THE COMPLETE WORKS
IN VERSE AND PROSE
OF EDMUND SPENSER.
EDITED, WITH A NEW LIFE, BASED ON ORIGINAL RESEARCHES
AND A GLOSSARY EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
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IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. V.
THE FAERIE QUEENE:
BOOK I., AND BOOK II. CANT. I.—VII. (1596.)
WITH VARIOUS READINGS OF 1590, ETC., ETC.

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IX.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

1590—1596

AND

VARIOUS READINGS.
IX.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

1590—1596

AND

VARIOUS READINGS.
NOTE.

In the Stationers' Registers (Arber II. 536) the first entry relative to the
'Faerie Queene' is as follows:—

"Primo Die December., 1590."

Master Ponsonby. Entered for his Copy, a booke intytuled the *Faerie Queene*
disposed into xii booke, &c. Authoryzed under the handes of the
Archbishop of Canterbury and both the wardens. . . . vij."

This was published accordingly in 1590. The title-page thus runs:—

THE FAERIE
QUEENE.

Disposed into twelue books,

Fashioning

XII. Morall vertues.

Ubique Flaret.

LONDON:
Printed for William Ponsonbie.
1590. (4to A—Ql 4 in eights.)

Notwithstanding the title-page, which announces "twelue books," the
volume contained only "three" books. The next entry (Arber III. 57)
is as follows:—

"noe die Januarij [1596]

Master Ponsonby. Entered for his Copye under the handes of the Wardens, The
second parts of the fayrQueene containing the 4. 5. and 6.
books . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . vij."

This was published in 1596 (4to, A—Kk 4 in eights). Its title-page is as
follows:—
NOTE.

THE SECOND
PART OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

Containing
The Fourth,
Fifth, and
Sixth Bookes.

By Ed. Spenser.

Spes Anchora.

Imprinted at London for VVilliam Ponsonby. 1596.

For the general title-page of both parts, see page 5. The second volume also contained only 'three books,' but these additional to the former three of 1590. As everybody knows, the intended and promised 'twelue books' never appeared, and all but certainly never were written, except fragmentarily. The only addition made to the 'Faerie Queene' was the 'Two Cantoes of Mvtabilitie, which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of some following Booke of the Faerie Queene vnder the Legend of Constancie. Neuer before imprinted.' This first appeared in the folio of 1609 published by Matthew Lownes. On 3rd September, 1604, "Mater Waterfon," among other entries for his copies which had been "Mater Ponfonbie's," was "The fairie quene, both partes by Spencer" (Arber III. 269); and on 5th November of same year Matthew Lownes among other copies that had been Waterson's enters "The fairie Quene both partes by Spencer" (Arber III. 274). It was to the enterprise of the new publisher as now proprietor of the Spenser copyrights, the world owed the "Two Cantoes of Mvtabilitie." They must have been recovered between the publication of the folio of 1604 and that of 1609.
NOTE.

In the volume of 1590 B. i.-iii. occupy (a) title-page and dedication on verso 1 leaf: (b) pp. 1—589 (verso blank): then succeeds, (c) 'A Letter of the Authors expounding his whole intention in the course of the workes;' etc., pp. 591—595: (d) Laudatory Sonnets, etc., to Spenser, pp. 596—600: (e) Sonnets to Noblemen by Spenser, pp. 601—605: (f) Faults escaped in the Print, p. 606: (g) Additional Sonnets by Spenser, pp. 607—614 [unpaged]. Dr. Morris, though his text is that of 1590, prefixes these appendices, herein following the (bad) example of later editions. I unhesitatingly recur to the original arrangement of appending (though necessarily at the close of the whole).

Our text—as being the last published during the author’s life-time—is of 1596; but beneath, will be found the Various Readings, etc., of 1590—so far as they go. Occasionally Various Readings are also added from other early editions—in each case carefully noted. In a small number of instances corrections of 1596 from 1590 and others, are accepted: but recorded in the places.

For a full Bibliography of the 'Faerie Queene' the reader is referred to our new Life of Spenser, in Vol. I.

Throughout, my anxious endeavour has been to reproduce my text of 1596 with the same integrity as in the Minor Poems (Vols. II.—IV.), and to exhibit the minutest variations underneath. I have adhered to the Author's own form of printing his stanzas, as well as to his own punctuation—the latter deplorably modernized and finically rather than intelligently altered since the quarto. It has been customary to number the stanzas. I prefer continuing the original omission of such numbering; but for reference, each 10th line is marked in the margin. I am not at all afraid of any genuine Spenserian undervaluing the pains taken by me, while I am equally confident that human slips will be by such most readily forgiven.

On the changes in the text of 1596, punctuation, spelling, and all related matters, those interested will turn to the Life (as before). NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS must be sought for in the Glossary of the closing volume.

A. B. G.
THE FAERIE QUEENE

Disposed into twelve booke,

Fashioning

XII. Morall vertues.

LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbie.
1596.
TO THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE and MAGNIFICENT EMPRESSE RENOVAMED FOR PIETIE, VERTE, AND ALL GRATIOUS GOVERNMENT ELIZABETH BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA, DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH, & HER MOST HUMBLE SERVANT EDMUND SPENSER DOETH IN ALL HUMILITIE DEDICATE, PRESENT AND CONSECRATE THESE HIS LABOURS TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITY OF HER NAME.

In the original edition (1590) the Dedication is as follows:—

TO THE MOST MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT EMPRESSE ELIZABETH; BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, &c.

Her most humble Servant:    Ed. Spenser.
THE FIRST
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

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

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

* * * Unless otherwise stated, the various readings, etc., belong to the
original edition of 1590. See note prefixed.

l. 1, 'The first Booke of' Roman, not cap.: l. 3, 'the Faerie Queene'
ibid.: l. 5, 'Legende,' ibid.: l. 6, 'of the Red Crosse,' italics: l. 8, 'Of
Holinesse,' ibid.: l. 9, 'whylome': l. 10, comma after 'taught'—accepted:
l. 11, 'farre': l. 12: after 'reeds': l. 13, comma after 'deeds': l. 14,
'praise': l. 16, 'broad.'
Helpe then, δ holy Virgin chiefe of nine,
   Thy weaker Nouice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine euerafting fcryne 20
   The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,/ 
Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanquill,
   Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
   That I muft rue his vndeferued wrong:
O helpe thu my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

And thou most dreaded impe of higheft Ioue,
   Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
   At that good knight so cunningly didst roue,
      That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
   And with thy mother milde come to mine adye;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
   In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and blody rage allayd.

And, with them eke, δ Goddesse heauenly bright.
   Mirrour of grace and Maiestie diuine,
   Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
      Like Phæbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne, 40
   And raife my thoughts too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
   The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, δ dearest dred a-while./
Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much diidayning to the curbe to yield:
Full illary knight he seemde, and faire did fitt,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fitt.

But on his brest a bloudie Croffe he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete fake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as liuing euer him ador'd:
Vpon his shield the like was alfo scor'd,
For foueraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but euer was ydraf.

l. 4, 'entrappe' for 'entrape'—accepted: l. 8, 'woundes': l. 9, 'bloody': l. 15, 'bloodie.'
Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
    That greatest Gloriana to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
    To winne him worship, and her grace to haue, /
Which of all earthly things he most did craue ;
And euer as he rode, his hart did earne
To proue his puisance in battell braue
Vpon his foe, and his newe force to learene;
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beseide,
    Vpon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the fame did hide
Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And ouer all a blacke fiote she did throw,
As one that inly mournd : fo was she sad,
And heauie fat vpon her palfrey flow ;
Seamed in heart fome hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that fame lambe,
    She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynaghe came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretche from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subiection held ;
    Till that infernall feend with foule vprore
Forwafted all their land, and them expeld :
Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far copeld.

1. 26—in 1590 'Faults escaped in the Print ' is 'Glorius glorious,' but the misspelling must have been sent out in only a few copies, as 'Glorious' is the text of all of 1590 that I have collated. So too in l. 17 : ibid., 'Faery': l. 27, 'worshippe': l. 28, 'things': l. 39, 'fate,' and : after 'flow': l. 42, 'and' for 'an'—accepted : l. 47, , for ;.
Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
    That lasie seemd in being euer laft,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was fuddaine overcast;
And angry Ioue an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so faft,
That every wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud th'felues were fain.

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

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praye the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.

l. 58, 'eremie': l. 65, 'farr': l. 67, 'farr': l. 68, comma after 'seemes,' and 'ar': l. 73, 'can'—Spenser frequently uses 'can' as = 'gan, as Chaucer before him. See Glossary s.v.: 's., 'praife': l. 75, 'propp.'
THE I. BOOKE OF THE

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

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blustring storne is ouerblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes vnowne,
Furtheest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings scene,
That which of them to take, in diuerse doubt they been.

At last resouluing 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 caue,
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlese spere he gauue.

l. 91, ‘waies’ : l. 93, ‘thē’ : l. 101, ‘hollowe.’
Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Leaft fuddaine mischiefe ye too rash prouoke:
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without shew: therefore your stroke
Sir knight with-hold, till further triall made.

Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to reuoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue giues her selfe light,through darkenesse for to wade.

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late,
To with you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this Erroors den,
A monter vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then)
The fearefull Dwarf: this is no place for liuing men.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knigte could not for ought be staid,
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistening armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the vgy monstred plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Moist lothfom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

l. 109, 'hardy stoke'—sic in both 1590 and 1596, but 'hardy' marked in
'Faults efcaped' to be 'deleted': l. 110, 'tryall': l. 125, 'darkom.'
And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
    Her huge long tail her den all ouerpred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound,
    Pointed with mortall stinge. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking vpon her poifonous dugs, each one
    Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favoured:
Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone. 140

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,
    And rished forth, hurling her hideous tail
About her curved head, whose folds displeid
Were strecht now forth at length without entraile.
She looke about, and seing one in mayle
    Armed to point, fought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiued, he lept 150
    As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd, she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduauenst,
Threatning her angry stinge, him to dismay:
Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stoke down fro her head vnto her shouder glaunst.

l. 135, comma after 'bred': l. 138—Dr. Morris inadvertently gives '96 reading as 'shape': l. 148, 'darknes': l. 150, 'perceiue'd': l. 154, comma after 'enrag'd'-accepted: l. 156, 'angrie': l. 158, no. after 'glaunst.'
Much daunted with that dint, her fence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round, 160
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
Tho wrapping vp her wretched sterne arownd,
Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddeinely about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlessse traine.

His Lady sad to see his fore constaint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint: 170
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplextie,
His gall did grate for grieve and high difdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Werewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of fleth and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forft him flacke 180
His grasping hold, and from her tumne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping fought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

l. 160, no comma after 'rage'; l. 161, 'bodie': l. 166, 'stirr': l. 171, 'els': l. 176, 'cotheraine': l. 179, 'lumps.'
As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride aboue the Agyptian vale,
His fattie waues do fertile slime outwell,
And overflown each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later spring gins to auale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaues, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kinde of creatures, partly male
And partly female of his fruitfull feed;
Such vugly monstrous shapes elfwhere may no man reed.

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

As gentle Shepheard in sweete euen-tide,
When ruddy Phæbus gins to welke in weft,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which do byte their hafty supper best;
A cloud of combrous gnattes do him moleft,
All struing to infixe their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest.

But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He bruitheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill beftedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certaine perill he ftood in,
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
Refolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,/
Or foone to lofe, before he once would lin;
And fstrooke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie fin
He raft her hatefull head without remorfe;
A ftreame of cole black bloud forth guished frō her corfe.

Her scattred brood, foone as their Parent deare
They faw fo rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth: but being there withftood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And fucked vp their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

That deteatable fght him much amazde,
To fee th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accruft,
Deoure their dam; on whom while fo he gazd,
Hauing all fatifsde their bloudy thurft,
Their bellies fwolne he faw with fulneffe burft,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which they nursed;
Now needeth him no longer labour spend, (contend.
His foes have slain themselfs, with whom he should

His Ladie seeing all, that chased, from farre
Approch'd in haste to greet his victorie,
And said, Faire knight, borne vnder happy starre,
Who seeth your vanquishd foes before you lye:
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
Wherein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
And proou'd your stregth on a strong enimie,
Your first aduenture: 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 fought to wend; 250
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Neuer would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passeth forth, and new aduenture sought;
Long way he trauelled, 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 fagely fad,

l. 240, 'Lady': l. 242, 'happie': l. 244, 'Armory': l. 252, 'by way': l. 257, 'trauelled.'
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his breft, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of fraunge adventures, which abroad did pas. 270
Ah my deare Sonne (quothe he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trefpas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father fits not with fuch things to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred euill ye desire to heare,
Of a fraunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wafteth all this countrey farre and neare. /
Of such (saide he) I chieffly do inquiere, 280
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a curfed creature liues so long a space.

Far hence (quothe he) in waftfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.

l. 264, 'voide': l. 265, no comma after 'prayed': l. 275, 'fits'—sic in 1590 and 1596, but a clear misprint for 'fits,' and so given in 1609—accepted, but cf. Glossary s.v.: l. 277, 'homebredd euil'—in '96 'euill' is twice printed, by oversight: l. 279, 'countrie': l. 280, 'fside': l. 281, 'rewarde.'
Now (fayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all for wearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waues emong.

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

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forefts side,
Far from refort of people, that did pas
In trauell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy Chappell edifysde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and euentyde:
Thereby a Christalls streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welde forth alway.

Arriuued / there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Reft 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 old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas;
He told of Saintes and Popes, and euermore
He strowd an Aue-Mary after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast.
And the sad humour loading their eye liddles
As messenger of Morpheus on them caft
Sweet slobring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Vnto their lodgings then his guestes he riddles:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his study goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookees and artes of sundry kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

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

l. 314, 'tinges': l. 317, 'olde': l. 318, for ; : l. 319, 'euermore' for 'euemore'—accepted: l. 322, 'humor': l. 324, 'sleepe': l. 327, 'studie': l. 328, 'magic . . . fundrie': l. 329, 'minds': l. 330, 'words': l. 334, 'reprochful': l. 335, for ; : l. 337, 'prince . . . darkness': l. 338, no , after 'quakes.'
And forth he call out of deep darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes 340
Fluttering about his euers damned hed,
A-waite whereto their servise he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of thofe he chose out two, the fallest twoo,
And fitteft for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe, 350
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth nceuer ppeepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth euer wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In siluer deaw his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night ouer him her mattle black doth spred

Whose double gates he findeth locked saft,
The one faire fram’d of burnisht Yury,
The other all with siluer ouercast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre do lye, 360
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And vnto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowtie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
    A trickling stremme from high rokke tumbling downe
   And ever-drizling raine vpon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swwone:  370
   No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
   As fill are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
   Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrrapt in eternall silence farre from enemeyes.

The / messenger approching to him spake,
   But his waffe wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So found he sleept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thruf, and puft with paine,
   Whereat he gan to ftretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake. 380
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
   Is toft with troubled sightes and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
   And threated vnto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
   And lifting vp his lompifh head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
    Hitherto (quoth he) me Archimago fent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wifely tame, 390
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obayde, and calling forth straightway
A diuerse dreame out of his prifon darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, devouide of carefull carke,
Whose fences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his lytle winges the dreame he bore 400
In hauf vnto 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 liuely, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker fence it could haue rauiht quight :
The maker felse for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight :
Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
Cast a blacke ftole, most like to seeme for Vna fit. 410

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

l. 417, 'guyle' and no,
Cant. I.]  FAERIE QVEENE.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haft,
  And comming where the knight in slumber lay,
    The one vpon his hardy head him plasft,
    And made him dreame of loues and luftfull play,
      That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
      Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy:
        Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
        And to him playnd, how that false winged boy,
   Her chaft hart had fubdewd, to learne Dame pleasures toy.

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
  Faire Venus seemde vnto his bed to bring
    Her, whom he waking euermore did weene,
    To be the chasteft flowre, that ay did spring
      On earthely braunch, the daughter of a king,
      Now a loofe Leman to vile seruice bound:
        And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
        Hymen i& Hymen, dauncing all around,
   Whilft freheft Flora her with Yuie girlund crownd.

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

  l. 420, 'haste': l. 422, 'hardie . . . piaste': l. 428, 'chaft': l. 430,
    'Fayre': l. 432, 'aye': l. 437, 'Whyift', and 'with' before 'Ysie' inadvertantly dropped in 1596—accepted: l. 440, 'starteth': l. 442, 'Ladie.'
All cleane dismayd to see so vncoyth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought haue slaine her in his fierce despeight:
But hafty heat temping with sufferance wife,

450
He stade his hand, and gan himselle aduise
To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wife,
Tho can she wepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth.

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?

460
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state
You, whom my hard auenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

Your owne deare fake forst me at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdome,—There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speach feemd to bereauce,
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares /
Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:

470
Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

I. 449, for (-) : l. 449, 1611 reads characteristically 'He thought t' haue':
I. 450, 'hastie': l. 454, 'can'—gan—see Glossary s.v.: l. 455, 'blood':
I. 456, 'sayd': l. 466, — added by me: l. 468, 'begonne': l. 469, no,
after 'fares': l. 470, 'sayth': l. 471, 'die.'
Loue of your felse, she saide, and deare constrainct
Lets me not sleepe, but waft the weare night
In secret anguish and vnpitied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
'suspept her truth : yet since no' vntruth he knew,
Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight 480
He would not shend, but saied, Deare dame I rew,
That for my fake vnknowne much griefe vnto you grew.

Assure your felse, it fell not all to ground ;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound ;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your refc depart.
Not all content, yet feemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chuse but please, 490
So flyding softly forth, she turnd as to her eafe.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At laft dull weariness of former fight
Hauing yrocket a sleepe his irkefome spright,
That troublous dreame gan feshly toffe 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 returnd againe. 500

l. 475, 'waife' : l. 498, 'ladies'.
The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose fted fast falsohood steps,
And worke him woeful ruth.

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
His seuenfold teme behind the steedfast errre,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
But firme is fift, and sendeth light from farre
To all, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticleere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In haft was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That seigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their booteleffe paines, and ill suceeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
He caft about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

Eftfoones he tooke that misconceived faire,
And that falfe other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loues and lufty-hed./
His wanton dayes that euer slofely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
Covered with darknesse and misdemeaming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with seigned faithfull haft
Vnto his guest, who after troublous fights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one aghaft with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calns, Rife rife vnhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Hauie knit themselfes in Venus shamefull chaine; 40
Come see, where your false Lady doth her honour stale.

All in amaze he suddenly vp 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

l. 23, 'baleful boke's': l. 27, 'lufty hed': l. 28, 'daies': l. 30, 'screete':
l. 31, 'darkenes': l. 35, no, after 'dreames': l. 36, 'fearful': l. 40,
'shameful': l. 41, 'honor.'
In wanton luft and lewd embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrinef of that aged fire.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And waft his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lording night.
At last faire Hesperus in higheft skie
Had spent his lampe, & brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he rofe, and clad him haftily;
The Dwarfe him brought his fteed: so both away do fly.

Now / when the rofy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones faffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils Titan discouerued,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed,
And rifting forth out of her bafer bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre;
Then gan she waile & weeppe, to see that woefull stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her flow beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steeede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,

1. 57, 'lap, and': l. 59, 'dwarfe': l. 60, 'rosy fingred': l. 64, 'drowsy heed': l. 67, 'dwarfe . . . houre': l. 68, 'waite and . . . woefull': l. 70, 'flowe.'
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,
But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine
Did search, faire griefued in her gentle brest,
He so vngently left her, whom she loued beft.

But subtilly Archimago, when his guests
He saw diuided into double parts,
And Vna wandring in woods and forrests,
Th'end of his drift, he prais'd his diuelish arts,
That had such might ouer true meaning harts;
Yet rest not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke vnto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snaake,
And in her many troubles did most pleazure take.

He then deuised himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mightie science he could take
As many forms and shapes in seeming wife,
As euer Proteus to himselfe could make:/
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fishe in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he oft for seare would quake,
And oft would flye away. O who can tell
The hidden power of herbes, and might of Magicke spell?

But now seemde beft, the person to put on
Of that good knight, his latt beguilid guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
And filuer sheild vpon his coward brest

l. 75, 'hit': l. 77, 'loued'—accepted for 'he misprint 'louest': l. 78, no,
after 'Archimago': l. 82, : for ; : l. 88, 'mishy': l. 93, 'eke': l. 95, 'beft.'
A bloudy crosse, and on his crauen creft
A bough of haires discouerd diuerfly:
Full iolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,
And when he fate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would haue deemed him to be.

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George was wanderd far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At laft him chaunf to meete vpon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and euery joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Furled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
The which her lauifh louers to her gaue;
Her wanton palfrey all was ouerpréd
With tinsell trappings, wouen like a waue,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and boffe braue.

With faire diport and courting dalliaunce
She intertainde her louver all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare aduaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,

l. 101, 'heares': l. 102, 'voct': l. 110, 'arme': l. 118, 'crowns':
l. 126, 'Shee... of.'
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his courser's side
The red bloud trickling staint the way, as he did ride.

The knight of the Redcrosse when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispitoeus,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselfles too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Do backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

As when two rams firt with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meete, that with the terrore of the flocke
Astonied both, stand fencelese as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victorie:
So stood these twaine, vnmoued as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin fore daunted with the buffe
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it warded, and quynteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance enuies,

l. 128, 'prickte': l. 129, period (.) after 'day': l. 138, 'deo': l. 140,
'Doe... rebutte... ech... yealdeth': l. 144, 'terror': l. 145,
'stands,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped.'
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce : repining courage yields
No foot to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.

Curse on that Croffe (quoth then the Sarasin)
That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charmme from thee forwarned it:
   160
But yet I warne thee now affured fitt,
And hide thy head. Therewith upon his creft
With rigour so outrageous he smitt,
That a large shere it hewed out of the reft,
(blest).
And glausching downe his shield, from blame him fairely

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of natuue vertue gan esstoones reuie,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
   170
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rie,
And clef his head. He tumbling downe aliuie,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghose did striue
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitte is,
Whither the soules do fly of men, that liue amis.

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
   180

l. 154, 'cruelties' in 1590, 1596, and 1609, etc., though in 1590 'cruell spies' is placed as a correction in 'Faults escaped': l. 158, 'spremes'-sic 1590 and 1596, but 'die' in 1609; l. 159, 'gd.': l. 160, 'fit': l. 162, 'itt': l. 165, 'rigor': l. 170, 'haughty': l. 176, 'whether ... doe.'
Cant. II.]  

FAERIE QUEENE.

Who after her as haftily gan scowre,  
Bidding the Dwarf with him to bring away  
The Sarasins shield, signe of the conqueroure.  
Her soone he ouertooke, and bad to staye,  
For present cause was none of dread her to difmay.

She / turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,  
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to shou  
On silly Dame subieCt to hard mischaunce,  
And to your mighty will. Her humbleness low  
In so rich weedes and seeming glorious shou,  
Did much emmoue his stout heroicke heart,  
And said, Deare dame, your suddein ouerthrow  
Much rueth me; but now put seare apart,  
And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;  
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre  
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,  
Before that angry heauens lift to lowre,  
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,  
Was, (O what now availeth that I was I)  
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,  
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,  
And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pas.

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,  
Betrothed me vnto the onely haire  
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;  
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire,

l. 182, 'dwarf': l. 183, comma for period: l. 186, 'Shee': l. 189, 'wil':
l. 194, 'tel': l. 195, 'shee': l. 199, 'thy': l. 200, '?' for '!.'
Was never Prince so meek and debonnaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,
Into the hands of his accurst fone,
And cruelly was slain, that shall I euer mone.

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

At last it chaunced this proud Saracen,
    To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
There lies he now with soule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liu'de, was called proud Sans joy,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad fire, whose youngest is Sans joy,
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold Sans joy.

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
    Now miserable I Fideffa dwell,
Crauing of you in pitty of my stat,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.

1. 234, 'doc'
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull cares, to heare what she did tell;
And said, faire Lady hart of flint would rew
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 cheare the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,
And yeeling soft, in that she nought gain-said,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.

Long / time they thus together trauelled,
Till weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mossie ouercast,
And their greene leaues trembling with euerie blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compass round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
Vnder them neuer fat, ne wont there found
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'vnlucky ground.

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily got:

l. 236, 'eies': l. 237, ; for : l. 244, 'chear': l. 245, 'fat . . . eies':
l. 248, 'flee': l. 250, 'Til': l. 258, 'can' = 'gan', ut freq. : l. 259, 'him'
is dropped in 1596 in error: in 1609 'shadow thither.'
For golden Phabus now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselfes to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Faire seemely plesaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes there as they fit:
And in his falled fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that liued yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girland for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rist there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

Therewith a pitieous yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender fides 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 loue,
O too deare loue, loue bought with death too deare.
Aftond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
And with that suddein horror could no member moue.
At last whenas the dreadfull passion
  Was ouerpaft, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his fence, he thus bespake;
What voyce of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtfull eares thefe speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltleffe bloud to spare?

Then groining deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth he,)
  Nor guilefull sprite, to thee thefe wordes doth speake,
But once a man Fradubio, now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake,
A cruell witch her curfed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plait 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 mischieuose arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who friueth to suppreffe.
The author then (laid he) of all my smarts,

l. 289, 'voice': l. 291, 'doe': l. 292, 'doubtfull': l. 293, 'ruefull' is misprinted 'tuefull,' and 'plaints' is misprinted 'plants' in '90—the former only being corrected in 'Faults, escaped': ib., 'guiltleffe' is misprinted 'guylleffe' in '96: ib., 'blood': l. 294, 'deep... od.: l. 295, 'guileful... words': l. 302, 'same... &': l. 304, 'vid.'
Is one Dueffia a falfe forcereffe,
That many errat knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
The fire of loue and joy of cheualree
Firft kindled in my brefit, it was my lot
To loue this gentle Lady, whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeminge tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his fyde,
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle Dueffia hyde.

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

So doubly lou’d of Ladies unlike faire,
Th’one seeminge such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A Rofy girlond was the victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Faélfè was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And euere false Dueśfa seemde as faire as shee.

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to swayne,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science rais’d streightway
A foggy mist, that ouercast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule vgy forme did her disgrace:
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

Then cride she out, fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To haue before bewitched all mens sight;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her fuch, as she me told,
And would haue kild her; but with faigned paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold;
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

Thenforth I tooke Dueśfa for my Dame,
And in the witch vnweening ioyd long time,
Ne euere wift, but that she was the fame,
Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,

l. 347, 'fayre': l. 357, 'Thenforth' is misprinted 'Then forth' in 1590 and 1596, though corrected 'Thens' in 'Faulis escaped' of the former; so too l. 370: l. 360, 'euerie.'
THE I. BOOKE OF THE

When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selve in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That euer to haue toucht her I did deadly rew.

Her neather partes mishapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeue to bee.
Thensforth from her moft beastly companie
370
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
Soone as appeard safe oportunitie:
For danger great, if not affur'd decay
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

The diuelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiu'd my thought, and drownd in sleepe night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
My bodie all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my sences were bereaued quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waffe,
380
And by my wretched louers side me pight,
Where now encloide in wooden wals full fasse,
Banisht from liuing wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed houfe to dwell?
We may not chaunge (quoth he) this euil plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing well;

l. 371, 'flipp': l. 373, 'affurd': l. 383, 'daies': l. 385, 'hous': l. 386, 'euill.'
That is the tearme prescribed by the spell.
O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?
Time and suffisèd fates to former kynd
Shall vs restore, none else from hence may vs vnbynd.

The false *Duesse*, now *Fidesse* hight,
Heard how in vaine *Frudubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly derriment,
When all this speech the liuing tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

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

l. 389, 'sayd': l. 399, 'blood': l. 401, 'found.'
Cant. III.

Forforsen Truth long sicks her love,
And makes the Lyon mynde,
Mattres blind Denotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour lytle.

Ought is there vnder heau'ns wide hollownesse,
That moues more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'vnworthy wretchednesse
Through enuies snares or fortunes freakes vnkind:
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allageance and fast sealtie,
Which I do owe vnto all woman kind,
Feele my heart perft with so great agonie,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Vnaes fake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,

1. 4, 'she': l. 8, 'e vnworthie': l. 10, 'brightnes blynd'—misprinted
'brightne' in 1590, in 'Faults escaped' is corrected 'brighten brightnes';
1. 11, 'sealtie': l. 12, 'womankyncl': l. 13, 'hart . . . agony': l. 14,
'pitty . . . dy': l. 17, 'frayle': l. 18, 'guylfull.'
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despair
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches share.

Yet / the most faithfull Lady all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitari mayd
Farre from all peoples preafe, as in exile,
In wilderneffe and waftfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision, which th' Enchaunterwrought,
Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and waftneffe wide him daily fought;
Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her brought.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her vnhastie beaft she did alight,
And on the graffe her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shado, farre from all mens fight :
From her faire head her filet she vndight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heauen shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadowe place;
Did neuer mortall eye behold such heauenly grace.

It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rufhed fuddainly,
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With sudaine feare her pitcher down she threw,
And fled away: for neuer in that land
Face of faire Ladie she before did vew,
And that dread Lyons looke her caft in deadly hew.

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

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

l. 98, 'answerd': l. 101, 'suddaine': l. 103, 'fayre': l. 104, 'dread':
l. 109, 'suddaine,' and no, after 'hold': l. 113, 'weary.'
And to augment her pained full penance more,
Thrice every weeke in ashes she did fit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beads she did forget.
Whole needlest dread for to remove away,
Faire Vna framed words and countenance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray, 130
That in their cottage small, that night she rest her may.

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad Vna downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weep
For the late losse of her deare loured knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie 141
Aboue the fhynie Calliopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and swore,
That readie entrance was not at his call:
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths and pillage feuerrall,
Which he had got abroad by purchafe criminall.

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

And all that he by right or wrong could find, Vnto this house he brought, and did bestow Upon the daughter of this woman blind, Abyssa daughter of Corcea flow, With whom he whoredome vbd, that few did know, And fed her fat with feast of offerings, And plentie, which in all the land did grow; Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings: And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet, Yet of those fearefull women none durft rize, The Lyon frayed them, him in to let: He would no longer sty him to advize, But open breakes the dore in furious wize, And entring is; when that disdainfull beast, Encountering fierce, him fuddaine doth furprize, And seizing cruel clawes on trembling breft, Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppreft.

l. 150, 'flurdy'; l. 161, 'daughtre'; l. 165, 'plenty'; l. 168, 'bitt'; l. 169, 'fearefull'; l. 170, 'lett'; l. 174, 'suddain.'
Him bosteth not refift, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirtie land / 180
Drunke vp his life; his corfe left on the strand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
The heauie hap, which on them is alight,
Affraid, leat to themselfes the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discouered has,
Vp Vna rofe, vp rofe the Lyon eke,
And on their former iourny forward pas,
In wayes vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines farre passing that long wandring Greek,
That for his loue refused deitie ; 191
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flie,
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nie.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare
Came forthe, and finding Kirkrapine there slaine,
For anguyshe great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brefts, and naked fleth to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill
Then forth they ranne like two amazed deare, 201
Halfe mad through malice, and reuenging will,
To follow her, that was the causers of their ill.

L. 187, 'lyon': l. 189, 'vaises': l. 191, 'deitie': l. 193, 'Aye': l. 194,
'mye': l. 195, 'fearfull twayne': l. 196, 'dear': l. 197, 'flayne': l. 201,
run,'
Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly Bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flower of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

But when she saw her prayers nought prevail,
She backe returned with some labour lost;
And in the way as she did weep and waile,
A knight her met in mighty arms embossed,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast;
But subtilly Archimago, that I'na sought
By traynes into new troubles to haue tost:
Of that old woman tydings he besought,
If that of such a lady she could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His faire enchantet steed, and eke his charmed launce.
Ere long he came, where *Vna* traueilid flow,
   And that wilde Champion wayting her befyde:
Whom seeinge such, for dread he durft not shew
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Vnto an hill; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeing shield, her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde:
Approching nigh, she wift it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humbleffe towards him shee came.

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
   Where haue ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeafen might,
That shoulde as death vnto my deare hart light:
For since mine eye your ioyous fight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

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

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
    Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,
Where Archimago said a felon strong 260
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 euermore embrace
My faithfull seruice, that by land and seas
Haue vow'd you to defend. Now then your plaint appease.

His louely words her seemd due reconmence
    Of all her passed paines: one loyning howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of fowre: 270
She has forgot, how many a woeful flower
For him she late endur'd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true loue hath no powre
To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so fore.

Much /like, as when the beaten marinere,
    That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft fouht in swelling Tethys faltifh teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
With blushting breath of heauen, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound, 281
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
His chearefull whistle merily doth sound  (round.
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg a-

L 259, 'fisrounge': l. 263, 'for'; l. 266, 'defend. Now' for 'defend, nowe' of '96—accepted: l. 267, 'sweete': l. 271, 'after weary,' and 'woefull': l. 272, 'endur'd': l. 277, 'Ofte': l. 280, 'Heaué': l. 282, 'far': l. 283, 'chearefull... merily.'
Such ioy made Vna, when her knight she found;
    And eke th’enchauuter ioyous seemd no lesse,
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship farre come from watrie wildernesse,
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth bleffe:
    So forth they past, and all the way they spent 290
Discourting of her dreadfull late diftreffe,
    In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told her all that fell in iourny as she went.

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
    One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courfer free,
    That through his fierceneffe fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
    When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat 300
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
    And on his sheld Sans loy in bloudie lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle payre
    And faw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
    Himselfe to battell with his couched speare. /
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
    To taste th’vntried dint of deadly steele;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
    That hope of new goodhap he gan to seele; 310
So bent his speare, and spurd his horfe with yron heele.

\( \text{Il. 288, 294, 'far': l. 297, 'fiercnesse': l. 302, 'bloody': l. 306, 'batteill': l. 307, 'sea' in '96: l. 311, 'spurd' is in '96 misprinted 'spurnd.' } \)
But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare
Through vainely cross'd shield he quite did pierce,
And had his staggering steede not shrunke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he shoulde 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 bloud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reauce his life,
And proudly saide, Lo there the worthie meed
Of him, that flew Sansfoy with bloudie knife;
Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen ouer Lethe lake,
When morning altars purgd with enemies life,
The blakke infernall Furies doen aflake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sanfoyle shall fro thee take.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
Till Vna cride, O hold that heauie hand,
Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercie not withstond:
For he is one the truest knight aliue,
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,
And whilest him fortune fauoured, faire did thriue
In bloudie field: therefore of life him not deprevie.

1. 313, 'sharphead': l. 314, 'vainly... pence': l. 315, 'spear...
shrunke': l. 316, 'body': l. 318, 'saddle': l. 322, 'mind': l. 324, 'bloody':
l. 327, 'enemies': l. 334, 'Mercy': l. 336, 'lye': l. 337, 'fayre': l. 338, 'bloudy.'
Her piteous words might not abate his rage,
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
Haue flaine him strait: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His haftie hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the fight:
For that old man well knew he, though vntold,
In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,
Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lifts to fight.

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

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amafed stand, her selfe 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 fame Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

1. 341, 'flayne ... freight': l. 343, 'hasty': l. 345, 'that' is misprinted 'the' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected to 'that' in 'Faults escaped' in the former: l. 346, 'magick': l. 350, 'hether.'
But her fierce servant full of kingly awe
And high disdain, whenas his foureraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shiled, did weene the same
370
Haue rest away with his sharpe rendering clawes:
But he was stout, and luft did now inflame
His corage more, that frô his griping pawes
He hath his shiled redeem'd, and foorth his sword he drawes.

O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of faluage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.
Eftsoones he perceed through his chaufed chest
380
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart: with death oppreft
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remou'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yeelded pray to saue or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With soule reproches, and disdainfull spight
Her wildly entertaines, and will or nill
390
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

l. 366, 'fiers . . . aw': l. 368, 'saw': l. 374, 'redeemd': l. 383, 'rost': l. 387, 'yielded': l. 388, 'field'—misprinted 'fied' in '96: l. 389, 'disdainful.'
And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
     And piteous plaints she fillet his dull eares,
That stony hart could riuen haue in twaine,
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:
But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her seruile beast yet would not leaue her so,
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares,
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

Cant. / IIII.

To sinfull house of Pride, Dusella
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brothers death to wreak Sansjoy
doth chalenge him to fight.

Oung knight, what euer that doft armes professe,
And through long labours hunteft after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of sikelesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare loued Dame,
Leaft thou of her beleuee too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remoue:
For vnto knight there is no greater shame,

l. 394, 'plaintes': l. 396, 'wetts': l. 399, 'far of';
l. 2, 'hous': l. 3, 'guydes': l. 5, 'chaleng': l. 9, 'chaunge': l. 10,
'belieue.'
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly proue.

Who after that he had faire Vna lorne,
Through light mideeming of her loialtie,
And falfe Duest in her fled had borne,
Called Fides', and so suppos'd to bee;
Long with her traueld, till at laft they see
A goodly building, brauely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seamd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither trauelled.

Great troupes of people traueld thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,
Which euer after in moft wretched cade,
Like loathome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither Duest bad him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,
That purest skye with lightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre ouer laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;  
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

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

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

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,  
And to the Prefence mount; whose glorious vew  
Their frayle amazed fenfes did confound:  
In liuing Princes court none euer knew  
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;  
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride  
Like euer faw. And there a noble crew

L. 43, ‘witt’ : l. 45, ‘fitt’ : l. 46, ‘fitt’ : l. 48, ‘itt’ : l. 49, ‘partes’ :  
l. 57, ‘fortes.’
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on euerie side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifie.

High aboue all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most braue embellifhed
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that sone as Titans ray,
In glistering gold, and peerless e precious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As enuying herselfe, that too exceeding sone.

Exceeding sone, like Phæbus fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers firie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde
Through highest heauen with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heauen; for earth she did disdaine,
And fitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo vnderneath her scornfull yeete, was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous rayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lou'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

Of grievely Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse wroth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring Jove, that high in heauen doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her fyre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud Lucifer 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 natu're soueraintie,
But did viurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Vpon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but policie,
And strong aduizement of six wifards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did vphold.

Soone as the Elsing knight in presence came,
And falle Dueffa seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name
Made rowme, and passaże for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest faire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeyßance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To proue the wide report of her great Maieftee.

With / loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke fo low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wife,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princeffe worthy, scarfe them bad arife.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while deuife
Themselfes to fetten forth to ftraungers fight :
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight 130
Their gay attire : each others greater pride does spight.

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to haue increast their crew :
But to Duefs' each one himselfe did paime
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew ;
For in that court whylome her well they knew :
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middef crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princeffe too exceeding proud,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd. 140

Suddain vprifeth from her stately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call :
All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call :
So forth she comes : her brightnesse brode doth blaze ;

The heapes of people thronging in the hall,  
Do ride each other, vpon her to gaze:  
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,  
    Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,  
    That seemd as freth as Flora in her prime,  
And froue to match, in royall rich array, /  
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which they say  
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
To Ioues high houfe through heauens bras-paued way  
Drawne of faire Pecocks, that excell in pride,  
And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of fix vnequall beasts,  
    On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,  
Taught to obay their bestiall behaests,  
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:  
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,  
Was sluggish Idleneffe the nourse of sin;  
Vpon a flouthfull Ash he chose to ryde,  
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,  
Like to an holy Monck, the feruice to begin.

And in his hand his Porteffe still he bare,  
    That much was wore, but therein little red,  
For of deuotion he had little care,  
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;

l. 149, 'glitterand' misprinted in '96 'glitter and' : ib., 'cies': l. 153,  
'reiall': l. 154, 'chayre': l. 156, 'hous': l. 157, 'fayre': l. 158,  
'tayles': l. 162, 'kinde': l. 169, 'red': l. 171, 'daies dedd.'
Scarfe could he once vphold his heauie hed,
To looken, whether it were night or day:
May seeme the wayne was very euill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else aafray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise,
For euery worke he chalenged esloyne,
For contemplation fake: yet otherwise, 180
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
A shaking feuer raignd continually:
Such one was Idleneffe, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie fwyne,
His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne, 190
With which he swallowd vp excesfiue feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutifh beaft,
He spued vp his gorge, that all did him deaft.

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an yuie girland had,
From vnder which faft trickled downe the sweat:

and ; for , : l. 192, , for ;.
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing can,
Of which he sipt so oft, that on his feat
His drunken corse he scarce uphelden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

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

And next to him rode luftfull Lechery,
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy,)
Was like the person selze, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Vnfeemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by.

O who does know the bent of womens fantaly?

1 202, 'courfe' in '90 is placed among 'Faults escaped' for 'corfe': l. 204, 'wordly' in '90, though not put among 'Faults escaped': l. 208, 'frend . . . seldome': l. 210, 'drie dropsie' — Upton actually would read 'dire,' and Mr. J. Payne Collier 'hydropy' — strangely wooden and needless emendations: l. 214, 'Gote . . . heare': l. 215, 'whally' — Dr. Morris singularly asks 'walled (?)' in I suppose relation to the deformity of 'wall' eyes; but 'whally' indubitably is the intended word.
In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
   Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
   And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
   Full of vaine follies, and new fangleneffe:
   For he was falfe, and fraught with fickleneffe,
   And learned had to loue with secret looks,
   And well could daunce, and fing with ruefulnesse,
   And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
   And thoufand other wayes, to bait his flesishly hookes. 230

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
   And lufted after all, that he did loue,
   Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
   But ioyd weake womens hearts to tempt, and proue
   If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
   Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
   Of that fowle euill, which all men reproue,
   That rots the marrow, and confumes the braine:
   Such one was Lecherie, the third of all this traine.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride, 240
   Vpon a Camell laden all with gold ;
   Two iron coffers hong on either side,
   With precious mettall full, as they might hold,
   And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
   For of his wicked pelle his God he made,
   And vnto hell him selfe for money fold;
   Accursed vsurie was all his trade,
   And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

l. 239, 'waies' : l. 234, , after 'tempt'—accepted : l. 236, 'lewdnes';
l. 237, 'funde' : l. 238, 'rots': l. 239, 'Lecherie': l. 243, 'metall': l. 244,
'heap': l. 245, 'pelle' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped': l. 247,
'vfurie.'
His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplaft,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
Ne scarce good morfell all his life did tafi,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richeffe to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman liuing had he none
To leue them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lofe his owne,
He led a wretched life ynto himselfe vnknowne.

Moost wretched wight, whom nothing might suffifie,
Whose greedy luft did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end couetifie,
Whose wealth was want, whose plетy made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wifhed euer more;
A vile diseafe, and eke in foote and hand
A griefous gout tormented him full foer,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was Auarice, the fourth of this faire band.

And next to him malicious Enuiue rode,
Vpon a rauenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him euer fad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that caufe of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

l. 249, 'dore . . . yplaft': l. 250, 'hee': l. 251, 'taffe': l. 254,
'childe': l. 261, 'welth': l. 262, 'yett': l. 265, 'groe': l. 266, 'forth':
l. 267, 'Enuiu': l. 270, 'chau': 1609 corrects into 'jaw': l. 272, 'neibors
welth.'
All in a kirtle of discoulourd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his boosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vptyes / 
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes. 280
Still as he rode, he grafsht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Couetyfe,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no leffe, that any like did vfe,
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abufe:
And eke the verfe of famous Poets witt 290
He does backebite, and spightfull poifon spues
From leprous mouth on all, that euer writ:
Such one vile Ensie was, that fist in row did fist.

And him beside rides fierce reuenging VVrath,
Vpon a Lion,loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiseth about his hed;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And flared sterne on all, that him beheld,
As afhes pale of hew and seeming ded; 300
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hafty rage, whe choler in him sweld.
His ruffin raiment all was staint with blood,
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through vnaduized rashnesse wozen wood;
For of his hands he had no gournement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his auengement:
But when the furious fit was ouerpaft,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecast,
How many mischieues should enfue his heedlesse haft.

Full /many mischiefes follow cruell VVraft;
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours ruffy knife,
And fretting griece the enemy of life;
All these, and many euils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
Such one was VVraft, the laft of this vngodly tire.

And after all, vpon the wagon beame
Rode Sathean, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward laft the laefie tene,
So oft as Sowth ftil in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for ioy, and ftil before their way
A foggy mift had covered all the land;
And vnnderneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead fculls & bones of men, whose life had gone aftray.
So forth they marchen in this goodly fort, 330
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in freth flowring fields themselues to sport:
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The fowle Duesfa, next vnto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their ioyauce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far vnfit for warlike fwaine.

So haung folaced themselues a space 340
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed
They backe returned to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yclcd, /
And heathnifh shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ Sans ioy, they new arriued find :
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
And nourish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

Who when the famed shield of slaine Sans foy 350
He spide with that fame Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that fame envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Difdaint to loofe the meed he wonne in fray,
And him renewning fierce, refkewd the noble prey.
Therewith they gan to hurftlen greedily,
   Redoubtèd battaile ready to darrayne,
And claff their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
   That with their ftrurre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine
Of high displeasure, that enseven might,
Commanded them their fury to refraine,
   And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lift's they should the morrow next it fight.

Ah dearest Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
   Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
   Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of falfie despight
   And shamefull treaflon, who through guile hath slayn
The prouest knight, that euer field did fight,
Euen stout Sans foy (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renuerft, the more to heape disdayn.

And / to augment the glorie of his guile,
   His dearest loue the faire Fidelles loe
Is there possesed of the traytour vile,
   Who reapes the haruest fowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe :
   That brothers hand shall dearely well requight
So be, δ Queene, you equall fauour showe.
Him litle answerd th'angry Elfin knight;
Heneuer meant with words, but swords to plead his right.

1. 366, 'gd.', and no ( ) : l. 367, 'error' : l. 368, 'Whome . . . forgot': l. 369, 'recreant' : l. 371, 'shameful' : l. 374, 'renuert' in 1590 and '96 is printed in 1609 're'nuerft' : l. 379, 'bloody' : l. 381, 'O.'
But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge,
To be aueng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttonie,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the Chamberlain Slowth did to rest them

Now whenas darkefome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein ouer brightest skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from fluggish eye,
To mufe on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtely company,
Vp-rofe Dueffa from her refting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoues with speaches seeming fit:
Ah deare Sans ioy, next deareft to Sans ioy,/Caufe of my new grieve, caufe of my new ioy,
Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And green'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and cheualrye;
Lo his Fideffa to thy secret faith I flye.

1. 384, 'pledg': l. 386, 'edg': l. 390, 'Gluttony': l. 402, 'findes ... fitt': l. 404, 'fitt': l. 406, 'my' (2nd) is dropped in '90 and '96; though placed among ' Faults escaped ' in the former, but under page 50 by mistake: l. 408, 'greed.'
With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
   And bad fay on the secret of her hart.
Then sighing soft, I learne that little sweet
   Oft tempred is (quoth the) with muchell smart:
For since my breft was launcht with louely dart
Of deare Sansjoy, I neuer joyed howre,
   But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Haue wafted, louing him with all my powre,
And for his sake haue felt full manie an heauie floure.

At laft when perils all I weened past,
   And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes vnweeting I was cast,
   By this fals faytor, who vnworthy ware
His worthy shield, whom he with guileful snare
Entrapped flew, and brought to flamefull graue,
   Me sily maid away with him he bare,
And euer since hath kept in darkfome caue,
For that I would not yeeld, that to Sansjoy I gaue.

But since faire Sunne hath sperft that lowring clowd,
   And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Vnder your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
   To you th'inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayfe, to you eke longs his loue.
   Let not his loue, let not his reflesse spright
Be vnreug'd, that calles to you aboue
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse moue.

l. 423, 'vnworthie' : l. 424, 'worthie' : l. 428, 'Sansjoy.'
Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought dismaid
   For sorrowes past; their grieafe is with them gone:
   Ne yet of present peril be affraid;
   For needlesse feare did never vantage none,
   And helpleffe hap it booteth not to mone.
   Dead is Sans-foy, his vitall paines are past,
   Though greued ghoft for vengeance deepe do grone:
   He liues, that shall him pay his dewties laft,
   And guiltie Elfin bloud shall sacrifice in haft.

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

But faire Fidessa, fithens fortunes guile,
   Or enimies powre hath now captiued you,
   Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
   Till morrow next, that I the Elfe fubdew,
   And with Sans-foyes dead dowry you endew.
   Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
   With proud foes fight my forrow to renew:
   Where euer yet I be, my secret aid
   Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

1. 443, 'Sansfoy'; 1. 446, 'blood'; 1. 450, 'dow': 1. 460, 'Sansfoyès';
1. 463, 'aide.'
Cant. / V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdues his faithlesse foe,
Whom faule Deusse fauer, and for
his care to hell does goe.

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

At laft the golden Orientall gate,
Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,
And Phoebus freth, as bridegome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:
And hurl'd his glistening beames through gloomy aire.

1. 7, 'childe': l. 14, 'he' dropped in error in 96: l. 1. 16, 'fayre': l. 17, 'Phoebus . . . brydegroome': l. 1. 18, 'hayre': l. 1. 19, 'hurl'd' is 'hurls' in '90, but placed among 'Fauls escaped': ibid., 'beams . . . ayre.'
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiued, fright way 20  
He started vp, and did him selfe prepare,  
In sun-bright armes, and battailous array:  
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,  
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,  
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.  
There many Minstres make melody,  
To/drie away the dull melancholy,  
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord  
Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,  
And many Chroniclers, that can record  
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,  
In wouen maile all armed warily,  
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin  
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.  
They bring them wines of _Greece_ and _Araby_,  
And daintie spices fetcht from furthest _Ynd_,  
To kindle heat of corage priuily:  
And in the wine a solemne oath they bynd  
To obserue the sacred lawes of armes, that are affynd.

At last forth comes that far renowned Queene,  
With royall pomp and Princely maiestie;  
She is ybrought vnto a paled greene,  
And placed vnder stately canapee,

1. 20, 'whè . . . perceiud': l. 21, 'prepayre': l. 22, 'sunbright':  
1. 30. 'voices.'
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th'other side in all mens open vew
\textit{Duellsa} placed is, and on a tree
\textit{Sans-foy} his shielde is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those the lawrell girland to the victor dew.

A thrillying trompet sowned from on hye,
And vnto battaill bad them selues addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrautes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do bleffe,
The instruments of wrath and heauinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do imprese
Deepe diented furrowes in the battred mayle;
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weake & fraile.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great:
For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthy heat:
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for pryse and honour he did fight.
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other stries for right:
As when a Gryfon seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreteth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull rauine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heauens affray:
The wife Southfayer seeing so sad fight,
Th'amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

So th'one for wrong, the other stiues for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The crueell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender fleth, that freames of bloud down flow,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did shew
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 laft the Paynim chaunft to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Vpon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And saft, Ah wretched fonne of wofull fyre,
Doeft thou fit wayling by black Stygian lake,
Whileft here thy shield is hanged for victors hyre,
And sluggisht german doeft thy forces flake,
To after-fend his foe, that him may ouertake?

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

Soon as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mou'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies fake,
Of all attonce he caist auengd to bee,
And with fo'excceeeding furie at him frake,
That forced him to stoupe vpon his knee;
Had he not stouped so, he shoulde haue clouen bee.

And to him saide, Goe now proud Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy mesage doe to german deare,
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe fay, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heauie hand he high gan reare,
Him to haue flaine; when loe a darkeforme clowd
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him cal'd alowd,
But answere none receuies: the darknes him does shrowd.}

In hast *Dueffia* from her place arofe,
And to him running saide, O prouest knight,
That euer Ladie to her loue did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloudie vengeance; lo th'infernall powres
Couering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Haue borne him hence to Plutoe's balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

Not all so satysfide, with greedie eye
He fought all round about, his thristie blade
To bath in bloud of faithleffe enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets, Triumph sound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the caufe of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that foueraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes presnet of his seruice seene:
Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,
Greatly aduauncing his gay cheualree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salue his hurts, that yet still fresly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide

l. 128, 'bloodie': l. 132, 'greedy': l. 133, 'thristy': l. 134, 'bathe...blood...enimy': l. 149, 'ayre.'
And softly can embalme on eucry side.
And all the while, moift heauenly melody
About the bed sweet musick did diuide,
Him to beguile of grieve and agony:
And all the while *Dueffa* wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traveller that strayes
By muddy shore of broad feuen-mouthed *Nile*,
Vnweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in false grieve hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full fore, and sheddeth tender teares:
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

So wept *Dueffa* vntill euentide,
That thyning lampes in *Ioues* high house were light:
Then forth she rofe, ne lenger would abide,
But comes vnto the place, where th'Hethen knight
In fломbring fowlerd nigh voyd of vitall spreight,
Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his woefull cafe she would not stay,
But to the euenterne coaft of heauen makes speedy way.

Where grievedly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phæbus* chearefull face durft neuer vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from herdarker some mew.

Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charret stood,
Alreadie harnessed for iourney new;
And coleblacke stedes yborne of hellifi brood,
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood./

Who when she saw Duesse funny bright,
Adorned with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:
For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare,
And would haue backe retried to her caue,
Vntill the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, yet o thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abide, till I haue told the message, which I haue.

She stadd, and forth Duesse gan proceede,
O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then Ioue, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
Which waft begot in Damogorgons hall,
And sawft the secrets of the world vnmade,
Why sufredft thou thy Nepheues deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo where the stout Sansfoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfay shrinke vnderneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor laid on groning beare,

l. 190, 'brightnes' : l. 193, 'O' : l. 194, 'Abide,'
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sorne so euill heare?
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorn?

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darkness Queene,
Go gather vp the reliques of thy race,
Or else goe them auenge, and let be seene,
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface.
Her feeling speaches some compassion mowed
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her hart was neuer prooud

Till then: for euermore she hated, neuer loued.

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successe, which their foes enfew:
But who can turne the streame of deßtinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong neceßtitie,
Which faßt is tyde to Ioues eternall feat?
The sonnes of Day he fauoureth, I se,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

Yet shal they not escape so freely all;
For some shal pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blound price that he hath spilt.

l. 213, 'darknes' : l. 217, 'fayre' : l. 218, 'speaches ... mou'd' : l. 220, 'pitty ... proud' : l. 221, 'for' (1590) is misprinted 'and' in 1596 corrected: ib., 'lou'd' : l. 227, for ? : l. 234, 'blood.'
But what art thou, that tellst of Nephews kilt?
I that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
(Quoth she) how euer now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kift
The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face
The falfe semblance of Deceipt, I wift
Did clofely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace,
It carried, that I scarce in darkesome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and root of Dueisas race.
O welcome child, whom I have longd to see,
And now havee seene vnwaeres. Lo now I goe with thee./

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welsauourd witch: 250
Through mirkesome aire her readie way she makes.
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich,
Did softlye swim away, ne euer stampe,
Vnleffe she chaust their stubborn mouths to twitch;
Then coming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Vnto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
Deuoid of outward fenfe, and natieue strength, 260
Couerd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelessie fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,
They binden vp so wisely, as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

And all the while she stood vpon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted found,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray, 270
And her darke griefly looke them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle
With drearie shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry Wolues continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heauie corfe with eafie pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Auernus hole.
By that fame hole an entrance darke and bace
With / smoake and sulphure hiding all the place, 280
Defcends to hell: there creature neuer past,
That backe returned without heauenly grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chains haue braft,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

1. 263, 'congeald': l. 265, 'heald': l. 266, 'charet...conceald':
   l. 272, 'owle': l. 273, 'drery': l. 274, 'wolues': l. 277, 'heawy...asfy': l. 279, 'entrance': l. 280, 'sulphur': l. 282, 'retourned.'
By that same way the direfull dames doe druide
    Their mournefull charet, fild with rusdy blood,
    And downe to Plutoes house are come biliue:
    Which passing through, on every side them stood
    The trembling ghostes with sad amazed mood,
    Chattering their yron teeths, and staring wide
    With ftonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
    Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durft ride.

They pas the bitter waues of Acheron,
    Where many soules fit wailing woefully,
    And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
    Whereas the damned ghostes in tormentes fry
    And with sharpe thrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
    Curfing high Ioue, the which them thither dent.
    The house of endless paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand forts of punishment
    The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
    His three deformed heads did lay along,
    Curled with thousand adders venemous,
    And lilled forth his bloody flambe flaming tong:
    At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
    And felly gnarre, vntill dayes enemy
    Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong
    And suffered them to paffen quietly:
For she in hell and heauen had power equally. /

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
    For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to fin;

l. 286, 'charet': l. 291, 'flamy eies': l. 293, 'erthy': l. 308, 'Dayes.'
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirstie Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhæus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Thefeus condemned to endless slough by law,
Nd fifty sifters water in leake vessels draw.

hey all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leaue off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come vnto the furtheft part:
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, vneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which fad Asculapius farre a part
Emprifond was in chaines remedileffe,
or that Hippolytus rent corfe he did redresse.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charret chace the soming Bore;
He all his Peeres in beautie did surpas,
But Ladies loue as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
But when she saw her offred sweets refuesed
Her loue the turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason falfe accused,
And with her jealous termes his open eares abusf

Who all in rage his Sea-god fyre befought,
Some curfed vengeance on his sonne to caft:

l. 316, 'thirty': l. 320, 'leake' is 'lete' in 1590, but corrected into 'lake' in 'Farets escaped,' though there printed 'let': l. 327, 'far':
331, 'charett... bore': l. 335, 'refused': l. 337, 'accus'd': l. 338, abus'd': l. 340, 'vengeance.'
Frō surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chafing steedes aghast,
Both / chariot swift and huntifman ouercraft.
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaft
Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no moniment.

His cruell stepdame seeing what was donne,
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
In death auowing th’innocence of her sone.
Which hearing his rash Syre, began to rend
His haire, and haftie tongue, that did offend:
Tho gathering vp the relics of his smart
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Æscaulepe, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raine
When Ioue auizd, that could the dead reuiue,
And fates expired could renew againe,
Of endlesse life he might him not depreuiue,
But vnto hell did thuft him downe aliue,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded fore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
Himselfe with valeues to health for to restore,
And flake the heauenly fire, that raged euermore.

l. 341, 'Moiter's ... freight': l. 342, 'chaging': l. 343, 'charret swifte': l. 344, 'cliffs'—in '90 and '96 'cliffs,' but 'cliffs' given in 'Faults escaped': l. 347, 'lefte': l. 349, 'daies': l. 352, 'heare ... hafty tong': l. 357, 'rain': l. 358, 'reuiue': l. 359, 'again': l. 365, 'fire' is misprinted 'fire' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped.'
Here auncient Night arrying, did alight
From her nigh wearie waine, and in her armes
To Æsculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom hauing softly disfarayd of armes,
Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes,
Befeeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either saltues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her requet prolong her nephews daies. /

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vaine,
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old caufe of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that thruf from heauen dew
Here endlesse 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 Ioue, that rules both night and day?

Not so (quoth she) but fith that heauens king
From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou that canst not hope for thing,
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of euerlastinge Night?
Goe to then, o thou farre renowned sonne
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might

l. 367, 'weary wayne'—1590 supplies 'nigh' for the misprint 'high' of 1596 here—accepted: l. 369, 'Whome . . . disfaraid': l. 375, 'qd.': l. 380, 'penaunce': l. 384, 'vengeance': l. 384, 'qd.': l. 389, 'O . . . far renowned,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped.'
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great paines, & greater praife, both neuer to be donne.

Her words preuailed: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which haung feene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let fay
Aueugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilsth Phæbus pure
In westerne waues his wearie wagon did recure.

The false Duscella leauing noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide
Not / thoroughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.
Good cause he had to haften thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide,
Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytiue wretched thrals, that wayled night and day.

A ruefull fight, as could be feene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to Couetife,
Through waftfull Pride, and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse
Prouokt with VVrath, and Enuies falle surnise,
Condemned to that Dongeon mercileffe,
Where they should liue in woe, & die in wretchednesse.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celestiall doome thrownue out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:
There also was king Creafus, that enhaunft
His heart too high through his great riches store;
And proud Antiochus, the which aduaunft
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunft.

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That firft the world with fword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus farre did pas
In princely pompe, of all the world obayd;
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
That name of natiuë fyre did fowle vpbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he didc./

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkafes of beafts in butchers stall.

l. 417, 'Emuyes': l. 419, 'wo... dye': l. 423, 'thrown': l. 424, 'transformed': l. 426, 'hart... riche': l. 428, 'altars': l. 431, 'far': l. 432, 'pomp': l. 439, 'beastes.'
And in another corner wide were strowne 
The antique ruines of that *Romanes* fall:
Great *Romulus* the Grandfyre of them all,
Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hanniball*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,
High *Cæsar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

Amongst these mighty men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*, whose sides transfixed
With fonnes owne blade, her fowle reproches spoke;
Faire *Sthenobae*, that herelfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke
Of Aspes fling her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dungeon fill.

Befides the endlessse routs of wretched thrallles,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull fallses,
Through wicked pride, and wafted wealthes decay,
But most of all, which in the Dongoon lay
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
Confused had their goods, and thristlesse howres,
And laftly strowne themselues into these heawy strowres.

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1. 441, 'Antique ruins that the Romans'—both in 1590 and 1596 'the,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped' in the former by 'that': 1. 445, 'fiers': 1. 447, 'm-digit': 1. 451, 'Fayre': 1. 456, 'routers': 1. 457, 'theather': 1. 459, 'welthes': 1. 461, 'courtes': 1. 462, 'ydle': 1. 464, 'thrown.'
Whose case when as the carefull Dwarf had tould,
   And made enample of their mournefull fight
Vnto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But / early rofe, and ere that dawning light
Discouered had the world to heauen wyde,
He by a priuie Pofterne tooke his flight,
That of no enuous eyes he mote be spye:
For doubllesse death enfewd, if any him descryde.

Scarfe could he footing find in that fowle way,
   For many corfes, like a great Lay-stall
Of murtherd men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorfe, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princesse pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beseide
Forth ryding vnderneath the castell wall,
A dognhill of dead carkafes he spide,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pride.

1. 466, 'mournfull': l. 469, 'carely': l. 473, 'enfewd': l. 478, 'al':
L. 479, 'beffude': l. 481, 'Donghill . . . spye': l. 482, 'Pryde.'
Cant. VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
fayre Vna is releas'd;
Whom salvage nation does adore,
and learns her wise behaft.

As when a ship, that flyes faire vnnder faile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his foole-happie ouerfight:
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadleffe courage of this Elfin knight,
Hauing escaped so sad enfamples in his fight./

Yet sad he was, that his too haftie speed
The faire Duefs had forfit him leaue behind;
And yet more sad, that Vna his deare dred
Her truth had stain'd with treason fo vnkind;
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
But for his loue, and for her owne felffe fake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,

l. 6, 'fayre ... sayle': l. 10, 'in' is misprinted 'it' in '90 and '96, though corrected in 'Faults escaped': l. 11, 'foothappie': l. 13, 'corage': l. 15, after 'was'; accepted: l. 16, 'fayre': l. 18, 'staynd': l. 19, 'cryme': l. 20, 'own.'
Him for to seeke, ne euer would forfake,
Till her vnwares the fierce Sanfloy did ouertake.

Who after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
   Led her away into a forest wide,
   And turning wrathfull fire to luftfull heat,
   With beastly sin thought her to haue desilde,
   And made the vaffall of his pleasures yilde.
Yet first he caft by treatie, and by traynes,
   Her to perfuade, that stubborne fort to yilde:
   For greater conquest of hard loue he gaynnes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
   And looking louely, and oft fighting store,
Her constant hart did tempt with dierfe guile:
   But wordes, and lookes, and fighes she did abhore,
As rocke of Diamond stedfast euermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrue luftfull eye,
   He snatched the vele, that hong her face before;
   Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest kyue,
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

So when he saw his flat'ring arts to fayle,
   And subtile engines bet from batteree,
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
   Whereof he weend poisessed soone to bee,
And / with rich spoile of ranfackt chaftetee.
Ah heauen, that do this hideous act behold,
And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,

l. 23, 'fiers': l. 25, 'forest': l. 26, 'fyre': l. 30, 'persuade': l. 36,
   after 'wordes' accepted: l. 37, 'rock': l. 40, 'skynne': l. 43, 'bells':
l. 46, 'chaftetee': l. 47, 'doe.'
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames vpou that Paynim bold?

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, & shrieking cryes,
The laft vaine helpe of womens great distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten fтарres do drop like weeping eyes;
And Phaebus flying so most shameful full fight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her selfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gripped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did fray,
That all the woodes and foresstes did resound;
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a round,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shadie arber sownd.

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haft forfooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.

l. 50, 'vevod': l. 51, 'mayden': l. 52, 'and': l. 53, 'womens': l. 54, 'plaintes': l. 55, 'doe': l. 58, 'hydes ... witt': l. 59, 'quitt': l. 63, 'gryped': l. 64, 'shriekes': l. 70, 'have': l. 71, 'towards.'
Vnto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he neuer saw, he durft not bide,
But got his ready steed, and faft away gan ride. /

The wyld woodgods arrriued in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull dofolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stond amazed at so vncouth fight,
And gin to pittie her vn happie state,
All stond aftonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes vnworthie of so wofull plight.

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;
And euerie tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greddie Wolfe through hunger fell
A seely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon sphyes faft running towards him,
The innocent pray in faft he does forfake,
Which quit from death yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke fo grim.

Such searefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:

The faluage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'naire sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough horns yeclad, 100
And rustick horror all a side doe lay,
And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth,
But fill twixt feare and hope amazd does fit,
Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th.
They / in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie foueraine, 110
Are wonne with pitty and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate vpon the lowly plaine, (faine.
Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance

Their harts she ghefeth by their humble guise,
And yeldes her to extremitie of time;
So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without fuspeect of crime:
They all as glad, as birds of ioyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheardes ryme. 120
And with greene braunches frowning all the ground,
Do worship her, as Queene, with oliue girland crownd.

And all the way their merry pipes they found,
That all the woods with doubled Echo ring,
And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who with the noyse awakened, commeth out,
To weet the caufe, his weake steps gouerning,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,  
And with an yuie twyne his waft is girt about.

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
If Bacchus merry fruit they did inuent,
Or Cybeles frantick e rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent;
His owne faire Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing fould,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to fee,
But Venus neuer had fo stober mood;

Page 78 is succeeded by p. 81 in 1596 in error, though the text is continuous and accurate: so too in 1590, but in it p. 80 is correctly given, and p. 81, but verso p. 84, and next p. 85 and verso p. 84, and then p. 85 and verso p. 88, and p. 89 and verso p. 88, and p. 89 and verso p. 92, and p. 93 and verso p. 92, and p. 93 and verso p. 96, and pp. 95-6 and so onwards: l. 125, 'dow': l. 131, 'twafe': l. 133, 'If' is misprinted 'Of' in 1596—1590 has 'Or'—'If' was doubtless the author's intended correction for 1596, and so is given in the text: ll. 139, 144, 'fayre.'
Sometimes Diana he her takes to bee,
But míseth bow, and sháftes, and buskins to her knee.

By vew of her he ginneth to reuiue
His ancient loue, and dearest Cyparisse,
And calles to mind his pourtraiture aliue,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how he flew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the louely boy
Did loue as life, aboue all worldly blisse;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd away in anguishing and selfe-wild annoy.

The wooddy Nymphes, faire Hamadryades
Her to behold do thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades,
Flocke all about to see her louely face:
But when they vwed haue her heauenly grace,
They enuie her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowlle-disgrace:
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

Glad of such lucke, the luckeleffe lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that saluage people tayed,
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;

l. 148, 'be' : l. 153, 'fayre' (his) : l. 158, 'selfewild' : l. 162, 'thether' :
l. 164, 'enuy' : l. 168, 'mayd' : l. 170, 'flayd' : l. 171, 'miseryes.'
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
Frō her own worship, they her Asse would worship fayn.

It fortuned a noble warlike knight
   By iust occasion to that forrest came,
   To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
   From whence he tooke his well deferred name: 180
   He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
   And fild far landes with glorie of his might,
   Plaine, faithfull, true, and eneimy of shame,
   And euer lou'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he little did delight.

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
   By fraunge adventur as it did betyde,
   And there begotten of a Lady myld,
   Faire Thyamis the daughter of Labryde,
   That was in facred bands of wedlocke tyde 190
   To Therion, a loofe vnruylie swayne;
   Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,
   And chafe the faluage beaft with bufie payne,
Then serue his Ladies loue, and waft in pleasures wayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loues longing burne,
   And could not lacke her louers company,
   But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,
   And seeke her spoufe, that from her stille does fly,
   And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunft her wandring for to find, 200
   And kindling coles of luft in brutifh eye,

l. 175, ‘refrayne’; l. 189, ‘Fayre’; l. 190, ‘bandes’; l. 194, ‘& waft’; l. 200, ‘finde.’
The loyall links of wedlocke did vnbind,
And made her person thrall vn to his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captiue to his fenfuall desire,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy vn to that saluage fire:
Then home he suffred her for to retire,
For ranfome leauing him the late borne childe;
Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
He nourled vp in life and manners wilde,
Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Vpon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roving Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
And the Robuckes in flight to ouertake,
That every beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,
That his owne fire and maister of his guife
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to prouoke; for he would learne
The Lyon ftoop to him in lowly wife,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenghe did earne.

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

His louing mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woods, to see her little sonne;
And chauntfe vnwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,
When after him a Lyonsfe did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did lowd require
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon whelpe she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childifh feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe, gan faft to fly away,
Vntill with loue reuokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perfwaded was to stay,

l. 226, 'beastes': l. 232, 'beastes': l. 235, 'fierce and fell'—in '90, 'swift and cruell,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped' by 'fiers and fell.'
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
Ah Satyrane, my dearling, and my joy,
For loue of me leaue off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

In these and like delights of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walkt in that foreft, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures fought:
In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown./

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Vnto those natuie woods for to reparie,
To see his fire and offpring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he vnwares the fairest Vna found,
Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her fat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wondred at her wisedome heauenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he neuer 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 joyd to make proffe of her crueltie
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.

But she all vowed vnto the Redcross knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguishes did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in priuie wife
To Satyrane she shewed her intent:
Who glad to gain such fauour, gan deuise,
How with that pensiue Maid he best might thence arife.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
To do their seruice to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin left behind alone
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too / late it was, to Satyres to be told,
Or euer hope recouer her againe:
In vaine he seekest that hauing cannot hold.
So fast he caried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, & come now to the plaine.

The better part now of the linging day,
They traueld had, when as they farre espide
A weary wight forwarding by the way,
And towards him they gan in haft to ride,

l. 281, 'crueltie': l. 284, 'verity': l. 289, 'wit': l. 290, 'priuie': l. 295, 'deu': l. 296, 'behinde': l. 297, 'corage': l. 302, 'wods': l. 304, 'far': l. 305, 'weary.'
To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the Redcrosse.
But he them spying, gan to turn aside,
For seare as seemd, or for some feigned losse; 310
More greedy they of newes, saft towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
And fold with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilesome trauell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traueld many a sommers day,
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde;
And in his hand a Iacobs staffe, to stay
His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The knight approaches nigh, of him inquerd 321
Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
Then Yna gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croflet red.
Aye me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew
To tell the sad fight, which mine eies haue red:
These eyes did see that knight both liuing and eke ded. /

That cruell word her tender hart so thrilid, 330
That suddain cold did runne through euery vaine,
And stony horour all her fences fild
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further proceffe of her hidden griefe;
The leffer pangs can beare, who had endur'd the chiefe.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I euer rew,
To see two knights in trauell on my way
(A fory fight) arraung'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrow,
That drunke with bloud, yet thrifted after life: (knife.
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slaine with Paynim

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight, that euer wonne?
Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
Where is (saiid Satyrane) that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath reft?
Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (cleft.
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in haft,
Whiles Vna with huge heauenesse opprest,

bloud' : l. 347, 'flain' : l. 348, 'qd.' and ll. 350 and 354 : l. 353, 'refe'
l. 354, 'she' : l. 355, 'lefts' : l. 356, 'bloody.'
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had gheft,
Whereas / that Pagan proud him selfe did rest,
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Euen he it was, that earst would haue suppressef
Faire Vna: whom when Satyrane espide,
With owle reprochfull words he boldly him deside.

And saide, Arife thou cursed Milcreaunt,
That haft with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
Faire kinighdome fowly shamed, and doeft vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to haue slain:
Arise, and with like treafon now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, rofe amain,
And catching vp in haft his three square shielde,
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him saide, Ah miborne Elfe,
In euill houre thy foes thee hither fent,
Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blameft me, for haung blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent;
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I neuer flew,
But had he bee, where earst his armes were lent,
Th’enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope now prouen trew.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fierfly to affaile
Each other, bent his enemi to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any liuing eie.
Large floods of bloud adowne their fides did raile;
But floods of bloud could not them satsifie: 391
Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die. /

So long they fight, and fell reuengue pursue,
That fainting each, themselfues to brethen let,
And oft refreshed, battell oft renue:
As when two Bores with rancling malice met,
Their gory fides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathleffe both them selues aside retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruell tufkes they whet,
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may respire; 400
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fierly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely, then before,
That with their drerie wounds and bloudy gore
They both deformed, scarfully could be known.
By this sad  
[thrown:
Led with their noife, which through the aire was
Arriu'd, where they in erth their fruitles bloud had fown. 410
Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan reuie the memory
Of his lewd lufts, and late attempted sin,
And left the doubtfull battell haftily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But Satyrane with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie,
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:
Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

O foolish faeries sone, what furie mad
Hath thee incenft, to haft thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better, I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Moft / fencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To loue another. Lo then for thyne aye,
Here take thy louers token on thy pate.
So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim fore afrayd.

But that falsf Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shado, all this to behold,
And much reiroyced in their bloudy fray:
But when he saw the Damfell passe away
He left his stond, and her purswed 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.

l. 413, 'lend': l. 414, 'left': l. 419, 'al': l. 421, 'fate'—misprinted
'fete' in 1596: l. 427, 'to': l. 432, 'bloody.'
W hat man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to defry the crafy cunning traine,
By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours dyed deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faire,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame;

The guylteffe man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistrefse of her art was that fals Dame,
The fals Dues, cloked with Fidesse's name.

Who when returning from the drery Night,
She found not in that perilous house of Pryde,
Where she had left, the noble Redcross knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no lenger bide,

l. 6, 'witt': l. 7, 'disery': l. 9, 'died': l. 10, 'truth': l. 16, 'hous':
l. 17, 'Redcross': l. 18, 'byde.'
But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she found, whereas he wareie fate,
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
Difarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
And by his side his feeld the graffy forage ate.

He feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trebling leaues full gently playes
Wherein the cherestull birds of sundry kind.
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
The Witch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnesse vnkind
Vpbrayd, for leaving her in place vnmeet,
(fweet.
With foulle words tempring faire, foure gall with hony

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasance of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girland made;
Whose bubbling waue did euer freshely well,
Ne euer would through servent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes fauour, as it then befell.

The cause was this: one day when Phæbe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Sat downe to rest in middest of the race:
The / goddesse wrath gan slowly her disgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and flow,
And all that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

Hereof this gentle knight vnweeping was,
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas,
Eftfoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile.
His chaunged powres at first them selues not felt,
Till cruelled cold his corage gan affaile,
And chearefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd out in loofnesse on the grassy ground,
Both careless of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the laft he heard a dreadfull fownd, [bownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing, did re-
That all the earth for terrour feemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe therewith aftownd,
Vpstarted lightly from his loofer make,
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

1. 45, 'fatt': l. 46, 'her'—misprinted 'he' in 1596: l. 47, 'badd':
1. 49, 'waxed': l. 53, 'Dronke ... chriftall': l. 54, 'fayle': l. 55,
'frayle': l. 57, 'afayle': l. 58, 'blood ... 'fayntnes': l. 65, 'terror.'
But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enmy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his fight,
An hideous Geant horrible and hye,
That with his talnesse seemd to threat the skye,
The ground eke groned under him for dread;
His liuing like saw never liuing eye,
Ne durft behold: his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his vncoth mother was,
And blustering Aelous his boasted fire,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
And fild her hidden causes with stormie yre,
That she conceiued; and trebling the dew time,
In which the wombes of women do expire,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,
Puft up with emptie wind, and fild with finfull crime.

So growen great through arrogant delight
Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,
And through presumptio of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorn.
Such now he marcheth to this man fororne,
And left to losse: his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.
Cant. VII.] FAERIE QUEENE.

That when the knight he spide, he gan advance
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse; all in vaine
Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraft, and inwardly dismayde,
And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
Through that fraile foûtaine, which him feeble made,
That scarifely could he weelde his bootlesse single blade.

The Geaunt strowke so maynly merciflesse,
That could haue ouerthrowne a stony towre,
And were not heauenly grace, that him did bleffe,
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But / he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from vnderneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the wind it did him ouerthrow,
And all his sences stound, that stille he lay full low.

As when that diuelish yron Engin wrought:
In deepeft Hell, and framd by Fairies skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill
Conceiuet fire, the heauens it doth fill
With thundring noyfe, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none carr breath, nor see, nor heare at will.

l. 96, 'spide' : l. 101, 'disgreffe' : l. 102, 'vayne' : l. 103, 'foûtain' : page 95 is in 1590 misprinted 93 : l. 110, 111, no punctuation after 'blow'
or 'poure' : l. 112, 'winde' : l. 113, 'stoond' : l. 117, 'bollent round' : l. 118,
'fyre.'
Through smouldry cloud of duskyf thincking smoke
That th’only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the
Andhim to duft thought to haue battred quight,
Vntil Duessa loud to him gan crye;
O great Orgoglio, greateft under flye,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies fake,
Hold for my fake, and do him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondflaue make,
And me thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmses,
To gayne fo goodly guerdon, as the spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possesed of his new found make.
Then vp he tooke the flombred fencelfe corfe,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Dongsen deepe him threw without remorfe.

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

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremonia flew,
Long fosstred in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heads out budding euer new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdued:
But this fame Monster much more vgly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron breft, and backe of scaly bras,
And all embrowed in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heauenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The euer-burning lamps from thence it braught,
And prouedly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy heasfts foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
He set the falfe Dueffa, for more aw and dread.

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grafinf steed,
And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorn weed,
His / mightie armour, missing most at need;
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull moniments of heauinesse,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

He had not travailed long, when on the way
He wofull Ladie, wofull Vna met,
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let: 180
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her sad brest did forfake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

The messenger of so vn happie newes,
Would faine haue 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 chause her chin, 190
And euerie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win,
Vnto her natie prison to retourn:
Then gins her griefed ghost thus to lament and mourne.

l. 172: in 1596 edition p. 96 ends with 'forlorn weed, His.' Next properly continues 'His mightie Armour,' etc., but is again numbered as p. 95, and the next as p. 96. Then 97-8, 99-100 regularly. Because of this the binder of several copies of the 1596 edition has cancelled the second 95-6, and so cut out ll. 172—234. It may be further noted that there are no pp. 79-80 in '96, though the matter goes on correctly from 78 to 81: ib., 'armour': l. 175. 'wofull': l. 178, 'Lady': l. 179, 'that': l. 181, 'Dwarfe': l. 182, 'tydings': l. 190, 'rubb': l. 194, 'o'.
Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruel fates the carefull threeds vnfoould,
The which my life and loue together tyde ?
Now let the stony dart of senfelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through euery side,
And let eternall night so sad [fight] fro me hide.

O lightsome day, the lampe of higheft Ione,
First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darknesse he in deepest dongsion droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hyde,
And shut vp heauens windowes shyning wyde :
For earthily sight can nought but forow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.

Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But feele vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

Then downe again she fell vnto the ground ;
But he her quickly reared vp againe :
Thrife did she finke adowne in deadly swound,
And thrife he her reuied with buffie paine :
At laft when life recouer'd had the raine,
And ouer-wrestled his strong enemie,
With faltring tong, and trembling euery vaine,
Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad prefent vnto mine eie.
Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart;
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
Then that I feel, and harbour in mine heart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my breast with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull found;
If lese, then that I fear, more favour I haue found. 230

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The subtile trains of Archimago old;
The wanton loues of falfe Fidenza hayre,
Bought with the bloud of vanquish't Paynim bold:
The wretched payre transform'd to treen mould;
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with Sansjoy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,
Wherein captiud, of life or death he stood in doubt.

She heard with patience all vnto the end,
And stroue to maister sorrowfull affray,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And loue fresh coles vnto her fire did lay:
For greater loue, the greater is the losse.
Was never Ladie loued dearer day,
Then she did loue the knight of the Redcrosse; For whose deare sake so many troubles her did toffe.

At last when fervent sorrow flaked was,
She vp arose, resoluing him to find
A liue or dead: and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And euermore in constant careful mind
She fed her wound with freth renewed bale;
Long toft with formes, and bet with bitter wind,
High ouer hils, and low adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and meafurd many a vale.

At last she chaunce by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined farre away,
Like glauncing light of, Phoebus brighteft ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his breft a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare,
That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons most pretious

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongt the leffer lights,
And shroue for to amaze the weaker lights;
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yuory sheath, ycaru'd with curious flights;

l. 254, 'fedd': l. 256, 'hills . . . loue': l. 260, 'Squyre': l. 261, 'fur': l. 266, 'shind . . . stones.'
Whose hilt was burništ gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse, and great terroure bred;
For all the creft a Dragon did enfold
With greedie paves, and ouer all did sprede
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous head
Close couched on the beuer, seem’d to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
That suddeine horror to faint harts did shew;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

Upon the top of all his loftie creft,
A bunch of haires discolourd diuersly,
With sriincled pearle, and gold full richly dreft,
Did shake, and seem’d to daunce for iollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossomes braue bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath, that under heavens is blowne.

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

The same to wight he neuer wond disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heauens he would affray;
For so exceeding thone his glistening ray,
That Phæbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;
And siluer Cynthia waxed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call,
But all that was not such, as seemd in fight,
Before that shiled did fade, and sudden fall:
And when him lift the raskall routes appall,
Men into ftones therewith he could transmew,
And ftones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him lift the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this excedes,
For he that made the fame, was knowne right well
To haue done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell

1. 299, ‘massy’ : l. 309, no punctuation after ‘ouer-lay’ : l. 310, ‘sceint’:
L 313, ‘bloody’ : l. 321, ‘seene’—misprinted ‘seene’ in 1590, but corrected
in ‘Faults escaped.’
All liuing wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wroght
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;
But when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if fought.

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whole harmefull head thrice heated in the fire,
Had riuens many a brest with pikehead square;
A goodly perfon, and could menage faire,
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
And chauf, that any on his backe shouled fit;
The yron rowels into frothy some he bit.

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
With louely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her anweres loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraigne:
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humour fitting purpose faire,
To tempt the cause it selve for to bewray;
Wherewith emmoud'd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

What worlds delight, or joy of liuing speach
Can heart, fo plung'd in sea of sorrowes deepe,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach? 350
The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,
And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,
Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,
Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auail,
My laft left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

Ah Ladie deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
Well may I weene, your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
Whilest thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat,
But woefull Ladie let me you intrete,
For to vnfold the anguifh of your hart:
Mifhaps are mifttered by aduice discreete,
And counfell mittigates the greatest smart:
Found neuer helpe, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O but (quoth she) great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought, then said.
Right so; (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,
Could neuer: will to might gius greatest aid.
But griefe (quoth she) does greater grow dispjaid, 370
If then it find not helpe, and bredes despaire.
Defpaire breedes not (quoth he) where faith is flaide.
No faith so faft (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reafon can repaire.
His goodly reason, and well guided speech
So deep did settle in her grateful thought,
That her perfwaded 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 inquere the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wifedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you brieve.

The forlorn Maiden, whom your eyes haue seene
The laughing flocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whilst equall destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The fauourable heauens did not enuy,
Did spread their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waues doe waush continually.

Till that their cruel cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murderous ruine, and deouering might
Their kingdom spoild, and countrey waisted quight:
Themselues, for feare into his iawes to fall,
He forst to castele strong to take their flight,

l. 379, no punctuation after 'said': l. 380, 'inquire' from 1596 in preference to 'inquire' of '96. So before freq.: l. 383, 'flory': l. 384, 'eies': l. 386, 'onely': l. 387, 'whiles equal': l. 388, 'come'; but corrected in 'Faults escaped' to 'ronne': l. 390, '/pred': l. 392, 'Gehons'—misprinted 'Gebons' in '96.
Where fast embark in mightie brazen wall,
He has them now foure yeres besiegd to make the thrall.

Full many knights aduenturous and stout
Haue enterprizd that Monstre to subdued;
From every coast that heauen walks about,
Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,
That famous hard atchieuements still pursueth,
Yet neuer any could that girlond win,
But all stille shronke, and stille he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fierce crueltie haue bin.

At laft yledd with farre reported praife,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughtie knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriae I sped,
Of Gloriae great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes feat Cleopolis is red,
There to obteaine some such redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a freth vnproved knight,
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guiltie blood
Had neuer bene, ne euer by his might /

l. 400, 'mighty': l. 401, 'four years': l. 405, 'Martial': l. 406, 'harde': l. 410, 'tiers cruelty': l. 411, 'yled...far': l. 413, 'Fary': l. 414, 'maidenhead': l. 420, 'Yt...chaunce...chaunce': l. 422, 'hands': misprinted 'hand' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped'
ib., 'imbrewd...guilty': l. 423, 'bene.'

V.
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowess proofe he since hath made
(I witness am) in many a cruel fight;
The groaning ghosts of many one dismaide
Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

And ye the forlorn reliques of his powre,
His byting sword, and his deuouring speare,
Which haue endured many a dreadful flower,
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 difaunturous deare:
O heauie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where haue you left your Lord, that could so well you

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captiue langour should redeeme,
Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His fence abus'd, and made him to mifdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;
That rather death defire, then such despight.
Be judge ye heauens, that all things right eftseeme,
How I him lou'd, and loue with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought aright.

Therecfoorth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,  
Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread,  
That brought not backe the balefull body dead ;  
In which him chaunced false Duesa meete,  
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,  
Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sreete,  
Inueigled him to follow her desires vnmeetee. / 

At last by subtille sleights she him betrayed  
Vnto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,  
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,  
Vnwares surprisfed, and with mightie mall  
The monster mercileffe him made to fall,  
Whose fall did neuer foe before behold ;  
And now in darkefome dungeon, wretched thrall,  
Remedileffe, for aie he doth him hold ;  
This is my caufe of grieue, more great, then may be told.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :  
But he her comforted, and faire bespake,  
Certes, Madame, ye haue great caufe of plaint,  
That stoutest heart, I weene, could caufe to quake.  
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take :  
For till I haue acquit your captiue knight,  
Assure your sefle, I will you not forfake.  
His chearefull words reuieu'd her chearelesse spright,  
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding euer right.

l. 450, 'foote' : l. 456, 'subtile' : l. 457, 'Gyaunt' : l. 459, 'mighty' :  
l. 466, , accepted after 'comforted' : l. 468, 'That' — Dr. Morris annotates 'All the early editions read that, but ? the' — a surprisingly erroneous suggestion, which only the Editor's insertion of semicolon (;) for comma (,) of the original after 'plaint' conceals : l. 470, 'acquit' : l. 473, 'thę'
Faire virgin to redeem her deare,
brings Arthur to the fight,
Who slayes the Gyant, wounthes the beaft,
and strips Dueff quight.

A

Y me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heauenly grace doth him vphold,
And stedfaft truth acquite him out of all.
Her / loue is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,
Or weaknesse is to finfull bands made thrall:
Elfe shoule this Redcroffe knight in bands haue dyde,
For whose deliuerace she this Prince doth thither guide.

They sadly trauelid thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a castell builted strong and hie:

l. 4, 'the'—misprinted 'that' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of former: ib., 'Gyaunt': l. 7, 'that'—misprinted 'the' in 1590 and 1596, though corrected in 'Faults escaped' in the former: l. 9; for period (,) l. 11, 'thorough...own': l. 12, 'weaknes': l. 13, 'Elde': l. 14, 'thether...guyed': l. 16, 'bye.'
Then cryde the Dwarfe, lo yonder is the fame,
In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,
Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyrannie:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres aßay.

The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steede, and bad the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall;
Whole gates he found fast shut, ne liuing wight
To ward the fame, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twifted gold,
And taffels gay. Wyde wonders ouer all
Of that fame hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approued bene in vses manifold.

Was neuer wight, that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling feare did seele in every vaine;
Three miles it might be easie heard around,
And Ecchoes three anwerd it seife againe:
No falfe enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blaßt,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate fo strong, no locke fo firme and faßt,
But with that percing noife flew open quite, or brâst.

l. 18, 'ly': l. 19, 'Gyaunts . . . tyranny': l. 22, 'badd': l. 25, 'to-
wardes': l. 26, 'found . . . shutt': l. 27, 'warde': l. 30, 'taffels': l. 33,
'fownd': l. 35, 'easie . . . around': l. 39, 'void.'
The same before the Geants gate he blew,
    That all the castle quaked from the ground,
    And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyant selfe dismaied with that fownd,
Where he with his Dueffa dalliance fownd,
In haft came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one aftownd,
    And staggering steps, to weet, what fuddlein stowre,
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

And after him the proud Dueffa came,
    High mounted on her manyheaded beast,
    And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creaf,  
    And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feaf,
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he foone addreft,
    And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eger greediness through every member thrid.

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
    Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
    All arm'd with ragged fnubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at firit encounter to haue flaine,
But wife and warie was that noble Pere,
    And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,

l. 42, ' Geants' : l. 43, ' ground' : l. 45, ' Gyaunt' : l. 46, ' dalliance' :
l. 55, ' bloody' : l. 58, ' fierfy . . . corage' : l. 61, ' Inflamd' : l. 63, ' armd' :
l. 65, ' wife' — misprinted ' wifh' in 1590, but corrected in ' Faults escaped':
ib., ' wary.'
Did faire auoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to thinke, sugh thunderbolts to beare.

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way, 70
Missing the marke of his misaymed fight
Did fall to ground, and with his heauie sway
So / deeply dined in the driuen clay,
That three yarde a furrow vp did throw:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous vnderneath the blow, (show.
And trembling with strange seare, did like an earthquake

As when almightie Ioue in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of morstall fins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food, 80
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and higheft trees hath rent,
And all that might his angrie passage stay
And shouuting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen vp againe so light,
But that the knight him at auantage found,
And whiles he stroue his combed clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright 91
He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke
Did fall to ground, depriu’d of natieue might;

l. 67, ‘payre’: l. 69, ‘shonne’: l. 72, ‘heauy’: l. 83, ‘siers’: l. 85,
‘angry’: l. 87, ‘ground’: l. 89, ‘founnd’: l. 92, ‘smett of . . . block,’
Large streames of bloud out of the truncked stocke
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rocke.

Difmaied with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
He loudly brayd with beaftly yelling found,
That all the fields rebellowed againe;
As great a noyfe, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring./

That when his deare Duesfa heard, and saw
The euill fownd, that daungerd her estate,
Vnto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast, who fwole with bloud of late
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatened all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrace,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud Duesfa full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce difdaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beat with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainft his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which stille the bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyfon through their inner parts,
Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;
Which after charmes and some enchantments saide,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his fiurdie courage foone was quayd,
And all his fenifes were with fuddeine dread diismayd.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his necke his bloudie claves did seize,
That life nigh cruft out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well auife,
He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprize;
For wondrous anguifh in his hart it wrought,
To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought.

And high aduauncing his bloud-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so fore,

l. 119, ' courageous': l. 122, ' body': l. 126, ' partes,' and so l. 129: l. 130,
' courage': l. 131, ' suadein': l. 133, ' neck . . . bloody': l. 134, ' night'
misprinted ' night ' in '96: l. 141, ' blood': l. 142, ' heades.'
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape mis-shaped more:
A sea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That ouer shoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to have heard, great horror would have bred,
And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience of his grieued hed
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would haue caft downe, and trod in durtie myre,
Had not the Gyant foone her succoured;
Who all enrag'd with smart and frantick ye,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.

The force, which wont in two to be dispersd,
In one alone left hand he now vnites,
Which is through rage more strong then both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour finites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to ouerthrow:
The stroke vpon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low
What mortall wight could euer beare so monstrous blow?/
And in his fall his shield, that couered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heauens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt fpyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaued was on bye
For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd
At flashinge beames of that sunfhiny shield,
Became starke blind, and all his sences daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiu'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Vnto the Gyant loudly the gan call,
O helpe Orgoglio, helpe, or else we perishe all.

At her so pitteous cry was much amoou'd,
Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd:
But all in vaine : for he has read his end
In that bright shield, and all his forces spend
Themselfes in vaine : for since that glauncing fight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend ;
As where th'Almighties lightning brand does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sences quight.

l. 171, 'nyer' : l. 176, 'sain' : l. 179, 'dasd' : l. 181, 'feemd' : l 184, 'Gyaunt' : l. 185, 'els' : l. 189, 'redd' : l. 190, 'his' is misprinted 'their'
in 1590 and 1596—'his' an obvious correction : l. 192, 'powre' : l. 194, 'sences.'
Whom when the Prince, to battell new addreft,
   And threatening high his dreadfull stroke did see,
   His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
   And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
   That / downe he tumbled ; as an aged tree,
   High growing on the top of rocky clift,
   Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
   The mightie trunke halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth rolle adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
   By subtile engins and malitious flight
Is vndermined from the lowest ground
   And her foundation forft, and seebled quight,
   At laft downe falles, and with her heaped hight
   Her haftie ruine does more heauie make,
   And yields it selfe vnto the victours might ;
   Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfaft globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
   With mortall steele him smot againe fo fore,
   That headlesse his vnweldy bodie lay
All wallowed in his owne foule bloudy gore,
   Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store,
   But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
   That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
   Was vanisht quite, and of that monstreous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

Whose grievous fall, when false Duefa spide,
   Her golden cup she cast vnto the ground,
   And crowned mitre rudely threw aside;
   Such percing grieue her stubborne hart did wound,
   That she could not endure that dolefult sound,
   But leaung all behind her, fled away:
   The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
   And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray.  230

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
   In pensiue plight, and sad perplexitie,
   The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,
   Came running fast to greet his victorie,
   With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie,
   And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake;
   Faire braunch of nobleffe, flowre of cheualrie,
   That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paines, ye suffer for my fake ?  240

And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,
   Whom these sad eyes saw nigh vnto deathes dore,
   What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
   Wherewith you to reward?  Accept therefore
   My simple selfe, and service euermore;
   And he that high does fit, and all things fee
   With equall eyes, their merites to restore,
   Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with vfiuree.
But fith the heauens, and your faire handeling
Haue made you maister of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with gouerning,
And well begun end all so well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dungeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wafted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

Forthwith he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
Into the Castle entred forcibly.
Where / liuing creature none he did espye;
Then gan he lowdly through the houfe to call:
But no man car’d to answere to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence ouer all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was feene in bowre or hall.

At laft with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weareie gate both too and fro:
For his eye figh him failed long ygro,
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which vnufed rust did ouergrow:
Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,
But he could not them vfe, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth fight was to behold,  
How he did fashion his vontoward pace,  
For as he forward mou'd his footing old,  
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face,  
Unlike to men, who euer as they trace,  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
This was the auncient keeper of that place,  
And fother father of the Gyant dead;  
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

His reverend haires and holy grauitie  
The knight much honord, as befeemed well,  
And gently afkt, where all the people bee,  
Which in that fately building wont to dwell.  
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.  
Againe he afkt, where that fame knight was layd,  
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell  
Had made his caytiue thrall; againe he sayde,  
He could not tell: ne euer other answere made. /

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:  
He could not tell, againe he anserwered.  
Thereat the curteous knight displeafed was,  
And saide, Old fire, it seemes thou haft not red  
How ill it fits with that fame filuer hed  
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:  
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed  
With natures mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:  
Aread in grauer wife, what I demaund of thee.

1 278, 'moou'd': 1 283, 'Gyaunt': l. 285, 'grauttee': l. 292, ; for,  
—accepted: l. 297, 'fyre': l. 298, 'fits.'
His answere likewise was, he could not tell.  
Whose fencelesse speach, and doted ignorance  
When as the noble Prince had marked well,  
He gheft his nature by his countenance,  
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.  
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach  
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 preffence might behold.  
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)  
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,  
Which there were flaine, as shepe 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, caru'd with cunning imagery,  
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,  
And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,  
With cruell malice and strong tyrannye:  
Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone  
To God for vengeance cryde continually,  
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,  
That hardeft heart would bleede, to heare their piteous mone.

l. 313, for period (;) : l. 317, 'blood': l. 323, 'trew . . . blood.'
Through every rowme he fought, and every bower, 
But now where could he find that woeful thrall:
At last he came vnto an yron doore,
That faft was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounc, to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and louwd did call
With all his powre, to weet, if liuing wight
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These piteous plaints and dolours did refound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet liue perforce in balefull darkeneffe bound?
For now three Moones haue châged thrice their hew,
And haue beeene thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
Since I the heauens chearefull face did vew,
O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled fore,
And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle sorlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed euer forth a filthie banefull smell. /

V. 10
But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the means that Prisoner vp to reare;
Whose feeble thighe, vnhalable to uphold
His pined corse, him scharfe 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'vnwonted funne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceitiu of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to riue steele plates, helmets hew,
Were cleane confum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and all his flesh shronk vp like withered flowres.

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hafty ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of fresheft youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wafted had,
She s aid, Ah deareft Lord, what euill starre
On you hath found, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?
But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
   Whose prefence I haue lackt too long a day;
And fye on Fortune mine auowed foe,
   Whose wrathfull wreakes them felues do now alay.
And / for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of euils prieze.
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay, 390
   Had no delight to treaten of his grieze;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

Faire Lady, then said that victorius knight,
The things, that grieuous were to do, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight:
Beft muficke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th'onely good, that growes of paifed feare,
Is to be wife, and ware of like again.
This dayes ensample hath this leffon deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen, 400
That bliffe may not abide in state of mortall men.

Henceforth sir knight, take to you wonted ftrength,
   And maiater thefse mifhaps with patient might;
Loe where your foe lyes strecht in monftrous length,
And loe that wicked woman in your fight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her liue, or dye.
   To do her dye (quoth Vna) were defpight,

l. 385, 'kaue'—misprinted 'kaue' in '96: l. 386, 'lie' in 1590 and
1596, but corrected 'fye' in 'Faults escaped' in the former: l. 387, 'doc':
l. 388, 'wrongs': l. 394, 'doc': l. 396, 'delight'—Dr. Morris queries here
'? dislike' (Upton), an emendation that would destroy the Poet's idea
utterly. Cf. 'delight' in l. 395 with this: l. 397, 'only': l. 399, 'daies':
l. 402, 'Sir': l. 404, 'lies': l. 407, 'die', and so l. 408: l. 408, 'q'd,'
And shame t'auenge so weak an enimy;  
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly. 410

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

Her craftie head was altogether bald, 420  
And as in hate of honorable eld,  
Was ouergrowne with surfe and filthy scald;  
Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were feld.  
And her fowre breath abominably smeld;  
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,  
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;  
Her wrizled skin as rough, as maple rind,  
So scabby was, that would haue loathd all womankind.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,  
My chafier Mufe for shame doth blufh to write, 430  
But at her rompe she growing had behind  
A foxes taile, 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 armd to greedy fight,

l. 412, 'roiall': l. 415, 'defsayld': l. 420, 'crafty.'
The other like a Beares vneuen paw:
More vgly shape yet neuer liuynge creature saw.

Which when the knihts beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
Such then (said Vna) as the feemeth here,
Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
Of fowle Duesfa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

She flying fast from heauens hated face,
And from the world that her discouered wide,
Fled to the waftfull wilderness apace,
From liuynge eyes her open shame to hide,
And / lurkt in rocks and caus long vnespide.
But that faire crew of knihts, and Vna faire
Did in that castel afterwards abide,
To reft them selues, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

l. 436, 'beares': l. 446, 'waies': l. 447, 'face': l. 451, 'lurkt'—mis-printed 'lurket' in 1596: l. 455, 'al.'
Cant. IX.

His loues and signage Arthur tells
The knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Treuisan flies from Despayre,
Whom Redcrosse knight withflands.

Goodly golden chaine, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in louely wize:
And noble minds of yore allied were,
In braue pourfuit of cheualrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did others prayfe deuize,
How to aduaunce with fauourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from

Who when their powres empaird through labour long,
With dew repaft they had recuret well,
And that weake captiue wight now wexed strong,
Them lift no lenger there at leaffure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell,
But ere they parted, \textit{Vna} faire befought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Leaft so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die vnknown, & buried be in thanklesse thought.

Faire virgin (saide the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compas of my wit:
For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
For all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and chewed heauens light,
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:
And freight deliered to a Faery knight,
To be vpbrught in gentle thewes and martiaall might.

Vnto old \textit{Timon} he me brought byliue,
Old \textit{Timon}, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th'experteft man aliuie,
And is the wiifeft now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Vnder the foot of \textit{Rauran} mossy hore,
From whence the riuer \textit{Dee} as siluer cleene
His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my dayes he traind me vp in vertuous lore.

Thither the great Magicien \textit{Merlin} came,
As was his vse, oftetimes to vifit me:
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutours nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in priuitie,
Of what loines and lignage I did spring:
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
As time in her iuft terme the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.
But what adventure, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread / Prince Arthur, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
The course of heauenly caufe, or vnderstand
The secret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

For whither he through fatall deepe forefight
Me hither seng, for cause to me vngeth,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my ruyen breft,
With forced fury following his behestead,
Me hither brought by wayes yet neuer found,
You to haue helpt I hold my selue yet blest.
Ah curteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound
Could euer find, to grieue the gentlest hart on ground?

Deare Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,

l. 45, 'Tutors': l. 46, 'priuity': l. 50, 'term': l. 52, 'Tutors': l. 54, 'hether . . . Fary': l. 55, 'Arthur': l. 56, 'gd.': l. 59, 'waies': l. 60, 'whether . . . fatal': l. 65, 'hether.'
Ne euer will their feruent fury flake,
Till liuing moysture into smoke do flow,
And waisted life do lye in ashes low.
Yet fithens silence leffenth not my fire,
But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
I will reuole, what ye so much defire:
Ah Loue, lay downe thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

It was in fresheft flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly cheft,
Then firft the coale of kindly heat appeares
To kindle loue in every liuing breft;
But me had warnd old Timons wife behest,
Those creeping flames by reaason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to fo great vnrest,
As miserable louers vfe to rew,
Which stil wax old in woe, whiles woe stil waxeth

That idle name of loue, and louers life,
As lufte of time, and vertues enime
I euer scornd, and ioyd to stirre vp stirfe,
In middeft of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, grieu'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart on me with fiers intent,
But I them warded all with wary gourneon.
But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
   Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
But will at laft be wonne with battrie long,
Or vnawares at disfauantage found;
   Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who moft truftes in arme of fleshly might,
   And boafts, in beaties chaine not to be bound,
Doth soonef fall in disfauentrous fight,
   And yeeldes his caytiue neck to victours moft despight.

Enfample make of him your haplesse ioy,
   And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud auenging boy
   Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertie.
For on a day prickt forth with iollitie
   Of loofer life, and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
   The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent
Did feeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
   From lofte steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
   And pillow was my helmet faire displayd:
   Whiles / euery fence the humour sweet embayd,
And flombring soft my hart did steale away,
   Me seemd, by my fide a royall Mayd

l. 98, 'found': l. 100, 'vnawares'—misprinted 'vnwares' in '96: th.,
'found': l. 101, 'ground': l. 103, 'boaftes . . bound': l. 109, 'liber-
tee': l. 110, 'iollitie': l. 114, 'on'—misprinted 'at' in 1599 and 1596, but
corrected in 'Faults escaped' of former: l. 115, 'sports': l. 118, 'helmett
fayre.'
Cant. IX.]  

**FAERIE QUEENE.**

Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:  
So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day.

Moost goodly glee and louely blandishment  
She to me made, and bad me loue her deare,  
For dearly sure her loue was to me bent,  
As when iust time expired should appeare.  
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,  
Was never hart so rauisht with delight,  
Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,  
As she to me deliuered all that night;  
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

When I awoke, and found her place duioyd,  
And nought but pressured gras, where she had lyen,  
I sorrowed all so much, as earst I joyd,  
And washed all her place with wary edyn.  
From that day forth I lou’d that face duiyne;  
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind,  
To seeke her out with labour, and long tyne,  
And never vowd to rest, till her I find,  
Nine monethes I seeke in vaine yet nill that vow vnbind.

Thus as he spake, his vifage wexed pale,  
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;  
Yet still he stroue to cloke his inward bale,  
And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,  
Till gentle Vna thus to him gan say;  

THE I. BOOKE OF THE

O happy Queene of Faeries, that haft found
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True Loues are ofté fown, but seldom grow on ground. /

Thine, O then, said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
Next to that Ladies loue, shalbe the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heauenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case,
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
For onely worthy you through prowes priefe
Yf liuing man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

So diuerfly discoursing of their loues,
The golden Sunne his glistening head gan shew,
And fad remembraunce now the Prince amouses,
With fresh defire his voyage to pursfew:
Als Vna earnd her trauseill to renew.
Then thosse two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And loue establiss each to other trew,
Gaus goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke as pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

Prince Arthur gaue a boxe of Diamond sure,
Embowed with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clofd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,

l. 147, 'Faries . . . found': l. 149, 'confound': l. 150, 'ground':
l. 153, 'fayref': l. 157, 'worthie,' and so ll. 158 and 159: l. 165, 'frend-
ship': l. 168, 'as'—misprinted 'the' in 1596.
That any wound could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the Redcroffe knight him gaue
A booke, wherein his Saueours testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able foules to faue.

Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way
To seeke his loue, and th’other for to fight
With Vnaes 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 purswe,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

So as they trauelled, lo they gan espie
An armed knight towards them gallop saft,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grieuely thing, that him agaft.

Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behind;
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had braft,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had beene a sole of Pegafus his kind.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
To be vnarmd, and curld vncombed heares

l. 173, 'wound': l. 175, 'his'—misprinted 'this' in 1590, but corrected
in 'Faults eespaced': l. 190, 'aghaft': l. 191, 'fled': l. 192, 'beyned':
l. 193, 'bandes': l. 194, 'vyned': l. 195, 'kynd': l. 197, 'bee.'
Upstarting stiffe, dismayd with vnforth dread;
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appears
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his fear,
In sowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistening armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memore.

The Redcroffe knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet, what mifer wight was so dismayd:
There him he finds all fencelese and aghaft,
That of him selfe he seemd to be aghaft;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayed,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
Sir knight, ared who hath ye thus arayed,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:
For neuer knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
With stony eyes, and hartlese hollow hew,
Astonisht flood, as one that had aspide
Infernall furies, with their chaines wentide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
But trembling every ioynt did inly quake, (shake.
And foltring tongue at last these wordes seemed forth to

For Gods deare loue, Sir knight, do me not stay;
For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
Eft looking backe would faine haue runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrect caufe of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach,
Could his bloud-frofen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach, 230
Yet forst, at laft he made through silence suddein breach.

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
From him, that would haue forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turned fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?
Feare nought: (quoth he) no daunger now is nye?
Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,
(Said he) the which with this vnlucky eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place. 240

I lately chaunft (Would I had neuer chaunft)
With a faire knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe aduaunft
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But / not so happie as mote happie bee:
He lou'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lou'd in the leaft degree:
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to see her louer languissh and lament.

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse, 250
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen (God from him me bleste)
That curfed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell, that cals himselfe Despaire :
Who firft vs greets, and after faire areedes
Of tydings strange, 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
Emboft with bale, and bitter byting grieufe, 260
Which loue had launched with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of soule repriese,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,
That eartf vs held in loue of lingring life ;
Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perfwade vs die, to stint all further strife :
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

With which sad instrument of haftie death,
That woffull louver, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth liuing breath. 270
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
Difmayd with that deformed dismall fight,
Fled faft away, halfe dead with dying feare :
Ne yet affur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whole like infirmitie like chaunce may beare :
But God you neuer let his charmed speecches heare.
How may a man (said he) with idle speach
    Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth: 280
His subtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h
Into the hart, and searcheth euerie vaine,
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is rest, and weakeesse doth remaine.
O neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer rest
    Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride;
And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me vnto his cabin guide.
I that hight Treuisan (quoth he) will ride 290
Against my liking backe, to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arryue in that same place;
For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

^ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
    His dwelling has, low in an hollow caue,
    Farre vnderneath a craggie cliff ypight,
    Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedi graue,

l. 279, 'tryall': l. 281, 'subtile long': l. 282, 'heart': l. 284, 'weaknes': l. 286, 'sayd': l. 287, 'tryde': l. 289, 'guyde': l. 290, 'ryde': 292, 'glee'-sic in 1590 and 1596—corrected by Church into 'fee'—not excepted: ib., 'abyde': l. 297, 'Fur...craggy': ib., 'yplight'—misprint not in 'Faults escaped'—Dr. Morris is wrong in recording 'clift' as in this line corrected by 'cliff.' It is 'cliff' in both 1590 and 1596, and is not among the 'Faults escaped,' though in l. 309 the correction is made: 298, 'dreary...greedy.'
That still for carrion carcasses doth craue:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
Farre from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer feene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beeene,
Whose / carcasses were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the clifs. Arruied there,
That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine haue fled, ne durft approchen neare,
But th'other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

That darkesome caue they enter, where they find
That curled man, low fitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his fullein mind;
His griesie lockes, long growen, and vnbound,
Difordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as aotund;
His raw-bone cheekees through penurie and pine,
Were shrone into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

1. 300, 'ay': l. 302, 'Far': l. 303, 'wayle &': l. 305, 'fruite': l. 308, 'scattered'—misprinted 'scattered' in 1596: l. 309, 'cliffs'—misprinted 'clifs' in 1590 and 1596, though corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former: l. 312, 'stays': l. 316, 'grieze'—so 1590 and 1596, but 1611 read 'grievly,' which may or may not have been the Poet's own word: l. 321.
'Were'—misprinted 'Where' in '96: ib., 'dyne.'
His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beseide there lay vpon the gras
A drearie corfe, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rustie knife faft fixted flood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approuing trew
The wofull tale that Treuisan had told,
When as the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (fight./
With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, here shed in

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rafh a doome to giue?
What iustice euer other judgement taught,
But he should die, who meriteth not to liue?
None else to death this man despaying driue,
But his owne guiltie mind defruuing death.
Is then vnuiuft to each his due to giue?
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?
Or let him die at eafe, that liueth here vneath?

l. 326, 'drearie': l. 327, 'own': l. 329, 'rufy': l. 335, 'blood':
l. 337, 'authour': l. 338, 'blood' (his): l. 343, 'dye,' and so l. 347: l. 344.
'els': l. 346, 'dew': l. 347, 'liuing'—misprinted 'lining' in '96.
Who trauels by the wearie wandring way,  
To come vnto his wifhed home in haste,  
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,  
Is not great grace to helpe him ouer past,  
Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke faite?
Moft envious man, that grieues at neighbours good,  
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou haft,  
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happie eafe, which thou dost want and craue,
And further from it daily wandereft:
What if some littlepaine the passage haue,
That makes fraile fleesh to feare the bitter waue?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long eafe,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie feas,
Eafe after warre, death after life does greatly please.

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And said, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The fouldier may not moue from watchfull sted, Nor\leau his stand, vntill his Captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doome,
(Quoth he) knowes beft the termes establisshed;

l. 349, ‘trauailes’: l. 357, ‘bancke ... pas’: l. 359, ‘happy’: l. 360, ‘payne,’ and so l. 363: l. 361, ‘frayle’: l. 368, ‘is limited’ in ’90 is misprinted ‘life limited,’ and in ‘Faults escaped’ is thus erroneously quoted ‘life limited,’ and the correction given ‘life is limited,’ so that probably in some copies of 1590 the misprint was ‘imited.’
And he, that points the Centonell his roome, 
Doth licene him depart at found of morning droome.

Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne, 
In heauen 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 haue their certaine date. 380 
Who then can strive with strong necessitie, 
That holds the world in his still chaunging state, 
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie? 
Whē houre of death is come, let none ask 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 bloud-shed, and auengement, 
Now prayst, hereafter deare thou shalt repent : 
For life must life, and bloud must bloud repay. 390 
Is not enough thy euill life forespent ? 
For he, that once hath misseid the right way, 
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

Then do no further goe, no further stray, 
But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake, 
Th'll to preuent, that life enfewen may. 
For what hath life, that may it loued make,

l. 380, 'certein': l. 382, 'holds'—Dr. Morris inadvertently says reads 'hold,' but it does not: l. 388, 'blood,' and so l. 390 (both): l. 393, period (.) for, in error: l. 394, 'doy': l. 395, 'ly.'
And giues not rather cause it to forfake?
Feare, fickneffe, age, losse, labour, forrow, ftrife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life.

Thou wretched man, of death haft greateft need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
For neuer knight, that dared warlike deede,
More luckelleffe difauentures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shut vp, for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then, would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

Why then doest thou, d man of sin, defire
To draw thy dayes forth to their laft degree?
Is not the meaure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
Thou falsed haft thy faith with periurie,
And fold thy selfe to serue Dueffa vile,
With whom in all abuse thou haft thy selfe defilde?

Is not he iuft, that all this doth behold
From higheft heauen, and beares an equall eye?

l. 404, 'ballaunce' : l. 405, 'deed' : l. 406, 'dissauentures' : l. 407,
'witnes .. dongeon' : l. 411, 'maift' : l. 412, 'O' : l. 415, 'iniquite' :
l. 417, 'Lady milde' : l. 418, 'falled'—misprinted 'fallest' in 1590 : ib.
'periusse' : l. 419, 'vild' : l. 420, 'defild' : l. 422, 'heuen .. cie.'
Shall he thy sins vp in his knowledge fold,
And guiltie be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, Let euery sinner die:
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger, till the glasse be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sone.

The knight was much enmoued with his speach,
That as a swords point through his hart did perfe,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all, that he did reherfe,
And / to his fresh remembrance did reuerfe
The vugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperfe,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rites,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceiued him to waueur weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule affaile,
To drue him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned gofts, that doe in tormentes waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endelesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

l. 424, 'guilty' : l. 425, 'law' : l. 427, 'doe'—probably a misprint in '90
and '96 for 'die,' but as Spenser uses 'doe' freq., not changed in text:
l. 428, 'glas' : l. 429, 'faries' : l. 432, 'secrcte' : l. 433, 'trew' : l. 434,
'remembraunce' : l. 439, 'Miscreant' : l. 441, 'daunt' : l. 444,
'shed.'
The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law:
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poifon, fire,
And all that might him to perdicion draw;
And bad him choofe, what death he would desire:
For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gau the hand in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of Aspin green,
And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
To come, and goe with tydings from the hart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last resolvd to work his finall smart,
He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start. /

Which whenas Vna saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a sowne: but soone reliu'd againe,
Out of his hand the snatcht the curfed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
What meaneft thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battell, which thou vauent to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

l. 449, 'sies': l. 456, 'dew': l. 461, 'blood': l. 462, 'heart': l. 463,
'running': l. 466, 'whenas'—misprinted, 'when as' in '96: ib., 'saw'—
1590 has 'heard': l. 468, 'reliu'd' (not 'reliu'd,' as Dr. Morris) in 1590
and 1596—1611 stupidly reads 'reliev'd': l. 471, 'hearted': l. 473, 'battailc.'
Cant. IX.]  FAERIE QUEENE.

Come, come away, fraile, feely, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne diuelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heauenly mercies haft thou not a part?  478
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface,
Arife, Sir knight arife, and leaue this cursed place.

So vp he rofe, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and faw his gueft
Would safe depart, for all his subtille sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himselfe, vnbid vnblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thoufand times he fo himselfe had dreft,  491
Yet nathelofe it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his laft, that is eternally.

l. 475, 'feely'—1590 has 'seeble': l. 480, 'greter': l. 486, 'subtile':
l. 488, 'hong': l. 493, 'him selfe.'
W hat man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all so soon, as it doth come to fight,
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that, which lately hapned, Vna saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his finewes wonen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight:
Therefore to cherishe him with diets daint,

1. 4, 'repentence' : l. 10, 'fieles' : l. 17, 'finewes' : l. 20, 'vnfit ... bloody.'
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,  
Till he recover'd had his late decayed plight.

There was an auntient house not farre away,  
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,  
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say  
It gouern'd was, and guided euermore,/  
Through wisedome of a matrone graue and hore;  
Whole onely ioy was to relieue 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 Calia men did her call, as thought  
From heauen to come, or thither to arife,  
The mother of three daughters, well vpbrught  
In goodly thewes, and godly exercize:  
The eldest two most sober, chaft, and wise,  
Fidelia and Speranza virgins were,  
Though spoud, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;  
But faire Charissa to a louely fere

Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;  
For it was warely watched night and day,  
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,  
The Porter opened vnto them streight way:  
He was an aged fyre, all hory gray,  
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full low,  
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humilit. They passe in stooping low;
For freight & narrow was the way, which he did shew —

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
But entred in a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entretaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was Zede, that him right well became,
For in his speeches and behauiour hee
Did labour liuely to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

There / fairely them receivs a gentle Squire,
Of milde demeanure, and rare courteous,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat ; no courting nicetie,
But simple true, and eke unvaine sweet,
As might become a Squire fo great perfons to greet.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place:
Who all this while was busie at her beades:
Which doen, she vp arose with semely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace,
Where when that fairest Vna she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,
Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

And her embracing said, ô happie earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
Moft vertuous virgin borne of heauenly berth,

That to redeeme thy woeful parents head,
From tyrans rage, and euer-dying dread,
Haft wandred through the world now long a day ;
Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy seeble feet vnweeting hither stray?

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :/
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their euill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way ;
O foolish men, why haft ye to your owne decay?

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,

l. 76, 'heart': l. 78, 'O happy': l. 84, 'Yet: . . . weary': l. 85,
'hether,' and so l. 86, 89: l. 87, 'strange': l. 92, 'iow': l. 95, 'haff':
l. 96, 'limbes': l. 97, 'hether': l. 99, 'Ladd.'
That up'to heauen is blowne. The auncient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guife,
And entertynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'fies, that she could deuise.
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wife.

Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,
Loe two moost goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in louely wife,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numberd euen steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldrest, that Fidelia hight,
Like funny beames threw from her Chrifall face,
That could haue dazd the rash beholders fight,
And round about her head did shine like heauens light.

She was ariaid all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fil'd vp to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all, that did behold;
But she no whит did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand the faft did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderflood.

Her / younger sifter, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her befeemed well;
Not all fo chearefull seemed she of fight,
As was her sifter; whether dread did dwell,

l. 100, 'heuen': l. 101, 'guife': l. 102, 'enterteynd': l. 103, 'deuise':
l. 105, 'fondrie things': l. 113, 'heuens': l. 122, 'writh': l. 123, 'Sifter.'
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a siluer anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned euer, as befell:
And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray,
Her stedsfast eyes were bent, ne swarued other way.

They seeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtezie:
Many kind speches they betwene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other well to see:
Then to the knight with sthomeaste modestie
They turne themselfes, at *Vnaes* meke request,
And him salute with well befeeming glee:
Who faire them quites, as him befeemed best,
And goodly gan discouerse of many a noble geft.

Then *Vna* thus; But she your sister deare,
The deare *Charissa* where is she become?
Or wants she health, or buffie is elsewhere?
Ah no, saied they, but forth she may not come:
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreased the world with one fonne more,
That her to see shoulde be but troublesome.
Indeede (quoth she) that shoulde her trouble fore,
But thanktt be God, and her encrease so euermore.

Then saied the aged *Celia*, Deare dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,

1. 130, "heuen": l. 132, "towards": l. 133, "courtezie": l. 135, "well":——
1590 has "for": l. 143, "elsewhere": l. 148, "Indeed": ib., "her":— in 1590 and 1596 "be," but corrected in "Faults escaped" of the former: l. 150, "saide": l. 151, "yours."
And labours long, through which ye hither came,  
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle /  
I read you reft, and to your bowres recoyle.  
Then called she a Grome, that forth him led  
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile  
Of puissant armes, and laid in eafie bed ;  
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully ared.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly reft,  
And bodies were refresht with due repaft,  
Faire Vna gan Fidelia faire request,  
To haue her knight into her schoolehoufe plaft,  
That of her heauenly learning he might taffe,  
And heare the wisedome of her words diuine.  
She graunted, and that knight fo much agraffe,  
That she him taught celestiell discipline,  
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,  
That none could read, except she did them teach,  
She vnto him disclosed euery whit,  
And heauenly documents thereout did preach,  
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,  
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,  
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:  
For she was able, with her words to kill,  
And raife againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.
And when she lift poure out her larger spright,
She would command the haftie Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his courfe from heauens hight;
Sometimes great hoftes of men she could dismay,
Dry-shod to passe she parts the floodes in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their natuue seat
She would command, themselfes to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gaue such powre, and puiissance great.

The / faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heauenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his finnes so sore,
That he defirde, to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of finfull guilt the soule dismayes.

But wife Speransa gaue him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Vpon her siluer anchor, as was meet;
Elfe had his finnes so great, and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
When him his dearest Vna did behold,
Difdeining life, desiring leaue to die,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.
And came to Celia 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 counfell and aduisement right;
    And frightway fent with carefull diligence,
    To fetch a Leach, the which had great ingift
    In that difeafe of grieued conscience,
    And well could cure the same; His name was Patience.

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
    Could hardly him intreat, to tell his griefe:
    Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,
    Well searecht, eftsoones he gan apply reliefe/
    Of falsues and med'cines, which had passing priefe,
    And thereto added words of wondrous might:
    By which to eafe him he recuret briefe,
    And much aßswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seemyng now more light.

But yet the caufe and root of all his ill,
    Inward corruption, and infected sin,
    Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
    And festring fore did rankle yet within,
    Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
    Which to extirpe, he laid him priuly
    Downe in a darkefome lowly place farre in,
    Whereas he meant his corrosiues to apply,
And with fright diet tame his stubborne malady. 230

l. 207, , after 'all' (bad): l. 213, 'fowle': l. 214, 'grief': l. 216,
'relief' and . removed : l. 217, 'grief': l. 218, 'wordes': l. 219, 'brief':
l. 225, 'ranchle': l. 228, 'darkfome . . . far.'
In ashes and sackcloth he did array
    His daintie corfe, proud humors to abate,
    And dieted with fasting every day;
    The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
    And made him pray both early and eke late:
    And euer as superfluous flesh did rot
    Amendment readie still at hand did wait,
    To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,
    That foone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

And bitter Penance with an yron whip,
    Was wont him once to diple every day:
    And sharpe Remorse his hart did pricke and nip,
    That drops of bloud thence like a well did play;
    And sad Repentance ufed to embay,
    His bodie in salt water smarting fore,
    The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.
    So in short space they did to health restore (dore.
    The man that would not liue, but earst lay at deathes

In which his torment often was so great,
    That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
    And rend his flesh, and his owne synnewes eat.
    His owne deare Vna hearing euermore
    His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
    Her guiltleffe garments, and her golden heare,
    For pity of his paine and anguifh fore;
    Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
    For well she wift, his crime could else be neuer cleare.
Whom thus recover'd by wife Patience,
   And trew Repentance they to Vna brought:
Who joyous of his cured conscience,  
Him dearely kift, and fairely eke besought
Himselfe to cheerish, and confuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was waxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
To her faire Vna brought this vnacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her fresheft age,
   Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely perfonage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great loue, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaft in worke and will;
Her necke and breasts were euuer open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might fucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports, that ioyd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake & young,
But thruft them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire.
Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of turtle douses, she sitting in an yuorie chaire.

l. 259, ‘Repentance’: l. 261, ‘fayrely’: l. 266, ‘fayre’: l. 268,
‘bounty’: l. 273, ‘breasts’: l. 278, ‘weak’: l. 281, ‘fayre,’ and so l. 285:
l. 283, ‘fyde . . . payre’: l. 284, ‘yuory chyare,’
The knight and *Vna* entrada, faire her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happie brood;
Who them requites with courtysies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then *Vna* her besought, to be so good,
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight, 290
Now after all his torment well withstood,
In that sad house of *Penance*, where his spright
Had paft the paines of hell, and long endurings night.

She was right ioyous of her iuft request,
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in euer y good behest,
Of loue, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,
And wrath, and hatred warely to sfonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred, and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne: 300
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heauen she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
An auncient matrone she to her does call.
Whole sober looke her wisdome well descride:
Her name was *Mercie*, well knowne ouer all,
To be both gratious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,
To lead aright, that she should never fall
In all his wayes through this wide worldes waue, 310
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might faue.

1. 286, 'happy': l. 288, 'entertaynes': l. 294, 'ioyious': l. 296, 'merie': l. 297, 'righteousnes': l. 302, 'heauen': l. 303, 'guyde': l. 305, 'descriye': l. 306, 'Mercy': l. 309, 'leade': l. 310, 'waies.'
The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with buffy thornes, and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remou'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And euer when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did vpleare,
As carefull Nourfe her child from falling oft does reare.

Estfoones vnto an holy Hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
In which feuen Bead-men that had vowed all
Their life to seruice of high heauens king
Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open euermore,
That by the wearie way were trauelling
And one fate wayting euer them before,
To call in-commers by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and gouvernement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
His office was to giue entertainment
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:
Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,
And double quite, for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did confinde:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was as Almner of the place,
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thrifty glue to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feared not once him selue to be in need,
Keard to hoord for those, whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd vp still in store,
Which as a stocke he left vnto his seede;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lefte, yet some he would glue to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitye,
But clothes meet to kepe keene could away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare cloths to glue he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it distibute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore prifoners to relieue with gratious ayd,
And captiues to redeeme with price of bras,
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd,
And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd,
That God to vs forgiueth every howre
Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrowd hell with heauie stowre,(bowre.
The faultie soules from thence brought to his heauenely

The fift had charge ficke persons to attend,
And comfort those, in point of death which lay;

l. 348, 'custody': l. 350, 'wings . . . vanity': l. 355, 'clothes': l. 356,
'cote': l. 361, 365, 'faultry': l. 366, 'sick.'
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but loft, that liuing we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man haue mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer low.

The / fixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely fort their corses to engrawe,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heauenly spoufe both sweet and braue
They might appeare, when he their foules shall faue.
The wondrous workemanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made, all beasts to feare, and gaue
All in his hand, euen dead we honour shoulde.
Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defouled.

The seuenth now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes ayd, leaft they should be vndone:
In face of judgement 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 rightfull caufes downe to tread:
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The firft and chieffe of the seuen, whose care

l. 377, 'bryddall': l. 381, 'beaftes': l. 386, 'wydowes.'
Was guefts to welcome, towards him did pas:
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps vp bare,
And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowliness,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe Charisfa were their chiefeft founderesse.

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee:
During which time, in euery good behoef
And godly worke of Almes and charitee/
She him instructed with great induftree;
Shortly therein fo perfect he became,
That from the first vnto 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 lye,
That day and night saide his deuotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heavenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
For God he often saw from heauens hight,
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had loft their kindly light,
Yet wondrous quick and perfant was his spright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his frayle thighes nigh wearie and fordone
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at laft he wonne.

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And euer finew seene through his long faft:
For nought he car'd his carcas long vnfed;
His mind was full of spirituall reapaft,
And pyn'd his fleshe, to keepe his body low and chaft.

Who when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieued fore,
That forft him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame repected more,
Whom highly he did reuereence and adore,
He would not once haue moued for the knight.
They him faluted flanding far afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

What end (quoth he) should cause vs take such paine,
But that fame end, which euer liuing wight
Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistereth bright
With burning sierres, and everglowing fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wife Fidelia? she doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

Thrice happy man, said then the father graue,
Whose staggering steps thy stady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way, his finfull soule to saue.
Who better can the way to heauen aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heauenly throne, where thouand Angels shine?
Thou dost the prayers of the righteous lead
Prefent before the maiestie diuine,
And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
That neuer leads the traueller afrray,
But after labours long, and fad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But fiirst thou must a feasont faxt and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strenght recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

l. 453, 'heies': l. 462, 'heuenly': l. 463, 'praiers': l. 464, 'maisfly':
l. 465, 'clemency': l. 468, 'Furies': l. 470, 'labors': l. 471, 'Brings':—
an obvious correction of 'Bring' in 1590 and 1596: ib., 'them'—qy.
'him'? but it is 'them' in both. Dr. Morris suggests 'travellers' in
l. 469.
That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That bloud-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt fortie dayes vpon; where writ in stone
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receiue, whiles flashing fire about him stone.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all around,
Is, as it were for endlessse memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,
For euer with a flowing girond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verfe each where renown'd,
On which the thrife three learned Ladies play
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

From thence, far off he vnto him did shew
A little path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were buiilded high and strongly
Of perle and precious stone, that earthely tong
Cannot decrire, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song;
The Citie of the great king hight it wel;
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.
As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven, in glad some companion,
And with great joy into that city went,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondered much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her loftie tower unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeoled were.

Fair 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 purged from sinfull guilt,
With precious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unpolluted lam,
That for the finnes of all the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that city fam,
More dear unto their God, then youglings to their dam.

Till now, saide then the knight, I weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faerie Queene doth dwell
The fairest city was, that might be seene;
And that bright tower all built of chrystall cleene,
Panthea, semed the brightest thing, that was:
But now by proofe all other wise I weene;

l. 503, 'hemen'; l. 504, 'Citty,' and so ll. 522 and 526: l. 505, 'frend'
(bis): l. 508, 'lofty'; l. 510, 'quod': l. 513, 'sinful': l. 514, 'pretious'—
misprinted 'piteous' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped'
of the former: ib., 'blood': l. 515, 'al': l. 517, 'Citty': l. 518, 'dear':
l. 521, 'Fary': l. 523, 'clene.'
For this great Citie that does far surpas, (glas.
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of
Moft trew, then said the holy aged man ;
Yet is Cleopolis for earthly frame,
The fairest pheece, that eye beholden can :
And well beseemes all knights of noble name, /
That couet in th'immortal booke of fame
To be eternized, that fame to haunt,
And doen their seruice to that soueraigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt :
For she is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

And thou faire ymp, sprung out from English race,
How euer now accompted Elfins fonne,
Well worthy doest thy seruice for her grace,
To aide a virgin defolate foredone.
But when thou famous victorie haft wonne,
And high emongit all knights haft hong thy shielf,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquist shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field :
For bloud can nought but fin, & wars but forrowes yield.

Then seeke this path, that I to thee preseage,
Which after all to heauen shall thee send ;
Then peaceably to thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder fame Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end :

1. 529, 'frame'—misprinted 'fame' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in
'Faults escaped' of the former : l. 530, 'eie' : l. 532, 'conett' : l. 535,
'heavenly' : l. 541, 'victory' : l. 543, 'sweit' : l. 544, 'bloody' : l. 545,
'blood ... forrowes' : l. 546, 'seek' : l. 549, 'doe.'
For thou amongst those Saints, whom thou dost see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,
Saint George of merry England, the signe of victorie.

Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
These that haue it attaund, were in like case
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu’d in like paine.
But deeds of armes must I at laft be faine,
And Ladies loue to leaue so dearely bought? 560
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?
As for loose loues they are vaine, and vanish into nought.

O /let me not (quoth he) then tumne againe
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
Or freight way on that laft long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yit
Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
570
Who did her causse into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quit.

Then shall I foore, (quoth he) so God me grace,
Abet that virgins causse disconfortate,
And shortly backe returne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou beight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries fonne doen nominate?
That word shall I (said he) auouchen good,
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kings, that haue with mightie hand
And many bloudie battailes fought in place
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
And vanquifht them, vnable to withstand:
From thence a Faerie thee vnweeting reft,
There as thou sleepest in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries theft.

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guye,
And brought thee vp in ploughmans flate to byde,
Whereof Georgos he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces prydye,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
And proue thy puiffaunt armes, as seemes thee best became.

1. 575, 'back': l. 579, 'then' after 'doen' by error in 1596: l. 583,
'kings': l. 584, 'bloody': ib., 'place' in 1590 is 'face': l. 585,
'Britains': ll. 587, 591, 'Faery': l. 598, 'Fary.'
O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee haue found,
That haft my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heauen bound?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
To haue returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
Through passing brightness, which did quite confound
His feeble fence, and too exceeding byne.
So darke are earthly things compard to things diuine.

At laft whenas himselfe he gan to find,
To Vna back he caft him to retire;
Who him awaited still with pensiue mind.
Great thankes and goodly meed to that good fyre,
He thence departing gaue for his paines hyre.
So came to Vna, who him ioyd to see,
And after little ref, gan him desire,
Of her adventur mindfull for to bee.
So leaue they take of Callia, and her daughters three.

1. 601, 'found': l. 602, 'redden': l. 603, 'bound': l. 604, 'ground':
1. 606, 'brightness': l. 609, 'fynde': l. 610, 'reiyre': l. 611, 'mynd':
1. 615, 'desire.'
Cant. / XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
two dayes incessantly:
The third him overthowes, and gayns
most glorious victory.

High time now gan it waxe for Vna faire,
To thinke of those her captuie Parents deare,
And their forwafted kynge to repaire:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie words her knight the gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus befpake:
Deare knight, as deare, as euer knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heauen behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

Now are we come vnto my natieue soyle,
And to the place, where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
Therefore thenceforth be at your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.

l. 6, 'suye'; l. 8, 'repaye'; l. 11, 'maner'; l. 16, 'perilles'; l. 17, 'hauntes'; l. 18, 'be'; is, 'it,' but corrected in 'Faults escaped.'
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And sttrue your excellent selfe to excell;
That shal ye euermore renowned make,
Above all knights on earth, that batteill vnndertake.

And pointing forth, lo yonder is (said she)
The brazen towre in which my parents deare
For dreed of that huge feend emprisoned 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 ð 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 ayre with terour filled wide,
And feend vneath to shake the stedfaast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
Where stretched he lay upon the sunny side,
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
But all so soone, as he from far descride
Those glistening armes, that heauen with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them vntill. 41

Then bad the knight his Lady yede aloofe,
And to an hill her selfe with draw aside,

l. 20, 'corage': l. 24—32 not in 1590: l. 33, 'found': l. 34, 'terror
... wyde': l. 36, 'espyde': l. 37, 'stretch':—misprinted 'stretch' in 1596:
l. 39, 'deferyde': l. 40, 'heuen': l. 41, 'blith': l. 42, 'badd ... aloof':
ð, 'his':—misprinted 'this' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faunts
escaed' of the former: l. 43, 'espyde.'
From whence she might behold that batailes proof
And eke be sate from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now O thou sacred Mufe, most learned Dame,
Faire ympe of Phæbus, and his aged bride,
The Nourse of time, and everlafting fame,
That warlike hands ennobleth with immortall name; 50

O gently come into my feele brest,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martiaall troups thou doest infest,
And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may afwage,
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to fownd;
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so fownd,
And scared nations doest with horror fierne aftownd.

Faire / Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of warres and bloudy Mars do sing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror heauen and earth did ring,
A worke of labour long, and endlessse prayse:
But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayfe,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

l. 46, 'litle': l. 48, 'Fayre . . . bryde': l. 50, 'handes': l. 5
'mightie': l. 54, 'hartes': l. 55, 'corage': l. 59, 'feared'—misprint
'feared' in 1599 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the forme
ib., 'horror': l. 60, 'Fayre . . . fitt afyde': l. 61, 'bloody . . . da
l. 62, 'Bryton fieldes . . . blood': l. 64, 'horror heauen': l. 66, 'lett.
By this the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haft,
That with his largeesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow vnder his huge waft;
As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body montrous, horrible, and vaft,
Which to increafe his wondrous greatneffe more,
Was twolne with wrath, & poyson, & with bloody gore.

And over all with brazen scales was armd,
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
That nought mote perce, ne might his corfe be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely sight,
So shaked he, that horror was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noyfe his rouzd scales did send vnto the knight.

His flaggy wings when forth he did dispay,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd
Were like mayne-yardes, with flying canuas lynd,
With which whenas him lift the ayre to beat,
And there by force vnwonted passage find,

1. 70, 'haft': l. 72, 'waft': l. 73, 'overcast': l. 75, 'vaft,' in 1590
'waft,' is misprinted 'waft' in 1596: l. 76, 'greatnes' : l. 77, 'swole... bloody': l. 78, , in 1590 and 1596 after 'over': l. 79, 'cote': l. 80, 'bce':
l. 81, 'swerd': l. 84, 'horror': l. 85, 'Armor': l. 87, 'winges': l. 91,
'lynd' in 1590 misprinted 'kynd': l. 93, 'fynd.'
The cloudes before him fled for terroure great,
And all the heauens ftood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle wound vp in hundred foldes,
   Does oueriprode his long bras-scyal by backe,
   Whole wreathed boughts when euere he vnfoldes,
   And thicke entangled knots adown does slacke.
Bespotted all with shieldes of red and blacke,
   It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
   And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
   And at the point two stinges in-fixed arre,
   Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest scele exceedeth farre.

But stinges and sharpest scele did far exceed
   The sharpsnesse of his cruell rending clawes;
   Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
   What euere thing does touch his rauenous pawes,
   Or what within his reach he euere drawes.
   But his most hideous head my tonge to tell,
   Does tremble: for his deepe deuouring iawes
   Wide gaping, like the grieuously mouth of hell,
   Through which into his darke abysse all rauin fell.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
   Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
   In which yet trickling bloud and gobbets raw
   Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
That fight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increaSe, and as atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphur feare 120
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His / blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liuing fyre;
As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames farre off to every shyre,
And warning glue, that enemies conspyre,
With fire and sword the region to inuade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But farre within, as in a hollow glade, 130
Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting vp aloft his speckled breft,
And often bounding on the bruised gras,
As for great ioyance of his newcme guest.
Eftsoones he gan advaunce his haughtie creft,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vpreare,
And shoke his scales to battell readie drefl;
That made the Redcroffe knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare. 140

The knight gan fairly couch his stedie speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:

l. 119, 'as'—misprinted 'all' in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former': l. 120, 'fulpуру': l. 123, 'fieldes': l. 125, 'fieldes': l. 126, 'far', and so l. 130: l. 127, 'enemies': l. 131, 'fett': l. 132, 'towards': l. 133, 'a loft': l. 135, 'joyaunce': l. 138, 'battaile ready': l. 140, 'defyaunce': l. 141, 'fayrely ... steady': l. 142, 'fierfely.'
The pointed steele arriuing rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
But glauncing by forth passed forward right;
Yet fore amoued with so puissant push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by, did bruise
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him address:
But th'Idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest./
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be auenged of so great despight;
For neuer felt his imperceable breit
So wondrous force, from hand of liuing wight;
Yet had he prou'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then with his wauing wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly diuide
The yielding aire, which nigh too seeble found
Her flitting partes, and element vnfound,
To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
At laft low stouping with vnweldie fway,
Snatcht vp both horse & man, to beare them quite away.

Long he them bore aboue the subieet plaine,
So farre as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain, 170
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke presuming to contend
With hardie fowle, aboue his hable might,
His wearipe pounces all in vaine doth spend,
To trufe the pray too heuie for his flight; (fight.
Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by

He so difiezed of his gryping groffe,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength vnto the stroke he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd, 181
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did gyde
Close vnder his left wing, then broad displayd.
The percing steele there wrought a wound ful wyde,
That with the vncothe thare wrought the Monster lowldy cryde.

He / cryde, as raging seases are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck doth threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shouder from her feat,
And greedian gulfe does gape, as he would eat 190
His neighbour element in his reuenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat,
To moue the world from off his stedfaht henge,
And boyrfrous battell make, each other to auenge.

The steely head stucke fast still in his fleshe,
Till with his cruel clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a funder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing riuver of blacke goarie blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill. 200
Treibly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth fro his large nosethrill.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-somy steed, whose courage stout
Struing to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in freighter bandes too rash impyles,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his rider: who can quickly ryse 210
From off the earth, with durtie blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand:
Upon his creft the hardned yron fell, /
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take, 220
But when he saw them come, he did them stil forake.

The knight was wrath to see his stroke beguyld,
And smote againe with more outrageous might;

l. 210, ‘ryder’: l. 211, ‘of . . . blood’: l. 215, ‘puissauce’: l. 223,
‘smit.’
But backe againe the sparckling steale 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 despight,
Thought with his wings to flye aboue the ground;
But his late wounded wing vnerviceable found.

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He loudly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deouring oven fent
A flame of fire, that flasheing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made affeard:
The scorching flame fore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his bodie feard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poyfoned garment did enchaunt
With Centaures bloud, and bloudie verses charm'd,
As did this knight twelue thoufand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steale now burnt, that earst him arm'd,
That erft him goodly arm'd, now moft of all him harm'd.

l. 224, 'sparckling': l. 227, in '96 brought out from the others, like the first and last—in error: l. 229, 'winges': ib., 'flye':—qy. flye?: l. 235, 'asfear': l. 236, 'swinged' 1590 and 1596—1609 reads 'swinged': l. 237, 'body': l. 241, 'vaunt' is misprinted 'daunt' in 1596: l. 245, 'blood . . . bloody': l. 247, 'erst . . . arm'd;' and so l. 248: ib., 'harm'd.'
Faint, / wearie, fore, emboyled, grieved, brent
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire
That noer man such mischiefes did torment; 250
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will noer come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He can to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his furdie sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

It fortuned (as faire it then befell)
Behind his backe vnweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well, 260
From which fast trickled forth a filuer flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med’cine good.
Whylome, before that curfed Dragon got
That happie land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld thofe sacred waues, 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:
Thofe that with sicknesse were infected fore,
It could recure, and aged long decay 270
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan did excell,
And the English Bath, and eke the german Spau,
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus match this well:
Into the fame the knight backe ouerthrown, fell.

l. 249, ‘Faynt’ : l. 258, ‘fayre,’ and , after ‘befall’ : l. 259, ‘Behynd’:
l. 264, ‘happy’ : l. 271, ‘one’—misprinted ‘it’ (not ‘ite’ as Dr. Morris
says in 1590 and 1596, but corrected in ‘Faults escaped’ of the former:
l. 273, printed in 1596 out of line, like first and last of the stanza.
Now gan the golden Phæbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the weft,
And his fiae ftedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did reft,
When that infernall Monfter, haung keft
His wearioe foe into that liuing well,
Can high aduance his broad difcoloured brefte,
Aboue his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensiue Ladie saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her foule assay,
As weening that the fae end of the warre,
And gan to higheft God entirly 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 daintie limbs in her fadedriment,
But praying stil did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That Titan rofe to runne his daily race:
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the fae faire Titans deawy face,
Vp rofe the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spye
Her loued knight to moue his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she faw him fall before his enemy.

l. 282, 'Can'—another example of 'can' = gan, as in Chaucer, though 'gan' is again used in l. 288—see Glossary, s.v.: l. 285, 'Lady': l. 289, 'chaunce': l. 292, 'dainty': l. 294, 'early,' and so l. 296: l. 302, 'enimy.'
At last the saw, where he vpstarted braue
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean waue,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke vp mounts vnto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to affay,
And marueiles at himselfe, still as he flies:
So new this new-born knight to battell new did rife.

Whom when the damned seend so fresh did 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 proue his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Vpon his crested scalpe so fore did smite,
That to the fcul a yawnning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled senfes all dismaid.

I wrote not, whether the reuenging seele
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did seele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did esfew;
Elfe neuer could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall in his bloud embrow:
For till that fownd could neuer wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor flight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

l. 306, 'leste' . . . hory': l. 307, 'fathers': l. 310, 'merueiles' . . .
'fayl': l. 314, 'enimy': l. 318, 'sculp': l. 320, 'fences': l. 326, 'El': l. 327, 'blood.'
The cruel wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yielded for exceeding pain;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem’d to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constrain:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afores
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in pieces tore.

The fame aduancing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead,
Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot:
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shouder seafd,
Where faft it stucke, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous fere disfeaf,
Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeaf.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
From loathed foile he can him lightly rear,
And stroue to loose the farre infixed stong:
Which when in vaine he tryde with fruggeling.
Inflam’d with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And stroue fo strongly, that the knotty stong

Of his huge tale he quite a funder cleft,
Fiue ioynts thereof he hewed, and but the stump him left.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred smoake and flashed fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth vnto the skyes,
That all was couered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He cast at once him to auenge for all,
And gathering vp himselfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall,
Vpon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wift yet, how his talants to vnfold;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reauue by ftrength, the griped gage away;
Thrive he affayd it from his foot to draw,
And thrife in vaine to draw it did affay,
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

Tho/ when he saw no power might preuaile,
His truutie sword he cald to his laft aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him floutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparckles from the Anduile vfe to fly,
When heauie hammers on the wedge are swaid;
Therewith at laft he forft him to vnty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield
Whenas no strengthe, nor strokes mote him confaine
To loofe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought fo wondrous puissance might sustaine;
Vpon the ioynt the lucky fteele did light,
And made such way, that hewed it quite in twaine;
The paw yet miffed not his minift might,
But hong stille on the shield, as it at firft was pight,

For grieue thereof, and diuelish despight,
From his infernal fourmance forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,
Enrold in duellish fmoke and brimftone blew;
As burning Aetna from his boyling flew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy fmoke,

That all the land with ftench, and heauen with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
So fore him noynd, that forft him to retire
A little backward for his beft defence,
To faue his bodie from the scorching fire,

\[\text{l. 381, 'heauy ... wedg': l. 383, 'thereby'—misprinted 'thereby' in '90: l. 384, 'foote': l. 387, 'smott': l. 388, 'wodrous ... puissance': l. 389, 'ioint': l. 391, 'yett': l. 395, 'heuens': l. 400, 'clouds': l. 401, 'fitch, & heuens': l. 404, 'little backward': l. 405, 'body.'}\]
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunft (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recyoled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied seeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame fore terrifice.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beseide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roifie red,
As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:
For happie life to all, which thereon fed,
And life eke ouerlafting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed fted
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Saue in that foile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread Dragon all did ouerthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof who so did eat, eftfoones did know
Both good and ill: O mornefull memory:
That tree through one mans fault hath doen vs all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, moft foueraine
And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,
And ouer flowed all the fertill plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gratious ointment gau[e,  
And deadly woundes could heale and reare againe
The senfeleffe corfe appoindt for the graue.
Into that fame he fell: which did from death him saue.

For nigh thereto the euer damned beast
Durft not approch, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preferued, did dete[st: 440
Yet he it oft aduentur'd to inuade.
By this the drooping day-light gan to fade
And yeeld his room to fad succeeding night,
Who with her fable mantle gan to fade
The face of earth, and wayes of liuing wight,
And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

When gentle Vna saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who wearie of long sight,
And faint through losse of bloud, mou'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight, 450
Behmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with fore affright,
And for his safetie gan deuoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire Aurora from the deawy bed

1. 438, ‘Beast’: l. 443, ‘roume’: l. 448, ‘weary’: l. 449, ‘blood ... moou’d’;  
Of aged Tithone gan her selfe to reare,
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden lockes for haste were loosely tied
About her eares, when Vna her did marke
Clymbe to her charret, all with flowers spred;
From heauen high to chase the cheareleffe darke,
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

Then fresshly vp arose the doughtie knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battell readie dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To haue deuourd, fo soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe fo fresshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe diismayd, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathleffe with wonted rage he him aduaunced neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to haue swallowd quight,
And ruft upon him with outrageous pride;
Who him r'enconctring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with fo importune might,
That deepe emerft his darksome hollow maw,
And back retourld, his life bloud forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;

1. 459, 'rofy': l. 460, 'locks . . . haft': l. 463, 'heuen . . . chafe'.
1. 464, 'merp . . . loud': l. 467, 'battaile ready': l. 472, 'dismaid'.
1. 474, 'wyde': l. 476, 'pryde': l. 477, 'r'enconctring': l. 482, 'blood.'
So done he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So done he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whose false foundation waues haue waft away,
With dreadfull powfe is from the mayncland rift,
And rolling done, great Neptune doth dismay; 490
So done he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight himselfe euene trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seeming;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durft not approch for dread, which she misdeem'd,
But yet at last, when as the direfull seemd
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieud so great a conquest by his might. 500

l. 489, 'powfe'—so '90 and '96—Dr. Morris queries 'noufe'?; l. 493,
'seemd': l. 494, 'Lady': l. 495, 'misdeemd': l. 497, 'of shaking': l. 500,
'atchieud.'
B
Ehold I see the hauen nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare vp with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And feemeth safe from stormes, that may offend;
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her iourneyes end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

Scarfly had Phæbus in the glooming Eaft
Yet harnesed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard aboue the earth his flaming creafet,
When the laft deadly smoke aloft did fteeme,
That signe of laft outbreathed life did feeme,
Vnto the watchman on the castle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Bealf did deeme,
And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
To tell, how he had feene the Dragons fatall fall.

Vprose with hastie ioy, and feeble speed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet, if true indeede
Thofe tydings were, as he did vnderstand, /
Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had bene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant Trompets found on hie,
That fent to heauen the echoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victorie
Gainst him, that had them long oppreft with tort,
And faft imprifoned in siegged fort.
Then all the people, as in folemne feast,
To him assembled with one full confort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releaft.

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sable and sober Peres, all grauely gownd;
Whom farre before did march a goody band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
But now they laurel braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land. 50

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselfes prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrono loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their laurel boughes did throw.
Soone after them all dauncing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As freh as flowers in medow greene do grow,
When morning dewe vpon their leaves doth light:
And in their hands sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

And them before, the fry of children young 60
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightfull muficke all the way,
Vntill they came, where that faire virgin stood;
As faire Diana in freh sommers day,
Beholds her Nymphes, enraung'd in shadie wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in chrifall flood.

l. 45, 'round': l. 47, 'far': l. 50, 'victory': l. 54, 'laurel': l. 57, 'dye': l. 59, 'handes': l. 60, 'yong': l. 61, 'sports': l. 62, 'sounding...song': l. 64, 'mufick': l. 66, 'joyre': l. 67, 'Beholds...shady.'
So she beheld thofe maydens meriment
   With chearefull vew; who when to her they came, 70
Themfelves to ground with gratious humbleffe bent,
   And her ador’d by honorable name,
Lifting to heauen her everlafting fame:
Then on her head they fet a girland greene,
   And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who in her felfe-refemblance well befeene,
Did feeme fuch, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after, all the raskall many ran,
   Heaped together in rude rablement
To fee the face of that victorious man: 80
Whom all admired, as from heauen fent,
   And gazd vpon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
   Stretcht on the ground in monftrous large extent,
The fight with idle feare did them difmay,
Ne durft approch him nigh, to touch, or once aťay.

Some feared, and fled; some feared and well it faynd;
   One that would wiuer feeme, then all the reft,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
   Some lingring life within his hollow breft,/
Or in his wombe might lurke fome hidden neft
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull feed;
   Another faid, that in his eyes did refct
Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
   Another faid, he faw him moue his eyes indeed.

1. 71, 'gracious': l. 73, 'heuen': l. 74, 'fett . . . girland': l. 76, 'felf': l. 78, no, after 'after': l. 84, misprinted 'monftrons' in '96:
1. 85, 'ydiie': l. 87, 'fledd': l. 92, 'Dragonettes . . . feede': l. 93, 'faide': l. 94, 'fyre . . . badd.'
One mother, when as her foolish hardie chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe reuyld,
And to her gosship gan in counsell fay;
How can I tell, but that his talents may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
So diuerfly themselfeu in vaine they fay;
Whiles sone more bold, to measure him nigh sstand,
To prowe how many acres he did spred of land.

Thus focked all the folke him round about,
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arriued, where that champion sstood
After his foes defeasance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine,
With princely gifts of yuorie and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeelds for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
With shaumes, & trompets, & with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paued street:
Whence mounting vp, they find puruewaye meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became,
And all the flore was vnderneath their feet

l. 96, 'foolishardie': l. 97, 'to': l. 99, 'gosship': l. 100, 'talants'—
missprinted 'talants' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped,' though
erroneously under p. 170 instead of p. 174; but so in l. 97: l. 101, no (7)
but ( ) l. 102, 'them felues': l. 104, 'prod': l. 105, 'round': l. 108,
'defeasance': l. 109, 'fayre...enterayme': l. 110, 'yuory': l. 111,
yeilds': l. 114, 'bringes': l. 116, 'singes': l. 118, 'fyned puruewayme.'
Bespraid with costly scarlot of great name,
On which they lowly fit, and fitting purpose frame.

What / needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needs of dainty dishes to deuize,
Of comely seruices, or courtely trayne?
My narrow leaues cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
For th’antique world excessfe and pride did hate; 130
Such proud luxurious Pompe is swollen vp but late.

Then when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of strange adventures, and of perils sad,
Which in his trauell him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned guest:
Who then with vt’rance graue, and count’nance sad
From point to point, as is before expresst,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request. 140

Great pleasures mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wrektes:
For neuer gentle knight, as he of late,
So tosted was in fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while falt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

Then faid the royall Pere in fober wife;
Deare Sonne, great beene the euils, which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprife,
That I note, whether prayfe, or pitty more:
For neuer liuing man, I weene, so fore
In sea of deadly daungers was distreft;
But since now fafe ye feised haue the shore,
And well arriued are, (high God be bleft)
Let vs deuize of ease and eueralasting refte.

Ah dearest Lord, faid then that doughty knight,
Of ease or refte I may not yet deuize;
For by the faith, which I to armes haue plught,
I bounden am ftrayght after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well aduize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serue fix yeares in warlike wise,
Gainst that proud Paynim king, that workes her teere:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beeze.

Vnhappie falles that hard necessitie,
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie; 170
Ne I against the same can iustly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen vndo; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of those fix yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.

Which for my part I couet to performe,
In fort as through the world I did proclame,
That who so kild that monfter moft deforme,
And him in hardy battalle ouercame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteines the same,
By dew defert of noble cheualre,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee.

Then / forth he called that his daughter faire,
The faireft Yn' his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heyre;
Who forth proceeding with fad fober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning fтарre appeare 190
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell the dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long withed light;
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in fight.

l. 170, 'felicity': l. 173, 'doe ... wayne': l. 175, 'hether ... retourne
wayne': l. 176, 'twayn': l. 180, 'battaye': l. 182, 'heyre': l. 183,
'fortymes': l. 186, 'fayre': l. 188, 'only hayre': l. 192, 'drawing—
misprinted 'dawning' in 1596.
So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heaunly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wareie iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare,
All lilly white, withouten spot, or pride,
That seemd like filke and filuer wonen neare,
But neither filke nor filuer therein did appeare.

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

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:
Who with great wifedome, and graue eloquence
Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had said,
With flying speed, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismaid,

A Messenguer with letters, which his message said.

l. 198, 'heavenly': l. 210, 'daily': l. 214, 'Syre': l. 218, 'saw':
l. 220, 'dismayd': l. 221, 'saw.'
All in the open hall amazed stood,
At suddeinnesse of that vnwarie sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hafftie mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till faft before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humbleffe he did make,
And kift the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he discloasing, red thus, as the paper spake. 230

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

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affiaunted long time before,
And faced pledges he both gaue, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forfwore:
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgement iust do fly,
And them coniure t'auenge this shamefull injury.

l. 223, 'unnary': l. 224, 'haftie': l. 229, 'handes . . . writ': l. 230,
'read': l. 231, 'fayre': l. 233, 'heyre': l. 241, 'affiaunted': l. 246, 'of'
—misprinted 'and' in 1596: l. 247, 'doe.'
There fore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or true, or lying or else dead,
Withhold, O foureraine Prince, your hafty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed, or woe:
For truth is strong, his rightfull cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth foe,
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe

Fideffa.

When he these bitter byting words had red,
The tydings sraunge did him abaished make,
That stille he sate long time astonished
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At laft his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely fake
Thy life and honour late adventurest,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be express.

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
What heauens? what altars? what enraged heates?
Here heaped vp with termes of loue vnkind,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltie ame.
But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
With crime do not it couer, but disclose the same.
To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent,
    My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,
    Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbrayd
    With breach of loue, and loyalty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
    I lately traueld, that vnwares 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 found
    Of this falfe woman, that Fidesa hight,
Fidesa hight the fallest Dame on ground,
    Moft falfe Dueffa, royall richly dight,
That eafe was t'inuegle weaker figh:
Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,
    Too falfe and strong for earthly skill or might,
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when leaft I feared ill.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
    And on the ground her selfe proffrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd;
    O pardon me, my soueraigne Lord, to shew
The secret treafons, which of late I know
To haue bene wroght by that falfe forceresse.
She onely she it is, that earft did throw

l. 278, 'king': l. 283, 'fayd' is misprinted 'flayd' in '90, but corrected
in 'Faults escaped': l. 286, 'found': l. 288, 'ground': l. 290, 'eafe':
ib., 't'inuegle'—misprinted 'to' in '90 and '96, but corrected in 'Faults
escaped' of former: ib., 'inuegle': l. 291, 'wicy': l. 298, 'soueraigne...'
show': l. 301, 'thee.'
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in dayly wretchedness.

And now it seemes, that he suborned hath
This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improued scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
Wherein she vfed hath the practicke paine
Of this falfe footman, clokt with simplessesse,
Whom if ye please for to discouer plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I gheffe,
The falselte man aliue; who tries shall find no leffe.

The / king was greatly moued at her speach,
And all with fudddein indignation fraught,
Bad on that Meffenger rude hands to reach.
Esttoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faior falfe, and bound him ftrait:
Who seeming forely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
With idle force did faine them to withftand,
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 continuall watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his subtle trains

1. 305, 'crafty': ib., 'vaine'—misprinted 'faine' in '90, but corrected in
   'Faults escaped': l. 310, 'Whome': l. 312, 'Who'—misprinted 'Wo' in
   1590 and 1596, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of former: l. 317,
   'faytor': l. 324, 'continual.'
He could escape fowle death or deadly paines?
Thus when that Princes wrath was paciside,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
With sacred rites and vows for euer to abyde.

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for euer can deuide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne moft fit,
The houfing fire did kindle and prouide,
And holy water thereon sринckled wide;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
And facred lampe in secret chamber hide,
Where it sholde not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

Then gan they sринckle all the pofts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankencense diuine,
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 loue and iollity.

During the which there was an heauenly noife
Heard found through all the Pallace pleasanfantly.

1. 326, 'pains': l. 328, 'bains': l. 331, 'knotts...knitt': l. 332,
'diside': l. 333, 'sitt': l. 337, 'lamb': l. 350, 'found.'
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
Singing before th'eternall maiesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye;
Yet wif no creature, whence that heauenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby reft of his fences meet,
And rauished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaimed throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told: 360
Suffice it heare by signes to vnderstand
The vsuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
Thrife happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possesed of his Ladies hart and hand,
And euer, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her ioyous prefence and sweet company
In full content he there did long enioy,
Ne wicked enuie, ne vile gealoysy
His deare delights were able to annoy: 370
Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,
In cafe he could that monstrous beaft destroy,
Vnto his Farie Queene backe to returne:
The which he shortly did, and Vna left to mourne.
Cant. XII.]  

FAERIE QUEENE.  

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

FINIS LIB. I.

I. 379, 'weary': l. 383, 'voyage': on verso of p. 183 (= 185) is a spirited woodcut of the 'death' of the Dragon-beast. As it appeared in both 1590 and 1596, it is deemed expedient to reproduce it in facsimile in all our impressions. It gives, perhaps, the Poet's own idea of alike his monster and its destroyer. Above tail-piece is also a facsimile of the original in 1596.
THE SECOND
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

Contayning
THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON,
OR
OF TEMPERANCE.

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

But let that man with better sense advise,
That of the world least part to vs is red:
And daily how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are discouered,
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.  
Who eu'er heard of th'Indian *Peru*?  
Or who in venturous vessell measured  
The *Amazon* huge rier now found trew?  
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did eu'er vew?  

Yet all these were, when no man did them know;  
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene:  
And later times things more vnknowne shall shew.  
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene  
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?  
What if within the Moones faire shining spheare?  
What if in euery other starre vnseene  
Of other worldes he happily shoulde heare?  
He woder would much more: yet such to some appeare.  

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

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1. 21, 4, for : 1. 24, *'Amazon'—misprinted 'Amarons' in 1590, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' by 'Amazon': *ib.*, no ? : l. 26, no , after *were"* : l. 27, no : after *beene"* : l. 28, *'things," and no . after *'how"* : l. 30, no , after *'is"* : l. 31, *'fayre," and no ? , nor in l. 33 : l. 34, , for : , and no : l. 35, *'faery . . . inguere"* : l. 36, *'certeine . . . fondrie"* : l. 37, *'fynd . . . admyre," and no : l. 38, no , : l. 39, no . : l. 40, *'then"* —misprinted *'then" in '90: *ib., 'fayrest"* : l. 41, *'fayre," and no : l. 43, *'ymage," and no (.).
The which O pardon me thus to enfold
In couert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which else could not endure those beames bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The braue aduentures of this Faery knight

The good Sir Guyon gratiously to heare,
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

l. 45, no commas : l. 47, 'ells,' and no , : l. 48, 'bee,' and no . :
l. 49, no , : l. 50, 'faery' : l. 51, no , : in 1590 the punctuation of l. 21—
52 seems somehow to have been dropped.
Cant. I.

Guyon by Archimage abus'd,
The Redcrosse knight awayes,
Findes Mordant and Amania laine
With pleasures poison'd dayes.

That cunning Architect of cancred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborne wile,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he vnderstands,
To beeene departed out of Eden lands,
To serue againe his soueraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moues, and out of caytiues hands
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnseene;
His shacklesemptie left, him selfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
To worken mischиеfe and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart fore, and his onely foe,
Sith Vna now he algestes must forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
To natiue crowne and kingdome late ygoe:

1. 3, 'knight' misprinted 'knight' in 1590: l. 6, 'conning ... guyle':
1. 8, 'woyle': l. 10, 'landes': l. 12, 'handes': l. 14, 'lefte': l. 15, 'mynd':
1. 17, 'fynd': l. 20, 'handes': l. 21, 'natiue'—misprinted 'natiues' in 1596.
Where she enjoyes fure peace for euermore,  
As weather-beaten ship arriu'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the obie\textsuperscript{c}t of his spight  
And deadly food he makes: him to offend  
By forged treafon, or by open fight  
He seeke\textsuperscript{s}, of all his drift the aymed end:/  
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend  
His pra\textsuperscript{c}tick wit, and his faire filed tong,  
With thousand other sleights: for well he kend,  
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;  
For hardly could be hurt, who was already stong.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay  
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares.  
And priuie spials plaft in all his way,  
To weete what courfe he takes, and how he fares;  
To ketch him at a vantage in his snares,  
But now so wife and warie was the knight  
By triall of his former harmes and cares,  
That he descride, and thronned still his flight:  
The fish that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

Nath'leffe th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,  
In hope to win occasion to his will;  
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,  
He chaungd his minde from one to other ill:

l. 23, "wetherbeaten . . . arryn'd": l. 25, "food" = feud — printed  
"feude" in 1609: l. 29, "fayre fyled tonge": l. 32, "bee": l. 33-4, period  
and comma misplaced in '90 and '96—corrected: l. 35, "fyls": l. 37,  
"vasantage": l. 38, "wary": l. 38-9 printed in '96 in wrong order: l. 39,  
"tryall": l. 40, "defcryde": l. 41, "wil . . . byte": l. 42, "payne": l. 44,  
"payne": l. 45, "mynd."
For to all good he enimy was still.
Vpon the way him fortuned to meet,
Faire marching vnderneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete. 50

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenaunce demure and temperate,
But yet fo sterne and terrible in fight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his natuie land;
Well could he tourney and in lifts debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Faerie land.

Him als accompanyd vpon the way 60
A comely Palmer, clad in blacke attire,
Of ripest yeares, and haires all hoarie gray,
That with a stafte his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a fage and sober sire,
And euer with flow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some vncouth wile, 70

l. 48, 'Fayre': l. 52, 'countenance': l. 54, 'friendes': l. 56, , for ;
l. 59, 'Fury': l. 61, 'black attyre': l. 62, 'rypest', . . . heares': l. 66,
'lyre': l. 70, 'wyle.'
Eftsoones vntwiftng his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weawe a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenance and flattring file,
To them approching, thus the knight bespake:
Faire sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike spoile.
And great achieu'ments great yourselfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble mifers fake.

He stayed his steed for humble mifers fake,
And bad tell on the tenor of his plaint;
Who feigning then in every limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint
With piteous mone his percing speach gan paint;
Deare Lady how shal I declare thy cace,
Whom late I left in langourous constrainct?
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy fght could win thee grace.

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunft,
That you, moft noble Sir, had present beene,
When that lewd ribauld with vile lust aduaunft
Layd first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
To spoile her daintie corfe fo faire and sheene,
As on the earth, great mother of vs all,
With liuing eye more faire was neuer seene,
Of chaftitie and honour virginall:
Witnese ye heauës, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

l. 72, 'gauyle': l. 73, 'a' by error in '96 before 'faire'; ib., 'flyle':
l. 75, 'Fayre . . . spoyle': l. 79, 'badd . . . playnt': l. 80, 'limb':
l. 81, 'faynt': l. 82, 'paynt': l. 84, 'constraynt': l. 89, 'rybauld . . .'
'syle': l. 90, 'Laid . . . filthy': l. 91, 'spoyle . . . dainty corpe': l. 93,
'sayre': l. 94, 'chaflty': l. 95, 'Witness . . . heauens . . . help.'
How may it be, (said then the knight halfe wroth,)
That knight should knighthood euer so haue shent?
None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
Against her snowie brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloudie word;
Yong hates to tell the rest, that eye to see ahhord.

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

He said not lenger talke, but with fierce ire
And zealous haft away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that craftie Squire
Suppofd to be. They do arriue anone,
Where fate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire discheueld,
Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.
The knight approaching nigh thus to her said,
Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
Great pittie is to see you thus dismaid,
And marre the blossome of your beautie bright:
For thy appease your griefe and heauie plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived paine.
For if he live, that hath you doen despight
He shall you doe due recompence againe,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wife,
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 ghaftly dremiment,
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be feene,
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 liefe,
For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you prefent.
For what bootes it to w eepe and to wayment,
When ill is chauuft, but doth the ill increafe,
And the weake mind with double woe torment?
When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and seele some secret ease.

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

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

Now by my head (said Guyon) much I mufe,
How that fame knight shoulde do so foule amis,
Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse:
For may I boldly say, he surely is

l. 148, 'Squyre,' and so l. 150: l. 152, 'desyre': l. 155, 'faide': l. 156.
'Lady': l. 158, 'fowle,' and so l. 169: l. 159, 'fayre Lady': l. 160.
'famesfull': l. 163, 'faide,' and so l. 168: l. 164, 'he did': l. 167.
'bloudie.'
A right good knight, and true of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and freight did enterpris
Th’aduenture of the Errant damosell,
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

Nathille he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quite him of th’imputed blame,
Elfe be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of shame.
Now therefore Ladie, rife out of your paine,
And see the saluing of your blotted name.
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

Her / purpose was not fuch, as she did faine,
Ne yet her perfon fuch, as it was feene,
But vnder fimple shew and semblant plaene
Lurckt falfe Dueffa secretly vnfeene,
As a chaft Virgin, that had wronged beene:
So had falfe Archimago her disguifd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily deuifd
To be her Squire, and do her fervice well aguifd.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where she did wander in wafte wildernesse,

Lurking in rockes and causeth farre vnder ground,
And with greene mossie cou'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borow'd beautie spoyld. Her nathelesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reuef, and deckt with due habiliments.

For all he did, was to deceiue good knights,
And draw them from purfuit of prais and fame,
To flug in flouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowned shame.
And now exceeding grieve him ouercame,
To see the Redcrosse thus adauanced hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praisfe to stirre vp enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote vn to him allye.

So now he Guyon guides an vncouth way
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at la
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads ouerplast,
The valley did with coole shade ouercaft;
Through midst thereof a little riuier rold,
By which there fate a knight with helme vnlaft,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his trauell long, and labours manifold.

Loc yonder he, cryde Archimage alowd,
That wrought the flamefull fact, which I did shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for ye shall dearly do him rew,
So God ye speed, and send you good sussesse;
Which we farre off will here abide to vew.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfullnesse,
That freight against that knight his speare he did ad-
dresse.

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

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

L. 225, 'fly ... vengeance': l. 228, 'far,' and so l. 231: l. 233, 'ready': 240
l. 235, 'race': for .: l. 236, 'ymet . . ready': l. 237, 'suddenely':
&b., 'warriour' '96: l. 239, 'betide': l. 247, 'fled.'
But / when he heard him speake, freight way he knew
His error, and himselfe inclyning sayd;
Ah deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
But me behoueth rather to vpbrayd,
Whose hasty hand so farre from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that faire image of that heavenly Mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your courtfye takes on you anothers due offence.

So bene they both attone, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greete;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themselues with courtfies meet,
Then saide the Redcrosse knight, Now mote I weet,
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce faliance,
And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
For sith I know your goodly gournaunce,
Great caufe, I weene, you guided, or some vncouth chaunce.

Certes (saide he) well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheafon, that me hither led.
A false infamous faiour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill befted,
And playnd of grieuous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent;
Which to auenge, he to this place me led,

l. 250, 'error' : l. 251, 'well becommeth you'—1679 absurdly reads
'ill' for 'well': l. 253, 'far': l. 255, 'fayre image': l. 256, 'dew':
l. 258, 'beene', ... at one': l. 259, 'greet': l. 260, 'comportance':
l. 262, 'faide': l. 268, 'hether.'
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled; foule shame him follow, where he went.

So can he turne his earnest vnto game,
Through goodly handing and wife temperance.
By this his aged guide in presence came;
Who soone as on that knight his eye did glance, /
Eft soones of him had perfect cognizance, 280
Sith him in Faerie court he late auizd;
And said, faire fonne, God giue you happie chance,
And that deare Croffe vpon your shielde auizd,
Wherewith aboue all knights ye goodly seeme auizd.

Ioy may you haue, and euerlafting fame,
Of late most hard atchieu'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heauenly Registers aboue the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your feat haue wonne:
But wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,
Muft now anew begin, like race to runne; 291
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished hauen bring thy weary barke.

Palmer, (him answered the Redcrosse knight)
His be the praise, that this atchieu'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then goodwill to me attribute nought:

1. 274, 'wher' : l. 278, 'Guide' : l. 279, 'on' in 1590 misprinted 'one'
   ib., 'glance' : l. 280, 'cognizance' : l. 281, 'Faery' : l. 282, 'sayd sayre
   ... happy chaunce' : l. 283, 'upon' : l. 288, 'Registers' : l. 289, 'wone':
1. 291, 'Muff'—misprinted 'Moff' in '90 : ib., 'roune' : l. 294, no ( ).
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next enfewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can with your thought,
That home ye may report thrishe happie newes; 301
For well ye worthie bene for worth and gentle thewes.

So courteous conge both did giue and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make,
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided stille.
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
And with his steaide stafe did point his way:
His race with reasone, and with words his will,
From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his haftie stepe to stray.

In this faire wise they traueld long yfere,
Through many hard affayes, which did betide;
Of which he honour stille away did beare,
And spred his glorie through all countries wide.
At laft as chaunst them by a forest flde
To paffe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With percings thrice, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, a while their forward stepe they xay.

But if that carelesse heuens (quoth she) despis 321
The doome of iuft reuenge, and take delight

1. 301, 'thrishe'—misprinted 'these' in '90 and '96, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former—though erroneously under p. 206: ib., 'happy': l. 308, 'fleece'—in 1609 'fleecie': l. 310, 'foule intemperance ... ofte': l. 311, 'haftie': l. 313, for ': l. 315, 'glory ... countries': l. 321, 'heuens gd.'
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to liue in liues despight,
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captiued soules from wearie thraldome free.

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
Long maift thou liue, and better thrive withall,
Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she slide from blemish criminall;
Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
Soe I for pledges leue. So giue me leue to reft.

With that a deadly shriake she forth did throw,
That through the wood reechoed againe,
And after gaue a grone so deepe and low,
That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
Or thridl with point of thorough piercing paine;
As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruelle steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele,
Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth seele.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
From his tall steed, he rufht into the thicke,
And foone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quicke,
In whose white alabaster breft did sticke
A cruell knife, that made a grefly wound,
From which forth gufht a streme of gorebloud thick,
That all her goodly garments flaid around,
And into a deepe sanguine side the graffie ground.

Pittifull spectacle of deadly smartr,
Beside a bubbling fountaine low she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gored did ray;
Als in her lap a louely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender ioynts embrew;
Pittifull spectacle, as euer eye did view.

Befides them both, vpon the foiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with bloud beprinckled was;
His ruddie lips did smile, and rofy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded,
Seemt to have been a goodly perfonage,
Now in his freheft flowre of luftie hed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

l. 351, 'labour' in 1590 is 'dolour': ib., 'quick': l. 352, 'sticke': l. 353, 'wound': l. 354, 'stream ... gorebloud': l. 355, 'around': l. 356, 'grassy ground': l. 358, 'bubling': l. 359, 'sheer': l. 360, 'gore'—misprinted 'gold'
in '96: l. 364, 'joins': l. 365, 'eie ... view': l. 368, 'blood-beprinckled': l. 369, 'ruddy ... myle': l. 370, 'yett': l. 372, 'lusty': l. 373, 'Fitt'
Whom / when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
    His hart gan waxe as starke, as marble stone,
And his freth bloud did frieze with fearfull cold,
    That all his sagen seemed bereft attone:
At last his mightie ghost gan deepe to groane,
As Lyon grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone:
Till ruth and fraile affectiion did constraine,
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steele
    He lightly snatcht, and did the floudgate ftop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
Her feeble pulse, to prowe if any drop
Of liuing bloud yet in her veynes did hop;
    Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forfaken fhop;
So well he did her deadly woundes repaire,
That at the last she gan to breath out liuing aire.

Which he perceiving greatly gan rejoicce,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med’cine, tempred with sweet voice;
Ay me, deare Lady, which the image art
Of ruefull pitie, and impatient fmart,
What direfull chance, armd with reuenging fate
Or curfed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to haften your vn timelye date;

Speake, O deare Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

1 377, 'blood': l. 378, 'berefte' and : for ,—the colon accepted : l. 379, 'mighty': l. 380, 'Lion': l. 382, 'Till': l. 383, 'flout courage' is in 1609 'courage flout': l. 384, 'fleel': l. 385, 'flood': l. 386, 'fetti': l. 388, 'blood': l. 396, 'ymage': l. 397, 'pitty': l. 398, 'chaunce': l. 401, 'dear.'
THE II. BOOKE OF THE

Therewith her dim eie-lids she vp gan reare,
   On which the drery death did fit, as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
   But when as him all in bright armour clad
Before her stonding she espied had,
   As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely storted, yet she nothing drad:
   Streight downe againe her selfe in great despithe,
She graeling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
   Vplifted light, and softly did vsoldeth:
Thrifte he her reard, and thrifte she funke againe,
   Till he his armes about her fides gan fold,
And to her saied; Yet if the ftony cold
Haue not all feised on your frozen hart,
   Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,
   And tell the secret of your mortall smare;
He oft finds present helpe, who does his griefe impart.

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low,
   She sight from bottome of her wounded breft,
And after, many bitter throbs did throw
With lips full pale and foltring tongue opprest,
These words she breathed forth from ruien cheft;
   Leave, ah leave off, what euer wight thou bee,
To let a weary wretch from her dew reft,
   And trouble dying soules tranquilitie.
Take not away now got, which none would glue to me.

1. 403, 'fit': 1. 410, 'ground'; 1. 413, 'funck': 1. 421, 'fight' is 'fight' in 1609: 1. 423, 'long': 1. 425, 'of': 1. 426, 'let... weary.'
Ah farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captuïte:
For all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
Tell then, o Lady tell, what fatall prieſe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest?
That I may caſt to compasse your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieſe.

With /feeble hands then ftreched forth on hye,
As heauen accusing guiltie of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In thèse sad words she spent her utmost breath;
Heare then, o man, the forrowes that vneath
My tongue can tell, so farre all ſenſe they pas:
Loe this dead corps, that lies here vnderneath,
The gentlef knight, that euer on greene gras
Gay ſteed with ſpurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant was.

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

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may gheffe)
To come, where vile Acrafia does wonne,
Acrafia a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulf, her dwelling is:
Faire Sir, if euer there ye travell, thonne
The curfed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name; it hight the Bowre of blis.

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,
Wherewith she makes her louers drunken mad,
And then with words & weedes of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to vves bad:
My lifest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was fleth: (all fleth doth frailtie breede.)
Whom when I heard to beepe fo ill beftad,
Weake wretch I wrapt my felfe in Palmers weed,
And caft to seeke him forth through daunger and great
(dreed.

Now had faire Cynthia by euen tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrife three times had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.

Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought: (weare,
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my midwiues

l. 454, 'childe' and l. 455: l. 455, 'blood': l. 459, 'knightes ... soule' =
l. 462, 'Fayre': l. 463, 'blis': l. 466, 'dronken': l. 469, 'liffe' and:
o;: l. 470, 'frayltie': l. 473, 'Cr': l. 474, 'foyre': l. 476, 'tymer.'
Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought,
Yt nought too deare I deemd, while so my dear I sought.

Him so I sought, and so at laft I found
Where him that witch had thrall'd to her will,
In chaines of luft and lewd defires ybound,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ille;
Till through wife handling and faire gouernance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:

Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,
How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
With cup thus charm'd, him parting she deceiu'd;
Sad verfe, gie death to him that death does gie,
And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So foone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke:
So parted we and on our journey drie;
Till comming to this well, he ftoupt to drincke:
The charme fullfild, dead suddeny he downe did fincke.

Which / when I wretch,—Not one word more she sayd
But breaking off, the end for want of breath,
And flydng soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing good Sir Guyon, could vneath
From teares abftaine, for grieue his hart did grate,

And from so heauie sight his head did wreath,  
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,  
Which plunged had faire Ladie in so wretched state.

Then turning to his Palmer saied, Old fyre  
Behold the image of mortaltie,  
And feeble nature cloth’d with fleshly tyre,  
When raging passion with fierce tyrannie  
Rob’s reaon of her due regalitie  
And makes it seruant to her basest part:  
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,  
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;  
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake through smart.

But temperance (sai’d he) with golden squire  
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,  
Neither to melt in pleasures whot desire,  
Nor fyry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene,  
Thrishe happie man, who fares them both atweene:  
But sight this wretched woman overcome  
Of anguith, rather then of crime hath beene,  
Referue her caufe to her eternall doome,  
And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

Palmer (quoth he) death is an equall doome  
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When beft flall be to them, that liued beft:
But both alike, when death hath both suppreft,
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which who fo wants, wants fo much of his reft;
For all fo great shame after death I weene,
As felfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

So both agree their bodies to engrawe;
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad Cypressse seemely it embraue,
Then couering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein those corfes tenderly,
And bid them fleepe in euerlafting peace.
But ere they did their vtmoft obfequy,
Sir Guyon more affection to increase,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none fhould aye releace.

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cut a Locke of all their heare,
Which medling with their blooud and earth, he threw
Into the graue, and gan deuoutly fware;
Such and fuch euill God on Guyon reare,
And worfe and worfe young Orphane be thy paine,
If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blooud her guerdon doe obtaine:
So shedding many teares, they cloude the earth againe.

l. 531, 'bee': l. 535, 'great' misprinted 'greet' in '90: l. 545, 'ay':
l. 547, 'cutt': l. 548, 'blood &c': l. 550, 'eui': l. 551, 'payne': l. 553,
'blood . . . obtayne': l. 554, 'agaye.'
Hus when Sir Guyon with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie vptyde,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleasance and bold blandishment
Gan smylye on them, that rather ought to weep,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced depe (stepe.
In that knights heart, and wordes with bitter teares did

Ah luckless babe, borne vnder cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full litle weenest thou, what sorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy liuelihood,
Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the natuie tree,
And thrown forth, till it be withered:

1. 2, 'bloody handes': l. 6, 'faithful guyde': l. 7, 'dew': l. 10, 'pleasaunce':
1. 14, 'knightes hart': l. 17, 'little': l. 18, 'liuelyhed.'
Such is the state of men: thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath disdainfull nicetee)
His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene,
He waifth them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner. Still he stroue,
Yet still the little hands were bloudie seene;
The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
And into diuerse doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

He wift not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how fore bloudguiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charmee and venim, which they drunccke,
Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senfelesse truncke,
That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunck.

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reaon, and thus faire bespake;
Ye bene right hard amated, gratious Lord,
And of your ignorance great maruell make,
Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.
But know, that secret vertues are infusd
In euerie fountaine, and in euerie lake,
Which who hath skil them rightly to haue chused,
To prooue of passyng wonders hath full often vyd.

Of those some were so from their fourfe indewed
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their welheads spring, and are with moisture dewd;
Which feedes each liuing plant with liuid sap,
And filles with flowres faire Floraes painted lap:
But other some by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters bace, (place.
And thenceforth were renownd, & sought from place to

Such is this well, wrought by occasion strange,
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
As she the woods with bow and shafts did raunge,
The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chauns to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that faft from him did fly;
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enimy.

At last when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for fore contraint,
And to Diana calling loud for ayde,
Her deare befought, to let her dye a mayd.
The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
Welling out streams of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stome from stedfaist virgins state.

Lo now she is that stome, from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streams do flow,
Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads; 8o
And yet the stome her semblance feemes to shew,
Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water byde:
For it is chast and pure, as purest snow,
Ne lets her waues with any filth be dyde,
But euer like her selfe vnstained hath beene tryde.

From thence it comes, that this babes blody hand
May not be clenfd with water of this well:
Ne certes Sir strieue you it to withstand,
But let them still be blody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes fleth, to minde reuengement,
And be for all chast Dames an endleffe moniment.

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;

1. 73, 'die': l. 78, 'whofe'—misprinted 'thofe' in '96: l. 82, 'maide':
1. 84, 'chaste': l. 85, 'be'—misprinted 'he' in '96: l. 86, 'unflayned':
1. 87, 'bloody,' and so l. 90: l. 95, 'chaste.'
But his said fathers armes with bloud defilde,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare 100
He left his loftie steed with golden fell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he softe himsely appease,
And fairely fare on foot, how euer loth;
His double burden did him seeke ease.
So long they traveiled with little ease,
Till that at laft they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas:
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry fort,
The children of one fire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But strifull minde, and diuerfe qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe;
Still did they strue, and dayly disagree;
The eldeft did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

Where / when the knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober sad, and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honorable wise,

Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her hauior,
Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and grauitie,
Aboue the reaoun of her youthly yeares:
Her golden lockes she roundly did vptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

Whileft she her selfe thus busily did frame,
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accounting each her friend with lauith feft:
They were two knights of pereleffe puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike geft,
Which to these Ladies loue did countenaunce,
And to his mistresse each himselfe ftroue to aduaunce.

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;

l. 127, 'courteous': l. 130, 'Foyre': l. 131, 'matt': l. 145, 'frode':
l. 146, 'puissance.'
Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant armes to few he first began;
More huge in strength, then wife in workes he was,
And reafon with foole-hardize ouer ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was for terrorr more, all armd in shynge bras.

But he that lou'd the youngeft, was Sans-loy,
He that faire Vna late fowle outraged,
The moft vnruuly, and the boldest boy,
That euer warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawlefe luft encouraged,
Through strong opinion of his matchleffe might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies champion chofe for loue to fight.

These two gay knights, vowed to so diuerfe loues,
Each other does enuie with deadly hate,
And dayly warre againft his foeman moues,
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
And th'others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place fraunge knight arriued late,
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely vnto battell sterne themfelues prepar'd.

But ere they could proceede vnto the place,
Where he abode, themfelues at discord fell,
And cruel combat ioyn'd in middle space:
With horrible assault, and furie fell,
They heapt huge strokes, the scorn'd life to quell,
That all on vprore from her settl'd seat,
The house was rayfd, and all that in did dwell;
Seemt that lowde thunders with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of souldring heat.

The / noyse thereof calth forth that straunger knight,
To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand;
Where when as two braue knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraung'd fond,
His sunbroad shiel'd about his wreft he bon;
And shyning blade vnshathed, with which he ran
Vnto that sted, their strife to vnderfond;
And at his first arriuall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

But they him spyning, both with greedy forse
Attonce vpon him ran, and him beft
With strokes of mortall festele without remorfe,
And on his shiel'd like yron sledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tygre being met
In cruel fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Espy a traueller with feet furbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to deuide,
They stint their strife, and him affaile on every side.

But he, not like a wareire trauelier,
Their sharpe assault right boldly did rebut,

1. 187, 'hand' is in 1609 'hond'; 1. 188, 'knights ... bloody': l. 203,
'assayle ... cuerie': l. 204, 'weary': l. 205, 'boldly'—misprinted
'bloody' in '96.
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselfes turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut; 210
But still when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heauie load on him they freshely gan to smight.

As a tall shipe tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, do diuerfly diseafe,
Meetes two contrary billowes by the way, /
That her on either side do fore assay,
And boast to swallowing her in greedy graue;
She scornings both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her brefte breaking the fomy waue, 220
Does ride on both their backs, & faire her felse doth faue.

So boldly he him beares, and rufheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrouse great prowesse and heroick worth
He shewed that day, and rare ensample made,
When two fo mighty warriours he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
Now forst to yield, now forcing to inuade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes:
So double was his paines, so double be his prayse. 230

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
Three combats ioyne in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
In fhtoueft minds, and maketh monftrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall iarre:
O miserable men, that to him subieft arre.

Whilft thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire Medina with her tresse torne,
And naked breft, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongt them ran, and falling them beforne,
Befought them by the womb, which them had borne,
And by the loues, which were to them moft deare,
And by the knighthoold, which they fure had fworne,
Their deadly cruell difcord to forbeare,
And to her iuft conditions of faire peace to heare.

But / her two other fifters standing by,
Her lowd gainfai'd, and both their champions bad
Purfew the end of their ftrong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet fhe with pitthy words and counfello sad,
Still ftroue their fstubborne rages to reuoke,
That at the laft fuppreffing fury mad,
They gan abfteine from dint of direfull fstroke,
And hearken to the sober fpeaches, which fhe fpoke.

Ah puiffaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
Or fell Erinnys in your noble harts,

l. 235, 'war'—qy. 'has'? l. 238, 'yett': l. 244, 'born': l. 246, '/worn':
l. 250, 'their champions' is in 1590 'her champions'—the plural necessarily accepted.
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stir'd you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after bloud to thruft,
And not regard dew right and iust desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniuft,
That more to mighty háds, the rightfull cause doth trust.

And were their rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
Then with bloud guiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortall vengeance ioyne to crime abhord? 270
O fly from wrath, fly, O my lieuest Lord:
Sad be the fights, and bitter fruits of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
Then fowle reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

But louely concord, and most sacred peace
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes stræg, & stræg thing does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest prayse exceeds:
Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes ouer ire and pride,
And winnes an Oliue girland for her meeds:
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this mifeeming discord meekely lay aside.

1. 263, 'blood' : l. 267, 'their' in 1609 'there': l. 268, 'savour': l. 269, 'blood guiltiness' from 1609—in '90 and '96 'bloodguiltiness': l. 272, 'fruits': l. 274, 'praise,' and so l. 279: l. 278, 'makers'—misprinted 'make' in '90, but corrected in 'Faults escaped': ib., 'strong' (2nd).
Her gracious wordes their rancour did appall,  
And funcke so deepe into their boyling brefts,  
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,  
And lowly did abase their loftie crefts  
To her faire prefence, and discret e behets.  
Then she began a treatie to procure,  
And stabliss termes betwixt both their requests,  
That as a law for euer should endure ;  
Which to obserue in word of knights they did assure.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,  
After their wearie sweat and bloody toile,  
She them befought, during their quiet treague,  
Into her lodging to repaire a while,  
To ref t themselfues, and grace to reconcile.  
They soone consent : so forth with her they fare,  
Where they are well receu'd, and made to spoile  
Themselfues of foiled armes, and to prepare  
Their mindes to pleasure, & their mouthes to dainty fare.

And those two froward sisters, their faire loues  
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,  
And fained cheare, as for the time behoues,  
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 grieue, as doth an hidden moth  
The inner garment fret, not th'vtter touch ;  
One thought their cheare too litle, th'other thought too

I. 285, ‘words’ : I. 290, ‘treaty’ : I. 295, ‘weary ... bloody’ : I. 300,  
Elissa / (to the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat;
No solace could her Paramour intreat,
Her once to shew, ne court, nor dalliance,
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce. 320

But young Perissa was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flowd aboue the bancke,
And in excess exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she loyd her selfe to prancke,
But of her loue too lauiish (little haue she thancke.)

Faft by her side did fit the bold Sans-loy 330
Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loozenesse tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a franker franion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion;
But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,
Did fee and grieue at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet still he fat, and inly did him selfe torment.

L. 317, 'dalliaunce': l. 321, 'mynd': l. 323, 'kynd'; l. 326, 'banck'; l. 328, 'pranck': l. 329, 'thanck': l. 330, 'Faft'—misprinted 'Ferf' in '90 and '96, but corrected in 'Faulks escaped' of the former: ib., 'fit ... Sansloey': l. 331, 'Fitt': l. 333, 'francher': l. 334, 'leawnd': l. 338, 'fatt.'
Betwixt them both the faire Medina fate
With sober grace, and goodly carriage: 340
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward pair she ever would affrmage,
When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
But that fame froward twaine would accourse,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
And pleafed them all with meete fatietie,
At last when lught of meat and drinke was ceaft, 350
She Guyon deare befought of curtesie,
To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,
And whither now on new adventure bound.
Who with bold grace, and comely grauitie,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

This thy demaund, o Lady, doth requieue
Fressh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene aliue,
That with her foueraigne powre, and scepter shene
All Faery lond does peaceable sustene. 361
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That ouer all the earth it may be seen;
As morning Sunne her beams dispredden cleare,
And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

In her the richeffe of all heauenly grace,
   In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hye:
And all that else this worlds enclofure bace,
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye.
Adornes the perfon of her Maiestie;
That men beholding fo great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortalitie,
Do her adore with sacred reuerence,
As th’Idole of her makers great magnificence.

To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest knights on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd,
That may this day in all the world be found:
An yearely solemn feast she wontes to make
The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Refort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
And to that mightye Princeesse did complaine
Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelm'd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crau'd redresse. My Soueraine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftsoones dueifd redresse for such annoyes;
Me all vnfit for so great purpose she employes.

l. 370, 'Maiestye'; l. 372, 'mortalitye'; l. 376, 'knights'; l. 379, : for,
of '90 and '96: l. 380, 'make'—another of Spenser's non-rhymes—see
note on l. 66: l. 384, 'shewed.'
Now hath faire Phæbe with her siluer face
Thrice seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith laſt I left that honorable place,
In which her royall presence is introd ;
Ne euer shall I reft in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrafia haue wonne ;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told
I witneffe am, and this their wretched fonne, 400
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
From which faſd ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pitty such vnhappy bale,
And learne from pleasures poſſon to abstaine : /
Ill by enſample good doth often gayne.
Then forward he his purpose gan purfew,
And told the storie of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amauia did rew ;
As with lamenting eyes him ſelfe did lately vew. 410

Night was far spent, and now in Ocean deepe
Orion, flying faſt from hisſing snake,
His flaming head did haften for to ſteepe,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make ;
Whileſt with delight of that he wiſely spake,
Thosе guestes beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly ſleepe, that did them ouertake.
At laſt when they had markeſt the chaunged ſkyes
They wiſt their houre was ſpēt; the each to reſt him hyes.

1. 396, ‘ruiell ... entrold’: l. 399, ‘hee’: l. 402, ‘fayre’: l. 404,
... beguile’.
Cant. / III.

Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyons horse is made the scorn
Of knighthood true, and is of frayre
Belphabe foule forlorn.

S Oone as the morrow faire with purple beames
Disperit the shadowes of the mistie night,
And Titan playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir Guyon mindfull of his vow yplight,
Vprofe from drowsie couch, and him addrest
Vnto the journeys which he had behight:
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shielde he bound about his wreast.

Then / taking Congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensueth:
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memorie of that dayes ruth,

l. 6, 'fayre' : l. 7, 'misyly' : l. 16, 'bloody' : l. 17, 'committ' : l. 19,
'ensuchth' : l. 20, 'raught' : l. 21, 'memory'.
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught,  
Sauenge his Parēts 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; helpelesse what may it boot  
To fret for anger, or for griefe to mone?  
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:  
So fortune wrought, as vnnder greene woods fyde  
He lately heard that dying Ladye grone,  
He left his steed without, and speare befyde,  
And rushèd in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

The whiles a lofell wandring by the way,  
One that to bountie neuer cast his mind,  
Ne thought of honour euer did aflay  
His baver breft, but in his keftrell kind  
A pleasing vaine of glory he did find,  
To which his flowing toung, and troublous spright  
Gaue him great ayd, and made him more inclind:  
He that braue steed there finding ready dight,  
Furloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollitie,  
And of him felte great hope and helpe conceiu'd,  
That puffed vp with smoke of vanitie,  
And with felte-loued perfonage deceiu'd, /  
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd  
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:  
But for in court gay portance he perceiu'd,

l. 23, 'Parents . . . the': l. 26, : for ; : l. 27, 'frett': l. 30, 'hard': l. 34,  
'mynd': l. 36, 'kynd': l. 37, 'he' misprinted 'vaine' in '96: l. 39,  
'inclyned': l. 42, 'iollity': l. 44, 'vanity'.

V. 18
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Estfoones to court he cast t'auaunce his first degree. 50

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One fitting idle on a funny bancke,
To whom auaunting in great brauery,
As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke,
He smote his courfer in the trembling fancke,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
The feely man seeing him ryde so rancke,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying Mercy lowd, his pitious hands gan reare.

Thereat the Scarcrow waxed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his first adventure faire,
And with big thundring voyce reuyld him lowd;
Vile Caytiue, vaasall of dread and despaire,
Vnworthie of the commune breathed aire,
Why liuett thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And dest not vnto death thy selue prepare.
Dye, or thy selue my captiue yield for ay;
Great fauour I thee graunt, for aunnfwered thus to stay.

Hold, o deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call.
I giue thee life: therefore prostrated fall,

l. 52, 'yde. . . banck': l. 54, 'pranck': l. 55, 'flanck': l. 57, 'ranck':
l. 58, 'flatt': l. 59, 'loud'—Dr. Morris has '?' Mercy, Lord!': l. 61.
'sayre': l. 62, 'voice': l. 63, 'depayre': l. 64, 'ayre': l. 66, 'prepayre':
l. 67, 'Dy': l. 69, 'O': l. 71, 'gd.': l. 72, 'doc.'
And kisst my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
The Miser throw him selfe, as an Offall,
Stright at his foot in base humiliation,
And sleepeed him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

So happy peace they made and faire accord:
Eftsoones this liege-man gan to wexe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him selfe vnfold:
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleights and practick knauery.
For that day forth he cast for to vphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

Trompart fit man for Braggadochio,
To ferue at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttering wind does blow
In his light wings, is lifted vp to skye:
The scorne of knighthood and trew cheualrye,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be aduaunced hye:
Such praye is shame; but honour vertues meed
Doth beare the fairest flowre in honorable feed.

So forth they pas, a well conforted paire,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet:
Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
On goodly courser thundring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
Of his revenue to make the instrument:
For since the Redcroffe knight he earst did weet,
To beene with Guyon knit in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

And comming close to Trompart gan inquire
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden fell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitie.
He is a great adventurer, (said he)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he auenged bee,
Of that despight, neuer to wearen none;
That spere is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

Th' enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his soen with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho to him louting lowly, did begin
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Redcroffe knight,
Which two through treafon and deceiptfull gin.
Had slaine Sir Mordant, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enraged,
And threatened death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their liues had in his hand beene gaged;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,

l. 102, 'erf' : l. 103, 'knitt' : l. 106, 'mightie' : l. 117, no : l. 118,
'wronges' : l. 121, 'layne' : l. 123, 'wreak' : l. 125, 'gaged.'
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said; Old man, great sure shalbe thy meed,
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeaunce
Do lurke, thou certainly to me areed,

That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

Certes, my Lord, (sai'd he) that shall I soone,
And giue you eke good helpe to their decay,
But mote I wisely you aduise to doon;
Giuie no ods to your foes, but do puruay
Your selue of sworde before that bloudy day:
For they be two the proweft knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard assay,
And eke of sureste steele, that may be found,
Do arme your selue against that day, them to confound.

Dotard / (sai'd he) let be thy deepe aduise;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wife,
Elfe unuer shou'd thy judgement be so fraile,
To measue manhood by the sworde or maile.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten sworde or shield, an hoft to quaile?
Thou little woteft, what this right hand can: (wan.
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes, which it

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wift, that who so would contend

l. 130, 'Doe . . . certainly . . . mee': l. 133, 'for': l. 135, 'doe': l. 136, 'bloody': l. 137, 'ground': l. 139, 'found': l. 140, 'Doe . . . confound': l. 141, 'faide': l. 144, 'Elis . . . frayle': l. 145, 'mayle': l. 146, 'fowre': l. 147, 'hoft quayle': l. 148, 'little.'
With either of those knights on even coast,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared least his boldness should offend,
When Braggadocchio said, Once I did swear,
When with one sword even knights I brought to end,
Thence forth in battell never sword to beare,
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth (wear.

Perdie Sir knight, said then th'enchauenter bluie,
That shall I shortly purchase to your hand: 160
For now the best and noblest knight alie
Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond.
The flame by my device I vndertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
At which bold word that baaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monstere make.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was fuddlein vanished out of his sight:
The Northernne wind his wings did broad display 170
At his commaund, and reared him vp light /
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could efpie
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
Both fled attonce, ne euer backe returned eie.

l. 152, 'knights' : l. 153, 'neece' : l. 155, 'saide' : l. 156, 'knights';
l. 157, 'battaile' : l. 159, 'Perdy . . . saide' : l. 164, 'device' is misprinted
'aduife' in '96 : l. 167, 'minde . . . Monster': l. 170, 'winde' : l. 172,
'of' : l. 173, 'offe' : l. 175, 'flye' : l. 176, 'retourned eye.'
Till that they come vnto a forrest Greene,
In which they shrrowd thefelues from causelesse feare;
Yet feare them followes stille, where so they beene,
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,
As ghastly bug their haires on end does reare: 181
Yet both doe stiue their fearfullnesse to faire.
At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would riue in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steeed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But Trompart stoutly staid to taken heed, 190
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to bee a woman of great worth,
And by her flately portance, borne of heavely birth.

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But heavely pourtraiet of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like rofes in a bed of lillies shed, 200
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers fense with double plasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to reuiue the ded.

l. 178, 'cauoeles': l. 181, 'does vnto them appears,' but corrected in 'Faules escaped' 'greatey' for 'vnto': l. 191, 'fourth': l. 196, 'heavenly':
l. 197, 'skye': l. 202, 'fence.
In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue at th'heauenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persfent, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his luftfull fire
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For with dredd Maieftie, and awfull ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her iuorie forhead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Loue his loftie triumphes to engrase,
And write the battels of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A siluer found, that heauenly muficke seemed to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces fate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working belgars, and amorous retrate,
And every one her with a grace endowes:
And every one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall faile pen descriue her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disguie.

l. 209, 'fyre' : l. 211, 'yre' : l. 212, 'bace de/yre' : l. 213, 'yuorie': l. 216, 'battailer': l. 219, 'swette': l. 224, 'belgardes' : l. 225, 'euerie,' and so l. 226 : l. 229, 'frayle.'
So faire, and thoufand thoufand times more faire
She feemd, when she presented was to fight,
And was yclad, for heat of fcorching aire,
All in a filken Camus lyly whight,/
Purfled vpon with many a folded plight,
Which all aboue besprinckled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that glifred bright,
Like twinckling fstars, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

Below her ham her weed were somewhat traine,
And her ftreight legs moft brauely were embayld
In gilden buftkins of coftly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld:
Before they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all their knots, that none might fee,
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

Like two faire marble pillours they were feene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlandes greene,
And honour in their feftiuall refort;
Thofe fame with ftately grace, and prinçely port
She taught to tread, when she her felfe would grace,
But with the wooddie Nymphes when she did play,

l. 239, sic in '90 and '96 (a broken line): l. 240, 'were'—misprinted 'did' in '90 and '96, but corrected in 'Faults escaped' of the former: ib., 'trayme': l. 243, 'Cordwaine': l. 244, 'fayre': l. 245, 'Iewell': l. 247, 'their' is 'the' in '90.
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly moue, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quier gay,
Stuft with steel-headedd darts, wherewith she queld
The saucage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Asthwart her snowy brest, and did diuide
Her daintie paps ; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

Her / yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loofely sied,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
That waued like a penon wide dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered :
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rafh she fled,
In her rude haires sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossomes did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandie shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keen,
To seeke her game : Or as that famous Queene
Of Amasons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priam she was seene,

Did she w her selfe in great triumphant joy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

Such when as hartlesse Trompart her diu vew,
   He was dismayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
   Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
When she at last himspyng thus beispake;
   Hayle Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow st rake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her ouertake.

Wherewith reviu'd, this answere forth he threw;
   O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
   Nor voyce found mortall; I auow to thee,
Such wounded beaste, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
   But mote thy goodlyhed forgiue it mee,
To weet, which of the Gods I shal thee name,
That vn to thee due worship I may rightly frame.

To whom she thus; but ere her words enfewed,
   Vnto the bush her eye did fuddein glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadocio was mewed,
   And saw it stirre; she left her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduaunce,
In minde to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
   Trompart forth stipt, to stay the mortall chaunce,

Out crying, δ what ever heav'ly pow'r,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly how'r.

O stay thy hand for yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercise,
But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is farre renown'd through many bold emprize;
And now in th' shade he shrowded yonder lies.
She staid: with that he cruel'd out of his neft,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his loftie creft
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret caus
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her filly life to faue,
She her gay painted plumes disordered,
Seeing at laft her selfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and foone renewes her nat'ue pride;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on euerie side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erft she did her hide.

So / when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he view'd
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transmew'd,

l. 310, 'O . . . heauenly': l. 313, 'siers': l. 315, 'far': l. 320, 'frē': l. 321, 'fearefull': l. 322, 'foring': l. 323, no, after 'how': l. 326, 'forth . . . renewes': l. 327, 'foule': l. 328, 'Proudly . . . fett': l. 331, 'vowed': l. 333, 'sits . . . transmew'd.'
Till she to him her gratious speach renewed;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour haue pursewed
Through deedes of armes and prowesse martiaall;
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

To whom he thus: the fairest vnder skie,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
Endeouuring my dreaded name to raife
Aboue the Moone, that fame may it refund
In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland crownd.

But what art thou, Ladie, which doest raunge
In this wilde forrest, where no pleafure is,
And doest not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happie blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maist loue, and dearely loued bee,
And swim in pleafure, which thou here doest mis;
There maist thou beft be feene, and beft maist feee:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee.

Who so in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,

l. 334, 'renewd': l. 336, 'honor... pursewd': l. 337, 'deeds': l. 339,
'O': l. 340, 'Trew': l. 342, 'I haue': l. 344, 'fooud': l. 345, 'End-
euoring': l. 347, 'tromp... girond': l. 348, 'O Lady': l. 349,
'foreft': l. 351, 'happy': l. 353, 'dearly... be': l. 355, 'fitt': l. 357,
'proud... qud.'
Does wafte his dayes in darke obscuritee,
And in obliuion euer buried is:
Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amis;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaues with cares, cannot so eafe mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
Who seake the with painfull toile, shall honour sooneest find.

In woods, in waues, in warres she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
Vnto her happie mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
And wakefull watches euer to abide:
But eafie is the way, and passage plaine
To pleasures pallace; itmay foone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

In Princes court,—The rest she would haue said,
But that the foolish man, fild with delight
Of her sweet words, that all his fence dismaid,
And with her wondrous beautie rauisht quight,
Gan burne in filthy luft, and leaping light,
Thought in his baftard armes her to embrace.
With that she swauryng backe, her Iauelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

l. 361, 'abounds': l. 362, 'mynd': l. 363, 'eafy': l. 364, 'hynd': l. 365, 'honor': l. 366, 'synd': l. 367, 'wilhe': l. 368, 'yille': l. 369, 'happy': l. 370, 'Sweate': l. 371, 'eafy': l. 372, 'court':—I add—in preference to period of 1590: ib., 'sawd': l. 373, 'sweete...dismayd': l. 374, 'beauty.'
Which when the Peafant saw, amazd he stood,
And greuied at her flight; yet durf he not
PurfeW her steps, through wild vnknowne wood;
Besides he feared her wrath, and threatened shot
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her preuence vaine,
But turning said to Trompart, What foule blot
Is this to knight, that Ladie should againe
Depart to woods vntoucht, & leue so proud disdaine?

Perdie / (saide Trompart) let her passe at will,
Least by her preuence daunger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that she is some powre celestiall?
For whiles she spake, her great words did apall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.

And I (saide Braggadocchio) thought no leffe,
Whē first I heard her horne found with fuch ghaftlinesse.

For from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
Me giuen by eternall deftinie,
That earthly thing may not my courage braue
Dismay with feare, or caufe on foot to flie,
But either helliſh feends, or powres on he:
Which was the caufe, when earſt that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skie,

l. 385, 'grieved ... not': l. 387, 'shot': l. 388, 'forgot': l. 389, 'waye': l. 390, 'foule blott': l. 391, 'Lady ... agayne': l. 392, 'disdayne': l. 393, 'Perdy ... lett ... pas': l. 396, 'she': l. 398, 'corage': l. 401, 'When ... horn foʊd': l. 403, 'deflincy': l. 404, 'corage,' and so l. 418: l. 405, 'foote ... fye': l. 406, 'hye': l. 408, 'haye,'
I hid my selfe from it, as one afffeard;
But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard. 410

But now for feare of worse, that may betide,
   Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree;
So to his steed he got, and gan to ride,
   As one vnfit therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in cheualree.
   Which well that valiant courser did discerne;
For he despyf’d to tread in dew degree,
   But chaufd and som’d, with courage fierce and sterne,
And to be eas’d of that bafe burden still did erne. 419

l. 413, ‘gott’: l. 414, ‘vnfit’: l. 416, ‘valiaunt’: l. 417, ‘despy’d’:
l. 418, ‘sers’: l. 419, ‘erne’—in 1609 ‘yerne.’
Cant. / III.

**Grues omere Furor vind in chaines,  
and stops Occasion :  
Definers Phenom. and therefore  
by force is vayled vpon.**

IN braue pursuit of honorable deed,  
There is I know not what great difference  
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,  
Which vnto things of valorous pretence  
Seemes to be borne by natuie influence ;  
As seates of armes, and loue to entertaine,  
But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science  
Proper to gentle bloud ; some others faine  
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter ; but in vaine.

But he the rightfull owner of that steed,  
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,  
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,  
With that blacke Palmer, his most trufy guide ;  
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.

l. 3, 'occasion' : l. 4, 'Phaon' : l. 5, 'uppoun' : l. 6, 'pourfuite' : l. 7,  
(what) : l. 12, no , : l. 13, 'blood' : l. 15, 'feede' : l. 19, 'feete.'  
V. 19
But when strong passion, or weak fleshliness
Would from the right way seek to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and steedsfastness,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, & the strong suppress.

It fortuned forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great cruellee,
Whom sore he beat, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with teares, and sides with blood did all abound.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalk,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung vrold,
But all behind was bald, and wore away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauourd, full of wrinkles old.

And euer as she went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproch, and termes of vile despight,
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,  
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;  
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite,  
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,  
Withouten which she could not go vpright;  
Ne any euill meanes she did forbear,  
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble Guyon mou'd with great remorfe,  
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,  
And after adding more impetuous forse,  
His mightie hands did on the madman lay,  
And pluckt him backe; who all on fire freightway,  
Against him turning all his fell intent,  
With beastly brutish rage gan him afay,  
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,  
And did he wift not what in his auengement.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,  
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:  
But when the franticke fit inflam'd his sware,  
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,  
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eide:  
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt vnwares,  
Whilste reason blent through passion, nought descrie,  
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares,  
And where he hits, nought knowes, & whom he hurts,  
ought cares.
His rude assault and rugged handeling
   Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe 70
   In faire defence and goodly menaging
   Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
   Was he abashed now not fighting so,
   But more enforc'd through his currish play,
   Him sternely grypt, and haling to and fro,
   To ouerthrow him strongly did affay,
But ouerthrew himselfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And being downe the villein fore did beat,
   And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face:
   And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat, 80
   Still cald vpnon to kill him in the place.
   With whole reproch and odious menace
   The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
   Knit all his forces, and gan foone vnbrace
   His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
   And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
   Not so, 6 Guyon, neuer thinke that so
   That Monster can be maiftred or destroyd:
   He is not, ah, he is not such a foe, 90
   As fleele can wound, or ftrength can ouerthroe.
   That fame is Furor, curled cruel wight,
   That vnto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
   And that fame Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despfight.

1. 71, *fayre* : l. 75, *sternly* : l. 78, *beats* : l. 84, *knits* : l. 88,
   *O* : l. 90, *not*—misprinted *no* in '90 and '96, but corrected in
   'Faults escaped' of the former : l. 92, *cruel* : . 94, *&* : l. 95, *roote.*
With her, who so will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restrain from her reprochfull blame,
And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage, 100
Then when she is withdrawn, or strong withftood,
It's eath his idle furie to asswage,
And calme the tempeft of his passion wood;
The bankes are ouerflowen, when stopped is the flood.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first empriſe,
And turning to that woman, faft her hent
By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
But till prouokt her sonne to wraeke her wrong; 110
But natheleffe he did her till torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock, did fafte firme and strong.

Then when as vfe of speach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him, the laft helpe she had left:
But he that laft left helpe away did take,
And both her handes faft bound vnto a flake,
That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
Full faft away, and did her quite forfaie; 120

l. 100, 'frantick . . . corage' : l. 101, 'withdrayme' : l. 102, 'ydle fury
. . . afsmage' : l. 104, 'ouerflowme' : l. 107, 'hong' in 1609 'hung' : l. 112,
'tongue'—so in '90, but corrected in 'Faults ecape' to 'tonge' : l. 114,
'whekas' : l. 116, 'helf' : l. 118, 'handes' : l. 119, 'note,' in 1609 'note':
ib., 'fyre.'
But Guyon after him in haste did hie,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

In his strong armes he stiffe him embraaste,
Who him gaine triuing, nought at all preuaild:
For all his power was utterly defaaste,
And furious fits at earft quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces sayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour flacke.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands faft bound behind his backe, 130
And both his feet in setters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him sore confraigne:
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatening reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fire,
And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long lockes, colourde like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire. 140

Thus when as Guyon Furor had captu'd,
Turning about he faw that wretcheed Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd,
Lying on ground, all soyled with blood and mire:
Whom when as he perceiued to refpire,

l. 121, 'hys': l. 122, 'perplexity': l. 123, 'stiffly': l. 126, 'fits':
l. 128, 'slack': l. 131, 'rack': l. 136, 'bloody': l. 137, 'fyrre': l. 139,
'locks...wyre': l. 140, 'bit...yre': l. 141, 'wenas...captiud':
l. 142, 'Squire': l. 143, 'depriud': l. 144, 'blood...myre': l. 145,
'wenas...refyre.'
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
Being at last recured, he gan inquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caitiues thral, the thral of wretchednesse.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes, 150
Faire Sir (quoth he) what man can shun the hap,
That hidden Iyes vnwares him to furprysse
Misfortune waites aduantage to entrap
The man most warie in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Vnweeting, and vnware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
Where this fame wicked villein did me light vpon.

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the fourse 160
Of all my forrow, and of thefe sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourfe,
Attonce I was vpbrught, and eft when yeares
More rypte vs reafon lent to chosse our Peares,
Our felues in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time without gealous feares,
Or faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part I vow, dissembeld not a whit.

It was my fortune commune to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highestr seat of dignitie,
Yet seemd no lesse to loue, then loued to bee:
Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne euer thing could cause vs disagree:
Loue that two harts makes one; makes eke one will:
Each froue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake,
   Of all my loue and all my priuitie;
Who greatly joyous seemd for my fake,
   And gratious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight, that mote so welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that she could thinke or fee,
But vnto him she would impart the famle:
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame.

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Ladie to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make; that day too farre did seeme:
Moost joyous man, on whom the shinning Sunne,
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no lesse joyous deeme.

But ere that wished day his beame disclofd,
He either enuying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill dispойd
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret how he understood
That Ladie whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd;
And therefore wifht me stay, till I more truth shoulde fynd.

The gnawing anguish and sharpe gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Ranckled fo sore, and seftred inwardly,
That my enrigued mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counfell me the best.

He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of basse degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramoure:
Who / vfed in a darkefome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approve,
He promis'd to bring me at that howre,
When I shoule see, that would me nearer moue,
And driue me to withdraw my blind abus'd loue.

This gracelesse man for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'embro'se his affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: Pryene (to she sight)
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 leasest helpe to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy lease good part;
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Though she thy Lady be, approch thee neare;
For prooffe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Araw thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maidé proud through prayse, and mad through loue
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe 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 Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of bafe degree,
Whom he had feignd th'abuser of my loue to bee.

Esftfoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
And with him brought Priene, rich arayd,
In Claribellaes clothes. Her proper face

l. 240, 'praise &c'. l. 250, 'Pryene'.
I not discerned in that darksome shade,
But weened it was my loue, with whom he playd.
Ah God, what horrour and tormenting griefe
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all asayed?
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes griefe, (griefe.
Then wound of gealous worme, and shame of such re-

I home returning, fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeared in sight,
With wrathfull hand I flew her innocent;
That after soone I dearely did lament:
For when the cause of that outrageous deed
Demauded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Conseft, how Philemon her wrought to chaunce her weede.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellishe fury all enraged, I sought
Upon my selfe that vengeable despight
To punish : yet it better first I thought,
To wreake my wrath upon him, that first it wrought.
To Philemon, false faytour Philemon
I caft to pay, that I so dearely bought;
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And waft away his guilt with guiltie potion.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of loue adioyning losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end :

l. 255, 'hander,' and : for ? : l. 258, 'returning' : l. 275, 'guilty.'
That was Pryene; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruel intent,
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly durement,
And I pursuawd my fell purpose, after went.

Feare gaued her wings, and rage enforced my flight;
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now faed bound, me met in middle space,
As I her, so he me pursuawd apace,
And shortly ouetrooke: I breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruel fyre;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to dye,
Through wounds, & strokes, & stubborne handeling,
That death were better, then such agony,
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortal sting,
That during life will neuer be appeased.
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon, Squire, fore haue ye beene diseased;
But all your hurts may soone through teaperance be easd.

Then gan the Palmer thus, most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance grow to fearefull end;

1. 284, 'pursuawd': l. 285, 'wings': l. 289, 'pursuawd': l. 297, 'fury': l. 301, 'Squire.'
While they are weake betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battay bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to ouerthrow:
Wrath, gelosie, griefe, loue this Squire haue layd thus low.

Wrath, / gelosie, griefe, loue do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and gelosie a weeke,
Griefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weeke of little feede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:
But sparkes, feed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
The sparkes foone quench, the springing feed outweed
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe clean away:
So shall wrath, gelosie, griefe, loue dye and decay.

Unlucky Squire (said Guyon) fith thou haft
Falne vnto milchiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now haft past,
And guide thy wayes with warie gouernance,
Least worfe betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do aduaunce
Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
Who firft to rayse our house to honour did begin.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
A varlet running towards haftily,

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 approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so foyld, that none could him defcry;
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
For Guyons lookes, but scornfulfull eyglauence at him shot.

Behind his backe he bore a bracen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloudy field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt / I do burne. Right well beseemed it,
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding fit,
And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in bloud, 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 erft,
For feare of further harme, I councell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ioperdie.
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
And though he scornd his idle vanitie,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;

For not to grow of nought he it coniecutred.

l. 341, 'bloody': l. 342, 'this word'—Hughes and other Editors finically read 'these words were': l. 343, 'doe': l. 345, 'dartes': l. 346, 'sharp': l. 347, 'blood': l. 352, 'ioperdie': l. 354, 'ytle vanitie.'
Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him, that held it forcibly.
But wheet should come that harme, which thou doest
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'abye?
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

How hight he then (said Guyon) and from whence?
Pyrrhocles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
The fownes of old Acrates and Despight,
Acrates fonne of Phlegeton and Iarre;
But Phlegeton is fonne of Herebus and Night;
But Herebus fonne of Aeternitie is hight.

So from immortall race he does proceeде,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Drad for his derring do, and blodye deed;
For all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon,
And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearfull stead anon,
Leaft thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

His be that care, whom moft it doth concerne,
(Said he) but whither with such hafty flight
Art thou now bound? for well mote I dicerne
Great caufe, that carries thee so swift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and freight behight
To feeke Occasion; where so she bee:
For he is all disposed to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that first fals in his iepardie.

Madman (said then the Palmer) that does feeke
Occasion to wrath, and caufe of stife;
She comes vnought, and shonned followes eke.
Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rife
Kindles Revenge, and threatens his rufft knife;
Woe neuer wants, where every cause is caught,
And rath Occasion makes vnquiet life.
Then loe, where bound she sits, who thou haft fought,
(Said Guyon,) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That when the varlet heard and saw, freight way
He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights & knighthood doeft with shame vpbray,
And shewst th'енfale of thy childifh might,
With / filly weake old woman thus to fight.

1. 382, 'fearfull': l. 385, 'sayd...whether': l. 386, 'bounmd': l. 387,
'swift': l. 388, 'ged': l. 390, 'bloody': l. 391, 'crueltie': l. 392,
'iepardie': l. 396, 'Rancor': l. 400, 'wher': l. 401, no () : l. 402,
'veariett': l. 405, 'childifhe': l. 406, 'that did fight.'
Great glory and gay spoile sere haft thou got,
And stoutly proud'st thy puissance here in sight;
That shall _Pyrrochles_ well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.

With that one of his thrallant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despight;
The quiering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his breft it selfe intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, aduaunst his sheld atweene,
On which it feizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, left the forckhead keene;
Eftfoones he fled away, and might no where be seen.

l. 407, 'sott': l. 409, 'wott': l. 410, 'blood . . . blott': l. 412, 'pre':
l. 413, 'wel': l. 415, 'warie': l. 418, 'rebounding.'
Cant. V.

Pyrrhochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne vnbinds
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Attin Cymockes finds.

Where euer doth to temperance apply
His stedfaft life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enimy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
To which right well the wife do giue that name, 10
For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does ouerthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pyrrhochles, and it wilfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the plaine faft pricking Guyon spide

l. 3, 'vnstyes' : ll. 4-5—
'Who him sore wounds, whilsts Attin to
Gymockes for ayd flies'—the 'G' corrected:

l. 8, 'shal' : l. 10, 'wel... dou' : l. 11, 'staid' : l. 13, 'author' : l. 14,
'Pyrrhochles.'
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling waue, fo shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stirre.

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowde courage to prouoke,
But prickt fo fiers, that vnderneath his feete
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairly couching his steele-headed speare,
Him first faluted with a sturdy stroke;
It booted nought Sir Guyon comming neare
To thinke, such hideous pussiaunce on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and pasing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted fell,
And from the head the body sundred quight,
So him dimounted low, he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The truncked beast saft bleeding, did him fowly dight.

Sore bruzed with the fall, he slow vprose,
And all enraged, thus him loude shent;

l. 22, 'bloody . . . yre': l. 24, 'flaid': l. 25, 'corage': l. 29, 'fayrly . . . steeleheaded': l. 32, 'thincke': l. 36, 'bitt': ib., in '96 misprinted 'braed': l. 37., inserted.
Displeall knight, whose coward courage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
And / fhund the marke, at which it shold be ment,
Thereby thine armes seeme stræg, but mâhood fraile;
So haft thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But little may such guile thee now auaille,
If wonted force and fortune do not much me faile.  50

With that he drew his flaming sword, and stroke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his feuensfolded shiled away it tooke,
And glaucning on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
Natheleffe so sore abuff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his beuer bent.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,  60
And much ahamd, that stroke of liuing arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoupe fo low,
Though otherwise it did him sitle harme:
Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite difarme;
Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his fleith, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly dismayd, with horror of that dint
Pyrrhochles was, and grieved eke entyre;

l. 44, 'corage': l. 47, 'Thery...strong...manhood fray': l. 48, 'honor': l. 49, 'away': l. 50, 'dow me not much sayl': l. 57, 'fowl': l. 69, 'horror.'
Yet Nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame vnto his former fire,
That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre;
Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurle, round in warelike gyre;
Remembred he, ne car'd for his sauergard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tygre far'd. /

He hewed, and lafht, and foyned, and thundred blowes,
And every way did seekke into his life,
Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes, 80
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all hisストife,
Was warie wise, and closely did awayt
Auautage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he stooke him strayt,
And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bayt.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies,
T'auoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fieris foe, him to a tree applies,
And when he running in full course he spies,
He flips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, fought of his enimies
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be rel[e]aft,
But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous feast.

l. 75, ‘hurtle round,’ and no comma after ‘hurtle’—in 1611 ‘hurren’:
iđ., ‘warlike’: l. 77, ‘cruel tygre’: l. 78, ‘thundred’: l. 83, ‘wary’:
l. 85, ‘strock’: l. 88, ‘defyes’: l. 90, ‘appeyes’: l. 91, ‘ronning ...’
‘defyes’: l. 93, ‘enimye’: l. 95, ‘victor.’
With such faire flight him Guyon often faild,
Till at the last all breathlesse, wearie, faint
Him flying, with fresh onset he affaid,
And kindling new his courage seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him slipe perforce vnto his knee, 101
And do vnwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

Whom Guyon seeing slipe, purfewed faft
The present offer of faire victory.
And soone his dreadful blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty creft fo hye,
That / stright on ground made him full low to lye;
Then on his breft his victour foote he thrust: 110
With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome vniuft,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

Eftfoones his cruell hand Sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring, the passion with aduizement flow,
And mainstring might on enimie difmayd:
For the'quall dye of warre he well did know;
Then to him said, Liue and allegaunce owe,
To him that giveth thee life and libertie,
And henceforth by this dayes ensample owr, 120
That hafty wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie,
Do breede repentaunce late, and lafting infamie.
So vp he let him rife, who with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great difdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in bloud and duft, for grieue of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him fo noble knight had maistered,

Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

Which Guyon marking saied, Be nought agrieu'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:
Was neuer man, who moft conquistes atchieu'd
But sometimes had the worse, and loft by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
Losse is no shame, nor to be leffe then foe,
But to be leffer, then himselfe, doth marre
Both loofer's lot, and victours praye alsoe.
Vaine others overthrowes, who selfe doth overthowe.

Fly, O Pyrrhochles, fly the dreadfull warre,
That in thy selfe thy leffer parts do moue,
Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart murdring loue;
Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remoue,
Which thee to endleffe bale captiued lead.
But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
Of curtesy to me the caufe a read,
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

l. 127, 'blood': l. 130, 'mystered': l. 131, 'widdered': l. 137, 'bee', and so l. 138: l. 139, 'lott': l. 140, 'who selfe'—sic '90 and '96—'who' selfe'
in 1609: ib., 'overthrow': l. 142, 'partes doe': l. 143, 'woe working':
l. 148, 'courtesy . . . mee . . . aroad.'
Dreadlesse (said he) that shal I soone declare: 150
   It was complain'd, that thou hadst done great tort
   Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
   And thralled her in chaines with strong effor,
   Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
   That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
   To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
   To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
   And to her captiue fonne yield his first libertee.

Thereat Sir Guyon smilde, And is that all 160
   (Said he) that thee so fore displeased hath?
   Great mercy sore, for to enlargse a thrall,
   Whose freedome shal thee turne to greatest scath.
   Nath'lesse now quench thy whot emboyling wrath:
   Loe there they be; to thee I yield them free.
   Thereat he wondrouses glad, out of the path
   Did lightly leape, where he them bound did se,
   And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe vntyde,
   Before her sonne could well affoyled bee,
   She to her vfe returnd, and stright defyde 170
   Both Guyon and Pyrrhochles: th'one (said shee)
   Bycaufe / he wonne; the other because hee
   Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
   To stirre vp strife, and do them disagree;

l. 157, 'occasion': l. 159, 'mylde': l. 162, 'freedom': l. 163, 'whott embaying'; but the latter word corrected in 'Faults escaped': l. 164, 'bee': l. 171, 'bhe' accepted from 1609, corrective of 1590 and 1596: l. 174, 'garre.'
But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she sought
To kindle his quench't fire, and thousand causeth wrought.

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with *Pyrrhocles* fight,
And his redeemer chaleng'd for his soe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right, 180
But yielded had to that fame stranger knight:
Now gan *Pyrrhocles* wax as wood, as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fieris engrasped bee,
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their uncouth strife does see.

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
Against *Pyrrhocles*, and new matter framed
Vpon the old, him stirring to be woke
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blamed
For sufferings such abuse, as knighthood shamed, 190
And him dishabed quite. But he was wise
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflamed;
Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entice.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
That he his soe has hurt, and wounded soe,
And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,

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L. 176, 'fyrre, & thoufaid': L. 185, 'flading': L. 187, 'fram'd':
L. 189, 'wrongs ... blam'd': L. 190, 'sham'd': L. 191, 'quyte':
L. 192, 'occasions' is in 1609 'occasion': ib., 'inflam'd': L. 198,
'blood': L. 199, 'spight' in 1609 is 'spight'.
Now brought to him a flaming fire brand,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright
Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstöd. /

Tho gan that villein wax so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forfe;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeign'd fo loathly fight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforse,
Helpe, o Sir Guyon, helpe most noble knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of hellifh wight.

The knight was greatly mowed at his plaint,
And gan him dight to succour his diffresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
He that his forrow fought through wilfulnesse,
And his soe sertred would releafe agayne,
Defersues to taft his follies fruit, repented payne.

Guyon obayd; So him away he drew
From needlese trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pursew.
But rafh Pyrrhochles varlet, Atin hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heavy plight,
Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaut strike to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemed in fight,
Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchas'd in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes
Had / doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
Whose carkases, for terroure of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayses,
And hong their conquered armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The vile *Acrafia*, that with vaine delightes,
And idle pleafures in his *Boure of Bliffe*,
Does charmme her louers, and the feeble spaigntes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes:
Whom then she doth transforme to mostrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with vgy fightes,
Captiu'd eternally in yron mewes,
And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face nuer shewes.

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* somourning,
To serue his Lemans loue: for he by kind,
Was giuen all to luft and loose liuing,
When euer his fiers hands he free mote find:

1. 236, 'heauie': l. 234, 'knighites': l. 238, 'conguerd': l. 241, 'yle':
1. 242, 'yde': l. 245, 'trafforome': l. 249, 'fownd': l. 250, 'kynd':
1. 252, 'handes ... fynd.'
And now he has pour'd out his idle mind
In daintie delices, and lauih ioyes,
Hauing his warlike weapons caft behind,
And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loofe Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

And ouer him, art striving to compaire
With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Yuie, flouring faire,
260
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with floweres was garnished,
That when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, & painted colors shew./

And faft beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streme, whose murmuring waue did play
Emongst the pumy ftones, and made a fowne,
To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay ;
270
The wearie Traeuler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirfty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping flomber made him to forget
His former paine, and wypt away his toylsomf weat.

And on the other side a pleaasant groue
Was shot vp high, full of the flately tree,
That dedicated is t'Olympicke Ioue,
And to his fonne Alcides, whenas hee

l. 253, 'mynd' : l. 255, 'behyn' : l. 258, 'frynysing . . . compayre':
l. 260, 'sayer' : l. 262, 'pricking' : l. 275, 'toifom' : l. 276, 'fode':
l. 277, 'fhot.'
Gaynd in Nemea goodly victoree;
Therein the mery birds of euery fort
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie:
And made amongt them selues a sweet confort,
That quickned the dull spright with muficall comfort.

There he him found all carelesly displayd,
In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
Amidst a flocke of Damzels freshe and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Every of which did losely disfaray
Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
And shewed them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And every of them stroue, with most delights,
Him to aggrage, and greatest pleasures shew;
Some framde faire lookes, glancing like euening lights,
Others sweet words, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew,
The fugred licour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yeeld to vew
Her daintie limbes aboue her tender hips,
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
  His wandring thought in deepe desire does isteede,
And his fraile eye with spoyle of beautie feedes;
Sometimes he falsely faines himselves to steepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do pheepe,
To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
So, he them deceiues, deceiu'd in his deceit,
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin arriving there, when him he spide,
  Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching, to him lowdly cride,
Cymochles; oh no, but Cymochles shade,
In which that manly perfon late did fade,
What is become of great Acrates fonne?
Or where hath he hong vp his mortall blade,
That hath fo many haunted conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorn, and all his glory donne?

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
  He said? vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Vnmindfull of thy praise and proweft might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad Pyrrhochles lies on senfelesse ground,
And groneth out his vtopf grudging spright,
Through many a stroke, & many a streaming wound,
Calling thy helpe in vaine, that here in ioyes art dround./

l. 303, 'wedes': l. 305, 'frayle ... beauty': l. 310, 'So, he them'—
Dr. Morris inadvertently reads in '96 'So them': ib., 'deciu'd': l. 311,
'dromke': l. 312, 'spye': l. 314, 'cryde': l. 319, 'haughty': l. 321,
'sharp': l. 322, 'saide': l. 326, 'fenselesse': l. 329, 'helpe.'
Suddainly / out of his delightfull dreame
   The man awoke, and would haue questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but vrge fore
With percing words, and pittifull implore,
Him haftie to arife. As one affright
With hellifh feends, or Furies mad vprore,
He then vprofe, inflam'd with fell despight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

They bene ybrought ; he quickly does him dight,
   And lightly mounted, paffeth on his way,
Ne Ladies loues, ne sweete entreaties might
Appease his heat, or haftie passage fstay ;
For he has vowd, to beene aueng’d that day,
(That day it felfe him seemed all too long :)
On him, that did Pyrrhochles deare dismay :
So proudly prickefh on his couerf strong,
And Atin aie him pricks with spurs of shame & wrong.

l. 334, 'words' : l. 335, 'haftie' : l. 337, 'inflam'd' : l. 343, 'aueng'd' :
l. 347, 'ay.'
Cant. VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth,
led into loose desire,
Fights with Cymochles, whilst his bro-
ther burns in furious fire.

A

Harder lesson, to learne Continence
In ioyous pleasure, then in grievous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker fence
So strongly, that vneathes it can refraine
From / that, which feeble nature couets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, she better can restraine;
Yet vertue vaunte in both their victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

Whom bold Cymochles trauelling to find,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a riever, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
A long the shire, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim

l. 3, 'deyre' : l. 5, 'fyre' : l. 12, 'abslaine' : l. 14, 'mysteries' : l. 15,
'travelling' . . . 'finde.'
With boughes and arbours wounen cunningly,
That like a little forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein fete a Ladie fresh and faire,
   Making sweet solace to her selfe alone;
Sometimes she fung, as loud as larke in aire,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breth was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her moue cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none 30
She could deuise, and thousand waies inuent,
To feede her foolifh humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farre off Cymochles heard, and saw,
He loudly cald to such, as were a bord,
The little barke vnlo the shored to draw,
And him to ferrie ouer that deepe ford:
The merry marriner vnlo his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote freightway
Turnd to the shore where that fame warlike Lord
She in receiud; but Atin by no way 40
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray. /

Efteonnes her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift, then swallow thers the liquid skie,
Withouten care or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to flie,

l. 24, 'Lady . . . sayre': 1. 25, 'sweete': 1. 26, 'song . . . loud . . .
ayre': 1. 27, 'laught, as merry as Pope Ione'—see new Life of Spenser in
Vol. I. on this and other 1596 changes from 1590: l. 29, 'That to her
might': l. 33, 'far of': l. 34, 'loudly': l. 36, 'serry': l. 37, 'mariner':
l. 43, 'flye': l. 45, 'fly.'
THE II. BOOKE OF THE  [Cant. VI.

Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding waue,
Ne cared she her course for to apply:
For it was taught the way, which she would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely faue.

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New merth, her passenger to entertaine:
For she in pleafant purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her words she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vtt'ring of the fame,
That turned all her pleafance to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise,
As her fantaficke wit did moft delight,
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudie girldons, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rufhes plight;
Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at flaking of the leaues light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her litle frigot, therein making way.

Her light behauiour, and loofe dalliance
Gaue wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no souenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,

l. 47, 'Onely . . . turnd' : l. 53, 'pleasaunt' : l. 57, 'wordes' : l. 59,
'pleauns' : l. 63, 'gaudey' : l. 65, 'do' : l. 66, 'off'.
But / to weake wench did yeeld his martiall might.
So eafie was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of fenfull delight:
So eafie is, t'appeafe the stormie wind
Of malice in the calme of pleafant womankind.

Diuerfe discourses in their way they spent,
Mongit which Cymochles of her questioned,
Both what she was, and what that vifage ment,
Which in her cot she daily practised.
Vaine man (said she) that wouldst be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phadria (for so my name is red)
Of Phadria, thine owne fellow seruant;
For thou to serue Acrafa 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 thither failes by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whetherslow:
Both flow and swift a like do serue my tourne,
Ne swelling Neptune, ne loud thundring Loue
Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were farre past the paffage, which he spake,
And come vnto an Island, waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake:
There her small Gondelay her port did make, 100
And that gay paire issuing on the shore
Disburnded her. Their way they forward take
Into the land, that lay them faire before, (store.
Whose pleaun cautious he him shewd, and plentifull great

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Emongst wide waues set, like a little neft,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
Bene choiely piched out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the beft:
No daintie flowre or herbe, that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted blossomes dreft, 111
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out faire, and her sweet smels throw all around.

No tree, whose braunches did not brauely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not fit:
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song but did containe a louely dit:
Trees, braunches, birds, and fongs were framed fit,
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man foone woxe, and his weake wit 120
Was overcome of thing, that did him pleafe;
So pleasèd, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.
Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
   With falsé delights, and filed with pleasures vaine,
   Into a shadie dale she soft him led,
   And laid him downe vpon a grassie plaine;
   And her sweet selfe without dread, or disdaine,
   She set before, laying his head disarmed
   In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
   Where soone he flumbred, fearing not be harméd, 130
   The whiles with a loue lay she thus him sweetly charméd.

Behold, 0 man, that tosolesome paines doest take
   The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
   How they themselfes do thine ensample make,
   Whiles nothing enuous nature them forth throwes
   Out / of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
   They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
   And deck the world with their rich pompous showes;
   Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
   Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare. 140

   The lilly, Ladie of the flowring field,
   The Flowre-deluce, her louely Paramoure,
   Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
   And soone leaue off this tosolesome wearie showre;
   Loe loe how braue she decks her bounteous boure,

l. 123, 'fase . . . fenses': l. 124, 'voyyn': l. 125, 'shady': l. 126, 'grasy playn': l. 127, 'sweete . . . dis/dayn': l. 128, 'sett . . . disarmd': l. 129, 'sustayn': l. 130, no, after 'flumbred . . . harmd': l. 131, 'whils': ib., 'lowe'—accepted for 'loued' of '96: ib., 'chardm': l. 132, 'O': l. 133, 'flowres . . . pleasasent': l. 136, no, after 'how', and in '96 'But' catch-word: l. 138, 'decke . . . posous': l. 141, 'Lady': l. 142, 'flowre': l. 143, 'labors': l. 144, 'toysome weary.'
With silken curtens and gold couerlets,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

Why when dost thou, o man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraine,
Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
And waft thy joyous houres in needleffe paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vfe?
Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
Will die for thirft, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitleffe toile, and prefent pleasures chuse.

By this she had him lulled faft a sleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
That nothing shoulde him haftily awake:
So she him left, and did her selfe betake
Vnto her boat againe, with which she cleft
The slouthfull waue of that great grievly lake;
Soone she that Island farre behind her left, (weft. /
And now is come to that fame place, where first she

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Vnto the other side of that wide stond,
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought: 170
Him needed not long call, she foone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
With his fad guide; himselse she tooke a boord,
But the Blaske Palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
To ferry that old man ouer the perilous foord.

Guyon was loth to leaue his guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not backe retyre; 180
For the flit barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did defire,
Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged fire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did drue out of their fluggish fourse.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollitie deuize,
Her felse to cheriſh, and her guest to cheare:
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare 190
Her honest merth and pleaufance to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of moſt merimake,
Her dalliance he deſpifd, and follies did forfake.

Yet she still followed her former ftile,
And said, and did all that mote him delight,

l. 171, 'ʃhe': l. 173, 'him felfe': l. 179, 'ʃlitt': l. 184, 'nether': l. 187,
'mery': l. 188, 'iollitie': l. 193, 'bonds' is 'bounds' in 1609: l. 194
'dalliance': l. 195, 'ʃye.'
Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
But when as Guyon of that land had fight,
He wif himselfe amisse, and angry said;
Ah Dame, perdie ye haue not done me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obaid:
Me little needed from my right way to haue straid.

Faire Sir (quoth she) be not displeas’d at all;
Who fares on see, may not command his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The see is wide, and easie for to stray;
The wind vnstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety reft,
Till season ferue new passage to assay;
Better safe port, then be in seas distreft.

Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in ieft.

But he halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
Himselfe appeafe, and ijsewd forth on shore:
The joyes whereof, and happie fruitfulness,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did fresly spring,
The trees did bud, and earely blossomes bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she more sweet, then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,

\footnotesize{1. 197, ‘plea/ssant’: 1. 198, ‘left’; 1. 199, ‘whenas’; 1. 201, ‘perdy’;
And strie to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilfull art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noyse of armes, or vew of martiall guize
Might not reuie deire of knightly exercize. / 230

But he was wife, and warie of her will,
And euuer held his hand vpon his hart:
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despife so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Ladie did to him impart,
But fairely temprring fond desire subdewd,
And euuer her desired to depart.
She lift not heare, but her disports pourfewd,
And euuer bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

And now by this, Cymochles howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle dreme,
And shakking off his drowzie dreriment,
Gan him auize, how ill did him befeeme,
In flouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceived ire.
Tho vp he startet, ftrue with shame extreme,
Ne staled for his Damzell to inquire,
But marshed to the st Jord, their passadge to require.

l. 225, 'skilful' : l. 231, 'wary' : l. 235, 'Lady' : l. 236, 'fairly' :
l. 241, 'ydle' : l. 242, 'dromy' : l. 243, 'howe . . . beseeme' : l. 245,
'yrr' : l. 248, 'their'—Dr. Morris inadvertently records 'there' as the
reading of '96 : ib., 'Strond.'
And in the way he with Sir Guyon met,
Accompanyde with Phadria the faire,
Eftfoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Ladie debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepare
To battell, if thou meane her loue to gaine:
Loe, loe alreadie, how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtaine
Thy carcase for their pray, the guerdon of thy paine.

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld;
Who soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall value counterayld:
Their / mightie strokes their haberieons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despiteoufly entayld
Deepe in their fleh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streme adown their giambeux falles.

Cymochles, that had neuer met before,
So puissant foe, with enuous despight
His proud prefumed force increafed more,
Difdeigning to be held fo long in fight;
Sir Guyon grudging no so much his might,
As thofe vnknightly raylings, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,

l. 249, ‘mett’ : l. 251, ‘frett’: l. 252, ‘Lady’ : l. 253, ‘recreeants’ :
l. 254, ‘battiele . . . guym’: l. 255, ‘already’ : l. 256, ‘obtaym’: l. 257,
‘cercas . . . paym’: l. 258, ‘with all . . . faryfly’: l. 259, ‘importune’—accepted for ‘importance’ of ’96—in 1609 ‘important’: l. 261,
‘valens’: l. 266, ‘stream’: l. 267, ‘mett’: l. 269, ‘proud’: l. 270, ‘bee’:
l. 272, ‘raylinges’ : l. 273, ‘corage.’
Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did swayne;
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglauost,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But Guyons angry blade so fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it cloue his plumed creft in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stooed, as senselesse stone.

Still as he stooed, faire Phaedria, that beheld
That deadly daunger, foone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voice, and count'nance wan;
Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous fight,
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That firft did teach the curfed steele to bight
In his owne fleth, and make way to the liuing spright.

If ever loue of Ladie did empierce
Your yron breftes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeeld, to staye your deadly strife a space.
They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed: 300
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betwenee two doughtie knights doe breed.

But if for me ye fight, or me will ferue,
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to ferue,
And dolefull sorow heape with deadly harms: 310
Such cruell game my scarmoges difarmes:
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,
Without bloodished, and where the enemy
Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victory.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
And in Amours the passinge houres to spend,
The mighty martiall hands doe moost commend;
Of loue they euer greater glory bore,
Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loues renowned more,
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smylde. They though full bent,
To proue extremeties of bloudie fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the fea of their tempestuous spight,
Such powre have pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceaft, the Faery knight
Befought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him readie passage to that other part.

She no leffe glad, then he defirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne fad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terour and vnquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him
farre.

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waues did lightly flote
And soone arrived on the shallow land,
Where gladsome Guyon falled forth to land,
And to that Damzell thankes gauue for reward.
Vpon that shore he spied Atin stand,
Thereby his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phaedrias flit barke ouer that perilous shard.

l. 325, 'wordes': l. 326, 'clemency': l. 329, 'ready': l. 343, 'failed'
—so '90 and '96—is 'failed' in 1609 (bad): l. 344, 'Damzell': l. 345,
'fyed': l. 347, 'flitt.'
Well could he him remember, fith of late
   He with Pyrrhochles sharp debatement made;
Straight gan he him reule, and bitter rate,
   350 As shepheards curre, that in darke evenings shade
Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade;
Vile Milcreant (faid he) whither doest thou fife
The flame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
Thou art thus fouilly fled from famous enimie?

With that he stiffely shooke his steelehead dart:
   But sober Guyon, hearing him so raile,
Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
   360 Yet with strong reasoun maistred passion fraile,
And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the strong retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hastie heat of his auowd reuenge delayd.

Whyleft there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fau't ran,
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
   370 He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinckled was with bloud,
And soyled with durtie gore, that no man can
Diferne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiercely leapt,
And deepe him selfe beduked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie creft was steept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept,
But with his raging armes he rudely flafht,
The waues about, and all his armour swepht,
That all the bloud and filth away was waft,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes daft.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that vncoth fight;
Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord, there see,
His owne deare Lord Pyrrhocles, in fad plught,
Readie / to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifide
Pyrrhocles, 0 Pyrrhocles, what is the thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
O how I burne with implicable fire,
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,

l. 374, ‘towards . . . yde’; l. 376, ‘fierfly’; l. 377, ‘beducked’;
l. 378, ‘flept’; l. 382, ‘blood’; l. 384, ‘after ‘weet’; l. 386, ‘own’; l. 388,
‘Ready’; l. 390, ‘What dismall day hath lent but this his cursed light’;
Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
Ah be it (said he) from Pyrrhocles farre
After pursewing death once to require,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre:
Death is for wretches borne vnder unhappie farre. 401

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)
That am, I weene, moist wretched man alie,
But in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying daily, daily yet reuie:
O Atin, helpe to me last death to giue.
The varlet at his plaint was grieued so sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample, which he blam’d afore. 410

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So Loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happie he, then wise
Of that seas nature did him not aisme.
The waues thereof so flow and sluggishe were,
Engroffe with mud, which did them foule agrise,
That eueri weightie thing they did vpbeare,
Ne ought mote euer finke downe to the bottome there./

Whilest thus they sturgled in that idle waue,
And stroue in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,

l. 397, 'respyre': l. 399, 'requyre': l. 401, 'unhappy': l. 402, 'Perdye
... fit': l. 405, 'dayly' (bis): l. 414, 'happy': l. 417, 'foule': l. 418,
'weyghte': l. 419, 'sink ... bottom': l. 420, 'ydle': l. 421, 'him
jelde.'
The other both from drowning for to saue,
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, led with the troubling fowne:
Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
The carefull seruant, striuing with his raging Lord.

Him Atin spying, knew right well of yore,
And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, o Archimage; 430
To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell fage:
Weake hands, but counsel is most strong in age.
Him when the old man saw, he wondere fore,
To see Pyrrhocles there fo rudely rage:
Yet fithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pittie, he in haft approched to the shore.

And cald, Pyrrhocles, what is this, I see?
What hellish furie hath at earst thee hent?
Furious euery I thee knew to bee,
Yet neuer in this straunge aftonishment.
These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
In daunger rather to be drent, then brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me consume (laid hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.
That cursed man, that cruel seend of hell,
Furor, oh Furor hath me thus bedight:
His deadly wounds within my liuers swell,
And his whot fire burns in mine entrails bright, 450
Kindled / through his infernal brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteil vaine would bofte;
That now I weene Ioues dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damned ghosfte
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly rofte.

Which when as Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd:
Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a priefe
Of every place, that was with bruising harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd. 460
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And eue[r]more with mighty spels them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.

l. 449, 'woundes': ib., 'liuere'—sic in '90 and '96, though Dr. Morris (erroneously) records 'liuer' as in '96: l. 450, 'whott fyre... entralles': l. 452, 'batteill': l. 458, 'woundes': l. 459, 'brussing': l. 460, 'sier': l. 461, 'done': l. 462, 'mighty': l. 464, 'helth.'