would do all; the other more than 's part;
Being both sent equal agents from the heart.

At length, when past the first of sorrows worst,
When calm'd confusion better form affords;
Her heart commands, her words should pass out first,
And then her sighs should interpoint her words;
The whites her eyes out into tears should burst.
This order with her sorrow she accords;
Which orderless, all form of order brake;
So then began her words, and thus she spake:

"What! dost thou thus return again to me?
Are these the triumphs for thy victories?
Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
From that unhappy Irish enterprise?
And have I made so many vows to see
Thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?
Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring;
To come a captive, that went'st out a king?"

"And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful land,
Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part.
I do remain the same, under thy hand;
Thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart:
If all be lost, that government doth stand;
And that shall never from thy rule depart.
And so thou be, I care not how thou be:
Let greatness go, so it go without thee.

"And welcome come, howso unfortunate;
I will applaud what others do despise.
I love thee for thyself, not for thy state:
More than thyself is what without thee lies;
Let that more go, if it be in thy fate;
And having but thyself, it will suffice.
I married was not to thy crown, but thee;
And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

"But what do I here lurking idly moan,
And gail apart; and in a single part
Make several grief? which should be both in one;
The touch being equal of each other's heart.
Ah! no, sweet lord, thou must not moan alone;
For without me thou art not all thou art;
Nor my tears without thine are fully tears,
For thus unjoin'd, sorrow but half appears.

"Join then our plaints, and make our grief full grief;
Our state being one, let us not part our care:
Sorrow hath only this poor here relief,
To be bemoan'd of such as woful are.
And should I rob thy grief, and be the thief;
To steal a private part, and several share;
Defrauding sorrow of her perfect due?
No, no, my lord; I come to help thee rue."

Then forth she goes a close concealed way,
(As grieving to be seen not as she was)
Labours t' attain his presence all she may;
Which, with most hard ado was brought to pass.
For that night understanding where he lay,
With earnest 'treating the procur'd her pass,
To come to him. Rigour could not deny
Those tears, (so poor a suit) or put her by.

Entering the chamber, where he was alone,
(As one whose former fortune was his shame)
Loathing th' upbraiding eye of any one
That knew him once, and knows him not the same:
When having given express command that none
Should press to him; yet hearing some that came,
Turns angrily about his grieved eyes;
When lo! his sweet afflicted queen he spies.

Straight clears his brow, and with a borrow'd smile;
"What! my dear queen! welcome, my dear," he
And (striving his own passion to beguile, [says:
And hide the sorrow which his eye betrays)
Could speak no more; but wrings her hands the
while:

And then—"Sweet lady!" and again he stays.
Th' excess of joy and sorrow both affords
Affliction none, or but poor jiggard words.

She that was come with a resolved heart,
And with a mouth full stor'd, with words well chose;
Thinking, "this comfort will I first impart
Unto my lord, and thus my speech dispose:
Then thus I'll say; thus look; and with this art,
Hide mine own sorrow, to relieve his woes."
When being come, all this prov'd nought but wind;
Tears, looks, and sighs, do only tell her mind.

Thus both stood silent, and confused so,
Their eyes relating how their hearts did mourn:
Both big with sorrow, and both great with woe,
In labour with what was not to be born;
This mighty burthen wherewithal they go,
Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn.
Sorrow makes silence her best orator,
Where words may make it less, not show it more.

But he, whom longer time had learn'd the art
To endure affliction, as a usual touch,
Strains forth his words, and throws dismay apart,
To raise up her, whose passions now were such
As quite oppress'd her over-charged heart,
(Too small a vessel to contain so much;)
And cheers, and moans, and feigned hopes doth
As if himself believ'd, or hop'd the same. [frame,

And now the while these princes sorrowed,
Forward Ambition (come so near her end)
Sleeps not, nor slips th' occasion offered,
To accomplish what it did before intend.
A parliament is forthwith summoned
In Richard's name; whereby they might pretend
A form to grace disorder, and a show
Of holy right, the right to overthrow.

Order, how much predominant art thou!
That if but only thou pretended art,
How soon deceiv'd mortality doth bow,
To follow thine, as still the better part?
'T is thought that rev'rent Form will not allow
Iniquity, or sacred right pervert.
Within our souls since then thou dwell'st so strong,
How ill do they, that use thee, to do wrong?

So ill did they, that in this formal course
Sought to establish a deformed right;
Who might as well effected it by force,
Rut that men hold it wrong what's wrought by
Offences urg'd in public, are made worse: [might
The show of justice aggravates despite.
"The multitude that look not to the cause,
Rest satisfy'd so it seem done by laws."

And now they divers articles object,
Of rigour, malice, private favourings,
Exaction, riot, falsehood, and neglect;
Crimes done, but seldom answered by kings;
Which subjects do lament, but not correct.
And all these faults which Lancaster now brings
Against a king, must be his own, when he
By urging others' sins, a king shall be.

For all that was most odious was devis'd,
And publish'd in these articles abroad:
All th' errors of his youth were here compris'd,
Calamity with obloquy to load,
And more to make him publicly despis'd,
Libels, invectives, railing rhymes were sow'd
Among the vulgar, to prepare his fall
With more applause, and good consent of all.

Look how the day-hater, Minerva's bird¹¹,
Whilst privileg'd with darkness and the night,
Doth live secure t' himself, of others fear'd:
If but by chance discover'd in the light,
How doth each little fowl (with envy stirr'd)
Call him to justice, urge him with despite;
Summon the feather'd flocks of all the wood,
To come to scorn the tyrant of their blood?

So fares this king, laid open to disgrace,
Whilst ev'ry mouth (full of reproach) inveighs,
And ev'ry base detractor, in this case,
Upon th' advantage of misfortune plays:
Down-falling greatness, urged on apace,
Was follow'd hard by all disgraceful ways,
Now in th' point t' accelerate an end,
Whilst misery had no means to defend.

Upon those articles in parliament,
So heinous made, enforce'd, and urg'd so hard,
He was adjudg'd unfit for government,
And of all regal pow'r and rule debarr'd:
For who durst contradict the duke's intent?
Or if they durst, should patiently be heard?
Desire of change, old wrongs, new hopes, fresh fear,
Being far the major part, the cause must bear.

Yet must we think, that some which saw the course,
(The better few, whom passion made not blind)
Stood careful lookers on, with sad commorse,
Amaz'd to see what headlong rage design'd;
And in a more considerate discourse
Of tragical events, thereof divin'd;
And would excuse and pity those defects,
Which with such hate the adverse part objects:

Saying, "Better years might work a better care;
And time might well have cur'd what was amiss;
Since all these faults fatal to greatness are,
And worse deserts have not been punish'd thus.
But yet in this, the Heavens (we fear) prepare
Confusion for our sins, as well as his;
And his calamity beginneth our:
For he his own, and we abus'd his pow'r."

Thus murmur'd they: when to the king were sent
Certain, who might persuade him to forsake
And leave his crown, and with his free consent
A voluntary resignation make;
Since that he could no other way prevent
These dangers, which he else must needs partake
For not to yield to what fear would constrain,
Would bar the hope of life that did remain.

And yet this scarce could work him to consent
To yield up that so soon, men hold so dear:
"Why, let him take," said he, "the government,
And let me yet the name, the title bear.
Leave me that show, and I will be content;
And let them rule and govern without fear.
What! can they not my shadow now endure;
When they, of all the rest, do stand secure?"

"Let me hold that, I ask no other good:
Nay, that I will hold—Henry, do thy worst.
For ere I yield my crown, I'll lose my blood;
That blood, that shall make thee and thine accur'd.
Thus resolute awhile be firmly stood;
Till love of life, and fear of being forc'd,

¹¹ The owl is said to be Minerva's bird.

Vanquish'd th' innatèd valour of his mind ;
And hope and friends so wrought, that he resign'd.

Then to the Tow'r (where he remained) went
The duke, with all the peers in company,
To take his offer with his free consent,
And this his resignation testify ;
And thereof to inform the parliament,
That all things might be done more formally,
Add men thereby rest better satisfy'd,
As of an act not forc'd or falsify'd.

And forth he 's brought unto th' accomplishment,
Deck'd with the crown in princely robes that day :
Like as the dead, in other lands, are sent
Unto their graves in all their best array.
And ev'n like good did him this ornament :
For what he brought he must not bear away ;
But buries there his glory and his name,
Eutoomb'd both in his own and others' blame.

And there unto th' assembly of these states,
His sorrow for their long-endurèd wrong
Through his abus'd authority, relates,
Excuses with confessions mix'd among :
And glad (he says) to finish all debates,
He was to leave the rule they sought for long ;
Protesting, if it might be for their good,
He would as gladly sacrifice his blood.

There be his subjects all in general
Assails, and quits of oath and fealty ;
Renounces int'rest, title, right, and all
That appertain'd to kingly dignity :
Subscribes thereto, and doth to witness call
Both Heav'n and Earth, and God, and saints on
To testify his act ; and doth profess [high,
To do the same with most free willingness.

'T is said, with his own hands he gave the crown
To Lancaster, and wish'd to God he might
Have better joy thereof than he had known ;
And that his pow'r might make it his by right.
And furthermore he crav'd (of all his own)
But life, to live apart a private wight :
The vanity of greatness he had try'd,
And how unsarely stands the foot of pride.

This brought to pass, the lords return with speed,
The parliament hereof to certify ;
Where they at large publish'd the king's own deed,
And form of his resignation verbally :
And thereupon doth Lancaster proceed,
To make his claim unto the monarchy ;
And shows the right he hath, both by descent,
And by recover'y, to the government.

Which being granted, Canterbury¹² rose,
And animates them by the sacred word
In this their course : and by his text he shows
" How well they made their choice of such a lord ;
Who, as a man, was able to dispose,
And guide the state : and how the royal sword
Ought to be at a man's commandment ;
Not at a child's, or one as impotent.

¹² The archbishop of Canterbury takes his text out of the first book of Kings, chap. ix. *Vir dominabitur in populo.*

" Since when the greatness of his charge exceeds
The smallness of his pow'rs, he must collate
The same on others—whence," says he, "proceeds
This fav'rous expiation of the state :
Whence no man any more the public heeds,
Than so much as imports his private state.
Our health is from our head : if that be ill,
Distemper'd, faint, and weak, all the rest will"

Then to the present all his speech he draws,
And shows " what admirable parts abound
In this brave prince ; being fit to give them laws ;
Fit for his valour ; fit for judgment sound."
And Lancaster, indeed I would thy cause
Had had as lawful and as sure a ground,
As had thy virtues and thy noble heart,
Ordain'd and born for an imperial part.

Then had not that confus'd succeeding age
Our fields ingrain'd with blood, our rivers dy'd
With purple-streaming wounds of our own rage,
Nor seen our princes slaughter'd, peers destroy'd.
Then had'st not thou, dear country, cou'd to wage
War with thyself, nor those afflictions try'd
Of all-consuming discord here so long ;
Too mighty now, against thyself too strong.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fourth the crown established.
The lords that did to Glouc'ster's death consent,
Degraded, do rebel ; are vanquished.
King Richard unto Pomfret castle sent,
Is by a cruel knight there murdered,
After the lords had had their punishment.
His corps from hence to London is convey'd ;
And there, for all to view, is open laid.

Now risen is that head, by which did spring
The birth of two strong heads, two crowns, two
rights ;
That monstrous shape, that afterward did bring
Deform'd confusion to distract wights.
Now is attain'd that dearly purchas'd thing,
That fill'd the world with lamentable sights ;
And now attain'd, all care is how to frame
Means to establish, and to hold the same.

First, he attends to build a strong conceit
Of his usurped pow'r in peoples' minds,
And arms his cause with furniture of weight ;
Which easily the sword and greatness finds.
Succession, conquest, and election straight
Suggested are, and prov'd in all their kinds.
More than enough they find, who find their might
Hath force to make all (that they will have) right.

Though one of these might very well suffice,
His present approbation to procure :
" But who his own cause makes, doth still devise
To make too much, to have it more than sure.
Fear casts too deep, and ever is too wise :
No usual plots the doubtful can secure."
And all these disagreeing claims he had,
With hope to make one good of many bad.

Like unto him that fears, and fain would stop
An inundation working on apace ;
Runs to the breach, heaps mighty matter up ;
Throws indigested burthens on the place ;
Loads with huge weights the outside, and the top,
But leaves the inner parts in feeble case ;
Whilst th' under-searching water working on,
Bears proudly down all that was idly done :

So fares it with our indirect designs,
And wrong-contrived labours, at the last ;
Whilst working time and justice undermines
The feeble frame, held to be wrought so fast :
Then when out-breaking vengeance uncombines
The ill-join'd plots, so fairly over-cast ;
Turns up those huge pretended heaps of shows,
And all these weak illusions overthrows.

But after having made his title plain,
Unto his coronation he proceeds :
Which, in most sumptuous sort, (to entertain
The gazing vulgar, whom this splendour feeds)
Is stately furnish'd, with a glorious train ;
Wherein the former kings he far exceeds ;
And all t' amuse the world, and turn the thought,
Of what and how 't was done, to what is wrought.

And that he might on many props repose,
He strengthens his own, and who his part did take :
New officers, new counsellors he chose.
His eldest son the prince of Wales doth make :
His second, lord high-steward. And to those
Had hazarded their fortunes for his sake,
He gives them charge as merits their desert,
And raises them by crushing th' adverse part.

So that hereby the universal face
Of court, with all the offices of state,
Are wholly chang'd, by death or by disgrace,
Upon th' advantage of the people's hate ;
" Who ever envying those of chiefest place,
(Whom neither worth nor virtue, but their fate
Exalted hath) do, when their kings do naught,
(Because it 's in their pow'r) judge it their fault."

And in their stead, such as were popular,
And well-deserving, were advanc'd by grace.
Grave Shirley he ordains lord chancellor,
Both worthy for his virtues, and his race :
And Norbury he appoints for treasurer ;
A man though mean, yet fit to use that place :
And others t' other rooms ; whom people hold
So much more lov'd, how much they loath the old.

And it behoves him now to do his best
T' approve his vow, and oath made to the state :
And many great disorders he redress'd ;
Which always usurpation makes the gate
To let it self into the people's breast,
And seeks the public best t' accommodate :
Wherein injustice better doth than right ;
" For who reproves the lame, must go upright."

Though it be easy to accuse a state
Of imperfection and misgovernment ;
And easy to beget in people hate
Of present rule, which cannot all content :
And few attempt it, that effect it not :
Yet t' introduce a better government
Instead thereof, if we t' example look,
The undertakers have been overtook.

Then against those ¹ he strictly doth proceed,
Who chief of Gloucester's death were guilty thought :
Not so much for th' hatred of that deed ;
But under this pretext, the means he sought
To ruin such whose might did much exceed
His pow'r to wrong, or else could well be wrought.
Law, justice, blood, the zeal unto the dead,
Were on his side, and his drift coloured.

Here many of the greatest ² of the land
Accus'd were of the act ; strong proofs brought out ;
Which strongly were refell'd — The lords all stand,
To clear their cause, most resolutely stout.
The king perceiving what he took in hand
Was not with safety to be brought about,
Desists to urge their death in any wise ;
Respecting number, strength, friends, and allies.

Nor was it time now, in his tender reign,
And infant-young beginning government,
To strive with blood ; when leuity most gain
The mighty men, and please the discontent.
" New kings do fear, when old courts farther strain ;
Establish'd states to all things will consent ;
He must dispense with his will, and their crimes,
And seek t' oppress and wear them out with time.

Yet not to seem but to have something done
In what he could not as he would effect,
To satisfy the people, (that begun
Revenge of wrong, and justice to expect)
He caus'd he put in execution one,
Who to perform this murder was elect ;
A base companion, few or none would miss ;
Who first did serve their turn, and now serves his

And to abase the too high state of those
That were accus'd, and lessen their degrees ;
Aumarle, Surrey, and Exeter most lose
The names of dukes, their titles, dignities,
And whatsoever profits thereby rise :
The earls, their titles and their signories :
And all they got in th' end of Richard's reign,
Since Gloucester's death, they must restore again ;

By this, as if by ostracism, t' abate
That great presumptive wealth whereon they stand
For first, hereby impoverishing their state,
He kills the means they might have to withstand ;
Then equals them with other whom they base,
Who (by their spoils) are rais'd to high command ;
That weak, and envy'd, if they should conspire,
They wreck themselves, and he hath his desire.

¹ The nobility accused for the death of Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester.

² The dukes of Surrey, Exeter, and Aumarle; the earls of Salisbury and Gloucester; the bishop of Carlisle, sir Thomas Blount, and others, were the parties accused for the death of the duke of Gloucester.

Yet by this grace (which must be held a grace,
As both they and the world are made believe)
He thinks t' have dealt benignly in this case,
And left them state enough, to let them live:
And that the taking from them means and place,
Was nothing in respect what he did give:
But they that know how their own reck'ning goes,
Account not what they have, but what they lose.

The parli'ment, which now is held, decreed,
Whatever pleas'd the king but to propound;
Confirm'd the crown to him, and to his seed,
And by their oath their due obedience bound;
Which was the pow'r that stood him best in stead,
And made whatever broken courses sound.
For woe he got by fortune, favour, might,
It was the state that now must make his right.

Here was agreed, (to make all more secure)
That Richard should remain for evermore
Close prisoner; lest the realm might chance endure
Some new revolt, or any fresh uproar:
And that if any should such broil procure,
By him, or for him, he should die therefore.
So that a talk of tumult, and a breath,
Would serve him as his passing-bell to death.

Yet reverend Carleile, thou didst there oppose
Thy holy voice to save thy prince's blood,
And freely check'dst this judgment, and his foes:
When all were bad, yet thou dar'dst to be good.
Be it enroll'd, (that time may never lose
The memory) how firm thy courage stood;
When pow'r, disgrace, nor death could ought divert
Thy glorious tongue thus to reveal thy heart.

' Grave, reverent lords, since that this sacred place,
Our Aventine-retire, our holy hill,
His place, soul of our state, the realms best grace,
Both privilege me, speak what reason will:
Let me but say my conscience in this case;
Let sin of silence show my heart was ill:
And let these walls witness, if you will not,
Do discharge my soul of this foul blot.

Never shall this poor breath of mine consent,
That he, that two and twenty years hath reign'd
A lawful lord, and king by just descent,
Should here be judg'd, unheard, and unarraign'd;
By subjects too, (judges incompetent
To judge their king, unlawfully detain'd)
And unbrought forth to plead his guiltless cause;
Arring th' anointed liberty of laws.

Have you not done enough with what is done?
Must needs disorder grow from bed to worse?
An never mischief end as it began;
Must being once out, must further out of force?
Think you, that any means under the Sun,
An assure so indirect a course?
Or any broken cunning baill so strong,
Can hold out the hand of vengeance long?"

Then there was his too vehement speech with speed,
And he sent close to ward from where he stood;
His zeal untimely deem'd too much to exceed
His measure of his wit, and did no good.
They resolute, for all this, do proceed
Into that judgment could not be withstood.
The king had all he crav'd, or could compel;
And all was done—let others judge how well.

Now Muse, relate a woful accident,
And tell the bloodshed of these mighty peers,
Who (lately reconcil'd) rest discontent,
Griev'd with disgrace, remaining in their fears:
However seeming outwardly content,
Yet th' inward touch that wounded honour bears,
Reats closely wrangling, and can find no ease,
Till death of one side cure this great disease.

Means how to feel and learn each other's heart,
By th' abbot's skill of Westminster is found;
Who secretly disliking Henry's part,
Invites these lords, and those he meant to sound;
Feasts them with cost, and draws them on with art;
And dark and doubtful questions doth propound:
Then plainer speaks, and yet uncertain speaks:
Then wishes well—then off abruptly breaks.

"My lords," saith he, "I fear we shall not find
This long-desired king such as was thought.
But yet he may do well—God turn his mind:
'T is yet new days—But ill bodes new and nought.
Some yet speed well—Though all men of my kind
Have cause to doubt. His speech is not forgot,
That princes had too little; we too much.
God give him grace.—But 't is ill trusting such."

This open-close, apparent-dark discourse,
Drew on much speech—And every man replies:
And every man adds heat—And words enforce,
And urge out words. For when one man spies
Another's mind like his; then ill breeds worse;
And out breaks all in th' end, what chocest lies.
For when men well have fed, th' blood being warm,
Then are they most improvident of harm.

Bewray they did their inward boiling spite;
Each stirring others to revenge their cause.
One says, he never should endure the sight
Of that forsworn, that wrongs both land and laws.
Another vows the same; of his mind right.
A third t' a point more near the matter draws;
Swears if they would, he would attempt the thing,
To chase th' usurper, and replace their king.

Thus one by one kindling each other's fire,
Till all inflam'd, they all in one agree;
All resolute to prosecute their ire,
Seeking their own and country's cause to free;
And have his first, that their blood did conspire.
For no way else, they said, but this, could be
Their wrong-detained honour to redeem;
Which true-bred blood should more than life esteem.

"And let not this our new-made faithless lord,"
Saith Surrey, "think that we are left so bare,
(Though bare enough) but we will find a sword
To kill him with, when he shall not beware."
For he that is with life and will entor'd,
Hath (for revenge) enough, and needs not care:
For time brings means to furnish him withal;
Let him but wait th' occasions as they fall.

Then of the manner how t' effect the thing,
Consulted was—And in the end agreed,
That at a masque and common revelling,
Which was ordain'd, they should perform the deed:
For that would be least doubted of the king,
And fittest for their safety to proceed.

² Thomas, late duke of Surrey.

The night, their number, and the sudden act,
Would dash all order, and protect their fate.

Besides, they might under the fair pretence
Of tilts and tournaments, which they intend,
Provide them horse and armour for defence,
And all things else convenient for their end.
Besides, they might hold sure intelligence
Among themselves, without suspect t' offend:
The king would think, they sought but grace in court,
With all their great preparing in this sort.

A solemn oath religiously they take,
By intermutual vows protesting there,
This never to reveal, nor to forsake
So good a cause, for danger, hope, or fear.
The sacrament, the pledge of faith, they take:
And ev'ry man upon his sword doth swear,
By knighthood, honour, or what else should bind;
To assure the more each other's mind.

And when all this was done, and thought well done,
And every one assures him good success,
And easy seems the thing to every one,
That nought could cross their plot, or them suppress;
Yet one among the rest, (whose mind not won
With th' over-weening thought of hot excess,
Nor headlong carry'd with the stream of will,
Nor by his own election led to ill;)

Judicious Blount*, (whose learning, valour, wit,
Had taught true knowledge in the course of things;
Knew dangers as they were; and th' beaurous fit
Of 'ware less discontent, what end it brings)
Counsels their heat with calm grave words, and fit,
(Words well fore-thought, that from experience
And warns a wariar carriage in the thing, [springs]
Least blind presumption work their ruining.

"My lords," saith he, "I know your wisdom's such,
As that of mine advice you have no need;
I know you know how much the thing doth touch
The main of all your states, your blood, your seed;
Yet since the same concerns my life as much
As his, whose hand is chiefest in this deed,
And that my foot must go as far as his;
I think my tongue may speak what needful is.

"The thing we enterprise, I know, doth bear,
Great possibility of good effect;
For that so many men of might there are,
Which meaner wights, of trust and credit bare,
Not so respected, could not look t' effect.
For none, without great hopes, will follow such,
Whose pow'r and honour doth not promise such.

"Besides this new and doubtful government,
The wav'ring faith of people vain and light;
The secret hopes of many discontent;
The natural affection to the right;
Our lawful sov'reign's life, in prison pent,
Whom men begin to pity now, not spite;
Our well-laid plot and all, I must confess,
With our just cause, doth promise good success.

* Sir Thomas Blount.

"But this is yet the outward, fairest side
Of our design—Within rests more of fear,
More dread of sad event yet undescri'd,
Than (my most worthy lords) I would there were.
But yet I speak not this, as to divide
Your thoughts from th' act, or to dismay your cheer;
Only to add unto your forward will,
A mod'rate fear, to cast the worst of ill.

"Danger before, and in, and after th' act,
You needs must grant it great, and to be weigh'd
Before; lest while we do the deed protract,
It be by any of ourselves bewray'd:
For many being privy to the fact,
How hard is it to keep it unbetray'd?
When the betrayer shall have life and grace,
And rid himself of danger and disgrace.

"For though some few continue resolute,
Yet many shrink, which at the first would dare,
And be the foremost men to execute,
If th' act and motion at one instant were:
But intermission suffers men dispute/
What dangers are, and cast with further care.
Cold doubt cavils with honour, scorneth fame;
And in the end, fear weighs down faith with shame.

"Then in the act what perils shall we find,
If either place, or time, or other course,
Cause us to alter th' order now assign'd;
Or that thou we expect things happen worse?
If either error, or a fainting mind,
An indiscreet amazement, or remorse,
In any at that instant should be found;
How much it might the act, and all confound?

"After the deed, the dangers are no less;
Lest that our forwardness not seconded
By our own followers and accomplices,
(Being kept back, or slow, or hindered)
The hasty multitude rush on, t' oppress
Confused weakness, there unaccommod;
Or raise another head of that same race,
T' avenge his death, and prosecute the cause.

"All this, my lords, must be considered,
(The best and worst of that which may succeed)
That valour mix'd with fear, boldness with dread,
May march more circumspect, with better heed
And to prevent these mischiefs mentioned,
Is by our faith, our secrecy, and speed:
For ev'n already is the work begun;
And we rest all undone, till all be done.

"And though I could have wish'd another count
In open field t' have hazarded my blood;
Yet some are here, whose love is of that force
To draw my life, whom zeal hath not withheld.
But like you not of your design the worst:
If the success be good, your course is good;
And ending well, our honour then begins:
No hand of strife is pure, but that which wins."

This said, a sad still silence held their minds,
Upon the fearful project of their woe;
But that not long ere forward fury finds,
Encouraging persuasions on to go.

"We must," said they, "we will; our honour bids;
Our safety bids; our faith must have it so.
We know the worst can come: 'T is thought upon.
We cannot shift—Being in, we must go on."

And on indeed they went——But O! not far;
A fatal stop travers'd their head-long course;
Their drift 'comcs known, and they discover'd are:
For some (of many) will be false of force.
Kunzle became the man that all did mar,
Whether through indiscretion, chance, or worse;
He makes his peace with off'ring others' blood,
And shows the king bow all the matter stood.

Then lo! dismay'd confusion all possess'd
Th' afflicted troop, hearing their plot describ'd.
Then runs amaz'd distress, with sad unrest,
To his, to that; to fly, to stand, to hide:
Distracted terror knew not what was best;
On what determination to abide.
At last, despair would yet stand to the sword,
To try what friends would do, or fate afford.

Then this, then that man's aid, they crave, implore;
Post here for help, seek there their followers;
Conjure their friends they had, labour for more;
Solicit all reputed favourers,
Who Richard's cause seem'd to affect before:
And in his name write, pray, send messengers,
To try what faith was left, if by this art
Any would step to take affliction's part.

And some were found——And some again drew back:
Uncertain pow'r could not it self retain.
Retreat they may; authority they lack:
And here and there they march (but all in vain)
With desperate course; like those that see their wreck
Ev'n on the rocks of death; and yet they strain,
That death may on them idly find t' attend
Their certain last, but work to meet their end.

And long they stand not, ere the chief, surpris'd,
Conclude with their dear blood their tragedy:
And all the rest dispers'd, run, some disguis'd
To unknown coasts; some to the shores do fly;
Some to the woods, or whither fear advis'd:
But running from, all to destruction hie.
The breach once made upon a batter'd state,
Down goes distress: no shelter shrouds their fate.

And now what horror in their souls doth grow!
What sorrows with their friends and near allies!
What mourning in their ruin'd houses now!
How many children's plaints, and mothers' cries!
How many woful widows left to bow
To sad disgrace! what parish'd families! [frame
What heirs of high rich hopes their thoughts must
To base down-looking poverty and shame!

This slaughter and calamity foregoes
Thy eminent destruction, woful king:
This is the bloody comet of thy woes,
That doth foretel thy present ruining.
Here was thy end decreed, when these men rose;
And ev'n with theirs this act thy death did bring,
Or hasten'd at the least upon this ground;
Yet if not this, another had been found.

Kings, lords of times and of occasions, may
Take their advantage when and how they list:
For now the realm, he thought, in this dismay,
T' avoid like mischiefs, neither would resist,
Nor feel the wound at all: since by this way,
All future disturbances would desist.
The mot cut off, from whence these tumults rose,
He should have rest, the commonwealth repose.

He knew this time: and yet he would not seem
Too quick to wrath, as if affecting blood;
But yet complains so far, that men might deem
He would 't were done, and that he thought it good:
And wish'd that some would so his life esteem,
As rid him of these fears wherein he stood.
And therewith eyes a knight^b that then was by,
Who soon could learn his lesson by his eye.

The man he knew was one that willingly
For one good look would hazard soul and all;
An instrument for any villany,
That needed no commission more at all:
A great ease to the king, that should herchy
Not need in this a course of justice call,
Nor seem to will theact. For though what's wrought
Were his own deed, he grieves should so be thought.

“So foul a thing (O!) thou Injustice art,
That tort'rest both the doer and distress,
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
How doth he strive t' excuse, to make the best,
To shift the fault, t' unburthen his charg'd heart;
And glad to find the least surmise of rest!
And if he could make his seem others' sin,
What great repose, what ease he finds therein!”

This knight——But yet why should I call him knight,
To give impiety to this rev'rent style?
Title of honour, worth, and virtue's right,
Should not be given to a wretch so vile.
But pardon me, if I do not aright;
It is because I will not here defile
My unstain'd verse with his opprobrious name,
And grace him so, to place him in the same.

This califf goes, and with him takes eight more,
As desperate as himself, impiously bold,
(Such villains, as he knew would not abhor
To execute what wicked act he would)
And hastes him down to Pomfret: where before,
The restless king convey'd, was laid in hold:
There would he do the deed he thought should bring
To him great grace and favour with his king.

Whether the soul receives intelligence
By her near *genius*, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend:
Or whether Nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However, so it is; the now sad king
(Toss'd here and there, his quiet to confound)
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering:
Lists not to eat; still mused; sleeps unsound.
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick;
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,
And views the town, and sees how people pass'd;
Where others' liberty makes him complain

^b This knight was sir Pierce of Essex.

The more his own, and grieves his soul the more;
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

"O happy man," saith he, "that lo I see
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields!
If he but knew his good, (how blessed he,
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!)
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptres wields.
Thine, thine is that true life—That is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou s'tt'at at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others' harms, but feel'st none;
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint; why here I live alone;
And pitiest this my miserable fall:
For pity must have part; envy not all.

"Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No int'rest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be!
Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

"Great Dioclesian,* (and more great therefore,
For yielding up that whereto pride aspires)
Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
Than all the empire, all what th' Earth admires;
Thou well did'st teach, that he is never poor
That little hath, but he that much desires;
Finding more true delight in that small ground,
Than in possessing all the earth was found.

"Are kings (that freedom give) themselves not free,
As meaner men, to take what they may give?
What! are they of so fatal a degree,
That they cannot descend from that, and live?
Unless they still be kings, can they not be?
Nor may they their authority survive?
Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
Still am I fear'd?—Is there no way, but death?"

Scarcely this word *death* from sorrow did proceed,
When in rush'd one, and tells him, such a knight
Is now arriv'd; and comes from court in speed.
"What news," said he, "with him, that trait'rous
wight?"

What more removing yet?—Alas! what need?
Are we not far enough sent out of sight?
Or is this place here not sufficient strong,
To guard us in? or must we have more wrong?"

By this the bloody troop were at the door;
When as a sudden and a strange dismay
Enforc'd them strain who should go in before.
One offers, and in offering makes a stay:
Another forward sets, and doth no more:
A third the like; and none durst make the way.
So much the horror of so vile a deed,
In vilest minds, deters them to proceed.

* *Primum imperium communicavit, et posuit Dioclesianus; et in eo ponendo dixisse fertur: "Re-
cipe Jupiter imperium, quod mihi commodasti."*

At length, as to some great advent'rous fight,
This bravo cheers these dastards all he can;
And valiantly their courage doth incite,
And all against one weak unarmed man.
A great exploit, and fit for such a knight;
Wherein so much renova his valour wan.
But see how men that very presence fear,
Which once they knew authority did bear!

Then on thrusts one, and he would foremost be
To shed another's blood; but lost his own.
For entering in, as soon as he did see
The face of majesty, to him well known;
Like Marius soldier at Minturnum, he,
Stood still amaz'd, his courage overthrown.
The king seeing this, starting from where he sat,
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gat.

Thus ev'n his foes, who came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon, that before had none;
That yet he might not idly lose his breath,
But die reveng'd in action, not alone.
And this good chance that thus much favour'eth,
He stacks not—for he presently speeds on;
And, lion-like, upon the rest he flies:
And here falls one;—and there another lies.

And up and down he traverses his ground;
Now wards a falling blow, now strikes again;
Then nimbly shifts a thrust, then lends a wound;
Now back he gives, then rushes on again,
His quick and ready hand doth so confound
These shameful beasts, that four of them lie slain
And all had perish'd happily and well,
But for one act, that (O!) I grieve to tell.

This coward-knight, seeing with shame and fear
His men thus slain, and doubting his own end,
Leaps up into a chair that (lo!) was there;
The whilst the king did all his courage bend
Against those four which now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend;
And pities his hands undaunted, unafear'd,
And with good heart, and life for life he stirr'd.

And whilst he this, and that, and each man's blow
Doth eye, defend, and shift, being laid to sore;
Backward he bears for more advantage now,
Thinking the wall would safe-guard him the more;
When lo! with impious hand, O wicked thoo!
That (shameful) durst not come to strike before,
Behind him gav'st that lamentable wound,
Which laid that wretched prince flat on the ground.

Now proditorious wretch, what hast thou done,
To make this barb'rous base assassinate
Upon the person of a prince; and one
Fore-spent with sorrow, and all desolate?
What great advancement hast thou hereby won,
By being the instrument to perpetrate
So foul a deed? where is thy grace in court,
For such a service, acted in this sort?

First, he for whom thou dost this villainy,
Though pleas'd therewith, will not avouch thy fact.
But let the weight of thine own infamy
Fall on thee unsupported, and unback'd:
Then all men else will loath thy treachery,
And thou thyself abhor thy proper act.
"So th' wolf, in hope the lion's grace to win,
Betraying other beasts, lost his own skin."

But now, as this sweet prince distended lay,
And him nor life nor death their own could call;
For life removing, rid not all away;
And death, though entering, had not seiz'd on all;) ¹
That short-tim'd motion had a little stay,
The mover ceasing) though it were but small:
As th' organ-sound a-time, survives the stop,
Before it doth the dying note give up:

When lo! there streams a spring of blood so fast,
From those deep wounds, as all embra'd the face
Of that accursed caitiff, as he pass'd
After the deed effected) through the place:
And therewithal, those dying eyes did cast
Such an upbraiding look on his disgrace,
Seeming to check so cowardly a part)
As left th' impression even in his heart.

And this one king, most near in blood ally'd,
Made th' oblation for th' other's peace:
Which peace yet was not hereby ratify'd,
So as it could all future fears release.
For though the other did forthwith provide,
To have the rumour run of his decease,
By drawing the corps ² to London, where it was
Laid, three days to be seen, with open face.

Yet so great was this execrable deed,
As men would scarce there'n believe their eyes,
Much less their ears: and many sought to feed
The easy creditors of novelties,
By voicing him alive ³—How he was freed
By strange escape out of his miseries.
And many did conspire now to relieve
Him dead, who had forsaken him alive.

And many suffer'd for his cause, when now
He had none. Many wish'd for him again,
When they perceiv'd th' exchange did not allow
Their hopes so much as they did look to gain,
By trafficking of kings; and all saw how
Their full expectancies were in the wain.
They had a king was more than him before;
But yet a king, where they were nought the more.

And sure this murth' red prince, though weak he was,
He was not ill; nor yet so weak, but that
He show'd much martial valour in his place,
Advent'ring oft his person for the state:
And might amongst our better princes pass;
Had not the flattery, rapine, and debate
Of factious lords, and greedy officers,
Deserv'd his actions, and abus'd his years.

For is it so much princes' weaknesses,
As the corruption of their ministers,
Whereby the commonwealth receives distress,
As they attending their particulars,
Make imperfections their advantages,
So be themselves both kings and counsellors,

¹ The corps was conveyed from Pomfret to London; where it lay with open face in Paul's three days; and after a solemn obsequy, was had to Langley, and there meanly interred.

² King Richard bruted to be alive, after he was thus murdered: which begat a conspiracy; for he which sir Roger Clarendon (supposed to be the same son of the Black Prince) was executed, with liver's fryars.

And sure this commonwealth can never take
Hurt by weak kings, but such as we do make.

Besides, he was (which people much respect
In princes, and which pleases vulgarly)
Of goodly pers'nage, and of sweet aspect;
Of mild access and liberality;
And feasts, and shows, and triumphs did affect,
As the delights of youth and jollity.
But here the great profusion, and expense
Of his revenues, bred him much offence:

And gave advantage unto enmity,
This grievous accusation to prefer;
"That he consum'd the common treasury;
Wherof he being the simple usager
But for the state, (not in propriety)
Did alien at his pleasure, and transfer
The same t' his minions, and to whom he list;
By which the commonwealth was to subsist.

"Whereby," said they, "the poor consumed state,
Shall ever be exacted for supplies."
Which accusation was th' occasion that
His successor, by order, nullifies
Many his patents ¹⁰, and did revoke
And re-assume his liberalities.
And yet, for all these wastes, these gifts and feasts,
He was not found a bankrupt ¹¹ in his chests.

But they who took to Syndick in this sort
The actions of a monarch, knew those things
Wherein th' accompts were likely to fall short,
Between the state of kingdoms and their kings:
Which president, of penitent import,
(Had not the Heav'n's bless'd thy endeavourings)
Against thee, Henry, had been likewise brought,
Th' example made of thy example wrought.

For though this bounty, and this lib'ralness,
A glorious virtue be; it better fits
Great men than kings ¹²: who giving in excess,
Give not their own, but others' benefits:
Which calls up many's hopes, but pleasures less;
Destroying far more love than it begets.
"For justice is their virtue—that alone
Makes them fit sure, and glorifies the throne."

¹⁰ He had in his court one thousand persons, in ordinary allowance of diet; three hundred servitors in his kitchen; above three hundred ladies, chamberers, and launders. His apparel was sumptuous; and so was it generally in his time. He had one coat of gold and stone, valued at thirty thousand marks. One interview with the French king at Ardes, when his wife Isabel was deliver'd unto him, cost him three hundred thousand marks.

¹¹ Henry IV. revoked all letters-patents of annuities, granted by king Edward and king Richard, anno regni 6.

¹² When he was first surpris'd in Wales, the duke of Lancaster had in Holt-castle one hundred thousand marks in coin, and two hundred thousand marks in jewels: and at his resignation in the Tower, three hundred thousand pounds in coin, besides plate and jewels.

¹³ A prince excessive in gifts, makes his subjects excessive in suits.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.
BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Henry his excuses publishes
For Richard's death; and truce doth entertain
With France.—The Scots, aggriev'd for wrongs, ad-
Themselves to war; and are appeas'd again. {dress
—The Welsh rebel.—The Piercies' practices
(To part the state) are stopp'd; in battle slain.
Continual troubles still afflict this king;
Till death an end doth to his travails bring.

THE bounds once overgone that bold men in,
They never stay; but on from bad to worse.
" Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course."
Now, Henry, thou hast added to thy sin
Of usurpation, and intruding force,
A greater crime; which makes that gone before
T' appear more than it did; and noted more.

For now thou art enforc'd t' apologize
With foreign states¹, for two enormous things,
Wherein thou dost appear to scandalize
The public right, and common cause of kings:
Which, though (with all the skill thou canst devise)
Thou overlay'st with fairest colouring;
Yet th' under-work, transparent, shows too plain.
" Where open acts accuse, th' excuse is vain."

And these defences are but compliments,
To dally with confining potentates;
Who, busied in their proper governments,
Do seldom tend th' affairs of other states:
Their wisdom, which to present pow'r consents,
Live dogs before dead lions estimate:
" And no man more respects these public wrongs,
Than so much as t' his private state belongs."

Yet most it seem'd the French king to import,
As sharer in his daughter's injury:
" Though blood in princes links not in such sort,
As that it is of any pow'r to tie,"
Where their estates may seem t' adventure hurt;
Or where there is not a necessity,
That doth combine them with a stronger chain,
Than all these great alliances contain.

For though this king might have resentment
And will t' avenge him of this injury;
Yet at that time his state being turbulent²,
Factions, and full of partiality,
And oftentimes he himself impotent,
By means of his frenetic malady;
It was not likely any good could rise,
By undertaking such an enterprise.

¹ Commissioners are sent to foreign princes, to excuse and justify the king's proceedings.

² In the time of Charles VI. began the civil wars in France, between the dukes of Orleans and Burgoyne.

And therefore both sides, upon entercourse;
(As fitted best their present terms) agreed,
The former truce³ continue should in force,
According as it had been fore-decreed
Upon the match with Richard; and a course
For Isabel (with all convenient speed)
Provided, with an honourable train
Sailing her state, to be sent home again:

Whom willingly they would have still retain'd,
And match'd unto the prince⁴. But she (though
young;

Yet sensible of that which appertain'd
To honour and renown) scorn'd any tongue
That offer'd such a motion; and disdain'd
To have it thought, she would but bear that wrong
Mov'd to her, of her lord and husband dead,
To have his murderer's race enjoy his bed.

Besides, the French (doubting the government,
Thus gotten, would be subject still to strife)
Not willing were to urge her to consent
T' accept a troublous and uncertain life:
And being return'd, she grew in th' end content
To be (at home) a duke of Orleans' wife⁵;
'Scap'd from such storms of pow'r, holding it best
To be below herself, to be at rest.

And so hath Henry assur'd that side,
And therewithal his state of Gascony⁶;
Which, on th' intelligence was notify'd
Of Richard's death, were wrought to mutiny;
And hardly came to be repacify'd,
And kept to hold in their fidelity.
So much to him were they affectioned,
For having been amongst them born and bred.

These toils abroad, these tumults with his own,
(As if the frame of all disjointed were,
With this disorder'd shifting of the crown)
Fell in the revolution of one year.
Beside, the Scot (in discontentment grown
For the detaining, and supporting here,
The scourge of all that kingdom, George Dunbar⁷)
With fire and sword proclaims an open war;

³ The truce made with Richard II. renewed in thirty years; but broken the next year after, upon their part; sending Jaques de Bourbon with arms into Wales, to the aid of Glendour.

⁴ The king labours to have queen Isabel match'd to his son Henry, prince of Wales.

⁵ Queen Isabel was married to Charles, son of Louis, duke of Orleans.

⁶ Thomas Piercy, earl of Worcester, was sent into Gascony, with two hundred men at arms, and four hundred archers; to assist sir Robert Knollys, lieutenant there; where he pacified that country, being incensed by the French to revolt, upon their discontentment for the death of king Richard, whom they especially loved for being born at Bourdeaux.

⁷ George Dunbar, earl of March, flying out of Scotland, was received and cherished in England, and warred against his country.

Taking their time in these disturbances,
And newness of a wav'ring government,
T' avenge them of their former grievances,
And by our spoils their fortunes to augment.
Against whose forces Henry furnishes
A pow'ful army, and in person went;
But wars with a retiring enemy,
With much more travail than with victory.

And being (by sharp deformed winter's force)
Caus'd to retire, he finds new storms at home,
From other coasts arising; that prov'd worse
Than those which now he was returned from.
In Wales*, a cause of law, by violent course,
Was (from a variance) now a war become;
And Owen Glendour, who with Grey of late
Contests for private lands, now seeks a state.

Whom to repress, he early in the spring,
With all provisions fit, doth forward set;
When straight his enemies (not purposing
To hazard battle) to the mountains get:
Where after long and weary travelling,
Without performing any great defeat,
He only their provisions wastes and burns,
And with some prey of cattle home returns.

Wherewith the rebel rather was the more
Encourag'd than addaunted; and begun
T' adventure further than he did before;
Seeing such a monarch had so little done,
Being com'n in person with so great a pow'r,
And suddenly again retir'd and gone.
"For in this case they help, who hurt so small;
And he hath nothing done, that doth not all."

But now (behold!) other new heads appear,
New hydras of rebellion, that procure
More work to do, and give more cause of fear;
And show'd, that nothing in his state stood sure.
And these ev'rs of his chiefest followers were,
Of whom he might presume him most secure;
Who had th' especial engines been, to rear
His fortunes up unto the state they were.

The Piercies were the men—men of great might,
Strong in alliance, and in courage strong;
Who now conspire, under pretence to right
Such wrongs as to the commonwealth belong;
Urg'd either through their conscience, or despite;
Or finding now the part they took was wrong.
Or else ambition hereto did them call,
Or others' envy'd grace; or rather all.

And such they were, who might presume t' have done
Much for the king, and honour of the state;
Having the chiefest actions undergone,
Both foreign and domestical of late:
Beside that famous day of Homeldon⁹,
Where Hotspur gave that wonderful defeat

* Owen Glendour, an esquire in North Wales, contesting with the lord Grey of Ruthen, for certain lands which he claimed by inheritance; and being not powerful enough by his own means to recover them, procured force, and made war upon the lord Grey: and after attempts for the principality of that country, anno regni 2.

⁹ Anno regni 3.

¹⁰ In this battle of Homeldon, the lord Henry

Unto the Scots, as shook that kingdom more
Than many monarchs' armies had before.

Which might perhaps advance their minds so far,
Above the level of subjection, as
T' assume to them the glory of that war;
Where all things by their pow'r were brought to pass.
They being so mighty, and so popular,
And their command so spacious as it was,
Might (in their state) forget, how all these things
That subjects do affect, must be their king's.

And so fell after into discontent,
For that the king requir'd to have as his,
Those lords were taken prisoners; whom they meant
To hold still as their proper purchases:
Then, that he would not at their suit consent
To work their cousin Mortimer's release
Out of the rebel Owen Glendour's hands,
Who held him prisoner in disgraceful bands.

But be what will the cause, strong was their plot,
Their parties great, means good, the season fit;
Their practice close, their faith suspected not;
Their states far off, and they of wary wit:
Who with large promises so woo the Scot
To aid their cause, as he consents to it;
And glad was to disturb that furious stream
Of war on us, that else that swallowed them.

Then join they with the Welsh; who now well train'd
In arms and action, daily grew more great.
Their leader by his wiles had much attain'd,
And done much mischief on the English state:
Beside his pris'n'r Mortimer he gain'd,
From being a foe, to b' his confederate;
A man the king much fear'd—and well he might¹¹;
Lest he should look whether his crown stood right.

For Richard, (for the quiet of the state)
Before he took those Irish wars in hand,
About succession doth deliberate;
And finding how the certain right did stand,
With full consent this man did ordinate
The heir apparent to the crown and land;
Whose competency was of tender touch;
Although his might was small, his right was much.

Piercy, (surnamed Hotspur) accompanied with
George Dunbar, earl of March, overthrew the
Scottish forces: where were slain twenty-three
knights, and ten thousand of the commons; the
earls of Fife, Murray, Angus, with five hundred
other of meaner degree, taken prisoners.

¹¹ In the ninth year of the reign of king Richard II. was by parliament ordained Roger earl of March, heir apparent to the crown.

This Roger was the son of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippa, the only daughter of Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of king Edward III. who by her had issue this Roger, and Elizabeth. Roger had issue four children; all which (save only Anne) died without issue. Anne was married to Richard earl of Cambridge, second son to Edmund duke of York. This Richard (beheaded at Southampton) had issue by Anne, Richard, (surnamed Plantagenet) after duke of York.

With these the Piercies them confederate,
And as three heads conjoin in one intent;
And instituting a triumvirate,
Do part the land in triple government;
Dividing thus among themselves the state:
The Piercies should rule all the north from Trent;
And Glendour, Wales: the earl of March should
be
Lord of the south, from Trent—and so they 'gree.

Then those fair bates these trouble-states still use,
(Pretence of common good, the king's ill course)
Must be cast forth, the people to abuse,
And give their cause and them the better force.
The king for tyranny they do accuse,
By whom the state was grown from bad to worse;
A perjurd man, who held all faith in scorn;
Whose trusted oaths had others made forsworn.

And therewithal the execrable act¹²
On their late murder'd king they aggravate:
"How he employ'd the doers of the fact,
Whom afterwards he did remunerate;
And daily such taxations did exact,
As were against the order of the state;
Presuming those great sums he did impose,
About his private uses to dispose.

"And how he was environed with such
As had possess'd him; and in slanderous sort
Accus'd them so, as they durst not approach
To clear themselves of such unjust report.
And thereupon they flatly disavouch
To yield him more obedience, or support:
And as t' a perjurd duke of Lancaster,
Their cartel of defiance they prefer;

"Protesting these objections to make good
With sword in hand; and to confirm and seal
Their undertaking with their dearest blood,
As procurators for the commonweal.
And that upon their consciences it stood,
And did import their duty and their zeal
Unto the state, as peers, to see redress'd
Those miseries wherewith it was oppress'd."

Great seem'd their cause; and greatly too did
add

The people's love thereto, these crimes impos'd;
That many gather'd to the troops they had,
And many sent them aid, though undisclos'd:
So that the king (with all main speed) was glad,
Both by his remonstrances well compos'd,
And with his sword (his best defence) provide
To right himself, and to correct their pride.

"Divulging first a fair apology
Of his clear heart, touching the foul report
Of that assassinate; which utterly
He doth abjure: protesting, in no sort
T' agree thereto, in will or privity.
And how he had been used to entort,
The state could witness best; by whose consent
Was granted what he had in parliament:

"Which never was but only one supply,
In four years troublous and expensive reign;
And that upon extreme necessity,
The safety of the public to maintain.
And that the Piercies best could testify,
How most that money issued was again;
To whom the same was render'd, to the end
To war the Scot, and borders to defend.

"And that the rest was to the same effect,
For which it was obtain'd, in like sort spent.
And whereas they did slanderously object,
How that they durst not hazard to present
In person their defences, in respect
He was mean'd by some malevolent:
It was most false—for he knew no defence
They were to make, till now they made offence.

"And how far he had been from cruelty,
Both Wales and Scotland could him witness bear;
Where those effects of his great clemency,
In sparing blood, do to his cost appear.
Much more his subjects find his lenity;
Whose love he seeks to have, and not their fear.
But thus," said he, "they ever do pretend
To have receiv'd a wrong, who wrong intend."

Not to give time unto th' increasing rage,
And gath'ring fury; forth he march'd with speed,
Least more delay, or giving longer age
To th' evil grown, it might the cure exceed.
All his best men at arms, and leaders sage;
All he prepar'd he could; and all did need:
For to a mighty work thou goest, O king,
That equal spirits, and equal pow'rs shall bring.

There shall young Houspur, with a fury led,
Engrapple with thy son, as fierce as he:
There martial Worcester, long experienced
In foreign arms, shall come t' encounter thee.
There Douglas, to thy Stafford, shall make head;
There Vernon, for thy valiant Blount, shall be.
There shalt thou find a doubtful bloody day,
Though sickness keep Northumberland away.

Who yet reserv'd (though after quit for this)
Another tempest on thy head to raise;
As if still wrong-revenging Nemesis
Meant to afflict all thy continuing days.
And here this field he happily doth miss,
For thy great good; and therefore well he stays.
What might his force have done, being brought there—
When that already gave so much to do? (to

The swift approach, and unexpected speed¹³,
The king had made upon this new-rai'd force,
In th' unconfirmed troops much fear did breed,
Untimely hind'ring their intended course.
The joining with the Welsh, they had decreed,
Was hereby dash'd; which made their cause the
worse:
Northumberland, with forces from the north,
Expected to be there, was not set forth.

¹² The Piercies' articles against Henry IV. Anno regni 4.

¹³ The king (hastened forward by George Dunbar) was in sight of his enemies, lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, sooner than he was expected. For the Piercies supposed he would have stayed longer than he did at Burton upon Trent, for the

And yet undaunted Hotspur (seeing the King
So near arriv'd) leaving the work in hand,
With forward speed his forces marshalling.
Sets forth, his further coming to withstand:
And with a cheerful voice encouraging
His well-experienc'd and advent'rous band,
Rings on his army, eager unto fight,
And plac'd the same before the king in sight.

"This day," saith he, "my valiant, trusty friends,
Whatever it doth give, shall glory give:
This day with honour fyes our state, or ends
Our misery with fame, that still shall live.
And do but think, how well the same he spends,
Who spends his blood, his country to relieve!
What I have we hands; and shall we servile be?
Why were swords made; but to preserve men free?"

"Besides, th' assured hope of victory,
Which we may ev'n fore-promise on our side,
Against this weak, constrained company;
Whom force and fear, not will and love, doth guide;
Against a prince, whose foul impiety
The Heav'n's do hate; the Earth cannot abide.
Our number being no less, our courage more;
To doubt we have it, if we work therefore."

"His said, and thus resolv'd, ev'n bent to charge
Upon the king, who well their order view'd,
And wary noted all the course at large
Of their proceeding, and their multitude:
And deeming better, if he could discharge
The day with safety, and some peace conclude;
First proffers¹⁴ sends of pardon and of grace,
If they would yield, and quietness embrace.

Which though his fears might drive him to propose,
To time his business for some other end;
Yet sure he could not mean't have peace with those,
Who did in that supreme degree offend.
For where they such as would be won with shows,
Or breath of oaths, or vows could apprehend;
To that (in honour) th' offers he doth make,
Were not for him to give, nor them to take.

And yet this much his courses do approve,
He was not bloody in his natural;
And yield he did to more, than might behove
His dignity to have dispens'd withal.
And unto Worcester he himself did move
A reconciliation to be made of all;
But Worcester, knowing 't could not be secur'd,
His nephew's onset yet for all procur'd.

coming of his council with other forces, which were
here to meet him. Whereupon they left to assault
the town of Shrewsbury, and prepared to encounter
the king's forces. Anno reg. 4.

¹⁴ The abbot of Shrewsbury, and one of the
seals of the privy-seal, were sent from the king to
be Pierces, to offer them pardon, if they would
come to any reasonable agreement. Whereupon
he earl of Worcester coming to the king, received
many kind proffers; and promising to move his
nephew therein, did at his return (as is said) coun-
sell them, and hastened to the battle; which was
fought near Shrewsbury. Anno reg. 4.

VOL. III.

Which seeing, the king with greater wrath incens'd,
Rage against fury doth with speed prepare:
"And though," said he, "I could have well dispens'd
With this day's blood, which I have sought to spare;
That greater glory might have recompens'd
The forward worth of these that so much dare;
That we might good have had by th' overthrow'n,
And th' wounds we make might not have been our own:

"Yet since that other men's iniquity
Calls on the sword of wrath against my will;
And that themselves exact this cruelty,
And I constrained am this blood to spill:
Then on, brave followers; on courageously,
True-hearted subjects, against traitors ill:
And spare not them who seek to spoil us all;
Whose foul, confused end, soon see you shall."

Forthwith began these fury-moving sounds,
The notes of wrath, the music brought from Hell;
The rattling drums, (which trumpets' voice con-
founds)
The cries, th' encouragements, the shouting shrill,
That all about the beaten air rebounds
Confused, thund'ring murmurs, horrible;
To rob all sense, except the sense to fight.
Well hands may work: the mind hath lost his sight.

O War! begot in pride and luxury,
The child of Malice and revengeful Hate;
Thou impious good, and good impiety,
That art the foul refiner of a state;
Unjust-just scourge of men's iniquity,
Sharp-casser of corruptions desperate:
Is there no means, but that a sin-sick land
Must be let blood with such a boisterous hand?

How well might't thou have here been spar'd this
day,
Had not wrong-counsel'd Piercy been perverse?
Whose forward hand, inur'd to wounds, makes way
Upon the sharpest fronts of the most fierce;
Where now an equal fury thrusts, to stay
And back-repel that force, and his disperse.
Then these assail; then those re-chase again;
Till stay'd with new-made hills of bodies slain.

There is! that new-appearing glorious star,
Wonder of arms, the terror of the field,
Young Henry¹⁵ lab'ring where the stoutest are,
And ev'n the stoutest forceth back to yield:
There is that hand holden'd to blood and war,
That must the sword in wondrous actions wield:
Though better be had learn'd with others' blood;
A less expense to us, to him more good.

Yet here had he not speedy succour lent
To his endanger'd father, near oppress'd,
That day had seen the full accomplishment
Of all his travels, and his final rest.
For Mars-like Douglas all his forces bent
To encounter, and to grapple with the best;
As if disdain'ing any other thing
To do that day, but to subdue a king.

¹⁵ Prince Henry, at this battle, was not seven-
teen years of age.

And three, with fiery courage, he assails;
 Three, all as kings adorn'd in royal wise;
 And each successive after other quails,
 Still wounding whence so many kings should rise.
 And doubting lest his hand or eye-sight fails,
 (In those circumfused) on a fourth he flies,
 And him unhorned too: whom had he sped,
 He then all kings in him had vanquished.

For Henry had divided (as it were)
 The person of himself into four parts;
 To be less known, and yet known every where,
 The more to animate his people's hearts:
 Who cheered by his presence, would not spare
 To execute their best and worst parts.
 By which, two special things effected are;
 His safety, and his subjects' better care.

And never worthy prince a day did quit
 With greater hazard, and with more renown,
 Than thou did'st, mighty Henry, in this fight;
 Which only made thee owner of thine own:
 Thou never provid'st the tenure of thy right
 (How thou did'st hold thy easy gotten crown)
 Till now: and now thou show'st thy self chief
 lord,
 By that especial right of kings, the sword.

And dear it cost, and much good blood is shed,
 To purchase thee a saving victory:
 Great Stafford¹⁵, thy high-constable, lies dead,
 With Shorley, Clifton, Gawsell, Calverly,
 And many more—whose brave deaths witnessed
 Their noble valour and fidelity:
 And many more had left their dearest blood
 Behind that day, had Hotspur longer stood.

But he, as Douglas with his fury led,
 Rushing into the thickest woods of spears,
 And brakes of swords, still laying at the head,
 (The life of th' army) whilst he nothing fears,
 Or spares his own: comes all environed
 With multitude of pow'r, that overbears
 His manly worth: who yields not in his fall;
 But fighting dies, and dying kills withal.

What ark, what trophy, what magnificence
 Of glory, Hotspur, had'st thou purchas'd here;
 Could but thy cause as fair as thy pretence,
 Be made unto thy country to appear!
 Had it been her protection and defence,
 (Not thy ambition) made thee sell so dear
 Thyself this day; she must have here made good
 An everlasting statue for thy blood.

Which thus mis-spent, thy army presently
 (As if they could not stand when thou wou'd'st down)
 Dispers'd in rout, betook them all to fly:
 And Douglas, faint with wounds, and overthrown,
 Was taken; who yet won the enemy
 Which took him, (by his noble valour shown,
 In that day's mighty work) and was preserv'd
 With all the grace and honour he deserv'd.

¹⁵ Edmund earl of Stafford, constable of England.

Worcester¹⁷ (who had escap'd unhappily
 His death in battle) on a scaffold dies,
 The next day after, in the company
 Of other chiefest of that enterprise.
 And so the tempest of this mutiny
 Became allay'd; and those great jeopardies
 Blown over in this sort, the coasts well clear'd,
 But for one threatening cloud that yet appear'd.

Northumberland recover'd, still outstands;
 The principal of this great family
 And faction: having Berwick in his hands,
 With other holds: strong by couf'd racy
 With Scotland: mighty by his own command.
 And likely now his utmost pow'r to try,
 T' avenge him on the ruin of his blood,
 And join with Wales, which yet undaunted stood.

Which mov'd the king, (who had too much endur'd
 In this day's work, to hazard now again)
 By all the aptest means could be procur'd,
 To lay to draw him in by any train.
 And write he did, and vow'd, and him assur'd
 (Upon his princely word) to entertain
 With former grace, if he would but submit,
 And come to yield th' obedience that was fit.

The earl being now by this defeat dismay'd,
 (And fearing his confederates would flake
 With fortune, and betray, rather than aid
 Those who are down; being for their own sakes)
 Relying on his sov'reign's oath, obey'd;
 Which with his tender griefs did much prevail:
 And in he came, and had no detriment,
 But (for a show) some short imprisonment.

The parliament that afterward ensu'd,
 Restor'd him t' all his dignities and lands.
 And now none but the Welsh seem'd to seclude
 The king, from having wholly in his hands
 All peace within: and then he had purpos'd,
 Whilst this brave army, with these ready hands,
 Were yet on foot; could he but have got pay
 To hold them, and his charge of war defray.

But that he could not gain, though all the way
 That might be wrought, he labours to procure
 Means to effect the same. But those delays,
 And long protraction, which he must endure
 By way of parliament, so much betrays
 The opportunity, that might secure
 His undertaking; as th' occasion lost,
 Drive both the state and him to greater cost.

For now the rebel¹⁸, thus forborn, grows strong,
 Both in his reputation and success:
 For having with his pow'r held out so long,
 Many adventures with more forwardness
 To yield him aid, and to support his wrong.
 And foreign princes (in his business
 Whom he solicits) now will lend their hand
 To hold him up, seeing himself can stand.

¹⁷ Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, with Sir Richard Vernon, and the baron of Kinderton, was taken in the battle, and beheaded.

¹⁸ The French king sends aid to Owen Glendower, with one hundred and forty ships, which landed at Milford Haven, see reg. 6.

And thus he prospers: whilst the king here spent
 Much time to levy treasure¹⁹, to maintain
 His charge abroad: which, with that discontent,
 That murmur, those desires, he doth gain;
 Is that he finds it ev'n as turbulent
 To war for it, as with it, all his reign;
 Though he had those enforcements of expense,
 Both for offence, retainments, and defence.

For here beside these troubles in the land,
 His large dominions held abroad require
 A plentiful, and a prepared hand,
 To guard them; where so mighty men²⁰ aspire
 To assail, distract, and trouble his command,
 With hopes and promises, with sword and fire.
 And then as deep imports his coasts to clear,
 Which by his neighbours much infested were:

The Flemings, Britains, with the French and all,
 Attempt invasions, and work much despite,
 Breake for Guien: and here the count St. Paul²¹
 For Catalan labours, and the isle of Wight:
 Wherein though neither had success at all;
 Yet Clermont overcame, and won by fight
 Important holds in Gascony the while,
 And did the English much distress and spoil.

All which require provisions to withstand;
 And all are succour'd with great providence.
 A navy, to secure the seas, is mann'd;
 And forces sent to Catalin²², for defence.
 And wherein other parts defective stand,
 They are supply'd with careful diligence:
 So that his subjects could not but well know,
 That what they granted, he did sure bestow.

For did he spare himself, nor his; but (bent
 All-wholly unto active worthiness)
 The prince of Wales unto his province sent,
 Where he was sure he should not take his ease:
 His second son is with the earl of Kent,
 Employ'd as governor to keep the seas.
 A third²³, though very young, likewise sent forth
 With Westmorland, attends unto the north.

¹⁹ An. reg. 6. With much ado, the lady granted
 us fifteen thousand, upon condition that the lord Furnival
 should receive all the money, and see it to be spent
 in the king's wars.

²⁰ The duke of Orleans, with an army of six
 thousand men, entered into Guienne, and besieged
 Fergi the space of three months, and returned with-
 out obtaining it. Anno reg. 5. The count Cler-
 mont, son to the duke of Bourbon, with monsieur
 le la Bret, won divers castles in Gascony. The
 same time the count St. Paul invaded the isle of
 Wight with sixteen hundred men.

²¹ Anno regni 6. The count St. Paul besieged
 the castle of Merk, within three miles of Catalin.
 The Britains, under the conduct of the lord of Ca-
 talin, spoiled and burnt the town of Plymouth.

²² The king sends four thousand men to Catalin,
 and three thousand to the seas, under the conduct
 of his second son, Thomas of Lancaster, afterwards
 duke of Clarence.

²³ John, after duke of Bedford, sent with Ralph
 Peril, earl of Westmorland, into the north.

Thus were they bred, who after were to be
 Men amongst men. Here, with these grave adjoints,
 (These learned masters) they were taught to see
 Themselves, to read the world, and keep their points.
 Thus were they entered in the first degree
 (And accident) of action; which acquaints
 Them with the rules of worth and nobleness;
 Which in true concord they learn'd well to express.

And whilst he attends the state thus carefully,
 The earl of March's children are convey'd
 Out of the tow'r of Windsor secretly;
 Being prisoners there not for their merit laid,
 But for their blood; and to the end whereby
 This chain of nature might be interlaid
 Between the father and his high intents,
 To hold him back, to save these innocents.

For which attempt, (though it were frustrated
 By their recovery, who were got again)
 Aunmarie (now duke of York) is challenged
 By his own sister²⁴, to have laid that train;
 Who late her lord (with others) ruined,
 In secretly betraying them, 't' obtain
 His grace and peace—which yet contents him not:
 For who hath grace and peace by treason got?

So much did love 't' her executed lord
 Predominate in this fair lady's heart,
 As in that region it would not afford
 Nature a place to rest in any part
 Of her affections; but that she abhor'd
 Her proper blood, and left to do the part
 Of sisterhood, to do that of a wife;
 'T' avenge a husband's death, by brother's life.

Upon which accusation, presently
 The duke committed is, without much stir
 Or vulgar noise: for that it tenderly
 Did touch the secret wounds of Lancaster:
 When straight another new conspiracy²⁵,
 (As if it were a certain success²⁶,
 Ally'd to this) engender'd in the north,
 Is by the archbishop Scroope with pow'r brought
 forth.

And with fair zeal and piety approv'd,
 To be for th' universal benefit
 And succour of the people; who (soon mov'd
 By such persuaders as are held upright,
 And for their zeal and charity befor'd)
 Use not 't' examine if the cause be right,
 But leap into the toil, and are undone
 By following them that they rely'd upon.

²⁴ The lady Spencer, sister to Edward duke of
 York, late wife to Thomas lord Spencer, (executed
 at Bristol, an. reg. 1.) accused her brother to be
 the chief author of conveying away the earl of
 March's sons out of the tower of Windsor.

²⁵ Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland, again
 conspires against the king; with Richard Scroope,
 archbishop of York; Thomas Mowbray, earl mar-
 shal; Thomas lord Burdolph, and others. They
 assembled the citizens of York, with the country
 adjoining; to take their part, for the commodity to
 the realm.

Here new aspersions, with new obloquies,
Are laid on old deserts; and future ill
On present sufferings bruted to arise,
That farther grievances ²⁶ engender will.
And then commision, rapine, pillories,
Their catalogue of accusations fill:
Which to redress, they do presume to make
Religion to avow the part they take.

And ev'n as Canterbury did produce
A pardon, to advance him to the crown;
The like now York ²⁷ pronounces, to induce
His faction for the pulling of him down:
Whilst th' ignorant, deceiv'd by this abuse,
Makes others' ends to be as if their own.
But what would these have done against the crimes,
Oppressions, riots, wastes of other times?

Since now they had a monarch, and a man,
Rain'd by his worth, and by their own consent,
To govern them; and works the best he can,
T' advance the crown, and give the state content;
Commits not all to others care, nor run
An idle course, or on his minions spent.
" But thus the horse at first bites at the bit,
That after is content to play with it."

Grown to a mighty pow'r (attending now
Northumberland, with his prepared aid)
The bishop (by a party) is, with a show
Of combination, cunningly betray'd
By Westmorland ²⁸; whose wit did overthrow
(Without a sword) all these great fears, and stay'd
The mightiest danger that did ever yet
Thy crown and state, disturbed Henry, threat.

For which this sev'rend priest ²⁹ with Mowbray dies;
Who both drawn on with passion of despite,
To undertake this fatal enterprise,
(The one his brother's bloodshed to requite;
The other for his father's injuries)
Did wrong themselves, and did not others right.
" For who through th' eyes of their affections look,
And not of judgment, these are overlook."

Whereof when news came to Northumberland ³⁰,
(Who seldom other than of misery
Seems born to hear; being ever behind hand
With Fortune, and his opportunity)
To Scotland flies: where given to understand
Of some entrapment by conspiracy,

²⁶ They divulge grievous articles against the king.

²⁷ The archbishop of York offers pardon to all that take their part against the king.

²⁸ The earl of Westmorland, with John duke of Lancaster, gathered an army against the conspirators; whose power being too great for them, the earl made semblance to join with the archbishop, for redress of such grievances as he pretended; and so circumvented, and disarmed him of his forces, anno. reg. 6.

²⁹ The archbishop was brother to William Scroope, earl of Wiltshire, treasurer of England, before beheaded.

Thomas Mowbray, earl marshal, son to the duke of Norfolk, banished about the quarrel with Henry Bolingbroke.

³⁰ The earl of Northumberland, returning out of Wales, recovers new forces in Yorkshire; and is,

Gets into Wales; whence he adventur'd
T' attempt another day, and lost his head.

Whereby once more those parts are quieted;
When as the king ³¹ (who never had his brow
Seen free from sweat, nor heart from trouble) did
Was, with suspicion that his son grew now
Too popular, and forward, so much fed
By wicked instruments, (who well knew how
To gain by princes fears) as he thereby
Fell in his grief to great extremity.

Which when that virtuous prince (who born to be
The model of a glorious monarch) heard,
With humble protestations did so free
His father's fears, and his own honour clear'd,
As that he plainly made the world to see,
How base detraction and deceit appear'd;
And that a heart so nobly built, could not
Contain (within) a thought that wore a blot.

Wherewith the king betakes him to some posture;
Yet to a peace much like a sick man's sleep,
(Whose unrelenting pains do never cease,
But always watch upon his weakness keep)
That never any sabbath of release
Could free his travels, and afflictions deep:
But still his cares held working all his life,
Till Death concludes a final end with strife.

Whose herald, Sickness, being employ'd before,
With full commission to denounce his end;
And pain and grief enforcing more and more,
Besieg'd the hold that could not long defend;
Consuming so all that resisting store
Of those provisions Nature design'd to lend,
As that the walls (worn thin) permit the mind
To look out thorough, and his frailty find.

For now (as if those vapours vanish'd were,
Which heat of boiling blood and health did breed,
To cloud the judgment) things do plain appear
In their own colours, as they are indeed;
When as th' illighen'd soul discovers clear
Th' abusive shows of sense, and notes with heed
How poor a thing is pride; " When all, as slaves,
Differ but in their fetters, not their graves."

And lying on his last, afflicted bed,
Pale Death and Conscience both before him stand;
Th' one holding out a book, wherein he read
In bloody lines the deeds of his own hand:
The other shows a glass, which figur'd
An ugly form of foul corrupted sand;
Both bringing horror in the high'st degree,
With what he was, and what he soon should be.

Which seeing, (all trembling and confus'd with fear,
He lay awhile amaz'd with this affright:
At last commands some that attending were,
To fetch the crown, and set it in his sight:
On which with fixed eye, and heavy cheer,
Casting a look—" O God," saith he, " what sight

with the lord Bardolph, overcome at Bramham Moor, and slain in the battle, anno. regni 9.

³¹ The king grows jealous of his son Henry, prince of Wales: who, with a better mind than fashion, came to his father, and cleared himself, anno. regni 13.

had to thee, I now in grief conceive:
hee—which with blood I held! with horror leave!”

And herewithal, the soul (rapt with the thought
Of mischiefs past) did so attentive weigh
Hers present terrors, whilst (as if forgot)
He dull oppressed body senseless lay;
That he as breathless quite, quite dead is thought:
Then lo! the son comes in, and takes away
His fatal crown from thence; and out he goes,
As if impatient longer time to lose.

“To whom (call’d back for this presumptuous deed)
The king, return’d from out his ecstasy,
Began—“O son, what need’st thou make such
To be before-hand with thy misery? [speed,
Thou shalt have time enough, if thou succeed,
To feel the storms that beat on dignity.
And if thou could’st but be (be any thing)
A liberty, then never be a king.”

“Nay, father, since your fortune did attain
So high a stand; I mean not to descend,”
Replies the prince. “As if what you did gain,
Were of spirit unable to defend.
Time will appease them well, who now complain,
And ratify our int’rest in the end.
What wrong hath not continuance quite out-worn?
‘ears make that right, which never was so born.”

“If so, God work his pleasure,” said the king:
“Yet thou must needs contend with all thy might,
Each evidence of virtuous deeds to bring,
That well may prove our wrong to be our right.
And let the goodness of the managing
Lase out the blot of foul attaining quite;
But discontent may all advantage miss,
To wish it otherwise than now it is.

“And since my death my purpose doth prevent,
Touching this holy war I took in hand,
An action wherewithal my soul had meant
To appease my God, and reconcile my land)
To thee is left to finish my intent;
Who, to be safe, must never idly stand:
But some great actions entertain thou still,
To hold their minds, who else will practise ill.

“Thou hast not that advantage by my reign,
To riot it, as they whom long descent
Hath purchas’d love by custom: but with pain
Thou must contend to buy the world’s content.
What their birth gave them thou hast yet to gain,
By thine own virtues add good government:
So that unless thy worth confirm the thing,
Thou never shalt be father to a king.

“Nor art thou born in those calm days, where rest
Hath brought asleep sluggish security:
Not in tumultuous times, where minds address’d
To factions, are inur’d to mutiny;
To mischief, not by force to be suppress’d,
Where rigour still begets more enmity.
Instead must be beguil’d with some new course,
Where states are stiff, and princes doubt their force.”

“This, and much more, affliction would have said,
But of th’ experience of a troublous reign,
For which his high desires had dearly paid
The int’rest of an ever-toiling pain)

But that this all-subduing pow’r here stay’d
His falt’ring tongue²; and pain (to enforce ’t again)
Bar’d up the oppress’d passages of breath,
To bring him quite under the state of death.

In whose possession I must leave him now;
And now into the ocean of new toils,
Into the stormy main (where tempests grow
Of greater ruins, and of greater spoils)
Set forth my course (to hasten on my vow)
O’er all the troublous deep of these turmoils.
And if I may but live to’ attain the shore
Of my desired end, I wish no more.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fifth cuts off his enemy,
The earl of Cambridge, that conspir’d his death,
Henry the Sixth, (marry’d unluckily)
His, and his country’s glory ruineth.
Suffolk, that made the match, prefer’d too high;
Going to exile, a pirate murdereth.
What means the duke of York observ’d, to gain
The world’s good-will, seeking the crown to’ attain.

Close another’d lay the low depressed fire,
Whose after-issuing flames confounded all,
The whilst victorious Henry did conspire
The wreck of France, that at his feet did fall:
Whilst joys of gotten spoils, and new desire
Of greater gain, to greater deeds did call
His coun’ring troops; that could no thoughts retain,
Save thoughts of glory, all that active reign.

Whom here, methinks, (as if he did appear
Out of the cloudy darkness of the night)
I do behold approach with martial cheer,
And with a dreadful (and yet lovely) sight:
Whose eye gives courage, and whose brow hath fear,
Both representing terror and delight;
And stays my course, and off my purpose breaks;
And in upbraiding words thus fiercely speaks.

“Ungrateful times! that impiously neglect
That worth, that never times again shall show.
What! merits all our toil no more respect?
Or else stands idleness ashamed to know
Those wondrous actions, that do so object
Blame to the wanton, sin unto the slow?
Can England see the best that she can boast
Lie thus ungrac’d, undeck’d, and almost lost?”

² Anno dom. 1412, the king died in the 46th year of his age, when he had reigned 13 years 6 months, and left four sons: Henry, after him, king; the duke of Clarence, John duke of Bedford, and Humphrey duke of Gloucester.

¹ Henry V. began his reign, March 20, 1412.

" Why do you seek for feigned Pallasines,
(Out of the smoke of idle vanity)
Who may give glory to the true designs
Of Bouchier, Talbot, Nevile, Willoughby?
Why should not you strive to fill up your lines,
With wonders of your own, with verity?
To inflame their offspring with the love of good,
And glorious true examples of their blood.

" What everlasting matter here is found,
Whence new immortal lias might proceed?
That those whose happy graces do abound
In blessed accents, here may have to feed
Good thoughts, on no imaginary ground
Of hungry shadows, which no profit breed;
Whence, music-like, instant delight may grow;
Yet when men all do know, they nothing know.

" And why dost thou, in lamest able verse,
Nothing but bloodshed, treason, sin, and shame,
The worst of times, th' extreme of ill rehearse;
To raise old stains, and to renew dead blame?
As if the minds of th' evil and perverse,
Were not far sooner trained from the same,
By good example of fair virtuous acts,
Than by the show of fool ungodly facts.

" Would God our times had had some sacred right,
Whose words as happy as our words had been,
To have prepar'd for us trophies aright
Of undecaying frames t' have rested in;
Triumphant arks of perdurable might:
O holy lines! that such advantage win
Upon the scythe of Time, in spite of years:
How blessed they, who gain what never wears!

" For what is it to do; if what we do
Shall perish near as soon as it is done?
What is that glory we attain unto
With all our toil, if lost as soon as won?
A small requital for so great ado,
Is this poor present breath, a smokes stone gone;
Or these dumb stones, erected for our sake:
Which furless heaps few stormy changes make.

" Tell great Eliza, (since her days are grac'd
With those bright ornaments to us deny'd)
That she repair what darkness hath defac'd,
And get our ruin'd deeds re-edify'd.
She! in whose all-directing eye is plac'd
A pow'r, the highest pow'rs of wit to guide;
She may command the work, and oversee
The holy frame, that might eternal be.

" For would she be content that Time should make
A rav'ous prey upon her glorious reign;
That darkness and the night should overtake
So clear a brightness shining without stain?
Ah! no: she fosters some, no doubt, that wake
For her eternity, with pleasing pain.
And if she for herself prepare this good,
Let her not so neglect those of her blood."

This that great monarch Henry seem'd to crave:
When (weighing what a holy motive here
Virtue propos'd, and fit for him to have,
Whom all times ought of duty hold most dear)
Ligh'd—~~and wish'd that some would take t' engrave,~~
With curious hand, to press a week to rear,
(To grace the present, and to bless times past,
'That might for ever to our glory last!

So should our well-taught times have learn'd all
How fair shin'd virtue, and how foul vice stood;
When now myself am driven to mislike
Those deeds of worth I dare not vow for good:
I cannot mean who lose, nor praise who seek
By mighty actions how t' advance their blood.
I must say, who wrought most, least honour had:
However good the cause, the deeds were bad.

And only tell the worst of ev'ry reign;
And not the intermeddled good report.
I leave what glory virtue did attain
At th' ever-memorable Agincourt.
I leave to tell, what wit, what pow'r did gain
Th' assieg'd Roan, Caen, Dreux; or in what sort
How majesty with terrour did advance
Her conqu'ring foot on all-subdu'd France.

All this I pass; and that magnanimous king,
Mirror of virtue, miracle of worth;
Whose mighty actions, with wise managing,
Forc'd prouder boasting climes to serve the North:
The best of all the best the Earth can bring,
Scarce equals him in what his reign brought forth
Being of a mind as forward to aspire,
As fit to govern what he did desire.

His comely body was a goodly seat,
Where Virtue dwelt most fair, as loth'd most part
A body strong; where use of strength did get
A stronger state to do, and to endure.
His life he makes th' example to brag
Like spirit in these he did to good insure;
And gave to Worth such life and livelihood,
As if he greatness sought but to do good.

He, as the chief and all-directing head,
Did with his subjects as his members live;
And them to goodness forced not, but led;
Winning, not much to have, but much to give,
(Deeming the pow'r of his, his pow'r did spend)
As born to bless the world, and not to grieve:
Adorn'd with others' spoils, not subjects' store;
No king exacting less, some winning more.

He, after that corrupted faith had bred
An ill-learn'd obedience for command,
And languishing luxuriosness had spread
Wayward unaptness over all the land;
These long unorder'd troops so unrevell'd,
Under such formal discipline to stand,
That ev'n his soul seem'd only to direct
So great a body, such exploits t' effect.

He brings abroad distracted discontent,
Disperr'd ill humours into actions high;
And to unite them all in one consent,
Plac'd the fair mark of glory in their eye;
That Malice had no leisure to dissent,
Nor Envy time to practice treachery.
The present actions do divert the thought
Of madness past, while minds were so well wrong

Here now were pride, oppression, misery,
(The canker-eating mischiefs of the state)
Call'd forth to prey upon the enemy;
While the home-barber'd better lighten'd at
Exactors did not with a greedy eye
Examine states, or private riches rate.

The silent courts¹ war'd not with busy words ;
Nor wrested law gave the contentions swords.

Now nothing entertains th' attentive ear,
But stratagems, assaults, surprises, fights :
How to give laws to them that conquer'd were ;
How to articulate with yielding wights.
The weak with mercy, and the proud with fear,
How to retain ; to give deserts their rights ;
Were now the arts—And nothing else was thought,
But how to win, and maintain what was got.

But here, the equally respecting eye
Of Pow'r, looking alike on like deserts,
Blessing the good, made others' good thereby ;
More mighty by the multitude of hearts.
The field of glory unto all doth lie
Open alike ; honour to all imparts.
So that the only fashion is request,
Was, to be good, or good-like as the rest.

So much, O thou Example, dost effect,
(Being far a better master than Command²)
That how to do, by doing dost direct,
And teachest others action by thy hand.
"Who follows not the course that kings elect ?
When princes work, who then will idle stand ?
And when that doing good is only thought
Worthy reward ; who will be bad for nought ?"

And had not th' earl of Cambridge³, with vain speed,
Untimely practis'd for another's right,
With hope t' advance those of his proper seed,
(On whom the rule seem'd destined to light)
The land had seen none of her own to bleed,
During this reign, nor so aggrieved sight :
None the least blackness interclouded had
So fair a day, nor any eye look'd sad.

But now when France perceived from afar
The gathering tempest growing on from hence,
Ready to fall, threatening their state to mar,
They labour all means to provide defence :
And practising how to prevent this war,
And shut out such calamities from thence ;
Do foster here some discord lately grown,
To hold ambition husied with her own.

But now when France perceived from afar
The gathering tempest growing on from hence,
Ready to fall, threatening their state to mar,
They labour all means to provide defence :
And practising how to prevent this war,
And shut out such calamities from thence ;
Do foster here some discord lately grown,
To hold ambition husied with her own.

Finding those haunours which they saw were fit
Soon to be wrought, and easy to be fed,
Swol'n full with envy, that the crown should sit
There were it did, (as if established)
And whom it touch'd in blood, to grieve at it ;
They with such hopes and helps soliciated,
That this great earl was drawn t' attempt the thing,
And practiseth how to depose the king.

For being of mighty means to do the deed,
And yet of mightier hopes than means to do ;
And yet of spirit that did his hopes exceed ;
And then of blood as great, to add thereto :
All these, with what the gold of France could breed,
(Being pow'r's enough a climbing mind to woo)
He so employ'd, that many he had won
Ev'n of the chief⁴ the king rely'd upon.

The well-known right of th' earl of March altar'd
A leaning love ; whose cause he did pretend :
Whereby he knew that so himself procur'd
The crown for his own children in the end.
For the earl being (as he was assur'd)
Unapt for issue ; it must needs descend
On those of his, being next of Clarence race,
As who by course of right should hold the place.

It was the time when as the forward prince
Had all prepar'd for his great enterprise⁵ ;
And ready stand his troops to part from hence,
And all in stately form and order lies ;
When open Fame gives out intelligence
Of these bad complots of his enemies.
Or else this time of purpose chosen is ;
Though known before, yet let run on till this.

That this might yield the more to aggravate
Upon so foul a deed untimely sought,
Now at this point t' attempt to rinate
So glorious a design so forward brought ;
Whilst careful virtue seeks t' advance the state,
And for her everlasting honour sought :
That though the cause seem'd right, and title strong,
The time of doing it yet makes it wrong.

But straight an unlamented death he had.
And straight were joyfully the anchors weigh'd,
And all flock fast aboard with visage glad ;
As if the sacrifice had now been paid
For their good speed, that made their stay so sad,
Loathing the least occasion that delay'd.
And now new thoughts, great hopes, calm seas, fair
With present action entertain their minds. [winds,

No other cross, O Henry, saw thy days
But this, that touch'd thy now possess'd hold ;
Nor after long, till this man's son⁶ assays
To get of thine the right that he controll'd ;
For which contending long, his life he pays.
So that it fatal seem'd, the father should

¹ The courts of justice.

²Docet tolerare labores ; non jabet.

³ Richard earl of Cambridge, the second son to Edmund Langley, duke of York ; married Anne, the daughter of Roger Mortimer, earl of March, descended from Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son to king Edward III. By whose right, Richard duke of York, son to this earl of Cambridge, afterwards claimed the crown.

⁴ The earl of Cambridge conspiring the death of the king, was, with Henry Scroope, lord treasurer, and sir Thomas Gray, executed at Southampton, anno 3. regni.

⁵ At Southampton.

⁶ Richard duke of York, son to the earl of Cambridge, by Anne, daughter to the earl of March, made his claim in the 30th year of Henry VI.

Thy winning seek to stay; and then his son
Should be the cause to lose, when thou had'st won.

Yet now in this so happy a meanwhile,
And interlightning times thy virtues wrought,
That Discord had no leisure to defile
So fair attempts with a tumultuous thought:
And ev'n thyself thyself did'st so beguile
With such attention upon what was sought,
That time affords not now (with fear or hate)
Others to seek, thee to secure thy state.

Or else how easy had it been for thee,
All the pretendant race t' have laid full low?
If thou proceeded had'st with cruelty,
Not suffering any fatal branch to grow.
But unsuspecting magnanimity
Shames such effects of fear and force to show;
Busied in free and open actions, still
Being great—for being good, hates to be ill.

And yet such wrongs are held meet to be done,
And often for the state thought requisite;
As when the public good depends thereon,
When great injustice is esteem'd great right.
But yet, what good with doing ill is won?
Who bath of blood made such a benefit,
As hath not fear'd more after than before;
And made his peace the less, his plague the more?

Far otherwise dealt this undaunted king,
That cherished the offspring of his foes,
And his competitors to grace did bring;
And them his friends for arms and honours chose:
As if plain courses were the safest thing,
Where upright goodness sure and steadfast goes;
Free from that subtle mask'd impiety,
Which this deprav'd world calls policy.

Yet how hath Fate dispos'd of all this good?
What have these virtues after-times avail'd?
In what stead hath high-raised valour stood,
When this continuing cause of greatness fail'd?
Then when proud grown the irritated blood,
Enduring not itself, itself assail'd;
As though that Process had but learn'd to spill
Much blood abroad, to cut her throat with skill.

How doth th' Eternal, in the course of things,
Immix the causes both of good and ill?
That thus th' one effects of th' other brings;
As what seems made to bliss, is born to spill?
What! from the best of virtues, glory, springs
That which the world with misery doth fill?
Is th' end of happiness but wretchedness?
Hath sin his plague, and virtue no success?

Either that is not good the world holds good;
Or else is so confus'd with ill, that we
(Abused with th' appearing likelihood)
Run to offend, whilst we think good to be:
Or else the Heavens made man (in furious blood)
To torture man; allotting no course free
From mischief long. Sending fair days, that breed
But storms; to make more foul times that succeed.

Who would have thought that so great victories,
Such conquests, riches, land, and kingdom gain'd,
Could not but have establish'd in such wise
This powerful state, in state to have remain'd?
Who would have thought that mischief could de-
A way, so soon to lose what was attain'd? [vise

As if pow'r were but show'd to glorie, not grace,
And to reduce us into far worse case.

With what contagion, France, did'st thou infect
This land, by thee made proud, to disagree?
T' enrage them so, their own swords to direct
Upon themselves, that were made sharp in thee!
Why did'st thou teach them here at home t' erect
Trophies of their blood, which of thine should be?
Or was the date of thine affliction out;
And so (by course) was ours to come about?

But that untimely death of this great king*,
Whose nine years reign so mighty wonders wrought,
To thee thy hopes, to us despair did bring;
Not long to keep and govern what was got.
For those that had th' affairs in managing,
Although their country's good they greatly sought;
Yet so ill accidents untidly fell,
That their designs could hardly prosper well.

An infant king* doth in the state succeed,
Scarcely one year old, left unto others' guide:
Whose careful trust, though such as show'd indeed
They weigh'd their charge more than the world be-
And did with duty, zeal, and love proceed; [vise
Yet (for all what their travail could provide)
Could not now Fortune to remain with us,
When this her mission was departed thus:

But by degrees, first this, then that regain'd,
The turning tide bears back with flowing chance
Unto the Dauphin, all we had attain'd;
And fills the late low-running hopes of France.
When Bedford (who our only hold maintain'd)
Death takes from us, their fortune to advance;
And then home strife, that on itself did fall,
Neglecting foreign care, did soon lose all.

Near threescore years are pass'd since Bolingbroke
Did first attain (God knows how just) the crown:
And now his race, for right possessors took,
Were held of all to hold nought but their own:
When Richard duke of York begins to look
Into their right, and makes his title known;
Wak'ning up sleeping Right, that lay as dead,
To witness how his race was injured.

His father's end, in him no fear could move
T' attempt the like, against the like of might;
Where long possession now of fear and love,
Seem'd to prescribe ev'n an innated right.
So that to prove his state, was to disprove
Time, law, consent, oath and allegiance quite:
And no way but the way of blood there was,
Through which (with all confusion) he must pass.

"And how much better for him had it been,
T' endure a wrong with peace, than with such toil
T' obtain a bloody right?—Since right is sin,
That is ill-sought, and purchased with spoil."
But this so wretched state are kingdoms in,
Where one man's cause shall all the rest embroil:

* Henry V. reigned nine years and ten months, and died in the 36th year of his age.

* Henry VI. scarce one year old when he began his reign, was committed to the charge of the two good dukes, Bedford and Gloucester, his uncles.

' And oft t' advance a tyrant to a crown,
 Then run t' undo the state that is their own."

And yet that opportunity which led
 Him to attempt, seem'd likewise him t' excuse:
 A feeble-spirited king that governed,
 Who ill could guide the sceptre he did use;
 His enemies, that his worth maliced,
 Who both the land and him did much abuse:
 The people's love; and his apparent right,
 May seem sufficient motives to incite.

Besides, the slow ripe wrath (deferr'd till now)
 Of that sure and unfailing Justicer,
 That never suffers wrong so long to grow,
 And to incorporate with right so far,
 As it might come to seem the same in show,
 T' encourage those that evil-minded are
 By such success; but that at last he will
 Confound the branch, whose root was planted ill.

Else might the impious say, with grudging spite,
 ' Doth God permit the great to riot free,
 And bless the mighty though they do unright,
 As if he did unto their wrongs agree?
 And only plague the weak and wretched wight,
 For smallest faults, ev'n in the high'st degree?
 When he but using them for others' scourge,
 Likewise of them at length the world doth purge.

' But could not yet for bloodshed satisfy
 The now well-ruling of th' ill-gotten crown?
 Must ev'n the good receive the penalty
 Of former sins, that never were their own?
 And must a just king's blood (with misery)
 Pay for a bad, unjustly overthrow?
 Well—then we see, Right in his course must go:
 And men, t' escape from blood must keep it so."

And sure this king that now the crown possess'd,
 Henry the Sixth) was one whose life was free
 From that command of vice, whereto the rest
 Of most these mighty sovereigns subjects be;
 And number'd might have been among the best
 Of other men, if not of that degree.
 A right good man, but yet an evil king;
 Just for what he had in managing.

Of humble spirit, of nature eminent;
 No thought t' increase he had; scarce keep his own:
 For pard'ning apter than for punishment;
 He chokes his pow'r, to have his bounty known.
 Far from revenge; soon won; soon made content;
 As sifter for a clobber than a crown:
 Whose holy mind so much addicted is
 On th' world to come, that he neglecteth this.

With such a weak-good, feeble-godly king,
 Hath Richard duke of York his cause to try;
 Who by th' experience of long managing
 The wars of France with supreme dignity;
 And by his own great worth, with furthering
 The common good against the enemy,
 Had wrought, that zeal and love attend his might,
 And make his spirit equal to his right.

For now the duke of Bedford being dead,
 He is ordain'd the regent¹⁰ to succeed
 In France, for five years: where he travailed
 With ready hand, and with as careful heed,

¹⁰ The duke of York made regent in France,
 After the death of the duke of Bedford.

To seek to turn back fortune, (that now fell)
 And hold up falling pow'r in time of need:
 And got and lost; and re-attains again,
 That which again was lost for all his pain.

His time expir'd, he should for five years more
 Have had his charge prolong'd: but Somerset¹¹,
 That still had envy'd his command before,
 That place and honour for himself did get:
 Which adds that matter to th' already store
 Of kindled hate, which such a fire doth set
 Unto the touch of a confounding flame,
 As both their bloods could never quench the same.

And now the weakness of that feeble head
 (That doth neglect all care, but his soul's care)
 So easy means of practice ministriz'd
 Unto th' ambitious members, to prepare
 Their own desires to what their humours led;
 That all good actions coldly followed are,
 And sev'ral-tending hopes do wholly bend
 To other now than to the public end.

And to draw on more speedy misery,
 The king unto a fatal match is led,
 With Rayner's¹² daughter, king of Sicily;
 Whom, with unlucky stars, he married.
 For by the means of this affinity,
 Was lost all that his father conquered;
 Ev'n as if France had some Erynnis sent,
 T' avenge their wrongs done by the insolent.

This marriage was the earl of Suffolk's¹³ deed,
 With great rewards won to effect the same;
 Which made him that he took so little heed
 Unto his country's good, or his own shame:
 It being a match could stand us in no stead,
 For strength, for wealth, for reputation, fame:
 But cunningly contriv'd for others' gain;
 And cost us more than Anjou, Maine, and Main.

And yet (as if he had accomplished
 Some mighty benefit unto the land)
 He got his travails to be regist'rd
 In parliament, for evermore to stand
 A witness to approve all what he did;
 To th' end that if hereafter it were scann'd,
 Authority might yet be on his side,
 As doing nought but what was ratify'd.

Imagining th' allowance of that place
 Would make that good, the which he knew was
 naught;
 And so would his negotiation grace,
 As none might think it was his private fault.
 Wherein though wit dealt wary in this case,
 Yet in the end itself it over-wrought:

¹¹ Edmund duke of Somerset, a great enemy
 of the duke of York.

¹² This Rayner was duke of Anjou, and only en-
 joyed the title of king of Sicily.

¹³ William de la Poite, earl of Suffolk, after cre-
 ated duke of Suffolk, the chiefest instrument in
 this marriage; which was solemniz'd anno regni
 23, between the king and the lady Margaret,
 daughter to Rayner duke of Anjou; to whom was
 delivered up the duchy of Anjou, and the county
 of Main, upon the conclusion of this match.

Striving to hide, he open'd it the more ;
His after-care show'd craft had gone before.

Dear didst thou buy, O king, so fair a wife,
So rare a spirit, so high a mind the while ;
Whose portion was destruction, dowry strife ;
Whose bed was sorrow, whose embracing spoil :
Whose maintenance cost thee and thine their life ;
And whose best comfort never was but toil.
What Paris brought this booty of desire,
To set our mighty Iliam here on fire ?

I grieve I should be forc'd to say thus much,
To blame her, whom I yet must wonder at ;
Whose so sweet beauty, wit, and worth were such,
As (though she fortune lost) she glory got.
Yet doth my country's zeal so nearly touch,
That here my Muse it doth exasperate ;
Although unwilling that my pen should give
Stain to that sex, by whom her fame doth live.

For sure those virtues well deserv'd a crown :
And had it not been ours, no doubt she might
Have been among the worthies of renown,
And now sat fair with fame, with glory bright.
But coming in the way where sin was grown
So foul and thick, it was her chance to light
Amidst the gross infection of those times ;
And so came stain'd with black, disgraceful crimes.

For some the world must have, on whom to lay
The heavy burthen of reproach and blame ;
Against whose deeds th' afflicted may inveigh,
As th' only authors whence destruction came :
When yet, perhaps, 't was not in them to stay
The current of that stream, nor help the same ;
But living in the eye of action so,
Not hind'ring it, are thought to draw on us.

So much unhappy do the mighty stand,
Who stand on other than their own defence,
When as destruction is so near at hand ;
That if by weakness, folly, negligence,
They do not coming misery withstand,
They shall be deem'd the authors of th' offences,
And to call in that which they kept not out ;
And curs'd, as they who brought those plagues about.

And so remain for ever regist'rd
In that eternal book of infamy :
When yet how many other causes led
As well to that as their iniquity ?
The worst complots oft lie close smother'd :
And well-meant deeds fall out unluckily ;
Whilst the aggriev'd stand not to weigh th' intent,
But ever judge according to th' event.

I may not this t' excuse thy sin, O queen,
Nor clear their faults who mighty actors are :
I cannot but affirm thy pride¹⁴ hath been
A special means this commonwealth to mar ;
And that thy wayward will was plainly seen
In vain ambition to presume too far :
And that by thee the only way was wrought,
The duke of Gloucester to his death was brought :

¹⁴ The pride and haughtiness of this queen Margaret, gave the first original to the mischief that followed, by the death of Humphrey duke of Gloucester, protector.

A man, though seeming in thy thought to sit
Between the light of thy desires and thee ;
Yet did his taking thence plainly permit
Others to look to that they could not see
During his life, nor would adventure it :
When his remove quite made that passage free ;
That by his full thinking to stand alone,
Thou scarce couldst stand at all when he was gone.

For this duke (as protector) many years
Had rul'd the land, during the king's young age ;
And now the self-same charge and title bears,
As if he still were in his pupillage :
Which such disgrace unto the queen appears,
That (all incens'd with an ambitious rage)
She doth conspire to have him made away,
As one that stay'd the current of her sway.

Thrust thereinto not only with her pride,
But by her father's counsel and consent ;
Who griev'd likewise that any one beside
Should have the honour of the government :
And therefore he such deep advice apply'd,
As foreign craft and cunning could invent,
To circumvent an unsuspecting wight,
Before he should discern of their despite.

And many ready hands she straight doth find
To aid her deed, of such as could not brook
The length of one man's office in that kind ;
Who all th' especial charges undertook,
Rul'd all himself ; and never had the mind
To impart a part with others, who would look
To have likewise some honour in their hands,
And griev'd at such obscuring of command.

For had he not had such a greedy love¹⁵
To entertain his offices too long,
Envy had been unable to reprove
His acted life, unless she did him wrong.
But having liv'd so many years above,
He grieves now to descend, to be less strong ;
And kills that fame that virtue did beget,
Chose to be held less good, than seen less great.

" For could the mighty but give bounds to pride,
And weigh back Fortune ere she pull them down ;
Contented with enough, with honour satisfy'd ;
Not striving how to make so much their own,
As to leave nothing for the rest beside ;
Who seem by their high spreading overgrown,
Whilst they themselves remain in all men's sight,
The odious mark of hatred and despite :

" Then never should so many tragedies
Burthen our knowledge with their bloody end :
Nor their disgrac'd, confounded families,
From so high pride to so low shame descend ;
But planted on that ground where safety lies,
Their branches should t' eternity extend.
But ever they who overlook so much,
Will oversee themselves, their state is such."

¹⁵ Nil tam utile, quam brevis potentatum esse que magna sit.

Severe he¹⁶ was, and strictly did observe
 Doe form of justice towards every wight;
 Unmovable, and never won to swerve
 For any cause, in what he thought was right;
 Wherein although he did so well deserve,
 In the licentious yet it bred despite;
 "So that ev'n Virtue seems an actor too,
 To ruin those Fortune prepares t' undo."

Now such being forward, who (the queen well knew)
 Hated his might, and glad to innovate;
 Unto so great and strong a party grew,
 As it was easy to subvert a state:
 And only hope of alteration drew
 Many to yield, that had no cause to hate.
 "For ev'n with goodness men grow discontent,
 Where states are ripe to fall, and virtue spent."

And taking all the rule into her hand,
 (Under the shadow of that feeble king)
 The duke sh' excludes from office and command;
 And in the reach of enmity doth bring,
 From that respected height where he did stand,
 (When Malice scarce durst mutter any thing)
 And now the worst of him comes all reveal'd,
 Which former fear, or rigour kept conceal'd.

Now is he taxed that he rather sought
 His private profit than the public good;
 And many things presumptuously had wrought,
 Other than with our laws and customs stood:
 As one that would into the land have brought
 The civil form, in cases touching blood:
 And such poor crimes—that shou'd their spite was
 sound;
 But yet berry'd their matter wanted ground.

Yet serv'd they well the turn, and did effect
 That which is easy wrought in such a case;
 Where what suborned justice shall object,
 Is to the purpose, and must pass with grace;
 And what the wretched bring, of no effect;
 Whose honest suits his matter must deface.
 "For where pow'r hath decreed to find th' offence,
 The cause is better still than the defence."

A parliament at Berry summoned,
 Dispatch'd the deed more speedily than well.
 For thither came the duke¹⁷ without all dread,
 Or ought imagining of what befell:
 Where now the matter is so followed,
 That he conversed is, ere he could tell
 He was in danger, or had done offence;
 And presently to prison sent from thence.

¹⁶ The virtues of Humphrey duke of Gloucester.

¹⁷ The duke of Gloucester coming to this parliament from the castle of the Vix in Wiltshire, was arrested by John lord Beaumont, high constable, the dukes of Buckingham and Somerset, with others; who appointed certain of the king's household to attend upon him: but he died before he was brought to his answer; some say of sorrow, others of a palsy, or an apoplexie, an. reg. 25. The duke of Suffolk was a principal instrument in this business.

Which quick and sudden action gave no time
 For men to weigh the justice of the deed;
 Whilst looking only on the urged crime,
 Unto the further drift they take no heed.
 For these occasions taken in the prime
 Of courses new, that old dislikes succeed,
 Leave not behind that feeling touch of wrong.
 "Satiety makes passions still less strong."

And yet they seem'd some mutiny to doubt,
 For thus proceeding with a man of might;
 Consid'ring he was popular and stout,
 And resolute would stand upon his right:
 And therefore did they cast this way about,
 To have him closely murder'd out of sight;
 That so his trouble, and his death hereby,
 Might come together, and together die.

Reck'ning it better, since his end is meant,
 And must be wrought, at once to rid it clear,
 And put it to the fortune of th' event,
 Than by long doing to be long in fear:
 When in such courses of high punishment,
 The deed and the attempt like danger bear.
 And oft things done (perhaps) do less annoy,
 Than may the doing handled with delay.

And so they had it straight accomplished.
 For next day after his commitment, he
 Is dead brought forth, being found so in his bed;
 Which was by sudden sickness said to be,
 That had upon his sorrows newly bred,
 As by apparent tokens men might see.
 "And thus, O Sickness, thou art oft bely'd,
 When Death hath many ways to come beside."

Are these the deeds high foreign wits invent?
 Is this that wisdom whereof they so boast?
 Well;—then I would it never had been spent
 Here amongst us, nor brought from out their coast.
 Let their vile cunning, in their limits pent,
 Remain amongst themselves that like it most:
 And let the North (they count of colder blood)
 Be held more gross, so it remain more good.

Let them have fairer cities, goodlier soils,
 And sweeter fields for beauty to the eye,
 So long as they have these ungodly wiles,
 Such detestable, vile impiety.
 And let us want their vines, their fruits the whites,
 So that we want not faith and honesty.
 We care not for those pleasures; so we may
 Have better hearts, and stronger hands than they.

Neptune, keep out from thy embraced ale
 This foul contagion of iniquity;
 Drown all corruptions, coming to defile
 Our fair proceedings, order'd formally.
 Keep us more English: let not craft beguile
 Honour and justice, with strange subtily:
 Let us not think bow that our good can frame,
 Which ruin'd hath the authors of the same.

But by this impious means, that worthy man
 Is brought unto this lamentable end:
 And now that current with main fury ran
 (The stop remov'd that did the course defend)
 Unto the fall of mischief, that began
 T' an universal ruin to extend;
 That isthmus failing, which the land did keep
 From the entire possession of the deep.

And now the king alone all open lay,
 No under-prop of blood to stay him by:
 None but himself stands weakly in the way,
 'Twixt York and the affected sov'reignty.
 Gone is that bar, that would have been the stay,
 'T' have kept him back from mounting up so high.
 "But see, (ah!) see: what state stand these men in,
 That cannot live *without*, nor *with* their kin?"

The queen hath yet by this her full desire;
 And now she with her minion Suffolk reigns:
 Now she hath all authority entire,
 And all affairs unto herself retains.
 And only Suffolk¹⁸ is advanced higher;
 He is the man rewarded for his pains:
 He, that did in her stead most chiefly stand,
 And more advanc'd her than he did the land.

Which when they saw who better did expect,
 Then they began their error to decry,
 And well perceive that only the defect
 Was in their judgment, passion-drawn awry;
 Found formal rigour fitter to direct,
 Than pride and insolent inconstancy.
 "Better severity that 's right and just,
 Than impotent affections led with lust."

And thereupon in sorrow thus complain:
 "What wondrous inconvenience do they feel,
 Where as such imbecility doth reign,
 As so neglects the care of commonweal?
 Wherever one or other doth obtain,
 So high a grace thus absolute to deal;
 The whilst th' aggrieved subject suffers still
 The pride of some predominating will.

"And ever one remov'd, a worse succeeds:
 So that the best that we can hope, is war,
 Tumults and stirs, that this dialling breeds;
 The sword must mend, what insolence doth mar.
 For what rebellions, and what bloody deeds
 Have ever follow'd where such courses are?
 What oft removes? what death of counsellors?
 What murder? what exile of officers?"

"Witness the Spencers, Gavestone, and Vere;
 The mighty minions of our feeblest kings;
 Who ever subjects to their subjects were,
 And only the procurers of these things.
 When worthy monarchs, that hold honour dear,
 Master themselves and theirs; whichever brings
 That universal reverence and respect.
 For who weighs him, that doth himself neglect?"

"And yet our case is like to be far worse;
 Having a king, though not so bent to ill,
 Yet so neglecting good; that giving force,
 By giving leave, doth all good order kill;
 Suffering a violent woman take her course,
 To manage all according to her will:
 Which how she doth begin, her deeds express;
 And what will be the end, ourselves may guess."

¹⁸ De la Pole is created duke of Suffolk, an. reg. 26, and is banished and murdered the next year after.

Which after follow'd ev'n as they did dread:
 Which now the shameful loss of France¹⁹ much
 grieves,
 Which unto Suffolk is attributed,
 As who in all men's sight most hateful lives;
 And is accus'd, that he²⁰ (with lucre led)
 Betrays the state, and secret knowledge gives
 Of our designs; and all that we did hold,
 By his corruption is or lost or sold.

And as he deals abroad, so likewise here
 He robs at home the treasury no less;
 Here, where he all authorities doth bear,
 And makes a *monopoly* of offices.
 He is enrich'd; he 's rais'd, and placed near:
 And only he gives counsel to oppress.
 Thus men object; whilst many, up in arms,
 Offer to be revenged of these harms.

The queen perceiving in what case she stood,
 To lose her minion, or engage her state;
 (After with long contention in her blood,
 Love and ambition did the cause debate)
 She yields to pride; and rather thought it good
 To sacrifice her love unto their hate²¹,
 Than to adventure else the loss of all;
 Which by maintaining him was like to fall.

Yet seeking at the first to temporise,
 She tries if that some short imprisonment
 Would calm their heat. When that would not suf-
 fice,

Then to exile him she must needs consent;
 Hoping that time would save it in such wise,
 As yet at length they might become content,
 And she again might have him home at last,
 When this first fury of their rage was past.

But as he to his judged exile²² went,
 Hard on the shore he comes encountered
 By some, that so far off his honour sent,
 As put his back-return quite out of dread:
 For there he had his rightful punishment,
 Though wrongfully done; and there he lost his head
 Part of his blood hath Neptune, part the sea;
 As who had mischief wrought by sea and land.

¹⁹ The dutchy of Normandy was lost in the year 1449, after it had been held thirty years, conquered by Henry V. an. reg. 27.

²⁰ Articles objected against de la Pole, duke of Suffolk.

²¹ At the parliament at Leicester, the low house besought the king, that such persons as assented to the rendering of Anjou and Main, might be duly punished: of which fact, they accused as principals the duke of Suffolk, the lord Sey, treasurer of England, with others. Whereupon the king, to appease the commons, sequestered them from their offices and rooms; and after banished the duke for five years.

²² As the duke was sailing into France, he was encountered with a ship of war appertaining to the duke of Exeter; who took him, and brought him back to Dover; where his head was stricken off, and his body left on the sands, anno regni 27.

Whose death when swift-wing'd Fame at full con-
vey'd

To this disturbed queen, misdoubting thought;
Despite and sorrow such affliction laid
Upon her soul, as wondrous passions wrought.
"And art thou Suffolk, thus," said she, "betray'd?
And have my favours thy destruction brought?
Is this their gain whom highness favoureth;
Who chief preferr'd, stand as preferr'd to death?"

"O fatal grace! without which men complain,
And with it perish—what prevails, that we
Must wear the crown, and other men must reign;
And cannot stand to be, that which we be?
Must our own subjects limit and constrain
Our favours, whereas they themselves decree?
Must we our love at their appointment place?
Do we command, and they direct our grace?"

"Must they our pow'r thus from our will divide?
And have we might, but must not use our might?
Poor majesty, which other men must guide;
Whose discontent can never look aright.
For evermore we see, those who abide
Gracious in ours, are odious in their sight,
Who would all-mast'ring majesty defeat
Of her best grace; that is, to make men great.

"But well;—we see, although the king be head,
The state will be the heart. This sovereignty
Is but in place, not pow'r; and governed
By th' equal sceptre of necessity.
And we have seen more princes ruined
By their immoderate favouring privately,
Than by severity in general;
For best he 's lik'd, that is alike to all."

Thus storms this lady, all disquieted;
When as far greater tumults now burst out;
Which close and cunningly were practis'd,
By such as sought great hopes to bring about.
For up in arms in Kent were gathered
A mighty, insolent, rebellious rout,
Under a dang'rous head; who to deter
The state the more, himself nam'd Mortimer.

The duke of York, that did not idle stand,
(But seeks to work on all advantages)
Had likewise in this course a secret hand,
And hearten'd on their chiefest accomplices;
To try how here the people of the land
Would (if occasion serv'd) be in readiness
To aid that line, if one should come indeed
To move his right, and in due course proceed:

Knowing himself to be the only one
That must attempt the thing, if any should;
And therefore lets the rebel now run on,
With that false name, t' effect the best he could;
To make a way for him to work upon,
Who but on certain ground adventure would.
For if the traitor sped, the gain were his;
If not, yet he stands safe, and blameless is.

"The commons of Kent assembled themselves
in great number; and had to their captain Jack
Cade, who named himself Mortimer, cousin to the
duke of York; with purpose to redress the abuses
of the government.

T' attempt with others' dangers, not his own,
He counts it wisdom if it could be wrought;
And t' have the humour of the people known,
Was now that which was chiefly to be sought.
For with the best he knew himself was grown
In such account, as made him take no thought;
Having observ'd in those he meant to prove,
Their wit, their wealth, their carriage, and their love.

With whom, and with his own alliances,
He first begins to open (in some wise)
The right he had; yet with such doubtfulness,
As rather sorrow than his drift describes:
Complaining of his country's wretchedness,
In what a miserable case it lies;
And how much it imports them to provide
For their defence, against this woman's pride.

Then with the discontented he doth deal,
In sounding theirs, not uttering his intent;
As being advis'd not so much to reveal,
Whereby they might be made again content:
But when they grieved for the commonweal,
He doth persuade them to be patient,
And to endure—there was no other course:
Yet so persuades, as makes their malice worse.

And then with such as with the time did run,
In most upright opinion he doth stand;
As one that never cross'd what they begun,
But seem'd to like that which they took in hand:
Seeking all causes of offence to shun,
Praises the rule, and blames the unruly land;
Works so with gifts and kindly offices,
That ev'n of them he serves his turn no less.

Then as for those who were his followers,
(Being all choice men for virtues, or deserts)
He so with grace and benefits prefers,
That he becomes the monarch of their hearts.
He gets the learned for his counsellors,
And cherishes all men of rarest parts:
"To whom good done doth an impression strike
Of joy and love, in all that are alike."

And now by means of th' intermitted war,
Many most valiant men improv'ish'd,
Only by him fed and relieved are;
Only respected, grac'd, and honour'd.
Which let him in unto their hearts so far,
As they by him were wholly to be led.
"He only treads the sure and perfect path
To greatness, who love and opinion hath."

And to have one some certain province his,
As the main body that must work the feat;
Yorkshire he chose, the place wherein he is
By title, livings, and possessions great.
No country he prefers so much as this;
Here hath his bounty her abiding seat;
Here in his justice and relieving hand,
Ready to all that in distress do stand.

What with his tenants, servants, followers, friends,
And their alliances and amities;
All that shire universally attends
His hand, held up to any enterprise.
And thus far Virtue with her pow'r extends;
The rest, touching th' event, in Fortune lies.
With which accomplishments so mighty grown,
Forward he tends with hope t' attain a crown.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bad success of Cade's rebellion.
York's open practice, and conspiracy;
His coming in; and his submission.
Th' effect of printing, and artillery.
Bourdeaux revolts; craves our protection.
Talbot, defending ours, dies gloriously.
The French wars end—and York begins again;
And at St. Alban's Somerset is slain.

The furious train of that tumultuous rout,¹
Whom close sub-aiding pow'r, and good success,
Had made unwisely proud, and fondly stout,
Thrust headlong on, oppression to oppress;
And now to fulness grown, boldly give out,
That they the public wrongs meant to redress.
"Formless themselves, reforming do pretend;
As if confusion could disorder mend."

And on they march with their false-named head,
Of base and vulgar birth, though noble feign'd;
Who puff'd with vain desires, to London led
His rash, abused troops, with shadows train'd.
When as the king thereof ascertain'd,
Supposing some small pow'r would have restrain'd
Disorder'd rage; sends with a simple crew,
Sir Humphrey Stafford, whom they overthrew.

Which so increas'd th' opinion of their might,
That much it gav'd to do, and much it wrought;
Confirm'd their rage, drew on the vulgar wight,
Call'd forth the tim'rous, fresh partakers brought.
For many, though most glad their wrongs to right,
Yet durst not venture their estates for nought:
But seeing the cause had such advantage got,
Occasion makes them stir, that else would not.

¹ The commons of Kent, with their leader, Jack Cade, divulge their many grievances; amongst which, that the king was driven to live only on his commons, and other men to enjoy the revenues of the crown; which caused poverty in his majesty, and the great payments of the people, now late granted to the king in parliament. Also they desire, that the king would remove all the false progeny and affinity of the late duke of Suffolk, which be openly known; and them to punish: and to take about his person the true lords of his royal blood; to wit, the mighty prince, the duke of York, late exiled by the traitorous motion of the false duke of Suffolk, and his affinity, &c. Also they crave, that they who contrived the death of the high and mighty prince, Humphrey duke of Gloucester, might have punishment.

So much he errs that seems, or else neglects
The small beginnings of arising broils;
And censures others, not his own defects,
And with a self-conceit himself beguiles:
Thinking small force will compass great effects,
And spares at first to buy more costly toils:
"When true-observing Providence, in war,
Still makes her foes far stronger than they are."

Yet this good fortune all their fortune marr'd;
"Which fools by helping ever doth suppress:"
For wareless insolence (whilst undebarr'd
Of bounding awe) runs on to such excess,
That following lust, and spoil, and blood so hard,
Sees not how they procure their own distress.
The better, loathing courses so impure,
Rather will like their wounds than such a cure.

For whilst this wild, unrein'd multitude
(Led with an unforeseeing, greedy mind,
Of an imagin'd good, that did delude
Their ignorance, in their desires made blind)
Ransack the city, and (with hands emburr'd)
Run to all outrage in th' extremest kind;
Heaping up wrath and horror more and more,
They add fresh guilt to mischiefs done before.

And yet seeing all this sorting to no end,
But to their own; no promis'd aid t' appear;
No such partakers as they did attend,
Nor such successes as imagin'd were;
Good men resolv'd the present to defend;
Justice against them, with a brow severe;
Themselves fear'd of themselves; th'd with censure,
"Found mischief was no fit way to redress."

And as they stand in despairate combatment,
Environ'd round with horror, blood, and shame;
Cross'd of their course, departing of th' event,
A pardon (that smooth bait for baseless) cases;
Which as a snare to catch the impatient, [same:
Being once pronounc'd, they straight embrace the
And as huge smoky mountains melt with heat,
So they dissolv'd with hope, and home they get;

Leaving their captain² to discharge alone
The shot of blood, consumed in their heat;
Too small a sacrifice for mischiefs done,
Was one man's breath, which thousands did defend.
"Unrighteous Death, why art thou but all one
Unto the small offender and the great?
Why art thou not more than thou art, to those
That thousands spoil, and thousands lives do lose?"

This fury passing with so quick an end,
Disolv'd not those that on th' advantage lay;
Who seeing the course to such disorder tend,
Withdrew their foot, asham'd to take that way;
Or else prevented whilst they did attend
Some mightier force, or far occasion stay;
But what they meant, ill fortune must not tell;
Mischief being oft made good by speeding well.

Put by from this, the duke of York³ designs
Another course to bring his hopes about;
And with those friends affinity combines
In surest bonds, his thoughts he poureth out;

² Anno regni 29.

³ The duke of York, who at this time was in Ireland, (sent thither to appease a rebellion; which

nd closely feels and closely undermines
he faith of whom he had both hope and doubt;
leaving in more apparent, open course,
o try his right, his fortune, and his force.

ove and alliance had most firmly join'd
nto his part that mighty family,
be far distended stock of Nevil's kind;
reat by their many-issu'd progeny;
ut greater by their worth, that clearly shin'd,
nd gave fair light to their nobility;
o that each corner of the land became
rich'd with some great worthy of that name.

nt greatest in renown doth Warwick sit;
hat brave king-maker, Warwick, so far grown
a grace with Fortune, that he governs it,
nd monarchs makes; and made, again puts down.
What revolutions his first-moving wit
ere brought about, are more than too well known;
The fatal kindle-fire of these hot days;
Whose worth I may, whose work I cannot praise.

With him, with Richard earl of Salisbury,
Courtney and Brooke, and other his dear friends,
He intimates his mind; and openly
The present bad proceedings discommends;
Laments the state, the people's misery,
And (that which such a prier seldom mends)
Depression, that sharp two-edged sword,
That others wounds, and wounds likewise his lord.

'My lords,' saith he, 'how things are carry'd here,
In this corrupted state, you plainly see;
What burden our abused shoulders bear,
Charg'd with the weight of imbecility:
And in what base account all we appear,
That stand without their grace that all must be;
And who they be, and how their course succeeds,
Our shame reports, and time betrays their deeds.'

"Anjou and Main, (the main that foul appears;
Th' eternal soar of our dismember'd land)
Guien, all lost; that did three hundred years
Remain subjected under our command.
From whence methinks there sounds unto our ears
The voice of those dear ghosts, whose living hand
Got it with sweat, and kept it with their blood,
To do us (thankless us) their offspring good:

he effected in such sort, as got him and his lineage
succeeding love and liking with that people ever
after) returning home, and pretending great inju-
ries to be offered him, both whilst he was in the
king's service, and likewise upon his landing in
North Wales; combines himself with Richard
Nevil, earl of Salisbury, second son to Ralph, earl of
Westmorland, (whose daughter he had married)
and with Richard Nevil (the son) earl of Warwick,
with other his especial friends; with whom he
consults for the reformation of the government,
after he had complained of the great disorders
therein: laying the blame, for the loss of Nor-
mandy, upon the duke of Somerset; whom, upon
his returning thence, he caused to be arrested and
committed.

"And seem to cry, 'What! can you thus behold
Their hateful feet upon our graves should tread?
Your fathers' graves; who gloriously did hold
That which your shame hath left recovered?
Redeem our tombs, O spirits too too cold;
Pull back these tow'rs our arms have honour'd:
These tow'rs are yours: these forts we built for you:
These walls do bear our names, and are your due.'

"Thus well they may upbraid our wretchedness,
Whilst we (as if at league with infamy)
Riot away for naught whole provinces;
Give up as nothing worth all Normandy;
Traffic important holds, sell fortresses
So long, that nought is left but misery,
Poor Calais, and these water-walls about,
That basely pound us in from breaking out.

"And (which is worse) I fear we shall in th' end
(Thrown from the glory of invading war)
Be forc'd our proper limits to defend;
Wherever men are not the same they are;
The hope of conquest doth their spirits extend
Beyond the usual pow'rs of valour far.
For more is he that ventureth for more,
Than who fights but for what he had before.

"Put to your hands, therefore, to rescue now
Th' endanger'd state (dear lords) from this disgrace;
And let us in our honour labour how
To bring this scorn'd land in better case.
No doubt but God our action will allow,
That knows my right, and how they rule the place,
Whose weakness calls up our unwillingness,
As op'ning ev'n the door to our redress.

"Though I protest, it is not for a crown
My soul is mov'd; (yet if it be my right,
I have no reason to refuse mine own)
But only these indignities to right.
And what if God (whose judgments are unknown)
Hath me ordain'd the man; that by my might
My country shall be bless'd? If so it be;
By helping me, you raise yourselves with me."

Those in whom zeal and amity had bred
A fore impression of the right he had,
These stiring words so much encouraged,
That (with desire of innovation mad)
They seem'd to run afore, not to be led,
And to his fire do quicker fuel add:
For where such humours are prepar'd before,
The op'ning them makes them abound the more.

Then counsel take they, sitting their Basins:
(For nought that fits not their desire is weigh'd)
The duke,* is straight advis'd to retire
Into the bounds of Wales, to levy aid:
Which, under smooth pretence, he doth require;
T' amove such persons as the state betray'd;
And to redress th' oppression of the land;
The charm which weakness seldom doth withstand.

* The duke of York raiseth an army in the
Marches of Wales, under pretext to remove divers
counsellors about the king; and to revenge the
manifest injuries done to the commonwealth: and
whilst he publisheth a declaration of his loyalty,
and the wrongs done him by his adversaries; offer-

Ten thousand straight caught with this bait of
 Are towards greater look'd-for forces led; [breath,
 Whose pow'r the king by all means travaileth,
 In their arising to have ruined:
 But their preventing head so compasseth,
 That all ambushments warily are fled;
 Refusing ought to hazard by the way,
 Keeping his greatness for a greater day.

And to the city straight directs his course;
 The city, seat of kings, and king's chief grace!
 Where having found his entertainment worse
 By far than he expected in that place;
 Much disappointed, draws from thence his force,
 And towards better trust marcheth apace;
 And down in Kent, (fatal for discontents)
 Near to thy banks, fair Thames, doth pitch his tents.

And there, intrench'd, plants his artillery;
 Artillery, th' infernal instrument¹
 New brought from Hell, to scourge mortality
 With hideous roaring and astonishment.
 Engine of horror! fram'd to terrify
 And tear the Earth, and strongest tow'rs to rent:
 Torment of thunder! made to mock the skies,
 As more of pow'r in our calamities.

If that first fire subtle Prometheus brought,
 Sto'n out of Heav'n, did so afflict mankind,
 That ever since plagu'd with a curious thought
 Of stirring search, could never quiet find;
 What hath he done, who now by stealth hath got
 Lightning and thunder both, in woodrous kind?
 What plague deserves so proud an enterprise?
 Tell, Muse; and how it came; and in what wise.

It was the time when fair Europa² sat
 With many goodly diadems address'd,
 And all her parts (in flourishing estate)
 Lay beautiful, in order, at their rest.
 No swelling member, unproportionate,
 Grown out of form, sought to disturb the rest:
 The less subsisting by the greater's might;
 The greater by the lesser kept upright.

ing to take his oath upon the blessed sacrament,
 to have been ever true liege-man to the king, and
 so ever to continue. Which declaration was written
 from his castle of Ludlow, January 9, anno
 reg. 30. Feb. 16, the king, with the duke of
 Somerset, and other lords, set forward towards the
 Marches; but the duke of York took other ways,
 and made up towards London.

¹ The use of guns, and great ordnance, began
 about this time, or not long before.

² This principal part of Europe, which contained
 the most flourishing state of Christendom, was at
 this time in the hands of many several princes and
 commonwealths, which quietly governed the same:
 for being so many, and none over-great, they were
 less attemptive to disturb others, and more care-
 ful to keep their own, with a mutual correspon-
 dence of amity. As Italy had then many more
 principalities and commonwealths than it hath.
 Spain was divided into many kingdoms. France
 consisted of divers free princes. Both the Germa-
 nies, of many more governments.

No noise of tumult ever wak'd them all;
 Only perhaps some private jar within,
 For titles, or for confines, might befall;
 Which ended, soon made better love begin;
 But no eruption did in general
 Break down their rest with universal sin:
 No public shock disjointed this fair frame,
 Till Nemesis from out the Orient came;

Fierce Nemesis, mother of Fate and Change!
 Sword-bearer of th' eternal Providence!
 (That had so long with such afflictions strange
 Confounded Asia's proud magnificence,
 And brought foul impious Barbarism to range
 On all the glory of her excellence)
 Turns her stern look at last unto the West,
 As griev'd to see on Earth such happy rest.

And for Pandora calleth presently;
 Pandora, Jove's fair gift, that first deceiv'd
 Poor Epimetheus imbecility,
 That thought he had a woodrous boon receiv'd;
 By means whereof curious Mortality
 Was of all former quiet quite bereav'd:
 To whom being come, deck'd with all qualities,
 The wrathful goddess breaks out in this wise:

" Dost thou not see in what secure estate
 Those flourishing fair western parts remain?
 As if they had made covenant with Fate,
 To be exempted free from others' pain;
 At one with their desires, friends with debate;
 In peace with pride, content with their own gain;
 Their bounds contain their minds, their minds ap-
 To have their bounds with plenty beautify'd. [ply'd

" Devotion (mother of Obedience)
 Bears such a hand on their credulity,
 That it abates the spirit of eminence,
 And busies them with humble piety.
 For see what works, what infinite expen see,
 What monuments of zeal they edify!
 As if they would (so that no stop were found)
 Fill all with temples, make all holy ground.

" But we must cool this all-believing zeal,
 That hath enjoy'd so fair a turn so long;
 And other revolutions must reveal,
 Other desires, other designs among:
 Dialike of this first by degrees shall steal
 Upon the souls of men, persuaded wrong;
 And that abused pow'r³ which thus hath wrought,
 Shall give herself the sword to cut her throat.

" Go therefore thou, with all thy stirring train
 Of swelling sciences, the gifts of grief;
 Go loose the links of that soul-binding chain,
 Enlarge this uninquisitive belief:
 Call up men's spirits, that simplemen retain;
 Enter their hearts, and knowledge make the thief,
 To open all the doors, to let in light;
 That all may all things see, but what is right.

" Opinion arm against opinion grown;
 Make new-born contradiction still to rise,
 As if Thebes' founder (Cadmus) tongues had sown
 Instead of teeth, for greater mutinies.
 Bring new-defeod faith against faith known;
 Weary the soul with contrarieties;

³ The church.

Fill all religion become retrograde,
And that fair tire the mask of sin be made.

And better to effect a speedy end,
Let there be found two fatal instruments;
The one to publish, th' other to defend
Suspicious contention, and proud discounts:
Make, that instamped characters may send
Abroad to thousands, thousand men's intent;
And in a moment may dispatch much more,
Than could a world of pens perform before.

Whereby all quarrels, titles, secreties,
Fey unto all be presently made known;
Actions prepar'd, parties allur'd to rise;
Edition under fair pretensions sown;
Thereby the vulgar may become so wise,
That (with a self-presumption over-grown)
They may of deepest mysteries debate,
Control their betters, censure acts of state.

And then when this dispersed mischief shall
Have brought confusion in each mystery,
All'd up contempt of states in general,
Spew'd the humour of impiety;
Then have they th' other engine, wherewithal
They may torment their self-wrought misery,
And scourge each other in so strange a wise,
As tines or tyrants never could devise.

For by this stratagem they shall confound
All th' ancient form and discipline of war;
Alter their camps, alter their fights, their ground;
Want mighty spirits, prowess and manhood mar:
Or baseest cowards from a-far shall wound
Be most courageous, forc'd to fight a-far;
Shour wrapt up in smoke, (as in the night)
Half perish without witness, without sight.

But first, before this general disease
Reak forth into so great extremity,
Repair it by degrees: first kill this ease;
Soil this proportion; mar this harmony:
Take greater states upon the lesser seize;
In many kingdoms to one sov'reignty:
Slay a few great, that may (with greater pow'r)
Slaughter each other, and mankind devour.

And first begin with factions to divide
The fairest land; that from her thrusts the rest,
If she car'd not for the world beside:
World within herself, with wondrous blow'd!
Use such a strife as time shall not decide,
If the dear blood of most of all her best
Be poured forth; and all her people tusk'd
With wild and tumults, and almost all lost.

Let her be made the sable stage, whereon
All first be acted bloody tragedies;
At all the neighbour-states gazing thereon,
To make their profit by her miseries:
Of those whom she before had march'd upon,
Saying by this both time and mean to rise)
The martial by her arms, should grow so great,
(Save their own) no force shall them defeat.

The many states of Christendom reduced to a

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" Then when their pow'r, unable to sustain
And bear itself, upon itself shall fall,
She may (recover'd of her wounds again)
Sit and behold their parts as tragical,
For there must come a time, that shall obtain
Truce for distress; when make-peace Hymen shall
Bring the conjoined adverse pow'rs to bed,
And set the crown (made one) upon one head.

" Out of which blessed union shall arise
A sacred branch, (with grace and glory bless'd)
Whose virtue shall her land so patronize,
As all our pow'r shall not her days molest:
For she (fair she) the minion of the skies,
Shall purchase (of the high'st) to her's such rest,
(Standing between the wrath of Heav'n and them)
As no distress shall touch her diadem;

" And from the rocks of safety shall descry
The wondrous wrecks that wrath lays ruined:
All round about her blood and misery;
Powers betray'd, princes slain, Kings massacred;
States all confus'd, brought to calamity,
And all the face of kingdoms altered:
Yet she the same inviolable stands,
Dear to her own, wonder to other lands.

" But let not her defence discourage thee,
For never one but she shall have this grace,
From all disturbs to be so long kept free,
And with such glory to discharge that place.
And therefore, if by such a pow'r thou be
Stopt of thy course; reckon it no disgrace;
Sith she alone (b'ing privileg'd from high)
Hath this large patent of her dignity."

This charge the goddess gave—when ready straight,^o
The subtle messenger, accompany'd
With all her crew of arts that on her wait,
Hastes to effect what she was counselled:
And out she pours of her immense conceit,
Upon such searching spirits as travailed
In penetrating hidden secreties;
Who soon these means of misery devise.

And boldly breaking with rebellious mind
Into their mother's close-lock'd treasury,
They minerals combustible do find,
Which (in stopt concaves placed cunningly)
They fire: and fire imprison'd against kind,
Tears out a way, thrusts out his enemy;
Barking with such a horreur, as if wroth
With man, that wrongs himself and nature both.

And this beginning had this cursed frame,
Which York^o now planted bath against his king;
Presuming by his pow'r, and by the same,
His purpose unto good effect to bring;
When divers of the gravest council came,
Sent from the king, to understand what thing
Had thrust him into these proceedings bad;
And what he sought, and what intent he had.

^o The duke of York being not admitted into the city, passed over Kingston Bridge, and so into Kent, and on Brent-Heath, near Dartford, pitched his field. The king makes after, and embattled upon Black-Heath: from whence he sends the bishops of Winchester and Ely, with the earls of Salisbury and Warwick, to mediate a peace.

K k

Who with words mildly-sharp, gently-severe,
Wrought on those wounds that must be touch'd with
Applying rather knives of hope than fear, [heed:
Lest corrosives should desperate mischiefs breed.
"And what, my lord," said they "should move you
in this unseemly manner to proceed? [here,
Whose worth b'ing such as all the land admires,
Hath fairer ways than these to your desires.

"Will you, whose means, whose many friends, whose
Can work the world in peace unto your will, [grace
Take such a course as shall your blood deface,
And make (by handling bad) a good cause ill?
How many hearts hazard you in this case,
That in all quiet plots would aid you still?
Having in court a party far more strong
Than you conceive, press'd to redress your wrong.

"Fie! fie! forsake this hateful course, my lord;
Down with these arms, that will but wound your
cause.

What peace may do, hazard not with the sword:
Lay down the force that from your force withdraws;
And yield: and we will mediate such accord,
As shall dispense with rigour and the laws;
And interpose this solemn faith of our
Betwixt your fault and the offended pow'r."

Which engines of protests, and proffers kind,
Urg'd out of seeming grief and shows of love,
So shook the whole foundation¹⁰ of his mind,
As they did all his resolution move;
And present seem'd unto their course inclin'd,
So that the king would Somerset¹¹ remove;
The man, whose most intolerable pride
Trod down his worth, and all good men's beside.

Which they there vow'd should presently be done,
For what will not peace-lovers willing grant,
Where dangerous events depend thereon,
And men unfurnish'd, and the state in want?
And if with words the conquest will be won,
The cost is small: and who holds breath so scant,
As then to spare, though with indignity?
"Better descend, than end in majesty."

And hereupon the duke dissolves his force,
Submits him to the king on public vow;
The rather too presuming on this course,
For that his son, the earl of March, was now
With mightier pow'rs abroad; which would enforce
His peace; which else the king would not allow.
For seeing not all of him in him he hath,
His death would but give life to greater wrath.

Yet coming to the king, in former place
(His foe) the duke of Somerset he finds;
Whom openly reproaching to his face,
He charg'd with treason in the highest kind.
The duke returns like speeches of disgrace;
And fiery words bewray'd their flaming minds:

¹⁰ And fending the Kentish men not to answer
his expectation, and the king's forces far more
than his; he willingly condescends to conditions of
peace.

¹¹ Edmund Duke of Somerset, of the house of
Lancaster, descended from John of Gaunt, was
the especial man against whom he pretended his
quarrel.

But yet the trial was for them deserv'd,
Till fitter time allow'd it to be heard.

At Westminster a council summoned,
Deliberates what course the cause should end
Of th' apprehended duke of York; whose head
Doth now on others' doubtful breath depend.
Law fiercely urg'd his act, and found him dead:
Friends fail'd to speak, where they could not defend
Only the king himself for mercy stood;
As prodigal of life, niggard of blood.

And as if angry with the laws of death, [he!
"Ah! why should you," said he, "urge things
You, that mur'd with mercenary breath,
And hired tongue, so peremptory are;
Braving on him whom sorrow prostrateth:
As if you did with poor affliction war,
And prey on frailty folly hath betray'd:
Bringing the laws to wound, never to aid.

"Dispense sometime with stern severity;
Make not the laws still traps to apprehend:
Win grace upon the bed with clemency;
Mercy may mend, whom malice made offend.
Death gives no thanks, but checks authority;
And life doth only majesty commend.
Revenge dies not; rigour begets new wrath:
And blood hath never glory; mercy hath.

"And for my part, (and my part should be said)
I am most willing to restore his state;
And rather had I win him with relief,
Than lose him with despite, and get more loss
Pity draws love: bloodshed is Nature's grief:
Compassion follows the unfortunate:
And losing him, in him I lose my pow'r,
We rule who live—the dead are none of our.

"And should our rigour lessen than the same,
Which we with greater glory should retain?
No; let him live—his life most give us fame;
The child of mercy newly born again.
As often burials are physicians' shame;
So many deaths argue a king's hard reign.
Why should we say, the law must have her right?
The law kills him; but quits not us of rigour?"

"You, to get more preferment by your wit,
Others to gain the spoils of misery,
Labour with all your pow'r to follow it;
Showing us fears, to draw on cruelty.
You urge th' offence, not tell us what is fit:
Abusing wrong-informed majesty;
As if our pow'r were only but to slay;
And that to save were a most dangerous way."

Thus out of pity spake that holy king;
Whom mild affections led to hope the best:
When Somerset began to urge the thing
With words of hotter temper, thus express'd:
"Dear sov'reign lord, the cause in managing
Is more than yours: 't imports the public weal
We all have part; it toucheth all our good:
And life's life spar'd, that's spar'd to cost more blood."

"Compassion here is cruelty, my lord:
Pity will cut our throats, for setting on.
What benefit enjoy we by the sword,
If mischief shall escape to draw on us?
Why should we give what law cannot afford;
To b' accessories to our proper wo?"

whom must judge 'twixt men apt to amend,
And minds incurable, born to offend.

It is no private cause, I do protest,
That moves me thus to prosecute this deed:
Would God his blood and mine had well releas'd
The dangers that his pride is like to breed.
'Tis thought that he seems to have address'd
In spite; 'tis not the end he hath decreed.
Nor yet he alone he doth pursue;
But through me, he means to shoot at you.

For thus these great reformers of a state,
Pining to attain the government,
Will take advantage of the people's hate,
Whoever hate such as are eminent,
Or who can great affairs negotiate,
And all a wayward multitude content?
And then these people-minions, they must fall
Work out us, to work themselves in! all.

But note, my lord, first who is in your hand;
How he hath offended; what's his end.
Is the man, whose race would seem to stand
Fore your right, and doth a right pretend:
So (traitor-like) hath rais'd a mighty band,
Of his colour, your proceedings to amend:
Which if it should have happen'd to succeed,
You had not now sat to adjudge his deed.

If oftentimes the person, not th' offence,
Is the sufficient cause of death to some,
Here public safety puts in evidence
The mischief, likely by their life to come;
And he, whose fortune and his insolence
Are both deserv'd to die, escape that doom;
How you shall save your land, your crown thereby;
And since you cannot live, unless he die?"

Thus spake th' aggrieved duke, that gravely saw
The incompatible pow'rs of princes' minds;
And what affliction his escape might draw
Unto the state, and people of all kinds:
And yet the humble yielding, and the awe
Which York¹¹ there show'd, so good opinion finds,
That (with the rumour of his son's great strength,
And French affairs) he there came quit at length.

And even the fear t' exasperate the best
Of th' earl of March, whose forward youth and
Will follow'd, seem'd a proud revenge to threat,
Any shame should on his father light;
And then desire in Gascoign to regret
His glory lost, which home-broils hinder might,
Invantaged the duke, and sav'd his head,
Which questionless had else been hazarded.

And now had Bourdeaux¹² offer'd (upon aid)
To revolt, if we would send with speed:
Which fair advantage so have then delay'd
Upon such hopes, had been a shameful deed.
And therefore this all other courses stay'd,
And outwardly these inward hates agreed,

¹¹ The duke was suffered to go to his castle at Wigmore.

¹² The city of Bourdeaux send their ambassadors, offering to revolt from the French part, if aid might be sent unto them: whereupon John lord Talbot, first of Shrewsbury, was employed with a power of more than thousand men, and surpris'd the city of Bourdeaux.

Giving an interpause to pride and spite;
Which breath'd but to break out with greater might.

Whilst dreadful Talbot, terror late of France,
Against the genius of our fortune strove,
The down-throw'n glory of our state t' advance;
Where France far more than France he now doth
For friends, opinion, and succeeding chance, [proves;
(Which wrought the weak to yield, the strong to love)
Were not the same that he had found before
In happier times, when less would have done more.

For both the Britain¹⁴ and Burgonian now
Came alter'd with our luck, and won with theirs
Those bridges, and the gates that did allow
So easy passage unto our affairs;
Judging it safer to endeavour how
To link with strength, than lean unto despair.
" And who wants friends to back what he begins,
In lands far off gets not, although he wins."¹⁵

Which too well prov'd this fatal enterprise,
The last that lost us all we had to lose;
Where though advantag'd by some mutinies,
And petty lords that in our cause arose;
Yet those great fall'd, whose ready, quick supplies,
Ever at hand, cheer'd us, and quell'd our foes.
Secours from far come seldom to our mind:
" For who holds league with Neptune and the wind?"¹⁶

Yet worthy Talbot¹⁷, thou did'st so employ
The broken remnants of disscatter'd pow'r,
That they might see it was our destiny,
Not want of spirit, that lost us what was our:
Thy dying hand sold them the victory
With so dear wounds, as made the conquest sour;
So much it cost to spoil who were undone,
And such ado to win when they had won.

For as a fierce, courageous mastiff fares,
That having once sure fasten'd on his foe,
Lies tugging on that hold; never forbears,
What force soever force him to forego:
The more he feels his wounds, the more he dares;
As if his death were sweet, in dying so:
So held his hold this lord, whilst he held breath;
And scarce, but with much blood, lets go in death.

For though he saw prepar'd against his side,
Both unlike fortune, and unequal force,
Born with the swelling current of their pride
Down the main stream of a most happy course;
Yet stands he stiff, undash'd, untterrify'd;
His mind the same, although his fortune worse:
Virtue in greatest dangers b'ing best shown;
And though oppress'd, yet never overthrown.

For rescuing of besieg'd Chastillon,
(Where having first constrain'd the French to fly,
And following hard on their confusion)
Comes (lo!) encounter'd with a strong supply
Of fresh-arriving pow'rs, that back thrust on
Those flying troops, another chance to try;

¹⁴ The dukes of Britany and Burgundy were great means, in times past, for the conquering of France.

¹⁵ The earl of Shrewsbury, accompanied with his son, sir John Talbot, lord Lisle by the right of his wife; with the lords Molins, Harrington, and Cameis; sir John Howard, sir John Vernon, and others, recovered divers towns in Gascoign; amongst other, the town and castle of Chastillon in Perigot, which the French soon after besieged.

Who double-arm'd, (with shame and fury) strain
To break their fail, and win their fame again.

Which see'ng, th' undaunted Talbot (with more
Of spirit to will, than hands of pow'r to do) [might
Preparing t' entertain a glorious fight,
Cheers up his weary'd soldiers thereunto. [sight,
"Courage," saith he—"Those braving troops in
Are but the same that now you did undo.
And what if there be come some more than they?
They come to bring more glory to the day.

"Which day must either thrust us out of all,
Or all with greater glory back restore.
This day your valiant worth adventure shall,
For what our land shall never fight for more:
If now we fall, with us is like to fall
All that renown which we have got before.
This is the last—if we discharge the same,
The same shall last to our eternal fame.

"Never had worthy men for any fact
A more fair, glorious theatre than we;
Whereon true magnanimity might act
Brave deeds, which better witnessed could be,
For lo! from yonder turrets yet unsack'd,
Your valiant fellows stand, your word to see;
T' avouch your valour, if you live to gain;
And if we die, that we dy'd not in vain.

"And er'n our foes (whose proud and powerful might
Would seem to swallow up our dignity)
Shall not keep back the glory of our right;
Which their confounded blood shall testify:
For in their wounds our gory swords shall write
The monuments of our eternity.
For vile is honour, and a title vain,
The which true worth and danger do not gain.

"For they shall see, when we (in careless sort)
Shall throw ourselves on their despised spears;
'T is not despair that doth us so transport,
But er'n true fortitude that nothing fears;
Sith we may well retire us in some sort:
But shame on him that such a foul thought bears.
For be they more, let Fortune take their part;
We'll tug her too, and scratch her ere we part."

This said, a fresh infer'd desire of fame
Enters their waym'd blood, with such a will,
That they deem'd long they were not at the game;
And though they march'd apace, thought they stood
still,

And that their ling'ring foes too slowly came
To join with them, spending much time but in.
"Such force had words fierce humours up to call,
Sent from the mouth of such a general."

Who yet his forces weighing, (with their fire)
Turns him about in private to his son¹⁶,
(A worthy son, and worthy such a sire)
And telleth him what ground he stood upon,
Consi'd'ring how his youth but now began,
Would make it unto him at all no stain;
His death small fame, his fight no shame could gain.

¹⁶ The lord Lisie was advised by his father to re-
tire him out of the battle.

To whom th' aggrieved son, (as if disgrac'd)
"Ah! father, have you then selected me
To be the man, whom you would have displac'd
Out of the roll of immortality?
What have I done this day, that hath defac'd
My worth; that my hands work despite'd should be:
God shield I should bear home a coward's name:
He long enough hath liv'd, who dies with fame."

At which the father, touch'd with sorrowing joy,
Turn'd him about, (shaking his head) and says,
"O my dear son, worthy a better day,
To enter thy first youth in hard assays!"
And now had wrath, impatient of delay,
Began the fight, and further speeches stay'd:
Fury thrusts on; striving whose sword should be
First warped in the wounds of th' enemy.

Hotly these small (but mighty-minded) bands
(As if ambitious now of death) do strain
Against innumerable armed hands,
And gloriously a wondrous fight maintain;
Rushing on all whatsoever strength withstands,
Whetting their wrath on blood, and on disdain;
And so far thrust, that hard 't were to decry,
Whether they more desire to kill, or die.

Frank of their own, greedy of others' blood,
No stroke they give but wounds, no wound but kill:
Near to their hate, close to their work they stood
Hit where they would, their hand obeys their will:
Scorning the blow from far that doth no good,
Loathing the crack, unless some blood it spile:
No wounds could let out life that wrath hold in,
Till others' wounds reveng'd did first beguile.

So much true resolution wrought in those
Who had made covenant with death before,
That their small number (scorning so great foes)
Made France most happy, that there were so many
And Fortune doubt to whom she might dispose
That weary day; or unto whom restore
The glory of a conquest dearly bought;
Which scarce the conqueror could think well got.

For as with equal rage, and equal might,
Two adverse winds combat, with billows proud,
And neither yield: (sea, skies maintain the fight)
Wave against wave oppos'd, and cloud to cloud;
So war both sides with obstinate despite,
With like revenge; and neither party bow'd:
Fronting each other with confounding blows,
No wound one sword unto the other owes.

Whilst Talbot (whose fresh ardour having got
A marvellous advantage of his years)
Carries his sunset age as if forgot,
Whirling about where any need appears.
His hand, his eye, his wits all present, wrought
The function of the glorious part he bears:
Now urging here, now cheering there, he flies;
Unlocks the thickest troops, where most foes lie.

In midst of wrath, of wounds, of blood, and death,
There is he most, where as he may do best;
And there the closest ranks he severeth,
Drives back the stoutest pow'rs that forward press:
There makes his sword his way—There labours
Th' indefigible hand that never ceas'd;
Scorning unto his mortal wounds to yield,
Till Death became best master of the field.

Then like a sturdy oak, that having long
 gainst the wars of fiercest winds made head,
 When (with some forc'd tempestuous rage more
 strong)
 is down-born top comes over-mastered,
 ll the near bord'ring trees (he stood among)
 rush'd with his weighty fall, lie ruined:
 > lay his spoils, all round about him slain¹⁷,
 * adorn his death, that could not die in vain.

n th' other part, his most all-daring son¹⁸
 Although the inexperience of his years
 made him less skill'd in what was to be done;
 and yet did carry him beyond all fears)
 to the main battalion, thrusting on
 ear to the king, amidst the chiefest peers,
 'tich thousand wounds became at length oppress'd;
 s if he scorn'd to die, but with the best.

Do thus both having gain'd a glorious end,
 son ended that great day; that set so red,
 s all the purple plains that wide extend,
 and tempestuous season witnessed.
 > much ado had toiling France to read
 > om us the right so long inherited;
 and so hard went we from what we possess'd,
 s with it went the blood we loved best.

Which blood not lost, but fast laid up with heed
 everlasting fame, is there held dear,
 > seal the memory of this day's deed;
 > ' eternal evidence of what we were:
 > which our fathers, we, and who succeed,
 > owe a sigh, for that it touch'd us near¹⁷.
 or must we sit so much, as to neglect
 be holy thought of such a dear respect.

et happy-bless'd day, bless'd ill-lost breath,
 > th for our better fortune, and your own!
 > what foul wounds, what spoils, what shameful
 ad by this forward resolution grown; [death,
 at St. Albans, Wakefield, Barnet-Heath,
 should unto your infamy been shown?
 less'd you, that did not teach how great a fault
 'n virtue is in actions that are sought.

et would this sad day's loss had now been all
 > at this day lost: then should we not much plain,
 hereby we had com'n but there to fall,
 ad that day ended, ended had our pain.
 > en small the loss of France, of Guies small:
 > othing the shame to be turn'd home again,
 > mpar'd with other shames.—But now France lost,
 > eds us more blood than all her winning cost.

¹⁷ The death of John lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury; who had served in the wars of France most valiantly for the space of thirty years.

¹⁸ The death of the lord Lisle, son to this worthy earl of Shrewsbury.

¹⁹ 1453, an. reg. 32. Thus was the dutchy of Guittain lost; which had remained in the possession of the crown of England by the space almost three hundred years. The right whereof came by the marriage of King Henry II. with Eleanor, daughter to William duke of Aquitain. In this dutchy are four archbishops, twenty-four bishops, by earldoms, two hundred and two baronies, and yet one thousand captainships and bailiwicks.

For losing war abroad, at home lost peace;
 B'ing with our unsupporting selves close set;
 And no designs for pride, (that did increase)
 But our own throats, and our own punishment:
 The working spirit ceas'd not, though work did cease,
 Having fit time to practise discontent,
 And stir up such as could not long lie still;
 " Who not employ'd to good, must needs do ill."

And now this grief of our received shame,
 Gave fit occasion for ambitious care,
 To draw the chief reproach of all the same
 On such as obvious unto hatred are,
 Th' especial men of state: who all the blame
 Of whatsoever Fortune doth must bear.
 For still in vulgar ears delight it breeds,
 To have the hated authors of misdeeds.

And therefore easily great Somerset²⁰
 (Whom Envy long had singled out before)
 With all the volley of disgraces met,
 As th' only mark that Fortune pleas'd therefore:
 On whose ill-wrought opinion Spite did whet
 The edge of Wrath, to make it pierce the more;
 And Grief was glad t' have gotten now on whom
 To lay the fault of what must light on some.

Whereon th' again out-breaking York begins
 To build new models of his old desire:
 And seeing the booty fortune for him wins,
 Upon the ground of this unkindled ire,
 He takes th' advantages of others' sins
 To aid his own, and help him to aspire.
 For doubting peace should better scan deeds past,
 He thinks not safe to have his sword out last.

Especially since ev'ry man (now press'd
 To innovation) do with rancour swell;
 A stirring humour generally possess'd
 Those peace-spilt times, weary of being well:
 The weak with wrongs, the happy tir'd with rest;
 And many mad, for what they could not tell.
 The world, ev'n great with change, thought it went
 wrong.
 To stay beyond the bearing-time so long.

And therefore now these lords confedered
 (Being much increas'd in number and in spite)
 So shap'd their course, that gath'ring to a head,
 They grew to be of formidable might:
 Th' abused world so hastily is led,
 (Some for revenge, some wealth, some for delight)
 That York (from small-beginning troops) soon draws
 A world of men to venture in his cause.

²⁰ York procures the hatred of the people against the duke of Somerset; and so wrought, (in a time of the king's sickness) that he caused him to be arrested in the queen's great chamber, and sent to the tower of London; accusing him to have been the occasion of the loss of France: but the king being recovered, he was again set at liberty, anno reg. 32. The duke of York perceiving his accusations not to prevail against the duke of Somerset, resolves to obtain his purpose by open war: and so being in Wales, accompanied with his special friends, assembled an army, and marched towards London.

Like as proud Severn from a private head,
With humble streams at first doth gently glide,
Till other rivers have contributed
The springing riches of their store beside;
Wherewith at length (high-swell'd) she doth spread
Her broad-distended waters laid so wide,
That coming to the sea, she seems from far,
Not to have tribute brought, but rather war:

Er'n so is York now grown; and now is bent
T' encounter with the best, and for the best:
Whose near approach the king hastes to prevent,²¹
With hope (far off) to have his pow'r suppress'd;
Fearing the city, lest some insolent
And mutinous, should hearten on the rest
To take his part. But he so forward set,
That at St. Alban's both the armies met.

Whereto their haste far fewer hands did bring,
Than else their better leisure would have done;
And yet too many for so foul a thing;
Sith who did best, hath but dishonour won.
For whilst some offer peace, sent from the king,
Warwick's too forward hand hath war begun;
A war, that doth the face of war deform;
Which still is foul, but foulest wanting form.

And never valiant leaders (so well known
For brave-performed actions done before)
Did blench their discretion and renown
In any weak-effected service more;
Bringing such pow'rs into so strait a town,
As to some city-tumult or uproar:
Which slaughter (and no battle) might be thought,
Sith that side us'd their swords, and this their throat.

²¹ King Henry sets forward from London with twenty thousand men of war, to encounter with the duke of York; attended with Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and Humphrey his son, earl of Stafford, Edmund duke of Somerset, Henry Piercy earl of Northumberland, James Butler, earl of Wiltshire and Ormond; Jasper earl of Pembroke, the son of Owen Tudor, half-brother to the king; Thomas Courtney, earl of Devonshire, John lord Clifford, the lords Sudley, Barnes, Ross, and others.

The duke of York, with the lords, pitched their battle without the town, in a place called Key-field: and the king's power (to their great disadvantage) took up the town; where being assailed, and wanting room to use their power, were miserably overthrown and slaughtered. On the king's side were slain, Edmund duke of Somerset; who left behind him three sons, Edmund, Henry, and John. Here was also slain, the earl of Northumberland, the earl of Stafford, the lord Clifford, sir Robert Vere, with divers others, to the number of five thousand; and on the lords' part, but six hundred. And this was the first battle at St. Alban's, May 23, an. reg. 33. The duke of York, with other lords, came to the king where he was, and craved grace and forgiveness on their knees, of that that they had done in his presence; intending toying but for the good of him, and his kingdom: with whom they removed to London; concluding there to hold a parliament the 9th of July following.

But this on th' error of the king is laid,
And upon Somerset's desire t' obtain
The day with peace; for which they longer stay'
Than wisdom would, advent'ring for the man:
Whose force in narrow streets once over-laid,
Never recover'd head; but ev'n there slain
The duke and all the greatest leaders are,
The king himself b'ing taken prisoner.

Yet not a prisoner to the outward eye,
For that he must seem grac'd with his lost day;
All things b'ing done for his commodity,
Against such men as did the state betray.
For with each apt-deceiving clemency,
And seeming order, York did so ally [steal]
That touch of wrong, as made him make good
In weaker minds, with show of commonwealth.

Long-look'd-for pow'r thus got into his hand,
The former face of court doth new appear;
And all th' especial charges of command²²
To his partakers distributed were.
Himself is made protector of the land;
A title found, which covertly did bear
All-working pow'r under another style;
And yet the sov'reign part doth act the while.

The king held only but an empty name,
Left with his life; wherof the proof was such.
As sharpest pride could not transpiree the man,
Nor all-desiring greediness durst touch:
Impiety had not enlarg'd their shame
As yet so wide, as to attempt so much.
Mischief was not full ripe for such foul deeds;
Left for th' unbounded malice that succeeds.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR,
BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king's repris'd—York and his side retire;
And making head again, is put to flight:
Returns into the land, his right requires:
Having regain'd the king, confirms his right;
And whilst his rash improvidence aspires,
Is slain at Wakefield by queen Mary's might;
Who (at St. Alban's) back her lord regains:
Is forc'd from thence—and March the crown obtains

DISORDERLY authority¹, thus gain'd,
Knew not at first, or durst not to proceed
With an out-breaking course; but stood restrain'd
Within the compass of respective heed:
Distrust of friends, and pow'r of foes, detain'd
That mounting will from making too much speed
For though he held the pow'r he long'd to wa,
Yet had not all the keys to let him in.

²² Richard earl of Salisbury made lord chancellor, and the earl of Warwick governor of Calais.

¹ The duke of York, in respect that king Henry, for his holiness of life, and clemency, was highly

'Be queen abroad, with a revenging hand
Arm'd with her own disgrace, and others' spite,
Lash'ring th' oppressed party of the land)
Ield over him the threatening sword of might ;
'That forc'd him in the terms of awe to stand,
Who else had burst-up right, to come t' his right)
And kept him so confus'd, that he knew not
'o make use of the means which he had got.

'or either by his fearing to restrain
'be person of the king ; or by neglect
Of guarding him with a sufficient train ;
'be watchful queen with cunning doth effect
' practice, that recovers him again,
As one that with best care could him protect :)
And be 's convey'd to Coventry, to those
Who well knew how of majesty dispose.

Though this weak king had blunted thus before
The edge of pow'r with so dull clemency,
And left him nothing else was gracious, more
'han ev'n the title of his sov'reignty ;
'et is that title of so precious store,
As it makes golden, leaden majesty :
And where, or howsoever it doth sit,
's sure t' have the world attend on it.

Whether it be, that form and eminence,
Adorn'd with pomp and state, begets this awe ;
'r whether an in-bred obedience
To right and pow'r, doth our affections draw :
Or whether sacred kings work reverence,
And make that nature now, which was first law ;
We know not—but the head will draw the parts ;
And good kings, with our bodies, have our hearts.

For lo ! no sooner was his person join'd
With this distracted body of his friends,
But straight the duke, and all that faction, find,
They lost the only engine for their ends :
Authority with majesty combin'd²
Hands beat upon them now, and pow'rful sends
Them summons to appear ; who lately held
That pow'r themselves, and could not be compell'd.

esteemed of the commons, durst not attempt any
violent course against his person ; but only labours
o strengthen his own party ; which he could not
do, but by the oppression and displacing of many
worthy men, with committing other violence,
whereunto necessity enforced him, for the prefer-
ment of his friends : which raised a greater party
against him than that he had made.

¹ The queen, with her party, having recovered
the king, and withdrawing him far from London,
where they found the duke of York was too much
favoured by the citizens) grew to be very strong,
by means that so many lords, and much people,
oppressed and discontented with these proceedings
of their enemies, resorted daily unto them. Where-
upon the king summoned the duke and his adhe-
rents, to appear before him at Coventry : but they
finding their present strength not sufficient to
make good their answer) retired themselves into
several parts. The duke of York withdraws him-
self to Wigmore, in Wales ; the earl of Salisbury into
the north, the earl of Warwick to Calais.

Wherewith confus'd, as either not prepar'd
For all events ; or seeing the times not fit ;
Or men's affections failing in regard ;
Or their own forces, not of pow'r as yet :
They all retire them home ; and neither dur'd
To appear, or to stand out to answer it.
This unfore-thought-on accident confounds
All their designs, and frustrates all their grounds,

As usually it fares with those that plot
These machines of ambition, and high pride ;
Who (in their chiefest counsels over-shot)
For all things, save what serve the turn, provide ;
Whilst that which most imports, rests most forgot,
Or weigh'd not, or contemn'd, or undecry'd ;
That something may be ever over-gone,
Where courses shall be cross'd, and men undone.

York into Wales, Warwick to Calais hies ;
Some to the north, others to other parts ;
As if they ran both from their dignities,
And also from themselves, and their own hearts :
" (The mind decay'd, in public jeopardies,
To th' ill at hand only itself converts)"
That none would think York's hopes, being so near dry,
Could ever flow again, and swell so high.

And yet, for all this ebbing chance, remains
The spring that feeds that hope, (which leaves men
Whom no affliction so entire restrains, (last :)
But that it may remount as in times past.
Though he had lost his place, his pow'r, his pains ;
Yet held his love, his friends, his title fast :
The whole frame of that fortune could not fail ;
As that which hung by more than by one nail.

Else might we think, what error had it been,
These parts thus sever'd not t' have quite destroy'd ?
But that they saw it not the way to win.
Some more dependances there were beside ;
Which age and fate keeps us from looking in,
That their true counsels come not right decry'd :
Which our presumptuous wits must not condemn ;
They being not ignorant, but we of them.

For here we look upon another crowd,
Another image of nobility,
(Which civil discord had not yet brought down
Unto a lower range of dignity ;)
Upon a pow'r as yet not overflow'd
With th' ocean of all-drowning sov'reignty.
These lords who thus against their king draw swords,
Taught kings to come how to be more than lords.

Which well this queen observ'd ; and therefore
sought

To draw them in, and ruin them with peace ;
Whom force (she saw) more dangerous had wrought,
And did their pow'r and malice but increase.
And therefore to the city having got,
A council was convok'd, all jars to cease :
Where come these lords at length ; but yet so strong,
As if to do, rather than suffer wrong.

² Divers grave persons were sent to the duke of
York, to mediate a reconciliation : and a great
council was called at London, an. reg. 36, to agree
all differences. Whither came the earl of Salis-
bury, with five hundred men ; the duke of York,

Here Scottish border-broils, and fears of France,
Urg'd with the present time's necessity,
Brought forth a subtle-shadow'd countenance
Of quiet peace, resembling amity;
Wrapt in a strong and curious ordinance
Of many articles, bound solemnly:
As if those Gordian knots could be so ty'd,
As no impatient sword could them divide:

Especially, whereas the self-same ends
Concur not in a point of like respect;
But that each party covertly intends
Thereby their own designments to effect:
Which peace with more endang'ring wounds offends,
Than war can do; that stands upon suspect,
And never can be ty'd with other chain,
Than intermutual benefit and gain.

As well by this concluded act is seen;
Which had no pow'r to hold in minds out-bent,
But quickly was dissolv'd and cancell'd clean,
Either by Warwick's fortune or intent.
However urg'd, the servants of the queen⁴
Assaulted him, as he from council went;
Where his own person eagerly pursu'd,
Hardly (by boat) escap'd the multitude.

Which deed, most heinous made, and urg'd as his,
The queen (who soon th' advantage apprehends)
Thought forthwith t' have committed him on this:
But he prevents, flies northward to his friends;
Shows them his danger, and what hope there is
In her, that all their overthrows intends:
" And that these drifts th' effects of this peace are;
Which give more deadly-wounding blows than war."

Struck with his heat, began th' other's fire,
(Kindled with danger and disdain) t' inflame;
Which having well prepar'd to his desire,
He leaves the further growing of the same,
And unto Calais (to his strong retire)
With speed betakes him, to prevent the fame
Of his impos'd offence; lest, in disgrace,
He might be dispossessed of that place.

York straight advis'd the earl of Salisbury
T' address him to the king; and thereupon,
With other grievances, to signify
Th' injurious act committed on his son;
And there to urge the breach of th' amity,
By these sinister plots to be begun:
But he so strongly goes, as men might guess,
His purpos'd not to crave, but make redress.

with four hundred; and was lodged at his house at Baynard's-Castle. The duke of Exeter and Somerset, with eight hundred men, lodged without Temple-Bar. The earl of Northumberland, the lords Egremont and Clifford, with fifteen hundred, and lodged without the city. The earl of Warwick, from Calais, with six hundred men all in his livery. The lord mayor kept continual watch with two thousand men in armour, during the treaty. Wherein, by the great travail and exhortation of the archbishop of Canterbury, with other grave prelates, a reconciliation was concluded, and celebrated with a solemn procession.

⁴ The earl of Warwick is set upon by the queen's servants,

Whom the lord Audley⁵ having so restrain'd,
(Sent with ten thousand men well furnish'd)
Encounter'd on Blore-Heath; where he is slain,
And all his pow'r and force discomfited:
Which chance so open'd, and let out again,
The hopes of York, (whom peace had fetter'd)
That he resolves whatever should befall,
To set up's rest, to venture now for all.

Fury unty'd, and broken out of bands,
Runs deep'rate presently to either head:
Faction and War (that never wanted hands
For blood and mischief) soon were furnish'd.
Affection finds a side; and out it stands;
Not by the cause, but by her interest led:
And many urging war, most forward are;
" Not that 't is just, but only that 't is war."

Whereby the duke is grown t' a mighty head
In Shropshire, with his Welsh and northern aid:
To whom came Warwick, having order'd
His charge at Calais; and with him courey'd
Many brave leaders, that adventur'd
Their fortunes on the side that he had laid:
Whereof, as chief, Trollop and Blount⁶ ensu'd;
But Trollop⁶ fail'd his friends; Blount faithful held.

The king (provok'd these mischiefs to prevent,
Follow'd with Somerset and Exeter)
Strongly appointed, all his forces bent,
Their malice to correct, or to deter:
And drawing near, a rev'rend prelate sent⁷
To proffer pardon, if they would refer
Their cause to peace; as b'ing a cleaner course
Unto their ends, than this foul bar'rous force.

" For what a war," said he, " is here begun,
Where ev'n the victory is held accurst?
And who-so wins, it will be so ill won,
That though he have the best, he spends the worst.
For here your making is to be undone;
Seeking t' obtain the state, you lose it first,
Both sides b'ing one, the blood consum'd all one;
To make it yours, you work to have it none.

" Leave then with this, though this be yet a gain
T' attempt this sin, to be so near a fall.
The doubtful dye of war cast at the main,
Is such, as one bad chance may lose you all.
A certain sin seeks an uncertain gain;
Which got, yourselves ev'n wail and pity shall.
No way but peace leads out from blood and sin,
To free yourselves, the land, and us from tears."

Whereto the discontented part replies,
" That they hereto by others' wrongs encour'd,
Had no way else but these extremities,
And worst means of redress, t' avoid the worst.
For since that peace did but their spoils divide,
And held them out from grace, (as men divor'd

⁵ James Tuchet, kurd Audley, slain at Blore-Heath, and his army discomfited by the earl of Salisbury, with the loss of two thousand four hundred men, an. reg. 38.

⁶ Sir Andrew Trollop afterward fled to the king, John Blount remained with the lords.

⁷ The king being at Worcester, sends the bishop of Salisbury to the lords, to induce them to peace and to offer pardon.

lose th' honours that their fortunes did afford)
 etter die with the sword, than by the sword.

For if pacts, vows, or oaths, could have done ought,
 here had enough been done; but to no end,
 ave to their ruin, who had ever sought
 ' avoid these broils, as grieving to contend:
 moth'ring disgraces, drawing to parts remote,
 a exil'd men; where now they were t' attend
 is grace, with all respect and reverence;
 or with the sword of malice, but defence.

Thereby they show'd, that words were not to win:
 ut yet the pardon⁹ works so feelingly,
 hat to the king that very night came in
 ir Andrew Trollop, with some company;
 entented to redeem his sin with sin,
 ialoyalty with infidelity;
 nd by this means became discover'd quite
 ll th' orders of th' intended next day's fight.

Which so much wrought upon their weaken'd fears,
 hat presently their camp brake up, ere day;
 nd ev'ry man with all his speed prepares,
 oording to their course to shift their way.
 'ork', with his youngest son, towards Ireland bears;
 Warwick to Calais, where his safety lay;
 o that rare harbour of conspiracy,
 'evy's retreat, Rebellion's nursery.

Which fatal place¹⁰ seems that with either hand
 s made t' offend. For France sh' afflicts with th'
 ind with the other did infect this land; [one];
 la if ordained to do good to none;
 ut as a gate to both our ills did stand,
 o let out plagues on us, and int' her own
 l part without us, that small good hath been,
 ut to keep less entire the whole within.

And there, as in their all and best support,
 a Warwick got, with March and Salisbury,
 When all the gates of England, ev'ry port
 wd show close shut, debars their re-entry;
 ock'd out from all, and all left in that sort,
 is no means seems can aid their misery.
 His wound, giv'n without blow, weakens them more
 han all their loss of blood had done before.

'or now again upon them frowningly
 lands Pow'r with Fortune, trampling on their states,
 had brands them with the marks of infamy,
 obellions, treasons, and assassines;
 ittains their blood in all posterity;
 lassacks their lands, spoils their confederates;
 and lays so hideous colours on their crimes,
 la would have terrify'd more tim'rous times;

but here could do no good—For why, this age
 ping in a course of motion, could not rest
 'till the revolution of their rage
 lunge to that point whereto it was address'd.
 Misfortune, crosses, ruin could not 'swage
 'hat heat of hope, or of revenge at least.

⁹ The bishop of Salisbury offered pardon to all such as would submit themselves.

¹⁰ The duke of York, with his youngest son, the earl of Rutland, withdrew him into Ireland, where he was exceedingly beloved.

¹¹ The incongruities of Calais at that time.

"The world once set a-work, cannot stop; cease;
 Nor ever is the same it is in peace."

For other motions, other interests have,
 The acting spirits up and awake do keep:
 "Faith, friendship, honour, is more sure, more
 dear,
 And more itself than when it is asleep."
 Worth will stand out, and doth no shadows fear;
 Disgraces make impressions far more deep;
 When ease, ere it will stir, or break her rest,
 Lies still, hears all, content to be oppress'd.

York, and his side, could not while life remain'd,
 Though thus dispers'd, but work and interdeal;
 Nor any sword at home could keep restrain'd
 Th' out-breaking pow'rs of this innated seal.
 This humour had so large a passage gain'd
 On th' inward body of the commonweal,
 That 'twas impossible to stop by force
 This current of affection's violent course.

Yet they at home (disorder to keep forth)
 Did all what pow'r could do, or wit invent:
 Plac'd in th' avoided rooms men of great worth;
 Young Somerset¹¹ with strength to Calais sent;
 Northumberland and Clifford to the north,
 Whereof they only had the government:
 Defend all landings, bar all passages,
 Strive to redress the public grievances.

And to this end summon a parliament¹²:
 Wherein when as the godly king would not,
 Unto th' attainder of the lords appeast,
 The queen in grief (and in her passions hot)
 Breaks out in speech lovingly violent.
 "And what," saith she, "my lord, have you forgot
 To rule, and be a king? Why will you thus
 Be mild to them, and cruel unto us?"

"What good have you procur'd by clemency,
 But giv'n to wild presumption much more bold?
 And now what cure, what other remedy
 Can to our desp'rate wounds be ministr'd?
 Men are not good, but for necessity;
 Nor orderly are ever born, but bred.
 Sad want and poverty makes men industrious;
 But law must make them good, and fear obsequi-
 ous."

"My lord, he governs well, that's well obey'd;
 And temperate rigour ever safely sits.
 For as to him who Cotis¹³ did upbraid,
 And call'd his rigour madness, raging fits:
 'Content thee, thou unskillful man,' he said;
 'My madness keeps my subjects in their wits.'
 So to like course, my lord, y' are forc'd to fall;
 Or else you must in th' end undo us all."

¹¹ Henry the young duke of Somerset was, reg. 37, made captain of Calais; and a privy-seal sent to the earl of Warwick, to discharge him of that place: who, in respect he was made captain there by parliament, would not obey the privy-seal.

¹² The parliament at Coventry.

¹³ Cotis, a tyrant of Thrace.

"Look but, I pray, on this dear part of you!
This branch sprung from your blood, your own aspect!
Look on this child; and think what shall ensue
To this fair hope of ours, by your neglect!
Though you respect not us, wrong not his due;
That must his right, left you, from you expect;
The right of the renowned Lancasters,
His father's father's, and great grandfather's."

Then turns t' her son: "O son! dost thou not see?
He is not mov'd, nor touch'd, nor weighs our tears!
What shall I do? What hope is left for me;
When he wants will to help, and thou want'st years?
Could yet these hands of thine but partners be
In these my labours to keep out our fears,
How well were I? That now alone must toil,
And turn, and toss; and yet undone the while.

"I know if thou could'st help, thy mother thus
Should not beyond her strength endure so much;
Nor these proud rebels, that would ruin us,
'Scape with their heinous treasons without touch:
I know thou would'st conceive how dangerous
Mercy were unto those, whose hopes were such;
And not preserve whom law hath overthrown,
Saving their livelihood, to lose our own.

"But sth thou can'st not, nor I able am,
Thou must no more expect of me, dear son;
Nor yet in time to come thy mother blame,
If thou by others' weakness be undone.
The world, with me, must testify the same,
That I have done my best, what could be done;
And have not fail'd, with hazard of my life,
The duty of a mother and a wife.

"But well—I see which way the world will go
And let it go!—and so turns her about,
Full with stout grief, and with disdainful woe;
Which now her words shut up, her looks out-let
The cast of her side-bowed eye, did show
Both sorrow and reproof; seeing so great doubt,
And no pow'r to redress, but stand and vex,
Imprison'd in the fetters of her sex.

Yet so much wrought these moving arguments,
(Drawn from that blood where Nature urg'd her best
As his all-upward tending zeal relents, [right]
And downward to his state declines his sight;
And so to their attainders he consents,
Provided he, on their submission, might
Out of his princely pow'r, in his own name,
Without a parliament¹⁴, revoke the same.

Whilst Somerset¹⁵ with main endeavour lay
To get his giv'n (but ungot) government,
The stout Calicians (bent another way)
Fiercely repel him, frustrate his intent:
Yet takes he Guines, landing at Whitland-Bay.
Whereas the swords he brought would not consent

¹⁴ At this parliament at Coventry, in the year 1459, in the thirty-eighth year of king Henry VI. is Richard duke of York, with his son Edward, and all his posterity, and partakers, attainted, to the ninth degree; their goods and possessions escheated; their tenants spoiled of their goods; the town of Ludlow, pertaining to the duke of York, ransacked; and the dutchess of York spoiled of her goods.

¹⁵ Henry duke of Somerset, with the lords Aud-

To wound his foes—the fight no rancour bath:
Malice was friends; and war was without wrath.

Though he their hands, yet Warwick had their
hearts;
To whom both men and shipping they betray'd;
Whilst England's (though debarred) shores impart
To him her other-where intended aid.
For the lord Rivers¹⁶ passing to those parts,
T' have fresh supplies unto the duke convey'd;
At Sandwich, with his son accompany'd,
Staying for wind, was taken in his bed.

Whose shipping and provisions Warwick¹⁷ takes
For Ireland, with his chieftain to confer;
And within thirty days this voyage makes,
And back returns ere known to have been there:
So that the Heav'ns, the sea, the wind partakes
With him, as if they of his faction were;
Or that his spir't and valour were combin'd
With destiny, t' effect what he design'd.

Which working, though without, and on the shore,
Reach'd yet unto the centre of the land;
Search'd all those humours that were bred below;
Shakes the whole frame whereon the state did stand:
"Affection, pity, fortune, fear b'ing mov'd
Far off and absent, than they are at hand.
Pity becomes a traitor with th' oppress'd;
And many have been rais'd, by b'ing suppress'd."

For they had left, although themselves were gone,
Opinion and their memory behind;
Which so prevails, that nought could here be done,
But straight was known as soon as once design'd.
Court, council-chamber, closet, all were won,
To be revealers of the prince's mind:
So false is Faction, and so smooth a liar,
As that it never had a side entire.

Whereby th' exil'd had leisure to prevent,
And circumvent whatever was devis'd;
Which made that Falconbridge¹⁸ to Sandwich bent,
That fortress and the governor surpris'd;
Who presently from thence to Calais sent,
Had his unguilty blood there sacrific'd:
And Falconbridge returning back, relates
Th' affection here, and seal of all estates.

Drawn with which news, and with a spir't that dar'd
T' attempt on any likelihood of support;
They take th' advantage of so great regard:
Their landing here secur'd them in such sort
By Falconbridge: the fatal bridge prepar'd
To be the way of blood, and to transport
Returning fury to make greater wounds,
Than ever England saw within her bounds.

ley and Ross, attempted the town of Calais, but were repul'd; his people yielding themselves to the earl of Warwick, and himself hardly escap'd.

¹⁶ The lord Rivers, and his son, sir Anthony Woodvil, were taken by John Durbam at Sandwich; whether they were sent to guard the town, and supply the duke of Somerset.

¹⁷ The earl of Warwick sailed into Ireland, so confer with the duke of York.

¹⁸ The lord Falconbridge sent to Sandwich, took the town, and sir Simon Montfort, governor thereof.

And but with fifteen hundred men do land,
Upon a land with many millions stor'd;
So much did high-presuming courage stand
On th' aid home-disobedience would afford.
Nor were their hopes deceiv'd—for such a hand
Had innovation ready for the sword,
As ere they near unto the city drew,
Their pow'r beyond all former greatness grew.

Muse, what may we imagine was the cause
That Fury works thus universally?
What humour, what affection is it, draws
Sides of such pow'r to this nobility?
Was it their conscience, to redress the laws;
Or malice to a wrong-plac'd sov'reignty,
That caus'd them (more than wealth or life) desire
Destruction, ruin, bloodshed, sword, and fire?

Or was the pow'r of lords (thus interplac'd
Betwixt the height of princes, and the state)
Th' occasion that the people so embrac'd
Their actions, and attend on this debate?
Or had their greatness, with their worth, embas'd
The touch of royalty to so low rate,
As their opinion could such tumults move?
Then pow'r and virtue, you couragious prove.

And Perlander's level'd ears of oren
Show what is fittest for the public rest;
And that the highest minions which adorn
A commonweal, (and do become it best)
Are Zeal and Justice, Law and Customs, born
Of high descent; that never do infect
The land with false suggestions, claims, affrights,
To make men lose their own for others' rights.

But now against this disproportion bends
The feeble king¹⁵ all his best industry;
And from abroad, Skales, Lovel, Kendal sends,
To hold the city in fidelity;
The city, which before (for other ends)
Was wrought to leave the part of royalty:
Where though the king's command was of no pow'r;
Yet work these lords so, that they took the Tow'r.

And from thence labour to bring in again
The outlet will of disobedience;
Send terrour, threats, entreaties, but in vain.
Warwick and March¹⁶ are with all jollity
And grace receiv'd. The city¹⁷ love did gain
The best part of a crown: for whose defence,
And entertaining still, stays Salisbury¹⁸,
Whilst March and Warwick other fortunes try;

¹⁵ The king (from Coventry) sends the lord Skales, the lord Lovel, the earl of Kendal, to London, with others, to keep the city in obedience.

¹⁶ The earls of March, Warwick, and Salisbury, landing at Sandwich, were met by the archbishop of Canterbury; who, with his cross borne before him, accompanied them to London, an. reg. 36.

¹⁷ The affection which the city of London bore to the duke of York, was an especial means for the raising of that line to the crown.

¹⁸ The earl of Salisbury left to keep the city.

Conducting their fresh troops against their king,
(Who leaves a woman to supply his stead:)
And near Northampton¹⁹ both embattailing,
Made now the very heart of England bleed:
Where what strange resolutions both sides bring,
And with what deadly rancour they proceed,
Witness the blood there shed, and foully shed;
That cannot but with sighs be registred.

There Buckingham, Talbot, and Egremont,
Beaumont and Lucy²⁰; parts of Lancaster,
(Parts most important, and of chief account)
In this unhappy day extinguish'd are.
There the lord Grey²¹ (whose faith did not amount
Unto the trust committed to his care)
Betrays his king, born to be strangely toas'd;
And late again attain'd, again is lost.

Again is lost this outside of a king²²,
Ordain'd for others' uses, not his own;
Who to the part that had him could but bring
A feeble body only, and a crown;
But yet was held to be the dearest thing
Both sides did labour for so much, to crown
Their cause with the apparency of might; [right:
From whom, and by whom they must make their

When he himself (as if he sought esteem'd
The highest crown on Earth) continues one;
Weak to the world; which his religion deem'd
Like to the breath of man; vain, and soon gone!
Whilst the stout queen, by speedy flight, redeem'd
The safety of herself, and of her son:
And with her Somerset²³ to Durham fled;
Her pow'r suppress'd, her heart unvanquish'd.

So much for absent York is acted here,
Attending English hopes on th' Irish coast:
Which when, unlook'd for, they related were,
Ambition (still on horseback) comes in post,
And seems with greater glory to appear;
As made the more by being so long time lost:
And to the parliament with state is led,
Which his associates had fore-summoued.

And com'n into the chamber of the peers,
He sets himself down in the chair of state;
Where such an unexpected face appears
Of an amazed court, that gazing sat
With a dumb silence, (seeming, that it smas
The thing it want about t' effectuate)
As if the place, the cause, the conscience gave
Bars to the words their forced course should have.

¹⁹ The battle of Northampton.

²⁰ The duke of Buckingham, the earl of Shrewsbury, the lord Egremont, John viscount Beaumont, sir William Lucy, slain.

²¹ The lord Edmund Grey of Buthe, who led the van-guard of king Henry, withdrew himself, and took part with the lords.

²² The king is conveyed to London; the Tower yielded up to the lords, and the lord Skales (who kept it) murdered.

²³ The duke of Somerset.

"The strange those times which brought such hands
for blood,

Had not bred tongues to make good any side ;
And that no prostituted conscience stood,
Aqd injustice to have justify'd ;
(As men of the forlorn hope, only good
In desperate acts to be employ'd)
And that none in th' assembly there was found,
That would t' ambitious descent give a ground :

That ev'n himself (forc'd of necessity)
Must be the orator of his own cause.
For having view'd them all, and could say
None proff'ring once to speak ; (all in a pause)
On this friend looks with an inviting eye,
And then on that, (as if he wou'd applause)
Holding the cloth of state still in his hand ;
The sign which he would have them understand.

But seeing none move ; with an imperial port
Gathering his spir'ts, he rises from his seat ;
Doth with such pow'r of words his cause support,
As seems all others' causes to defeat.
" And sure, who works his greatness in that sort,
Must have more pow'r than those that are born great.
Such revolutions are not wrought, but when
Those spir'ts do work, which must be more than men."

He argues first his right, so long withheld
By th' usurpation of the Lancasters ;
" The right of a direct line, always held
The sacred course of blood ; our ancestors,
Our laws, our rev'rent customs have upheld
With holy hands. Whence when disorder errs,
What horrors, what confusion do we see ;
Untill it be reduc'd where it should be ?

" And how it prospers with this wretched land,
Witness the universal misery,
Wherein (as if accur'd) the realm doth stand ;
Depriv'd of state, wealth, honour, dignity :
The church, and commons, underneath the hand
Of violence, extortion, robbery.
No face of order, no respect of laws :
And thus complains of what himself is cause ;

" Accusing others' insolence, that they
Exhausted the revenues of the crown ;
So that the king was forc'd only to prey
Upon his subjects, poor and wretched grown :
And that they now sought Ireland to betray,
And Calais to the French ; which he had known
By th' intercepted notes of their own hand,
Who were the only traitors of the land ;

" And yet procur'd th' attainders most unjust
Of others' guiltless and unspotted blood,
Who evermore had labour'd in their trust,
And faithful service for their country's good ;
And who with extreme violence were thrust
Quite out of all, spoil'd of their livelihood,
Expos'd to all the miseries of life ;
Which they endur'd, to put off blood and strife,

" But woe," saith he, " their malice hath no end,
But t' end us all, and to undo the land ;
(For which the hateful French gladly attend,
And at this instant have their swords in hand)
And that the God of Heav'n doth seem to bend
Unto our cause, whereto the best men stand ;
And that this blood of mine so long time sought,
Reserved seems for something to be wrought ;

" It rests within your judgments to upright
Or else to ruin utterly the land :
For this be sure, I must pursue my right
Whilst I have breath, or I and mine can stand.
Think whether this poor state, b'ing in this plight,
Stands not in need of some up-raising hand ;
Or whether 't is not time we should have rest,
And this confusion and our wounds redress'd."

This said, he turns aside, and out he goes ;
Leaves them to counsel what was to be done :
Where though the most part gather'd were of those
Who with no opposition sure would run ;
Yet some, more temp'rate, offer'd to propose
That which was fit to be consider'd on :
Who, though they knew his claim was fair in right,
Yet thought it now lack'd the right face of right :

Since for the space of threescore years, the crown
Had been in set possess'd, in three descents ;
Confirm'd by all the nobles of renown²²,
The people's suffrages, oaths, parliaments ;
So many acts of state, both of our own,
And of all other foreign governments :
" That wrong, by order, may grow right by this ;
Sith right th' observer but of order is.

" And then consid'ring first how Balinghroke,
Landing in Yorkshire but with threescore men,
By the consent of all the kingdom, took
The crown upon him, held for lawful then :
His uncle York, and all the peers betook
Themselves to him, as to their sovereign ; when
King Richard's wrongs, and his propinquity,
Did seem to make no distance in their eye.

" Nor was without example in those days ;
Wherein (as in all ages) states do take
The side of public peace, to counterpaise
The weight of wrong, which time may rightful make.
No elderhood Rufus and Henry²³ stays
Th' imperial crown of England t' undertake :
And John before his nephew Arthur speeds ;
Whom, though depriv'd, Henry his son succeeds.

" Edward the Third made sov'reign of the state
Upon his father's deprivation was.
All which, though seeming wrongs, yet fairly met
In their successors, and for right did pass."
And if they could so work, t' accommodate
And calm the peers, and please the populace ;
They wish'd the crown might where it stood remain,
Succeeding inconvenience to restrain.

Thus th' ancient fathers of the law advise,
Grave baron Thorpe, and learned Porteusuo ;
Who though they could not fashion otherwise
These strong-bent humours, which averse grew ;
Yet seem'd to qualify th' extremities,
And some respect must to their sov'reign draw ;
That, during life, it was by all agreed
He should be king, and York should him succeed.

²² Non confirmatur tractu temporis, quod de jure ab initio non legitimum.

²³ William Rufus and Henry I. preferred before their elder brother.

Which presently enacted, was (beside)
Proclaim'd throughout with all solemnities,
And intermutually there ratify'd
With protestations, vows, and oaths likewise;
Built up with all the strength of arms, 't' abide
Whatever opposition could arise;
And might have seem'd sure and authentical,
Had all this body of the state been all.

But Trent, thou kept'st a part; Thames had not all:
The north divided honour with the south;
And like pow'r held like greatness several;
Where other right spake with another mouth;
Another heir another prince they call,
Whom natural succession follow doth;
The branch of kings, the true son of the crown;
To whom no father can but leave his own.

The king, as husband to the crown, doth by
The wife's infirmity hold; and only here
Enjoys the same for life by courtesy;
Without pow'r to dispose it elsewhere,
After his death, but as th' authority,
Order, and custom of succession bear:
And therefore Henry's act cannot undo
The right of him whom it belongs unto.

And this unnatural intrusion here
Of that attainted blood, out of all course,
Effect'd with confusion and with fear,
Must be reduc'd to other terms of force.
These insolencies justice cannot bear:
The sword (whereeto they only had recourse)
Must cut this knot so intricately ty'd,
Whose vain contrived ends are plain decay'd.

Thus they give out—and out the sword in hand
Is drawn for blood, to justify the same;
And by a side with many a worthy man:
Great Somerset, Bacter, Buckingham,
With Clifford, Courtney, and Northumberland,
(Lords of as mighty courage, as of name)
Which all against York's forced courses bend;
Who having done, yet had not made an end:

But to another work is forc'd to go,
The last turmoil lab'ring ambition had;
Where pride and over-weening led him so,
(For fortunes past) as made the issue sad.
For whether safer counsel would or no,
His yet unfurnish'd troops he desprais'd led
From Sandall-Castle unto Wakefield Green,
Against far mightier forces of the queen.

Where round enclos'd by ambushments fore-laid^m,
Hard-working for his life, (but all in vain)
With number and confusion over-laid,
Himself and valiant Salisbury are slain;
With whom the most, and dearest blood decay'd
Of his courageous and advent'rous train:
So short a life had those long hopes of his,
Born not to wear the crown he wrought for thus;

^m The battle of Wakefield, where the duke of York is slain; the earl of Salisbury taken, and beheaded at York; Edmund earl of Rutland, youngest son to the duke of York, murdered after the battle, by the lord Clifford.

But in the rise of his out-springing lust,
Now in the last of hope receiv'd side fall;
Now that his working pow'r's so far had thrast,
That his desires had but this step to all.
When, so near home, he seem'd past all distrust,
This unexpected wreck doth him befall:
This successor th' inheritor foregoes;
The play-gamer made of fortune, and his foes.

Whose young son, Rutland, (made the sacrifice
For others' sins, ere he knew how to die)
Brought only but to see this exercise
Of blood and wounds, ends ere he did begin:
Whose tears, whose moan, whose lamentable cries,
Could neither mercy nor compassion win.
The branch of such a tree, though tender now,
Was not thought fit should any longer grow.

Which turning chance t' a long ungraced side,
Brings back their almost quelled hopes again;
And thrust them on to use the present tide
And flow of this occasion, to regain
Th' enthralled monarch, and to undecide
The late concluded act they held for vain;
And moves their armies, new refresh'd with spoil,
For more confusion, and for more turmoil:

Victoriously proceeding unwitthoed,
Till at St. Alban's Warwick's forc'd t' a standⁿ.
Whereas (to make his own undoing good)
The king is brought against himself to band:
His pow'r and crown is set against his blood;
Forc'd on the side not of himself to stand.
Divided king! in what a case thou art,
To have thy hand thus bent against thy heart!

And here this famous fatal place again
Is made the stage of blood—again these streets,
Embru'd with slaughter, cover'd with the slain,
Witness what desprate wrath with rancour meets.
But Fortune now is in another vein,
Another side her turning favour greets;
The king here lately lost, is now here won^o;
Still sure t' undo the side that he was on.

Warwick^p, with other genius than his own,
Had here to do: which made him see the face
Of sad misfortune in the self-same town,
Where prosp'rous winning lately gave him grace:
And Mary'ret here, this martial Amazon,
Was with the spirit of her self in place;
Whose labours fortune er'n to pity stir,
And b'ing a woman, could but give it her.

The reputation and encouragement
Of Wakefield glory waken'd them to this:
And this seems now the full accomplishment
Of all their travail, all their combrances.
For what can more disturb this government,
When York extinct, and Warwick conquer'd is?
Directing Sal'sb'ry left without a head,
What rests there now that all's not finished?

ⁿ The second battle at St. Albans.

^o The king is again recovered by the queen.

^p The earl of Warwick, with the duke of Norfolk, put to flight; and Mr. John Grey slain on the king's side.

Thus for the sick preserving Nature strives
Against corruption and the loathsome grave,
When out of Death's cold hand she back repieves
Th' almost confounded spir'its she fain would save;
And then cheers up, enlightens, and revives,
Making faint sickness words of health to have,
With looks of life, as if the worst were past;
When straight comes dissolution, and his last.

So fares it with this late revived queen;
Whose victories thus fortunately won,
Have but as only light'ning motions been
Before th' ruin that ensu'd thereon.
For now another springing pow'r is seen,
Whereto (as to the new-arising Sun)
All turn their faces, leaving those low rays
Of setting fortune, which no climber weighs.

Now is young March more than a duke of York:
For youth, love, grace, and courage, make him more;
All which for Fortune's favour now do work,
Who graceth freshest actors evermore;
Making the first attempt the chiefest work
Of any man's designs that strives therefore.
"The after-seasons are not so well bless'd;
For those first spir'its make their first actions best."

Now as the Lybian lion, when with pain
The weary hunter hath pursu'd his prey
From rocks to brakes, from thickets to the plain,
And at the point thereon his hands to lay
Hard by his hopes, his eye upon his gain,
Out-rushing from his den, rapt all away;
So comes young March their ends to disappoint,
Who now were grown so near unto the point.

The love of these important southern parts,
Of Essex, Surrey, Middlesex, and Kent,
The queen had wholly lost; so they whose hearts
Grew ill affected to her government,
Upon th' uncivil and presumptuous parts,
Play'd by the northern troops grown insolent;
Whom though she could not govern otherwise,
Yet th' ill that 's wrought for her, upon her lies.

"So wretched is this execrable war,
This civil sword—wherein though all we see
Be foul, and all things miserable are,
Yet most distressfull is the victory;
Which is not only th' extreme ruiner
Of others, but her own calamity:
Where who obtains, what he would cannot do:
Their pow'r hath part, who help him thereunto."

The city²¹, whose good-will they most desire,
(Yet thereto durst not commit their state)
Sends them not those provisions they require;
Which seem'd restrain'd by the people's hate:
Yet March's help far off, and near this fire
(To win them time) forc'd them to mediate

²¹ The queen, after the battle of St. Alban's, sent to the mayor of London for certain provisions: who, willing to furnish her therewithal, the commons of the city stayed the same, and would not permit the carts to pass. Whereupon the lord mayor sent to excuse himself, and to appease the displeasure of the queen.

A reconciliation: which well entertain'd,
Was fairly now grown on, and nearly gain'd:

When with a thousand tongues swift-wing'd Fame
And tells of March's gallant victories; [comes,
Who what withstands subdues; all overcomes;
Making his way through fiercest enemies:
As having now to cast in greater sums
The reck'ning of his hopes, that mainly rise.
His father's death gives more life unto wrath;
And vexed valour greater courage hath.

And now, as for his last, his lab'ring worth
Works on the coast which on fair Severn lies;
Whereto his father (passing to the north)
Sent him to levy other fresh supplies:
But hearing now what Wakefield had brought forth,
Implores aid against these injuries,
Obtains from Gloucester, Worcester, Shrewsbury,
Important pow'rs to work his remedy.

Which he against Pembroke and Ormond²² beards;
Whom Marg'ret (now upon her victory)
With all speed possible from Wakefield sends,
With hope to have surpris'd him suddenly.
Wherein though she all means, all wit extends,
To th' utmost reach of wary policy;
Yet nothing her avails—no plots succeed,
T' avert those mischiefs which the Heav'ns decreed.

For near the Cross²³ all'y'd unto his name,
He cross'd those mighty forces of his foes,
And with a spirit ordain'd for deeds of fame
Their eager-fighting army overthrow;
Making all clear behind from whence he came,
Bearing down wholly what before him rose,
Like to an all-confounding torrent scowls;
And was made more by Warwick's mighty streams.

With th' inundation of which greatness, he²⁴
(Having no bounds of pow'r to keep him back)
March'd to the city: at whose entrance free,
No signs of joy, nor no applauding back.
Whose near approach when this sad queen did see,
(T' avoid these rocks of her near threat'ning wreck)
With her griev'd troops northward she hence de-
parts,
And leaves to youth and Fortune these scath parts.

²² Jasper earl of Pembroke, and James Bala, earl of Ormond and Wiltshire.

²³ The battle of Mortimer's Cross, where Owen Tudor, father to the earl of Pembroke, who had married king Henry's mother, was taken and be-headed.

²⁴ The earl of Warwick, after his overthrow at St. Alban's, retires with all the forces he could make, and joins with the young duke of York; who coming to London, and received with all joy, a great council was presently called of the laity spiritual and temporal; where king Henry was adjudged insufficient for the government of the realm, and to be deprived of all regal authority; and the duke of York elected for king, and after proclaimed by the name of Edward IV. March 4, 1460, at the age of eighteen. And so Henry VI. after he had reigned thirty-eight years, eight months, was deposed.

Glory with admiration ent'ring now,
 Open'd that easy door to his intent,
 As that there needs not long time to allow
 The right he had unto the government;
 Nor Henry's injuries to disavow,
 Against his oath, and th' act of parliament.
 "For here the speedi' st way he takes t' accord
 Difference in law, that pleads it with the sword."

Gather'd to see his muster'd companies,
 Stood all the flocking troops of London streets,
 When Falconbridge (with gentle feeling) tries
 How strong the pulse of their affection beats;
 And reckon'g up the grievous miseries,
 And decolation which the country threats, [king;
 Ask'd them, "whom they would have to be their
 To lead those troops, and state in form to bring?"

Whereto, with such an universal shout,
 "The earl of March," the multitude replies,
 As the rebounding echo straight throughout
 (From tow'r to tow'r reverberated) flies
 To th' ears of those great lords, who sat about
 The consultation for this enterprise.
 Whose care is sav'd, which most they stood upon;
 For what they counsel how to do, is done.

And nothing now, but to confirm him king,
 Remains (which trust not long remain) to do:
 The present heat doth straight dispatch the thing,
 With all those solemn rites that 'long thereto:
 So that what York, with all his travelling,
 Force and intrusion, could not get unto;
 Is now thus freely laid upon his son,
 Who must make fair what foully was begun.

Whose end attain'd, had it here made an end
 Of foul destruction, and had stay'd the blood
 Which Towton, Exham, Tewksbury did spend
 With desperate hands, and deeper wounds withstood;
 And that none other crown brought to contend
 With that of his, had made his seem less good;
 How had this long-afflicted land been bless'd!
 Our sighs had ended, and my Muse had rest.

Which now (but little past half her long way)
 Stands trembling at the horrors that succeed;
 Weary with these embroilments, fain would stay
 Her further course, unwilling to proceed:
 And fain to see that glorious holiday
 Of union which this discord re-agreed,
 Knows not as yet what to resolve upon,
 Whether to leave off here, or else go on.

THE
 HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Edward pow'r against king Henry led,
 And both at Towton-field the victory:
 From whence king Henry into Scotland fled,
 Where he attempts his state's recovery:

Steals into England; is discovered;
 Brought prisoner to the Tow'r disgracefully.
 And Edward, whilst great Warwick doth away
 A match in France, marries the lady Grey.

Ox yet, and Verse—though those bright stars from
 whence

Thou had'st thy light, are set for evermore;
 And that these times do not like grace dispense
 To our endeavours, as those did before:
 Yet on—since she, whose beams do re-illumina
 This sacred fire, seems as reserv'd in store
 To raise this work, and here to have my last,
 Who had the first of all my labours past.

On, with her blessed favour, and relate
 With what new bloodahed this new-chosen lord
 Made his first entry to th' afflicted state;
 Pass'd his first act of public with the sword;
 Engor'd his new-worn crown; and how he gat
 Possession of affliction, and restor'd
 His right unto a royal misery,
 Maintained with as bloody dignity.

Show how our great Pharsalian field was fought
 At Towton¹ in the north; the greatest day
 Of ruin that dissection ever brought
 Unto this kingdom. Where two crowns did away
 The work of slaughter—two kings causes wrought
 Destruction to one people, by the way
 Of their affections, and their loyalties;
 As if one for these ills could not suffice.

Where Lancaster, and that courageous side,
 (That noble constant part) came furnished
 With such a pow'r, as might have terrify'd
 And over-run the Earth; had they been led
 The way of glory, where they might have try'd
 For th' empire of all Europe, as those did
 The Macedonian led into the east;
 Their number being double at the least.

And where brave York comes as completely mann'd
 With courage, valour, and with equal might;
 Prepar'd to try with a resolved hand
 The metal of his crown, and of his right:
 Attended with his fatal fire-brand
 Of war, Warwick, that blazing star of fight!
 The comet of destruction! that portends
 Confusion and distress, what way he tends.

What rage, what madness, England, do we see?
 That this brave people, in such multitude
 Run to confound themselves; and all to be
 Thus mad for lords, and for mere servitude!
 What might have been, if (Roman like, and free)
 These gallant spirits had nobler ends pursu'd,

¹ Edward being proclaimed and acknowledged for king, presently sets forward towards the north, to encounter with king Henry VI. who, in Yorkshire had assembled a puissant army of near sixty thousand men; and at a place called Towton, about four miles from York, both their powers met; where was fought the greatest battle our stories mention in all these civil wars: where both the armies consisted of above one hundred thousand men, and all of our own nation.

And strain'd to potent of glory and renown,
For good of the republic, and their own?

But here no Cato with a senate stood
For commonwealth—nor here were any sought
To emancipate the state for public good,
But only head-long for their faction wrought.
Here ev'ry man runs on to spend his blood,
To get but what he had already got.
For whether Pompey, or a Cæsar won,
Their state was ever sure to be all one.

And first, before these fatal armies met,
Had forward Warwick laid the passage free,
At Ferry-Briggs; where the lord Clifford¹ (set
With an advent'rous, gallant company,
To guard that strait, York's further march to let)
Began the scene to this great tragedy;
Made the first entrance on the stage of blood;
Which now set wide for wounds, all open stood.

When Edward to exhort his men began,
With words, whereto both spir't and majesty
His per'ance gave: for that he was a man
(Besides a king) whose crown sat gracefully.
"Com'n is the day," said he, "wher'in who can
Obtain the best, is best. This day must try
Who hath the wrong; and whence our ills have been:
And 't is our swords must make us honest men.

"For though our cause (by God and men allow'd)
Both is it honour, right, and honesty;
Yet all as nothing is to be avow'd,
Unless withal we have the victory.
For justice is (we see) a virtue proud,
And cleaves to pow'r, and leaves weak misery:
And therefore seeing the ease we now stand in,
We must resolve either to die or win.

"Ed that if any here doth find his heart
To fail him for this noble work, or stands
Irresolute this day; let him depart,
And leave his arms behind, for worthier hands.
I know how will stay to do their part;
Here to redeem themselves, wives, children, lands,
And have the glory that thereby shall rise,
To free their country from these miseries."

But here what needed words to blow the fire,
In flame already, and unkindl'd so,
As when it was proclaim'd they might retire,
Who found unwillingness to undergo
That vent'rous work; they all did so conspire
To stand out fortune, that not one would go,
To bear away a hand from blood; not one
Defraud the field of th' evil might be done?

Where Warwick² too (producing in their sight
An argument wherby he did conclude
There was no hope of safety, but by fight)
Doth sacrifice his horse to fortitude;
And thereby did the least conceit of flight,
Or any succour by escape exclude;
"Seeing in the strait of a necessity,
The means to win, is 't have no means to fly."

¹ The lord Clifford slain at Ferry-Brigg.

² The earl of Warwick, before the battle began,
with his own hands killed his horse.

It was upon the twilight of that day,
That peaceful day when the religious bear
The olive branches as they go to pray,
(And we, in lieu, the blooming palms use herb)
When both the armies, ready in array
For th' early sacrifice of blood, appear
Prepar'd for mischief, ere they had full light
To see to do it, and to do it right.

Th' advantage of the time, and of the wind,
(Which both with York seem as retain'd in pay)
Brave Falconbridge⁴ takes hold on, and assign'd
The archers their flight-shafts to shoot away:
Which th' adverse side (with sleet and dimness blind,
Mistaken in the distance of the way)
Answer with their sheaf arrows, that come short
Of their intended aim, and did no hurt.

But gather'd by th' on-marching enemy,
Returned were like clouds of steel: which pour
Destruction down, and did new-night the sky,
As if the day had fail'd to keep his hour.
Whereto the ranged horse break out, deny
Obedience to the riders, scorn their pow'r;
Disrank the troops, set all in disarray,
To make th' assailant owner of the day.

Thus thou peculiar engine of our land!
(Weapon of conquest! master of the field!)
Renowned bow! (that mad'st this crown possessant
The tow'ns of France, and all their pow'rs to yield)
Art made at home to have th' especial hand
In our dissentions, by thy work upheld:
Thou first did'st conquer us; then rais'd our steel
To vanquish others; here ourselves to spill.

And now how com'st thou to be out of date,
And all-neglected leav'st us, and art gone;
And with thee th' ancient strength, the mighty steel
Of valour and of worth, that glory won?
Or else stay'st thou till now-priv'd about about?
(That never shall affect what thou hast done)
And only but attend'st at some blessed reign,
When thou and virtue shall be grac'd again.

But this short tempest drove Northumberland
(Who led the van-guard of king Henry's side)
With eager heat join battle out of hand,
And this disorder with their swords to bid.
Where twice five hours these furious armies stand,
And Fortune's balance weigh'd on neither side;
Nor either did but equal bloodshed gain,
Till Henry's⁵ chiefest leaders all were slain.

⁴ William Nevil, lord Falconbridge, after created earl of Kent.

⁵ In this battle of Towton, on king Henry's side were slain, Henry Percy earl of Northumberland; the earls of Shrewsbury and Devonshire; John lord Clifford; the lords Beaumont, Nevil, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Grey, Dacres, Fitz-Hugh, Molineux, Buckingham: knights, the two base sons of Henry Holland, duke of Exeter; Richard Percy, Gervase Clifton, Andrew Trollop, &c.

The whole number slain were accounted by some thirty-three thousand, by others thirty-five thousand and ninety-one.

Now Bolingbroke, these miseries here shown,
Do much unload thy sin; make thy ill good:
For if thou didst by wrong attain the crown,
'T was without cries; it cost but little blood.
But York by his attempt hath overthrown
All the best glory wherein England stood;
And did his state by her undoing win;
And was, though white without, yet red within.

And thus he hath it—and is now to deal
For th' entertaining and continuance
Of men's affections; and to seek to heal
Those foul corruptions, which the maintenance
Of so long wars bred in the commonweal.
He must remunerate, prefer, advance
His chiefest friends; and prosecute with might
The adverse part; do wrong, to do men right.

Whilst martial Mary's ret, with her hopeful son,
Is travelling in France, to purchase aid;
And plots, and toils, and nothing leaves undone;
Though all in vain.—For being thus over-laid
By Fortune, and the time; all that is done,
Is out of season. For the must have stay'd
Till that first heat of men's affections (which
They bear new kings) were laid, and not so much.

When they should find that they had gain'd no more,
Than th' sea by changing of his masters did;
(Who still must labour as he us'd before)
And those expectancies came frustrated,
Which they had set upon th' imagin'd score
Of their accounts: and had considered,
How that it did but little benefit
The dove, to change the falcon for the kite.

And yet, brave queen⁸, for three years of his reign,
Thou gav'st him little breathing-time of rest;
But still his miseries did'st entertain
With new attempts, and new assaults address'd.
And at thy now return from France again,
(Supply'd with forces) once more gathered'st
An army for the field, and brought'st to war
The scatter'd parts of broken Lancaster.

And once again at Exham led'st them on,
With Scots and French, t' another bloody day;
And there beheld'st thyself again undone,
With all that rest, whereon thy fortunes lay.
Where Somerset (late to king Edward gone,
And got his pardon) having escap'd away,
With noble Percy came, to bring their blood
Unto thy side, whereto they first had stood.

Where the lords Molines, Rom, and Hungerford,
With many else of noble families,
Extinguish'd were—and many that day's sword
Cut off their names in their posterities.

⁸ Queen Margaret, furnished with a great power of Scots and French, to the number of twenty thousand, with her husband, entered into Northumberland, took the castle of Bamborough, and after came forward to the bishopric of Durham: where Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, who had lately been reconciled to king Edward IV. joined with them; and also brought thither with him sir Ralph Percy, a man of great courage and worth: who were taken in the battle of Exham, and executed, an. 3, Ed. IV. 1464.

Where fled again their luckless, follow'd lord;
And is so near pursu'd by th' enemies,
As th' ensign of his crown was seiz'd upon,
For him who had before his kingdom won;

And shortly after too his person gat.
For he now weary'd with his long exile,
And miseries abroad, grew passionate
With longing to return t' his native soil.
And seeing he could not do the same in state,
He seeks, disguis'd in fashion, to beguile
The world a time, and steal the liberty
And sight of his dear country privately.

As if there were for a pursu'd king
A covert left on Earth, wherein to hide;
When Pow'r and Jealousy are travelling,
And lay to catch affliction on each side.
" Misfortune serves, we see, for ev'ry thing."
And soon he comes⁹, God knows, to be decry'd,
And Edward hath the booty he desir'd;
For whose establishment all things conspir'd.

Yet long it was not ere a fire began
To take in th' inward'st closet, where he hid
The treasure of his chiefest trust; and ran
From thence through all its state, before it stay'd
For being a king, who his whole fortunes was
With other hands, must many leave unpaid;
And could not fill up that vast greediness
Of expectation, which is bottomless.

Though he did all the best that in him lay,
(As a most active prince) to satisfy
The int'rest of their travails, and defray
The bands contracted 'twixt his sov'reignty
And the republic: seeking to allay¹⁰
All grievances; recorder Equity,
Reform the bars, that Justice did abuse;
Lay easy on the state, as new kings use.

As he, who having found great treasury,
The first year offers with most grateful cheer
A sheep of gold to Juno's deity;
And next of silver, for the second year;
The third of brass: and then neglectively,
Nothing at all—so these respects, which were
Born of a present feeling, mov'd him most;
But soon were with their times and motives lost.

And what his bounty could not recompense,
He pays with honours, and with dignities.
And (more to angle the benevolence)
And catch the love of men with courtesies)
He oft would make his dignity dispense
With his too low familiarities;
Descending from his sphere of majesty
Beneath himself very submissively.

⁹ King Henry was taken in Lancashire, and brought to London, with his legs bound to stirrups; having in his company only Dr. Manning, dean of Windsor, with another divine; who was taken with him, and committed to the Tower.

¹⁰ King Edward IV. sat on the King's Bench, a open court, three days together, in Michaelmas term, anno 2 of his reign; to understand how his laws were executed.

and when he had dispos'd in some good train
his home affairs; he counsell'd how t' advance
his foreign correspondence, with the chain
of some alliance that might countenance
his greatness, and his quiet entertain. [France.
Which was thought fittest with some match of
bold that kingdom from sub-siding such,
Who else could not subsist, nor hope so much.

For was it now a time to have contrast
With any foreign, mighty potentate;
but keep the outer doors of each side fast,
laving so much to do within his state.
and thereupon was Warwick¹¹ (by whose cast
all must be wrought) employ'd to mediate
a present marriage, to be had between
him and the sister of the young French queen.

Which was not long, nor hard to bring to pass,
Where like respects met in a point alike.
so that the same as er'n concluded was,
and all as done—lady and friends all like:
When Love, the lord of kings, (by whom must pass
his act of our affections) took dislike
that he was not made privy thereunto,
and therefore in his wrath would all undo.

For whilst this youthful prince, at his disport
in Grafton woods, retir'd from public care,
attending how his suit in France did sort,
Whereon his cogitations only were)
he comes at home surpris'd in other sort:
A nearer fire inflam'd his passions here;
in English beauty, with more worth endur'd
than France could yield, his royal heart subdu'd.

A woful widow, whom his quarrel had
as it had many mo) made desolate,
came to his court in mournful habit clad,
to sue for justice to relieve her state.
and ent'ring as a suppliant all sad,
With graceful sorrow, and a comely gate,
he pass'd the presence; where all eyes were cast
in her more stately presence as she pass'd.

Her looks not let abroad, (but carefully
kept in, restrain'd) held their reservedness:
observing none but her own dignity,
and his, to whom she did herself address.
and drawing near his royal majesty,⁸
a blush of reverence, not bashfulness,
lighten'd her lovely cheeks, and down she kneels;
sives her petition for the wrongs she feels.

and in delivering it, lifts up her eyes,
The moving⁹ mediators she could bring)
and straight withdraws them in submissive wise;
not fixing them directly on the king:

¹¹ The earl of Warwick was sent into France, to
reat of a marriage between king Edward and the
ady Bona, daughter to Louis duke of Savoy, and
ister to the lady Charlotte, queen of France:
which was there agreed upon; and monsieur Darsy,
sartin, with others, appointed to be sent into
England, for the full accomplishing thereof. But in
be mean time, May 1, the king married the lady
Elizabeth Grey, daughter to the dutchess of Bed-
ford, late wife to sir John Grey, slain at St. Albans,
a king Henry's part.

Who, mov'd with her sweet fashion, had her rise,
With gentle language full of comforting;
Read her request—but thought not what he read.
The lines he view'd her eyes had figur'd.

Then paus'd awhile, and mus'd; as if he weigh'd
The substance of her suit. The which (God wot)
Was not the thing he mus'd. And having stay'd,
Seem'd to read on again; but yet reads not.
And still a stealing side-cast look convey'd
On her sweet face: as if he had forgot
To be elsewhere than where he did behold;
And thought not what he did, but what he would.

But lest his sudden passion might have there
More witnesses than he could wish to have;
He took up his desires, which posing were
Beyond their stages; and this answer gave:
" Madam, we will ourself take time to hear
Your cause at large. Wherein we will you have
No other reference but repair to us;
Who will accommodate this business."

She that expected present remedy,
(Hearing this dilatory answer) thought
The king found scruple in the equity
Of her request: and thereupon he sought
To put her to delays of court; whereby
She might be tir'd, and in the end get nought.
And that which her opinion made more strong,
Was that he studied and was mute so long.

Which forc'd from her these words: " My lord,
Let not my being a Lancastrian bred,
Without mine own election, disafford
Me right, or make my cause disgrud;
Since I am now the subject of your sword;
Which God hath (with your right) established,
To do us right. And let not what we were,
Be now the cause to hurt us as we are."

" Lady, mistake me not—never did I
Make war with women, nor us'd women's war,
Revenge; but prosecuted honestly
My right, not men. My quarrels ended are
With my obtaining of the victory.
And (lady) know, your cause moves me thus far,
As you shall find," said he, " I do desire,
To do you greater right than you require."

With this they part; both with their thoughts full
charg'd;

She for her suit in hand, and he for her;
Wherein he spends that night; and quite discharg'd
All other cogitations, to confer,
First, how he might have her estate enlarg'd:
Then in what sort her service to prefer
Unto his new-aspected wife and queen:
Then how to mask his love from being seen.

For yet lust was not grown to that degree,
To have no limits; but that shame kept in
The greatest greatness, from this being free
To hold their wantonness to be no sin.
For though kings cannot over-master'd be,
They will be overlook'd, and seen within:
And though they could their weaknesses make sure,
Yet crimes (though safe) can never be secure.

Sometimes he thinks it better to provide
A place retir'd, and have her from the court;
And then with what pretensions he might hide
His private coming, and his oft resort:
Then by his queen if it should be esp'y'd,
How he might clear with her, and stop report.
And thus consumes the night—and if he slept,
He slept those thoughts that with these passions kept.

The morning being com'n (and glad he was
That it was com'n) after so long a night
He thought would have no morning, (time did pass
So slow, and his desires ran on so light)
A messenger with speed dispatched was,
Of special trust, this lady to invite
To come to his presence; though before the time
That ladies rise; who rarely rise betime.

Yet soon she hastes; and yet that soon seem'd long,
To him whose longing went so swift apace;
And frets that such attiring should belong
To that which yields itself sufficient grace:
Consid'ring how these ornaments may wrong
The set of beauty; which we see doth grace
Th' attire it wears, and is not grac'd thereby,
As being that only which doth take the eye.

But now being com'n, that quarrel of delay
Straight ended was—her presence satisfies
All what expectation had laid out for stay:
And he beheld more sweetness in her eyes,
And saw her more than she was yesterday.
A cheerfulness did with her hopes arise,
That lamped clearer than it did before,
And made her spir't and his affections more.

When those who were about him presently
Voided the room, and left him to confer
Alone with his fair suitor privately,
(As they who to his courses conscious were:)
And he began—"Madam, the remedy
Which you in your petition sue for here,
Shall be allow'd to th' utmost that you crave,
With th' expedition you would wish to have.

"And here I have another suit to you;
Which if you please to grant, we both shall now
Rest equally content"—Wherewith there grew
That sudden alteration in her brow,
As all were over-cast; and so withdrew
That freedom from her looks, (lest they should 'low
More than her heart might mean) as they reflect
A narrower and a carefuller aspect.

That when he saw this barrier of dislike
Thus inter-set, to keep his forwardness
Back from presumptive pressing; it did strike
That rev'rence, as it stay'd him to express
His further will. And she replies: "'T is like
When kings to subjects sue, they mean no less
Than to command: nor must they be withheld,
For that good kings will seek but what is good.

"And in that fair respect, your majesty,
According to your will, both must and may
Command my services; who most reverently
Your royal pleasure ever shall obey."
With which word pleasur'd, (though it doubtfully
In that hard fastness of condition lay,
Under the lock of goodness) he was cast
In hope, he might obtain the same at last.

And thus rejoins—"My pleasure only shall
Be, madam, for your good. Please it but you
To make it so. And here to tell you all,
I love you; and therein I tell you true.
What honour may by king's affections fall,
Must light upon your fortunes, as your due.
And though France shall a wife for fashion bring;
You must be th' only mistress of the king."

Straight might you see, how scorn, and fear, and
(All intermix'd in one aspect) return [shame]
The message of her thoughts, before words came.
And first within her brow in state sat Scorn;
Shame in her cheeks: where also Fear became
An inmate too; and both appear by turn.
Blushes did paleness, paleness blushes chase;
As scorning, fearing, shaming such disgrace.

She scorns to be addeem'd so worthless base,
As to be mov'd to such an infamy.
She shames to think that ought within her face
Should breed th' opinion of immodesty.
She fears the fatal danger of the place;
Her looseness, and the pow'r of majesty:
And so confus'd in fear, in shame, in scorn,
This answer to his motion doth return:

"My sov'reign lord, it grieves me that you deem
Because I in this sort for justice sue,
I would the same with mine own wrong redeem,
And by dishonour re-obtain my due.
No—I would hate that right which should but seem
To be behelden to a wanton view,
Or motive of my person, not my cause;
That craves but right from justice and your law.

"And know, great monarch, that I more do weigh
My distaff with mine honour, than I do
The mightiest sceptre king did ever sway
Upon the Earth, or nations bow'd unto.
I owe subjection; which I humbly pay
With all the outward service I can do:
But, sov'reign, in the region of my heart
I reign sole queen—no king can force a part."

Here fear a little interpos'd a touch,
To warn her violence to temporise
With pow'r and state. And she concludes her speech
With craving pardon in more humble wise;
Yet in proud humble wise: which show'd how mad
She did her honour above greatness prize.
And so being full of what she did conceive,
Desires to be dismiss'd, and takes her leave.

Here, Mary Pembroke, (by whose gen'rous brow,
And noble graces, I delineate
These shapes of others' virtues) could I show
In what a desperate and confus'd estate
She left this disappointed king: and how
Love and Ambition in their glory sat,
And tyranniz'd on his divided heart,
Warring each other with a powerful part:

How first Love underneath his colours brought
The strength of all her graceful worthiness;
And sets them in th' advantage of his thought,
Upon the side of youth and wantonness:
Then how Ambition, that for glory wrought,
Comes with his state, his crown and pow'rfulness,
And plants her on the side of Providence,
To beat unfit affections off from thence:

but I must over-go these passages,
and hasten on my way to overtake
fine ends, in sad and graver bus'nesses;
Whereof I shall to you relation make.
And yet my zeal here forc'd me thus t' express
Elizabeth, for our Eliza's sake;
Who grac'd the Muses, (which her times became):
For they who give them comfort, must have fame."

And I must tell you now, when this great fight
Of counter-passions had been throughly try'd,
low in the end the victory did light
Upon Love's forces, as the stronger side;
and beat down those respects of benefit,
Of honour, greatness, strength, and all beside;
and never granted rest unto his strife,
Till marriage rites had her confirm'd his wife.

Which that place where he saw her first, saw done,
As he remov'd his foot—"For Love is still
In haste; and (as a lord that rules alone)
Admits no counsellor in good nor ill.
For he and kings gladly give ear to none,
but such as smooth their ways, and sooth their will.
And who will not desire to give his voice?
Be what it will) to praise a prince's choice?

'Which was (indeed) in virtue, beauty, grace,
and (all but fortune) worthy of his bed;
and in that too, had he but liv'd the space,
To have seen her plenteous issue fully bred;
that they might have collated strength and grace,
On her weak side: which (scorn'd and maliced)
By open undefenc'd, apt to be undone
By proud usurping pow'r, when he was gone."

but now when fame of this home-chosen match
Arriv'd in France, (for there it did arrive,
As they could here attend to make dispatch-
To impart the same to Warwick, or contrive
Some colour that in any sort might fetch
him fairly off, and no dishonour give)
t so much stir'd the humours in those parts,
As marr'd the whole complexion of their hearts.

The French king scorns such an indignity:
Warwick disdain'd employment in this case.
The queen enrag'd, with extreme vehemency
Storms at her sister's and her own disgrace.
The lady Bonn takes most tenderly,
To be so mock'd with hope of such a place.
and all blame Warwick, and his fraud condemn;
Whilst he himself deceiv'd, suffers with them:

and could not, by all means might be devis'd,
Taste them of this violent disgust;
but that they still held something lay disguis'd
Under this treaty. So that now he must
Bring home his reputation cauteris'd
With the idle mark of serving others' lust
In frivolous employments; or be sent
Out of the way, to colour some intent.

'Which, to himself, made him with grief inveigh
Against distemper'd kings; who often are
All warrants for their own affairs; and weigh
their lusts more than their dignity by far:
and what a misery they have, that sway
Their great designs; what danger, and what care;
and often must be forc'd (being at their backs)
To crack their reputation, or their necks.

"How their high favours like as fig-trees are,
That grow upon the sides of rocks; where they
Who reach their fruit, adventure must so far,
As t' hazard their deep downfall and decay.
Their grace not fix'd; but as a biasing star,
Burns out the present matter, and away:
And how the world could too well witness bear,
That both their loves and hates like dang'rous were."

Thus he complains, and makes his home-retire;
All disappointed of his purposes.
For hoping by this match to hold entire
That lady, with her great alliances;
And have the king more firm to his desire,
By managing of both their bus'nesses:
He by this match (thus made without his mean)
Comes barr'd from all those tying interests clean.

For well he knew that all his service past
Was past; and would not be a future tie,
To hold him in, unless that he could cast
To introduce some mere necessity
Of his employment, that were like to last,
And shut out all other concurrency:
Without which nor his greatness, nor his wits,
Could ward him from the king's unconstant fits.

Which more perplex'd him, and in nearer sort,
Than what France might by his embassy guess,
Or England deem. Not being arriv'd at court,
He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances:
Looks like the time—his eye made not report
Of what he felt within. Nor was he less
Than usually he was in ev'ry part;
Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart.

Congratulates the queen—Commends the king
For his rare choice. Protesting her to be
Far beyond all the world beside could bring
To fit his liking: and that he did see
The lady Bonn was a peevish thing,
Sullen and proud; and would in no degree
Have pleas'd his humour, or in any sort
Have satisfy'd the ladies of this court.

And after having finish'd all the rites
Of compliment and intervisiting,
He humbly craves dismission, that he might
Retire a while, t' attend the managing
And setting of his country bus'ness right,
Whereby the better to attend the king,
From whom he parts: and never seem'd more dear,
More grac'd, nor yet himself of free'r cheer.

First Warwick castle (that had seldom known
The master there) he visits; and from thence
Goes t' other goodly manors of his own:
Where seen with joy, with love, with reverence;
(King of himself) he finds that there is shown
The use of life, the true magnificence,
T' enjoy his greatness: which at court in vain
Men toil for, and yet never do attain.

Which his religious confessor (who best
Could cast, with what a violent access
This fever of ambition did molest
His still-sick mind) takes hold on, to address
(Upon th' advantage of this little rest)
Some lenitives, t' allay the fitness
Of this disease; which (as a malsy,
Seiz'd in the spirit's) hath seldom remedy.

And thus sets on him—"See, my lord, how here
Th' eternal providence of God hath brought
You to the shore of safety, (out of fear)
From all the waves of misery, that wrought
To overwhelm you; and hath set you clear,
Where you would be; with having (which you sought
Through all these hazards of distress) a king
Of your own making and establishing.

"And now, my lord, I trust you will sit down,
And rest you after all this passed thrall,
And be yourself, a prince within your own,
Without advent'ring any more at all
Your state in others' bottoms; having known
The dangers that on mighty actors fall;
Since in the foot of your accounts, your gains
Come short to make ev' a reck'ning with your pains.

"Enjoy now what you wrought for in this sort,
(If great men's ends be to enjoy their ends)
And know, the happi'st pow'r, the greatest port,
Is only that which on itself depends.
Here have you state enough, to be a court
Unto yourself! here! where the world attends
On you, (not you on it) observed sole:
You elsewhere but a part, are here the whole.

"The advantages of princes are, we see,
But things conceiv'd imaginarily:
For ev'ry state of fortune, in degree,
Some image hath of principality;
Which they enjoy more natural and free,
Than can great pow'rs, chain'd with obscurancy,
And with the fetters of respect still ty'd;
B'ing easier far to follow, than to guide.

"And what are courts, but camps of misery?
That do besiege men's states, and still are press'd
T' assail, prevent, complot, and fortify;
In hope t' attain, in fear to be suppress'd.
Where all with shows and with apparancy,
Men seem as if for stratagems address'd;
Where Fortune, as the wolf, doth still prefer
The foulest of the train that follows her.

"And where fair hopes are laid, as ambushments,
To intercept your life, and to betray
Your liberty to such entanglements,
As you shall never more get clear away:
Where both th' engagement of your own intents,
And other reck'nings and accounts, shall lay
Such weights upon you, as you shall not part,
Unless you break your credit, or your heart.

"Besides, as exiles ever from your homes,
You live perpetual in disturbancy;
Contenting, thrusting, shuffling for your rooms
Of ease or honour, with impatience;
Building your fortunes upon others' tombs,
For other than your own posterity.
You see, courts few advance; many undo:
And those they do advance, they ruin too.

"And therefore now, my lord, since you are here,
Where you may have your rest with dignity;
Work that you may continue so: and clear
Yourself from out these straits of misery.
Hold your estate and life as things more dear,
Than to be thrown at an uncertainty.
'T is time that you and England have a calm;
And time the olive stood above the palm."

Thus the good father, with an humble thought,
(Bred in a cellulary low retire)
According to his quiet humour, sought
T' avert him from his turbulent desire;
When the great earl began—"Father, I crave
What you with zeal advise, with love require;
And I must thank you for this care you have,
And for those good advertisements you gave.

"And truly, father, could I but get free,
(Without b'ing rent) and hold my dignity;
That sheepcot, which in yonder vale you see,
(Beset with groves, and those sweet springs hard by
I rather would my palace wish to be,
Than any roof of proudest majesty.
But that I cannot do—I have my part:
And I must live in one house with my heart.

"I know that I am fix'd unto a sphere,
That is ordain'd to move—It is the place
My fate appoints me; and the region where
I must, whatever happens, there embrace.
Disturbance, travail, labour, hope, and fear,
Are of that clime, engender'd in that place.
And action best (I see) becomes the best:
The stars that have most glory, have no rest.

"Besides, it were a coward's part to fly
Now from my bold, that have held out so well;
It b'ing the station of my life, where I
Am set to serve, and stand as sentinel:
And must of force make good the place, or die,
When Fate and Fortune (those great states) compel
And then we lords in such case ever are,
As Peace can cut our throats as well as War:

"And hath her griefs, and her incumbrances:
And doth with idle rest deform us more
Than any magha can, or sorceries,
With basely wasting all the martial store
Of heat and spir't, (which graceeth manliness)
And makes us still false images adorn:
Besides profusion of our faculties,
In gross dull glutt'ny, vap'rous gourmandise.

"And therefore since I am the man I am,
I must not give a foot, lest I give all.
Nor is this bird within my breast so tame,
As to be fed at hand, and mock'd withal:
I rather would my state were out of frame,
Than my renown should come to get a fall.
No! no! th' ungrateful boy shall never think,
That I, who him enlarg'd to pow'r, will shrink.

"What is our life without our dignity?
Which oft we see comes less by living long.
Whoever was there worth the memory,
And eminent indeed, but still dy'd young?
As if Worth had agreed with Destiny, [was:
That Time, which rights them, should not do the
Besides, old age doth give (by too long space)
Our souls as many wrinkles as our face.

"And as for my inheritance and state,
(Whatever happen) I will so provide
That law shall, with what strength it hath, collar
The same on mine, and those to mine ally'd:
Although I know she serves the present state,
And can undo again what she hath ty'd.
But that we leave to him, who points out heirs;
And howsoever yet the world is theirs.

Where they must work it out; as born to run
 Ose fortunes, which as mighty families
 s e'er they could be) before have done.
 r shall they gain by mine indignities,
 no may without my courses be undone.
 d whose makes his state and life his ties
 do unworthily, is born a slave;
 d let him with that brand go to his grave."

re would the reverend father have reply'd,
 That it were far more magnanimity,
 endure, than to resist—That we are ty'd
 well to bear the inconveniency
 d strains of kings and states; as to abide
 fitely rains, tempests, sterility,
 d other ills of nature that befall;
 hich we of force must be content withal:"

at that a speedy messenger was sent,
 o show the duke of Clarence was hard by,
 d thereupon Warwick breaks off, and went
 With all his train attending formally)
 o entertain him with fit compliment;
 o glad of such an opportunity
 o work upon, for those high purposes
 e had conceiv'd in discontentedness.

FUNERAL POEM,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LATE NOBLE EARL OF
 DEVONSHIRE.

How that the hand of Death hath laid thee there,
 Where neither greatness, pomp, nor grace we see,
 or any differences of earth; and where
 'o veil is drawn betwixt thy self and thee.
 ow, Devonshire, that thou art but a name,
 and all the rest of thee besides is gone;
 When men conceive thee not but by the fame
 'f what thy virtue and thy worth have done:
 ow shall my verse, which thou in life did'st grace,
 And which was no disgrace for thee to do)
 let leave thee in the grave, that ugly place,
 'hat few regard, or have respect unto:
 Where all attendance and observance ends;
 Where all the sunshine of our favour sets;
 Where what was ill no countenance defends,
 and what was good th' unthankful world forgets.
 here shalt thou have the service of my pen;
 The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
 cannot be supposed to flatter, when
 speak behind thy back, not to thy face.
 Men never soothe the dead, but where they do
 'ind living ties to hold them thereunto.
 and I stand clear from any other chain (breath:
 'han of my love; which, free-born, draws free
 'he benefit thou gav'st me, to sustain
 My humble life, I lose it by thy death.
 Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
 any exaction of respect so strong,
 as t' enforce m' observance beyond thee,
 Or make my conscience differ from my tongue:
 ' For I have learnt, it is the property
 For free men to speak truth, for slaves to lie.*

And therefore I sincerely will report,
 First how thy parts were fair convey'd within;
 How that brave mind was built, and in what sort
 All thy contexture of thy heart hath been:
 Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd,
 As Virtue never had a fairer seat,
 Nor could be better lodg'd, nor more repos'd,
 Than in that goodly frame; where all things sweet,
 And all things quiet, held a peaceful rest;
 Where passion did no sudden tumults raise,
 That might disturb her—Nor was ever breast
 Contain'd so much, and made so little wise:
 That by thy silent modesty is found,
 The empti'st vessels make the greatest sound.
 For thou so well discern'd'st thyself, had'st read
 Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
 The less to speak; as b'ing ordain'd to spread
 Thy self in action, rather than discourse.
 Though thou had'st made a general survey
 Of all the best of men's best knowledges,
 And knew as much as ever learning knew;
 Yet did it make thee trust thyself the less,
 And less presume—And yet when being mov'd
 In private talk to speak; thou did'st bewray
 How fully fraught thou wert within; and prov'd,
 That thou did'st know whatever wit could say.
 Which show'd, thou had'st not books as many have,
 For ostentation, but for use: and that
 Thy bound'ous memory was such, as gave
 A large revenue of the good it gat.
 Witness so many volumes, whereto thou
 Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand,
 And mark'd them with that print, as will show how
 The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand:
 That none would think, if all thy life had been
 Turn'd into leisure, thou could'st have attain'd
 So much of time, to have perus'd and seen
 So many volumes that so much contain'd.
 Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare,
 Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight
 Thy solitary Wasted¹; where thy care
 Had gather'd all what heart or eyes delight.
 And whereas many others have, we see,
 All things within their houses worth the sight;
 Except themselves, that furniture of thee,
 And of thy presence, gave the best delight.
 With such a season, such a temperature,
 Wert thou compos'd, as made sweetness one;
 And held the temper of thy life still sure,
 In consort with thyself, in perfect tone.
 And never man had heart more truly serv'd
 Under the regiment of his own care,
 And was more at command, and more observ'd
 The colours of that modesty he bare,
 Than that of thine; in whom men never found
 That any show, or speech obscene, could tell
 Of any vein thou had'st that was unsound,
 Or motion of thy pow'rs that turn'd not well.
 And this was thy provision laid within:
 Thus wert thou to thyself, and now remains;
 What to the world thou outwardly hast been,
 What the dimension of that side contains;
 Which likewise was so goodly and so large,
 As shows that thou wert born t' adorn the days
 Wherein thou liv'd'st; and also to discharge
 Those parts which England's and thy fame should
 raise.

¹ The Library at Wansted.

Although in peace thou seem'd'st to be all peace,
 Yet b'ing in war, thou wert all war: and there,
 As in thy sphere, thy spirit did sever cease
 To move with indefatigable care;
 And nothing seem'd more to arise thy heart,
 Nor more enlarge thee into jollity,
 Than when thou saw'st thy self in armour girt,
 Or any act of arms like to be nigh.
 The Belgic war first try'd thy martial spirit, [found;
 And what thou wert, and what thou would'st be
 And mark'd thee there according to thy merit,
 With honour's stamp, a deep and noble wound.
 And that same place that rent from mortal men
 Immortal Sidney, glory of the field!
 And glory of the Muse! and their pen
 (Who equal bear the *caduceus* and the *shield*)
 Had likewise been my lot; had not the fate
 Of England then reserv'd thy worthy blood,
 Unto the preservation of a state
 That much concern'd her honour and her good;
 And thence return'd thee to enjoy the bliss
 Of grace and favour in Eliza's sight,
 (That miracle of women!) who by this
 Made thee behold according to thy right:
 Which fair and happy blessing thou might'st well
 Have far more rais'd, had not thine enemy
 (Retired privacy) made thee to sell
 Thy greatness for thy quiet, and deny
 To meet fair Fortune when she came to thee.
 For never man did his preferment fly,
 And had it in that eminent degree,
 As thou; as if it sought thy modesty.
 For that which many (whom ambition toils
 And tortures with their hopes) hardly attain
 With all their thrusts, and should'ring plots, and
 Was easily made thine without thy pain. [wiles,
 And without any private malicing,
 Or public grievance, every good man joy'd
 That virtue could come clear to any thing,
 And fair deserts to be so fairly paid.
 Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee,
 Were not like Fortune's favours: they could see
 Eliza's clear-ey'd judgment is renown'd
 For making choice of thy ability.
 But it will everlastingly rebound
 Unto the glory and benignity
 Of Britain's mighty monarch, that thou wert
 By him advanced for thy great desert:
 It b'ing the fairer work of majesty,
 With favour to reward, than to employ.
 Although thy services were such, as they
 Might ask their grace themselves; yet do we see,
 That to success desert hath not a way,
 But under princes that most gracious be:
 For without thy great valour we had lost
 The dearest purchase ever England made;
 And made with such profuse, exceeding cost
 Of blood and charge, to keep and to invade;
 As commutation paid a dearer price
 For such a piece of earth: and yet well paid,
 And well adventur'd for with great advice,
 And happily to our dominions laid:
 Without which, out-let England, thou had'st begun
 From all the rest of th' Earth shut out, and pent
 Unto thy self, and forc'd to keep within;
 Environ'd round with others' government.
 Where now by this, thy large imperial crown
 Stands boundless in the west, and hath a way
 For noble times, left to make all thine own
 That lies beyond it, and force all t' obey.

And this important piece like t' have been cast
 From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
 As that no jointure of the government
 But shook: no liguament, no band
 Of order and obedience, but were then
 Loose and in tottering, when the charge
 Thereof was laid on Montjoy; and that other man
 Chok'd by example, sought to get it off.
 And he, out of his native modesty,
 (As b'ing no undertaker) labours too
 To have avoided that which his ability,
 And England's genius, would have him to do:
 Alleging how it was a charge unfit
 For him to undergo; see'ng such a one
 As had more pow'r and means t' accomplish it,
 Than he could have, had there so little done.
 Whose ill success, (consider'ng his great worth
 Was such, as could that mischief be withstood,
 It had been wrought) did in itself bring forth
 Discouragement, that he should do less good.

The state reply'd, it was not look'd he should
 Restore it wholly to itself again;
 But only now (if possible) he could
 In any fashion but the same retain,
 So that it did not fall asunder quite,
 B'ing thus disshiver'd in a desperate plight.

With courage on he goes; doth execute
 With counsel; and returns with victory.
 But in what noble fashion he did suit
 This action with what wit and industry!
 Is not to be disgrac'd in this small card:
 It asks a spacious map of more regard.
 Here is no room to tell, with what strange speed
 And secrecy he used, to prevent
 The enemies designs; nor with what heed
 He search'd before report: where what he meant,
 Fame never knew herself, till it was done;
 His drifts and rumour seldom b'ing all one.
 Nor will this place conveniently afford,
 To show how he (when dismal Winter storms)
 Keeps peace, and makes Mars sweat his sweat,
 Toils him abroad, and noble acts perform.
 Nor how by mastering difficulties so,
 In times unusual, and by passage hard,
 He bravely came to disappoint his foe;
 And many times surpris'd him unprepared.

Yet let me touch one point of this great act,
 That famous siege, the master-work of all;
 Where no distress nor difficulties lack'd
 T' afflict his weary, tired camp withal:
 That when enclos'd by powerful enemies
 On either side, with feeble troops he lay
 Intrench'd in mire, in cold, in miseries;
 Kept waking with alarms night and day.
 There were who did advise him to withdraw
 His army, to some place of safe defence,
 From the apparent peril; which they saw
 Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

"For now the Spaniard hath possess'd these
 ports,

The most important of this isle," say they;
 "And sooner fresh supplements Spain transports
 To them, than England can to us convey:
 The rebel is in heart; and now is join'd
 With some of them already, and doth stand
 Here over us, with chiefest strength combin'd
 Of all the desperate forces of the land:
 And how upon these disadvantages,
 Your doubtful troops will fight, your losses great
 Th' undaunted Montjoy hereto answers this:

" My worthy friends, the charge of this great state

And kingdom to my faith committed is,
And I must all I can ingenuitate
To answer for the same, and render it
Upon as fair a reck'ning as I may:
But if from hence I shall once stir my feet,
The kingdom is undone, and lost this day.
All will fly thither, where they find is Heart;
And Fear shall have none stand to take his part.

" And how shall we answer our country then,
It our return; nay, answer our own fame?
Which howsoever we have done like men,
Will be imbranded with the mark of blame.
And since we here are come unto the point,
For which we toid so much, and stay'd so long;
Let us not now our travails disappoint
Of th' honour which doth thereunto belong.
We cannot spend our blood more worthily,
Than in so fair a cause—And if we fail,
We fall with glory; and our worth thereby
Shall be renowned, and held dear of all.
And for my part, I count the field to be
The honourablest bed to die upon;
And here your eyes this day shall either see
My body laid, or else this action done.
The Lord, the chief and sov'reign general
Of hosts, makes weak to stand, the strong to fall."

With which brave resolution he so warm'd
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble work; which they perform'd
As gallantly as ever men have done:
Of which 'tis better nothing now to say,
Than say too little. For there rests behind
A trophy t' be erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keep in mind
That glorious act, which did a Kingdom save,
Kept the crown whole, and made the peace we have.

And now I will omit to show, therefore,
His management of public businesses;
Which oft are under Fortune's conduct, more
Than ours: and tell his private carriages,
Which on his own discretion did rely,
Wherewith his spirit was furnish'd happily.

Mild, affable, and easy of access
He was; but with a due reservedness:
So that the passage to his favours lay
Not common to all comers; nor yet was
So narrow, but it gave a gentle way
To such as fitly might, or ought to pass.
Nor sold he smoke; nor took he up to day
Commodities of men's attendances,
And of their hopes; to pay them with delay,
And entertain them with fair promises.
But as a man that lov'd no great commerce
With business and with noise, he ever flies
That maze of many ways, which might disperse
Him into other men's uncertainties:
And with a quiet calm sincerity,
H' effects his undertakings really.
His tongue and heart did not turn backs; but went
One way, and kept one course with what he meant.
He us'd no mark at all, but ever ware
His honest inclination open-fac'd:
The friendships that he lov'd most constant were,
And with great judgment and discretion plac'd.

And Devonshire, thy faith hath her reward;
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death; but bear a kind regard
Unto thine honour in the grave; and show

That worthiness which merits to remain
Among th' examples of integrity;
Whereby themselves no doubt shall also gain
A like regard unto their memory.

Now, mutt'ring Envy, what can'st thou produce,
To darken the bright lustre of such parts?
Cast thy pure stone exempt from all abuse.
Say, what defects could weigh down these deserts:
Summon detraction, to object the worst
That may be told, and utter all it can:
It cannot find a blemish to b' enforc'd
Against him, other than he was a man;
And built of flesh and blood, and did live here
Within the region of infirmity;
Where all perfections never did appear
To meet in any one so really,
But that his frailty ever did bewray
Unto the world that he was set in clay.
And Gratitude and Charity, I know,
Will keep no note, nor memory will have
Of ought, but of his worthy virtues now,
Which still will live; the rest lies in his grave.
Seeing only such stand ever base and low,
That strike the dead, or mutter under-hand:
And as dogs bark at those they do not know,
So they at such they do not understand.
The worthier sort, who know we do not live
With perfect men, will never be s' unkind;
They will the right to the deceased give,
Knowing themselves must likewise leave behind
Those that will censure them. And they know how
The lion being dead, ev'n hares insult:
And will not urge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to consult,
Nor tongue nor advocate to show his mind:
They rather will lament the loss they find,
By such a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world such men brings forth.

But let it now sufficient be, that I
The last scene of his act of life bewray,
Which gives th' applause to all, doth glorify
The work—for 't is the ev'ning crowns the day.
This action of our death especially
Shows all a man. Here only he is found.
With what munition he did fortify
His heart; how good his furniture hath been.
And this did he perform in gallant wise:
In this did he confirm his worthiness.
For on the morrow after the surprize
That sickness made on him with fierce access,
He told his faithful friend, whom he held dear,
(And whose great worth was worthy so to be)
" How that he knew those hot diseases were
Of that contagious force, as he did see
That men were over-tumbl'd suddenly;
And therefore did desire to set a course
And order t' his affairs as speedily,
As might be, ere his sickness should grow worse.
And as for death," said he, " I do not wey;
I am resolv'd and ready in this case.
It cannot come t' affright me any way,
Let it look never with so grim a face:
And I will meet it smiling; for I know
How vain a thing all this world's glory is."
And herein did he keep his word—Did show
Indeed, as he had promised in this.
For sickness never heard him groan at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to show his pain;
Which howsoever b'ing tyrannical,
He sweetly made it look; and did retain

A lovely countenance of his being well,
 And so would ever make his tongue to tell.
 Although the fervour of extremity,
 Which often doth throw those defences down,
 Which in our health wall in infirmity,
 Might open lay more than we would have known;
 Yet did no idle word in him bewray
 Any one piece of Nature ill set in;
 Those lightnesses that any thing will say,
 Could say no ill of what they knew within.
 Such a sure lock of silent modesty
 Was set in life upon that noble heart,
 As if no anguish nor extremity
 Could open it, t' impair that worthy part.
 For having dedicated still the same
 Unto devotion, and to sacred skill;
 That furnish perfect held; that blessed flame
 Contin'd to the last in fervour still.
 And when his spir't and tongue no longer could
 Do any certain services beside,
 Ev'n at the point of parting they unfold,
 With fervent zeal, how only he rely'd
 Upon the merits of the precious death
 Of his Redeemer; and with rapt desires
 Th' appeals to grace, his soul delivereth
 Unto the hand of mercy, and expires.
 Thus did that worthy, who most virtuously
 And mildly liv'd, most sweet and mildly die.
 And thus, great patron of my Muse, have I
 Paid thee my vows, and fairly clear'd th' accounts,
 Which in my love I owe thy memory.
 And let me say, that herein there amounts
 Something unto thy fortune, that thou hast
 This monument of thee perhaps may last.
 Which doth not t' ev'ry mighty man befall:
 For lo! how many when they die, die all.
 And this doth argue too thy great deserts:
 For honour never brought unworthiness
 Further than to the grave: and there it parts,
 And leaves men's greatness to forgetfulness.
 And we do see that nettles, thistles, brakes,
 (The poorest works of Nature) tread upon
 The proudest frames that man's invention makes,
 To hold his memory when he is gone.
 But Devonshire, thou hast another tomb,
 Made by thy virtues in a safer room.

PAENYRIC CONGRATULATORY,

DELIVERED TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, AT
 BURLINGHAM, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Lo here the glory of a greater day,
 Than England ever heretofore could see
 In all her days! when she did most display
 The ensigns of her pow'r; or when as she
 Did spread herself the most, and most did sway
 Her state abroad; yet could she never be
 Thus bless'd at home, nor ever come to grow
 To be entire in her full orb till now.

And now she is, and now in peace; therefore
 Shake hands with union, O thou mighty state!
 Now thou art all Great Britain, and no more;
 No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
 No borders, but the ocean and the shore;
 No wall of Adrian serves to separate
 Our mutual love, nor our obedience;
 B'ing subjects all to one imperial prince.

What heretofore could never yet be wrought
 By all the swords of pow'r, by blood, by fire,
 By ruin and destruction: here's brought to pass
 With peace, with love, with joy, desire:
 Our former blessed union hath begot
 A greater union that is more entire,
 And makes us more ourselves; sets us at one
 With Nature, that ordain'd us to be one.

Glory of men! this hast thou brought to us,
 And yet hast brought us more than this by far:
 Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousness,
 Judgment, and justice; which more glorious are
 Than all thy kingdoms: and art more by this
 Than lord and sovereign; more than emperor
 Over the hearts of men, that let thee in
 To more than all the pow'rs on Earth can win.

God makes thee king of our estates; but we
 Do make thee king of our affection,
 King of our love: a passion born more free,
 And most unsubject to dominion.
 And know, that England, which in that degree
 Can love with such a true devotion
 Those that are less than kings; to thee must bring
 More love, who art so much more than a king.

And king of this great nation, populous,
 Stout, valiant, powerful both by sea and land;
 Attemptive, able, worthy, generous,
 Which joyfully embraces thy command:
 A people tractable, obsequious,
 Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
 To any form of honour, t' any way
 Of high attempts, thy virtues shall assay.

A people so inur'd to peace; so wrought
 To a successive course of quietness,
 As they've forgot (and O b' it still forgot!)
 The nature of their ancient stubbornness:
 Time alter'd hath the form, the means, and brought
 The state to that proportion'd evenness,
 As 't is not like again 't will ever come
 (Being us'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

This people, this great state, these hearts adore
 Thy sceptre now; and now turn all to thee,
 Touch'd with a powerful zeal, and if not more:
 (And yet O more how could there ever be,
 Than unto her, whom yet we do deplore
 Amidst our joy!) and give us leave, if we
 Rejoice and mourn; that cannot, without wrong,
 So soon forget her we enjoy'd so long.

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we hold
 True after death; and bring not this respect
 To a new prince, for hating of the old;
 Or from desire of change, or from neglect:
 Whereby, O mighty sov'reign, thou art told,
 What thou and thine are likely to expect
 From such a faith, that doth not haste to run
 Before their time to an arising run.

And let my humble Muse, whom she did grace,
 Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead;
 That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
 Nor that her fame become disfigured:
 O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace!
 Let not her honour be disquieted
 Now after death; but let the grave enclose
 All but her good, and that it cannot close.

It adds much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our love
Runs thus to thee all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remove,
Not as in motion but from out our place,
But in one course; and do not seem to move,
But in more joy than ever heretofore;
And well we may, since thou wilt make us more.

Our love, we see, concurs with God's great love,
Who only made thy way, thy passage plain;
Levell'd the world for thee; did all remove
That might the show but of a let retain:
Unbarr'd the North; humb'd the South; did move
The hearts of all, the right to entertain;
Held other states embroil'd, whose envy might
Have foster'd factions to impugn thy right:

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his pow'r, and reverence thine;
Whom he hath rais'd to glorify our days,
And make this empire of the north to shine,
Against all th' impious workings, all th' assays
Or vile disnatur'd sippers; whose design
Was to embroil the state, t' obscure the light,
And that clear brightness of thy sacred right.

To whose reproach, since th' issue and success
Doth a sufficient mark of shame return,
Let no pen else blazon their ugliness:
Be it enough, that God and men do scorn
Their projects, censures, vain pretences.
Let not our children, that are yet unborn,
Find there were any offer'd to contest,
Or make a doubt to have our kingdom bless'd.

Bury that question in th' eternal grave
Of darkness, never to be seen again.
Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
And t' whom all good men knew did appertain
Th' inheritance thy sacred birth-right gave;
That need'd n' other suffrages t' ordain
What only was thy due, nor no decree
To be made known, since none was known but thee.

Witness the joy, the universal cheer,
The speed, the ease, the will, the forwardness,
Of all this great and spacious state; how dear
It held thy title and thy worthiness.
Haste could not post so speedy any where,
But Fame seem'd there before in readiness,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaim thy name;
O greater than our hopes! more than thy fame!

What a return of comfort dost thou bring,
Now at this fresh returning of our blood;
Thus meeting with the op'ning of the spring,
To make our spirits likewise to imbud!
What a new season of encouraging
Begins t' enlength the days dispos'd to good!
What apprehension of recovery
Of greater strength, of more ability!

The pulse of England never more did beat
So strong as now—Nor ever were our hearts
Let out to hopes so spacious and so great,
As now they are—Nor ever in all parts
Did we thus feel so comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
The whole complexion of the commonwealth,
So weak before, hop'd never more for health.

Could'st thou but see from Dover to the Mount,
From Totnes to the Orcades; what joy,
What cheer, what triumphs, and what dear account
Is held of thy renown this blessed day!
A day, which we and ours must ever count
Our solemn festival, as well we may.
And though men thus court kings still which are new;
Yet do they more, when they find more is due.

They fear the humours of a future prince,
Who either lost a good, or felt a bad:
But thou hast cheer'd us of this fear long since;
We know thee more than by report we had.
We have an everlasting evidence
Under thy hand; that now we need not dread
Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designs,
Than there thou art in those judicial lines.

It is the greatest glory upon Earth
To be a king; but yet much more to give
The institution with the happy birth
Unto a king, and teach him how to live.
We have by thee far more than thine own worth,
That doth encourage, strengthen, and relieve
Our hopes in the succession of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

We have an earnest, that doth even tie
Thy sceptre to thy word, and binds thy crown
(That else no band can bind) to ratify
What thy religious hand hath there set down;
Wherein thy all-commanding sovereignty
Stands subject to thy pen and thy renown.
There we behold thee king of thine own heart;
And see what we must be, and what thou art.

There, great exemplar! prototype of kings!
We find the good shall dwell within thy court:
Plain Zeal and Truth, free from base flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd, and have resort:
Honest Discretion, that no cunning brings;
But counsels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiv'd with those whose care attends
Thee and the state more than their private ends.

There grace and favour shall not be dispos'd,
But by proportion, even and upright.
There are no mighty mountains interpos'd
Between thy beams and us, t' imbar thy light.
There majesty lives not as if enclos'd,
Or made a prey t' a private benefit.
The hand of pow'r deals there her own reward,
And thereby reaps the whole of men's regard.

There is no way to get up to respect,
But only by the way of worthiness;
All passages that may seem indirect,
Are stop't up now; and there is no access
By gross corruption: bribes cannot effect
For th' undeserving any offices.
Th' ascent is clean; and he that doth ascend,
Must have his means as clean as is his end.

The deeds of worth, and laudable deserts,
Shall not now pass thorough the straight report
Of an embasing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours shall comport.
The prince himself now hears, sees, knows what parts
Honour and virtue acts, and in what sort;
And thereto gives his grace accordingly,
And cheers up other to the like thereby.

Nor shall we now have use for flattery ;
For he knows falsehood far more subtle is
Than truth, baseness than liberty,
Fear than love, t' invent these flourishes :
And adulation now is spent no night,
As that it hath no colours to express
That which it would, that now we must be fain
T' unlearn that art, and labour to be plain.

For where there is no ear to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t' inform a wrong :
The insolent depraver stands confus'd ;
The impious atheist seems to want a tongue.
Transform'd into the fashion that is us'd,
All strive t' appear like those they live among :
And all will seem compos'd by that same square,
By which they see the best and greatest are.

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
As that without a sword, without debate,
Without a noise, (or feeling, in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, form, accommodate,
Thy kingdom, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the least convulsion of the state ;
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seem a change, but only of our ill.

We shall continue and remain all one,
In law, in justice, and in magistrate ;
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy ancestors have laid of this estate,
Nor grieve thy land with innovation,
Nor take from us more than thou wilt collate ;
Knowing that course is best to be observ'd,
Whereby a state hath longest been preserv'd.

A king of England now most graciously
Remits the injuries that have been done
T' a king of Scots, and makes his clemency
To check them more than his correction :
Th' anointed blood that stain'd most shamefully
This ill-seduc'd state, he looks thereon
With eye of grief, not wrath, t' avenge the same,
Since th' authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

Thus mighty rivers quietly do glide,
And do not by their rage their pow'rs profess,
But by their mighty workings ; when in pride
Small torrents roar more loud, and work much less.
Peace greatness best becomes. Calm pow'r doth
With a far more imperious stateliness, [guide
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

Then, England, thou hast reason thus to cheer ;
Reason to joy and triumph in this wise ;
When thou shalt gain so much, and have no fear,
To lose ought else but thy deformities ;
When thus thou shalt have health, and be set clear
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By such a hand that best knows how to cure,
And where most lie those griefs thou dost endure.

When thou shalt see there is another grace,
Than to be rich ; another dignity,
Than money ; other means for place,
Than gold—wealth shall not now make honesty.
When thou shalt see the estimation base,
Of that which most afflicts our misery ;
Without the which else could'st thou never see
Our ways laid right, nor men themselves to be.

By which improvement we shall gain somewhat more
Than by Peru ; or all discoveries :
For this way to embase, is to enstore
The treasure of the land, and make it rise.
This is the only key t' unlock the door,
To let out plenty, that it may suffice ;
For more than all this isle, for more increase
Of subjects than by thee, there can increase.

This shall make room and place enough for all,
Which otherwise would not suffice a few :
And by proportion geometrical,
Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawl,
Intrusion, wresting, and by means undue ;
Desert shall have her charge, and but one charge,
As having but one body to discharge.

Whereby the all-incheering majesty
Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
And spread her beams of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deserts.
For thus to check, embase, and vilify
Th' esteem of wealth, will fashion so our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good than to be rich.

This will make peace with Law ; restore the Bar
T' her ancient silence ; where contention now
Makes so confus'd a noise—This will debate
The fast'ring of debate ; and overthrow
That ugly monster, that foul ravenor,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
By making prey upon our misery,
And wasting it again as wickedly.

The strange examples of improv'risments,
Of sacrilege, exaction, and of waste,
Shall not be made, nor held as precedents
For times to come ; but end with th' ages past.
When as the state shall yield more supplements
(B'ing well employ'd) than kings can well exhaust ;
This golden meadow lying ready still
Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will,

Favour, like pity, in the hearts of men
Have the first touches ever violent ;
But soon again it comes to languish, when
The motive of that humour shall be spent :
But b'ing still fed with that which first both born
The cause thereof, it holds still permanent,
And is kept in by course, by form, by kind ;
And time begets more ties, that still more bind.

The broken frame of this disjointed state
B'ing by the bliss of thy great grandfather
(Henry the Seventh) restor'd to an estate
More sound than ever, and more steadfast,
Owes all it hath to him ; and in that rate
Stands bound to thee, that art his successor :
For without him it had not been begun ;
And without thee we had been now undone.

He of a private man became a king ;
Having endur'd the weight of tyranny, [thing
Mour'n'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the
That good men wish for in their misery
Under ill kings ; saw what it was to bring
Order and form, to the recovery
Of an unruly state : conceiv'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'ration.

thou, born a king, hast in thy state endur'd
 the severe affronts of private discontent,
 With subjects' broils; and ever been inur'd
 to this great mystery of government:
 Whereby thy princely wisdom hath allur'd
 the state to peace, left to thee turbulent,
 and brought us an addition to the frame
 of this great work, squar'd fitly to the same.

and both you (by th' all-working providence,
 that fashions out of dangers, toils, debates,
 those whom it hath ordained to commence
 the first and great establishments of states)
 came when your aid, your pow'r's experience
 Which out of judgment best accommodates
 these joints of rule) was more than most desir'd,
 and when the times of need the most requir'd.

and as he laid the model of this frame,
 by which was built so strong a work of state,
 as all the pow'r's of changes in the same,
 All that excess of a disordinate
 and lustful prince, nor all that after came;
 nor child, nor stranger, nor yet women's fate,
 could once disjoint the compliments, whereby
 it held together in just symmetry.

to thou likewise art come, as fore-ordain'd
 to reinforce the same more really,
 Which oftentimes hath but been entertain'd
 by th' only style and name of majesty;
 and by no other counsels oft attain'd
 those ends of her enjoy'd tranquillity,
 than by this form, and by th' encumbrances
 of neighbour-states, that gave it a success.

that had'st thou had no title, (as thou hast
 the only right; and none hath else a right)
 We yet must now have been enforc'd t' have cast
 ourselves into thy arms, to set all right;
 and to avert confusion, bloodshed, waste,
 that otherwise upon us needs must light.
 None but a king, and no king else beside,
 could now have sav'd this state from being destroy'd.

thus hath the hundred years brought back again
 the sacred blood lent to adorn the north,
 and here return'd it with a greater gain,
 and greater glory than we sent it forth.
 thus doth th' all-working Providence retain,
 and keep for great effects the seed of worth,
 and so doth point the steps of time thereby,
 to periods of uncertain certainty.

arg'net of Richmond, (glorious grandmother
 into that other precious Margaret,
 from whence th' Almighty worker did transfer
 his branch of peace, as from a root well set)
 thou mother, author, plotter, counsellor
 of union! that did'st both conceive, beget,
 and bring forth happiness to this great state,
 to make it thus entirely fortunate:

could'st thou now but view this fair success,
 this great effect of thy religious work,
 and see therein how God hath pleas'd to bless
 thy charitable counsels; and to work
 still greater good out of the blessedness
 of this conjoined Lancaster and York
 which all conjoin'd within; and those shut out,
 whom nature and their birth had set without!

How much hast thou bound off posterities
 in this great work to reverence thy name!
 And with thee that religious, faithful, wise,
 And learned Morton! who contriv'd the same,
 And first advis'd, and did so well advise,
 As that the good success that thereof came,
 Show'd well, that holy hands, clean thoughts, clear
 Are only fit to act such glorious parts. [hearts,

But, Muse, these dear remembrances must be
 in their convenient places registered,
 When thou shalt bring stern Discord to agree,
 And bloody War into a quiet bed.
 Which work must now be finished by thee,
 That long hath lain undone; as destined
 Unto the glory of these days: for which
 Thy vows and verse have laboured so much.

Thou ever hast opposed all thy might
 Against contentions, fury, pride, and wrong;
 Persuading still to hold the course of right;
 And peace hath been the burden of thy song.
 And now thyself shalt have the benefit
 Of quietness, which thou hast wanted long;
 And now shalt have calm peace, and union
 With thine own wars; and now thou must go on.

Only the joy of this so dear a thing
 Made me look back unto the cause, whence came
 This so great good, this blessing of a king;
 When our estate so much requir'd the same:
 When we had need of pow'r for th' well-ord'ring
 Of our affairs: need of a spirit to frame
 The world to good, to grace and worthiness,
 Out of this humour of luxuriousness:

And bring us back unto ourselves again,
 Unto our ancient native modesty,
 From out these foreign sins we entertain,
 These loathsome surfeits, ugly gluttony;
 From this unmanly, and this idle vein
 Of wanton and superfluous bravery;
 The wreck of gentry, spoil of nobleness;
 And square us by thy temperate soberness.

When abstinence is fashion'd by the time,
 It is no rare thing to be abstinent: [crime]
 But then it is, when th' age (full fraught with
 Lies prostrate unto all misgovernment.
 And who is not licentious in the prime
 And heat of youth, nor then incontinent
 When out of might he may, he never will;
 No pow'r can tempt him to that taste of ill.

Then what are we t' expect from such a hand,
 That doth this stem of fair example guide?
 Who will not now shame to have no command
 Over his lusts? who would be seen t' abide
 Unfaithful to his vows; t' infringe the band
 Of a most sacred knot which God hath ty'd?
 Who would now seem to be dishonour'd
 With th' unclean touch of an unlawful bed?

What a great check will this chaste court be now
 To wanton courts debauch'd with luxury;
 Where we no other mistresses shall know,
 But her to whom we owe our loyalty?
 Chaste mother of our princes, whence do grow
 Those righteous issues, which shall glorify
 And comfort many nations with their worth,
 To her perpetual grace that brought them forth.

We shall not fear to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperial lust, that b'ing uncein'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betray'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to wear
His time of life; but knows whereto he tends;
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

And that this mighty work of Union, now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clos'd, as all the joints may grow
Together firm in due proportion:
A work of pow'r and judgment, that must show
All parts of wisdom and discretion,
That man can show; that no cloud may impair
This day of hope, whose morning shows so fair.

He hath a mighty burden to sustain
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious prince;
Or where men's expectations entertain
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he undergoes a greater pain,
A more laborious work; who must commence
The great foundation of a government,
And lay the frame of order and content.

Especially whose men's desires do run
A greedy course of eminency, gain,
And private hopes; weighing not what is done
For the republic, so themselves may gain
Their ends; and where few care who be undone,
So they be made: whilst all do entertain
The present motions that this passage brings,
With th' infancy of change, under new kings.

So that the weight of all seems to rely
Wholly upon thine own discretion;
Thy judgment now must only rectify
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands upon:
From thee must come, that thy posterity
May joy this peace, and hold this union.
For whilst all work for their own benefit,
Thy only work must keep us all upright.

For did not now thy full maturity
Of years and wisdom, that discerns what shows,
What art and colours may deceive the eye,
Secure our trust that that clear judgment knows
Upon what grounds depend thy majesty,
And whence the glory of thy greatness grows;
We might distrust, lest that a side might part
Thee from thyself, and so surprise thy heart.

Since thou 'rt but one, and that against thy breast
Are laid all th' engines both of skill and wit;
And all th' assaults of cunning are address'd,
With stratagems of art, to enter it;
To make a prey of grace, and to invest
Their pow'rs within thy love; that they might sit,
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselves and their own ends.

And seeing how difficult a thing it is
To rule; and what strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th' interlac'd responses
Of combinations, set to keep the hand
And eye of Pow'r from out the provinces,
That Avarice may draw to her command;
Which, to keep here, she others vows to spare,
That they again to her might see like care.

But God that rais'd thee up to act this part,
Hath giv'n thee all those pow'rs of worthiness,
Fit for so great a work; and fram'd thy heart
Discernible of all appearances;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great art
Of ord'ring man: *knowledge of knowledges!*
That from thee men might reckon how this state
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

That thou the first with us in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion us a-new;
Wherein the times hath offer'd that to thee,
Which seldom t' other princes could scorn.
Thou hast th' advantage only to be free,
T' employ thy favours where they shall be dear;
And to dispose thy grace in general,
And like to Jove, to be alike to all.

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to mine,
But t' all thy people universally;
And not to them, but for thy love alone,
Which they account is plac'd worthily.
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereas
They rest; nor they fail in their loyalty:
Since no prince comes deceived in his trust,
But he that first deceives, and proves unjust.

Then since we are in this so fair a way
Of restoration, greatness, and command;
Cursed be he that causes the least stay
In this fair work, or interrupts thy hand;
And cursed be that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodness to withstand;
Let him be held abhor'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

And he that shall by wicked offices
Be th' author of the least disturbance,
Or seek t' avert thy godly purposes,
Be ever held the scorn of infamy.
And let men but consider their success,
Who princes' loves abus'd presumptuously;
They shall perceive their ends do still relate,
That sure God loves them not, whom men do hate.

And it is just, that they who make a prey
Of princes' favours, in the end again
Be made a prey to princes; and repay
The spoils of misery with greater gain:
Whose sacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men conceiv'd in their disdain:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still
More than ill princes, those that make them ill.

But both thy judgment and estate doth free
Thee from those pow'rs of fear and flattery,
The conquerors of kings; by whom, we see,
Are wrought the acts of all impiety.
Thou art so set, as thou'lt no cause to be
Jealous, or dreadful of disloyalty:
The pedestal whereon thy greatness stands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

TO
SIR THOMAS EGERTON, KNIGHT:

LORD KEPTER OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

WELL hath the powerful hand of majesty,
Thy worthiness, and England's hap beside,
Set thee in th' aidfullst rooms of dignity;
As th' isthmus these two oceans to divide,
Of rigour and confus'd uncertainty,
To keep out th' intercourse of wrong and pride,
That they ingulf not up unsuccessor'd right,
By th' extreme current of licentious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fast'ning of society,
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remain concus'd with uncertainty;
And seem to foster, rather than withstand
Contention; and embrace obscurity,
Only t' afflict, and not to fashion us,
Making her cure far worse than the disease:

As if she had made covenant with wrong,
To part the prey made on our weaknesses;
And suffer'd falsehood to be arm'd as strong
Unto the combat, as is righteousness;
Or suited her, as if she did belong
Unto our passions; and did ev'n profess
Contention, as her only mystery,
Which she restrains not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same she is now, in ages past?
Or was she less, when she was need less;
And grows as malice grows; and so comes cast
Just to the form of our unquietness?
Or made more slow, the more that strife runs fast;
Staying t' undo us, ere she will redress?
That th' ill she checks, seems suffer'd to be ill,
When it yields greater gain than goodness will.

Must there be still some discord mix'd among
The harmony of men; whose mood accords
Best with contention, tun'd t' a note of wrong?
That when war fails, peace must make war with
words,
And b' arm'd unto destruction ev'n as strong,
As were in ages past our civil swords:
Making as deep, although unbleeding wounds;
That when as fury fails, wisdom confounds.

If it be wisdom; and not cunning, this
Which so embroils the state of truth with brawls,
And wraps it up in strange confus'dness;
As if it liv'd immur'd within the walls
Of hideous terms, fram'd out of barbarousness
And foreign customs, the memorials
Of our subjection; and could never be
Deliver'd but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plain,
Uncurious, gentle, easy of access;
Certain unto itself; of equal vein;
One face, one colour, one assuredness.
It's falsehood that is intricate and vain,
And needs these labyrinths of subtilness:
For where the cunning'st cov'rage most appear,
It argues still that all is not sincere.

Which thy clear-ey'd experience well describes,
Great keeper of the state of equity!
Refuge of mercy! upon whom relies
The succour of oppressed misery:
Altar of safeguard! Whereunto affliction flies,
From th' eager pursuit of severity.
Haven of peace! That labour'st to withdraw
Justice from out the tempests of the law;

And set her in a calm and even way,
Plain, and directly leading to redress;
Barring these counter-courses of delay,
These wasting, dilatory processes.
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, easigns, and travoices;
The heads of hydra, springing out of death,
That gives this monster Malice still new breath.

That what was made for the utility
And good of man, might not be turn'd t' his hurt,
To make him worse by his remedy,
And cast him down with what should him support.
Nor that the state of law might lose thereby
The due respect and rev'rence of her port;
And seem a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to entangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations, and our deeds,
Unto a like infinity arise;
As being a science that by nature breeds
Contention, strife, and ambiguities.
For altercation controversy feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of civil lying all like wide,
Yields like advantage unto either side.

Which made the grave Castilian king devise
A prohibition, that no advocate
Should ha convey'd to th' Indian colonies;
Lost their new settling, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender root, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firm estate.
"For having not this skill how to contend,
Th' unmourish'd strife would quickly make an end."

So likewise did the Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian bartolists, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explain the law,
T' embroil it more, and make it much less clear;
Caus'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw,
With this infectious skill, some other-where;
Whose learning rather let men further out,
And open'd wider passages of doubt.

Seeing ev'n injustice may be regulate;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And th' ordinances, which are always fix'd:
Ten thousand laws more cannot reach so far,
But malice goes beyond, or lives immix'd
So close with goodness, as it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore did these glorious monarchs (who
Divide with God the style of majesty,
For being good; and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honesty)
Ordain this sanctuary, wherunto
Th' oppress'd might fly; the seat of equity,
Whereon thy virtues sit with fair renown,
The greatest grace and glory of the gown.

Which equity, being the soul of law,
The life of justice, and the spir't of right;
Dwells not in written lines; or lives in awe
Of books' deaf pow'rs, that have nor ears nor sight:
But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw
The essence of a judgment requisite;
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
Plies to the work, nor forc'th the work to it.

Maintaining still an equal parallel
Just with th' occasions of humanity,
Making her judgment ever liable
To the respect of peace and amity;
When surely law, stern and unaffable,
Cares only but itself to satisfy;
And often innocencies scarce defends,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

But equity, that bears an even rein
Upon the present courses, holds in awe
By giving hand a little; and doth gain,
By a gentle relaxation of the law:
And yet inviolable doth maintain
The end whereto all constitutions draw,
Which is the welfare of society,
Consisting of an upright policy:

Which first b'ing by necessity compos'd,
Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate;
Where when as justice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole body of the state.
For if there be a passage once disclos'd,
That wrong may enter at the self-same gate
Which serves for right, clad in a coat of law;
What violent discourses may it draw?

And therefore dost thou stand to keep the way,
And stop the course that malice seeks to run,
And by thy provident injunctions stay
This never-ending altercation;
Sending contention home, to th' end men may
There make their peace, whereas their strife begun;
And free these pester'd streets they vainly wear,
Whom both the state and theirs do need elsewhere.

Lest th' humour which doth thus predominate,
Convert unto itself all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And cease t' exceed th' affairs it undertakes:
As if the only science of the state,
That took up all our wits, for gain it makes;
Not for the good that hereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearly bought.

What shall we think, when as ill causes shall
Enrich men more, and shall be more desir'd
Than good; as far more beneficial?
Who then defends the good? Who will be hir'd
To entertain a right, whose gain is small?
Unless the advocate that hath conspir'd
To plead a wrong, he likewise made to run
His clients' chances, and with him be undone.

So did the wisest nations ever strive
To bind the hands of Justice up so hard;
That lest she falling to prove lucrative,
Might basely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her provisions fit to live,
Out of the public; as a public guard,
That all preserps, and all doth entertain;
Whose end is only glory, and not gain.

That ev'n the sceptre, which might all command,
Seeing her s' impartial, equal, regular;
Was pleas'd to put itself into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admir'd far.
And this is that great blessing of this land,
That both the prince and people use one bar;
The prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood)
Is never bad, but where himself is good.

This is that balance which committed is
To thy most even and religious hand,
Great minister of Justice! who by this
Shalt have thy name still gracious in this land.
This is that seal of pow'r which doth impress
Thy acts of right, which shall for ever stand!
This is that train of state, that pompously
Attends upon thy reverent dignity!

All glory else besides ends with our breath;
And men's respects scarce brings us to our grave:
But this of doing good, must out-live Death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts;
Pow'r may have knees, but Justice hath our hearts.

TO THE

LORD HENRY HOWARD,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

PRAISE, if it be not choice, and laid aright,
Can yield no lustre where it is bestow'd;
Not any way can grace the giver's art,
(Though 't be a pleasing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can be show'd,
Will bear it well, but virtue and desert.

And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy utterance; and commend them right,
As that which doth you much, and gives you grace,
Yet your clear judgment best deserveth it,
Which in your course hath carried you upright,
And made you to discern the truest face,

And best complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the love of men;
And held you in the tract of honesty,
Which ever in the end we see succeed;
Though oft it may have interrupted been,
Both by the times, and men's iniquity.

For sure those actions which do fairly run
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most clean and safest to their end;
And pass the best without confusion,
Either in those that act, or else dispose;
Having the scope made clear, whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s' embroll,
And intricate the passage of affairs,
As that they seldom fairly can get out;
But cost, with less success, more care and toil;
Whilst doubt and the distrust'd cause impairs
Their courage, who would else appear more stout.

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they
Have divers doors whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without disturbance,
Not any course, and into every way
Of humour, that affection turns about;
Let have the best but one t' have passage by;

And that so surely warded with the guard
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must
Have course that way, but with the certain pass
Of a persuasive right; which being compar'd
With their conceit, must thereto answer just,
And so with due examination pass.

Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are more religious, constant, and upright;
And bring the ablest hands for any effect;
And best bear up the reputation, fame,
And good opinion that the action's right,
When th' undertakers are without suspect.

But when the body of an enterprise
Shall go one way, the face another way;
As if it did but mock a weaker trust;
The motion being monstrous, cannot rise
To any good; but falls down to bewray,
That all pretences serve for things unjust:

Especially where th' action will allow
Apparency; or that it hath a course
Concentric, with the universal frame
If men combin'd: whom it concerneth how
These motions run, and entertain their force;
Saying their being resting on the same.

And be it that the vulgar are but gross;
Yet are they capable of truth, and see,
And sometimes guess the right; and do conceive
The nature of that text that needs a gloss,
And wholly never can deluded be:
All wail a few; few cannot all deceive.

And these strange disproportions in the train
And course of things, do evermore proceed
From th' ill-set disposition of their minds;
Who in their actions cannot but retain
Th' encumber'd forms which do within them breed,
And which they cannot show but in their kind.

Whereas the ways and counsels of the light
A sort with valour and with manliness,
As that they carry things assuredly,
Indazzling of their own or others' sight:
Here being a blessing that doth give success
To worthiness, and unto constancy.

And though sometimes th' event may fall amiss,
Yet shall it still have honour for th' attempt;
When craft begins with fear, and ends with shame,
And in the whole design perplexed is:
'Tis true, though luckless, yet shall 'scape contempt;
And though it hath not hap, it shall have fame.

TO

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same!
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding wars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brew
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to Earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

M m

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by being condemn'd,
Than being pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turbulent they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Duties her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess;
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

TO

THE LADY LUCY,

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THOUGH Virtue be the same when low she stands
In th' humble shadows of obscurity,
As when she either sweats in martial bands,
Or sits in court clad with authority;
Yet, madam, doth the strictness of her room
Greatly detract from her ability.
For as in-wall'd within a living tomb,
Her hands and arms of action labour not;
Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,
Come never born, though happily begot.
But where she hath mounted in open sight
An eminent and spacious dwelling got;
Where she may stir at will, and use her might,
There is she more herself, and more her own;
There in the fair attire of honour dight,
She sits at ease, and makes her glory known.
Applause attends her hands; her deeds have grac'd
Her worth, now-born, is straight as if full grown
With such a godly and respected face
Doth Virtue look, that's set to look from high;
And such a fair advantage by her place
Hath state and greatness to do worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you comes grac'd thence;
And well was let into a house so sweet,
So good, so fair: so fair, so good a guest!
Who now remains as blessed in her seat,
As you are with her residency bless'd.
And this fair course of knowledge, whereunto
Your studies (learn'd lady) are address'd,
Is th' only certain way that you can go
Unto true glory, to true happiness:
All passages on Earth besides, are so
Encumber'd with such vain disturbances,
As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
Being but deluded with appearances.
And no key had you else that was so fit
To unlock that prison of your sex as this,
To let you out of weakness, and admit
Your pow'rs into the freedom of that bliss,
That set you there where you may over-see
This rolling world, and view it as it is;
And apprehend how th' outsiders do agree
With th' inward; being of the things we deem
And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
Of highest value, and of best esteem:
Since all the good we have rests in the mind,
By whose proportions only we redeem
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
The measure of ourselves, and of our pow'rs:
And that all happiness remains confin'd

Within the kingdom of this breast of ours;
 About whose bounds, all that we look on lies
 Others' jurisdictions, others' pow'rs,
 Out of the circuit of our liberties.
 If glory, honour, fame, applause, renown,
 Be not belonging to our royalties,
 At t' others' wills, wherein they're only grown:
 And that unless we find us all within,
 We never can without us be our own;
 For call it right our life that we live in;
 But a possession held for others' use,
 That seem to have most interest therein;
 Which we do so discover, part, traduce,
 Set out to custom, fashion; and to show
 As we enjoy but only the abuse,
 And have no other deed at all to show.
 How oft are we constrained to appear
 With other countenance than that we owe;
 And be ourselves far off, when we are near!
 How oft are we forc'd on a cloudy heart
 To set a shining face, and make it clear;
 Seeking content to put ourselves apart,
 To bear a part of others' weaknesses!
 As if we only were compos'd by art,
 Not Nature; and did all our deeds address
 To opinion, not t' a conscience, what is right;
 As fram'd by example, not advisedness,
 Into those forms that entertain our sight.
 And though books, wadam, cannot make this mind,
 Which we must bring apt to be set aright;
 Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
 And touch it so, as that it turns that way
 Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find
 The certain place of truth; yet do they stay,
 And entertain us near about the same;
 And give the soul the best delight, that may
 Encheer it most, and most our spirits inflame
 To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
 And therefore, in a course that best became
 The clearness of your heart, and best commends
 Your worthy pow'rs; you run the rightest way
 That is on Earth, that can true glory give;
 By which, when all consumes, your fame shall live.

TO

THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

Unto the tender youth of those fair eyes
 The light of judgment can arise but new,
 And young; the world appears t' a young conceit,
 Whilst through the unacquainted faculties:
 The late invested soul doth rarely view
 Those objects which on that discretion wait.
 Yet you that such a fair advantage have,
 Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t' outgo,
 And be before your years, can fairly guess
 What hue of life holds surest without stain;
 Having your well-wrought heart full furnish'd so
 With all the images of worthiness,
 As there is left no room at all t' invest
 Figures of other form, but sanctity.
 Whilst yet those clean-created thoughts within
 The garden of your innocencies rest;
 Where are no motions of deformity,
 Nor any door at all to let them in.

With so great care doth she that hath brought forth
 That comely body, labour to adorn
 That better part, the mansion of your mind,
 With all the richest furniture of worth,
 To make y' as highly good as highly born,
 And set your virtues equal to your kind.
 She tells you, how that honour only is
 A goodly garment put on fair deserts;
 Wherein the smallest stain is greatest seen,
 And that it cannot grace unworthiness;
 But more apparent shows defective parts,
 How gay soever they are deck'd therein.
 She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
 And kept enclosed with so many eyes,
 As that it cannot stray and break abroad
 Into the private ways of carlessness;
 Nor ever may descend to vulgarity,
 Or be below the sphere of her abode.
 But like to those supernal bodies set
 Within their orbs, must keep the certain course
 Of order; destin'd to their proper place,
 Which only doth their note of glory get.
 Th' irregular appearances enforce
 A short respect, and perish without grace:
 Being meteors seeming high, but yet low plac'd,
 Blazing but while their dying matters last.
 Nor can we take the just height of the mind,
 But by that order which her course doth show,
 And which such splendour to her actions gives;
 And thereby men her eminency find,
 And thereby only do attain to know
 The region, and the orb wherein she lives.
 For low in th' air of gross uncertainty,
 Confusion only rolls, order sits high.
 And therefore since the dearest things on Earth,
 This honour, madam, hath his stately frame
 From th' heavenly order, which begets respect;
 And that your nature, virtue, happy birth,
 Have therein highly interplac'd your name,
 You may not run the least course of neglect.
 For where not to observe, is to profane
 Your dignity; how careful must you be,
 To be yourself? and though you may to all
 Shine fair aspects; yet must the virtuous gain
 The best effects of your benignity.
 Nor must your common graces cause to fall
 The price of your esteem t' a lower rate,
 Than doth beget the pitch of your estate.
 Nor may you build on your sufficiency,
 For in our strongest parts we are but weak;
 Nor yet may over-much distrust the same,
 Lest that you come to check it so thereby,
 As silence may become worse than to speak:
 Though silence women never ill becomes.
 And none we see were ever overthrown
 By others' flattery, more than by their own.
 For though we live amongst the tongues of praise,
 And troops of smoothing people, that collaud
 All that we do; yet 't is within our hearts
 Th' ambushment lies, that evermore betrays
 Our judgments, when ourselves be come t' ap-
 plaud
 Our own ability, and our own parts.
 So that we must not only fence this fort
 Of ours against all others' fraud, but most
 Against our own; whose danger is the most,
 Because we lie the nearest to do hurt,
 And seem't deceive ourselves; and soon'st are
 lost
 By our best pow'rs, that do us most transport.

Such are your holy bounds, who must convey
 (If God so please) the honourable blood
 Of Clifford, and of Russell; led aright
 To many worthy stems, whose offspring may
 Look back with comfort, to have had that good
 To spring from such a branch that grew s' upright;
 Since nothing cheers the heart of greatness more
 Than th' ancestors' fair glory gone before.

TO

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Non fort ullum lotum illam felicitas.

He who hath never war'd with misery,
 Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,
 Hath had n' occasion, nor no field to try
 The strength and forces of his worthiness.
 Those parts of judgment which felicity
 Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
 And only men show their abilities,
 And what they are in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
 Of what thou art, had'st thou not been undone;
 And only thy affliction hath begot
 More fame, than thy best fortunes could have done:
 For ever by adversity are wrought
 The greatest works of admiration;
 And all the fair examples of renown,
 Out of distress and misery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
 Did make the miracles of faith and zeal;
 Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
 Imprisonment and poison did reveal
 The worth of Socrates. Fabricius'
 Poverty did grace that commonweal,
 More than all Sylla's riches got with strife;
 And Cato's death did vie with Cæsar's life.

Not to b' unhappy is unhappiness,
 And misery not to have known misery:
 For the best way unto discretion, is
 The way that leads us by adversity.
 And men are better show'd what is amiss,
 By th' expert finger of calamity,
 Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
 Who never shows them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have endur'd,
 With a repos'd cheer, wrong, and disgrace;
 And with a heart and countenance assur'd,
 Have look'd stern Death and horrour in the face!
 How should we know thy soul had been secur'd,
 In honest counsels, and in way unbase;
 Had'st thou not stood to show us what thou wert,
 By thy afflictions that deserv'd thy heart!

It is not but the tempest that doth show
 The seaman's cunning; but the field that tries
 The captain's coerege—And we come to know
 Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies.
 For lo! how many have we seen to grow
 To high renown from lowest miseries,

Out of the hands of Death? And many a one
 T' have been undone, had they not been undone!

He that endures for what his conscience knows
 Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
 Look only on the cause whereeto he owes
 Those sufferings, not on his misery:
 The more he endures, the more his glory grows:
 Which never grows from imbecility:
 Only the best-compos'd and worthiest hearts,
 God sets to act the hard'st and constant'st parts.

THE

PASSION OF A DISTRESSED MAN;

WHO BEING IN A TEMPEST ON THE SEA, AND HEAVING IN
 HIS BOAT TWO WOMEN, (OF WHOM HE LOVED THE ONE,
 THAT DESPAIR'D HIM; AND SCORND THE OTHER,
 WHO AFFECTED HIM) WAS BY COMMANDMENT FOR
 VENTURE TO CAST OUT ONE OF THEM, TO APPEASE THE
 RAGE OF THE TEMPEST; BUT WHICH, WAS LEAV'D
 TO HIS OWN CHOICE.

My unkind love, or she that loves me dear,
 Neptune will have cast forth, to calm the sea:
 One of these two, or all, must perish here;
 And therefore now which shall I save of these?
 Ah! do I make a question which to save,
 When my desires share but one only part!
 Whom should it be but she, to whom I have
 Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my heart?
 She! she must live!—The tempests of whose law
 Confound me more than all these storms can do:
 And but for whom I live—and therefore how
 Can any life be life, less she live too?
 For by that means I both may pacify
 The rigor of these waves, and her hard heart:
 Who must save him, who would not let her die;
 Nor can she but reward so great desert.
 She cannot, but in mercy needs must give
 Comfort to him, by whom herself doth live.

PART ALTERA.

But shall the blood of her that loves me then
 Be sacrific'd to her disdainfulness
 That scorns my love? And shall I hope to win
 Mercy from her, by being merciless?
 Will not her safety being thus attain'd,
 Raise her proud heart t' a higher set of score,
 When she shall see my passions are disdain'd
 With blood; although it were to serve her turn?
 Since th' act of ill, though it fall good to us,
 Makes us yet hate the doer of the same.
 And though my hand should have preserv'd her then;
 Yet being by cruel means, it is my shame,
 Which she will but ascribe to my defects,
 And th' imperfections of my passions; which
 She knows the influence of her eyes effects,
 And therein joys t' have vanquish'd me so much
 And when desert shall seem t' exact reward,
 It breeds a loathing in the heart of grace,
 That must work free out of her own regard,
 And have no dues t' upbraid her to her face.

call I then have bent against my soul,
 wh' her disdain, and th' horror of that deed,
 wh' ever must my cruelty control,
 wh' check the wrong that never can succeed.
 though it be requir'd that one must go,
 y' message sent me from the pow'r's divine,
 will I not redeem my safety so;
 though life be in their hand, death is in mine:
 therefore since compassion cannot be
 sh' to either; Neptune, take all three.

RESUMPTIO.

that were to be cruel to all three;
 rebel to Nature, and the gods arrest,
 one Ordinance must observed be:
 For may our frailty with the Heav'n's contest.
 y' then that must be done that's least unjust;
 And my affections may not bear a part
 th' cruelty and wrong. But here I must
 Be of a side, to go against my heart;
 wh' her disdain her due reward must have:
 I must be cast away, that would not see.

MUSOPHILUS:

CONTAINING

A GENERAL DEFENCE OF LEARNING.

TO

MR. RIGHT WORTHY AND JUDICIOUS FAVOURER OF VIRTUE,

MR. FULKE GREVILL.

Do not here upon this hum'rous stage
 ring my transformed verse apparelled
 th' others' passions, or with others' rage;
 'th' loves, with wounds, with factions furnished:
 at here present thee, only modelled
 in this poor frame, the form of mine own heart:
 There, to revive myself, my Muse is led
 th' motions of her own, t' act her own part,
 triving to make her own contemned art
 as fair t' herself as possibly she can;
 not seeming of no force, of no desert,
 he might repent the course that she began;
 and, with these times of dissolution, fall
 from goodness, virtue, glory, fame and all.

MUSOPHILUS:

PHILOCOENUS.

Good man, Musophilus, that thus dost spend
 in an ungainful art thy dearest days,
 firing thy wits, and toiling to no end,
 but to attain that idle smoke of praise!
 how when this busy world cannot attend
 th' untimely music of neglected lays;
 wh' delights than these, other desires,
 wh' wiser profit-seeking age requires.

MUSOPHILUS.

Friend Philocoenus, I confess indeed
 I love this sacred art thou sett'st so light;
 And though it never stand my life in stead,
 it is enough it gives myself delight,
 The whilst my unafflicted mind doth feed
 On no unholy thoughts for benefit.

Be it, that my unseasonable song
 Come out of time, that fault is in the time;
 And I must not do virtue so much wrong.
 As love her ought the worse for others' crime:
 And yet I find some blessed spirits among,
 That cherish me, and like and grace my rhyme.

Again, that I do more in soul esteem,
 Than all the gain of dust the world doth crave:
 And if I may attain but to redeem
 My name from dissolution and the grave;
 I shall have done enough; and better deem
 I have liv'd to be, than to have dy'd to have.

Short-breath'd mortality would yet extend
 That span of life so far forth as it may,
 And rob her fate; seek to beguile her end
 Of some few ling'ring days of after-stay;
 That all this while all might not descend
 Into the dark an universal prey:
 And give our labours yet this poor delight,
 That when our days do end, they are not done;
 And though we die, we shall not perish quite.
 But live two lives where other have but one.

PHILOCOENUS.

Silly desires of self-abusing man,
 Striving to gain th' inheritance of air,
 That having done the uttermost he can,
 Leaves yet perhaps but beggary t' his heir:
 All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
 Feeds not his race, or makes his house more fair.

And what art thou the better, thus to leave
 A multitude of words to small effect;
 Which other times may scorn, and so deceive
 Thy promis'd name of what thou dost expect?
 Besides some vip'rous critic may bereave
 Th' opinion of thy worth for some defect;

And get more reputation of his wit,
 By but controlling of some word or sense,
 Than thou shalt honour for contriving it
 With all thy travail, care, and diligence;
 B'ing learning now enough to contradict,
 And censure others with bold insolence.

Besides, so many so confus'dly sing,
 Whose diverse discords have the music marr'd,
 And in contempt that mystery doth bring,
 That he must sing aloud that will be heard.
 And the receiv'd opinion of the thing,
 For some unballow'd string that vilely jarr'd,

Hath so unseason'd now the ears of men,
 That who doth touch the tenour of that vein,
 Is held but vain; and his unreckon'd pen
 The title but of levity doth gain.
 A poor light gain, to recompense their toll,
 That thought to get eternity the while!

And therefore leave the left and out-worn course
Of unregarded ways, ~~and labour how~~
To fit the times with what is most in force;
Be new with men's affections that are new:
Strive not to run an idle counter-course,
Out from the scent of humours men allow.

For not discreetly to compose our parts
Unto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off ourselves, and make our arts
Rebels to nature and society,
Whereby we come to bury our deserts
In th' obscure grave of singularity.

MUSCOPHILES

Do not profane the work of doing well,
Seduced man, that can't not look so high
From out that mist of Earth, as thou can't tell
The ways of right which virtue doth decry;
That overlooks the base contemptibly,
And low-hid follies of mortality.

Nor mete out truth and right-deserving praise
By that wrong measure of confusion,
The vulgar foot; that never takes his ways
By reason, but by imitation;
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The course which he should go, but what is gone.

Well were it with mankind, if what the most
Did like were best: but ignorance will live
By others' square, as by example lost.
And man to man must th' band of error give,
That none can fall alone at their own cost;
And all because men judge not, but believe.

For what poor bounds have they, whom but th'
Earth bounds?
What is their end whereto their care attains;
When the thing got relieves not, but confounds;
Having but travail to succeed their pains?
What joy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and grief his gains?

Oath'ring, encroaching, wresting, joining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, alt'ring, and so much ado,
To his soul's toil, and body's travelling:
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have th' inheriting.

And his fair house rais'd high in Eury's eye,
Whose pillars rear'd (perhaps) on blood and wrong,
The spoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the walls of piety,
Shall the profaneest pile of sin keep strong?

How many proud aspiring palaces
Have we known made the grey of wrath and pride;
Level'd with th' earth, left to forgetfulness;
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderless
Order; pretending change of some strong side?

Then where is that proud title of thy name,
Written in ice of melting vanity?
Where is thine heir left to possess the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggary.
Something may rise, to be beyond the shame
Of vile and unregarded poverty.

Which I confess; although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colours I can give.
Yet for all that methinks she looks but ill;
I cannot brook that face, which (dead-alive)
Shows a quick body, but a bury'd will.

Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint
Holds goodness in, which loose wealth would let;
And fruitless riches, barrener than want,
Brings forth small worth from idle liberty:
Which when disorders shall again make ascent,
It must refresh her state from poverty.

But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair grace stands fast:
For what high races hath there come to fall
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since Chaucer liv'd; who yet lives, and yet shall
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last!

Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime,
That by his means came first adorn'd with bays!
Unto the sacred relics of whose time,
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.

And could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtain but such a blessed hand of years,
And 'scape the fury of that threatening rage,
Which in confused clouds ghastly appears;
Who would not strain his travels to engage,
When such true glory should succeed his care?

But whereas he came planted in the spring,
And had the sun before him of respect;
We, set in th' autumn, in the withering
And sullen season of a cold defect,
Must taste those sours we detest the times do bring
Upon the fulness of a cloy'd neglect;

Although the stronger constitutions shall
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,
And come with glory to out-live this fall,
Recover'ing of another spring of praise;
Clear'd from th' oppressing burthens wherewithal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.

When as (perhaps) the words thou scornest now
May live, the speaking picture of the mind;
The extract of the soul that labour'd how
To leave the image of her self behind;
Wherewith posterity, that loves to know,
The just proportion of our spir'ts may find.

For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pass, and still shall exercise
The motion, spir't, and nature both impart,
And shall with those alive so sympathize,
As nourish'd with their pow'rs, enjoy their part.

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make us live with all,
By you we do converse with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto converse call:
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.

loul of the world, Knowledge, without thee,
 What hath the Earth that truly glorious is?
 Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
 To be forgot? What good is like to this,
 To do worthy the writing, and to write
 Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

And let th' unnatural and wayward race,
 Born of one womb with us, but to our shame;
 (That never read t' observe, but to disgrace)
 Raise all the tempest of their pow'r, to blame;
 That puff of folly never can deface
 The work a happy genius took to frame.

Yet why should civil learning seek to wound,
 And mangle her own members with despite?
 Prodigious wit! that study to confound
 The life of wit, to seem to know aright;
 As if themselves had fortunately found
 Some stand from off the Earth beyond our sight;
 Whence overlooking all as from above,
 Their grace is not to work, but to reprove.

But how came they plac'd in so high degree,
 Above the reach and compass of the rest?
 Who hath admitted them only to be
 Free denizens of skill, to judge the best?
 From whom the world as yet could never see
 The warrant of their wit soundly express'd.

T' acquaint our times with that perfection
 Of high conceit, which only they possess;
 That we might have things exquisitely done,
 Measur'd with all their strict observances:
 Such would (I know) scorn a translation,
 Or bring but others' labours to the press;
 Yet oft these monster-breeding mountains will
 Bring forth small mice of great-expected skill.

Presumption, ever fullest of defects,
 Fails in the doing to perform her part;
 And I have known proud words, and poor effects,
 Of such indeed as do condemn this art:
 But let them rest; it ever hath been known,
 'They others' virtues scorn, that doubt their own.

And for the divers disagreeing cords
 Of inter-jangling ignorance, that fill
 The dainty ears, and leave no room for words,
 The worthier minds neglect, or pardon will:
 Knowing the best he hath, he frankly 'fords,
 And scorns to be a niggard of his skill.

And that the rather since this short-liv'd race
 B'ing fatally the sons but of one day,
 That now with all their pow'r ply 't apace,
 To hold out with the greatest might they may,
 Against confusion that hath all in chase,
 To make of all an universal prey.

For now great Nature hath laid down at last
 That mighty birth wherewith so long she went,
 And over-went the times of ages past,
 Here to lie in upon our soft content;
 Where fruitful she hath multiply'd so fast,
 That all she hath on these times seem'd t' have spent.

All that which might have many ages grac'd,
 Is born in one, to make one cloy'd with all;
 Where plenty hath impress'd a deep distaste
 Of best and worst, and all in general;
 That goodness seems goodness to have defac'd,
 And virtue hath to virtue giv'n the fall.

For emulation, that proud curse of wit,
 Scorning to stay below, or come behind,
 Labours upon that narrow top to sit
 Of sole perfection in the highest kind.
 Envy and wonder looking after it,
 Thrust likewise on the self-same bliss to find:

And so long striving till they can no more,
 Do stuff the place, or others' hopes shut out;
 Who doubting to o'ertake those gone before,
 Give up their care, and cast no more about;
 And so in scorn leave all as fore-posses'd,
 And will be none, where they may not be best.

Er'n like some empty creek, that long hath lain
 Left or neglected of the river by,
 Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wand'ring vein,
 Finding some little way that close did lie,
 Steal in at first; then other streams again
 Second the first, then more than all supply;

Till all the mighty main hath borne at last
 The glory of his chiefest pow'r that way,
 Plying this new-found pleasant room so fast,
 Till all be full, and all be at a stay;
 And then about, and back again doth cast,
 Leaving that full to fall another way:

So fares this hum'rous world, that evermore
 Rapt with the current of a present course,
 Runs into that which lay contemn'd before;
 Then glutted, leaves the same, and falls t' a worse.
 Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore;
 Then cold in sp'it, and faith is of no force.

Straight all that holy was unhallow'd lies,
 The scatter'd carcasses of ruin'd vows;
 Then truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes;
 Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows:
 That evermore to foolish or to wise,
 It fatal is to be seduc'd with shows.

Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear!
 How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd!
 What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
 What stately piles we prodigal erect!
 How sweet perfum'd thou art; how shining clear!
 How solemnly observ'd; with what respect!

Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare;
 Thou must have all within, and nought without;
 Sit poorly without light, disrob'd: no care
 Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout;
 Pow'rless, unfolow'd: scarcely men can spare
 The necessary rites to set thee out.

Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still
 The self-same which they are, and always one,
 But alter to the project of our will;
 Or we our actions make them wait upon,
 Putting them in the liv'ry of our skill,
 And cast them off again when we have done.

You, mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course; bear up from all disgrace;
Observe the point of glory to our land:

Hold up disgraced Knowledge from the ground;
Keep Virtue in request; give Worth her due:
Let not Neglect with barb'rous means confound
So fair a good; to bring in night a-new:
Be not, O be not necessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mock'ries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown;
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own.

And whereto serve that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Walton stands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory—it was set to show,
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whereto when as the gazing passenger
Hath greedy look'd with admiration;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long ago:
Inquires and asks his fellow-traveller
What he hath heard, and his opinion:

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness:
Angry with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders' wonder to express.

Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair Art and Cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the Devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Britany, by magic course,
From giants' hands redeem'd by Merlin's slight:

And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murder'd there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley in peace at unawara
With this old legend then Credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

But is Antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse;
Seeing after-comers still so apt t' admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That reverence and respect darts not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our easy credit and delight;
For once found false, they straight become to us
Our faith, and their own reputation quite;
That now her truths hardly believed are; [right
And though she avouch the right, she scarce but

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stands corrupted so with Time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right;
And art become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might;

Thou shalt stand still believ'd and stamper'd,
The only gazing-stock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonish'd,
Shall never more desire such hopes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Consider in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the Earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage;
Though Time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage;
Pleading the Hear'n's prescription for eternity,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

PHILOSOPHY.

Behold how ev'ry man, drawn with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way;
Striving to make his course seem only right,
Doth his own rest and his own thoughts betray:
Imagination bringing bravely dight
Her pleasing images in best array,

With flatter'ing glasses that must show him fair,
And others' foul: his skill and wit the best,
Others seduc'd, deceiv'd and wrong in their:
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest;
Not seeing how these minions in the air
Present a face of things falsely express'd,
And that the glimm'ring of these errors shows,
Are but a light to let him see his own.

Alas, poor Fame! in what a narrow room,
As an engaged parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us; where ev'n as good be dumb
As speak, and to be heard with no attend?
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent?

Is this the walk of all your wide renown?
This hudd point, this scarce discern'd isle?
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech en-
Made never any traffic of our style. [knows,
And in this all, where all this care is shown;
T' enchant your fame to last so long a while:
And for that happier tongues have won so much,
Think you to make your barb'rous language such?

Poor narrow limits for so mighty pains,
That cannot promise any foreign vent!
And yet if here too all your wondrous veins
Were generally known, it might content.
But lo! how many reads not, or disdain
The labour of the chief and excellent?

How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spencer; or their books?
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame;
And seem to bear down all the world with looks:
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
In whose endeavours few or none scarce look?

Do you not see these pamphlets, libels, rhymes,
These strange confused tumults of the mind,
Are grown to be the sickness of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankind?
Four virtues, by your follies made your crimes,
Have issue with your indiscretion join'd.

Schools, arts, professions, all in so great store,
Pass the proportion of the present state;
Where being as great a number as before,
And fewer rooms them to accommodate;
It cannot be, but they must throng the more,
And kick and thrust, and shoulder with debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attain
The expected good which they account their right,
And yet perceive others to reap that gain
Of far inferior virtues in their sight;
They present, with the sharp of envy, strain
To wound them with reproaches and despite;
And for these cannot have as well as they,
They scorn their faith should deign to look that way.

Hence discontented sects and schisms arise;
Hence interwinding controversies spring,
That feed the simple, and offend the wise,
Who know the consequence of cavilling
Disgrace, that these to others do devise:
Contempt and scorn on all in th' end doth bring,
Like scolding wives, reck'ning each other's fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.

For when to these rare dainties Time admits
Ill humors, all complexions, all that will;
Where none should be let in but choicest wits,
Whose mild discretion could comport with skill:
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place; who can expect but ill?

For being unapt for what they took in hand,
And for ought else whereto they shall be address'd,
They ev'n become th' encumbrance of the land,
Is out of rank, disordering all the rest:
This grace of theirs to seem to understand,
Mans all their grace, to do without their rest.

Men find that action is another thing,
Than what they in discoursing papers read:
The world's affairs require in managing
More arts than those wherein you clerks proceed;
Whilst tim'rous Knowledge stands considering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deed.
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

This sweet-enchanting knowledge turns you clean
Out from the fields of natural delight,
And makes you hide, unwilling to be seen
In th' open concourse of a public sight:
This skill wherewith you have so cunning been,
Unnews all your pow'rs, unmans you quite.

Public soci'ity, and commerce of men,
Require another grace, another port:
This eloquence, these rhymes, these phrases then,
Begot in shades, do serve us in no sort:
The unmaterial swelling of your pen
Touch not the spirit that action doth import.

A manly style fitted to manly ears,
Best agrees with wit; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudy liv'ry wears
Of nice corruptions, which the times do sway;
And waits on th' humour of his pulse, that bears
His passions set to such a pleasing key.
Such dainties serve only for stomachs weak;
For men do foulest, when they finest speak.

Yet do I not dislike, that in some wise
Be sung the great heroical deserts
Of brave renowned spirits; whose exercise
Of worthy deeds may call up others' hearts,
And serve a model for posterity,
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts;
But so that all our spirits may tend hereto,
To make it not our grace to say, but do.

MUSOPHILUS.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I hear,
As one that am not so possess'd with love
Of what I do; but that I rather bear
An ear to learn, than a tongue to disprove:
I know men must, as carry'd in their sphere,
According to their proper motions move.
And that course likes them best, which they are on;
Yet truth hath certain bounds, but falsehood none.

I do confess our limits are but small,
Compar'd with all the whole vast Earth beside;
All which again rated to that great all,
Is likewise as a point, scarcely demy'd:
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point, where we abide.

But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of overlooking contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread upon;
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world, standing alone.

Where if our fame confin'd cannot get out,
What shall we imagine it is peev'd,
That hath so great a world to walk about;
Whose bounds with her reports have both one end?
Why shall we not rather esteem her stout,
That further than her own scorn to extend?

Where being so large a room both to do well,
And eke to hear th' applause of things well done;
That further if men shall our virtues tell,
We have more mouths, but not more merit won;
It doth not greater make that which is laud'ble,
The flame is bigger blown, the fire all one.

And for the few that only lead their ear,
That few is all the world; which with a few
Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.
This is the heart doth feel, and only know
The rest of all that only bodies bear,
Roll up and down, and fill up but the row;

And serves as others' members, not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
They live ungrac'd, and die but in neglect.

And for my part, if only one allow
The care my lab'ring spirits take in this;
He is to me a the'tre large snow,
And his applause only sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow;
That is my all, and all I am is his.

And if some worthy spirits be pleased too,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.
But what if none? It cannot yet undo
The love I bear unto this body still.
This is the thing that I was born to do:
This is my scene; this part must I fulfil.

Let those that know not breath esteem of wind,
And set t' a vulgar air their servile song;
Rating their goodness by the praise they find,
Making their worth on others' fits belong;
As Virtue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not live if Fame had ne'er a tongue:

Hath that all-knowing pow'r, that holds within
The goodly prospective of all this frame,
(Where whatsoever is, or what hath been,
Reflects a certain image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seek an aim of Fame?

Must she, like to a wanton courtesan,
Open her breasts for show, to win her praise;
And blaze her fair bright beauty unto man,
As if she were enamour'd of his ways;
And knew not weakness, nor could rightly scan
To what defects his hum'rous breath obeys?

She that can tell how proud Ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giv'n of mere devotion: [thra]!!
For which, how much it sweats! how much it 's
What toil it takes! and yet when all is done,
Th' ends in expectation never fall.

Shall she join hands with such a servile mate,
And prostrate her fair body, to commit
Folly with earth; and to defile that state
Of clearness, for so gross a benefit?
Having reward dwelling within her gate,
And glory of her own to furnish it.

Herself a recompense sufficient
Unto herself, to give her own content.
Is 't not enough that she hath rais'd so high
Those that be her's; that they may sit and see
The Earth below them, and this all to lie
Under their view? taking the true degree
Of the just height of swol'n mortality
Right as it is, not as it seems to be.

And undecieved with the paradox
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these mask'd outsides what the inward lacks;
Mearning man by himself, not by his show:
Wood'ring not at their rich and golden backs,
That have poor minds, and little else to show.

Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their load:
The lies of fortune, wherewithal men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad;
Whose ground, whose grass, whose earth have cap
and knee,
Which they suppose is on themselves bestow'd;

And think (like Isis' ass) all honours are
Giv'n unto them alone; the which are done
Unto the painted idol which they bear,
That only makes them to be gazed on.
For take away their pack, and show them bare,
And see what beast this honour rides upon.

Hath knowledge lent to her's life privy key,
To lot them in unto the highest stage
Of causes, secrets, counsels; to survey
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage;
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gain-ay,
Believe and unbelieve, all in one age?

And shall we trust goodness, as it proceeds
From that unconstant mouth; which with one breath
Will make it bad again, unless it feeds
The present humour that it favoureth?
Shall we esteem, and reckon how it feeds
Our works, that his own vows unhalloath?

Then whereto serves it to have been enlarg'd
With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discover'd errors which we find?
As if our knowledge only were discharg'd,
Yet we ourselves stay'd in a servile kind.

That Virtue must be out of countenance,
If this gross spir't, or that weak shallow brain,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distaste, uncomprehend, disdain:
When such sick eyes can never cast a glance,
But through the colours of their proper stain.

Though I must needs confess, the small respect
That these great seeming-best of men do give,
(Whose brow begets th' inferior sort's neglect)
Might move the wreck irresolute to grieve;
But stranger see how justly this defect
Hath overtaken the times wherein we live.

That learning needs must run the common fate
Of all things else, thrust on by her own weight;
Comporting not herself in her estate,
Under this burthen of a self-conceit:
Our own dissentious hands op'ning the gate
Unto contempt, that on our quarrels wait,

Discover'd have our inward government;
And let in hard opinion to disgrace
The general, for some weak impostor,
That bear out their disease with a sto'ra face;
Who (willy souls!) the more wit they have spent,
The less they show'd, not bett'ring their bad case.

And see how soon this rolling world can take
Advantage for her dissolution!
'Tis to get loose from this withholding stake
Of civil science and discretion;
How glad it would run wild, that it might make
Its formless form of one confusion!

The tyrant Ottomans blindfolded state,
Which must know nothing more, but to obey:
For this seeks greedy ignorance to abate
For number, order, living, form and sway:
For this it practises to dissipate
The unshelter'd troops, till all be made away.

For since our fathers' sins pull'd first to ground
The pale of this discover'd dignity,
And overthrew that holy reverend bound,
That parted learning and the laity,
And laid all flat in common; to confound
The honour and respect of piety.

It did so much baffle the estimate
Of th' open'd and invulgar'd mysteries,
Which now reduc'd unto the basest rate,
Must wait upon the Norman subtleties;
Who being mounted up into their state,
Do best with wrangling rudeness sympathize.

And yet, though now set quite behind the train
Of vulgar sway, (and light of pow'r weigh'd light)
Yet would this giddy innovation fain
Down with it lower, to abase it quite:
And those poor remnants that do yet remain
The spoiled marks of their divided right,

They wholly would deface, to leave no face
Of reverend distinction and degree;
As if they weigh'd no difference in this case,
Betwixt Religion's age and infancy:
Where th' one must creep, th' other stand with grace,
Let turn'd t' a child, it overturned be.

Though to pull back th' on-running state of things,
Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers days)
Unto the form of their first orderings,
Is the best means that dissolution stays;
And to go forward, backward right men brings,
I observe the line from whence they took their
ways.

Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not level to the time's condition;
To alter course may bring men more astray:
And leaving what was known, to light on none:
Since every change, the reverence doth decay
Of that which alway should continue one.

For this is that close-kept palladium,
Which once remov'd, brings ruin evermore:
This stir'd, makes men fore-settled, to become
Curious to know what was believ'd before:
Whilst Faith disputes, that used to be dumb;
And more men strive to talk, than to adore.

For never head-strong Reformation will
Rest, till to th' extreme opposite it run,
And overrun the mean discreet will;
As being too near of kin to that men shun:
For good and bad, and all must be one ill,
When once there is another truth begun.

So hard it is an even hand to bear,
In tempt'ring with such maladies as these;
Lest that our forward passions launch too near,
And make the cure prove worse than the disease:
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it grows with that which doth displeas.

And faults are easier look'd in, than redress'd:
Men running with such eager violence,
At the first view of errors fresh in quest;
As they, to rid an inconvenience,
Stick not to raise a mischief in the stealth,
Which after mocks their weak improvidence.

And therefore do make not your own sides bleed,
To prick at others: you that would amend,
By pulling down; and think you can proceed,
By going back unto the farther end:
Let stand that little covert left behind,
Whereon your succours and respects depend;

And bring not down the prizes of the mind,
With under-rating of yourselves so base:
You that the mightie's doors do crouching find,
To sell yourselves to buy a little grace;
Or wait whole months to out-bid sinners,
For that which being got, is not your place.

For if it were, what headed you to buy
What was your due? Your thirsting shows your
shift,

And little worth, that seeks injuriously
A worthier from his lawful room to lift.
We cannot say, that you were then preferr'd;
But that your money was, or some worse gift.

O scatt'ring gath'ers! that, without regard
Of times to come, will (to be made) undo;
As if you were the last of men, prepar'd
To bury in your graves all other too.
Dare you profane that holy portion,
Which never sacrilegious hand durst do?

Did form-establishing Devotion,
To maintain a respective reverence,
Extend her bountiful provision
With such a charitable providence,
For your deforming hands to dissipate,
And make God's due your impious expense!

No marvel then, though th' over peaster'd state
Want room for goodness; if our little hold
Be lessen'd unto such a narrow rate,
That reverence cannot sit; sit as it should.
And yet what need we thus for rooms complain;
That shall not want void rooms, if this course hold?

And more than will be fill'd—For who will strain,
To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes; and travel for an honour vain,
And gain a port, without support or stay?
What need hath envy to malign their state,
That will themselves (so kind!) give it away?

This makes indeed our number pass the rate
Of our provisions; which, if dealt aright,
Would yield sufficient room to accommodate,
More than we have in places requisite.
The ill-disposing only doth us set
In dearth, and out of order quite.

Whilst others gifts then of the mind shall get,
Under our colours, that which is our dues;
And to our travels, neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor respect accrues:
The sickness of the state's soul (learning) then
The body's great distemp'rature eases.

For if that learning's roots to learned men
Were as their heritage distributed,
All this disorder'd thrust would cease. For when
The fit were call'd; th' unworthy frustrated:
These would be 'sham'd to seek; those to b' unsought;
And, staying their turn, were sure they should be sped.

Then would our drooping academick, brought
Again in heart, regain that rev'rend hand
Of lost opinion; and no more be thought
Th' unnecessary furnish of the land,
Nor (discouraged with their small esteem)
Confus'd, irresolute and wav'ring stand:

Caring not to become profound; but seem
Contented with a superficial skill,
Which for a slight reward enough they deem,
When th' one succeeds as well as th' other will:
See'g shorter ways lead sooner to their end,
And other's longer travels thrive so ill.

Then would they only labour to extend
Their now unsearching sp'it beyond these bounds
Of others' pow'r, wherein they must be pen'd;
As if there were besides no other grounds:
And set their bold plus ultra far without
The pillars of those axioms age propounds.

Discovering daily more and more about,
In that immense and boundless ocean
Of Nature's riches, never yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinary course,
That other unindustrious ages ran;

That these more curious times they might divorce
From the opinion they are link'd unto,
Of our disable and inactive force;
To show true knowledge can both speak and do:
Arm'd for the sharp which in these days they find,
With all provisions that belong thereto:

That their experience may not come behind
The time's conceit; but leading in their place,
May make men see the weapons of the mind
Are states' best strengths, and kingdoms' chiefest
grace; [praise,
And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and
Makes Majesty appear with her full face;

Shining with all her beams, with all her rays;
Unscanted of her parts, unshadowed
In any darken'd point: which still betrays
The wain of pow'r, when pow'r's unfurnish'd,
And both not all those entire compliments,
Wherewith the state should for her state be sped.

And though the fortune of some age consents
Unto a thousand errors grossly wrought,
Which flourish'd over with their fair events,
Have pass'd for current, and good courses thought;
The least whereof, in other times, again
Most dang'rous inconveniences have brought;

Whilst to the times, not to men's wits, pertain
The good successes of ill-manag'd deeds:
Though th' ignorant deceiv'd with colours vain,
Miss of the causes whence this luck proceeds.
Foreign defects giving home-faults the way,
Make ev'n that weakness sometimes well suc-
ceeds.

I grant, that some unletter'd practice may
(Leaving beyond the Alps faith and respect
To God and man) with impious cunning swag
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintain the turning on,
And have his errors deem'd without defect:

But when some pow'ful opposition
Shall, with a sound encount'ring shock, disjoin
The fore-contrived frame; and thereupon
Th' experience of the present disappoint;
And other stirring sp'its, and other hearts
Built huge for action, meeting in a point;

Shall drive the world to summon all their arts,
And all too little for so real might,
When no advantages of weaker parts
Shall bear out shallow counsels from the fight;
And this sense-op'ning action (which doth hate
Unmanly craft) shall look to have her right.

Who then holds up the glory of the state;
(Which letter'd arms, and armed letters wage)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate,
Contemn'd Justinian, or else Littleton?
When it shall not be held wisdom to be
Privately made, and publicly undone:
But sound design, that judgment shall decree
Out of a true discern of the clear ways
That lie direct, with safe-going equity;
Embroid'ring not their own, and others' days.

Extending forth their providence beyond
The circuit of their own particular;
That ev'n th' ignorant may understand,
How that Deceit is but a caviller,
And true unto itself can never stand,
But still must with her own conclusions war.

Can Truth and Honesty, wherein consists
The right repose on Earth, the surest ground
Of trust; come weaker arm'd into the lists,
Than Fraud or Vice, that doth itself confound?
Or shall Presumption, that doth what it lists,
(Not what it ought) carry her courses sound?

Then what safe place out of confusion,
Hath plain proceeding Honesty to dwell?
What suit of grace hath Virtue to put on,
If Vice shall wear as good, and do as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion,
Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable?

Which all this mighty volume of events,
The world, th' universal map of deeds,
Strongly controls; and proves from all descents,
That the directest courses best succeeds,
When Craft (wra'pt still in many commentments)
With all her cunning thrives not, though it speak.



Or should not grave and learn'd Experience,
That looks with th' eyes of all the world beside,
And with all ages holds intelligence,
To safer than Deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence,
Following the ways of right, still runs more wide.

Who will not grant, and therefore this observe,
To state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,
Of virtue, knowledge; judgment to preserve,
And all the pow'rs of learning requisite?
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
'Tis in the trial they will weigh too light.

And do not thou condemn this swelling tide,
And stream of words, that now doth rise so high
(bove the usual banks, and spreads so wide
O'er the borders of antiquity:
Which, I confess, comes ever amplify'd
With th' abounding humours that do multiply;

And is with that same hand of happiness
Enlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:
'Tis so as if let out but to redress,
And calm and sway th' affections it commands;
Which as it stirs, it doth again repress,
And brings in th' out-gone malice that withstands.

How'r above pow'rs! O heavenly, Eloquence!
That with the strong rein of commanding words
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their words!
Shall we not offer to thy excellence,
The richest treasure that our wit affords?

Thou that can'st do much more with one poor pen,
Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, dispose and fashion men,
Better than force or rigour can direct!
Should we this ornament of glory then,
In th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?

Or should we careless come behind the rest
In pow'r of words, that go before in worth;
When as our accent's equal to the best,
A sble greater wouders to bring forth?
When all that ever hotter spir'its express'd,
Comes better'd by the patience of the north.

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What would'st in th' yet uninform'd accident,
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?

Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordain'd?
What pow'rs it shall bring in, what spir'its command?
What thoughts let out; what humours keep re-
strain'd?
What mischief it may pow'rfully withstand;
And what fair ends may thereby be attain'd?

And as for Po'sy, (mother of this force!)
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might;
Teaching it in a loose, yet measur'd course,
With comely motions how to go upright;
And fast'ning it with bountiful discourse,
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight.

What should I say?—Since it is well approv'd
The speech of Heav'n, with whom they have com-
merce;

That only seem out of themselves remov'd,
And do with more than human skills converse:
Those numbers wherewith Heav'n and Earth are
mov'd,
Show weakness speaks in prose, but pow'r in verse.

Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow,
That th' acts of worthy men should be preserv'd,
As in the holiest tombs we can bestow
Upon their glory that have well deserv'd;
Wherein thou dost no other virtue show,
Than what most barb'rous countries have observ'd:
When all the happiest nations hitherto,
Did with no lesser glory speak, than do.

Now to what else thy malice shall object,
For schools, and arts, and their necessity;
When from my lord, whose judgment must direct
And form and fashion my ability,
I shall have got more strength; thou shalt expect,
Out of my better leisure, my reply.

SONNETS TO DELIA.

SONNET L

Upro the boundless ocean of thy beauty
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of zeal,
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here I unclasp the book of my charg'd soul,
Where I have cast th' accounts of all my care:
Here have I summ'd my sighs; here I enroll
How they were spent for thee; look what they are.
Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beauty with my truth;
And truly my cares, e'er greater sums arise.
Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly;
Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

SONNET II.

Go, wailing Verse, the infants of my love;
Minerva-like, brought forth without a mother!
Present the image of the cares I prove;
Witness your father's grief exceeds all other.
Sigh out a story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair;
A monument that whosoever reads,
May justly praise, and blame my loveless fair.
Say her disdain hath dried up my blood,
And starved you, in succours still denying;
Press to her eyes, importune me some good;
Waken her sleeping pity with your crying;
Knock at her hard heart; beg till y' have mov'd her;
And tell th' unkind how dearly I have lov'd her.

SONNET III.

Is it so hap, this offspring of my care,
 These fatal anthems, lamentable songs,
 Come to their view who like afflicted are;
 Let them sigh for their own, and moan my wrongs,
 But untouch'd hearts, with unaffected eye,
 Approach not to behold my heaviness:
 Clear-sighted, you soon note what is awry;
 Whilst blinded souls mine errors never guess:
 You blinded souls, whom youth and error lead!
 You out-cast eagles, dazzled with your sun!
 Do you, and none but you, my sorrows read;
 You best can judge the wrongs that she hath done.
 That she hath done!—the motive of my pain:
 Who whilst I love, doth kill me with disdain.

SONNET IV.

These plaintive verse, the poets of my desire,
 Which haste for succour to her slow regard,
 Bear not report of any slender fire;
 Forging a grief, to win a fame's reward.
 Nor are my passions limn'd for outward hue,
 For that no colours can depict my sorrows:
 Delia herself, and all the world may view
 Best in my face, where cares have till'd deep furrows.
 No bays I seek to deck my mourning brow,
 O clear-ey'd rector of the holy hill!
 My humble accents bear the olive bough
 Of intercession, but to move her will.
 These lines I use, t' unburthen mine own heart;
 My love affects no fame, nor steams of art.

SONNET V.

Whither youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
 And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
 All unawares a goddess chaste I find,
 (Diana-like) to work my sudden change.
 For her no sooner had mine eyes bewray'd,
 But with disdain to see me in that place,
 With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid,
 Cast water-cold disdain upon my face.
 Which turn'd my sport into a heart's despair,
 Which still is chas'd while I have any breath,
 By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair:
 My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
 Those that I foster'd of mine own accord,
 Are made by her to murder thus their lord.

SONNET VI.

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair; (sunny;
 Her brow-shades frowns, although her eyes are
 Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
 And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
 A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour;
 Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love!
 The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
 Sacred on Earth; design'd a saint above!
 Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
 Live reconciled friends within her brow:
 And had she pity to conjoin with those;
 Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
 For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
 My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

SONNET VII.

Fox had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
 Then had no finger pointed at my lightness;
 The world had never known what I do find,
 And clouds obscure had shaded still her brightness.
 Then had no censor's eye these lines survey'd,
 Nor graver brows have judg'd my Muse so vain:
 No sun my blush and error had bewray'd,
 Nor yet the world have heard of such disdain.
 Then had I walk'd with bold erected face;
 No down-cast look had signify'd my sin:
 But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace,
 Did force me groan out griefs, and utter this.
 For being full, should I not then have spoken,
 My sense oppress'd had fail'd, and heart had broken.

SONNET VIII.

Two, poor heart, sacrific'd unto the fairest,
 Hast sent the income of thy nights to Heaven;
 And still against her frowns fresh vows repeat,
 And made thy passions with her beauty even.
 And you, mine eyes, the agents of my heart,
 Told the dumb message of my hidden grief;
 And oft with careful turns, with silent art,
 Did treat the cruel fair to violent relief.
 And, you, my verse, the advocates of love,
 Have follow'd hard the process of my case;
 And urg'd that title which doth plainly prove,
 My faith should win, if justice might have place.
 Yet though I see that ought we do can move;
 'T is not disdain must make me cease to love.

SONNET IX.

Is this be love, to draw a weary breath,
 Paint on floods, till the shore cry to th' air;
 With downward looks, still reading on the earth,
 These sad memorials of my love's despair:
 If this be love to war against my soul,
 Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve;
 The never-resting stone of care to roll;
 Still to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve.
 If this be love to clothe me with dark thoughts,
 Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart;
 My pleasure's horror, music tragic notes;
 Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart.
 If this be love, to live a living death;
 Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

SONNET X.

Thus do I love, and draw this weary breath
 For her the cruel fair; within whose brow,
 I written find the sentence of my death
 In unkind letters, wrote she cares not how.
 Thou pow'r that rul'st the confines of the night,
 Laughter-loving goddess, worldly pleasure's queen,
 Intestate that heart that sets so light;
 The truest love that ever yet was seen!
 And cause her leave to triumph in this wise,
 Upon the prostrate spoil of that poor heart,
 That serves a trophy to her conqu'ring eyes;
 And must their glory to the world impart.
 Once let her know sh' hath done enough to prove me;
 And let her pity, if she cannot love me.

SONNET XI.

TEARS, VOWS, and prayers, win the hardest heart:
 Tears, vows, and prayers, have I spent in vain!
 Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert;
 Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
 Lest my tears, where I have lost my love;
 Vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
 Pray in vain, a mercurious to move:
 To rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
 Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
 Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows;
 Though all my pray'rs be to so deaf ears,
 So favour though the cruel fair allows;
 Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel she:
 Melt, frost, disdain, wears, melts, and yields we see.

SONNET XII.

My spotless love hovers with purest wings
 About the temple of the proudest fame;
 Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
 Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.
 My ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
 Effect no honour, but what she can give:
 My hopes do rest in limits of her grace,
 Weigh no comfort, unless she relieve,
 For she that can my heart imparadise,
 Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is;
 My fortune's wheels the circle of her eyes,
 Whose rolling grace design once a turn of bliss.
 All my life's sweet consists in her alone;
 So much I love the most unloving one.

SONNET XIII.

Knows what hap Pigmallon had to frame,
 And carve his proper grief upon a stone!
 My heavy fortune is much like the same;
 I work on flint, and that's the cause I moan.
 For hapless, lo! ev'n with mine own desires,
 Figur'd on the table of mine heart,
 The fairest form that all the world admires;
 And so did perish by my proper art.
 And still I toil, to change the marble breast
 Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore;
 Yet cannot find her breathe unto my rest:
 Hard is her heart; and woe is me therefore!
 But happy he, that joy'd his stone and art:
 Unhappy I, to love a stony heart.

SONNET XIV.

Those snary locks, are those same nets (my dear)
 Wherewith my liberty thou did'st surprise;
 Love was the flame that fired me so near,
 The dart transpiercing were those crystal eyes:
 It rogn is the net, and fervent is the flame;
 Deep is the wound, my sighs can well report:
 Yet do I love, adore, and praise the same,
 That holds, that burns, that wounds me in this sort:
 And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal
 The bond, the flame, the wound that fest'reth so;
 By knife, by liquor, or by salve to deal:
 So much I please to perish in my woe.
 Yet lest long travels be above my strength,
 Good Delia lose, quench, heal me now at length.

SONNET XV.

Is that a loyal heart and faith unfeign'd,
 If a sweet languish, with a chaste desire;
 If hunger-starven thoughts, so long retain'd,
 Fed but with smoke, and cherish'd but with fire:
 And if a brow with care's characters painted,
 Bewrays my love with broken words half-spoken,
 To her that sits in my thought's temple sainted,
 And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open:
 If I have done due homage to her eyes,
 And had my sighs still tending on her name;
 If on her love my life and honour lies,
 And she (th'unkindest maid) still scorns the same:
 Let this suffice, that all the world may see
 The fault is her's, though mine the hurt must be.

SONNET XVI.

Happy in sleep, waking content to languish;
 Embracing clouds by night, in day-time mourn;
 My joys but shadows, touch of truth my anguish:
 Grievs ever springing, comforts never born.
 And still expecting when she will relent;
 Grown hoarse with crying mercy, mercy give:
 So many vows and prayers having spent,
 That weary of my life, I loath to live.
 And yet the hydra of my cares renews
 Still new-born sorrows of her fresh disdain;
 And still my hopes the summer-winds pursue,
 Finding no end nor period of my pain.
 This is my state my griefs do touch so nearly;
 And thus I live, because I love her dearly.

SONNET XVII.

Why should I sing in verse; why should I frame
 These sad neglected notes for her dear sake?
 Why should I offer up unto her name
 The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
 Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
 That never deigns to give me love to live?
 Why should my afflicted Muse so much endeavour
 Such honour unto cruelty to give?
 If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
 What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love?
 If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
 What passions would her milder favours move?
 Favours (I think) would sense quite overcome,
 And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

SONNET XVIII.

Since the first look that led me to this error,
 To this thought's maze, to my confusion tending;
 Still have I liv'd in grief, in hope, in terror,
 The circle of my sorrows never ending,
 Yet cannot leave her love that holds me hateful;
 Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdains me:
 See what reward he hath that serves th'ungrateful!
 So true and loyal love no favour gains me.
 Still must I whet my young desires abated
 Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling;
 And all in vain, her pride is so innated,
 She yields no place at all for pity's dwelling.
 Oft have I told her that my soul did love her,
 (And that with tears) yet all this will not move her.

SONNET XIX.

Rarrows thy tresses to the golden ear;
 Yield Cithara's son these sails of love;
 Bequeath the Heav'n's the stars that I adore;
 And to th' Orient do thy pearls remove.
 Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white;
 T' Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet;
 Restore thy blush unto Aurora's light;
 To Thetis give the honour of thy feet.
 Let Venus have thy groves, her resign'd;
 And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;
 But yet restore thy force and cruel mind
 To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears.
 Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

SONNET XX.

WHAT it is to breathe and live without life;
 How to be pale with sickness, red with fear;
 T' have peace abroad, and nought within but strife;
 Wish to be present, and yet thum t' appear;
 How to be held far off, and hateful near:
 How to think much, and have no words to speak;
 To crave redress, yet hold affliction dear:
 To have affection strong, a body weak.
 Never to find, and evermore to seek:
 And seek that which I dare not hope to find.
 T' affect this life, and yet this life disack;
 Grateful t' another, to myself unkind.
 This cruel knowledge of these contraries,
 Delia, my heart hath learn'd out of those eyes.

SONNET XXI.

If beauty thus be clouded with a frown,
 That pity shows no comfort to my bliss,
 And vapours of disdain so over-grown,
 That my life's light wholly extinction'd is:
 Why should I miss what's lost the world with ones;
 The air with sighs, the earth below with tears?
 Sith I live hateful to these ruthless eyes,
 Vexing quickthinker, more her destiny eyes.
 If I have lov'd her longer than my breath,
 My breath that, call it thou, 'tis to witness it,
 And still must hatch her dear till after death;
 And that all things come not her thoughts a while,
 Yet sure she cannot but see that I part.
 She doth me wrong; my griefs no true a part.

SONNET XXII.

[Faint, mostly illegible text for Sonnet XXII]

SONNET XXIII.

Time, cruel Time, come and unbind that bow,
 Which compass all but thee; and then come,
 As if she were exempt from anyth' or how,
 From love or years, subject to danger.
 Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes,
 That they may help thee to consume us days?
 Or dost thou spare her for her erotics;
 B'ing merciful, like thee, that no man might?
 And yet thou see'st thy power she disobeys;
 Carest not for them, but lets those waste in vain;
 And prodigal of hours and years, betrays
 Beauty and youth & opinion and disdain.
 Yet spare her, Time; let her untempted be:
 She may become as kind to thee, as me.

SONNET XXIV.

These sorrowing sighs, the strokes of mine agony;
 These tears which heat of sacred flames distill;
 Are those due tributes, that my faith doth pay
 Unto the tyrant, whose unkindness kill'd.
 I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
 At her proud feet, and she respects not it:
 My flow'r untimely 's wither'd with my tears;
 And winter woes, for spring of youth stuff.
 She thinks a look may recompense my care,
 And so with looks prolongs my long-look'd care:
 As short that bliss, so is the comfort rare;
 Yet must that bliss my hungry thoughts appease.
 Thus she returns my hopes so fruitless ever;
 Once let her love indeed, or else look never.

SONNET XXV.

FAITH hope prolongs my ever certain grief;
 Traitor to me, and faithful to my love:
 A thousand times it promis'd me relief,
 Yet never any true effect I prove.
 Oft when I had in her no wrath at all,
 I banish her, and blame her treachery;
 Yet soon again I trust her back again,
 As one that dies without her company.
 Thus often as I chase my hope from speed,
 Straightway she hastes her cuts Delf's eye;
 Fed with some pleasing look there shall she be,
 And so sent back, and thus my fortune try.
 Looks feed my hope; hope feeds my love;
 Hope are unwise, when faith is my guide.

SONNET XXVI.

Look in my griefs and blame me not the more;
 From care to care that leads a life of sorrow;
 Th' orphan of Fortune, bound to her control,
 Whose clouded brow doth make my days so long;
 Long are their nights, when some do sleep, they
 Lethargic sleep, or when some do awake;
 Th' impression of her eyes do pierce my soul;
 That thus I live both day and night away;
 But since she cannot yet yield back her power,
 Her praise she may, and praise I may not give;
 I love th' affliction, questioning of the power;
 I'll praise her face, and blame her eyes;
 Whilst she looks on the world, and more than
 Her for dishonour, and more for living through.

SONNET XXVII.

FROM in my thoughts, fair hand, sweet eye, rare
 essence one whole, my heart's trivariate: [voice;
 et heavy heart, to make so hard a choice,
 if such as spoil thy poor afflicted state,
 or whilst they strive which shall be lord of all,
 if my poor life by them is trodden down;
 hey all erect their trophies on my fall,
 and yield me sought that gives them their renown.
 When back I look, I sigh my freedom past,
 and wail the state wherein I present stand;
 and see my fortune ever like to last,
 judging me rein'd with such a heavy hand.
 What can I do but yield?—And yield I do,
 and serve all three; and yet they spoil me too.

SONNET XXVIII.

FLUDDING TO THE SPARROW, PURSUED BY A HAWK, THAT
 FLEW INTO THE BOSOM OF SUCROCRATES.

WILLER by thy eyes pursu'd, my poor heart flew
 into the sacred refuge of thy breast;
 thy rigour in that sanctuary slew
 that, which thy sweet'ring mercy should have bless'd.
 No privilege of faith could it protect,
 'neath bl'issing with blood, and five years witness sign'd,
 wherein no show gave cause of least suspect;
 for well thou saw'st my love, and how I pin'd.
 Yet no mild comfort would thy brow reveal,
 no lightning looks which falling hopes erect;
 what boots to laws of succour to appeal?
 Ladies and tyrants never laws respect.
 Then there I die, from whence my life should come;
 and by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

SONNET XXIX.

STILL in the trace of one perplexed thought,
 My senseless cares continually run on;
 Seeking in vain what I have ever sought,
 One in my love, and her hard heart still one
 I who did never joy in other sun,
 And have no stain but those that must fulfil
 The work of rigour, fatally begun
 Upon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
 Injurious Delia, yet I love thee still;
 And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine:
 I'll tell the world, that I deserv'd but ill,
 And blame myself 't' excuse that heart of thine.
 See then who sins the greater of us twain;
 I in my love, or thou in thy disdain.

SONNET XXX.

OW do I marvel, whether Delia's eyes
 Are eyes; or else two radiant stars that shine!
 For how could Nature ever thus devise
 Of earth (or Earth) a substance so divine?
 Stars sure they are, whose motions ruin desires;
 And calm and tempest follow their aspects:
 Their sweet appearing still each pow'r's trophies,
 That makes the world admire so strange effects:
 Yet whether fix'd or wand'ring stars are they,
 Whom influ'nce rule the orb of my poor heart?
 Fix'd sure they are; but wand'ring make the stray
 In endless errors, whence I cannot part.
 Stars then, not eyes, move you with milder view,
 Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

VOL. III.

SONNET XXXI.

THE star of my mishap impos'd this pain,
 To spend the April of my years in grief;
 Finding my fortune ever in the vain,
 With still fresh cares, supply'd with no relief.
 Yet thee I blame not, though for thee 't is done:
 But these weak wings presuming to aspire,
 Which now are melted by thine eyes' bright sun,
 That makes me fall from off my high desire.
 And in my fall I cry for help with speed,
 No pitying eye looks back upon my fears:
 No succour find I now, when I most need,
 My heart must drown in th' ocean of my tears:
 Which still must bear the title of my wrong,
 Cause'd by those cruel beams that were so strong.

SONNET XXXII.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the fight,
 Or blame th' attempt presuming so to soar;
 The mounting venture for a high delight,
 Did make the honour of the fall the more.
 For who gets wealth, that puts out from the shore?
 Danger hath honour; great designs their fame:
 Glory doth follow; courage goes before.
 And though th' event oft answers not the name,
 Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
 The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
 Lives without honour, dies without a name,
 And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.
 And therefore, Delia, 't is to us no blot,
 To have attempted, though attain'd thee not.

SONNET XXXIII.

RASHER my hopes on hills of high desire,
 Thinking to scale the Heaven of her heart,
 My slender means presu'd too high a part;
 Her thunder of disdain forc'd me 't retire,
 And threw me down to pain in all this fire;
 Where to I languish in so heavy smart,
 Because th' attempt was far above my art:
 Her pride brook'd not poor souls should so aspire.
 Yet I protest, my high-desiring will
 Was not, to dispossess her of her right;
 Her sov'reignty should have remained still;
 I only sought the bliss to have her sight.
 Her sight contented thus to see me still,
 Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

SONNET XXXIV.

WHY dost thou, Delia, credit so thy glass,
 Gazing thy beauty design'd thee by the skies;
 And dost not rather look on him, (alas!) {aged?
 Whose state best shows the force of sword/ing
 The broken tops of lofty trees declare
 The fury of a mercy-wasting storm;
 And of what force thy wounding graces are,
 Upon myself thou hast may'st find the form.
 Then leave thy glass, and gaze thyself on me;
 That mirror shows what pow'r is in thy face:
 To view your form too much, may danger be;
 Narcissus chang'd 't a flower in such a case.
 And you are chang'd, but not 't a lyciate:
 I fear your eye hath turn'd your heart to flint.

N 2

SONNET XXXV.

I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire;
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
Shall fall in force, their working not so strong:
Then Beauty, (now the burthen of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
Then fade those flow'rs that deck'd her pride so long.
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue;
Go you, my verse; go tell her what she was:
For what she was, she best shall find in you.
Your fire's heat lets not her glory pass,
But (phœnix-like) shall make her live anew.

SONNET XXXVI.

Look, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour!
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty, Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns the glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

SONNET XXXVII.

But love whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again,
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lap with flow'rs;
Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
Now see the summer smiles, ere winter low'rs.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising Sun,
The fairest flow'r that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night;
And that thy brightness sets at length to west,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou show'st,
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most inveil, and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the stalk for that it was,
When once they find her flow'r, her glory pass.

SONNET XXXVIII.

When men shall find thy flow'r, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone,
Received had'st this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone.
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall see;
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

SONNET XXXIX.

When winter snows upon thy sable hairs,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties near;
Which dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
And all lies wither'd that was held so dear:
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limned with a pencil not all unworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and Nature lent thee:
Here read thyself, and what I suffer'd for thee.
This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherish;
These colours with thy fading are not spent:
These may remain, when thou and I shall perish
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby;
They will remain, and so thou can'st not die.

SONNET XL.

Thou can'st not die, whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive these hues;
Though thou a Laura, hast no Petrarch found,
In base attire yet clearly beauty shines.
And I (though born within a colder clime)
Do feel mine inward heat no great, (I know it):
He never had more faith, although more rhyme;
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest isle:
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then should'st thou live in an immortal style.
For though that Laura better limned be,
Suffice thou shalt be lov'd as well as she.

SONNET XLI.

Be not displeas'd, that these my papers should
Bewray unto the world how fair thou art;
Or that my wits have show'd the best they could
(The chastest flame that ever warmed heart!)
Think not, sweet Delia, this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with modest
How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice, when time is grav'd in marble:
Thou may'st in after-ages live esteem'd,
Unbury'd in these lines, reserv'd in passness;
These shall entomb those eyes, that have reduc'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurance.
Although my careful accents never mov'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I have lov'd thee.

SONNET XLII.

DELIA, these eyes that so admire thine,
Have seen those walls which proud ambition rears
To check the world; how they entomb'd have
Within themselves, and on them ploughs have
Yet never found that barb'rous hand stain'd
The spoil of fame deserv'd by virtuous men;
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain'd
Th' eternal annals of a happy pen.
And therefore grieve not if thy beauties die;
Though time do spoil thee of the fairest veil,
That ever yet cover'd mortality;
And must sustain the needle and the rail.
That grace which doth more than enwreath the
Lives in my lines, and must eternal be.

SONNET XLIII.

Over fair and lovely maid! look from the shore,
 Thy Leander striving in these waves!
 Nor soul! quite spent, whose force can do no more!
 Draw send forth hope; for new calm pity eases.
 And waft him to thee with those lovely eyes,
 Happy convoy to a holy land:
 Or show thy power, and where thy virtue lies;
 > save thine own, stretch out the fairest hand;
 stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;
 That hand that darts so right, and never misses:
 Shall forget old wrongs; my griefs shall cease:
 And that which gave my wounds, I'll give it kisses.
 Hence let the ocean of my owns flood shore;
 That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

SONNET XLIV.

BEAN in my face a volume of despair,
 The wailing Iliads of my tragic woe;
 Drawn with my blood, and painted with my cares,
 Vrought by her hand that I have honour'd so.
 Who whilst I burn, she sings at my soul's wrack,
 Looking aloft from turret of her pride;
 There my soul's tyrant joys her, in the sack
 Of her own seat, whereof I made her guide.
 There do these smokes that from affliction rise,
 Serve as an incense to a cruel dame;
 A sacrifice thrice-grateful to her eyes,
 Because their power serves to exact the same.
 Thus ruins she (to satisfy her will)
 The temple where her name was honour'd still.

SONNET XLV.

My Delia hath the waters of mine eyes,
 The ready hand-maids on her grace t' attend;
 That never fall to ebb, but ever rise;
 For to their flow she never grants an end.
 The ocean never did attend more duly
 Upon his sov'reign's course, the night's pale queen,
 Nor paid the impost of his waves more truly,
 Than mine unto her cruelty hath been.
 Yet nought the rock of that hard heart can move,
 Where beat their tears with zeal, and fury drives;
 And yet I rather languish for her love,
 Than I would joy the fairest she that lives.
 And if I find such pleasure to complain,
 What should I do then, if I should obtain!

SONNET XLVI.

How long shall I in mine affliction mourn?
 A burden to myself, distress'd in mind!
 When shall my interdicted hopes return
 From out despair, wherein they live confin'd?
 When shall her troubled brow, charg'd with disdain,
 Reveal the treasure which her smiles impart?
 When shall my faith the happiness attain,
 To break the ice that hath congeal'd her heart?
 Unto herself, herself my love doth satanize,
 (If love in her hath any pow'r to move)
 And let her tell me 'tis she is a woman,
 Whether my faith blith not deserv'd her love?
 I know her heart cannot but judge with me,
 Although her eyes my adversaries be.

SONNET XLVII.

BEAUTY, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh upon the tender green
 Cheers for a time, but till the Sun doth show;
 And straight 't is gone, as it had never been.
 Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
 Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
 The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
 Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
 When thou, surcharg'd with burden of thy years,
 Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
 And that in beauty's lease surpris'd, appears
 The date of age, the extends of our death.
 But ah! no more; this must not be foretold:
 For women grieve to think they must be old.

SONNET XLVIII.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
 Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
 Flowers have time before they come to ead,
 And she is young, and now must sport the while.
 And sport, sweet maid, in season of those years,
 And learn to gather flow'rs before they wither;
 And where the sweetest blossoms first appears,
 Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
 Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
 And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
 Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
 Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

SONNET XLIX.

And whither, poor forsaken, wilt thou go,
 To go from sorrow, and thine own distress?
 When ev'ry place presents like face of woe,
 And no remove can make thy sorrows less?
 Yet go, forsaken; leave these woods, these places:
 Leave her and all, and all for her, that leaves
 Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdain;
 And of both wrongful deems, and ill conceives.
 Seek out some place; and see if any place
 Can give the least release unto thy grief:
 Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace;
 Steal from thyself, and be thy cares' own thief.
 But yet what comforts shall I hereby gain?
 Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain.

SONNET L.

Drawn with th' attractive virtue of her eyes,
 My touch'd heart turns it to that happy coast;
 My joyful North, where all my fortune lies,
 The level of my hopes desired most:
 There were my Delia fairer than the Sun,
 Deck'd with her youth whereon the world doth smile;
 Joys in that honour which her eyes have won,
 Th' eternal wonder of our happy isle!
 Flourish, fair Albion, glory of the North;
 Neptune's best darling, held between his arms:
 Divided from the world, as better worth;
 Kept for himself, defended from all harms.
 Still let disarm'd peace deck her and thee,
 And Muse-for Mars abroad far foster'd be.

SONNET LI.

CAKE-CHASERS Sleep, son of the sable Night;
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born;
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
 With dark forgetting of my care, return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow;
 Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SONNET LIJ.

Let others sing of knights and palladines,
 In aged accents, and untimely words;
 Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
 Which well the reach of their high wits records:
 But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes;
 Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
 When yet th' unborn shall say, "Lo where she lies,
 Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb."
 These are the arts, the trophies I erect,
 That fortify thy name against old age;
 And these thy sacred virtues must protect,
 Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
 Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
 Suffice they show I liv'd and lov'd thee dear.

SONNET LIJL.

As to the Roman that would free his land,
 His error was his honour and renown;
 And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
 Than if he had the tyrant overthrown.
 So, Delia, hath mine error made me known,
 And my deceiv'd attempt deserv'd more fame,
 Than if I had the victory mine own,
 And thy hard heart had yielded up the same.
 And so likewise renowned is thy blame,
 Thy cruelty, thy glory. O strange case,
 That errors should be grac'd, that merit shame;
 And sin of frowns bring honour to the face!
 Yet happy, Delia, that thou wast unkind; [mind.
 Though happier far, if thou would'st change thy

SONNET LIV.

Like as the lute delights, or else dislikes,
 As is his art that plays upon the same;
 So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
 On my heart-strings high tun'd unto her fame.
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
 Which here I yield in lamentable wise;
 A wailing dracant on the sweetest ground,
 Whose due reports give honour to her eyes.
 Else harsh my style, untunable my Muse;
 Hoarse sounds the voice, that praiseth not her name:
 If any pleasing relief here I use,
 Than judge the world her beauty gives the same.
 For no ground else could make the music such,
 Nor other hand could give so true a touch.

SONNET LV.

None other face mine unambitious Muse
 Affected ever, but t' adore thee thou:
 All other honours do my hopes remove,
 Which neither priz'd and uncommensurable.
 For God forbid I should my papers best
 With mercenary lines, with servile pen;
 Praising virtues in them that have them not,
 Beady attending on the hopes of men.
 No, no; my verse respects not Thames, merchant
 Nor seeks it to be lumber unto the great;
 But Avon, poor in fame, and poor in waters,
 Shall have my song; where Delia hath her seat
 Avon shall be my Thames, and she my song;
 No other proser brother shall bear my wrong.

SONNET LVJ.

Unhappy pen, and ill-accepted lines,
 That intimate in vain my chaste desires;
 My chaste desire, which from dark sorrow shin
 Enkindl'd by her eyes' celestial fire,
 Celestial fire, and unrespecting pow'rs!
 Which pity out the wounds made by their mist
 Show'd in these lines the work of careful hours.
 The sacrifice here offer'd to her sight.
 But since she weighs them not, this note for me
 I'll mean myself, and hide the wrong I bear;
 And so content me that her frowns should be
 To m' infant style, the cradle and the gear.
 What though my Muse no honour get thereby,
 Each bird sings to herself, and so will I.

SONNET LVJL.

Lo here the impost of a faith entire,
 Which love doth pay, and her disdain extorts:
 Behold the message of a chaste desire,
 Which tells the world how much my griefs imports.
 These tributary passions, beauty's due,
 I send those eyes the cabinets of love;
 That cruelty herself might grieve to see
 Th' affliction her unkind disdain doth prove.
 And how I live cast down from off all earth,
 Pensive alone, only but with despair;
 My joys abortive perish in their birth;
 My griefs long-liv'd, and care succeeding care.
 This is my state; and Delia's heart is sigh:
 I say no more—I fear I said too much.

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
 Passing happy days and hours;
 One bird reports unto another,
 In the fall of silver showers;
 Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
 Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of Heaven,
 With bright rays warms Flora's lap;
 Making nights and days both even,
 Cheering plants with fresher sap;
 My field of flowers quite bereaven,
 Wants refresh of b. uter hap.

Who, daughter of the air,
 Babbling guest of rocks and hills)
 Knows the name of my fierce fair,
 And sounds the accents of my ill;
 Each thing pities my despair,
 Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid!)
 With me and my love despise;
 My life's flourish is decay'd,
 That depended on her eyes:
 But her will must be obey'd;
 And well he ends, for love who dies.

A PASTORAL

O happy, golden age!
 Not for that rivers ran
 With streams of milk, and honey dropp'd from trees;
 Not that the Earth did gage
 Into the husbandman
 Her voluntary fruits, free without fee.
 Not for no cold did freeze,
 Nor any cloud beguile
 The starry bowing spring,
 Wherein he'd every thing;
 And whereon the heavens perpetually did smile:
 Not for no ship had brought
 From foreign shores, or wars or wars ill sought.

But only for that name,
 That idle name of wind;
 That idol of deceit, that empty sound
 Call'd Honour; which became
 The tyrant of the mind,
 And so torments our nature without ground,
 Was not yet vainly found:
 Not yet sad grief imparts,
 Amidst the sweet delights
 Of joyful, am'rous nights.
 For were his hard laws known to free-born hearts;
 Not golden laws, like those
 Which Nature wrote—*That is brief, which doth
 please.*

Then amongst flow'rs and springs,
 Seeking delightful sport,
 Not lovers without conflict, without flame;
 And nymphs and shepherds sing
 Fixing in wanton sort
 Whispers with songs, then kisses with the same
 Which from affection came.
 The naked virgin then
 Her roses fresh reveals,
 Which now her veil conceals.
 The tender apples in her bosom seen;
 And oft in rivers clear,
 The lovers with their loves conversing were.

Honour, thou first did'st cloze
 The spring of all delight;
 Denying water to the am'rous thirst,
 Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose.
 The glory of their light:
 Restrain'd from men, and on themselves revers'd.
 'Twas in a lawn did'st first

Those golden hairs incase,
 Late spread unto the wind;
 Thou mad'st loose grace unkind;
 Gav'st bride to their words, art to their pace.
 O Honour, it is thou
 That mak'st that stealth, which Love doth free allow.

It is thy work that brings
 Our griefs and torments thus:
 But thou fierce lord of nature and of love,
 The qualifier of kings;
 What dost thou here with us,
 That are below thy pow'r, shut from above?
 Go, and from us remove;
 Trouble the mighties' sleep;
 Let us neglected be
 Live still without thy grace,
 And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep.
 Let's love—this life of ours
 Can make no truce with Time that all devours.
 Let's love—the Sun doth set, and rise again;
 But when as our short light
 Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

DESCRIPTION OF BEAUTY.

TRANSLATED OUT OF MARINO.

O BEAUTY, (beams, nay, flame
 Of that great lamp of light)
 That shines awhile with fame,
 But presently makes night!
 Like winter's short liv'd bright,
 Or summer's sudden gleams;
 How much more dear, so much less-lasting beams.

Wing'd Love away doth fly,
 And with it Time doth bear;
 And both take suddenly
 The sweet, the fair, the dear.
 A shining day and clear
 Succeeds an obscure night;
 And sorrow is the hue of sweet delight.

With what then dost thou swell,
 O youth of new-born day!
 Wherein doth thy pride dwell,
 O Beauty made of clay!
 Not with so swift a way
 The headlong current flies,
 As do the sparkling rays of two fair eyes.

Do not thyself betray
 With wantonizing years;
 O Beauty, traitors gay!
 Thy melting life that wears,
 Appearing, disappears;
 And with thy flying days,
 Ends all thy good of price, thy fair of praise.

Trust not, vain creditor,
 Thy apt-deceived view,
 In thy false counsellor,
 That never tells thee true.
 Thy form and flatter'd hue,
 Which shall so soon transpass,
 Is far more fair than is thy looking-glass.

Enjoy thy April now,
 Whilst it doth freshly shine;
 This lightning flash and show,
 With that clear spirit of thine,
 Will suddenly decline:
 And thou fair murthering eyes
 Shall be Love's tombs, where now his cradle lies.

Old trembling age will come,
 With wrinkl'd cheeks and stains,
 With motion troublesome;
 With skin and bloodless veins,
 That lively visage ceases,
 And made deform'd and old,
 Hates sight of glass it lov'd so to behold.

Thy gold and scarlet shall
 Pale silver-colour be;
 Thy row of pearls shall fall
 Like wither'd leaves from tree;
 And thou shalt shortly see
 Thy face and hair to grow
 All plough'd with furrows, over-swol'n with snow.

That which on Flora's breast,
 All fresh and flourishing,
 Aurora newly dress'd
 Saw in her dawning spring;
 Quite dry and languishing,
 Depriv'd of honour quite,
 Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Fair is the lily; fair
 The rose; of flow'rs the eye!
 Both wither in the air,
 Their besauteous colours die;
 And so at length shall lie
 Depriv'd of former grace,
 The lilies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face.

What then will it avail,
 O youth advised ill!
 In lap of Beauty frail
 To nurse a wayward will,
 Like snake in sun-warm hill?
 Pluck, pluck betime thy flow'r,
 That springs, and perbeth in one short hour.

TO THE ANGEL SPIRIT OF THE
MOST EXCELLENT SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To thee, pure spirit, to thee alone address'd
 Is this just-work, by double in'rest thine:
 Thine by thine own, and what is done of mine
 Inspir'd by thee, thy secret pow'r impress'd.
 My Muse with thine itself dar'd to combine,
 As mortal stuff with that which is divine:
 Let thy fair beams give lustre to the rest.

That Israel's king may deign his own transform'd
 In substance no, but superficial tye;
 And English guis'd in some suit may aspire,
 To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd.
 His sacred tunes age after age admire;
 Nations grow great in pride and pure desire,
 So to excel in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soul, which honour brought to rest
 Too soon, not left, and left the world of all
 What man could show which we perfection call!
 This precious piece had sort'd with the best.
 But, ah! wide-fester'd wounds (that never shall
 Nor must be clos'd) unto fresh bleeding fall.
 Ah, Memory! what needs this new artist?

Yet blessed grief that sweetness can impart,
 Since thou art bless'd—wrongly do I complain;
 Whatever weights my heavy thoughts contain,
 Dear feels my soul for thee—I know my part.
 Nor be my weakness to thy rites a stain;
 Rites to a right, life, blood, would not refrain.
 Assist me then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth what time hath yet suppress'd
 In whom thy loss hath laid to utter waste:
 The wreck of time, untimely all defect'd,
 Remaining as the tomb of life success'd:
 Where in my heart the highest room thou hast:
 There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac'd:
 Triumph of death!—in earth how more than blast

Behold (O that thou were now to behold!)
 This finish'd long perfection's part begun;
 The rest but piec'd, as left by thee undone.
 Pardon, bless'd soul, presumption over bold:
 If love and zeal hath to this error run,
 'T is zealous love; love that hath never done,
 Nor can enough, though justly here controll'd.

But since it hath no other scope to go,
 Nor other purpose but to honour thee;
 That thine may shine, where all the graces be:
 And that my thoughts (like smallest streams) do
 Pay to their sea their tributary fee; (Am
 Do strive, yet have no means to quit nor free
 That mighty debt of infinite I owe.

To thy great worth, which time to times eases,
 Wonder of men! sole burn! goal of thy kind!
 Complete in all—but heav'nly was thy mind!
 For wisdom, goodness, sweetness, fairness, soul!
 Too good to wish; too fair for Earth; soild
 For heav'n; where all true glory rests confin'd:
 And where but there no life without account!

O when from this account, this cast-up sum,
 This reckon'd made the audit of my sum!
 Some time of race my swelling passions leave;
 How work my thoughts! My sense is stricken dumb
 That would thee more than words could ever say
 Which all fall short. Who know thee best in him
 These lines no wit that may thy prayer become!

And rest fair monuments of thy fair fate,
 Though not complete. Nor can we reach in thought
 What on that goodly piece Thine world has
 wrought:
 Had divers so spar'd that life (but life) to frisk
 The rest: alas, such loss! The world hath not
 Can equal it—or (O) more grievance brought!
 Yet what remains, must ever crown thy name.

Receive these hints; these obsequies receive;
 (If any mark of thy secret spirit thou bear)
 Made only thine, and no name else must wear.
 I can no more, dear soul; I take my leave:
 My sorrow strives to mount the highest sphere

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

JAMES MONTAGUE,

ORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER; DEAN OF THE CHAPEL,
AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY-
COUNCIL.

Altruism you have, out of your proper store,
The best munition that may fortify
A noble heart; as no man may have more,
Against the batt'ries of mortality:
Yet, rev'rend lord, vouchsafe me leave to bring
One weapon more unto your furnishment,
That you th' assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sickness may prevent:
For that myself have struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do.
And let me tell you this, you never could
Have found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more fair proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity;
Nor give more time to make resistance,
And to repair your breaches, than will this.

For whatsoever sickness surpris
Our spirits at unawares, disswaying suddenly
All sense of understanding in such wise,
As that they lay us dead before we die,
Or fire us out of our inflamed fort,
With rav'ing phrensies in a fearful sort:

This comes and steals us by degrees away;
And yet not that without our privacy.
They rap us hence, as vultures do their prey,
Compounding us with tortures instantly.
This fairly kills, they foully murther us,
Trip up our heels before we can discern.
This gives us time of treaty, to discuss
Our suffering, and the cause thereof to learn.

Besides, therewith we oftentimes have troce
For many months; sometimes for many years;
And are permitted to enjoy the use
Of study: and although our body wears,
Our wit remains; our speech, our memory
Fail not, or come before ourselves to die.
We part together, and we take our leave
Of friends, of kindred: we dispose our state,
And yield up fairly what we did receive,
And all our bus'nesses accommodate.
So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
But we depart from hence in quiet sort;
The foe with whom we have the battle fought,
Hath not subdued us, but got our fort.
And this disease is held most incident
To the best natures, and most innocent.

And therefore, rev'rend lord, there cannot be
A gentler passage, than there is hereby
Ute that port, wherein we shall be free
From all the storms of worldly misery.
And though it show us daily fir our glass,
Our fading leaf turn'd to a yellow hue;
And how it withers as the sap doth pass,
And what we may expect is to ensue.

Yet that I know disquiets not your mind,
Who knows the brittle metal of mankind;
And have all comforts virtue can beget,
And meet the conscience of well-acted days:
Which all these monuments which you have set
On holy ground, to your perpetual praise,

(As things best set) must ever testify
And show the worth of noble Montague:
And so long as the walls of piety
Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you.
And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall show
Their fair repairs to all posterity;
And how much bless'd and fortunate they were,
That ever-gracious hand did plant you there.
Besides, you have not only built up walls,
But also (worthier edifices) men;
By whom you shall have the memorials,
And everlasting honour of the pen.
That whensoever you shall come to make
Your exit from this scene, wherein you have
Perform'd so noble parts; you then shall take
Your leave with honour, have a glorious grave!
" For when can men go better to their rest,
Than when they are esteem'd and loved best?"

DEFENCE OF RHYME;

AGAINST A PAMPHLET, ENTITLED

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POEY;

WHEREIN IS DEMONSTRATIVELY PROVED, THAT RHYME IS
THE FITTEST HARMONY OF WORDS THAT COMFORTS
WITH OUR LANGUAGE.

TO

ALL THE WORTHY LOVERS AND LEARNED
PROFESSORS OF RHYME WITHIN HIS MA-
JESTY'S DOMINIONS.

WORTHY CHETLERS,

About a year since, upon the great reproach
given the professors of rhyme, and the use hereof,
I wrote a private letter, as a defence of my own
undertakings in that kind, to a learned gentle-
man, a friend of mine, then in court. Which I
did, rather to confirm myself in mine own
course, and to hold him from being won from
us, than with any desire to publish the same to
the world.

But now, seeing the times to promise a new
regard to the present condition of our writings,
in respect of our sovereign's happy inclination
this way; whereby we are rather to expect an
encouragement to go on with what we do, than
that any innovation should check us, with a show
of what it would do in another kind, and yet do
nothing but deprave: I have now given a greater
body to the same argument; and here present it
to your view, under the patronage of a noble

King James I.

earl, who in blood and nature is interested to take our part in this cause, with others who cannot, I know, but hold dear the monuments that have been left unto the world in this manner of composition; and who, I trust, will take in good part this my defence, if not as it is my particular, yet in respect of the cause I undertake, which I here invoke you all to protect.

DEFENCE OF RHYME.

TO
WILLIAM HERBERT,
EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE general custom and use of rhyme in this kingdom, noble lord, having been so long (as if from a grant of Nature) held unquestionable, made me to imagine that it lay altogether out of the way of contradiction, and was become so natural, as we should never have had a thought to cast it off into reproach, or be made to think that it ill became our language: but, now I see, when there is opposition made to all things in the world by words, we must now at length likewise fall to contend for words themselves, and make a question whether they be right or not. For we are told how that our measures go wrong, all rhyming is gross, vulgar, barbarous: which, if it be so, we have lost much labour to no purpose; and for my own particular, I cannot but blame the fortune of the times, and my own genius, that cast me upon so wrong a course, drawn with the current of custom and an unexamined example. Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable brother, and received the first notion for the formal ordering of those compositions at Willon, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and grateful memory. Afterward drawn further on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my Muse, I adventured to bestow all my whole powers therein, perceiving it agree so well, both with the complexion of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me: but yet now, upon the great discovery of these new measures threatening to overthrow the whole state of rhyme in this kingdom, I must either stand out to defend, or else be forced to forsake myself, and give over all; and though irresolution and a self distrust be the most apparent faults of my nature, and that the least check of reprehension; if it favour of reason, will as easily shake my resolution as any man's living; yet in this case I know not how I am grown more resolved, and before I sink, willing to examine what those powers of judgment are, that must bear me down, and beat me off from the station of my profession, which by the law of nature I am set to defend.

And the rather, for that this detraction from commendable rhyme, about now himself as easy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth) is a man of his own and good reputation, and therefore the steps forcibly cast from such a hand, may otherwise more at once than the labours of many shall a long time build up again, especially upon the very foundation of opinion, and the world's constancy, which knows not well what it should see and

Disce enim citius, mensurisque libentius illud
Quod quis desiderat quibus quod probat et vultur.

And he who is thus become our wished adversary, must pardon us if we be as just as our fame and reputation; as he is conscious of such by his new old art, and must consider that we cannot in a thing that concerns us so much, but have a feeling of the wrong done, whereas every rhyme in this universal island, as well as yourself, must be interested; so that if his charity had equally drawn with his learning, he would have rather procured the easy of so powerful a minister against him, from whom he cannot but expect the voice of a like measure of blame, and only those that way to his own grace, by the proof of his skills, without the disparaging of us, who should have been glad to have stood quietly by him, and perhaps commended his adventure, seeing that we more of one science another may be said, and that those sallies, made out of the darkness of our set knowledge, are the gallant practices of our attemptive spirits, and commendable, though they work so other effect than make a hearer; and I know it were indolent, as mercenary, since industry medium patens. We could well have allowed of his numbers, had he not disgraced our rhyme, which both custom and Nature without powerfully defend; custom that is habitual in nature that is above all art. Every language hath her proper number or measure, found in our delight, which custom entertaining by the continuance of the ear, doth indolent and without all. All verse is but a frame of words divided into in certain measures, differing from the ordinary speech, and introduced, the latter: as our men's conceits, both for delight and merriness; which frame of words, consisting of systems or metrum, number of measures, are disposed into divers fashions, according to the business of the composer, and the set of the time; and the rhythm, as Aristotle saith, are familiar amongst all nations, and a natural et sponte sunt compositions. And they fall as naturally already in our language as ever art can make them, being set as the ear of itself doth without in their paper rooms, and they of themselves will not willingly be put out of rank, and that is such a verse as best comports with the nature of our language: as for our rhyme (which is an excellency added to this work of measure, and a surmount for happier than any proportion antiquity could ever show) doth add more grace, and hath more of delight than ever have numbers, however they are forced to run in our slow language, can possibly yield; which, whether it be derived of rhythms, or of romance, which were songs the Bards and Druids above rhymes used, and therefore are

*Mutatit mentem populus levis, et calet uno
Scribendi studia, poseri, patrasque severi
Fronde omnes vinci cernant, et curmina dactant.*

So that their plenty seems to have bred the same waste and contempt as our doth now, though it had not power to disvalue what was worthy of posterity, nor keep back the reputation of excellencies, destined to continue for many ages. For seeing it is matter that satisfies the judicial, appear it in what habit it will, all these pretended proportions of words, howsoever placed, can be but words, and peradventure serve but to embroil our understanding, whilst seeking to please our ear, we enthral our judgment; to delight an exterior sense, we smooth up a weak confused sense, affecting sound to be unswayed, and all to seem *servam pecus*, only to imitate the Greek and Latin, whose felicity, in this kind, might be something to themselves, to whom their own idiom was natural, but to us it can yield no other commodity than a sound. We admire them not for their smooth gliding words, nor their measures, but for their inventions; which treasure, if it were to be found in Welsh and Irish, we should hold those languages in the same estimation, and they may thank their sword that made their tongues so famous and universal as they are. For to say truth, their verse is many times but a confused deliverer of their excellent conceits, whose scattered limbs we are fain to look out and join together, to discern the image of what they represent unto us. And even the Latines, who profess not to be so licentious as the Greeks, shows us many times examples, but of strange cruelty, in terturing and dismembering of words in the middle, or disjoining such as naturally should be married and march together, by setting them as far asunder as they could possibly stand; that sometimes, unless the kind reader, out of his own good nature, will stay them up by their measure, they will fall down into flat prose, and sometimes are no other indeed in their natural sound; and then again, when you find them disobedient to their own laws, you must hold it to be licentious posture, and so dispensable. The striving to show their changeable measures in the variety of their odes, have been very painful, no doubt, unto them, and forced them thus to disturb the quiet stream of their words, which by a natural succession otherwise desire to follow in their due course.

But such affliction doth labourers curiosity still lay upon our best delights (which ever must be made strange and variable) as if art were ordained to afflict nature, and that we could not go but in fetters. Every science, every profession, must be so wrapt up in unnecessary intrications, as if it were not to fashion, but to confound the understanding, which makes me much to distrust man, and fear that our presumption goes beyond our ability, and our curiosity is more than our judgment; labouring over to seem to be more than we are, or laying greater burthens upon our minds than they are well able to bear, because we would not appear like other men.

And indeed I have wished there were not that multiplicity of rhymes as is used by many in sonnets, which yet we see is some so happily to succeed, and hath been so far from hindering their inventions, as it hath begot conceits beyond expect-

ation, and comparable to the best inventions of the world; for sure in an eminent spirit who nature hath fitted for these mysteries, rhyme is an impediment to his conceit, but rather gives his wings to mount, and carries him out of his course, but as it were beyond his power to a happier flight. All easinesses being sold us at the hard price of labour, it follows, where we take most thereof, we buy the best success; as rhyme being for more labours than those means (whatsoever is objected) must needs, meeting wit and industry, breed greater and worthier effect in our language. So that if our labours be wrought out a manumission from bondage, as that we go at liberty, notwithstanding that we are no longer the slaves of rhyme, but we still is a most excellent instrument to serve us. It is this certain limit observed in conceits, any rhetorical bounding of the conceit, but rather a raising it in giram, and a just force, neither too far for the shortest project; nor too short for the longest, being but only employed for a present pause. For the body of our imagination being as an unformed chaos, without fashion, without day, if the divine power of the spirit it be wrought into orb of order and form, is it not more pleasing nature, that desires a certainty, and compares with what is infinite? to have these chances, more than not to know where to end, or how far to go especially seeing our passions are often without measure: and we find the best of the Latins may finish, either not concluding, or else otherwise the end than they began. Besides, is it not more delightful to see such easiness enclosed in a small room, or little gallery disposed and made to fill up a space of like capacity, in such sort that the one would not appear so beautiful in a larger circuit, nor the other do well in a less; which often we find to be so, according to the powers of nature, in the workman. And the limited proportions, and sets of stanzas, consisting of six, seven, or eight lines, are of that happiness, both for the disposition of the matter, the apt placing the sentence where it may best stand to hit the certain close of delight with the full body of a just poem well carried, is such, as neither the Greeks or Latins ever attained unto. For their boundlessness in on often so confounds the reader, that being once lost himself, must either give off unthought or uncertainly cast back to retrieve the exact sense, and to find way again into his master.

Mathieks we should not so soon yield up our conceits captive to the authority of antiquity, unless we see more reason; all our understandings are not to be built by the square of Greece or Italy. We are the children of nature as well as they, we are not so placed out of the way of judgment, but that the same sun of discretion should upon us; we have our portion of the same virtues as well as of the same vices, et *Catiliam quocunque in populo videns, quocunque sub ex*. Time and the turn of things bring about the faculties according to the present estimation; and *res temporibus non tempora rubet servire oportet*. So that we must never rebel against us; *qua paco arbitria est, et via et norma loquuntur*. It is not the observing of treacheries nor their treacheries, that will make our writings equal the size: all their poetry, and all their philosophy, is nothing unless we bring the discerning light of com-

with us to apply it to use. It is not books, but only that great book of Heaven that makes men truly judicial. Nor can it but touch of arrogant ignorance, to hold this or that nation barbarous, these of those times gross, considering how this manifold creature man, whosoever he stand in the world, hath always some disposition of worth, entertains the order of society, affects that which is most in use, and is eminent in some one thing or other that fits his humour and the times. The Grecians held all other nations barbarous but themselves; yet Pyrrhus, when he saw the well ordered marching of the Romans, which made them see their presumptuous error, could say it was no barbarous manner of proceeding. The Goths, Vandals, and Longobards, whose coming down like an inundation overwhelmed, as they say, all the glory of learning in Europe, have yet left us still their laws and customs, as the originals of most of the provincial constitutions of Christendom; which well considered with their other courses of government, may serve to clear these from this imputation of ignorance. And though the vanquished never speak well of the conqueror, yet even through the unsound coverings of malediction appear these monuments of truth, as argue well their worth, and prove them not without judgment, though without Greek and Latin.

Will not experience confute us, if we should say the state of China, which never heard of amputation, traction, and tributes, were gross, barbarous, and uncivil? And is it not a most apparent ignorance, both of the succession of learning in Europe, and the general course of things, to say, that all lay pitifully deformed in those lack-learning times from the declining of the Roman empire, till the light of the Latin tongue was revived by Boscio, Erasmus, and Moore. When for three hundred years before them, about the coming down of Tamburlaine into Europe, Franciscus Petrarcha (who then no doubt likewise found whom to imitate) showed all the best notions of learning, in that degree of excellence, both in Latin, prose, and verse, and in the vulgar Italian, as all the wits of posterity have not yet over matched him in all kinds to this day; his great volumes written in moral philosophy, show his infinite reading, and most happy power of disposition; his twelve eclogues, his *Africa*, containing nine books of the last Punic war, with his three books of epistles in Latin verse, show all the transformations of wit and invention, that a spirit naturally born to the inheritance of poetry and judicial knowledge could express: all which, notwithstanding, wrought him not that glory and fame with his own nation, as did his poems in Italian, which they esteem above all, whatsoever wit could have invented in any other form than wherein it is; which questioners they will not change with the best measures Greeks or Latins can show them, howsoever our adversary imagine.

Nor could this very same innovation in verse, began amongst them by G. Tolomei, but die in the attempt, and was buried as soon as it came born, neglected as a prodigious and unnatural issue amongst them; nor could it ever induce Tasso, the wonder of Italy, to write that admirable poem of Jerusalem, comparable to the best of the an-

cients, in any other form than the accustomed verse.

And with Petrarch lived his scholar Boccaccio, and near about the same time Johannes Ravennas, and from these tanquam ex equo Trojano, seems to have issued all those famous Italian writers, Leonardus Arétinus, Laurentius Vallia, Poggius, Blondus, and many others. Then Hieronimus Chrysostomus, a Constantinopolitan gentleman, renowned for his learning and virtue, being employed by John Paleologus, emperor of the east, to implore the aid of Christian princes, for the succouring of perishing Greece; and understanding in the mean time, how Bajazeth was taken prisoner by Tamburlaine, and his country freed from danger, staid still at Venice, and there taught the Greek tongue, discontinued before in these parts the space of seven hundred years.

Him followed Bessarion, George Trapezuntius, Theodorus Gaza, and others, transporting philosophy, beaten by the Turk out of Greece, into Christendom. Hereupon came that mighty conference of learning in these parts, which returning, as it were per post liminum, and here meeting thee with the new invented stamp of printing, spread itself indeed in a more universal sort than the world ever heretofore had it.

When Pomponius Letus, Enea Sylvius, Angelus Politianus, Hieronymus Barbarus, Johannes Picus de Mirandula, the miracle and phoenix of the world, adorned Italy, and watered other nations likewise with this desire of glory, long before it brought forth Rowclin, Erasmus, and Moore, worthy men, I confess, and the last a great ornament to this land, and a rhymier.

And yet long before all these, and likewise with these, was not our nation behind in her portion of spirit and worthiness, but concurrent with the best of all this lettered world; witness venerable Bede, that flourished about a thousand years since; Aldelmus Durotelmus, that lived in the year 739, of whom we find this commendation registered: *Omnium poetarum sui temporis facile primas, tantæ eloquentiæ, majestatis et arduitatis homo fuit, ut nunquam satis admirari possemus unde illi in tam barbara ac rudi mæta factus hæc accerserit, usque adeo omnibus ueneris teræ, elegans et rotunda, versus edidit cum antiquitate de palma contententes.* Witness Josephus Deronias, who wrote *De Bello Trojano*, in so excellent a manner, and so near resembling antiquity, as printing his work beyond the seas, they have ascribed it to Coracius Nepos, one of the ancients.

What should I name Walterus Mape, Gulielmus Nigellus, Gervasius Tithuricensis, Bracton, Bacon, Ockum, and an infinite catalogue of excellent men, most of them living about four hundred years since, and have left behind them monuments of most profound judgment and learning in all sciences. So that it is but the clouds gathered about our own judgment that makes us think all other ages wrapped up in mists, and the great distance betwixt us, that causes us to imagine men so far off to be so little in respect of ourselves.

We must not look upon the immense course of times past, as men overlook spacious and wide countries, from off high mountains, and see never the nearer to judge of the true nature of the soil, or the particular site and face of those territories they see. Nor must we think, viewing the super-

social figure of a region in a map, that we know straight the fashion and place as it is. Or reading an history, which is but a map of men, and doth so otherwise acquaint us with the true substance of circumstances, than a superficial card doth the seamen with a coast never seen (which always proves other to the eye than the imagination forecast it) that presently we know all the world, and can distinctly judge of times, men, and manners, just as they were.

When the best measure of man is to be taken by his own foot, bearing ever the nearest proportion to himself, and is never so far different and unequal in his powers, that he hath all in perfection at one time, and nothing at another.

The distribution of gifts are universal, and all seasons have them in some sort. We must not think but that there were Scipios, Cæsars, Catos, and Pompeys, born elsewhere than at Rome; the rest of the world hath ever had them in the same degree of nature, though not of state; and it is our weakness that makes us mistake, or misconceive in these deliberations of men the true figure of their worth; and our passion and belief is so apt to lead us beyond truth, that unless we try them by the just compass of humanity, and as they were men, we shall cast their figures in the air, when we should make their models upon Earth. It is not the contexture of words, but the effects of action that gives glory to the times: we find they had Mercurium in pectore, though not in lingua; and in all ages, though they were not Ciceronians, they knew the art of men, which only is, ars artium, the greatest gift of Heaven, and the chief grace and glory on Earth; they had the learning of government and ordering their state, eloquence enough to show their judgments, and, it seems, the best times followed Lycurgus's council: *Literas ad tantum autem discebat, reliqua omnis disciplina erit, ut pulchre parerent, ut labores preferrent, &c.* Had not unlearned Rome laid the better foundation, and built the stronger frame of an admirable state, eloquent Rome had confounded it utterly, which we saw ran the way of all confusion, the plain course of dissolution in her greatest skill; and though she had not power to undo herself, yet wrought she so, that she cast herself quite away from the glory of a commonwealth, and fell upon that form of state she ever most feared and abhorred of all other; and then scarce was there seen any shadow of policy under her first emperors; but the most horrible and gross confusion that could be conceived; notwithstanding it still endured, preserving not only a monarchy, locked up in her own fronts, but therewithal held under her obedience so many nations, so far distant, so ill affected, so disorderly contumacious and unjustly conquered, as it is not to be attributed to any other fate; but to the first frame of that commonwealth, which was so strongly jointed, and with such infinite combinations interlinked, as one nail or other over-held up the majesty thereof.

There is but one learning, which omnes gentes habent scripturam in cordibus suis, one and the self-same spirit that worketh in all. We have but one body of justice, one body of wisdom throughout the whole world, which is but apparelled according to the fashion of every nation.

Eloquence and gay words are not of the substance of wit; it is but the garnish of a nice time,

the ornaments that do but deck the house of state et imitatur publicos mores: hunger is as well satisfied with meat served in pewter as silver. Erection is the best measure, the rightest foot is what pace soever it run. Erasmus, Rucelin, and Moore, brought no more wisdom into the world, with all their new revived words, than we had us before; it bred not a profounder divine than Saint Thomas, a greater lawyer than Bartolus, a more acute logician than Scotus; nor are the effects of all this great mass of eloquence so admirable, as of that consequence, but that *impemta illa utipitas* can yet compare with it.

Let us go to further, but look upon the wondrous architecture of this state of England, and see whether they were deformed things that could give it such a form. Where there is no one the best pillar of majesty, but was set with most profound judgment, and borne up with the just conveniency of princes and people. No court of justice, but hid by the rule and square of Nature, and the best of the best commonwealths that ever were in the world; so strong and substantial as it hath stood against all the storms of factions, both of hubb and ambition, which so powerfully beat upon it, and all the tempestuous alterations of humours times whatsoever; being continually, in all ages, furnished with spirits fit to maintain the majesty of her own greatness, and to march in an equal concurrency all other kingdoms round about her with whom it had to encounter.

But this innovation, like a viper, must ever creep way into the world's opinion, through the bosom of her own breeding, and is always born with reproach in her mouth; the disgracing others is the best grace it can put on, to win reputation of it, and yet it is never so wise as it would seem, as doth the world ever get so much by it as it imagineth: which being so often deceived, and seeing it never performs so much as it promises, methinks men should never give more credit unto it: fit, let us change never so often, we cannot change man, our imperfections must still run on with us, and therefore the wiser nations have taught us always to use, *Moribus legibusque presertim etiam deterioribus sint.* The Lacedæmonians, who a musician, thinking to win himself credit by his new invention, and be before his fellows, had hid one string more to his crowd, brake his strings, and banished him the city, holding the *innovatio*, though in the least things, dangerous to a public society. It is but a fantastical giddiness to break the way of other men, especially were it less tolerable: *Ubi nunc est respublica, ubi sinitis potius quam dum illum veterem sequimur, moris nulla.*

But shall we not tend to perfection? Yes, and that ever best by going on in the course we are in, where we have advantage, being so far onward, of him that is but now setting forth; for we shall never proceed, if we be ever beginning, nor arrive at any certain port, sailing with all winds that blow, non convalescit planta que semper transplantur, and therefore let us hold on in the course we have undertaken, and not still be wandering. Perfection is not the portion of man; and if it were, why may we not as well get to it this way as another? And suspect these great undertakers, but they have conspired with envy to betray our proceedings, and put us by the honour of our a-

tempts, with casting us back upon another course, of purpose to overthrow the whole action of glory, when we lay the fairest for it, and were so near our hopes. I thank God, that I am none of these great scholars, if thus their high knowledges do but give them more eyes to look out into uncertainty and confusion, accounting myself rather beholding to my ignorance, that hath set me in so low an under-room of conceit with other men, and hath given me as much distrust as it hath done hope, daring not adventure to go alone, but plodding on the plain tract, I find beaten by custom and the time, contenting me with what I see in use.

And surely methinks these great wits should rather seek to adown, than to disgrace the present, bring something to it, without taking from it what it hath; but it is ever the misfortune of learning, to be wounded by her own hand. Stimulus dat scintilla virtus; and when there is not ability to match what is, malice will find out engines, either to disgrace or ruin it, with a perverse encounter of some new impression; and, which is the greatest misery, it must ever proceed from the powers of the best-reputation, as if the greatest spirits were ordained to endanger the world, as the gross are to dishonour it; and that we were to expect, ab optimis periculum, à pessimis defectus publicum. Emulation, the strongest pulse that beats in high minds, is oftentimes a wind, but of the worst effect; for whilst the soul comes disappointed of the object it wrought on, it presently forges another, and even cozens itself, and crosses all the world, rather than it will stay to be under her desires, falling out with all it hath, to flatter and make fair that which it would have.

So that it is the ill success of our longings, that with Xerxes makes us to whip the sea, and send a cartel of defiance to Mount Athos; and the fault laid upon others' weakness, is but a presumptuous opinion of our own strength, who must not seem to be mastered: but had our adversary taught us, by his own proceedings, this way of perfection, and therein framed us a poem of that excellency as should have put down all, and been the masterpiece of these times, we should all have admired him. But to deprave the present form of writing, and to bring us nothing but a few loose and uncharitable epigrams, and yet would make us believe those numbers were come to raise the glory of our language, giveth us cause to suspect the performance, and to examine whether this new art, *constat sibi, or, aliquid sit dictum quod nos sit dictum prius.*

First, we must here imitate the Greeks and Latins, and yet we are here showed to disobey them, even in their own numbers and quantities; taught to produce what they make short, and make short what they produce; made heliete to be showed measures in that form we have not seen, and no such matter; told that here is the perfect art of versifying, which in conclusion is yet confessed to be imperfect, as if our adversary, to be opposite to us, were become unfaithful to himself; and seeking to lead us out of the way of reputation, hath adventured to intricate and confound him in his own courses, running upon most uneven grounds, with imperfect rules, weak proofs, and unlawful laws, whereunto the world, I am persuaded, is not so unreasonable as to subscribe, considering the unjust authority of the law-giver; for who hath constituted him to be the Radamantus, thus to tor-

turn syllables, and adjudge them their perpetual doom, setting his theta, or mark of condemnation upon them, to endure the appointed sentence of his cruelty, as he shall dispuse? as though there were that disobedience in our words, as they would not be ruled, or stand in order without so many intricate laws, which would argue a great perverseness amongst them, according to that, in pessima republica plurimae leges; or, that they were so far gone from the quiet freedom of nature, that they must be brought back again by force: and now, in what case were this poor state of words, if, in like sort, another tyrant the next year should arise and abrogate these laws, and ordain others clean contrary, according to his humour, and say, that they were only right, the others unjust? what disturbance were there here, whom should we obey? were it not far better to hold us fast to our old custom, than to stand thus distracted with uncertain laws, wherein right shall have as many faces as it please passion to make it, that wheresoever men's affections stand, it shall still look that way? what trifles doth our unconstant curiosity call up to contend for? what colours are there laid upon indifferent things, to make them seem other than they are; as if it were but only to entertain contestation amongst men; who standing according to the prospective of their own humour, seem to see the self same things to appear otherwise to them, than either they do to others, or are indeed in themselves, being but all one in nature. For what ado have we here, what strange precepts of art about the framing of Iambic verse in our language, which, when all is done, reaches not by a foot, but falleth out to be the plain ancient verse, consisting of ten syllables, or five feet, which hath ever been used among us time out of mind? and for all this quanning and counterfeit name, neither can, or will be any other in nature than it hath been ever heretofore; and this new diameter is but the half of this verse divided in two, and no other than the caesura or breathing-place in the midst thereof, and therefore it had been as good to have put two lines in one, but only to make them seem diverse; nay, it had been much better for the true English reading and pronouncing thereof, without violating the accent, which now our adversary hath herein most unkindly done; for, being as we are so sound it, according to our English march, we must make a rest, and raise the last syllable, which falls out very unnatural in *devote, superb, Elizabeth, prodigal*, and in all the rest, saving the monosyllables. Then follows the English trochaic, which is said to be a simple verse, and so indeed it is, being without rhyme; having here no other grace, than that in sound it runs like the known measure of our former ancient verse, ending (as we term it, according to the French) in a feminine foot, saving that it is shorter by one syllable at the beginning, which is not much misad, by reason it falls full at the last.

Next comes the elegiac, being the fourth kind, and that likewise is no other than our accustomed measure of five feet; if there be any difference, it must be made in the reading, and therein we must stand bound to stay, where often we would not, and sometimes either break the accent, or the due course of the word. And now for the other four kinds of numbers, which are to be employed for odes, they are either of the same measure, or such

as have ever been familiarly used amongst us; so that of all these eight several kinds of new promised numbers, you see what we have; only what was our own before, and the same but apparelled in foreign titles, which had they come in their kind and natural attire of rhyme, we should never have suspected that they had affected to be other, or sought to degenerate into strange manners, which now we see was the cause why they were turned out of their proper habit, and brought in as aliens, only to induce men to admire them as far comers: but see the power of nature; it is not all the artificial coverings of wit, that can hide their native and original condition, which breaks out thorough the strongest hands of affectation, and will be itself, do singularity what it can. And as for those imagined quantities of syllables, which have been ever held free and indifferent in our language, who can enforce us to take knowledge of them, being in nullius verba jurati, and owing fealty to no foreign invention; especially in such a case, where there is no necessity in nature, or that it imports either the matter or form, whether it be so or otherwise. But every versifier that well observes his work, finds in our language, without all these unnecessary precepts, what number best fit the nature of her idiom, and the proper places destined to such accents, as she will not let into any other rooms, than in those for which they were born. As for example, you cannot make this fall into the right sound of a verse,

None thinks reward rendered worthy his worth,

unless you thus misplace the accent upon *rendered* and *worth*, contrary to the nature of these words, which sheweth that two feminine numbers, (or trochees, if so you will call them) will not succeed in the third and fourth place of the verse. And so likewise in this case,

Though death doth consume, yet virtue preserves,

it will not be a verse, though it hath the just syllables, without the same number in the second, and the altering of the fourth place, in this sort,

Though death doth ruine, virtue yet preserves.

Again, who knows not that we cannot kindly answer a feminine number with a masculine rhyme, or (if you will so term it) a trochei with a sponde, as *weakness* with *confess*, *nature* and *endure*, only for that thereby we shall wrong the accent, the chief lord and grave governor of numbers; also you cannot, in a verse of four feet, place a trochei in the first, without the like offence, as,

Yearly out of his watry call.

for so you shall sound it, *yearly*, which is unnatural: and other such like observations occur, which nature and a judicial ear of themselves teach us readily to avoid.

But now for whom hath our adversary taken all this pain, for the learned, or for the ignorant, or for himself to show his own skill? if for the learned, it is to no purpose, for every grammarian in this land hath learned his Prosodia, and already knows this art of numbers: if for the ignorant, it was

vain; for if they become versifiers, we see first have less numbers instead of flat rhyme. And Tully would have his orator skilled in all the languages appertaining to god and men, what shall they have who would be a degree above others? why then it was to show his own skill, and what himself had observed; so he might well have done, without doing wrong to the honour of the dead, wrong to the fame of the living, and wrong to England, in seeking to lay reproach upon her native ornaments, and to turn the fair stream and full course of her accents, into the shallow current of a loose uncertainty, clean out of the way of her known delight. And I thought it could never have proceeded from the pen of a scholar (who sees a profession free from the impure smooth of the sootier) to say the reproach of others' idle tongues is the curse of nature upon us, when it is rather her curse upon him that knows not how to use his tongue. What, doth he think himself is now gotten so far out of the way of contempt, that his numbers are gone beyond the reach of obloquy; and that how frivolous or idle soever they shall run, they shall be protected from disgrace, as though that light rhymes and right numbers did not weigh all alike in the grave opinion of the wise! and that it is not rhyme, but our idle arguments that hath brought down to so base a reckoning, the price and estimation of writing in this kind: when the best good things of this age, by coming together in one throng, and press with the many head, are not discerned from them, but overlooked with them, and all taken to be alike; but when after-times shall make a quest of inquiry, to examine the best of this age, peradventure there will be found, in the now contending records of rhyme, matter not unfitting the gravest divine, and severest lawyer in the kingdom: but those things must have the date of antiquity to make them reverend and authentic, for ever in the collation of writers, men rather weigh their age than their merit; et leges priores cum reverentia, quando consuetudo non possunt sine invidia. And let no writer in rhyme be any way discouraged in his endeavour by this brave strain, but rather animated to bring up all the best of his powers, and charge withal the strength of nature and industry upon contempt, that the show of this real forces may turn back insolency into her own hold; for, be sure that innovation never with any overthrow, but upon the advantage of a certain idleness, and let this make us look the better to our feet, the better to our matter, better to our manners. Let the adversary that thought to hurt us, bring more profit and honour, by being against us, than if he had stood still on our side; for that (next to the awe of Heaven) the best way, the strongest hand to make men keep their way, is that which their enemy bears upon them! and is this be the benefit we make by being against us, and the means to redeem back the good bodies, vanity and idleness have suffered to be with us, which nothing but substance and matter can effect; for,

Scindendi recte capere ut et principium et finem.

When we hear music, we must be in the air; in the utter-room of sense; but when we flourish

¹ Simplices lingua possit talibus.

Judgment, we retire into the cabinet and innermost withdrawing chamber of the soul: and it is but as music for the ear,

Verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis :

but it is a work of power for the soul.

Numerosque modosque ediscere vite.

The most judicial and worthy spirits of this land are not so delicate, or will owe so much to their ear, as to rest upon the outside of words, and be entertained with sound; seeing that both number, measure, and rhyme, is but as the ground or seat, whereupon is raised the work that commends it, and which may be easily at the first found out by any shallow conceit; as we see some fantastic to begin a fashion, which afterward gravity itself is fain to put on, because it will not be out of the wear of other men, and *recti apud nos locum tenet error ubi publicus factus est.* And power and strength that can plant itself any where, having built within this compass, and reared it of so high a respect, we now embrace it as the fittest dwelling for our invention, and have thereon bestowed all the substance of our understanding to furnish it as it is; and therefore here I stand forth, only to make good the place we have thus taken up, and to defend the sacred monuments erected therein, which contain the honour of the dead, the fame of the living, the glory of peace, and the best power of our speech, and wherein so many honourable spirits have sacrificed to memory their dearest passions, showing by what divine influence they have been moved, and under what stars they lived.

But yet notwithstanding all this which I have here delivered in the defence of rhyme, I am not so far in love with mine own mystery, or will seem so forward, as to be against the reformation, and the better settling the measures of ours; wherein there be many things, I could wish were more certain and better ordered, though myself dare not take upon me to be a teacher therein, having so much need to learn of others. And I must confess, that to mine own ear, those continual cadences of couplets used in long and continued poems, are very tiresome and unpleasant, by reason that still methinks they run on with a sound of one nature, and a kind of certainty which stuffs the delight rather than entertains it. But yet notwithstanding, I must not out of my own faintness condemn this kind of writing, which peradventure to another may seem most delightful; and many worthy compositions we see to have passed with commendation in that kind. Besides, methinks sometimes to beguile the ear with a running out and passing over the rhyme, as no bound to stay us in the line where the violence of the matter will break through, is rather graceful than otherwise. Wherein I find my *Fluener-Lucan* as if he gloried to seem to have no bounds; albeit, he were confined within his measures, to be in my conceit most happy; for so thereby, they who care not for verse or rhyme, may pass it over without taking any notice thereof, and please themselves with a well-measured prose. And I must confess my adversary hath wrought this much upon me, that I think a tragedy would indeed best comport with a blank verse, and dispense with rhyme, saving in the chorus, or where a

sentence shall require a couplet: and to avoid this overglutting the ear with that always certain and full encounter of rhyme, I essayed in some of my epistles to alter the usual place of meeting, and to set it further off by one verse to try how I could disuse my own ear, and to ease it of this continual burthen, which indeed seems to surcharge it a little too much, but as yet I cannot come to please myself therein; this alternate or cross rhyme holding still the best place in my affection.

Besides in me this change of number in a poem of one nature fits not so well, as to mix uncertainly feminine rhymes with masculine, which, ever since I was warned of that deformity by my kind friend and countryman, Mr. Hugh Samford, I have always so avoided it, as there are not above two couplets in that kind in all my poem of the Civil Wars; and I would willingly if I could, have altered it in the rest, holding feminine rhymes to be fittest for ditties, and either to be set certain, or else by themselves: but in these things, I say, I dare not take upon me to teach that they ought to be so, in respect myself holds them to be so, or that I think it right; for indeed there is no right in these things that are continually in a wandering motion, carried by the violence of our uncertain likings, being but only the time that gives them their power. For if this right, or truth, should be no other thing than what we make it, we shall shape it in a thousand figures, seeing this excellent painter-man can so well lay the colours which himself grinds in his own affection, as that he will make them serve for any shadow, and any counterfeit. But the greatest hinderer of our proceedings, and the reformer of our errors, is this self-love, whereunto we versifiers are ever noted to be especially subject; a disease of all other the most dangerous and incurable, being once seated in the spirits, for which there is no cure, but only by a spiritual remedy; *multos puto, ad sapientiam potuisse pervenire, nisi putassent se pervenisse:* and this opinion of our sufficiency makes so great a crack in our judgment, as it will hardly ever hold any thing of worth, *circus amor sui*, and though it would seem to see all without it, yet certainly it discerns but little within. For there is not the simplest writer that will ever tell himself he doth ill, but as if he were the parasite only to sooth his own doings, persuades him that his lines cannot but please others, which so much delight himself:

Suffenus est quinque sibi—neque idem unquam.

Æque est beatus, ac poema cum scribit,

Tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.

And the more to show that he is so, we shall see him evermore in all places, and to all persons, repeating his own compositions: and,

Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo.

Next to this deformity stands our affectation, wherein we always betray ourselves to be both unkind and unnatural to our own native language, in disguising or forging strange or unusual words, as if it were to make our verse seem another kind of speech out of the course of our usual practice, displacing our words, or investing new, openly upon a singularity; when our own accustomed phrase, set in the due place, would express us more

familiarly and to better delight, than all this life
 affliction of antiquity or novelty can ever do.
 And I cannot but wonder at the strange presump-
 tion of those men, that dare so audaciously to in-
 troduce any whatsoever foreign words, be they
 never so strange; and of themselves as it were,
 without a permission, without any consent or al-
 lowance, establish them as free-denizens in our lan-
 guage. But this is but a character of that perpe-
 tual revolution which we see to be in all things that
 never remain the same, and we must herein be
 content to submit ourselves to the law of time,
 which in a few years will make all that for which
 we now contend, *nothing*.

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COMPLAINT OF ROSANOND.

" Out from the horror of infernal deeps,
 My poor afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
 Attended with my shame that never sleeps,
 The spot wherewith my kind and youth did stain it;
 My body found a grave where to contain it:
 A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
 For fame needs never tomb 't inclose it in.

" And which is worse, my soul is now denied
 Her transport to the sweet Elysian rest,
 The joyful bliss for ghosts repaired,
 The ever-springing gardens of the blessed:
 Charon denies me passage with the rest,
 And says, my soul can never pass the river;
 Till lovers' sight on Earth shall it deliver.

" So shall I never pass; for how should I
 Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
 Time hath long since worn out the memory
 Both of my life, and lives unjust depriving,
 sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving,
 Rosanond hath little left her but her name,
 And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

" No Muse suggests the pity of my case,
 Each pen doth overpass my just complaint,
 Whilst others are prefer'd, though far more base;
 Shere's wife is grac'd, and passes for a saint;
 Her legend justifies her soul attain'd:
 Her well-told tale did such compassion find,
 That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

" Which e'en with grief, my miserable ghost,
 (Whilome invested in so fair a veil,
 Which, whilst it liv'd, was honour'd of the best;
 And being dead, gives master to beveil)
 Comes to solicit thee (whilst others fail)
 To take this task, and in thy woful song
 To form my case, and register my wrong.

" Although I know thy just lamenting Muse,
 Told'st in the affliction of thine own distress;
 In others' cases hath little time to use,
 And therefore may'st esteem of mine the less;
 Yet as thy hopes attend happy redress:
 The joys depending on a woman's grace,
 No more thy mind, a woful woman's case.

" Dost thou may hap to deign to read our story,
 And offer up her sighs amongst the rest,
 Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
 Wherewith thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest!
 That ingratitude would profit me the best:
 Such pow'r she hath by whom thy youth is led,
 To joy the living, and to bless the dead.

" So I (through beauty) made the woful'st sight,
 By beauty might have comfort after death;
 That dying fairest, by the fairest night
 Find life above on Earth, and rest beneath:
 She that can bless us with one happy breath,
 Give comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
 That thereby thou may'st joy, and I may rest."

Thus said, forthwith mov'd with a tender care
 And pity (which myself could never find)
 What she desir'd my Muse desir'd to declare,
 And therefore will'd her boldly tell her mind:
 And I (more willing) took this charge assign'd,
 Because her griefs were worthy to be known,
 And telling hers, might apt forget mine own.

" Then write," quoth she, " the ruin of my youth
 Report the downfall of my slipp'ry state;
 Of all my life reveal the simple truth,
 To teach to others what I learnt too late;
 Exemplify my frailty, tell how fate
 Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
 And e'er they come to know them 't is fearful."

" For whilst the sunshine of my fortune lasted,
 I joy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
 That ever yet imperious beauty tasted;
 I had what glory ever seek could get;
 But this fair morning had a shameful set;
 Disgrace dark'd honour, sin did cloud my lust
 As note the sequel, and I'll tell thee how.

" The blood I stain'd was good, and of the best
 My birth had honour, and my beauty bloom'd;
 Nature and fortune join'd to make me blest,
 Had I had grace 't have known to use the best
 My education shew'd from whence it came,
 And all conceiv'd to make me happy first,
 That so great hope might make me more sure."

" Happy liv'd I, whilst parents' eyes did guide
 The indiscretion of my feeble ways;
 And country home kept me from being woful,
 Where best, unknown, I spent my sweetest days,
 Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
 To higher place, which greater credit yields,
 Deeming such beauty was unfit for fields."

" From country then to court I was prefer'd
 From calm to storms, from shore into the deep
 There, where I perisht, where my youth was led
 There, where I lost the flower which honour
 There, where the worse thrives, the better
 Ah me! (poor wench) on this unhappy shelf
 I ground'd me, and cast away myself."

" There, where as frail and tender beauty
 With all assaulting powers environ'd;
 Having but prayer and weak feeble beams
 To hold their honour's feet unvanquish'd;
 There where to stand, and be unconquer'd,
 Is to b' above the nature of our kind,
 That cannot long, for pity, be unkind."

' For thither com'd, when years had arm'd my
With rarest proof of beauty ever seen: [youth,
When my reviving eye had learnt the truth,
But it had power to make the winter green,
and flourish affections, whereas none had been;
moon could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
and make the world do homage to mine eyes.

' For age I saw (though years with cold conceit
longen'd their thoughts against a warm desire)
set sigh their wait, and look at such a bait:
saw how youth was wax before the fire;
saw by death, I fram'd my look a fyre,
set wail perceiv'd how fortune made me then
The envy of my sex, and wonder unto man.

' Look how 't came, at the first appearing,
Draws all mine eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale, at sudden hearing,
Makes silent listening unto him that told it;
so did my speech, when robes did unfold it;
so did the blasing of my blush appear,
To amaze the world that holds such sights so dear.

' Ah! Beauty! thy art, fair seducing good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
More than the word or wisdom of the wise;
Still harmony, whose dissonance lies
Within a base) the key which passions move
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

" What might I then not do, whose power is such?
What sacred women do that know their power?
What women know it not (I fear too much)?
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or frow?
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming hour,
Whilst Nature decks them in their best attire
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

" Secluded was I, my beauty was mine own;
No borrow'd blush, which beset my beauties seek,
That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown;
Thy adorning beauty of a false cheek;
Vile stain to honour, and to women etc;
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
That with defect to cover our defect.

" Impiety of blood, chastity's abator,
Falseness, wherein thyself thyself dost set;
Treason to counterfeit the seal of nature,
The stamp of Heaven, impressed by the highest;
Diagnose unto the world, to whom thou liest
Idol unto thyself, shame to the wise,
And all that honour thee dishonour.

" Far was that from thee, whose age was pure,
Whose simple beauty was a second virtue;
The hand whose work had no other than
Business, pure cheeks, a white breast,
This was the youth wherein my youth was bless'd:
These were the ornaments which mine beauty won,
In all the conflicts with mine eyes began.

" What was not mine, I sought to have in
A crown was it my feet, steeples obey'd me;
Whom fortune made my king, love made my wife;
Who did command the hand, most humbly pray'd
Henry the Second, that he might be my
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Found well (by proof) the privilege of beauty,
That it had power to countermand all duty.

" For after all his victories in France,
And all the triumphs of his honour won;
Unwatch'd by sword, was vanquish'd by a glance,
And hotter wars within his breast begun:
Wars, whom whole legions of desires drew on;
Against all which, my chastity contends
With force of honour, which my shame defends.

" No armour might be found that could defend
Transpiercing rays of crystal pointed eyes;
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No, not his age; (yet old men should be wise)
But shows deceits, outward appearance lies.
Let none for seeming so think saints of others;
For all are men, and all have suck'd their mothers.

" Who would have thought a monarch would have
Obey'd his hand-maid of so mean estate? (over
Vulture ambition feeding on his liver,
Age having worn his pleasures out of date?)
But hap comes never, or it comes too late:
For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Unto his feeble age did chance a lot.

" Ah, fortune! never absolutely good,
For that some crew still counter-checks our luck;
As here behold th' incompatible blood
Of age and youth, was that whereon we stuck,
Whom longing we from Nature's breasts do suck;
As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equal age doth equal like-desires.

" But mighty men in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold a
Sooth'd in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffer'd once to think they're old;
Not trusting what they see, but what is told,
Miserable fortune to forget so far
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

" Yet must I need excuse to great defect,
For drinking of the Lethe of mine eyes,
He's fore'd to forget himself, and all respect
Of majesty, whereas his wife relies;
And now of loves and pleasures must devise
For thus reviv'd again, he serves who did
And seeks all means to undermine my youth.

" Which never by ambition could be won;
So well encamp'd in strength of chastity, I
My clean soul in thoughts kept from the world;
The crown that would command me to be
I lesser priz'd than chastity's attire.
Th' ungather'd rose, defend me from the
Th' ungather'd rose, defend me from the

" And safe mine honour mine, all that I
One of my sex, of place and nature,
Was set in anguish to entrap my youth;
One in the habit of the frailty,
One who the ivory of like weakness had.
A seeming madman, yet a pious man;
As by her words the chastity of my husband

" She set upon me with the smoothest speech,
That court and age could cunningly devise;
The one authentic, the other to deceive;
The other learn'd the way to subvert
Both were enough to circumvent the will.
O o

A document that well might teach the sage,
That there 's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

" ' Daughter,' said she, 'behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast down into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'st thy honour great advance,
Whilst thou, unhappy, wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth an' errap,
T' oppose thyself against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, and seems thee to importune.

" ' Dost thou not see, how that thy king (thy Jove)
Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate:
And showers down gold and treasure from above,
Whilst thou dost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Eie, fooling, so! thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canst not see
What is thy fortune that doth follow thee.

" ' Thou must not think thy flower can always flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admir'd;
But that those rays which all these flames do nourish,
Cancell'd with time, will have their date expir'd,
And men will scorn what now is so desir'd.
Our frailties' doom is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade e'er many hours.

" ' Read in my face the ruins of my youth,
The wreck of years upon my aged brow;
I have been fair (I must confess the truth)
And stood upon as nice respects as thou;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth again,
I would redeem the time I spent in vain.

" ' But thou hast years and privilege to use them,
Thy privilege doth bear beauty's great seal;
Besides, the law of Nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may have a just appeal.
Esteem not fame more than thou dost thy weal.
Fame (whereof the world seems to make such choice)
Is but an echo, and an idle voice.

" ' Then why should this respect of honour bound
In th' imaginary lists of reputation? [us,
Titles which cold severity hath found us,
Breath of the vulgar, fee to recreation;
Melancholy's opinion, custom's relation;
Measure of plague, beauty's corpse, Hell to the fair,
To leave the sweet for ashes in the air.

" ' Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiv'd,
Honour, a thing without us, not our own;
Whereof we see how many are bereav'd,
Which should have reap'd the glory they had sown:
And many have it, yet unworthy, known.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest have esteem'd least.

" ' The subtle city-women, better learn'd,
Esteem them chaste enough that best seem so:
Who though they sport, it shall not be discern'd,
Their face betrays not what their bodies do;
'T is wary walking that does easiest go,
With show of virtue, as the cunning knows,
Subs aragant'd withrewts, and men with shews.

" ' Then use thy talent, youth shall be thy weal
And let not honour from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly think thyself transparent,
That those who see thy face can judge thy feat,
Let her have shame that cannot closely act,
And seem the chaste, which is the chiefest art,
For what we seem each see, none knows our heart.

" ' What, dost thou stand on this, that he is it
Thy beauty hath the more to work upon,
Thy pleasure's want shall be supply'd with pit
Cold age dotes most, when heat of youth is fit
Enticing words prevail with such a one.
Alluring shows most deep impression strike,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.'

" Here interrupt, she leaves me in a doubt,
When lo! began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth environ'd round about,
The ground uncertain where my reason stood
Small my defence to make my party good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid
To overthrow a poor unskilful maid.

" ' Treason was in my bones, myself-obscur'd
To sell myself to lust, my soul to sin:
Pure blushing shame was even in retiring,
Leaving the sacred hold it gloried in.
Honour lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When clearer thoughts my weakness gasp'd up
Against myself, and shame did force me cry;

" ' Ah! Rosamond, what doth thy flesh prep
Destruction to thy days, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T' entomb with black reproach a spotted name
Leaving thy blush, the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feet to sin, thy soul to lust,
Graceless to lay thy glory in the dust?

" ' Nay, first let the Earth gape wide to swallow
And shut thee up in boxes with her dead,
Ere suspect tempt thee taste forbidden trees,
Or feel the warmth of an unlawful bed,
Suffering thyself by lust to be misled;
So to disgrace thyself and grieve thine heirs,
That Clifford's race should scorn thee out of heirs.

" ' Never wish longer to enjoy the air,
Than that thou breath'st at the breath of chaste
Longer than thou preserv'st thy soul as fair
As is thy face, free from impurity.
Thy face, that makes th' admir'd in every e
Where Nature's care such rarities enroll,
Which us'd amiss, may serve to damn thy e

" ' But what! he is my king, and many e
Whether I yield or not, I live defam'd.
The world will think authority did gain me,
I shall be judg'd his love, and so be sham'd.
We see the fair condemn'd, that never guess
And if I yield, 't is honourable shame,
If not, I live disgrac'd, yet thought thee safe.

" ' What way is left thee then (unhappy is
Whereby thy spotless foot may wander out
This dreadful danger, which thou seem'st in
Wherein thy shame doth compass thee about
Thy simple years cannot resolve this doubt.
Thy youth can never guide thy feet as ours
But (in despite) some scandal will be given.

Thus stood I balanc'd equally precise,
 Ill my frail flesh did weigh me down to sin;
 Ill world and pleasure made me partialize,
 and glittering pomp my vanity did win,
 When to excuse my fault my lusts begin,
 and impious thoughts alleg'd this wanton cause,
 but though I sin'd, my sin had boast cause.

So well the golden balls cast down before me,
 could entertain my course, hinder my way:
 Whereat my wretchless youth stooping to store me,
 set me the goal, the glory, and the day.
 Pleasure had set my well-school'd thoughts to play,
 and bid me use the virtue of mine eyes,
 for sweetly it fits the fair to wantonize.

Thus wrought to sin, soon was I train'd from court,
 to a solitary grange, there to attend
 the time the king should thither make resort,
 Where he love's long desired work should end.
 Whither he daily messages doth send,
 With costly jewels (orators of love)
 Which (ah! too well men know) do women move.

The day before the night of my defeature,
 he greets me with a casket richly wrought;
 so rare, that Art did seem to strive with Nature,
 to express the cunning workman's curious thought;
 The mystery whereof I prying sought,
 and found engraven on the lid above,
 Any-mone, how she with Neptune strove.

Any-mone, old Danaus' fairest daughter,
 as she was fetching water all alone
 to Lerna where Neptune came and caught her,
 from whom she striv'd and struggled to be gone,
 bating the air with cries and pitious moan;
 but all in vain, with him she's forc'd to go,
 'T is shame that men should use poor maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,
 at those proud feet, not satisfy'd with prayer:
 Wailing her heavy heep, cursing the day,
 to set so pitious to express despair.
 And by how much more griev'd, so much more fair,
 her tears upon her cheeks (poor careful girl!)
 Had seen against the Sun crystal and pearl:

Whose pure clear streams (which to so fair up-
 wrought hotter flames (O miracle of love) (pearl)
 that kinder fire in water, heat in tears,
 and make neglected beauty mightier prove,
 teaching afflicted eyes affect to move;
 to show that nothing ill becomes the fair,
 but crusty, which yields unto no prayer.

This having view'd, and therewith something
 figur'd I find within the other squares, [mov'd,
 transformed to, Jove's dearest lov'd,
 in her affliction how she strangely fares.
 Strangely distress'd (O beauty, born to cares!)
 turn'd to a heifer, kept with jealous eyes,
 always in danger of her hateful spica.

These precedents presented to my view,
 wherein the presage of my fall was shown,
 might have forewarn'd me well what would ensue,
 and others' harms have made me shun mine-own,
 but fate is not prevented, though foreknown:
 for that must hap; decreed by heavenly powers,
 who work our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

"Witness the world, wherein is nothing rarer,
 Than miseries unken'd before they come:
 Who can the characters of chance decipher,
 Written in clouds of our concealed doom?
 Which though perhaps have been reveal'd to some,
 Yet that so doubtful (as success did prove them)
 That men must know they have the Heav'n above
 them.

"I saw the sin wherein my foot was ent'ring;
 I saw how that dishonour did attend it;
 I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,
 Yet had I not the power for to defend it;
 So weak is sense, when error hath condemn'd it.
 We see what 's good, and thereto we consent;
 But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

"And now I come to tell the worst of illnesses;
 Now draws the date of mine affliction near.
 Now when the dark had wrapt up all in stillness,
 And dreadful black had disposess'd the clear,
 Com'd was the Night (mother of Sleep and Fear)
 Who with her sable mantle friendly covers
 The sweet stoll'n sport of joyful meeting lovers.

"When, lo! I joy'd my lover, not my love,
 And felt the band of lust most undesir'd;
 Enforc'd th' unproved bitter sweet to prove,
 Which yields no natural pleasure when 't is hir'd;
 Love 's not constrain'd, nor yet of due requir'd:
 Judge they who are unfortunately wed,
 What 't is to come unto a leath'd bed.

"But soon his age receiv'd his short contenting,
 And sleep seal'd up his languishing desires;
 When he turns to his rest, I to repeating,
 Into myself my waking thought retires;
 My nakedness had prov'd my senses liars.
 Now open'd were mine eyes to look therein,
 For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

"Now did I find myself unparadis'd,
 From those pure fields of my so clean beginning:
 Now I perceiv'd how ill I was advis'd,
 My flesh gan loath the new-felt touch of sinning;
 Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning;
 For nature checks a new offence with loathing;
 But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.

"And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
 And love in him incorporates such zeal,
 That jealousy increas'd with age's coldness;
 Fearing to loose the joy of all his weal,
 Or doubting time his strength might else reveal,
 He 's driven to devise some subtle way,
 How he might safest keep so rich a prey.

"A stately palace he forthwith did build,
 Whose intricate innumerable ways,
 With such confused errors, so beguill'd,
 Th' unguided ent'ers with uncertain strays,
 And doubtful turnings kept them in delays;
 With bootless labour leading them about,
 Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

"Within the closed bosom of which frange,
 That serv'd a centre to that goodly round,
 Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
 With sweetest flowers that e'er adorn'd the ground,
 And all the pleasures that delight hath found.

'T antertain the sense of wanton eyes,
Fuel of love, from whence lust's flames arise.

" Here I enclos'd, from all the world asunder,
The minotaur of Shame kept for disgrace ;
The monster of Fortune, and the world's wonder,
Liv'd cloist'rad in so desolate a case :
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a thread.

" O Jealousy ! daughter of Envy and Love,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire ;
Foster'd with fears, thy father's joys t' improve ;
Mirth-marring monster, born a subtle liar ;
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire ;
Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee ;
Happy were lovers if they never knew thee.

" Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our heart :
Hunder'd-ey'd Argus, ever waking spy,
Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart,
Envious observer, prying in every part ;
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee ;
O would to God that love could be without thee.

" Thou did'st deprive (through false suggesting fear)
Him of content, and me of liberty,
The only good that women bold so dear,
And turn'st my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner ere an enemy :
Enjoin'd the ransom of my body's shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeem the same.

" What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd ?
For what is beauty if it be not seen ?
Or what is 't to be seen, if not admir'd ?
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd ?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.

" Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sun for light :)
The fair do hold this privilege as due,
By ancient charter, to live most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vain our friends from this do us debort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

" Witness the fairest streets that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glittering fair ;
For what rare woman, deck'd with beauty, is it,
That thither covets not to make repair ?
The solitary country may not stay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t' adorn the west.

" Here doth the curious, with judicial eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attir'd :
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To live where we are prais'd and most desir'd.
O ! how we joy to see ourselves admir'd,
Whilst niggardly our favours we discover ;
We love to be belov'd, yet scorn the lover.

" Yet would to God my foot had never mov'd
From country safety, from the fields of rest ;
To know the danger to be highly lov'd,
And live in pomp to brave among the best :
Happy for me, better had I been bless'd,

If I unloosely had never stray'd,
But liv'd at home a happy country maid.

" Whose unaffected innocency thinks
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver ?
She's deck'd with truth ; the river, where she drink
Doth serve her for her glass ; her counsel-giver
She loves sincerely, and is loved ever.
Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath.
(True life that knows not what 's to die till death.)

" So should I never have been regist'rad,
In the black book of the unfortunate ;
Nor had my name, enroll'd with maids unmaid,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate :
Nor had I taught (through my unhappy fate)
This lesson (which myself learnt with expense)
How most it hurts, that most delights the sense.

" Shame follows sin, disgrace is duly given ;
Impiety will out, never so closely done :
No walls can hide us from the eye of Heaven ;
For shame must end what wickedness began ;
Forth breaks reproach when we least think thereon,
And this is ever proper unto courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

" Fame doth explore what lies most secret hid,
Ent'ring the closet of the palace-dweller ;
Abroad revealing what is most forbidden :
Of truth and falsehood both an equal teller,
'T is not a guard can serve for to expell her :
The sword of justice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from uttering secret things.

" And thus our stealth she could not long conceal,
From her whom such a forfeit most concern'd,
The wronged queen, who could so closely deal,
That she the whole of all our practice learn'd.
And watch'd a-time when least it was discern'd,
In absence of the king, to wreak her wrong,
With such revenge as she desired long.

" The labyrinth she enter'd by that thread,
That serv'd a conduct to my absent lord ;
Left there by chance, reserv'd for such a deed,
Where she surpris'd me whom she so abhor'd :
Ears'd with madness, scarce she speaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Offering me most unwomanly disgrace.

" Look how a tigress that hath lost her whelp,
Runs fiercely ranging through the woods astray ;
And seeing herself depriv'd of hope or help,
Furiously assaults what 's in her way,
To satisfy her wrath (not for a prey) ;
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could disdain and jealousy devise.

" And after all her vile reproaches us'd,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her fears, and ease her jealous thought ;
No cruelty her wrath could leave unwrought ;
No spiteful act that to revenge is common ;
(No beast being fiercer than a jealous woman.)

" ' Here take,' said she, ' thou impudent wretch,
Base graceless strumpet, take this neat your rest ;
Your love-sick heart, that overcharg'd hath been
With pleasure's surfeit, must be purg'd with art ;
This potion hath a power that will convert

Wrought those humours that oppress you so ;
And, girl, I'll see you take it ere I go.

'What! stand you now amaz'd; retire you back?
Resemble you, minion? come, dispatch with speed;
Here is no help, your champion now we lack,
And all these tears you shed will nothing stead;
Those dainty fingers needs must do the deed:
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And tride not, lest that I use you worse.'

Having this bloody doom from belliah breath,
My wefull eyes on every side I cast;
Ligour about me, in my hand my death,
Representing me the horror of my last;
All hope of pity and of comfort past.
No means, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must give myself my end.

'Those hands that beauty's ministers had been,
They must give death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in therat;
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice itself to appease the wrong.
So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.'

'And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victory)
And leaves me alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
Death and myself alone together be.)
To whom she did her full revenge refer.
Oh, poor weak conquest both for him and her!

'Then straight my conscience summons up my sin
To appear before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soul begin,
When every corner of that hateful place
Dictates mine error, and reveals disgrace;
Whilst I remain oppress'd in every part,
Death in my body, horror at my heart.

'Down on my bed my loathsome self I cast,
The bed that likewise gives in evidence
Against my soul, and tells I was unchaste,
Fells I was wanton, tells I follow'd sense,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
Must here the right of Heaven needs satisfy,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

'Here I began to wail my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange, unlook'd-for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth entrap,
To give me such a fall of infamy.

'And poor distressed Rosamond,' said I,
'Is this thy glory got, to die forlorn
In deserts where no ear can hear thee mourn?

'Nor any eye of pity to behold
The wofull end of thy sad tragedy;
But that thy wrongs unseen, thy tale untold,
Must here in secret silence bury'd lie,
And with thee, thine excuse together die?
Thy sin reveal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame alive, but dead what thy death did.

'Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of morn,
Tell th' air thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thyself, what thyself knows too well:
Utter thy grief, wherewith thy soul doth swell.

And let thy heart pity thy heart's remorse,
And be thyself the mourner and the corse.

'Condole thee here, clad all in black despair,
With silence only, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so fair,
Did'st glorious live, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoil to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yield thy breath.

'Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To show in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoil the rest?
O beauty! thou an enemy profess'd
To chastity, and us that love thee most,
Without thee, how w' are loath'd, and with thee lost!

'You, you that proud with liberty and beauty,
(And well may you be proud that you be so)
Gitter in court, lov'd and observ'd of duty;
Would God I might to you but ere I go
Speak what I feel, to warn you by my woe,
To keep your feet in cleanly paths of shame,
That not enticing may divert the same.

'Seeing how 'gainst your tender weakness still,
The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th' assaults that ever might or skill
Can give against a chaste and clean intent;
Ah! let not greatness work you to consent.
The spot is foul, though by a monarch made,
Kings cannot privilege what God forbade.

'Lock up therefore the treasure of your love,
Under the surest keys of fear and shame:
And let no powers have power chaste thoughts to
To make a lawless entry on your fame. [move
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equal love shall march with equal pace,
In those pure ways that lead to no disgrace.

'For see how many discontented beds,
Our own aspiring or our parents' pride
Have caus'd, whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth and not love, honour and sought beside:
Whilst marry'd but to titles, we abide
As wedded widows, wanting what we have,
When shadows cannot give us what we crave.

'Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweets of youth inplotting in the air;
Alas! how oft we fall, hoping to climb;
Or whither as unprofitably fair.
Whilst those decays which are without repair,
Make us neglected, scorn'd, and reprov'd.
(And O, what are we, if we be not lov'd?)

'Fasten therefore upon occasions fit,
Lest this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do overtake your youth, or ruin it,
And cloud with infamy your beauty's shine:
Seeing how many seek to undermine
The treasury that 's unpossess'd of any;
And hard 't is kept that is desir'd of many.

'And fly (O fly!) these bed-brokers unclean,
(The monsters of our sex) that make a prey
Of their own kind, by an unkindly mean;
And e'en (like vipers) eating out a way
Through th' womb of their own shame, accursed they

Live by the death of fame, the gain of sin,
The filth of lust, and cleanness walk in.

" " As if 't were not enough that we (poor we)
Have weakness, beauty, gold, and men, our foes,
But we must have some of ourselves to be
Traitors unto ourselves, to join with those;
Such as our feeble forces do disclose,
And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to folly, and to men's untruth.

" " Hateful confounders both of blood and laws,
While orators of shame, that plead delight;
Ungracious agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darkness, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, devils that do unite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluck'd, will show how foul we
be.

" " You in the habit of a grave aspect,
(In credit by the trust of years) can show
The cunning ways of lust, and can direct
The fair and wily wantons how to go,
Having (your loathsome selves) your youth spent so:
And in uncleanness ever have been fed,
By the revenna of a wanton bed:

" " By you have been the innocent betray'd,
The blushing fearful bolden'd onto sin,
The wife made subtle, subtle made the maid,
The husband scorn'd, dishonour'd the kin;
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been:
Confus'd our race, and falsify'd our blood,
Whilst fathers' sons possess wrong fathers' good."

" This, and much more, I would have utter'd then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my blood, subscrib'd with conscience'
pen.

To warn the fair and beautiful from ill;
Though I could wish (by the example of my will)
I had not left this name unto the fair,
But dy'd instantly to have had no heir.

" But now the poison, spread through all my veins,
Gaz despises my living senses quite;
And nought-respecting Death (the last of pains)
Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensign of his might)
Upon his new-got spoil before his right:
Thence chas'd my soul, setting my day ere noon,
When I least thought my joys could end so soon.

" And as convey'd 't untimely funerals,
My scores could course not suffer'd longer stay:
Behold! the king (by chance) returning, falls
T' encounter with the same upon the way,
As he repair'd to see his dearest joy;
Not thinking such a meeting could have been,
To see his love, and seeing been unseen.

" Judge those whose chance deprives of sweetest
treasure,

What 't is to lose a thing we hold so dear!
The best delight wherein our soul takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so near.
What passions feels that heart, inforc'd to bear
The deep impression of so strange a sight,
That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite?

" Amas'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;
Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;
Confus'd affects each other do confound;
Oppress'd with grief, his passions had no bound.
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

" At length extremity breaks out a way,
Through which, th' imprison'd voice with tears at-
tended,

Wails out a sound that sorrows do betray;
With arms across, and eyes to Heaven bend'd,
Vapouring out sighs that the skies ascended;
Sighs (the poor ease calamity affords)
Which serve for speech, when sorrow wanteth words.

" " O Heavens! quoth he, ' why do mine eyes be-
The hateful rays of this unhappy Sun? [said
Why have I light to see my sins control'd,
With blood of mine own shame thus wildly done?
How can my sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide!

" " What saw my life wherein my soul might joy?
What had my days, whom troubles still afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoise annoy?
This joy, this hope, which death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose loss hath all distress inflicted;
This, that did season all my sours of life,
Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife.

" " Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife,
Dissection in my blood, jars in my bed;
Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, days in dread;
(Such life hath tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering shows,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little know."

" Thus, as these passions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my body to behold it;
And as the vice married unto the sin,
With strict embraces, so doth he hold it:
And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
Viewing the face that even death commands,
On senseless lips, millions of kisses spends.

" " Fittful mouth! quoth he, ' that living gav'st
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish:
O be it lawful now, that dead thou hav'st,
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss.
And you fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be match'd never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

" " Ah! how methinks I see Death dallying seeks
To entertain itself in Love's sweet place;
Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks,
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace:
And ugly Death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That Death itself doubts whether she be dead.

" " Wonder of beauty, oh! receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For lo, my soul that now already faints,
(That lov'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to overtake thee.
I'll meet my death, and free myself thereby,
For, ah! what can he do that cannot die?

" Yet, ere I die, thus much my soul doth vow,
 Revenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind:
 And I will cause posterity shall know,
 How fair thou wert above all women kind,
 And after-ages monuments shall find,
 Showing thy beauty's title, not thy name,
 Rose of the world, that sweeten'd so the same."

" This said, though more desirous yet to say,
 (For sorrow is unwilling to give over)
 He doth repress what grief should else bewray,
 Lest he too much his passions should discover,
 And yet respect scarce bridles such a lover,
 So far transported, that he knows not whither,
 For love and majesty dwell ill together.

" Then were my funeral not long deferred,
 But done with all the rites pomp could devise,
 At Godstow, where my body was interred,
 And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
 Where yet as now scarce any note descries
 Unto these times, the memory of me,
 Marble and brass so little lasting be.

" For those walls, which the credulous devout
 And apt-believing ignorant did found;
 With willing zeal, that never call'd in doubt,
 That time their works should ever so confound,
 Lie like confused heaps as under ground,
 And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
 The wiser ages do account as folly.

" And were it not thy favourable lines
 Re-edify'd the wreck of my decays,
 And that thy accents willingly assigns
 Some further date, and give me longer days,
 Few in this age had known my beauty's praise,
 But thus renew'd, my fame redeem'd some time,
 Till other ages shall neglect thy rhyme.

" Then when confusion in her course shall bring
 Sad desolation on the times to come:
 When worthless Thames shall have no swan to sing,
 All music silent, and the Muses dumb;
 And yet even then it must be known to some,
 That once they flourish'd, though not cherish'd so,
 And Thames had swam as well as ever Po.

" But here an end, I may no longer stay,
 I must return t' attend at Stygian flood:
 Yet, ere I go, this one word more I pray,
 Tell Deba, now her sigh may do me good,
 And will her note the frailty of our blood.
 And if I pass unto these happy banks,
 There she must have her praise, thy pen her thanks."

So vanish'd she, and left me to return
 To prosecute the terror of my woes:
 Eternal matter for my Muse to mourn,
 But yet the world hath heard too much of those,
 My youth such errors must no more disclose.
 I'll hide the rest, and grieve for what hath been,
 Was made me known, must make us live unseen.

A LETTER

FROM

OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST VIRTUOUS LADY,

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

ALTHOUGH the meaner sort (whose thoughts are
 As in another region, far below (plac'd,
 The sphere of greatness) cannot rightly taste
 What touch it hath, nor right her passions know:
 Yet have I here adventur'd to bestow
 Words upon grief, as my griefs comprehend,
 And made this great afflicted lady show,
 Out of my feelings, what she might have penn'd:
 And here the same, I bring forth to attend
 Upon thy reverend name, to live with thee
 Most virtuous lady, that vouchsaf'd to lend
 Ear to my notes, and comfort unto me,
 That one day may thine own fair virtues spread,
 Being secretary now but to the dead.

THE ARGUMENT.

UPON the second agreement (the first being broken
 through jealousy of a disproportion of eminency)
 between the triumviri Octavius Cæsar, Marcus An-
 tonius, and Lepidus; Octavia, the sister of Octavius
 Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a link to com-
 bine that which never yet, the greatest strength of
 Nature, or any power of nearest respect, could long
 hold together; who, made but the instrument of
 others' ends, and delivered up as an hostage, to
 serve the opportunity of advantages, met not with
 that integrity she brought; but as highly preferred
 to affliction, encountered with all the grievances
 that beat upon the misery of greatness, exposed to
 stand betwixt the diverse tending humours of tri-
 quiet parties: for Antony having yet upon him the
 fetters of Egypt, laid on by the power of a most
 incomparable beauty, could admit no new laws
 into the state of his affection, or dispose of himself,
 being not himself; but as having his heart turned
 eastward, whither the point of his desires are di-
 rected, touched with the strongest allurements
 that ambition and a licentious sovereignty could
 draw a man unto, could not truly descend to the
 private love of a civil nurtur'd matron, whose en-
 tertainment, bounded with modesty and the na-
 ture of her education, knew not to clothe her
 affections in any other colours than the plain
 habit of truth, wherein she ever suited all her ac-
 tions, and used all her best ornaments of honesty,
 to win the good liking of him that held her, but as
 a curtain, drawn between him and Octavius, to
 shadow his other purposes withal, which the sharp
 sight of an equally jealous ambition would soon

pierce into, and as easily look through and over blood and nature, as he to abuse it; and therefore, to prevent his aspiring, he arms his forces, either to reduce Antony to the rank of his estate, or else to dethrone him out of state and all. When Octavia, by the employment of Antony, (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her trial) throws herself, great with child, and as big with sorrow, into the travail of a most labourous reconciliation: taking her journey from the furthest part of Greece to find Octavius, with whom her cares and tears were so good agents, that they affected their commission beyond all expectation, and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunity, got over again into Egypt, where he so forgot himself, that he quite put off his own nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleasures, as if he had wound himself out of the respect of his country, blood, and alliance, which gave to Octavia the cause of much affliction, and to me the argument of this letter.

A LETTER, &c.

To thee (yet dear) though most disloyal lord,
Whom impious love keeps in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife Octavia sendeth word
Of the unkind wounds received by thy hand;
Great Antony, O! let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to understand
The hurt thou dost, and do but read her tears,
That still is thine, though thou wilt not be here.

Although, perhaps, these my complaints may come
Whilst thou in th' arms of that incestuous queen,
The stain of Egypt, and the shame of Rome,
Shalt dallying sit, and blush to have them seen,
Whilst proud disdainful she, guessing from whom
The message came, and what the cause hath been,
Will scornfully, "Faith, this comes from your dear,
Now, sir, you must be silent for staying here."

From her indeed it comes, delicious dame,
(Thou royal concubine and queen of lust)
Whose arms yet pure, whose breasts are void of blame,
And whose most lawful flame proves thine unjust:
'Tis she that sends the message of thy shame,
And his untruth that hath betray'd thy trust;
Pardon, dear lord, from her these sorrows are,
Whose bed brings neither infamy nor war.

And therefore hear her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame;
Although at first my truth in thee was such,
As it held out against the strongest fame;
My heart would never let in once a touch
Of least belief, till all confirm'd the same;
That I was almost lost that would believe,
Because I knew me first that most must grieve.

How oft have poor abused I took part
With falsehood, only for to make thee true?
How oft have I argued against my heart,
Not suffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not have thee what thou art,
I made myself unto myself untrue:
So much my love labour'd against my sin,
To shut out fear, which yet kept fear within.

For I could never think the aspiring mind
Of worthy and victorious Antony,
Could be by such a syren so deceiv'd,
As to be train'd a prey to luxury;
I could not think my lord would be a' wretch,
As to despise his children, Rome, and me;
But O! how soon see they deceiv'd that trust,
And more their shame, that will be so unjust.

But now that certain fate hath open laid
Thy new relapse, and strange revolt from me;
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the passage of my sorrows free;
For now, poor heart, there's nothing in the way
Remains to stand betwixt despair and thee;
All is thrown down, there comes no succour now,
It is most true, my lord is most untrue.

And now I may with shame enough pull in
The colours I advanced in his grace;
For that subduing power that him did win,
Hath lost me too the honour of my face:
Yet why should I, bearing no part of sin,
Bear such a mighty part of his disgrace?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine;
And his renown being 'clips'd, mine cannot dim.

Which makes me, as I do, hide from the eye
Of the misjudging vulgar, that will deem,
That sure there was in me some reason why
Which made thee thus my bed to detest:
So that, alas! poor undervalving I
A cause of thy unclean deserts shall seem,
Though lust takes never joy in what is done,
But still leaves known delights to seek out men.

And yet my brother Caesar labour'd
To have me leave thy house, and live more free;
But God forbid Octavia should be led,
To leave to live in thine, though left by thee;
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed
Are still the objects that remember me,
What Antony was once, although false now,
And is my lord, though he neglect his vow.

These walls that here do keep me ought of night,
Shall keep me all unspotted unto thee,
And testify that I will do thee right,
I'll never stain thy house, though thou shame me:
The now and chamber of my once delight
Shall be the temple of my piety,
Sacred unto the faith I reverence,
Where I will pay my tears for thy offence.

Although my youth, thy absence, and this way
Might draw my blood to forfeit unto shame,
Nor need I frustrate my delights so long,
That have such means to carry so the same,
Since that the face of greatness is so strong,
As it dissolves suspect, and bears out blame,
Having all secret helps that long tharsto,
That seldom wants there ought but will to do.

Which yet to do, ere lost this heart shall seem,
Earth swallow me alive, Hell wrap me hence:
Shall I, because despis'd, contemn my shame,
And add disgrace to others' impudence?
What can my power, but give more power to fame?
Greatness must make it great incontinence:
Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,
No door keeps in their shame that do not well.

lath greatness ought peculiar else alone,
 but to stand fair and bright above the base?
 What doth divide the cottage from the throne,
 / vice shall lay both level with disgrace?
 or if uncleanness make them but all one,
 What privilege hath honour by his place?
 What though our sins go brave and better clad,
 they are as those in rags, as base, as bad.

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
 lath undiscerning custom plac'd our kind
 Under desert, and set us far below
 The reputation to our sex assign'd:
 We're our wrong reputed weakness, how
 Vague are unconstant, fickle, false, unkind:
 and though our life with thousand proofs shows so,
 't is since strength says it, weakness must be so.

Inequal partage, to b' allowed no share
 Of power to do of life's best benefit;
 but stand, as if we interdicted were
 Of virtue, action, liberty, and might:
 Just you have all, and not vouchsafe to spare
 Our weakness any int'rest of delight?
 Is there no portion left for us at all,
 but sufferance, sorrow, ignorance, and thrall?

Oh! happy you, in whom it is no fault,
 To know, to speak, to do, and to be wise:
 Whose words have credit, and whose deeds, though
 Must yet be made to seem far otherwise: [sought,
 You can be only heard, whilst we are taught
 To hold our peace, and not to exercise
 The powers of our best parts, because your parts
 Have with our freedom robb'd us of our hearts.

We, in this prison of ourselves could'd,
 Must here shut up with our own passions live
 Locked in upon us, and deny'd to find
 The vent of outward means that might relieve:
 That they alone must take up all our mind:
 And no room left us, but to think and grieve.
 Yet oft our narrow'd thoughts look more direct
 Than your loose wisdoms, born with wild neglect.

For should we too (as God forbid we should)
 Carry no better hand on our desires
 Than your strength doth, what int'rest could
 Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
 What mixture of strange generations would
 Incead the fortunes of uncertain sires?
 What foul confusion in your blood and race,
 To your immortal shame and our disgrace?

What, are there here for us, no bounds for you?
 Must levity stand sure, though firmness fall?
 And are you privileg'd to be untrue,
 And we no grant to be dispens'd withal?
 Must we inviolable keep your due,
 Both to your love and to your falsehood thrall?
 Whilst you have stretch'd your lust upon your will,
 Is it your strength were licens'd to do ill.

Oh! if you be more strong, then be more just,
 Clear this suspicion, make not th' world to doubt,
 Whether in strong or weak be better trust,
 If frailty or else valour be more stout:
 And if we have shut in our hearts from lost,
 Let not your bad example let them out,
 Think that there is like feeling in our blood,
 If you still have us good, ha you then good.

Is it that love doth take no true delight
 In what it hath, but still in what it would,
 Which draws you on to do us this unright,
 Whilst fear in us of losing what we hold,
 Keeps us in still to you, that set us light,
 So that, what you unties, doth us inhold?
 Then Love, 't is thou that dost confound us so,
 To make our truth, th' occasion of our woe.

Distressed womankind, that either must,
 For loving loose your loves, or get neglect:
 Whilst wantons are more car'd for than the just,
 And falsehood cherish'd, faith without respect:
 Better she fares in whom is lesser trust,
 And more is lov'd that is in more suspect.
 Which (pardon me) shows no great strength of mind
 To be most theirs, that use you most unkind.

Yet well it fits, for that sin ever must
 Be tortur'd with the rack of his own frame;
 For he that holds no faith, shall find no trust,
 But sowing wrong, is sure to reap the same:
 How can he look to have his measure just,
 That fills deceit, and reckons not of shame,
 And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,
 Shall ever pine for that which he hath not?

Yet if thou could'st not love, thou might'st have
 seem'd,
 Though to have seem'd had likewise been unjust:
 Yet so much are lean shows of us esteem'd,
 That oft they feed, though not suffice our trust:
 Because our nature grieveth to be deem'd
 To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must;
 And it's some ease yet to be kindly us'd
 In outward show, though secretly abus'd.

But woe to her that both in show despair'd,
 And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorn,
 For whom no comforts are to be deriv'd,
 Nor no new hopes can evermore be born:
 O Antony, could it not have suffic'd
 That I was thine, but must be made her scorn,
 That envies all her blood, and doth divide
 Thee from thyself, only to serve her pride?

What fault have I committed that should make
 So great dislike of me and of my love?
 Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
 For to dislike what most doth it reprove?
 Because the conscience gladly would mistake
 Her own misdeeds, which she would fain remove;
 And they that are unwilling to amend,
 Will take offence, because they will offend.

Or having run beyond all pardon quite,
 They fly and join with sin, as wholly his,
 Making it now their side, their part, their right,
 And to turn back, would show t' have done amiss:
 For now they think, not to be opposite
 To what upbraids their fault, were wickedness:
 So much doth folly thrust them into blame,
 That er'e to leave off shame, they count it shame.

Which do not thou, dear lord, for I do not
 Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy return
 Back to thyself, whom thou hast both forgot
 With me, poor me, that doth not spite, but mourn;
 And if thou could'st as well amend thy blot
 As I forgive, these plaints had been forborne:
 And thou should'st be the same unto my heart,
 Which once thou wert, not that which now thou art.

Though deep doth sit the hard recovering smart
Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my sad soul, than all th' unkindness past:
And, Antony, I appeal to thine own heart, (heart)
(If th' heart which once was thine, thou yet still
To judge if ever woman that did live
Had juster cause, than wretched I, to grieve?)

For coming unto Athens, as I did,
Weary and weak with toil, and all distress'd,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request:
And how my travel was considered,
And all my ease and ease, thyself knows best,
That would'st not move one foot from lust for me,
That had left all was dear to come to thee.

For first, what great ado had I to win
My offended brother Caesar's backward will?
And pray'd, and wept, and cry'd to stay the sin
Of civil rancour, rising 'twixt you still:
For in what case shall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both, to share with both your ill?
"My blood," said I, "with either of you goes,
Whoever win, I shall be sure to lose."

For what shame should such mighty persons get,
For two weak women's cause to disagree?
Nay, what shall I that shall be doom'd to set
Th' unkindled fire, seeming indiam'd for me?
O, if I be the motive of this heat,
Let these unguilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trow to mediate an accord,
The agent 'twixt my brother and my lord.

With prayers, vows, and tears, with urging hard,
I wrong from him a slender grant at last,
And with the rich provisions I prepar'd
For thy (intended) Parthian war made haste,
Weighing not how my poor weak body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties past,
And came to Athens; whence I Niger sent,
To show thee of my coming and intent.

Whereof when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no near:
Then sent I back, to know what should be done
With th' horse, and men, and money I had there:
Whereat, perhaps, when some remove begun
To touch thy soul, to think yet what we were,
Th' enchantress straight step'd 'twixt thy heart
and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of me.

She arms her tears, the engines of deceit,
And all her battery to oppose my love,
And bring thy coming grace to a retreat,
The power of all her subtlety to prove:
Now pale and faint she languishes, and straight
Seems in a sound, unable more to move:
Whilst her instructed fellows ply thine ears
With forged passions, mix'd with feigned tears.

"Hard-hearted lord," say they, "how can'st thou
This mighty queen, a creature so divine, (see)
Lie thus distress'd, and languishing for thee,
And only wretched, but for being thine?
Whilst base Octavia must entitled be
Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy concubine:
Advance thy heart, raise it unto his right,
And let a sceptre bear passions quit."

Thus they assail thy nature's weakest side,
And work upon th' advantage of thy mind,
Knowing where judgment stood least fortified,
And how t' encounter folly in her kind:
But yet the while, O what dost thou abide,
Who in thyself such wretched thoughts dost find!
In what confused case is thy soul in,
Rack'd betwixt pity, sorrow, shame, and sin!

I cannot tell, but sure I dare believe
My travels needs must some compassion move:
For no such lock to blood could Nature give,
To shut out pity, though it shut out love:
Conscience must leave a little way to grieve,
To let in horror, coming to reprove
The guilt of thine offence that caus'd the sin,
For deepest wounds the hand of our own sin.

Never have unjust pleasures been complete,
In joys entire, but still fear kept the door,
And held back something from that full of ease
To interour assure delights the more:
For never did all circumstances meet
With those desires which were conceiv'd before,
Something must still be left to check our sin,
And give a touch of what should not have been.

Wretched mankind! wherefore hath Nature met
The lawful undelightful, th' unjust shame?
As if our pleasures only were forbid,
But to give fire to love, t' add greater flame:
Or else, but as ordain'd more to lase
Our heart with passions to confound the same;
Which though it be, yet add not worms to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine own will.

Redeem thyself, and now at length make pass
With thy divided heart, oppress'd with toil:
Break up this war, thy breast-discussion cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile:
I do not only seek thy good t' increase,
But thine own ease and liberty; the while
Thou in the circuit of thyself confine
And be thine own, and then thou wilt be mine.

I know my pitied love doth aggravate
Envy and wrath for these wrongs offered:
And that my sufferings add with my estate
Coals in thy bosom, hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wish t' have been supplanted
Of all but thee, than that my love should be
Hurtful to him that is so dear to me.

Cannot the busy world let me alone,
To bear alone the burden of my grief,
But they must intermeddle with my woes,
And seek t' offend me with unsoot relief?
Whilst my afflictions labour to move some
But only thee: must pity play the thief,
To steal so many hearts to hurt my heart,
And move a part against my dearest part?

Yet all this shall not prejudice my love,
If yet he will but make return at last,
His sight shall raise out of the sad record
Of my hurled grief all that is past:
And I will not so much as once afford
Place for a thought, to think I was disagree'd;
And pity shall bring back again with me,
Th' offended hearts that have forsaken thee.

And therefore come, dear lord, lest longer stay
 I arm against thee all the powers of spite,
 And thou be made at last the wofull prey
 Of full enkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
 It what presaging thought of blood doth stay
 Thy trembling hand, and doth my soul affright?
 What horror do I see, prepar'd t' attend
 On'st event of this? what end, unless thou end?

With what strange forms and shadows ominous,
 And my last sleep my griev'd soul entertain?
 I dreamt, yet O! dreams are but frivolous,
 And yet I'll tell it, and God grant it vain.
 I thought a mighty hippopotamus,
 From Nilus floating, thrusts into the main,
 Upon whose back a wanton mermaid sat,
 As if she rul'd his course, and steer'd his fate.

With whom t' encounter, forth another makes,
 Like in kind, of strength and power as good:
 Whose engrappling, Neptune's mantle takes
 Purple colour, dy'd with streams of blood;
 He great this looker-on amaz'd, forsakes
 Or champion there, who yet the better stood:
 Not seeing her gone, straight after her he hies,
 As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

In follows wrath upon disgrace and fear,
 Thenceforth th' event foretook me with the night,
 Not my wak'd cares gave me, these shadows were
 Wawn but from darkness to instruct the light;
 These secret figures Nature's message bear
 Of coming woes, were they decipher'd right;
 Not if as clouds of sleep thou shalt them take,
 Yet credit wrath and spite that are awake.

Arrest, great spirit, the tempests that begin,
 Lest lust and thy ambition have left way
 Not to look out, and have not shut all in,
 To stop thy judgment from a true survey
 Of thy estate, and let thy heart within
 Consider in what danger thou dost lay
 By life and mine, to leave the good thou hast,
 To follow hopes with shadows overcast.

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from
 Deceit,
 Cases thine own with right, with truth, with
 Peace:
 Resak from these snares, thy judgment unbeguile,
 See thine own torment, and my grief release.
 Whither am I carried all this while
 Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease?
 Yords still with my increasing sorrows grow:
 I know t' have said too much, but not know.
 Therefore no more, but only I commend
 To thee the heart that's thine; and so I end.

1 A sea-horse.

DEDICATION

OF

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH.

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY OF THE MOST WISE
 PRINCESS, ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF ENGLAND,
 SCOTLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND.

Hence, what your sacred influence begat
 (Most lov'd, and most respected majesty)
 With humble heart and hand, I consecrate
 Unto the glory of your memory:
 As being a piece of that solemnity,
 Which your magnificence did celebrate
 In hallowing of those roofs (you rear'd of late)
 With fires and cheerful hospitality;
 Whereby, and by your splendid worthiness,
 Your name shall longer live, than shall your walls:
 For that fair structure goodness finishes,
 Bears off all change of times, and never falls.
 And that is it hath let you in so far
 Into the heart of England, as you are.
 And worthily, for never yet was queen,
 That more a people's love have merited
 By all good graces, and by having been
 The means our state stands fast established,
 And bless'd by your bless'd womb, who are this day
 The highest-born queen of Europe, and alone
 Have brought this land more blessings every way,
 Than all the daughters of strange kings have done.
 For we by you no claims, no quarrels have,
 No factions, no betraying of affairs:
 You do not spend our blood, nor states, but save:
 You strength us by alliance, and your heirs.
 Not like those fatal marriages of France,
 For whom this kingdom hath so dearly paid,
 Which only our afflictions did advance,
 And brought us far more miseries than aid.
 Renowned Denmark, that hast furnished
 The world with princes, how much do we owe
 To thee for this great good thou didst bestow,
 Whereby we are both bless'd and honour'd?
 Thou didst not so much hurt us heretofore,
 But now thou hast rewarded us far more.
 But what do I on this high subject fall
 Here, in the front of this low pastoral?
 This a more grave and spacious room requires,
 To show your glory, and my deep desires.

Your majesty's most humble servant,

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE

PROLOGUE.

HYMEN, OPPOSED BY AVARICE, ENVY, AND FALSHOOD, THE
 DISTURBERS OF QUIET MARRIAGE, FIRST ENTRED.

HYMEN.

In this disguise and pastoral attire,
 Without my sabbon robe, without my torch,
 Or rather aways of my duty,
 I Hymen am come hither secretly,
 To make Arcadia see a work of glory,
 That shall deserve an everlasting story.

Here shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant lovers that were ever seen,
From out the greatest sufferings of annoy
That Fortune could inflict, to their full joy:
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antic sport,
But tender passions, motions soft and grave,
The still spectators must expect to have.

For these are only Cynthia's recreatives
Made unto Phoebus, and are feminine;
And therefore must be gentle like to her,
Whose sweet affections mildly move and stir.

And here, with this white wand will I effect
As much as with my flaming torch of love:
And with the power thereof, affections move
In these fair nymphs and shepherds round about.

ENVY.

Stay, Hymen, stay, you shall not have the day
Of this great glory, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were ever wont,
Oppose you in the matches you address,
And undermine them with disturbances.

HYMEN.

Now, do thy worst, base Envy, thou canst do,
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.

AVARICE.

Then will I, Hymen, in despite of thee,
I will make parents cross desires of love
With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolve
The strongest knots of kindest faithfulness.

HYMEN.

Hence, greedily Avarice, I know thou art
A hag that doest bewitch the minds of men:
Yet shalt thou have no share at all herein.

JEALOUSY.

Then will I, Hymen, do thou what thou canst,
I will steal closely into linked hearts;
And shake their veils with cold distrustfulness;
And ever keep them waking in their fears,
With spirits, which their imagination rears.

HYMEN.

Disquiet Jealousy, vile Fury, thou
That art the ugly monster of the mind,
Avaunt, begone, thou shalt have nought to do
In this fair work of ours, nor ever more
Canst enter there, where honour keeps the door.

And therefore, hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is sacred to integrity,
And clean desires; your sight most loathsome is
Unto so well dispos'd a company.
Therefore be gone, I charge you by my power,
We must have nothing in Arcadis, sour.

ENVY.

Hymen, thou canst not chase us so away,
For look, how long as thou mak'st marriages,
So long will we produce encumbrances;
And we will in the same disguise as thou,
Mix us amongst the shepherds, that we may
Effect our work the better, being unknown;
For ill show other faces than their own.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Had sorrow ever sifter place
To act his part,
Than in my heart,
Where it takes up all the space?
Where is no vein
To entertain
A thought that wears another face.
Nor will I sorrow ever have
Therein to be
But only thee,
To whom I full possession gave:
Thou in thy name
Must hold the same,
Until thou bring it to the grave.

THE

SONG OF THE FIRST CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Love is a torment of the mind,
A temper overlazing;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

THE

SONG OF THE SECOND CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Desire, that is of things ungot,
See what travail it procureth,
And how much the mind endureth,
To gain what yet it gaineth not:
For never was it paid,
The charge defray'd,
According to the price of thought.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Erin, hide my love and do not show
To any but to her my notes,
Who only doth that cipher know,
Wherewith we pass our secret thoughts:
Bely your looks in others' sight;
And wrong yourselves to do her right.

THE
FOURTH SONG OF THE CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

QUESTION.

Where ever charts and honest hearts
Expos'd unto so great distresses?

ANSWER.

Yes: they that act the worthiest parts,
Most commonly have worst successes;
Great fortunes follow not the best,
It 's virtue that is most distress'd.

Then, Fortune, why do we admire
The glory of thy great excesses?
Since by thee what men acquire,
Thy work and not their worths expresses.
Nor dost thou raise them for their good:
But 't have their ills more understood.

THE
SONG OF THE FIFTH CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Whoever saw so fair a sight,
Love and Virtue met aright:
And that wonder Constauncy,
Like a comet to the eye
Seldom ever seen so bright?
Sound out aloud to rare a thing,
That all the hills and vales may ring.

Look, lovers look, with passion see,
If that any such there be:
As there cannot but be such
Who do feel that noble touch
In this glorious company,
Sound out aloud, &c.

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours,
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers,
Whilst the Earth (our common mother)
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of Heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ill.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid)
Doth me and my love despise,
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obey'd,
And well he ends, for love who dies.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN.

STEELE.

Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses come,
Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil,
That travail in the deep,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these:
But here it dwells, and here must I,
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish off the while.
Who may disport them diversly,
Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But nature of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease:

And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still :
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill

VERS.

That doth opinion only cause,
That 's out of custom bred ;
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever Nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood ;
The world we see by warlike sights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of warret,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best :
To purge the mischiefs, that increase,
And all good order mar :
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

VERS.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here ;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be woo that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won ;
For beauty hath created been
To undo or be undone.

DEDICATION

OF

THE QUEEN'S ARCADIA.

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AND HER LANCE, BY THE
UNIVERSITY OF SEBORD IN CHURCH'S CHURCH, IN AUGUST, 1603.

TO THE

QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

THAT which their zeal, whose only zeal was bent
To show the best they could that might delight,
Your royal mind, did lately represent,
Renown'd empress, to your princely sight :
Is now the offering of their humbleness,
Here consecrated to your glorious name ;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to bless
So poor presentments, and to grace the same.
And though it be in th' humblest rank of words,
And in the lowest region of ear speech,
Yet is it in that kind, as best accords
With rural passions, which use not to reach
Beyond the groves, and woods, where they were bred :
And best becomes a cloistral exercise,
Where men shut out retir'd, and sequester'd
From public fashion, seem to sympathize

With innocent and plain simplicity :
And living here under the awful hand
Of discipline and strict observance,
Learn but our weaknesses to understand.
And therefore dare not enterprise to show
In lower style the hidden mysteries,
And arts of thrones, which none that are below
The sphere of action, and the exercise
Of power, can truly show ; though man may stand
Conceit above the pitch where it should stand,
And form more monstrous figures than contain
A possibility, and go beyond
The nature of those managements so far,
As oft their common decency they mar :
Whereby the populace (in which such skill
Is needless) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turn all to a taste of ill
Whatever power shall do, or might intend :
And think all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done :
Yet th' eye of practice, looking down from high
Upon such over-reaching vanity,
Sees how from error to error it doth float,
As from an unknown ocean into a gulf :
And how though th' wolf would counterfeit the goat,
Yet every chink betrays him for a wolf.

And therefore in the view of state 't have show'd
A counterfeit of state, had been to fight
A candle to the Sun, and so bestow'd
Our pains to bring our diseases unto light.
For majesty and power can nothing see
Without itself, that can sight-worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble argument hath birth,
Erect our scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth, [bring ;
From whence we pluck'd the flow'rs that here we
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serve but for a spring.
The first seat is the best in things as these :
A music of this nature on the ground,
Is ever wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royal goodness may raise new,
Grace but the Muses, they will honour you.
Chi non fa, non fall.

IN THE

IN THE

VISION OF THE TWELVE GODDESSES

Dance, Reward, and Gratitude,
The graces of society,
Do here with hand in hand conclude
The blessed chain of amity :
For we deserve, we give, we thank,
Thanks, gifts, deserts, thus join in rank.
We yield the splendid rays of light,
Unto these blessings that descend :
The grace whereof with more delights,
The well disposing doth commend ;
Whilst gratitude, rewards, deserts,
Please, win, draw on, and couple hearts.

For worth, and power, and due respect,
Deserves, bestows, returns with grace :
The need, reward, the kind affect,
That give the world a cheerful face,
And turning in this course of right,
Make virtue move with true delight.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

HEAR worth with honour make their choice
For measur'd notions order'd right,
W' let us likewise give a voice,
Unto the touch of our delight.

: comforts lock'd up without sound,
Are th' unborn children of the thought:
To unto treasures never found,
That buried low are left forgot.

here words our glory doth not show,
(There) like brave actions without fame:
seems as plants not set to grow,
Or as a tomb without a name.

DEDICATION

OF

THE TRAGEDY OF CLEOPATRA.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE LADY MARY, COUNTESS
OF PEMBROKE.

So! here the labour which she did impose,
Whose influence did predominate my Muse,
The star of wonder my desires first chose,
To guide their travels in the course I use:
She, whose clear brightness had the power to infuse
Strength to my thoughts, from whence these motions came.

Call'd up my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of state, and tragic notes to frame.

Who (contented with an humble song)
Made music to myself that pleas'd me best,
And only told of Delia, and her wrong,
And prais'd her eyes, and plain'd mine own unrest:
(A text from whence my Muse had not digress'd)
Madam, had not thy well-grac'd Antony
(Who all alone having remained long)
Requir'd his Cleopatra's company.

Who if she here do so appear in yet,
That he can scarce discern her for his queen,
Finding how much she of herself hath lack'd,
And mis'd that grace wherein she should be seen,
Her worth obscur'd, her spirit embas'd clean;
Yet lighting them by thy sweet cheerfulness
My dark defects, which from her powers detract,
He may her guess by some resemblances.

And I hereafter in another kind,
More suited to the nature of my vein,
May peradventure raise my humble mind
To other music in this higher strain;
Since I perceive the world and thou dost deign
To countenance my song, and cherish me,
I must to work posterity may find
My love to serve, my gratitude to thee.

Now when so many pass (like spears) are charg'd
To chase away this tyrant of the north,
Gross Barbarism, whose pow'r grown far enlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valiant brother's worth
First found, encounter'd, and provoked forth:
Whose onset made the rest audacious,
Whereby they likewise have so well discharg'd
Upon that hideous beast encroaching thus.

And now must I with that poor strength I have
Resist so foul a foe in what I may:
And arm against oblivion and the grave,
That else in darkness carries all away,
And makes of all an universal prey;
So that if by my pen procure I shall,
But to defend me, and my name to save,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all.

But still the better part of me will live,
And in that part will live thy rev'rend name,
Although thyself dost far more glory give
Unto thyself, than I can by the same,
Who dost with thine own hand a bulwark frame
Against these monsters, (monsters of honour)
Which evermore shall so defend thy fame,
As time or they shall never prey upon her.

Those hymns which thou dost consecrate to Hear's,
Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
Unto thy voice eternity hath given, [came;
And makes thee dear to him from whence they
In them must rest thy venerable name,
So long as Sion's God remaineth honoured;
And till confusion hath all zeal bereav'd,
And murder'd faith, and temples ruined.

By this (great lady) thou wast then be known,
When Wilton lies low level'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou may'st call thine own,
Which sacrilegious time cannot confound.
Here thou surviv'st thyself, here thou art fur'd
Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame:
This monument cannot be overthrow'd,
Where, in eternal brass, remains thy name.

O that the ocean did not bound our style
Within these strict and narrow limits so;
But that the melody of our sweet isle
Might now be heard to Tyber, Arce, and Po:
That they might know how far Thames doth out-go
The music of declined Italy;
And list'ning to our songs another while,
Might learn of thee their notes to purify.

O why may not some after-coming hand
Unlock these limits, open our confines,
And break asunder this imprisoning band,
To enlarge our spirits, and publish our designs;
Planting our roses on the Apennines?
And to teach Rhyssa, the Leyre, and Rhodanus,
Our accents, and the wonders of our land,
That they might all admire and honour us.

Whereby great Sidney and our Spencer might,
With those Po singers being equalled,
Enchant the world with such a sweet delight,
That their eternal songs (for ever read).
May show what great Eliza's reign hath bred.
What music in the kingdom of her peace
Hath now been made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame shall never cease.

But if that Fortune doth deny us this,
Then Neptune lock up with thy ocean key
This treasure to ourselves, and let them miss
Of so sweet riches: as unworthy they
To taste the great delights that we enjoy.
And let our harmony, so pleasing grown,
Content ourselves, whose error ever is
Strange notes to like, and disesteem our own.

But, whither do my vows transport me now,
Without the compass of my course enjoin'd?
Alas! what honour can a voice so low
As this of mine expect hereby to find?
But, madam, this doth animate my mind,
That yet I shall be read among the rest,
And though I do not to perfection grow,
Yet something shall I be, though not the best.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

BEHOLD what furies still
Torment their tortur'd breast,
Who by their doing ill
Have wrought the world's unrest.

Which when being most distress'd,
Yet more to vex their sprite,
The hideous face of sin,
(In forms they must detest)
Stands ever in their sight.
Their conscience still within
Th' eternal larum is,
That ever-barking dog, that calls upon their min.

No means at all to hide,
Man for himself can find:
No way to start aside
Out from the hell of mind.
But in himself confin'd,
He still sees Sin before;
And winged-footed Pain,
That swiftly comes behind,
The which is evermore
The sure and certain gain
Impiety doth get,
And wants loose Respect, that doth itself forget.

And Cleopatra now
Well sees the dangerous way
She took, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.
And likewise makes us pay
For her disorder'd lust
The interest of our blood,
Or live a servile prey
Under a hand unjust,
As others shall think good.
This hath a riot won;
And thus she hath her scate, herself, and us undone.

Now every mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:
How that she did not well,
To take the course she did.

For now is nothing hid,
Of what fear did restrain.
No secret closely done,
But now is utter'd.
The text is made most plain
That flattery gloss'd upon,

The bed of Sin reveal'd, [confd.
And all the luxury that Shame would have on.

The scene is broken down,
And all uncover'd lies,
The purple actors known
Scarce men, whom men despise.

The complots of the wise,
Prove imperfections smok'd:
And all that wonder gave
To pleasure-gazing eyes,
Lies scatter'd, dash'd, all broke.
Thus much beguiled have
Poor unconsiderate wights,
These momentary pleasures, fugitive delights.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

O know, how dost thou molest
Th' affected mind of restless man?
Who following thee never can,
Nor ever shall attain to rest,
Forgetting what thou say'st is best;
Yet lo! that best he finds far wide
Of what thou promisedst before:
For in the same he look'd for more,
Which proves but small, when once 't is try'd.
Then something else thou find'st beside,
To draw him still from thought to thought:
When in the end all proves but nought.
Further from rest he finds him then,
Than at the first when he began.
O malecontent, seducing guest,
Countriver of our greatest woes,
Which born of wind, and fed with shows,
Dost nurse thyself in thine narrows,
Judging ungoten things the best,
Or what thou in conceit design'st,
And all things in the world dost deem
Not as they are, but as they seem:
Which shows their state thou ill defin'st:
And lie'st to come, in present pain.
For what thou hast, thou still dost lack:
O mind's tormentor, body's rack,
Vain promiser of that sweet rest
Which never any yet possess'd.

If we unto ambition tend,
Then dost thou draw our weakness on,
With vain imagination
Of that which never hath an end.
Or if that lust we apprehend,
How dost that pleasant plague infect?
O what strange forms of luxury,
Thou straight dost cast t' entice us by?
And tell'st us that is ever best,
Which we have never yet possess'd,
And that more pleasure rests beside,
In something that we have not try'd:
And when the same likewise is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony can say is true,
And Cleopatra knows 't is so,
By th' experience of their woe.
She can say, she never knew
But that lust found pleasures new,

And was never satisfy'd:
 I can say by proof of toil,
 Ambition is a vulture vile,
 That feeds upon the heart of pride,
 Finds no rest when all is try'd.
 No worlds cannot confine the one;
 No other lists and bounds hath none;
 And both subvert the mind, the state,
 procure destruction, envy, hate.

Now when all this is prov'd vain,
 My opinion leaves not here,
 But sticks to Cleopatra near,
 Persuading now, how she shall gain
 Honour by death, and fame attain,
 And what a shame it was to live,
 Her kingdom lost, her lover dead:
 And so with this persuasion led,
 Despair doth such a courage give,
 It nought else can her mind relieve,
 Nor yet divert her from that thought:
 So this conclusion all is brought.
 This is that rest this vain world lends,
 To end in death, that all things ends.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

O fearful frowning Nemesis,
 Daughter of Justice most severe,
 That art the world's great arbitress,
 And queen of causes reigning here:
 Thy swift sure hand is ever near
 Eternal Justice, righting wrong:
 Who never yet deferred long
 The proud's decay, the weak's redress:
 But through thy power every where,
 Dost raise the great, and raise the low;
 The less made great doth ruin too,
 To show the Earth what Heaven can do.

Thou from dark-obs'd eternity,
 From thy black cloudy hidden seat,
 The world's disorders dost descry:
 Which when they swell so proudly great,
 Reversing th' order Nature set,
 Thou giv'st thy all-confounding doom,
 Which none can know before it come:
 Th' inevitable destiny,
 Which neither wit nor strength can let,
 Fast chain'd unto necessity,
 In mortal things doth order so,
 Th' alternate course of weal or woe.

O how the pow'rs of Heaven do play
 With travell'd mortality:
 And doth their weakness still betray,
 In their best prosperity!
 When being lifted up so high,
 They look beyond themselves so far,
 That in themselves they take no care;
 Whilst swift confusion down doth lay
 Their late proud mounting vanity:
 Bringing their glory to decay,
 And with the ruin of their fall,
 Extinguish people, state, and all.

VOL. III.

But is it justice that all we,
 The innocent poor multitudes,
 For great men's faults should punish'd be,
 And to destruction thus persu'd?
 O why should th' Heavens us include,
 Within the compass of their fall,
 Who of themselves procured all?
 Or do the gods (in close) decree,
 Occasion take how to intrude
 Men from the Earth with cruelty?
 Ah no, the gods are ever just,
 Our faults excuse their rigour most.

This is the period fate set down,
 To Egypt's fat prosperity:
 Which now unto her greatest grown,
 Must perish thus, by course must die,
 And some must be the causes why
 This revolution must be wrought;
 As born to bring their state to nought:
 To change the people and the crown,
 And purge the world's iniquity:
 Which vice so far hath overgrown,
 As we, so they that treat us thus,
 Must one day perish like to us.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Mysterious Egypt, wonder-broeder,
 Strict religion's strange observer,
 State-orderer Zeal, the best rule-keeper,
 Fost'ring still intemperate favour:
 O how can'st thou to lose so wholly
 All religion, law, and order?
 And thus become the most unholy
 Of all lands, that Nile's border?
 How could confus'd Disorder enter
 Where stern Law sat so severely?
 How durst weak Lust and Riot venture
 Th' eye of Justice looking nearly?
 Could not those means that made thee great,
 Be still the means to keep thy state?

Ah no, the course of things requiroth
 Change and alteration ever:
 That same continuance men desireth,
 Th' unconstant world yieldeth never.
 We in our counsels must be blinded,
 And not see what doth import us:
 And oftentimes the thing least minded,
 Is the thing that most must hurt us.
 Yet they that have the start in guiding,
 'T is their fault that should prevent it,
 For oft they seeing their country sliding,
 Take their ease, as though concerned.
 We imitate the greater powers,
 The prince's manners fashion ours.

Th' example of their tight regarding,
 Vulgar looseness much increases:
 Vice uncontrol'd grows wide enlarging,
 Kings' small faults be great offences,
 And this hath set the window open
 Unto licence, lust, and riot:
 This way confusion first found broken,
 Whereby enter'd our disputes,

P p

Those laws that old Sesostris founded,
And the Pharaohs observed,
Hereby first came to be confounded,
Which our state so long preserved.
The wanton luxury of court,
Did form the people of like sort.

For all (respecting private pleasure)
Universally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
In their own delights contenting:
And future dangers nought respecting,
Whereby, (O how easy matter
Made this so general neglecting,
Confus'd weakness to disscatter :)
Cæsar found th' effect true try'd,
In his easy entrance making :
Who at the sight of arms, deary'd
All our people, all forsaking,
For riot (worse than war) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus in Egypt servile render'd
To the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure tetter'd,
All her wealth that did betray her.
Which poison (O if Heaven be rightful)
May so far infect their senses,
That Egypt's pleasure, so delightful,
May breed them the like offences;
And Romans, learn our way of weakness,
Be instructed in our vices:
That our spoils may spoil your greatness,
Overcome with our devices.
Fill full your hands, and carry home,
Enough from us to ruin Rome.

CHORUS

FROM THE SAME.

THAT thus we have beheld
Th' accomplishment of woe,
The full of ruin, and
The worst of worst of ill:
And seen all hope expell'd,
That ever sweet repose
Shall recompense the land,
That desolation fills,
And where ambition spills,
With uncontrolled hand,
All th' issues of all those
That so long rule have held:
To make us no more us,
But clean confound us thus.

And can'st, O Nile, thou
Father of floods, endure,
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streams rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him whose feet so pure,
Whose unknown hand we hold
A power divine to be?
Thou that didst ever see
Thy free banks uncontrol'd,
Live under thine own care:
Ah, wilt thou bear it now?

And now wilt yield thy streams
A prey to other realms?

Draw back thy waters, flow
To thy concealed head:
Rocks strangle up thy waves,
Stop cataracts thy fall,
And turn thy courses so,
That sandy deserts dead,
(The world of dust that craves
To swallow thee up all)
May drink so much as shall
Revive from wastey graves,
A living green, which spread
Far flourishing, may grow
On that wide face of death,
Where nothing now draws breath.

Fatten some people there,
Ere'n as thou art best done,
With plenty's wanton store,
And feeble luxury:
And them as we prepare
Fit for the duty of men,
Respite not before.
Leave level'd Egypt dry,
A barren prey to lie,
Wasted for evermore;
Of plenty's yielding nose
To recompense the care
Of victor's greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so, O leave to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race possess
Th' inheritance of shame,
The fee of sin, that we
Have left them for their part:
The yoke of whose distress
Must still upbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came.
Our weight of wantonness
Lies heavy on their heart,
Who nevermore shall see
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought us forth.

O thou all-seeing light,
High president of Heaven,
You magistrates, the stars,
Of that eternal court
Of providence and right,
Are these the bounds y' have given
Th' untranspassable bars
That limit pride so short?
Is greatness of this sort,
That greatness greatness' man,
And racks itself, self-driven
On rocks of her own might?
Doth order order so,
Disorders overthrow?

DEDICATION

OF THE

TRAGEDY OF PHILOTAS.

TO THE PRINCE.

O you, most hopeful prince, not as you are,
 ut as you may be, do I give these lines:
 hat when your judgment shall arrive so far,
 s t' overlook th' intricate designs
 f uncontested man; you may behold
 ith what encounters greatest fortunes close,
 hat dangers, what attempts, what manifold
 nnumbrances ambition undergoes;
 ow hardly men digest felicity;
 ow to th' intemperate, to the prodigal,
 o wantonness, and unto luxury,
 feasy things went, but to ambition all.
 nd you shall find the greatest enemy
 hat man can have, is his prosperity.

Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
 nd plant bad courses under pleasing shows,
 ow well presumption's broken ways defends,
 hich clear-ey'd judgment gravely doth disclose.
 ere shall you see how th' easy multitude,
 ransported, take the party of distress;
 nd only out of passions do conclude,
 ot out of judgment of mens' practices; [har,
 ow powers are thought to wrong, that wrongs de-
 ind kings not held in danger, though they are.
 hese ancient representations of times past,
 ell us that men have, do, and always run
 he self-same line of action, and do cast
 heir course alike, and nothing can be done,
 whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same:
 ut will be wrought upon the self-same frame.

This benefit, most noble prince, doth yield
 he sure records of books, in which we find
 he treasure of our state, how it was held
 y all our ancestors, and in what kind
 e held the same, and likewise how in th' end
 his frail possession of felicity
 hall to our late posterity descend
 y the same patent of like destiny.
 in them we find that nothing can accrue
 o man, and his condition that is new.
 hich images here figur'd in this wise,
 I leave unto your more mature survey,
 amongst the vows that others sacrifice
 nto the hope of you, that you one day
 Will give grace to this kind of harmony. [know,
 For know, great prince, when you shall come to
 how that it is the fairest ornament
 Of worthy times, to have those which may show
 he deeds of power, and lively represent
 he actions of a glorious government.
 And is no lesser honour to a crown
 T' have writers, than have actors of renown.

And though you have a swannet of your own,
 Within the banks of Doven, meditates
 Sweet notes to you, and unto your renown,
 The glory of his music dedicates,
 And in a soft tone is set to sound
 The deep reports of sullen tragedies:
 Yet may this last of me be likewise found
 Amongst the vows that others sacrifice

Unto the hope of you; that you one day
 May grace this now neglected harmony,
 Which set unto your glorious actions, may
 Record the same to all posterity.

Though I the remnant of another time,
 Am never like to see that happiness,
 Yet for the zeal that I have borne to rhyme,
 And to the Muses, wish that good success
 To others' travel, that in better place,
 And better comfort, they may be incheard
 Who shall deserve, and who shall have the grace
 To have a Muse held worthy to be heard. [know,
 And know, sweet prince, when you shall come to
 That 't is not in the pow'r of kings to raise
 A spirit for verse, that is not born thereto,
 Nor are they born in every prince's days:
 For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more
 Than all the kings of England did before.

And it may be, the genius of that time
 Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
 And that the utmost powers of English-rhyme
 Should be within her peaceful reign confin'd;
 For since that time, our songs could never thrive,
 But lain as if forlorn; though in the prime
 Of this new raising season, we did strive
 To bring the best we could unto the time.

And I, although among the latter train,
 And least of those that sung unto this land,
 Have borne my part, though in an humble strain,
 And pleased the gentler that did understand:
 And never had my harmless pen at all
 Distain'd with any loose immodesty,
 Nor ever noted to be touch'd with gall,
 T' aggravate the worst man's infamy.
 But still have done the fairest offices
 To virtue and the time; yet nought prevails,
 And all our labours are without success,
 For either favour or our virtue fails.
 And therefore since I have outliv'd the date
 Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,
 I would my lines late born beyond the fate
 Of her spent line, had never come to light;
 So had I not been tax'd for wishing well,
 Nor now mistaken by the censoring stage,
 Nor, in my fame and reputation sell,
 Which I esteem more than what all the age
 Or th' earth can give. But years hath done this
 wrong;

To make me write too much, and live too long.

And yet I grieve for that unfinished frame,
 Which thou, dear Muse, didst vow to sacrifice
 Unto the bed of peace, and in the same
 Design our happiness to memorize,
 Must, as it is, remain, though as it is:
 It shall to after-times relate my zeal
 To kings and unto right, to quietness,
 And to the union of the commonweal.
 But this may now seem a superfluous vow,
 We have this peace; and thou hast sung enough.
 And more than will be heard, and then as good
 As not to write, as not be understood.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

.CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

We as the chorus of the vulgar, stand
 Spectators here, to see these great men play
 Their parts both of obedience and command,
 And censure all they do, and all they say.

For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them prove the best in show:
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire their mysteries of state,
Yet know we by th' events what plots have been,
And how they all without do personate.

We see who wall a meaner part became,
Fail in a greater and disgrace the same.
We see some worthy of advancement deem'd,
Save when they have it: some again have got
Good reputation, and been well-esteem'd
In place of greatness, which before were not.

We see affliction act a better scene {clean;
Than prosperous fortune, which hath marr'd it
We see that all which we have prais'd in some,
Have only been their fortune, not desert: {come,
Some war have grac'd, whom peace doth ill be-
And justif' ease hath bleas'd all their part:
We see Philotas acts his goodness ill,
And makes his passions to report of him
Worse than he is: and we do fear he will
Bring his free nature to b' intrap'd by them.
For sure there is some engine closely laid
Against his grace and greatness with the king:
And that unless his humours prove more stay'd,
We soon shall see his utter ruining.
And his affliction our compassion draws,
Which still looks on men's fortunes, not the cause.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

How dost thou wear, and weary out thy days,
Restless Ambition, never at an end!
Whose travels no Herulean pillar stays,
But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend,
Above good fortune thou thy hopes dost raise,
Still climbing, and yet never canst ascend:
For when thou hast attain'd unto the top
Of thy desires, thou hast not yet got up.

That height of fortune either is control'd
By some more pow'rful over-looking eye,
(That doth the fulness of thy grace withhold)
Or countercheck'd with some concurrency,
That it doth cost far more ado to hold
The height attain'd, than was to get so high,
Where stand thou canst not, but with careful toil,
Nor loose thy hold without thy utter spoil.

There dost thou struggle with thine own distrust,
And others' jealousies there counterplot,
Against some underworking pride, that must
Supplanted be, or else thou standest not;
There wrong is play'd with wrong, and he that thrusts
Down others, comes himself to have that lot.

The same concussion doth afflict his breast
That others shock, oppression is oppress'd.

That either happiness dwells not so high,
Or else above, whereto pride cannot rise:
And that the high't of man's felicity,
But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we climb but up to misery.
High fortunes are but high calamities.
It is not in that sphere where peace doth move;
Rest dwells below it, happiness above.

For in this height of fortune are involved
Those thund'ring fragors that affright the best:
From thence have all distemp'ratures their end,
That brings forth desolation, famine, death:
There certain order is disorder'd,
And there it is confusion hath her birth.
It is that height of fortune doth undo
Both her own quietness and others too.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

See how these great men clothe their private end
In those fair colours of the public good;
And to effect their ends, pretend the state,
As if the state by their affections stood:
And arm'd with pow'r and princes' justness,
Will put the least conceit of discontent
Into the greatest rank of treacheries,
That no one action shall seem innocent:
Yes, valour, honour, bounty shall be made
As accessories unto ends unjust:
And e'en the service of the state must lose
The needfullst undertakings with distrust.

So that base vileness, idle luxury,
Seem safer far, than to do worthily.
Suspicion, full of eyes, and full of ears,
Doth through the tincture of her own conceit
See all things in the colours of her fears,
And truth itself must look like to deceit,
That what way ever the suspected take,
Still envy will most cunningly forelay
The ambush of their ruin, or will make
Their humours of themselves to take that way.

But this is still the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent,
Who either carried in conceit too far,
Do work their own or others' discontent,
Or else are deem'd fit to be suppress'd,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since states have ever had far more cause
By spirits of worth, than men of meaner skill;

And find, that those do always better prove,
Wh' are equal to employment, not above.
For self-opinion would be seen more wise,
Than present counsels, customs, orders, laws:
And to the end to have them otherwise,
The commonwealth into combustion draws,
As if ordain'd t' embroil the world with it,
As well as greatness, to dishonour it.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

GRECIAN AND PERSIAN.

PERSIAN.

WELL, then, I see there is small difference
Betwixt your state and ours; you civil Greeks,
You great contrivers of free governments,
Whose skill the world from out all countries seek;
Those whom you call your kings, are but the same
As are our sovereign tyrants of the east;
I see they only differ but in name,
Th' effects they show, agree, or near at hand

Our great men here, as our great satrapes,
 see laid prostrate are with basest shame,
 Upon the least suspect or jealousies
 Our kings conceive, or others' envies frame;
 Holy herein they differ, that your prince
 proceeds by form of law 't effect his end;
 Our Persian monarch makes his frown convive
 The strongest truth, his sword the process ends
 With present death, and makes no more ado:
 He never stands to give a gloss unto
 His violence, to make it to appear
 In other hue than that it ought to bear,
 Wherein plain dealing best his course commends:
 For more he offends who by the law offends.
 What need have Alexander so to strive
 By all these shows of form, to find this man
 Guilty of treason, when he doth contrive
 To have him so adjudg'd? do what he can,
 He must not be acquit, though he be clear,
 Th' offender, not th' offence, is punish'd here.
 And what avails the fore-condemn'd to speak?
 However strong his cause, his statè is weak.

GRECIAN.

Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we
 Think that well done, which done by law we see.

PERSIAN.

And yet your law serves but your private ends,
 And to the compass of your power extends:
 But is it for the majesty of kings,
 To sit in judgment thus themselves with you?

GRECIAN.

To do men justice, as the thing that brings
 The greatest majesty on Earth to kings.

PERSIAN.

That, by their subalternate ministers
 May be perform'd as well, and with more grace:
 For, to command it to be done, infer
 More glory than to do. It doth imbese
 Th' opinion of a power 't invulgar so
 That sacred presence, which should never go,
 Never be seen, but e'en as gods, below,
 Like to our Persian king in glorious show;
 And who, as stars affixed to their sphere,
 May not descend to be from what they are.

GRECIAN.

Where kings are so like gods, there subjects are not
 men.

PERSIAN.

Your king begins this course, and what will you be
 then?

GRECIAN.

Indeed since prosperous fortune gave the rein
 To head-strong power and lust, I must confess
 We Grecians have lost deeply by our gain,
 And this our greatness makes us much the less:
 For by th' accession of these mighty states,
 Which Alexander wondrously hath got,
 He hath forgot himself and us, and rates
 His state above mankind, and ours at nought.
 This hath thy pomp (O feeble Asia) wrought!
 Thy base adorings hath transformed the king
 Into that shape of pride, as he is brought
 Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
 From whence the glory of his greatness springs,
 And that it was our swords that wrought these things.
 How well were we within the narrow bounds
 Of our sufficient yielding Macedon,
 Before our kings enlarg'd them with our wounds,
 And made these sallies of ambition!
 Before they came to give the regal law [awe!
 To those free states, which kept their crowns in
 They by these large dominions are made more,
 But we became far weaker than before.
 What get we now by winning, but wide minds
 And weary bodies, with th' expense of blood?
 What should ill do, since happy fortune finds
 But misery, and is not good though good?
 Action begets still action, and retains
 Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
 A never ending circle of our pains,
 That makes us not have done, when we have done.
 What can give bounds to Alexander's ends.
 Who counts the world but small, that calls him
 And his desires beyond his prey distends, [great;
 Like beasts, that murder more than they can eat?
 When shall we look his travels will be done,
 That tends beyond the ocean and the Sun?
 What discontentments will there still arise
 In such a camp of kings, to interbrock
 Each others' greatness, and what mutinies
 Will put him from his comforts, and will mock
 His hopes, and never suffer him to have
 That which he hath of all which fortune gave?
 And from Philotas blood (O worthy man)
 Whose body now rent on the torture lies,
 Will flow that vein of fresh conspiracies,
 As overflow him will, do what he can:
 For cruelty doth not embetter men,
 But them more wary makes than they have been.

PERSIAN.

Are not your great men free from torture then,
 Must they be likewise rack'd as other men?

GRECIAN.

Treason affords a privilege to none,
 Who like offends, hath punishment all one.

END OF VOL. III.

