THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. VII.
THE FAERIE QUEENE:
BOOK III. CANT. xi.—xii., BOOK III. CANT. i.—xii.,
AND BOOK V. CANT. i.—vii.
1590-96.
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. VII.

THE FAERIE QUEENE:
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WITH VARIOUS READINGS OF 1590, ETC., ETC.

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In large paper copies (post 4to) a steel portrait of Spenser by Alais, from a contemporary miniature in the possession of Lord Fitzhardinge, inherited through the marriage of a Berkeley with Lady E. Carey, heiress of the Hunsdons, to whom it was left by Queen Elizabeth, —never before engraved. See further account of this and of all our engraved portraits and all others, in the Memoir in Vol. I.

To face title-page.
Book III.—Cant. XI.

Britomart chaseth Olyphant,
findes Soudamour dijfrèf:
Assayes the houfe of Hujyrane,
where Loues spoyles are expreff.

O Hatefull hellisfh Snake, what furie furft
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bofome she thee long had nurft,
And foftred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealofie, that turneft loue diuine
To ioyleffe dread, and mak’ft the louing hart
With hatefull thoughts to languifh and to pine,
And feed it felfe with felfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vileft art.

O let him far be banifhed away,
And in his head let Loue for euer dwell,
Sweet Loue, that doth his golding wings embay
In bleffed Neçtar, and pure Pleafures well,

1. 5, 'loues'; 1. 10, 'Gealofy'; 1. 17, 'sweete'; ib., 'golding' is changed to 'golden' in 1609.

VII.
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make 20
In th'harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in loue, as Turtle to her make.

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malbeccoys hofflesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
And / hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious, 30
From whom the Squire of Dames was rest whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worfe, if worfe ought were.

For as the sifter did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all woman kind,
So he surpasshed his sex masculine,
In beaulye vide that I did euere find;
Whom when as Britomart beheld behind
The fearefull boy so greedily pursuwe,
She was emmoued in her noble mind,
T'employ her puiuance to his reskew, 40
And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did vew.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did enfew the chace:
Whom when the Gyaut faw, he soone refinde
His former fuit, and from them fled apace;

l. 31, 'Squyer': l. 34, 'womankinde,' and so 'e' in rhyme-words of the
stanza: l. 36, 'v/e, all that I enwr': l. 38, 'pouf/ew.'
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did srie the other to out-goe,
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe. 50

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart the flower of chaftity;
For he the powre of chaft hands might not beare,
But always did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is throwed in security.
The wood they enter, and search every where,
They searchd diuerfely, so both diuided were.

Faire Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the graffy ground, and by him neare
His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where euer it in field was thowne.

His face upon the ground did groueling ly,
As if he had bene flombring in the shade,
That the braue Mayd would not for courtefy,
Out of his quiet slomber him abreade,

1. 47, 'outgoe': l. 56, 'has' is 'was' in 1611: l. 58, 'curie': l. 60,
'Fayre': l. 65, 'of': l. 69, 'ground': l. 70, 'bene.'
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to inuade:
Still as she stood, she heard with griecous throb
Him groane, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with moost painesfull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He said; 6 soueraigne Lord that sit'st on hye,
And raignst in bis emongst thy blessed Saintes, 80
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
So long vnwreaked of thine enimy?
Or haft, thou Lord, of good mens caufe no heed?
Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed?

If good find grace, and righteousnesse reward,
Why then is Amoret in caytiue band,
Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd 90
On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?
Or / if that heavenly iustice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of vnrighteous men,
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suffred, thefe feuen monethes day in secrect dcn
My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

* My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend
   In dolefull darkenesse from the vew of day,
   Whilst deadly torments do her chaft breft rend,
   And the sharpe steele doth riue her hart in tway,

1. 79, 'sayd, O souerayne' : l. 86, 'righteousnes,' and so l. 87 : l. 91,
   'heavenly,' and so l. 125 : l. 97, 'darkenes' : l. 98, 'doe.'
All for she Scudamore will not denay.
Yet thou vile man, vile Scudamore art found,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay:
Unworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
For whom to faire a Lady feele fo fore a wound.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
   His strugling foule, and swelling throbs empeach
   His soltring toung with pangs of drerineffe,
   Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
   As if his dayes were come to their laft reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
   Both with great ruth and terour she was smit,
Fearing leaft from her cage the wearie foule would flit.

Tho stooping downe she him amoued light ;
   Who therewith somewhat starting, vp gan looke,
And seeing him behind a straunger knight,
Whereas no liuing creature he mistooke,
With great indignance he that fight forfooke,
And downe againe himselfe disdainefullly
Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forhead strooke :
   Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medicne to his grieve, and spake thus courtefely. /

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued grieve
   Well seemes t'excelde the powre of patience,
Yet if that heauenly grace some good reliefe
   You fend, submit you to high prouidence,

l. 105, 'singulfes' is 'singults' in 1609—see Glossary i.u. : l. 116,
'straunger': l. 120, , after 'Abiecting' accepted from '90 : l 123, 'conceiued' (misprint '96).
And ever in your noble hart prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
Then vertues might, and values confidence,
For who will bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to liue: for life is wretchednesse.

Therefore, faire Sir, do comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrall your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,
And wraeke your sorrow on your cruel foe,
At least it faire endeouer will apply.
Those feeling wordes so neare the quicke did goe,
That vp his head he reared easily,
And leaning on his elbow, these few wordes let fly.

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
And few vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse care,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For he the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchantments and blacke Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him loue she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:

But yet by torture he would her constringe
Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she do, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releist:
What boots it then to plaie, that cannot be redrest?

With this sad herfall of his heauy streffe,
The warlike Damzell was empassioned sore,
And said; Sir knight, your cause is nothing leffe,
Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;
For nothing so much pitty doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helplesse misery.
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will with proofe of laft extremity,
Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

Ah gentle liefe knight alieue, (said Scudamore)
What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwels in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
If she were thine, and thou as now am I?
O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply
To better boot, but let me dye, that ought;
More is more losse: one is enough to dy.
Life is not loft, (said she) for which is bought
Endlesse renownm, that more then death is to be sought.

Thus she at length perfwaded him to rife,
And with her wend, to see what new successe
Mote him befall vpon new enterprise;
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse.
She gathered vp and did about him dreffe,
And his forwandred steed vnto him got :
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
And march not past the mountenaunce of a shot.
Till they arriu’d, whereas their purpoce they did plot. /  
There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold
And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate ;
Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,
But in the Porch, that did them fore amate, 190
A flaming fire, ymixin smouldry smoke,
And stinking Sulphure, that with grievefully hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismay’d,
Ne in that fownd wifte, how her selfe to beare ;
For daunger vaine it were, to haue assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare :
And turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd ; 200
What monfrous enmity prouoke we heare,
Foolhardy as th’Earthes children, the which made
Battell against the Gods ? so we :: God inuade.

Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beaftlike is : therefore Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight.

l. 182, ‘forwarded’ is in ’96 misprinted as two words: i.e., ’gutt,’ and so double e in rhyme-words of the stanza: l. 193, ’horror’ : l. 202, , after *Foolhardy,* and no ‘the’ : l. 203, ’Batell’ : l. 205, ’and’ is removed in 1611: but Spenser was no Purist in either rhyme or rhythm.
This (quoth he) the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,
So mighty be th'enchauntments, which the same do stay.

What is there else, but cease these fruitelesse paines,
And leaue to me my former languishing;
Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chaines,
And Scudamore here dye with sorrowing.
Perdy / not so; (said she) for shamefull thing
It were t'abandon noble cheuauncle,
For shew of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised prayfe for dread to disuaunce.

Therewith resolued to proue her utmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point direeting forward right,
Affayld the flame, the which eftsoones gaue place,
And did it selfe diuide with equall space,
That through she passed; as a thunder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The foring clouds into fad showres ymolte;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force reuolt,

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire,
Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
With greedy will, and enuious desire,
And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:

l. 210, 'witt': l. 213, 'ells,' is misprinted in '96 'else': l. 216, 'die': l. 217, 'faide faue': . . 'flameful': l. 219, 'sheue': l. 221, 'praife': l. 227, for: ib., 'thunder.'
But cruel Mulciber would not obey
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and imperious sway
Him forft (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow, that he could not pas,
Then for the burning torment, which he felt,
That with fell woodnesse he effercussed was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
Did beat and bounse his head and breft full fore;
The whiles the Championesse now entred has
The utmost rowme, and past the fornest dore,
The utmost rowme, abounding with all precious store. /

For round about, the walls ycloathed were
With goodly arras of great maiefty,
Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,
That the rich metail lurked priually,
As faining to be hid from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where vnwares
It shewd it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;
Like a discoloured Snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht backe declares.

And in those Tapets were fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire seate,
And all of loue, and all of lufty-hed,
As seemd by their semblant did entreat;

1. 238, 'fiercenes': 1. 243, 'woodnes': 1. 245, 'ful': 1. 246, 'decked'
[sic]: 1. 249, 'walls': 1. 253, 'hidd': 1. 256, 'Like to a.'
And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
Gainft all the Gods, to make his empire great;
Befides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kefars, into thraldome brought.

Therein was writ, how often thundring Jouve
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue 269
In straunge disguize, to flake his scalding smart;
Now like a Ram, faire Helle to peruart,
Now like a Bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge feas vnder her t'obay her seruaunts law.

Soone after that into a golden shoure
Him selfe he chaung'd faire Danaë to vew,
And through the roofe of her strong brafen towre
Did raine into her lap an honour dew,
The / whiles her foolish garde, that little knew 280
Of such deceipt, kept th'yon dore fait bard,
And watcht, that none should enter nor issuw;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him selphe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire Leda to his louely trade:
O wondrouss skill, and sweett wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleepeing made,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade:
While the proud Bird ruffling his fether wyde, 290
And bruising his faire brest, did her inuade;
She slept, yet twixt her eyelids closely spyde,
How towards her she ruft, and smiled at his pryde.

Then shewed it, how the Thesane Semelce
Deceiu'd of jealous Juno, did require
To see him in his foueraigne maiestee,
Armed with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearly she with death bought her desirer.
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Ioying his loue in likenesse more entire;
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

Twice was he scene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide wings to beat the bosome ayre,
Once, when he with Asterie did scape,
Againe, when as the Troiane boy to faire
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through faire, leeft down he fallen should,
And often to him calling, to take furier hould. / 311

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht:
And like a fire, when he Aegin assayd:
A shepheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.

l. 292, 'Shee ... eilds': l. 295, 'Deceiu'd': l. 296, 'fouerayne': l. 298,
'Whens': l. 300, ' likenes, and, for;': l. 302, 'her' is 'his' in 1609 ineptly:
l. 304, 'winges': l. 306, 'fayre': l. 314, 'shepheard.'
Whiles thus on earth great \textit{Ioue} these pageaunts
The winged boy did thrust into his throne, \(\text{playd,}\)
And scoffing, thus vnto his mother sayd,
Lo now the heauens obey to me alone,
And take me for their \textit{Ioue}, whiles \textit{Ioue} to earth is gone.

And thou, faire \textit{Phæbus}, in thy colours bright
Waft there enwouen, and the fad distresse,
In which that boy thee plonged, for defpight,
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonesse,
When she with \textit{Mars} was meynt in joyfulnesse:
For thy, he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To loue faire \textit{Daphne}, which thee loued leffe:
Lesse she thee lou'd, then was thy iust desart,
Yet was thy loue her death, \& her death was thy i smart.

So louedst thou the lusty \textit{Hyacinth},
So louedst thou the faire \textit{Coronis} deare:
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his gyrlond euer Greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of \textit{Climene} he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand piecees fondly rent,

l. 319, \textit{heuens'} : l. 326, \textit{, added after `thy'} : l. 327, \textit{`the'} : l. 333, \textit{`doe.'}
And all the world with flashing fier brent,
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruel Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftfoones to follow other game,
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

He loued Iply for his dear eft Dame,
And for her fake her cattell fed a while,
And for her fake a cowheard vile became,
The servuant of Admetus cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fit,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Stag, now like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

Next vnto him was Neptune pictured,
In his diuine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw; his three-forkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
The raging billowes, that on euery syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charret might haue paßage wyde,
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in temewife tyde.

His sea-horfes did seeme to sport amayne,
And from their nofethrilles blow the brynge streame,
That made the sparckling waues to smoke agayne,
And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame,
Did thine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame.
The God himselfe did pensiue seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For priuy loue his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad. /

He loued eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter Arne hight.
For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her fight.
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
On whom he got faire Pegasus, that flitteth in the ayre,

Next Saturne was, (but who would euer weene,
That fullein Saturne euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is fullein, and Saturnlike fene,
As he did for Erigone it proue.)
That to a Centaure did him selfe transmoue.
So prouod it eke that gracious God of wine,
When for to compasse Philiras hard loue,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous affayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke

The mighty Mars, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for Venus, and how often eck
For many other Nymphes he fore did shreek,
With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,
Priuiy moystening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts, (parts,
And many wide woundes launched through his inner

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so ?)
Ne did he spare sometyme to pricke himselfe,
That he might taft the sweet consuming woe,
Which / he had wrought to many others moe,
But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heauen beholde sad louers nightly the eueryes.

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent
Were heap'd together with the vulgar fort,
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of perfon or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entraft,
Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuered short,
And a long bloudy riuier through them rayld,
So liuely and so like, that liuing fence it sayld.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
Of passing valew, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an Image all alone,
Of maide gold, which with his owne light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours, then the proud Paune
Beares in his boastled fan, or Iris bright,
When her discouerdt bow she spreds through heauens hight.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him lift,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye. / 

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatre.
That wondrous fight faire Britomart amazed,
Ne seeinge could her wonder satisfie,
But euermore and more vpon it gazed,
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile sences dazed.


VII. 2
Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secret of that goodly sted,
Ouer the dore thus written she did spye
Be bold: she oft and oft it ouer-red,
Yet could not find what fence it figured:
But what fo were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd:
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was ouerlayd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes which their follies
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare:
For loue in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

And all about, the glistring wallses were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes,
Of mighty Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which where whilome captiued in their dayes
To/cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their swerds & speares were broke, & hauberques rent;
And their proud girldons of triumphant bayes,
Trod in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victors might and mercilese intent.

1. 448, 'secret' : l. 450, 'Bea,' and no , after ' ouer red' : l. 452, , after 'therein' : l. 456, 'fayrer' : l. 463, : substituted for , of '90 and ? of '96:
1. 457, 'mightie' : l. 470, no punctuation after 'rent' : l. 471, , after 'bayes'—accepted.
Cant. XI.] FAERIE QVEENE. 19

The warlike Mayde beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she meruald that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,
And solemne silence ouer all that place:
Sraunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purueyance, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

And as she lookt about, she did behold,
How ouer that fame dore was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and every where Be bold,
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or communewit.
At laft she spyde at that roomes upper end,
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest mind, yet wift not what it might intend.

Thus she there waited vntill euentyde,
Yet liuing creature none she saw appeare:
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde,
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenesse dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heauy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe afide in fickernesse,
And her welpointed weapons did about her dreffe.

l. 474, 'Mayd': l. 475, 'ordinance . . . Place': l. 476, , after 'wonder'—accepted: ib., 'satisfy': l. 482, 'purueyance': l. 485, 'boldes' (hit): l. 491, 'minde': l. 492, 'wayted': l. 495, 'darkenes.'
Cant. XII.

The mafie of Cupid, and th'enhauued
Chamber are diplayed,
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

Tho when as chearelesse Night ycouered had
Faire heauen with an vniuerfall cloud,
That everie wight dismayd with darknesse sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselfes did shroud,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arofe,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it stredght would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Enfewd, whose noyance filde the fearefull sted,
From the fourth houre of night vntill the fixt;

1. 2, 'enchanted'; 1. 7, 'Fayre... cloud,' and so 'w' for 'u' in stanza's rhyme-words: 1. 8, 'darkenes'; 1. 11, 'batall'; 1. 17, 'earthquake'; 1. 20, 'noyunce'; 1. 21, 'houre.'
Yet the bold Britonne was nought ydred,
Though much emmou'd, but stedfast still perfeuered.

All suddenly a stromy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mightie leuers had bene tore:
And forth issewed, as on the ready flore
Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haueour and count'nance fage,
Yclad in cosily garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By liuely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discouered,

Eafe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, still standing, all this vewd,
And merueild at his strange intendiment;
With that a joyous fellowship issewed
Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together sung full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweet consent:

l. 24, *suddenly*: l. 27, *mighty*: l. 28, *issewed...readie*: l. 30,
*breaunch*: l. 33, *fill*: l. 34, *minde*: l. 35, *vulgar*: l. 42, , added after
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enrag'd orderly.

The whiles a most delitious harmony,
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to found,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the fraile foule in deepe delight nigh dround:
And when it ceaft, shrill trompets loud did Bray,
That their report did farre away rebound,
And when they cease, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray./

The first was Fancy, like a louely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare;
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,
Whom Ioue did loue, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that fame daintie lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that when as he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And euerie wood, and euerie valley wyde
He fild with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But painted plumes, in goodly order right,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight:
As those fame plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare;
For still he far'd as dancung in delight,

1. 54, 'fences wholey': 1. 55, 'frayle...dround': 1. 56, 'lowd': 1. 57, 'far': 1. 60, 'Boy': 1. 61, for; 1. 67, 'word,' and not noted in 'Faults escaped': 1. 69, 'nether': 1. 70, 'paynted.'
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mou'd still here and there.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
  Who feemd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine,
  Yet was that other swayne this elders fyre,
    And gauie him being, commune to them twaine:
    His garment was disguifed very valne,
    And his embrodiered Bonet fat awry;
  Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did straine,
  Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiud, & forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
  In a difcolour'd cote, of straunge difguyfe,
  That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
  And sleeues dependant Albanese-wyfe:
    He in lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
    And nicelie trode, as thornes lay in his way,
    Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyfe,
    And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunkne, when hard theron
  he lay.

With him went Daunger, cloth' in ragged weed,
  Made of Beares skyn, that him more dreadfull made,
  Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horroure, to deforme his griesly shade;

l. 77, 'yell eyre' : l. 79, 'ryger' : ib., 'Swayne,' and so 'y' for 'i' in stanzas's rhyme-words : l. 80, 'other' in 1609—accepted for 'others' of 1'90 and 1'96 : l. 82, 'disguised' : l. 84, 'sparkes' : l. 86, 'and' : l. 90, 'dependants' ; l. 92, 'nicely' : l. 94, ; after 'stay' : l. 95, 'shrunk' : l. 99, ; for ;.
A net in th'one hand, and a rustie blade
In th'other was, this Mischief, that Mishap;
With th'one his foes he threatened to invade,
With th'other he his friends meant to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to enrap.

Next him was Fears, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feared each shadow moving to and fro,
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he saft away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and wingyheeld;
And euermore on daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken famite she was light arayd,
And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,
On whom she lift, and did great liking theowe,
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to feowe.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspct
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall priare:
For she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seemly debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd, (haire:
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deedes were forged, and her words false coynd, 130
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of filke she twayne.

But he was foule, ill favoured, and grim,
Vnder his eyebrowes looking still askauence;
And euer as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce;
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he stille did peepe, as forward he did pace.

Next him went Griefe, and Fury matcht yfere; 141
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But Fury was full ill appareiled 150
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghaftly lookes and dreadfull dreried;
For from her backe her garments she did teare,
And / from her head oft rent her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand she did toffe
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way loft.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
He looking lumpifh and full fullein sad,
And hanging downe his hearty countenance;
She chearefull fresh and full of ioyance glad,
As if no forrow she ne felt ne drad;
That euill matched paire they feemd to bee:
An angry Wafpe th’one in a viall had
Th’other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
Thus marched these fixe couples forth in faire degree.

After all these there marcht a moft faire Dame,
Led of two gryfie villeins, th’one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had deaths owne image FIGURd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearefull to liuing sight;

l. 155, ‘did toffe’—sic in ’90 and ’96—another example of Spenser’s neglects, which surely no editor has a right to alter. Church suggested omission of ‘did’ and ‘toffe’ for ‘toffe’: ‘In her right hand a firebrand she toffe.’ See our Life in Vol. I. on this and many others as bearing on the Poet’s workmanship and literary art: l. 159, ‘Pleasance’; l. 161, ‘countenance’; l. 162, ‘chearefull ... ioyance’; l. 163, ‘dread’; l. 166, ‘hony-lady’—sic ’90 and ’96. Dr. Morris reads even in his text ‘hony-lady’; but ‘hony-lady’ must be = Queen Beece. At any rate no such tampering with an Author’s text is permissible when that text yields a distinct or possible sense. See Glossary, t.v.: l. 167, ‘fix’: ib., no punctuation after ‘degree’: l. 173, ‘Deathes’: l. 174, ‘searfull.’
Yet in that horror shewed a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

Her breft all naked, as net ivory,
Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
Wherewith the Crafte man wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight, 180
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)
Entrenched deepe with knife accurfed keene,
Yet frethly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in fanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in siluer bafin layd,
Quite through transfixd with a deadly dart,
And in her bloud yet steeming fresh embayd :
And those two villeins, which her steps vpstayed, 190
When her weake feete could scarceely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And euermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the winged God himselfe
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:

1. 177, 'mell yuory': l. 182, 'deep . . . kynye': l. 189, 'blood': l. 192,
'manding'—Church imagined that Spenser meant to write 'falling'—perhaps,
and perhaps not': ib., 'poures': l. 193, 'fiall,' and not noticed in 'Faults
escaed': l. 195, after 'her'—accepted: ib., 'him selfe': l. 199, misprinted
'kingdome' '96:
His blindfold eyes he bad a while vnbind,
That his proud spoyle of that fame dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which scene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did suruay his goodly company:
And marshalling the euill ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his couloured winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behind:
Repentance seeble, sorrowfull, and lame:
Reproch despitfull, carelesse, and vnkind;
Shame most ill fauourd, bestiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, Repentance figh'd, Reproch did fould;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whips entwind,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of perfons flockt, whose names is hard to read:

1. 200, 'eis . . vnbindes,' and so 'e' in stanza's rhyme-words: l. 201, 'spoil': l. 204, 'full proud, him selfe': l. 205, 'disdayne,' and so 'y' for 'i' in l. 207: l. 208, 'hand' dropped in '90 and '96, but placed among 'Faults escaped of the former: l. 210, 'hie': l. 213, 'Repentance,' and so ll. 215, 218, 219: l. 214, 'behinde,' and so 'e' in stanza's rhyme-words: l. 216, 'despitful.'
Cant. XII.]  
FAERIE QUEENE.  

Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,  
Vnquiet Care, and fond Vntrustfullhead,  
Lewd Loffe of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,  
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyaltie,  
Confuming Riotife, and guilty Dread  
Of heauenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,  
Vile Pouertrie, and laftly Death with infamie.  

There were full many moe like maladies,  
Whole names and natures I note readen well;  
So many moe, as there be phantasies  
In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,  
Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;  
And which difguized marcht in masking wife,  
About the chamber with that Damozell,  
And then returned, hauing marched thrife,  
Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way  
Faft locked, druen with that stormy blast,  
Which first it opened; and bore all away.  
Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plaft,  
In secret shade, and saw both first and laft,  
Ifewed forth, and went vnto the dore,  
To enter in, but found it locked faft:  
It vaine she thought with rigorous vpoure  
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

l. 225, 'Vntrustfullhead': l. 227, 'Disloyaltie': l. 229, 'vengeance ...  
Infirmitie': l. 230, 'Pouertrie ... infamie': l. 234, 'witt': l. 237, 'by  
the': l. 239, 'roueme': l. 241, 'stormy-blast': l. 242, 'opened; nothing did  
remayne —sic, and no notice in 'Faults escaped': ih., added after 'away':  
l. 243, 'al': l. 246, 'fown': l. 247, 'It' is 'In' in 1611.
Where force might not auail, their sleights and art
She caft to vfe, both fit for hard emprize;
For thy, from that fame roome not to depart
Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,
When that fame Maske againe shoulde forth arize.
The morrow next appeared with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize,
Then she, as morrow freshe, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out weare.

All that day she outwore in wandering,
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her couered with her fable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brazen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entred, round about
She caft her eies, to see what was become
Of all those perfons, which she saw without:
But lo, they freight were vanisht all and some,
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that fame woeful Ladie, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waft girt round with yron bands,
Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she standes.

l. 249, 'their' is 'there' in 1609 : l. 250, 'fit': l. 251, 'reume': ib.,
, added after 'thy': l. 252, 'flee': l. 254, 'morrow': l. 258, 'wandering'
is 'wondering' in 1611 : l. 266, 'Nether ... ytle shewes': l. 267, 'round'
, l. 268, 'Shee': l. 272, 'Lady': l. 274, 'wastle ... round.'
And her before the vile Enchaunter fate,
Figuring strange characters of his art,
With living blood he those characters wrape,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming / transfixed with a cruel dart,
And all perforce to make her him to loue.
Ah who can loue the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart remove.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked booke in haft he ouerthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And fiercely running to that Lady saw,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villeinous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
His curfed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wret,
And turning to her selfe his fell intent,
Vnwares it strooke into her snowie cheft,
That little drops empurpled her faire breft,
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe impræfet,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

l. 278, 'blood': l. 288, 'running': l. 296, 'to the next': l. 298, 'little.'
So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Drunkly un to her called to abstaine,
From doing him to dy. For else her paine
Should be remedile like, sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the same recure again.
Therewith she staid her hand, loth staid to bee; 310
For life she him enuyde, and long’d revenge to see. /

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose need
For so huge mischief, and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore unto her health, and former state;
This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.
He glad of life, that looke for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlooke,
Those curfed leaes, his charmes backe to reuerfe;
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur’d many a sad verfe,
That horror gan the virgins hart to perfe,
And her faire lockes vp fiared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those fame bloudy lines reherfe;
And all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

1. 306, 'Dernly': ib., 'him' in both '90 and '96, but 'her' accepted from 1609: ib., 'called'—misprinted 'called' in '96: l. 314, 'doe': l. 318, 'els dye': l. 323, 'things': l. 325, 'horror': l. 326, 'locks': l. 327, 'bloody.'
Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waite was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brafen pillow broke in pieces small.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riuem bowels gor'd,
Was / closed vp, as it had not bene bor'd,
And everie part to safety full found,
As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd:
Tho when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground.

Before faire Britomart, she fell prostrate,
Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,
Yield you in liew of this your gratious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Euen immortall praiie, and glory wyde,
Which I your vaillall, by your prowefie freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifiye,
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tryde.
But Britomart vprising her from ground,
  Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
  For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in safety now I haue you seene,
   And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
  Instead thereof know, that your louing Make,
Hath no leffe griefe endured for your gentle fake.

She was much cheard to heare him mentiond,
  Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
  Vpon th'enchaunter, which had her distrest
So fore, and with soule outrages oppreft:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitteous Lady prifoner, now releft,
  Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Returning backe, thos goodly roomes, which erst,
  She saw so rich and royally arrayd,
Now vanisht ytterly, and cleane subuerst
  She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a chaunce her much dismayd.
Thence forth desceding to that perlous Porch,
  Thos dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
FAERIE QUEENE.

And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

More easie issuwyn, then entrance late
She found: for now that faine dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate,
And passaige bard to all, that thither came,
Was vaniﬁght quite, as it were not the same,
And gaue her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To have eﬀort the love of that faire laffe, 391
Seeing his worke now wafted deepe engrieued was.

But when the victoresse arriued there,
Where late she left the pensife Scudamore,
With her owne trufty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht fore;
But moost faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceivd had, to see her owne deare knight, 400
Being thereof beguyld was ﬁld with new aﬀright.

But he sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,

II. 384—410 in 1596 took the place of the stanzas which we add as an appendix to this last canto of Book III. It will be observed that originally Sir Scudamore and Amoret had a happy meeting; but in '96, when the Poet reprinted Books I.—III. to go along with the new volume of that year, he left out (ut supra) the last ﬁve stanzas of '90, and replaced them with the three new ones, II. 384—410. This was meant to connect the third book better with the fourth, and otherwise to improve the story. On this and the other alterations in 1596 edition from 1590, see our Life in Vol. I.
THE III. BOOKE OF THE [Cant. XII.

Yet saw her not nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourlings losse no leffe did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aid t'enquire:

Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.
STANZAS IN 1590 REPLACED IN 1596 WITH OTHERS.

(See Foot-note on l. 384, p. 35.)

At last she came vnto the place, where late
She left Sir Scudamour in great distresse,
Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,
Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
And of the hardie Britomarts successe:
There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilful anguiish, and dead heauinesse,
And to him cald; whose voices knowne found
Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

There did he see, that most on earth him ioyd,
His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
Whose too long absience him had sore annoyed,
And wearied his life with dull delays:
Straight he vpstart from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with hafty egrenesse,
Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
In the coole soile, after long thristinesse,
Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
And freightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prifon of sad paine,
Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare delight:

l. 4, "fuccour," but corrected in "Faults escaped."
But the faire Lady overcommen quight
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
And in sweete rauishment pourd out her spright:
No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two feneles stocks in long embracement dwelt.

Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thought,
That they had beene that faire Hermaphrodite,
Which that rich Roman of white marble wrought, 30
And in his costly Bath caufd to bee site:
So seemd those two, as growne together quite,
That Britomart halfe enuying their b[l]effe,
Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse:
In vaine she wisht, that fate n’ould let her yet possesse.

Thus doe those louers with sweet countrayle,
Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
All woxen weary of their iournall toyle:
Therefore I will their sweatie yokes affoyle,
At this same furrowes end, till a new day:
And ye faire swayns, after your long turmoyle,
Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play:
Now cease your worke; to morrow is an holy day.

1. 35: substituted for, of the original.
THE FOURTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Containing
The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND,
OR
OF FRIENDSHIP.

The rugged forhead that with graue foresight
Welds kingdomes causes, & affaires of state,

1. 1—see general title-page for the two volumes of 1596 in Note, Vol. V., p. 2. Vol. I. contained B. I.—III., Vol. II., B. IV.—VI. As shown by the Various Readings, B. I.—III. of 1590 were carefully revised by the Author for the new edition in 1596. Of B. IV.—VI. there was no second edition during the Author's lifetime, and thus it remains the only authorized text. Consequently, while the Various Readings of B. I.—III. inevitably claimed record as having been the Poet's own, there is no such claim for after-editions, as of 1609, 1611, etc. But I have thought it expedient to place underneath such variations in spelling, etc., of 1609, when the "Faerie Queene" belonged to Mathew Lownes ("At London / Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes") as are helpful or interesting. But our text is a faithful reproduction of that of 1596, save a very few corrections, as noted in the places: l. 5, 'Telamond'—so in '96 and 1609. In 1611 altered to 'Triamond,' and since accepted. On this and kindred points see the Life in Vol. I. See C. II. l. 283, et freq.: l. 9, 'State' 1609. Be it understood that unless otherwise stated my Variations are fetched from the folio of 1609.
THE III. BOOKE OF THE

My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite,
For praising loue, as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to haue their fancies fed.

Such ones ill judge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:
For thy, they ought not thing vnknowne reprowe,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abusd the fame.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amisse.

Which who so lift looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were done,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,
And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witness the father of Philofophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from funne,
Of loue full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred Saint my foueraigne Queene,

1. i3, after 'which': l. 19, 'For-thy', and so usually—, added.
FAERIE QUEENE.

In whose chaste breast all bountie naturall,
And treausres of true loue enlocked beene,
Boue all her sexe that euer yet was seene;
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best
And best is lou'd of all aliue I weene:
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace fro' heauen blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou dred infant, Venus dearling doue,
From her high spirit chafe imperious feare,
And vfe of awfull Maiestie remoue:
In fted thereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from aboue,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may heark to loue, and reade this lesson often.

1. 52, misprinted 'soften'.
Cant. I.

Fayre Britomart fasses Amoret,
Dusse discord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deeds.

Of louers sad calamities of old,
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous euer was ytold,
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimel vnworthie paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so forely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had bene writ.

For from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight, she neuer ioyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights, that did him all assay:
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:
And with great glorie both the shield of loue,
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,

1. 1,—pp. 3-4 are numbered '5-6,' and so onward in '96.
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknowne mischiefe did from him remoue.

For that same vile Enchauntour Busyran,
   The very felse same day that she was wedded,
   Amidst the bридal feast, whilest ev'ry man
   Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill hedded./
   All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
   Brought in that mask of loue which late was showne:
   And there the Ladie ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in malkes is knowne,
Conueyed quite away to liviing wight vnknowne.

Seuen moneths he so her kept in bitter smert,
   Because his sinfull lust she would not ferue,
   Untill such time as noble Britomart
   Released her, that else was like to sterue,
   Through cruel knife that her deare hart did kerue.
   And now she is with her vpon the way,
   Marching in louely wife, that could deferue
   No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay 40
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

Yet shoulde it be a pleasant tale, to tell
   The diuere vlage and demeanure daint,
   That each to other made, as oft befell.
   For Amoret right fearefull was and saine,
   Left she with blame her honor should attaint,
   That euerie word did tremble as she spake,
   And euerie look was coy, and wondrous quaint,
   And euerie limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could she not but curteous coûtenance to her make.
For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
   That her liues Lord and patron of her health
Right well deferued as his duefull meed,
Her loue, her seruice, and her utmost wealth.
All is his iustly, that all freely dealt :
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life,
She fought to faue, as thing referu'd from thealthe ;
Die had she leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be falfe in loue, profest a virgine wife.

There to / her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd :
Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did and say'd
Full many things so doubtlefull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to geffe,
For other whiles to her she purpos made
Of loue, and other whiles of luftfulness,
That much she feard his mind would grow to some exceffe.

His will she feard ; for him she surely thought
   To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no seruice she too much esteemed,
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one euening, that they came
   Unto a Caftell, lodg'd there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a louely Dame
Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mou'd to eye her fore.
The cuftome of that place was such, that hee
Which had no loue nor lemmann there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
Who being asked for his loue, auow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offer'd that to iustifie alow'd.
The warlike virgine seeing his so proud
And boastfull chalenge, waxed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd, her loue to loose she was full loth,
But either he shou'd neither of them haue, or both.

So foorth they went, and both together giu'ed
But that fame younker soone was ouer throwne,
And made repent, that he had rashly lufted
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet since he seem'd valiant, though vnknowne,
She that no leesse was courteous then stout,
Cant how to fulfe, that both the cuftome shrowne
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t'according two things so far in dout.

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right,
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
That did her win and free from chalenge set:

1. 101, 1609 badly misprints *courteous and stout* : 1. 103, ; for, accepted.
Which straight to her was yeelded without let. (quitted,
Then since that strange Knights loue from him was
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det, 111
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, Sith all of loues were fittet.

With that her glistring helmet she vnlace'd;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were vp bound
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound;
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creaste all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

Such/ when those Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And euery one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment saygned it;
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit; 130
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise;
So diuerfely each one did fundrie doubts deuide.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousandthankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And grievful pittie privately bemone.
The morow next so soone as *Titan* sone,
They both vprofe, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none,
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space,
But Ladies none they were, albeee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For vnder maske of beautie and good grace,
Vile treafon and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the ware wife appeare.

The one of them the falfe *Duesse* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonded hew:
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As euer could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, faue the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was, shee plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worsse, if worsse might bee,
And dayly more offensiue vnto each degree.

l. 144, 'griefesull': l. 147, 'one.'
Her name was *Ate*, mother of debate,
    And all dissention, which doth dayly grow
  Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state 170
    And many a priuate oft doth overthrow.
  Her false *Duessa* who full well did know,
    To be most fit to trouble noble knights,
  Which hunt for honor, rais'd from below,
    Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes waiftes her cursed daies & nights.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
    There whereas all the plagues and harms abound,
    Which punish wicked men, that walke amisse :
  It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground, 180
    With thornes and barren brakes enuirond round,
    That none the fame may casily out win ;
    Yet many waies to enter may be found,
    But none to issue forth when one is in :
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

And /all within the riuen walls were hung
    With ragged monuments of times forepaft,
    All which the sad effects of discord fung :
  There were rent robes, and broken scepters plaft,
    Altars defyl'd, and holy things defalt, 190
    Diffhiuered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
    Great cities ransackt, and strong castles raft,
    Nations captiued, and huge armies flaine :
Of all which ruines there some relics did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
    Of fataull Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Cant. I.]  FAERIE QUEENE.

Of sacred Salem and fad Ilion
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddeses did ftriue: 200
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his Princes fiue,
Which fhar'd to them the spoiles that he had got aliue.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapitheses befell,
And of the bloodie feaft, which fent away
So many Centaures drunken foules to hell,
That vnder great Alcides furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell: 210
That each of life fought others to depriue,
All mindleffe of the Golden fleece, which made them

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnnaturall; /
Some of deare louers, foes perpetuall:
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be feene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene, 220
As plaine as at the firft, when they were frejh and greene.

Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which the her felfe had sown all about,
Now grown great, at firft of little seedes,

VII.
THE III. BOOKE OF THE

The seedes of euill wordes, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripenesse due they grown arre,
Bring foorth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre. 230

And those same curfed seedes doe also serue
To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food:
For life it is to her, when others serue
Through mischievous debate, and deadly feood,
That she may sucke their life, and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed.
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easely be red.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, vnmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her hart diuicid,
That neuer thought one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

Als / as she double speake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and diisort,
Fild with false rumors and feditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar fort,
That still are led with every light report.
And as her eares so eke her feet were odde,
And much vnlike, th'one long, the other short,
And both misplaft; that when th'one forward yode,
The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine,
    That one did reach, the other puft away,
    That one did make, the other mard againe, 260
And fought to bring all things vnto decay;
Whereby great riches gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possesseours often did dismay.
For all her studie was and all her thought,
How she might ouerthrow the things that Concord
wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpas,
    That euen th'Almightie selfe she did maligne,
    Because to man so mercifull he was,
And vnto all his creatures so benigne,
    Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne: 270
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride,
    Vnto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

Such was that hag, which with Dueffa roade,
    And seruing her in her malitious vse,
    To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
    To fell her borrowed beautie to abuse./
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce, 280
She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
    As fresh and fragrant as the floure deluce
    She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.
Her mate he was a iollie youthfull knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chialrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie.
And now himselfe he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Dneffa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew,
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conquists part,
Approaching nigh, esftoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iestung sayd;
Lo there Sir Paridel, for your desart.
Good lucke prefers you with yond louely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affecion fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did those armes and that fame scutchion weld,
He had small luft to buy his loue fo deare,
But answerd, Sir him wife I neuer held,
That hauing once escaped peril neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

This knight too late his manhood and his might,
I did assay, that me right dearely coft,

1. 297, 'his conquists part' in ( ).
Ne lift I for reuenge proueke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is loft.
The hot-speare youth so scorninge to be crost,
Take then to you this Dame of mine (quoth hee)
And I without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond fame other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such vncount welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leaue,
Him selue he did of his new loue deceaue:
And made him selue th’ensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as sad, as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar’d to dallie.

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd:
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horfebacke, and vpstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
And all the way with wondrous grieue of mynd,
And shame, he shewed him selue to be dismayd,
More for the loue which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel refynd.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his diseafe and euill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply /
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new.
Whom when as Blandamour approching nie,
Perceiv'd to be such as they seem'd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For th'one of them he perfectly descride,
To be Sir Scudamour; 'by that he bore
The God of loue, with wings displayed wide,
Whom mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his loue he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That through the bruses of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old despight.

For thy, he thus to Paridel bespake,
Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your fake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my caufe on yonder knight.
Ah Sir (laid Paridel) do not dismay
Your selfe for this, my selfe will for you fight,
As ye haue done for me: the left hand rubs the right.

With that he put his spurrers vnto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,

1. 343, '96 mispunctuates a period after 'ply': l. 352, 'that . . . adore'
in ( ): l. 357, , added after 'thy': l. 363, '1' after 'Sir.'
Like shaft out of a bow preuenting speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan him selfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselues did scarcely weete.

As when two billowes in the Irifh sowndes,
Forcibly driuen with contrarie tydes
Do meete together, each abacke reboundes
With roaring rage; and dafing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with some, diuydes
The doubtfull current into diuers wayes:
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes,
But Scudamour himselfe did foone vprayfe,
And mounting light his foe for lying long vprayes.

Who rolled on an heape lay still in twound,
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the rest him seing lie on ground,
Ran hastyly, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With buffe care they stroue him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and vndid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His flomber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

Which when as Blandamour beheld, he sayd,
Falsfe faitur Scudamour, that haft by flight
And foule aduantage this good Knight dismayd,
A Knight much better then thy selfe behight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wrekke the dammage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that stille when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him ouerronne: 400
So haft thou to thy selfe false honour often wonne.

He little answerd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare,
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frouning face appeare:
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous strome, is by the Northerne blast
Quite ouerblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
But that it all the skie doth overcast
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to waft.

Ah gentle knight then false Dueffia sayd, 411
Why do ye strue for Ladies loue so sore,
Whose chiese desire is loue and friendly aid
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?
Ne be ye wroth Sir Scudamour therefore,
That she your loue lift loue another knight,
Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the more;
For Loue is free, and led with selfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.

So false Dueffia, but vile Ate thus; 420
Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strue and strome with stirre outrageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loth,

1. 416, 'Loue.'
And loues another, with whom now she go'th
In louely wife, and sleepe, and sports, and playes;
Whileft both you here with many a cursed outh,
Sware she is yours, and stirre vp bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whileft other weares the bayes.

Vile hag (fayd Scudamour) why doft thou lye?
And falsely feek't a vertuous wight to shame?
Fond knight (fayd she) the thing that with this eye
I saw, why shoulde I doubt to tell the same?
Then tell (quoth Blandamour) and feare no blame,
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who so it heares.
I saw (quoth she) a stranger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

I saw / him have your Amoret at will,
I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
All manie nights, and manie by in place,
That present were to testifie the case.
Which when as Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward grieue, as when in chance
The Parthian strikes a stag with shiuering dart,
The beast ahtonifht standes in middeft of his smart.

So stood Sir Scudamour, when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on Glauce grim, who woxt aeard
Of outrage for the words, which she heard say:

L. 424, 'go'th'—accepted for 'goth' of '96.
Albe vntrue she wist them by assay.
But Blandamour, whenes he did espie
His chaunge of cheere, that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

Lo recreant (fayd he) the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of loue misgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,
And all true louers with dishonor blotten,
All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten. 460
Fy fy fafe knight (then fafe Dueffa cryde)
Unworthy life that loue with guile haft gotten,
Be thou, where euer thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde.

But Scudamour for passing great despight
Staid not to anfwer, scarcely did refraine,
But that in all those knights and ladies fight,
He for reuenge had guitleffe Glauce slain: /
But being past, he thus began amaine;
Falfe traitour fquire, falfe fquire, of falfeft knight, 470
Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abstaine,
Whose Lord hath done my loue this foule despight?
Why do I not it wrecake, on thee now in my might?

Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Vntrue to God, and vnto man vnuit,
What vengeance due can equall thy defart,
That haft with shamefull spot of sinfull lust

l. 460, . for ;—accepted: l. 465, 'for . . . despight' in ( ).
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let vgly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with soule reproaches rust.
Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare, nathlesse as neede required,
His flaming furie fought to haue assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desir'd,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyroed:
And euermore sought Britomart to cleare.
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrife his hand to kill her did vpreathe,
And thrife he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.
Cant. / II.

Blandamour winnes fals Florimell,
Paridell for her stries,
They are accorded: Agape
doth lengthen her somes times.

Fire brand of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton,
By thousand furies, and from thence out thrown
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force unnownen,
Is wicked discord, whose small sparkes once blowen
None but a God or godlike man can flake;
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His siluer Harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relent.
Such Musicke is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe minds, dispofd to strue: 20
Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,

1. 6, , after 'hell'—accepted: 1. 9, 'by . . . unknown' in ( ).
What time his people into partes did riue,  
Them reconclyd againe, and to their homes did drive.

Such vf'd wife Glauce to that wrathfull knight,  
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:  
Yet Blandamour with termes of foule despight,  
And Paridell her scordon, and set at nought, /  
As old and crooked and not good for ought.  
Both they vnwise, and wareleffe of the euill,  
That by themselfes vnto themselfes is wrought.  
Through that falfe witch, and that foule aged dreuill,  
The one a feend, the other an incarnate deuill.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,  
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,  
That had a goodly Ladie by his fide,  
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.  
It was to weete the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,  
He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft  
The fnowy Florimell, whose beautie bright  
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;  
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring west.

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie light  
Was alwaies flitting as the wauring wind,  
After each beautie, that appeared in fight,  
Beheld, ettsoones it prickt his wanton mind  
With stint of luft, that reafons eye did blind,  
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent;  
Sir knight why ride ye dumpish thus behind,  
Since so good fortune doth to you prefent  
So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

II. 42-44, 'whose . . . fight' in ( ).
But Paridell that had too late a tryall
   Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
Lift not to hearke, but made this faire denyall;
Laft turne was mine, well proued to my paine,
This now be yours, God send you better gaine.
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his seed as in disdain,
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly ouerborne.

Who / with the sudden stroke astonisht fore,
   Upon the ground a while in flomber lay;
The whiles his loue away the other bore,
And shewing her, did Paridell vpbray;
Lo sluggish Knight the victors happie pray:
So fortune friends the bold: whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
   His hart with secret enuie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
   Having so peerelesse paragon ygot:
For sure the fayrefl Florimell him seemed,
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like aliue on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,
   With humblef suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuide, and all things dooe,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win theretoo.

She in regard thereof him recompensft
With golden words, and goodly countenance,

l. 62, 'Lowe': l. 66, 'as . . . fay' in ().
And such fond favours sparingly dispensed:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wife,
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And proud himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most wife.

So great a mistress of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pass,
And by his false allurements wylie draft,
Had thousand women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spight,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
Was so expert in every subtle flight,
That it could overreach the wifest earthly wight.

Yet he to her did daily service more,
And daily more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him enuied therefore,
As seeming past in sole felicity:
So blind is lust, false colours to defcry.
But Ate foone discouering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre vp stirre, twist love and spight and ire,
Did pruilly put coles vnto his secret fire.

By sundry meanes theereto she prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
And euer when his passion is allayd,
She it reuiues and new occasion reaches:
That on a time as they together way’d,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd.

Too boastefull Blandamour, too long I beare
The open wrongs, thou doest me day by day;
Well know’st thou, whē we friendship first did sweare,
The couenant was, that every spoyle or pray
Should equally be shard betwixt vs tway:
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

Exceeding / wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
Too foolisfh Paridell, that fayrest floure
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so eafe will I her forfake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.
With that they gan their shiuering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,

Forgetfull each to haue bene euer others frend.

Their firie Steedes with so vntamed forse
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their speares with pitileffe remorfe,
Through shielde and mayle, and habereion did wend,
And in their flesh a griefully passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret,
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where lying still a while, both did forget
The perilous present found, in which their lives were
As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruel fight,
Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme each other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heeledge might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh a tender;
They which from shore behold the dreadful fight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thonder,
Do greatly stand amazed at such vnwonted wonder.

At length they both vpstart in amaze;
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselfes a while did gaze,
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seeme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
 Therewith their dulled spights they edgd anew,
And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, & mailles did raff, and helmes did
So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce haue rent
Out of their brests, that freames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was fprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore,
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,

VII.
So mortall was their malice and so sore,
Become of fayne friendship which they vow'd afore.

And that which is for Ladies most befitting,
To stilt all strife, and softer friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so vnfitting, 170
As that in stead of praying them furcease,
They did much more their cruelty encreafe;
Bidding them fight for honour of their loue,
And rather die then Ladies cause release.
With which vaine termes so much they did the moue,
That both resolu'd the last extremities to proue.

There they I weene would fight vntill this day,
Had not a Squire, euene he the Squire of Dames,
By great aduenture travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games, 180
And both of olde well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittyng their estate.

And / then those Knights he humbly did beseech,
To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken:
Who looke a little vp at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken. 190
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniur'd by some well knownen token,

1. 168, misprinted 'befitting' in '96: l. 177, 'I weene' in ( ), and so
l. 178, 'euene . . . Dames.'
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,  
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

First he desir'd their caufe of strife to see:  
They said, it was for loue of Florimell.  
Ah gentle knights (quoth he) how may that bee,  
And she so farre afaray, as none can tell.  
Fond Squire, full angry then sayd Paridell,  
Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?  
He looked backe, and her aduizing well,  
Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,  
That frayrest Florimell was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,  
For none aliue but ioy'd in Florimell,  
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;  
Frayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,  
This happie day I haue to greate you well,  
In which you safe I see, whom thoufand late,  
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;  
Long may you live in health and happie state.  
She little answerd him, but lightly did aggregate.

Then turning to those Knights, he gan a new;  
And you Sir Blandamour and Paridell,  
That for this Ladie present in your vew,  
Haue ray'd this cruell warre and outrage fell, /  
Certes me feemes bene not aduised well,  
But rather ought in friendship for her sake  
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell,
That seeke perforce her from you both to take, 220
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.

Thereat Sir Blandamour with countenance stern,
   All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
A read thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
   That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take.
Not one (quoth he) but many doe partake
   Herein, as thus. It lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did vptake,
   Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseeemed well. 230

But when as she her selfe was lost and gone,
   Full many knights, that loued her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
   That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:
   Which he to shun, and stop vile enuyes sting,
Hath lately cauf’d to be proclaim’d each where
   A solemnne feast, with publike turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

And of them all she that is fayrefound,
   Shall haue that golden girdle for reward,
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
   Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
   Against all those, that chalenge it to gard,
And saue her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.
When they the reasons of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard,
The furious flames of malice to affwage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all thofe knights, as their proffered fone,
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, faue they alone.

So well accored forth they rode together
In friendly fort, that lafted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather,
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
How euer gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill caufe or euill end enure:
For vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most fure.

Thus as they marched all in clofe disguise,
Of fayned loue, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights, that lincked rode in louely wife,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselfes did gentle purpofe make
Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them purfew.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to understand,
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare/
Returned readie newes, that those same weare 280
Two of the prowest Knights in Faery lond;
And those two Ladies their two louers deare,
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linct in louely bond.

Whylome as antique stories tellen vs,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dredeft daungerous,
That euer shrilling trumpet did refound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compyled, 290
With warlike numbers and Heroicke found,
Dan Chaucer, well of English vndefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth wafte,
And workes of noblest wits to nought out weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.
O cursed Eld the cankerworme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare, 300
Hope to endure, fith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite deuoured, and brought to nought by little bits?

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus reuie,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durft ever whilst thou wate alive,
And being dead in vaine yet many strife:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me suruiue,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

Cambelloes / sifter was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in euerie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of natures wayes,
In witte riddles, and in wise soothinges,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lou'd of Knights &
Lords.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moued,
But ruleth her thoughts with goodly governement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke vnto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on euery side, of secret foes affrayd.

So much the more as she refusd to loue,
So much the more she loued was and fought,

l. 309, 'which . . . suruiue' in ( ); l. 318, 'that . . . prayse' in ( ).
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her louers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wife,
Perceiu'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
How to preuent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wife.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose she shoulde bee, 340
All mightie men and dreadfull derring dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree) /
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all, which loue to her did make,
They by consent shoulde chose the stoutest three,
That with himselfe shoulde combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour shoulde his sister take.

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approued oft in perils manifold, 350
Which he atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceiued by a ring, which she him fent,
That mongst the manie vertues, which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds, that mortally did bleed.

Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all,
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might

l. 335, 'that . . . wife' in ( ): l. 355, 'which . . . reed' in ( ).
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight;
More wife they wend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet vnccertaine by such outward fight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrice happie mother, and thrice happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond;
Her name was Agape whose children werne
All three as one, the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

Stout / Priamond, but not so strong to strike,
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight,
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horfebacke vsed Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight,
But horfe and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe vsed Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both vsed Priamond in field.

These three did loue each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts diuyle;

Il. 362 and 369; for,—accepted: l. 364 in ( ), and so l. 367.
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriu'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could vse vnto her will,
And to her seruice bind each liuing creature:
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, when fo her face
She lift discouer, and of goodly stature;
But she as Fayes are wont, in priuie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forefts wyld to space.

There on a day a noble Youthly knight
Seeking adventures in the faluage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the fight;
As she fate carelesse by a criftall flood,
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good:
And vnawares upon her laying hold,
That froue in vaine him long to haue withflood,
Oppreßed her, and there (as it is told),
Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three chàpions bold.

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans flate they grew:
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loued armes, and knighthood did enfew,
Seeking adventures, where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safety, least by searching dangers new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their courage stout.

Therefore desirous th'end of all their dayes 420
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill, and many hidden ways,
To the three fatall sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of liuing went,
Downe in the botomme of the deepe Abysses.
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heavens blis,
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

There she them found, all fitting round about
The direfull diptaffe standing in the mid, 430
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whilsts the thrid
By grieously Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruel Atropos etfoones vndid,
With cursed knife cutting the twift in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids for vaine. /

She them saluting, there by them fate still,
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill, 440
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,

l. 437, 'I' after 'vaine.'
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos, Bold Fay, that durft
Come fee the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of Ione accurft,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burft.

Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date,
To them ordained by eternall fate.
Which Clotho graunting, shewed her the fame:
That when she saw, it did her much amate,
To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came.

She then began them humbly to intreate,
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their liues might be prolonged late.
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, fond dame that deemst of things diuine
As of humane, that they may altrd bee,
And chaungd at pleasure for thofe impes of thine.
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Ione him self can free.

Then since (quoth she) the terme of each mans life
For nought may lessen nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their liues may likewise be annext
Vnto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd:
But vnto them what desetine was assynd,
Or how their liues were eekt, she did not tell;
But euermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And loue each other deare, what euer them befall.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And neuer discorde did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise.
And now t'increase affections naturall,
In loue of Canacee they ioyned all:
Vpon which ground this same great battell grew,
Great matter growing of beginning small;
The which for length I will not here pursuwe,
But rather will refere it for a Canto new.

L 473, 'fo be'—Dr. Morris queries 'be fo (?') : l. 489 in ( ).
Why do wretched men so much desire,
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And do not rather with them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thouand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at deaths gate?
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine.
Yet whilst they liued none did euer see
More happie creatures, then they seem’d to bee,
Nor more ennoble for their courtesie,
That made them dcarely lou’d of each degree;
Ne more renowned for their cheualrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

l. 2, after ‘brethren’—accepted, and period (.) l. 3.
These three that hardie chalençe tooke in hand,
   For Caʌnae of Cambeɻ for to fight:
The day was set, that all might understand,
   And pledges pawnd the same to keepe a right,
   That day, the dreaddest day that living wight
Did euer fee vpon this world to shine,
   So foone as heauens window shewed light,
   These warlike Champions all in armour shine,
   Assembled were in field, the chalençe to define.

The field with liftes was all about enclofd,  
   To barre the præse of people farre away;
And at thone side fixe judges were dispof'd,
   To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other side in fresh aray,
   Fayre Caʌnae vpon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
   And to be seene, as his most worthie wage,
That could her purchase with his liues aduentur'd gage.

Then entred Cambeɻ first into the lift,
   With stately steps, and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wift.
   Soone after did the brethren three advaunce,
In braue aray and goodly amenance,
   With scutchins gilt and banners broad display'd:
   And marching thrife in warlike ordinance,
Thrife lowed lowly to the noble Mayd,
The whiles shril trompets & loud clarions sweetly playd.

ll. 28-9, 'the' , . . . shine' in ( ): l. 39, 'fortune' in 90 (misprint).
Which doen, the doughty chalenger came forth,
   All arm'd to point his chalenge to abet:
   Gains whom Sir Priamond with equall worth:
   And equall armes himselfe did forward set.
   A trompet blew; they both together met,
   With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
   Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
   As if that life to losse they had forelent,
   And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

Right / practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
   And throughly skild in vfe of shielf and speare;
   Ne lefse approwed was Cambelloes might,
   Ne lefse his skill in weapons did appeare,
   That hard it was to weene which harder were.
   Full many mighty strokes on either side
   Were sent, that seamed death in them to beare,
   But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
   That they auoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
   By Priamond, that with vnluckie glaunce,
   Through Cambels shouder it vnwarely went,
   That forced him his shielf to difaduaunce:
   Much was he grieued with that gracelesse chaunce,
   Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
   But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
   His haughtie courage to aduengement fell:
   Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more
   to swell.

l. 53, , after 'doen'—accepted: l. 53, 'Priamond' in '96 (misprint)
l. 63, 's/hill'—misprinted 's/ill' in '96: l. 72, ; substituted for ,—accepted:
l. 76, 'avengement.'
With that his poynant speare he fierce auentred,
With doubled force close vnderneath his shielde,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting, readie way did yield,
For bloud to gufh forth on the grasse field;
That he for paine himselfe not right vpreare,
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oke whose pith and sap is seare,
At pufse of euerie storme doth stagger here and theatre.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he droue at him with double might,
That nought mote slay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point moft cruelly empight: / 90
Where faft infixed, whilest he sought by flight
It forth to wrest, the steffe a funder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despfight
He all enrag'd, his shiuering speare did shake,
And charging him a fresh thus jelly him befpake.

Lo faitour there thy meede vnto thee take,
The meede of thy mischalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy sifters fake,
Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgiue the det. 100
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And paffing forth with furious asfret,
Pierft through his beuer quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

Therewith a funder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,  
Out of his headpeece Cambell fiercely reft,  
And with such furie backe at him it heft,  
That making way vnto his dearest life,  
His weafand pipe it through his gorget cleft:  
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife,  
Let forth his weare ghost and made an end of strife.

His weare ghost assoyld from fleshly band,  
Did not as others wont, directly fly  
Vnto her rest in Plutoes grieved land,  
Ne into ayre did vanish pretently,  
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky:  
But through traduction was efftoones deriued,  
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,  
Into his secong brother, that furriued,  
In whom he liu'd a new, of former life depriued.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,  
Though sad and forie for so heavy fight,  
Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yeeld,  
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,  
Through secret seeling of his generous spritght;  
Rulfht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,  
As in reuerion of his brothers right;  
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.  
His foe was foone addrest: the trompetes fleshly blew.

With that they both together fiercely met,  
As if that each ment other to deoure;  
And with their axes both so sorely bet,  
That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their powre

1. 115, 'as . . . wont' in ( ) : l. 121, 'second brother'—misprinted 'other brethren' in 196: l. 127, ; put for ,,
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous flower,
But riued were like rotten wood a sunder, (flower
Whilest through their rifts the ruddy blood did
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage,
Haue by good fortune found some beastsfresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a seafull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre vp striefull broyle,
And cruel battell twixt themselues doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies sake.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or auoyded and let goe,/That still the life ftood fearelesse of her foe:
Till Diamond disdeigning long delay
Of doubtful fortune wauiering to and fro,
Refolu'd to end it one or other way;
And heau'd his murderous axe at heim with mighty sway.

The dreadful stroke in case it had arriued,
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
The soule had fure out of his bodie riued,
And stiend all the strife incontinent.
But Cambels fate that fortune did preuent:
For seeing it at hand, he swaru'd syde,
And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:
Who missing of the mark which he had eyde, (flyde.
Was with the force nigh feld whilst his right foot did

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway, 170
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle that spies him toward bend
His dreadful full fouse aoysed, it shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recouereth flight.

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recouer,
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let droie at him with all his power, 180
And with his axe him smote in euill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as headlesse of that flower,
Stood still a while, and his fast footing kept,
Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

They which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnweeting of the Fates diuine decree,
For lifes succession in those brethren three. 190
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,

l. 173, , after 'auoydes' instead of after 'joydes'—accepted; l. 177, 'ad-
venture' = misadventure giving the opportunity. Some stupidly would
read 'advantage'; l. 180, 'can' = 'gan, at freq.
It would haue liued, and reuued eft;
But finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corfe it left.

It left; but that same foule, which therein dwelt,
    Streight entring into Triamond, him fild
With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrid
With point of steele, that close his hartbloud spild,
    He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
    Againf Cambello fiercely him address;
Who him affronting soone to fight was readie preft.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
    After he had so often wounded beeene,
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduancing seene,
Some newborn wight ye would him surely weene:
    So freth he seemed and so fierce in fight;
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene,
    Hath wore to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Cafts off his ragged skin and freshely doth him dight.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakened powers, and dulled spirits whet;/
Through working of the stone therein yet.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Againf so many no leffe mightie met,
    Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant hoft.
Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
But sharply him assayld, and fore bestedde,
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he souft, he foynd, he hewd, he lasth,
And did his yron brond so faft applie,
That from the fame the fierie sparkles flasht,
As faft as water-sprinkles gainft a rocke are dafht. 230

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes,
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forft from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afsesh with new encouragement
Did him affayle, and mightily amate,
As faft as forward erft, now backward to retrade.

Like as the tide that comes fro th'Ocean mayne,
Flowes vp the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And ouerruling him in his owne rayne,
Driues backe the current of his kindly courfe,
And makes it feeme to haue some other fource:
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forft to redifbourfe,
He fends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraine.

Thus / did the battell varie to and fro,
With diuerfe fortune doubtfull to be deemed: 250

l. 233, 'from . . . throws' in ( ).
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed;
Yet victors both them selues alwayes esteemed.
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like little riuers flumed,
That with the wafting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to waft, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new, 260
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds, and all his brufes guarisht:
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often seene full frehly to haue florisht,
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
As freh as when it first was planted in the foyle.

Through which aduantage, in his strenght he rofe,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the same, which did his hauberk close,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight, 270
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he fure did die,
As all men do, that lofe the liuing spright:
So did one foule out of his bodie flie
Vnto her natuie home from mortall miferie.

But nathelesse whilft all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appered,
All vnawares he started vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,

l. 252, ; for ,—accepted : l. 262, < for ,—accepted.
THE III. BOOKE OF THE [Cant. III.

And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe afffeard 280
Of th'vncouth fight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle fweed;
Till hauing often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike, and faue him selfe from teene.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t'offend,
Ne followd on fo fast, but rather fought
Him selfe to faue, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which Triamond perceiving, weened fure 290
He gan to fain, toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure;
A signe which did to him the victorie affure.

Whereof full blith, eftsoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that fame blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which Cambell seeing come, was nothing frow
Him selfe to faue from that fo deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his fweed
Close vnderneath his shield, that scarce did show,300
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike vpared,
In th'arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound
appeared.

Yet stille that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And falling heauie on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in fowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:

ll. 280 and 292, ; for ,—accepted : l. 299, 'sword.'
And sure had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode plated shield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his brest.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

Which / when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end,
And Judges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke vp the sistes, their armes away to rend ;
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddently they both vpflarted light,
The one out of the swound, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spight,
And fiercely each affayling, gan afresh to fight.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne :
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to haue the battell donne ;
Ne either cared life to faue or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

Whilffe thus the cafe in doubtfull ballance hong,
Vnsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine,

1. 323, 'wards'—Church suggested 'swords' (tautological and needless).
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine;
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to define,
Confused with womens cries, and shoutes of boys,
Such as the troubled Theaters oft times annoyes.

Threat the Champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;
Lo where they spyde with speedie whirling pace,
One in a charret of strange furniment,
Towards them druing like a storme out sent.
The charret decked was in wondrous wise,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guise,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art duize.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders heft, as seemd good.
And therein fate a Ladie passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

Thereto she learned was in Magick leare,
And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,
Hauing therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other.

L. 334, ; for ,—accepted.
Who understanding by her mightie art,
Of th'euell plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in haft to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which caus'd so deadly smart.

And as she pass'd through th'vnruely preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For haft did ouer-runne, in duft enrould,
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did forwonder shout,
And some that would seeme wise, their wonder turn'd
to doute. /

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Enterayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tailes together firmeely bound,
And both were with one ollue garland crownd,
Like to the rod which Maias fonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vpfiuld.

Nepenthe is a drink of souerayne grace,
Deuized by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which ftils vp anguish and contentious' rage:
In stead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth eftablishe in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof asyn ;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do syn.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Ioue will haue aduaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drincke hereof, whereby all cares forepaft
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plasfe.

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

At laſt arriving by the liftes fide,
Shee with her rod did softlye smite the raile ;
Which straignt flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Effoones out of her Coçhe gan auaille,
And pacing fairely forth, did bid all haile,
Firſt to her brother, whom she loued deare,
That fo to fee him made her heart to quaille :
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t'appeare.

l. 412, ; for ,—accepted.
They lightly her requit (for small delight)
They had as then her long to entertaine,
And oft them turned both againe to fight;
Which when she saw, downe on the bloody plaine
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons to restraine
From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

But when as all might nought with them preuaile,
Shee nowte them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then sudenly as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astonisht stille did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst, ech drunk an harty draught.

Of which so soon as they once taeted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And louely hault from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great maruaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

l. 422, ; for ,—accepted : ll. 426-7, , removed after 'refraigne'—accepted, and 'with . . . seeke' in ( ) : l. 439 in ( ).
All which, when gentle Canacee beheld,
In haft she from her lofty chaire descended,
Too weet what sudden tidings was befell:
Where when she saw that cruel war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In louely wife she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended,
And entertayning her with curt'sies meet,
Profeft to her true friendship and affection sweet.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets founded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
Those warlike champions both together chose,
Homeward to march, themselfes there to repose,
And wife Cambina taking by her side
Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rofe,
Vnto her Coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifie.

Where making joyous feast there daies they spent
In perfect loue, deuoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe.
So all alike did loue, and loued were,
That since their days such louers were not found ellswhere.

1. 473, 'el' in '96—text accepted from 1609.
Cant. III.

Satyrane makes a Turneyme
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artigall doth quell.

I

T often falls, (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends;
And th'end of both likewise of both their ends. 10
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
As els by this, that now a new debate
Stird vp twixt Scudamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to tell:
Who hauing those two other Knights espide, 20
Marching afore, as ye remember well,

1 9; for .—accepted: ib., 'lives' for 'minds'—see Glossary, s.v :
17, 'als': l. 18, 'Blandamour' in 1679.
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both descride,  
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beseide.

Who / backe returning, told as he had seene,  
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;  
And those two Ladies, their two loues vnseene;  
And therefore wifht them without blot or blame,  
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But Blandamour full of vainglorious fpright,  
And rather fird by his discordfull Dame,  
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,  
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh approching, he them fowle bespake,  
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,  
As was his won't; so weening way to make  
To Ladies loue, where so he came in place,  
And with lewd termes their louers to deface.  
Whose sharpe prouokement them incensf fo fore,  
That both were bent t'auenge his viage base,  
And gan their shields addresse them selues afore:  
For euill deedses may better then bad words be bore.

But faire Cambina with perfwasions myld,  
Did mitigate the fierceneffe of their mode,  
That for the preffent they were reconcyld,  
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,  
And frange adventures, all the way they rode:  
Amongft the which they told, as then befell,  
Of that great turney, which was blazed brode,  
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,  
The prize of her, which did in beautie moft excell.

l. 35, i for ,—accepted.
To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes, with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his courte seem'd to apply;
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening ere he nigh approcht to haue represt.

Which th'other seeing, gan his courte relent,
And vaunted speare esstoones to disaduaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleazure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance;
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rousing eie did on the Lady glaunce,
Which Blandamour had riding by his fide:
Whô sure he weend, that he some wher tofore had eide.

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrat late from Braggadochio wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How hauing rest her from the witches sonne,
He soone her loft: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize:
Which scorneful offer, Blandamour gan sonne despize.

l. 57, ; put for , : l. 60, 'soming' '96 (misprint) : l. 63, ; for ,— accepted : l. 70, 'Ferrau' : l. 76, ; for ,—accepted.
VII.
And said, Sir Knight, fit ye this Lady clame,
   Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in sight:
And lo shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her, may her haue by right:
But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That / offer pleased all the company,
So Florimell with Ate forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worfe then nought,
His persoon to emperill so in sight.
But if to match that Lady they had fought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his vnmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan reuile,
That for her fake refus’d to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wise.
And Ate eke prouokt him priuily,
With loue of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But naught he car’d for friend or enemy,
For in safe mind no friendship dwells nor enmity.

1. 82, l. for .—accepted: l. 90, 'worfe' in '96, text accepted from 1609:
   l. 99, 'refus'd' for 'refuse'—accepted.
But Cambell thus did shut vp all in iest,
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre vp strife, when moft vs needeth rest,
That we may vs referue both fresh and strong,
Against the Turneiment which is not long ;
When who fo lift to fight, may fight his fill ;
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

They all agreed : fo turning all to game,
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way,
And all that while, where fo they rode or came,
That mask'd Mock-knight was their sport and play. 
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
Vnto the place of turneiment they came ;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a braue knight, and manie a daintie dame
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crewe arriuing, did diuide
Them felues afunder : Blandamour with those
Of his, on th'one ; the reft on th'other side.
But boastfull Braggadocchio rather chose,
For glorie vaine their fellowship to lufe,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The reft them felues in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one ;
The knights in couples marcht, with ladies linckt attone.

Then firft of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke

l. 109, ; put for , : l. 110, ; for , — accepted : l. 114, : for , — accepted.
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane:
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewed, that all men it mote marke.
A gorgeous girdle, curiously emboss
With pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same, which lately Florimel had loft.

That same aloft he hung in open view,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftsoones discouered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allure'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men throw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrife happie Ladie, and thrife happie knight,
Them seemd, that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then / tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, address'd his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field.
Gainst whom there flingled from the other side
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheual the bold, who fierly forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine;
As two fierce Buls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran;
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stinness that he can.
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man.
Vnto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewise with that fame speare he eke did quell.

Which Braggadocchio seeing, had no will
To haften greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but flood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd. / But Triamond halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he Ferramont affaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haft themselues againe vpreare.

Which to auenge, Sir Dewon him did sight,
But with no better fortune then the rest:
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
And after him Sir Douglas him addrest,
And after him Sir Dabumord forth preft,
But none of them againft his strokes could stand,
But all the more, the more his praiie increst.
For either they were left vpon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

And now by this, Sir Satyrane abraid,
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
Whereas he saw the merciflesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day,
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wifht haue beene, then in so bad a stead.

Eftfoones he gan to gather vp round
His weapons, which lay scattered all abrode,
And as it fell, his steed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the anduile glode.
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chaffing, and laying on them heauy lode,
That none his force were able to withftond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

With / that, at him his beam-like speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:

1. 190, 'Palimord': l. 191, 'them' for 'you'—accepted: l. 192, 'in
craft'—in 1596 printed 'in craft': l. 198, , removed: l. 200, , for period (;):
l. 208, , for . (bad): l. 210, , for .—accepted: l. 213, , after 'that'—
accepted: ib., misprinted in 1596 'braunlike'—'beamlike' accepted.
The wicked steel for mischief first ordained,
And having now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arrived in his side.
And therein made a very grievely wound,
That streams of blood his armour all beside.
Much was he daunted with that direfull sound,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a wound.

Yet as he might, himselfe he softly withdrew
Out of the field, that none percei'd it plaine.
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell.
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the bell.

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On the other side, full many a warlike swaine,
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all, was not Sir Triamond,
Vnable he new battell to darraine,
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieue, when so himselfe he found.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not value,
Ne done vndoe, yet for to value his name,

l. 216, for.—accepted: l. 221, 'founded': l. 223, period for,—accepted,
and so l. 229: l. 233, : for,—accepted.
And purchase honour in his friends behalue,
This goodly counterfaunce he did frame.
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
Which Triamond had wore, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwisft, for doubt of blame,
If he mifdid; he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him dicerne, and so went forth to fight.

There Satyrane Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to enuy,
And cast t’auenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare estfoones at him he bent;
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

They vp againe them selues can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swordes them selues betake;
With which they wrought much wondrous maruels
That all the rest it did amazed make, (there,
Ne any dar’d their perill to partake;
Now cuffling close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round aduantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.

So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunft Sir Satyrane his steed at laft,

L. 248. for nil—accepted: L. 249, in ’96 not brought out, as usual: L. 263, ‘cuffing’ 1611.
Whether through foundring or through fodein feare
To stumble, that his rider nigh he caft ;
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That ere him selfe he had recovered well,
So fore he fowft him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leaue his loftie fell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horfe feete fell.

Lightly / Cambello leapt downe from his steed,
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed ;
When all vnwares he felt an hideous flyway
Of many swords, that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray ;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prifoner, where he stood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd ;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall :
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdainful to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him fore.

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

Into the thickeft of that knightly preffe
He thruft, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with feruent zeale; ne did he ceaffe,
Till that he came, where he had Cambell seene,
Like captiue thrall two other Knights atweene,
There he amongft them cruell hauocke makes;
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose, to saue their proper stakes;
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in reuengement of his owne despight,
So both together giue a new allarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme.
As when two greedy Wolues doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband harme,
They spoile and rauine without all remorfe;
So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets found did warne them all to refte;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best.

l. 305, ; for ,—accepted : l. 308, ; for ,—accepted : l. 310, ; put for ,
and : of 1609 : l. 319, ; for ,—accepted.
But Triamond to Cambell it releft,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring 'tadvance the others gest,
And make his praife before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

The laft day came, when all thofe knightes againe 330
Assembled were their deedes of armes to fhew.
Full many deedes that day were fhewed plaine:
But Satyrane boue all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declared in all mens view.
For from the firft he to the laft endure,d,
And though fome while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet euermore his honour he recure,d,
And with vnwearied powre his party ftill affure,d.

Ne / was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
But that his vntmoft prowefte there made knowne, 340
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By fhivered speares, and fwords all vnder frowned,
By fattered shields was eafe to be fhownen.
There might ye fee loofe fteeds at rondon ronne,
Whofe luckelesse riders late were ouerthrown;
And fquiers make haft to helpe their Lords fordonne.
But still the Knightes of Maidenhead the better wonne.

Fill that there entred on the other side,
A fraunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent difguife, full hard to be descride. 350
For all his armour was like faluage weed,
With woody mossie bedight, and all his fteed

l. 325, for .: l. 349, . for , .
With oaken leaves attract, that seemed fit
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Saluagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He at his first incoming, charg'd his spere
At him, that first appeared in his sight:
That was to weet, the stout Sir Sanglier, 360
Who well was known to be a valiant Knight,
Approved oft in many a perilous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And ouerbore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so fore, that none him life behote.

Then ere his hand he reard, he oeverthrew
Seuen Knights, one after other as they came:
And when his spere was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same /
370
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing, and flashing shields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe what euer nigh him came,
That euer one gan shun his dreadful fight,
No lese then death it selfe, in daungerous affright.

Much wondere all men, what, or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes fo tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguize

1. 367, , after 'Knights'—accepted : l. 372, , removed after 'downe'—accepted.
It seemed, him to terme the saluage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwise,
Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtieest knight that liv'd that day, and most of
might.

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchieuement stout
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were, and chafed all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Artegall, in middeft of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his Vmbrierie
So sore, that tumbling backe, he downe did flyde
Ouer his horses taile aboue a fstryde:
Whence little luft he had to rife againe.
Which Cambell seeing, much the same enuyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t'euenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke foone he fond,
In no leffe neede of helpe, then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased fore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore. 41

Full many others at him likewise ran:
But all of them likewise dismounted were.
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which the wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,
And ouerthrew, what euery came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full fore agrieued,
And that late weaker band of challengers relieued.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers drie,
That all brute beastes forsake to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, faine from themselues to flie;
All travaulers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day, 430
Which else was like to haue bene loft, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away. /
Then thrilling trompetts loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leue their labours and long toyle,
To ioyous feast and other gentle play;
Where beauties prize shold win that pretious spoyle:
Where I with found of trompe will also refta whyle.

1. 412, for ;—accepted ; 1. 431, 'Which . . . loft' in () ; 1. 435, ; for ,—accepted.
Cant. V.

The Ladies for the Girdle striue
of famous Florimell:
Scudamour comming to Cares house,
doth sleepe from him expell.

I
T hath bene through all ages euer seene,
    That with the praife of armes and cheualrie,
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall priuittie:
For either doth on other much relie.
For he me feemes most fit the faire to ferue,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And the most fit his seruice doth deferue,
That fairest is and from her faith will neuer swerue.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,
The controuerse of beauties foureraine grace;
In which to her that doth the moft excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many with to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous vfe, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.
That / girdle gaue the vertue of chaft loue,
   And wiuehood true, to all that did it bcare ;
But whosoeuer contrarie doth proue,
Might not the fame about her middle weare.
But it would loose, or else a funder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she vdf to liue in wiuely sort;
But layd aside, when fo she vdf her looser sport.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loued her with heart entire,
This preitious ornament they say did make,
And wrought in Lemno with vnquenched fire :
And afterwards did for her loues first hire,
Gieue it to her, for euer to remaine,
Therewith to bind lasciuious desiere,
And loose affections straightly to restraine ;
Which vertue it for euer after did retaine.

The same one day, when she her selfe disposed
To visithe her beloued Paramoure,
The God of warre, she from her middle looed,
And left behind her in her secret bowre,
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
There Florimell in her first ages flowre
Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
And brought with her fro thence that goodly belt
away.

l. 36, 'Lemnos' 1611 : l. 46, misprinted 'Aridalian' in 1609.
That goodly belt was Caftus hight by name,
   And as her life by her esteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;
For pearelesse she was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The judges which thereto selectted were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended,
To deeme this doubtfull case, for which they all
   cotended.

But first was question made, which of those Knights
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it judged by those worthie wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had donne:
For he last ended, having first begunne.
The second was to Triamond behight,
For that he sau'd the victor from fordonne:
For Cambell victor was in all mens fight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize vnto that straunger Knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene speare,
To Britomart was giuen by good right;
For that with puissant stroke the downe did beare
The Salvage Knight, that victor was whileare,
And all the rest, which had the best afore,
And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best. To her therefore
The fayrest Ladie was adiudged for Paramore.

l. 55, 'peereleffe' : l. 58, 'Martian'—qy. 'martial'? as Dr. Morris queries.
But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
   And much repynd, that both of victors meede,
   And eke of honour she did him foresfall.
Yet mote he not withstand, what was decreede;
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next enfew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

Then first Cambello brought vnto their view
  His faire Cambina, couered with a veale;
  Which being once withdrawne, most perfec^t hew
  And passing beautie did estfoones reueale,
  That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond vnto their sight
  The face of his deare Canacee vnheale;
  Whose beauties beame estfoones did shine so bright
  That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did Paridell produce
  His false Dueffa, that she might be seene;
  Who with her forged beautie did seduce
  The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;
  As dierfe wits affected diuers beene.
Then did Sir Ferramont vnto them shew
  His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene,
  And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appeard in place, the which each other did outgoe.

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
  Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,

l. 79, 'repyn'd': l. 83, , for .. l. 97, ; for ,—accepted : l. 105, 'who–'
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For since the day that they created beeene,
So many heauenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might haue fought.

At last the most redoubted Britoynesse,
Her louely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face discouered, plainely did expresse
The heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew. /
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surly beare the bell away,
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her displaie:
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that shone as Phoebes light,
Amongst the lesser starres in euening cleare.
All that her saw, with wonder rauisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see;
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skil,
With golden foyle doth finely ouer spred
Some bafer metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold infted,

l. 125, 'Phoebes': l. 127, : after 'faw'—accepted.
He much more goodly glossé thereon doth shed,
To hide his falshood, then if it were true:
So hard, this Idole was to be ached,
That Florimell her selfe in all mens view
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no means they could it thereto frame.
For euer as they fastned it, it loof'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her waist she it enclofd;
And it as oft was from about her waist disclofd.

That /all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it faist, esffoones it was
vntide.

Which when that scornfull Squire of Dames did view,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to ieft;
Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
  Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,
To shame vs all with this, Vereit vnblest.
  Let neuer Ladie to his loue assent,
That hath this day so many so vnmanly shent.

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre:
  Till that at laft the gentle Amoret
Likewise affayd, to proue that girdles powre;        170
And hauing it about her middle fet,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to enuie:
  But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
  Yet natheliefe to her, as her dew right,
It yeelded was by them, that judged it:
  And she her selfe adiudged to the Knight, /
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto asent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse estemo'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
  They were full glad, in hope themselues to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly mufe.
But after that the Judges did arret her
Vnto the second beft, that lou'd her better;         190
That was the Salvage Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she judged Triamond his one;  
But Triamond lou'd Canacee, and other none.

Tho unto Satyrana she was adjudged,  
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:  
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,  
And little pray'd his labours euill speed,  
That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.  
Ne leffe thereat did Paridell complaine,  
And thought t'appeale from that, which was decreed,  
To single combat with Sir Satyrane.  
Thereto him Ate stird, new discord to maintaine.

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

Thereat / exceeding wroth was Satyrana;  
And wroth with Satyrana was Blandamour;  
And wroth with Blandamour was Eriuan;  
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.  
Soo all together stird vp strifull stoure,  
And readie were new battell to darraine.  
Each one profept to be her paramoure,  
And vow'd with speare and shielde it to maintaine;  
Ne Judges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

l. 193, 'one'—sic. Hughes reads 'own': l. 210, 'since' (bad).
Which troublous stirre when Satyrane auiz'd:
    He gan to cast how to appease the fame,
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
To whom each one his chalenge shoule disclaimle,
And he himselfe his right would eke releasfe:
Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He shoule without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd
    Was in the middest plaft among them all;
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beautie clofe did call,
That the into their portion might befall.
Then when the long had looke tpon each one,
As though she wishde to haue pleaft them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

Which when they all beheld they chaft and rag'd,
    And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
That from reuenge their willes they scarfe affwag'd:
Some thought from him her to haue reft by might;/
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could fay:
For he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to fta,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remaynd, fo soone as they perceiud,
    That she was gone, departed thence with speed,

l. 226, 'one'—accepted for 'once' of '96.
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reau'd
From wight vnworthie of so noble meed.
In which poursuit how each one did succeed,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of Britomart it here doth neede,
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her lift no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her louely Amoret,
Vpon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lou'd, making blind Loue her guide.
Vnluckie Mayd to seeke her enemie!
Vlnluckie Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,
She through his late disguizeméét could him not descrie.

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him, that should her paine affoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise fought her louer long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose hart whileare
That sryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reueng was fully bent.

Bent / to reuenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime, which curfed Ate kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poynted arrow perst,
That by no reasone it might be reuerrt, 280
For ought that Glauce could or doe or say.
For aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

So as they trauelled, the drouping night
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every liuing wight,
Vpon then fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke fome couer bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest, 290
And throwd their perfons from that stormie showre.
Not farre away, not meete for any gueft
They spide a little cottage, like fome poore mans nest.

Vnder a steepe hilles fide it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle flanke;
By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke:
Where to approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke, 300
And answering their weareie turnes around,
That seemd some blacksmith dwelt in that defert grourd.

There entring in, they found the goodman selue,
Full busily vnto his worke ybent;

l. 278, 'his' for 'her' of '96: l. 279, 'peare'l': l. 297; for ,—accepted.
Who was to weet a wretched wearisf elpe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forfpent, /
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and grievly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-fight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie flaggged heare, 310
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie, with long nayles vnpared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
Hys name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working spared,
But to smal purpofe yron wedges made; 319
Thofe be vnoquiet thoughts, that carefull minds inuade.

In which his worke he had fixe seruants preft,
About the Andvile standing euermore,
With huge great hammers, that did neuer rest
From heaping stroakes, which thereon foufed fore:
All fixe strong grooms, but one then other more:
For by degrees they all were disaggred;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he which was the laft, the first did farre exceede.

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sight, 330
Farre paffing Bronteus, or Pynacmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Ioues auengefull threate.

l. 315, 'prepared': 1611 (bad); l. 325, , after 'fixe': l. 331, 'Pynacmon.'
So dreadfully he did the anduile beat,
That seem'd to durt he shortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could rive,
And rend a funder quite, if he thereto lift strike.

Sir / Scudamour there entering, much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And haung long beheld, at laft enquired
The cause and end thereof: but all in vain;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare:
Those Pensifeneffe did moue; & Sighes the bellowes
were.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to haue redrest.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble Ioynts layd eke a downe to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desiere,
After fo long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting,
When gentle sleepe his heauie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;

l. 338, 'funder': l. 345, : for ,—accepted.
And oft in wrath he thence againe vprofe;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wheresoever he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wifhed eafe obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vain—

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers found his fenes did molest;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.

And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very fowle.

And if by fortune any little nap
Vpon his heauie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftfoones one of those villeins him did rap
Vpon his headpeece with his yron mall;
That he was foone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started vp as one affrayd;
Or as if one him suddenly did call.
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay mufing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he muzed, and fo long he lay,
That at the laft his wearie sprite oppreft
With fleshy weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gaue place to kindly reft,
That all his fenes did full foone arreft:
Yet in his foundeft sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan buifily molest,

l. 363, 'wheresoere' 1611.
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The thing that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

With that, the wicked carle the maister Smith
A paire of redwhot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Vnder his side him nipt, that forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started vp auenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet sloomer brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

In sauch disquiet and hartfretting payne,
He all that night, that too long night did passe.
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peep about this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning graffe:
Then vp he rose like heauie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glass,
The signes of anguish one mote plainlye read,
And heffe the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who whatfouer peril was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall peril shared:
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared.
But here my wearie teeme nigh ouer spent
Shall breath it selde a while, after so long a went. /
Hat equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguifh hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkind,
And nouriseth her owne confuming smart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a fore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride;
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a false prouide,

Who haung left that restless house of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and fad misfare,
Through misconceipt ; all vnawares efpide
An armed Knight vnder a forret side,
Sitting in shade beseide his grazing steede;
Who soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

Which Scudamour perceiuing, forth issewed
To haue recounted him in equall race;
But soone as th'other nigh approaching, vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abaife,
And / voide his courfe: at which fo fuddain cafe
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
Ah gentle Scudamour, vnto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almoft had against you trespasst this day.

Whereunto thus Scudamour, Small harme it were
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to proue his speere.
But reade you Sir, fith ye my name hauie hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite?
Certes (sayd he) ye mote as now excuse
Me from discouering you my name aright:
For tyme yet serves that I the fame refute,
But call ye me the Saluage Knight, as others vfe.

Then this, Sir Saluage Knight (quoth he) areede;
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede?
Or haue ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seems, fith knownen armes ye shonne.
This other day (sayd he) a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;

L. 25, 's'encountred': l. 27, (for, (bad); l. 37, ? for, but I place after
'requite,' not after 'owne': l. 44 within ( ).
On whom I waite to wrauke that foule despight,  
When euer he this way shall passe by day or night. 50

Shame be his meede (quoth he) that meaneth shame.  
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?  
A straunger knight, sayd he, vknowne by name,  
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebrew speare,  
With which he all that met him, downe did beare.  
He in an open Turney lately held,  
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;  
And hauing me all wearie earst, downe feld,  
The fayreft Ladie rest, and euer since withheld. /

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,  60
He wist right well, that it was Britomart,  
The which from him his fairest loue did beare.  
Tho gan he swelw in euery inner part,  
For fell despight, and gnaw his jealouse hart,  
That thus he sharply sayd; Now by my head,  
Yet is not this the first vknightly part,  
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,  
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For lately he my loue hath fro me rest,  70
And eke defiled with foule villanie  
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,  
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;  
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.  
And if to that auenge by you decreed  
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,  
It shall not fayle, when so ye shall it need.  
So both to wrauke their wrathes on Britomart agreed.
Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attir’d in foraine armes and straunge aray:
Whô when they nigh approacht, they plaine descryde
To be the fame, for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, Sir Saluage knight
Let me this craue, fith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
To / dight, to welcome him, well as she can:
But entertain’d him in so rude a wife,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hafted to arise,
But on their common harms together did deuise.

But Artegall beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And stt auentring his steelheaded launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles vnawares his faddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started vp out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
THE III. BOOKE OF THE

Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thruft to an Hynd within some couer t glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To giue him ground, (so much his force preuayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes
auayled.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So forely he her strouke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it euer rest,
Till on her horsys hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe, so deadly it impreft,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the fell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

Like as the lightning brond from ruien skie,
Throwne out by angry Ioue in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeples hie;
Which battring, downe it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet the no whit difmayd, her steed forfooke,
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strouke.

So furiously she strouke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld vnto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour’d the purple bloud forth on the gras;
That all his mayle yriv’d, and plates yrent,
Shew’d all his bodie bare vnto the cruell dent.

At length when as he saw her haffte heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferace growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her freth assayle,
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her foule to difentrayle.
Ah cruell hand, and thrife more cruell hart, (art.
That workt such wrecke on her, to whom thou dearest

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

Thus long they trac’d, and trauers’d to and fro,
Sometimes purfewing, and sometimes purfewed,
Still as aduantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th’end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At laft his huckleffe hand he heau’d on hie,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stoke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

The wicked stoke vpon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
A downe in vaine, ne harm'd her any more. 170
With that her angels face, vnseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in fight,
Deawed with filuer drops, through sweating fore;
But somewhat redder, then befeem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

And round about the same, her yellow heare
Hauing through stirring loofd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand: 180
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare.
For it did glister like the golden fand,
The which Patolus with his waters there,
Throwes forth vpon the riuage round about him nere.

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
From his reuengefull purpose shroneke abacke,
And cruel sword out of his fingers slacke 190
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had fence,
And felt some ruth, or fence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

l. 172, (vnseene afore) : l. 174, ; for ,—accepted : l. 189, ‘shroneke.’
And he himselfe long gazing thereupon,
   At last fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
   And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heauenly goddeffe he did see,
Or else vnmuttering, what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horror did his fende asfayle,
And made eche member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

Nathelss he full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while vpheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still ouer him did stand,
Threatning to strike, ynlesse he would withstand:
And bad him rife, or surely he should die,
But die or liue, for nought he would vpstand
But her of pardon prayd more earneftlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

Which when as Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously difmayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine decrire
That / peerelesse paterne of Dame natures pride,
And heauenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one fore terrifide,
And turning his feare to faint devotion,

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to asfoyle,

\[L. 210, \text{—accepted: } L. 220, 'his' dropped in 1609.\]
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her sake with seemely belaccoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt vnto those warriours truce a whyle ;
Which yeelled, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themzelfes to her, such as indeed they were.

When Britomart with sharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the louely face of Artegaill,
Tempred with sterneresse and stout maieftie,
She gan efffoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse the faw.
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enchaunced hand she downe can softe withdraw.

Yet she it forst to haue againe vpheled,
As sayning choler, which was turn'd to cold :
But euer when his vifage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gauint his countenance bold :
But when in vaine to fight she oft affayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold ;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would have mislayd. /

But Scudamour now woxen inly glad,
That all his gealous feare he falfe had found,

l. 232, 'Artegaill'; and so usually.
And how that Hag his loue abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie vnfound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus bespake; certes Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you loued so low on ground,
And now become to lieue a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy, and secret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To succour it, themselues gan there assemble,
That by the swift recoure of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all vpknit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To bespectators of this uncoath fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Against the course of kind, ne meruaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hetherto
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing leaft she your loues away should woo,
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants there-
too.

And you Sir Artegall, the saluage knight,
Henceforth may not disdain, that womans hand

l. 254, ‘He’ 1609, and Upton and Church suggest ‘Him.’
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they haue conquerd sea and land,
And heauen it selfe,that nought may them withstand,
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds deriued from aboue,
Which being knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

And you faire Ladie knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
The penance, which ye shall to him empart:
For louers heauen must passe by sorrowes hell.
Thereat full inly blushed Britomart;
But Artegall close smyling ioy'd in secret hart.

Yet durft he not make loue so suddenly,
Ne thinke th'afection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly graue, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And loofer thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passioun grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would re-
fraine.

But Scudamour whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; But Sir without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my loue,
*My Amoret*, sith you her freed fro thence,
Where she captiued long, great woes did proue; 310
That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behoue. /

To whom thus *Britomart*, certes Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I can not vnto you aread a right.
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preferu'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villenie her kept:
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

Till on a day as through a desert wyld 321
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and fate in shadow myld;  
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone afrray.
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
heare.

When *Scudamour* those heauie tydings heard, 330
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed stear,
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare.
Till Glauce thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needeleffe dread, till certaintie ye heare:
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd;
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd.

Nathleffe he hardly of her chearefull speecch
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare: so fore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
Great caufe of forrow certes Sir ye haue:
But comfort take: for by this heauens light
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wrecake on him that did her reaue-

Therewith he rested, and well pleafed was.
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Vnto some refting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir Artegall.
Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
And dayly feafting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late viage bad.

In all which time, Sir Artegall made way
Vnto the loue of noble Britomart,
And with meeke seruice and much sute did lay
Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart;

I. 360, ; for ,—accepted.
Which being whylome launche with louely dart,
More eath was neuer impression to receive,
How euer she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Saine is the art that seakeit selfe for to deceive.

Well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweete blandishment,
That at the length vnto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.

At laft through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, she yelded her content
To be his loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

Tho when they had long time there taken reft,
Sir Artegaill, who all this while was bound
Vpon an hard aduenture yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And vnto her his congee came to take.

But her therewith full fore displeaft he found,
And loth to leaue her late betrothed make,
Her dearest loue full loth to shortly to forfake.

Yet he with strong perfwations her affwaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he faft engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart

II. 376-7, (who . . . quest).
That all so soon as he by wit or art
Could that atchieue, whereto he did aspire,
He vnto her would speedily reuert:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courtes did expire.

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, how euer malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind displeased.
So early in the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent.
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knightes, when on adventures they did ride
Saue that she algates him a while accompanide.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray:
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leaue of him did take;
And eft againe deuiz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excufe to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forfake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion sayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes gournement,
And backe returned with right heavie mind,
To Scudamour, who she had left behind:
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind;
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True loue and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where forie Britomart had loft her late;
There they her sought, and euerie where inquired,
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate,
Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
And stolne away from her beloued mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Vntill another tyde, that I it finishe may.

l. 415, 'whom': th.,: for; l. 418-19, (which...friend/hip).
Cant. VII.

Amor's rapte by greedie lust
Belphebe woes from dread
The Square her loves, and being blam'd
His days in dole doth lead.

Great God of love, that with thy cruel darts,
    Doeft conquer greatest conquerors on ground
And seft thy kingdom in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Cæsars, to thy feruice bound,
What glorie, or what guerdon haft thou found
[1]
In seeble Ladies tyrannage so sore;
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their liues thou lanchest long averse,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell;
    And fo and fo to noble Britomart:
So doeft thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrft with forow and with smarft,
In faluage forrests, and in deserts wide,
[2]
With Beares and Tygers taking heauie part,

1. 3, 'Belphebe,' and : for ,—accepted : 1. 6, 'darts'—accepted is
d'dart' of '96 : 1. 13, 'launcshet.'
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils, which she tride.

So soone as she with that braue Britonesse
Had left that Turneymcnt for beauties prise,
They trauel'd long; that now for wearinessse,
Both of the way, and warlike exercife,
Both / through a forest ryding did devise
T'alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
There heauie sleepe the eye-lids did surprife
Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assioyle.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought afffeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had vnawares her snatch'd vp from ground.
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
That Britomart heard not the thrilling sound,
There where through weary trauel she lay sleepeing soyled.

It was to weet a wilde and saluage man,
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All ouergrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshily gore,
The signe whereof yet flain'd his bloudy lips afore.
His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast,
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And ouer it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfuly empurple all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did grow,
And raught downe to his wuste, when vp he stood,
More great then th'eares of Elephants by Indus flood.

His waft was with a wreath of yuie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie frags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in fted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tygres fed.

This vgly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had fought so many a day.
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th'end of all his way,
Vnto his caue, farre from all peoples hearing, (fearing.
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought

For the deare Ladie all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt

l. 76, , after 'cause'—accepted: l. 78, (deare Lady).
Her selfe downe soufe, she waked out of dread 80
Straight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horrour, where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a wound,
Ne wift whether aboue she were, or vnder ground.

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
Which she long liftning, softly aft againe 90
What / mifter wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: Ah wretched wight
That seekes to know another's griece in vaine,
Vntweeting of thine owne like haplesse plignt:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is overght.

Aye me (said she) where am I, or with whom?
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What shall of me unhappye maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought else worse, aread.
Unhappye mayd (then aunswerd she) whose dread 100
Vntride, is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

This dismall day hath thee a caytieue made,
And vaffall to the vileft wretch aliue;

l. 95, 'orsight': l. 105, 'caytieue'—some suggest 'captue'; but 'caytieue'
is Spenser's usual word. Cf. Book III., c. xi., l. 88, and Glossary, s.v.:
l. 106, ; for ,—accepted.
Whose cursed pilgrimage and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive.
For on the spoile of women he doth liue,
Whose bodies shaft, when euer in his powre
He may them catch, vnable to gainestriue,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselues doth cruelly deuoure.

Now twenty daies, by which the sonses of men
Diuide their works, haue past through heuen sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these forie eies haue seen
Seauen women by him slaine, and eaten clene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman here remaining beene;
Till thou camst hither to augment our mone;
And of vs three to morrow he will sure eate one./

Ah dreadfull tidings which thou dost declare,
(Quoth she) of all that euer hath bene knownen:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble breste endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vnlycky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?
To tell (quoth she) that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

But what I was, it irkes me to rehearse
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree;

l. 111, 'gainesstriue': ll. 114-15 (by . . . works): l. 121, ; for — ac-
cepted.
That ioyd in happy peace, till fates peruerfe
With guilefull loue did secretly agree,
To ouerthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to loue a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, vnlesse mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to haue laine.

But for his meannesse and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did loue,
Vnto my chiose by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reproue.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolu'd the utmost end to proue,
And rather then my loue abandon so,
Both fire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

Thenceforth I fought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull fight
To hide th'intent, which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So / on a day vnweeting vnto wight,
I with that Squire agreeede away to flit,
And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,
Within a groue appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

But ah vnhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind;

l. 143, (who . . . loue): l. 163, ; for ,—accepted.
The shame of men, and plague of womankind:
Who truffing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him, as swift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this present day,
I reft his wretched thrall, the fad AEmylia.

Ah sad AEmylia (then sayd Amoret,)
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne. 17<
But read to me, by what deuife or wit,
Haft thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
Thine honor fau'd, though into thralldome throwne?
Through helpe (quoth the) of this old woman here
I haue so done, as she to me hath showne.
For euery when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his beastiall desire.

Thus of their euils as they did discouer,
And each did other much bewaile and mone;
Looe where the villaine selfe, their sorowes forse,
Came to the caue, and rolling thence the stone, 181
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And spredding ouer all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe vnto his wonted finne;
Which ended, then his bloudy blanket should be-
genne. /

Which when as fearfully Amoret perceiued,
She staid not the vmtost end thereof to try,
But like a ghaftly Gelt, whose wits are reaued,
Ran forth in haft with hideous outcry, 190

l. 164, : for ,—accepted : l. 173, ? for . : l. 187, 'when-w.'
For horrour of his shamefull villany.
But after her full lightly he vprofe,
And her purfu'd as faft as she did flie:
Full faft she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staius,
But ouerleapes them all, like Robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
And euermore when with regardfull fight
She looking backe, espies that grievly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to haft her flight:
More swift then Myrrh or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nimphes in fuluage chafe.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne liuing aide for her on earth appeares,
But if the heauens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moued with pitty of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned Belphebe with her pears
The woody Nimphs, and with that louely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares,
In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banishte floth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other fundred were,
And that same gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
Where this same cursed caytiue did appeare,
THE III. BOOKE OF THE

Pursuing / that faire Lady full of feare;
And now he her quite ouertaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

Which drery fight the gentle Squire espying,
Doth haft to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him affailes with all the might he may:
Yet will not he the louely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand,
Defends him felle, and faues his gotten pray.
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

Thereto the villaine vied craft in fight;
For euer when the Squire his iauelin showke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke.
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Whilst he on him was greedy to be broke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which subtilly sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:

l. 218, ; for ,—accepted : l. 223, ' Which ' for ' With '—misprint of ¦6
—accepted : l. 226, ; for ,—accepted.
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike head of his speare.
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence guft amaine,
That all her filken garments did with bloud beftaine. /

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands vpon his glaue,
With dreadfull strokes let driue at him so fore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to saue:
Yet he therewith so felly still did raue,
That scarfe the Squire his hand coulde once vpreare,
But for aduantage ground vnto him gaue,
Tracing and trauering, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

Whilest thus in battell they embufiled were,
**Belphebe** raunging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noife of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
Whom when that theefe approching nigh espide,
With bow in hand, and arrowes readey bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly derriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrumt.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily poursewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde;
And euer in her bow she ready shewed,
The arrow, to his deadly marke defynde,

l. 256, (for advantage) : l. 260, (raunging . . . wide) : l. 264, 'bowe,' and so l. 270 : l. 269, ; for ,—accepted.
As when Latonaes daughter cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable cafe.

So well she fped her and so far she ventred,
That ere vnto his hellifh den he raught,
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him ouercaught,
And in his nape arruing, through it thrid
His greedy throte, therewith in two diftraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

Whom when on ground she groueling faw to rowle,
She ran in haft his life to haue bereft:
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull fowle
Hauing his carrion corfe quite foncelesse left,
Was fled to hell, furchargd with spoile and theft.
Yet ouer him she there long gazing flood,
And oft admird his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy bloud
The place there ouerflowne, seemd like a sodaine flood.

Thenceforth she paft into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkeesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature faw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning found.

1. 295, 'Thence, forth.'
With that she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horror of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that difmoll wight.

Then forth the sad AEmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A leman fit for such a louer deare.
That mou'd Belphebe her no leffe to hate,
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
Whoence all to her at large, as hapned, did relate./

Thence she them brought toward the place, where late
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret:
There she him found by that new louely mate,
Who lay the whiles in sounue, full fadly fet,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which softe fild, and kissting them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For of that Carle she sorely bru'd had beene,
Als of his owne raff hand one wound was to be seene.

Which when she saw, with sodaine glaucning eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,
With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:

l. 304, 'sad' for misprint of '96 'sait'—accepted.
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith she said, and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for euermore.

He seeing her depart, arose vp light,
Right sore agrieued at her sharpe reprooofe,
And follow'd faft: but when he came in sight,
He durft not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures vtmost prooofe.
And euermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes, she at him did threat,
And fortf him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

At laft when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no eafe of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heavy eafe:
And / finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face,
For mossy trees, which couered all with shade
And sad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to vse no more,
Ne thenceforth euer strike in battell stroke,
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And waft his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on him felse to wreake his follies owne despight.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griefly to concrew,
Vncombd, vncurld, and carelesly vnshed;
That in short time his face they ouergrew,
And ouer all his shoulders did difpred,
That who he whilome was, vneath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghast he foone appeares.
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he euer taft,
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to waft:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at laft./

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His owne deare Lord Prince Arthure came that way,
Seeking adventures, where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Hauing efpide this Cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinful people shonnes;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching funne.

Arriving there, he found this wretched man,
   Spending his daies in doleure and despaire,
   And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
   All ouergrown with rude and rugged haire;
   That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
   Yet he him knew not, ne auz'd at all,
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
   Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
   And pitty much his plight, that lieu'd like outcaft thrall.

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
   But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
   Ne signe of fence did shew, ne common wit,
   As one with grieve and anguifie ouercum,
   And vnto every thing did aunswere mum:
   And ever when the Prince vnto him spake,
   He louted lowly, as did him becum,
   And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midsf sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his vncouth guise and vfsage quaint
   The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
   The cause of that his sorrowfull contraint;
   Yet weend by secret signes of manlineffe,
   Which clse appeard in that rude brutifhness,
   That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
   Traind vp in sefts of armes and knightlineffe;
   Which he obseru'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keen.
And eke by that he saw on every tree,
    How he the name of one engraven had,
    Which likly was his lieuest love to be,
    For whom he now so sorely was beftad;
    Which was by him B E L P H E B E rightly read.
    Yet who was that Belphoebe, he ne wifst;
    Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
    When he it heard, and how the ground he kift,
  Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blift: 420

Th' when he long had marked his demeanor,
    And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
    Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
    Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
    He left him there in languor to remaine,
    Till time for him shou'd remedy prouide,
    And him restore to former grace againe.
    Which for it is too long here to abide,
  I will deferre the end vntill another tide.  429
Cant. VIII.

*The gentle Squire recovers grace,*  
*Slaunder her guests doth staine:*  
*Constambo chaseth Placidus,*  
*And is by Arthure staine.*

W ell said the wiseman, now proud true by this,  
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late.  
That the displeasure of the mighty is  
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate.  
For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,  
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay  
With suffrance soft, which rigour can abate,  
And haue the sterne remembrance wypt away  
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,  
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had,  
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy  
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,  
He euer tausted, but with penaunce sad  
And pensiue forrow pind and wore away,  
Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;

l. 10, 'nought': l. 14, 'infect'd' 1611 (bad).
But alwayes wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish & decay;

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Doue
To come, where he his dolors did deveise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest loue;
Which losse her made like passion also proue.
Who seeing his fad plight, her tender hart
With deare compassion deeply did enmoue,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him apart.

Shee sitting by him as on ground he lay,
Her mournfull notes full piteouly did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyled, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plentuous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could haue perfet the hearts of Tigres & of Beares.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did vse,
Without en dread of perill to repaire
Vnto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That at the laft of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

l. 23, ;—accepted, and so l. 27: ll. 24-5, (as . . . made).
Upon a day as she him fate beside,
   By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
   Which yet with him as reliques did abide
   Of all the bounty, which Belphoebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
   Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
   That was a Ruby of right perfect hue,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
   And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
   In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
   Did greatly folace his engrieued mind.
All vnaures the bird, when she did find
   Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
   And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way she straied.

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
   Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
   His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
   That both his juell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
   Through the wide region of the waftfull aire,
Vntill she came where wonned his Belphoebe faire.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
   Sitting in couert shade of arbors sweet,
FAERIE QUEENE.

After late weary toile, which she had tride
In faloage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake
Er gentle Squire through her displeasure did pertake.

She her beholding with attentiuue eye,
At length did marke about her purple breft
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well, with colourd ribbands dreft:
There / with she rose in haft, and her addrest
With ready hand it to haue rest away.
But the swift bird obayd not her beheft,
But swaru'd aside, and there againe did stay;
That follow'd her, and thought againe it to affay.

Id euer when she nigh approcht, the Downe
Would flit a little forward, and then stay,
Till she drew neare, and then againe remoue;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide,
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In th'end she her vnto that place did guide,
hereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

Sheones she flew vnto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deuis'd,

---8d: for,—accepted: l. 86, 'partake': l. 90, , after 'well'—accept.ed.

VII.
As if she would have made him understand,
His sorrow was cause to be of her despis'd.
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds disguised,
With heavy glib deform'd, and meager face,
Like ghost late risen from his graue agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water, which did well
From his moist eies, and like two streames proceed;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What master wight he was, or what he ment:
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes vnto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she aread,
But wondred much at his so felcouth cafe,
And by his perfonse secret seemlyhed
Well weend, that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mou'd with ruth she thus bespake.
Ah wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake?
Or selfe dislik'd life doth thee thus wretched make?

If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne:

1. 107, 'him' by Church is changed to 'her': l. 116, ; for ,—accepted, and l. 118, : for ,.
If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorn;
But if through inward grieve or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe aduise.
For he whose daies in wilfull woe are wore,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not vs his gifts for thanklesse nigardise. 140

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake
His sodaine silence, which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
Then haue they all themselues against me bent:
For heauen, first author of my languishment,
Enuying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent,
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

Ne any but your selfe, 6 dearest drea,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeemeing bred:
That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye / may redresse, and me restore to light.
Which fory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard, to fee his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiu'd againe to former fauours state.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,

l. 137, 'avise': l. 145, (first... languishment).
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or enuies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford,
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeing euermore, yet no where him descride.

Till on a day as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret abode,
Both in full fad and sorrowfull estate;
The one right feeble through the euill rate
Of food, which in her dureffe she had found:
The other almost dead and desperat (wound,
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse
With which the Squire in her defence her fore astand.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The euill case in which those Ladies lay;
But most was moued at the piteous vew
Of Amoret, so neare vnto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Easefoones that pretiuous liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew
Her wounds, that vnto strength restor'd her soone
anew./

Tho when they both recouered were right well,
He gan of them inquiere, what euill guide

l. 184, ‘deew,’ as before.
Them thetber brought, and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all, that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were vntide 190
Of that fame wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corfe they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his caue, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when all those signes he fond.

And euermore he greatly did defire
To know, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But when as nought according to his mind
He could outlearne, he them from ground did reare:
No seruice lothsome to a gentle kind;
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

So when that forrest they had pass'd well,
A little cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside,
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And thare out fucking venime to her parts entyre.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Vp to the throat; that oft with bitterness
It / forth would breake, and gulf in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all, that truth or vertue doe professe;
Whom she with leafings lewdly did miscall, 220
And wickedly backbite: Her name men Slaundr call.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And caufelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name;
Ne euer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame
So chaft and loyal liu'd, but she would strive
With forges caufe them falsely to defame;
Ne euer thing so well was doen aliue,
But she with blame would blot, & of due praifhe deprive.

Her words were not, as common words are ment, 231
T'express the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poynous spirit sent
From inward parts, with canced malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind; (hurt,
Which passing through the eares, would pierce the
And wound the soule it selfe with griefe vnkind:
For like the flings of Aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke, & wound the inner part.

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to hoist such guest,
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome fayne;

l. 216, ; for ,—accepted, and so l. 219 : l. 221, 'Slaundr' : l. 241,
; for ,—accepted.
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertainy;
And eke that age despyfed nicenesse vase,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with little care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare. /

Then all that euening welcomed with cold,
And chearelesse hunger, they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgeful discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And vnto rest themselves all onely lent.
Regardlesse of that queane so bafe and vilde,
To be vniustly blamd, and bitterly reuilde.

Here well I weene, when as these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light,
For thus conuerfing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedi pleasure spare:
More hard for hungry fteed t'abstaine from pleasand lare.

But antique age yet in the infancie
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,

1. 242, (that ... requests); ll. 249-50, (welcomed ... hunger); l. 265,
: substituted for ,.
In simple truth and blamelesse chaftitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment,
But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soueraine awe:
Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
And each vnto his luft did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

The Lyon there did with the Lambe confort,
And eke the Doue fete by the Faulcons fide,
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
With outen perill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Whereof it hight) and hauing shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all finnes the secrets to vnfold.

Then beautie, which was made to reprefent
The great Creatours owne refemblance bright,
Vnto abufe of lawlesse luft was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in fight,
And that which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vaffall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wox dead and wan,
Defpifd and troden downe of all that ouerran.

And now it is fo ytterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarfe remaine,
But if few plants preferu'd through heavenly ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,

l. 270, misprinted 'them': l. 296, (preferu'd . . . ayde).
Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soueraine,  
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,  
Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine, 300  
Now th'only remnant of that royall breed,  
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly feed.

Tho soone as day discovery heauens face  
To sinfull men with darknes ouerdight,  
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace  
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,  
And did themselues vnto their iourney dight.  
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,  
That them to view had bene an vncothy sight;  
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced, 310  
The Ladies both on horfe, together fast embraced. /

Soone as they thence departed were afore,  
That shamefull Hag, the flaunter of her sexe,  
Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled sore,  
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vexe  
His noble hart; thereto she did annexe  
Falsie crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,  
That those two Ladies much asham'd did vexe:  
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,  
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyfon spent.

At last when they were passe out of fight, 320  
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,  
But after them did barke, and still backbite,  
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:

L. 313, (the . . . sex).
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The ftone, which pass'd ftraunger at him threw;
So she them feeing paft the reach of eare,
Againft the ftones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the fting, which in her tongs end grew.

They pafting forth kept on their readie way,
With eafie steps so soft as foot could ftryde.
Both for great feebleffe, which did oft afay
Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde;
And eke through heauie armes, which fore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted fo to fare;
Whose fteadie hand was faine his fteede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they fpide, where towards them with fpeed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie;
Bearing a little Dwarfe before his fteed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That feem'd his shrikes would rend the brafen skie:
Whom after did a mightie man pursfw.
Ryding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
Of fature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles did proceed;
Shooting forth farre away two flaming fireame,
Full of sad powre, that poyfonous bale did breede

1. 332; ; for ,—accepted, and so l. 339.
To all, that on him lookest without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Basilifike of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre awaye.

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curfes vaine in his auengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him ouer tooke, before he came in vew.
Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his cafe to rew,
And rescue him through succour of his might,
From that his cruel foe, that him purfewd in fight.

Eftfoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
From loftie fteede, and mounting in their ftead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;
Who as he gan the same to him arread,
Loe hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head;
That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke represt. /

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.
Nathlesse it fell with fo despiteous dreare

l. 371, ; for ,—accepted.
And heauie fway, that hard vnto his crowne
The shield it droue, and did the couering reare: 38c
Therewith both Squire and darwe did tomble downe
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senseuleffe sowne.

Whereat the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand
In full auengement heaued vp on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And sure had not his maflie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would haue cleft him to the girding place, 390
Yet as it was, it did afortiit him long space.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curfe and sweare,
And vow by Mahoun e that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
That seemed nought the soufe thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight,
Did shun the proofe thereof and it auoyded light. 400

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull found,
He smote at him with all his might and mainge,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground.
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curfe his God, that did him so confound;

l. 380. : for ,—accepted.
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same dwarfe right forie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his Lord there flaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

This mightie man (quoth he) whom you haue flaine,
Of an huge Geaunteffe whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdoms of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious fight,
With which he killed all, that came within his might.

Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
But euer vanquish't all, with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
For most of strenght and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and waft them vnto nought,
By cafting secret flakes of luftfull fire
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.
Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Paxana; who seemes outwardly
So faire, as euer yet faw liuing eie:
And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder skie.
But ah she giuen is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of loue too light.

So as it fell there was a gentle Squire,
That lou'd a Ladie of high parentage;
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high: her friends with counsell sage,
Diffuaded her from such a disparage.
But she, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But firmeely following her first intent,
Refolu'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends contenct.

So twixt themselfes they pointed time and place,
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and difauntentious cafe
Him chaunst; in stead of his Æmylia faire
This Gyants fonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught,
And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire,
Him wretched thrall vnto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vnfuccour'd and vnfought.

This Gyants daughter came vpon a day
Vnto the prifon in her ioyous glee,

l. 444, (ah !) : l. 447; for ,—accepted : l. 449, : for ,—accepted.
To view the thrals, which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This / louely swaine the Squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him faft,
And for his loue him promisf libertie at laft.

He though affide vnto a former loue,
To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold
To win her grace his libertie to get.
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold
Fearing leaft if she shoould him freely set,
He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

Yet so much fauour she to him hath hight,
Aboue the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of everie prifon dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he lift restore,
And whom he lift referue, to be afflicted more.

Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare,
Full inly forie for the seruent zeale,
Which I to him as to my soule did beare;
I thether went; where I did long conceale

l. 485, ; for ,—accepted, and so l. 494: ll. 492-3 within ( ).
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reuaale,
And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prision steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee;
For neuer two so like did living creature see. /

Then was I taken and before her brought:
Who through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so vntrew,
To seeke by flight her fellowship teeschew,
That lou’d me deare, as dearest thing alieue.
Thence she commandeed me to prision new;
Whereof I glad did not gainefay nor striue,
But suffred that fame Dwarfe me to her dungeon drive

There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heauy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I forie, yet my selfe did bend,
Him to recomfort with my companie.
But him the more agreeu’d I found thereby:
For all his joy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lou’d, as I mote gheeue;
Yet greater loue to me then her he did professe.

But I with better reason him auiz’d,
And shew’d him how through error and mis-thought.
Of our like persohns eath to be disguised,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Whereeto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent, that I who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree.
Yet ouerrul'd at laft, he did to me agree.

The morrow next about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas,
To come forthwith vnto his Ladies bowre.
In steed of whom forth came I Placidas, 530
And / vndiscerned, forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee,
Of faire Paana I receiued was,
And oft imbraft, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

Which I, that was not bent to former loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refufd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the preffent neede it wifely vfd.
My former hardnesse firt I faire excufd ; 540
And after promift large amends to make.
With such smooth terms her error I abufd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne fake,
For whose sole libertie I loue and life did ftake.

Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh ftreame I with that Elfe did play, 550
Finding the meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly snatcht him vp and with me bore away.
Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant felse came forth with yeling bray,
And me pursed; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hether brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two yet doubtfull through dismay
In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

Where foone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captiue louers friend, young Placidas:
All mindlefe of her wonted modeftie,
She to him ran, and him with straunge embra
Enfolding faid, and liues yet Amyas?
He liues (quoth he) and his Æmylia loues.
Then leffe (faid she) by all the woe I pas,
With which my weake patience fortune proues.

But what mishap thus long him fro my felse remoues?

Then gan he all this fторie to renew,
And tell the course of his captiuitie;
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And sigh full fore, to heare the miferie,
In which fo long he merciflesse did lie.
Then after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare befought the Prince of remedie:
Who thereto did with readie will confent
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his euent.
HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet
The deare affection vnto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of loue to woman kind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertues mind
Seemes, the gentle hart should moost assured bind.

For naturall affection foone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both supprese,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For as the soule doth rule the earthly maffe,
And all the seruice of the bodie frame,

l. 3, 'Pesan' is suggested by Church to be read, 'Amylia': l. 12, 'vertuous': l. 13, after 'all' accepted: l. 14, added after 'me seemes' und removed after 'hart.'
So loue of soule doth loue of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

All which who lift by tryall to assay,
    Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
    In which these Squires true friendship more did sway,
Then either care of parents could refraine;/
    Or loue of fairest Ladie could constraine.
For though Paena were as faire as morne,
Yet did this Trustie squire with proud disdaine
For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
And she her selfe her fyre, of whom she was yborne.

Now after that Prince Arthur graunted had,
    To yeeld strong succour to that gentle fwayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
He gan aduise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it agayne,
Vpon his vsuall beast it firmely bound,
And made it fo to ride, as it alieue was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
    Before the ryder, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarf, though with vnwilling ayd,
To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,
Till to his caffle they approched neare.
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vnbard;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

l. 26, ‘this’ : l. 44, (though . . . ayd).
here he did find in her delitious boure
The faire Pæana playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote.
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
And her vnwares attacth, and captiue held by might.

hence / being forth produc'd, when she perceiued
Her owne deare fire, she cald to him for aide.
But when of him no aunswere she receiued,
But saw him fencelesse by the Squire vpstaide,
She weened well, that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weep, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to vpbraide.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not prevaille,
And none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

hen tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open vnto him the prifon dore,
And forth to bring those thrals, which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him aboue a score
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest, that Squire of low degree
came forth full weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee.

Whom soone as faire Aemylia beheld,
And Placidas, they both vnto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan.
That faire Paana them beholding both,
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

But when a while they had together beene,
And diuerly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
A funder, yet not euer in one place,
Began to doubt, when the they saw embrace,
Which was the captyue Squire she lou’d so deare,
Deceiued through great likenesse of their face.
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she vneath discerned, whether whether weare.

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfeit her selfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewher,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skil, or errore were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other knights and Squires, which him did see.

Then gan they ranfacke that fame Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Upon all which the Briton Prince made pleasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while.
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toile:
To whom he did divide part of his Purchaft spoile.

And for more joy, that captive Lady faire
The faire Peana he enlarged free;
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frolick ; nathemore would the
Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasaunt glee:
But grieved was for losse both of her fire,
And eke of Lordship, with both land and see:
But most she touched was with griefe entire,
For losse of her new loue, the hope of her desire.

But her the Prince through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudeness, which did her disface;
And that same bitter corfiue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For though she were most faire, and goodlie dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with crueltie and pride.

And for to shut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue
Not to despise that dame, which lou'd him loue,

1. 129, ' dye '—Church actually suggested ' sycle.'
Till he had made of her some better prieze,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
There the offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

From that day forth in peace and joyous blis,

They liu'd together long without debate:
Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enemis
Could shake the safe affuraunce of their state.
And she whom Nature did so faire create,
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loues and luft intemperate
Had it defaste; thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and setted rest,
Him selfe, whose mind did trauell as with chylde,
Of his old loue, conceau'd in secret breft, /
Resolued to perufe his former quest;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

Feare of her safety did her not constraine,
For well she wift now in a mighty hond,
Her perfon late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withftond.

l. 141, : for ,—accepted : l. 153, 'gueft' is misprinted 'gueft' in '96 and
1609 : l. 155, 'bequest'—1611 badly reads 'request.'
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will her weakenesse could no way represse,
In case his burning luft should breake into excessse.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loofe affection to forfall,
And lawlesse luft to rule with reasons lore;
That all the while he by his fide her bore,
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary;
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loues dispersd diuerfly,
Yet neither shewed to other their hearts priuity.

At length they came, whereas a troupe of Knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seamed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best befeemed,
That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.
Those foure were they, from whom falfe Florimell
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed.
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Loure-lauifh Blandamour, and luftfull Paridell.

Druons / delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loued out of mesure:
So eke lou'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
But Paridell of loue did make no threaure,
But lufted after all, that him did moue.
So diuerfly these foure disposed were to loue.

But those two other which beseide them stroode,
Were Britomart, and gentle Scudamour,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable flute,
Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drue,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rie.
Out of their wretched corses, and their liues depreie.

As when Dan Aelus in great displeasure,
For losse of his deare loue by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threfoure,
Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude vnrulement,
From all foure parts of heauen doe rage full fore,
And toffe the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wi[ll]de vprore,
As if in stead thereof they Chaos would restore.

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
Was for the loue of that fame snowy maid,
Whome they had loft in Turneyment of late,
And seeking long, to wet which way the straid;
Met here together; where through lewd vpbraide
Of Ate and Duesia they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide,

l. 210, ‘wi[ll]de’—it hardly needed the alleged Drayton correction of
‘wide’ by ‘wilde’ to put right an obvious misprint of ’96, 1609, 1611, etc.,
but Mr. J. Payne Collier tells us of such: l. 216, ; for ,—accepted.
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous succeffe depended yet in dout.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe,
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury flacke,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that vneath they forced were for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselfes for to recover spirits spent.

Their gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
For Paridell did take to Druons side,
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainsft Blandamour, whom alwaies he enuide:
And Blandamour to Claribell relide.
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary course few,
Wind and tide doe change, their course change anew.

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

1. 222, , for  ; 1. 230, 'Their' (1st) = there,—used inter-
tangeably. In 1611 it is 'There gan.' Church read 'Then gan.'
Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till Scudamour, and that same Briton maide,
By fortune in that place did chance to light: 25
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle wpbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.<

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire,
Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood
They from them selues gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud, 26
Against those two let drieue, as they were wood:
Who wondering much at that so sodaine hit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten likewife doubly smit.

The warlike Dame was on her part affaid,
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone.
Fourre charged two, and two surcharged one; 2
Yet did those two them selues so bruely beare,
That the other little gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And v fury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparrance moue

1. 273, 'repayed' for 'repayed'—accepted.
But they for nought their cruel hands would stay,
Ne lend an ear to ought, that might behoue;
As when an eager mastiff once doth prove
The taste of blood of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast:
So little did they hearken to her sweet beaute.

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fill his heroicke breast:
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,
Divided them, how euer loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to surcease,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which houers vnder skie
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breaks downe in raine, and haile, and fleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh vntoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore:

l. 294, 'attorne.'
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,  
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,  
And layd at them so sharply and so sore,  
That shortly them compelled to retrate,  
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late. 310

But / now his courage being throughly fired,  
He ment to make them know their follies prife,  
Had not those two him instantly desired  
T'alfwage his wrath, and pardon their mesprife.  
At whose request he gan him selfe aduise  
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat  
In milder tearmes, as lift them to deuise:  
Mongst which, the caufe of their so cruel heat  
He did them aske: who all that passed gan repeat.

And told at large how that same errant Knight, 320  
To weete faire Britomart, them late had foyled  
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight  
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,  
And also of their priuate loues beguyled;  
Of two full hard to read the harder theft,  
But the that wrongfull challenge foone affoyled,  
And shew'd that she had not that Lady reft,  
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied;  
Certes sir Knight[s], ye seemen much to blame, 330  
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;  
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise euer yeelded,
That of their loues choife they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully haue
wielded.

And yet (quoth she) a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former loue haue lost,
Whom seeking euer since with endlessse paines,
Hath me much sorowe and much travaull cost;
Aye me to see that gentle maide so toft.
But Scudamour then sighing deepe, thus saide,
Certes her loste ought me to forrow moft,
Whose right she is, where euer she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide,

For from the first that I her loue profeft,
Vnto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
I neuer ioyed happinesse nor rest,
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
I waft my life, and doe my daies deuowre
In wretched anguifhe and incessant woe,
Passing the meafure of my feeble powre,
That liuing thus, a wretch and louing so,
I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

Then good sir Claribell him thus bespake,
Now were it not fir Scudamour to you,
Dislikefull paine, so fad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, fith this gentle crew

I. 341, 'trrauell': I. 354, 'I'=aye in '96 inadvertently before 'and.'
Is now so well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order due
All that adventure, which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies love: past perils well apay.

So gan the rest him likewise to require,
But Britomart did him importune hard,
To take on him that paine: whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that attempts, as to him befell.
And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.
Cant. l X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
Of virtuous Amoret:
Great Venus Temple is describ'd,
And lower'd life forth yet.

[That he it saith, what ever man it sayd,
That love with gall and honie doth abound,
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of honie therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
That I too true by triall have approved:
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loued,
Neuer joyed howre, but still with care was mowed.

And yet such grace is given them from abowe,
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their setted minde remoue,
But feeme gainst common fence to them most sweet;
As boeting in their martyrdom vnmeet.
So all that euere yet I have endured,
I count as naught, and tread downe vnnder feet,
Since of my loue at length I rest assured,
That to dyffoyalty she will not be allured.

misprinted 'conquest' in '96: l. 13, 'launce' in l. 21, 'nought,' as before.

VII.

13
Long were to tell the trauell and long toile,
Through which this shield of loue I late haue won
And purchased this peereleffe beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne,
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearde ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowned prife
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possiest
I hauing armes then taken, gan auise
To winne me honour by some noble geft,
And purchase me some place amongft the beft.
I boldly thought (fo young mens thoughts are bold)
That this fame braue emprize for me did reft,
And that both shield and she whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

So on that hard aduenture forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came.
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame;
Much more then that, which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this fame,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pauement were with yuory spilt.

And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote haue access, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize,
With curious Corbes and pendants grauen faire,
And arched all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Doricke guize.

And _for defence thereof, on th'other end_ 60
There reared was a caftle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was, against all nanner wights
By all meanes to maintaine, that caftels ancient rights.

Before that Caftle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed; 70
On which this shied, of many sought in vaine,
The shied of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
_Blessed the man that well can use his blis_:
_Whose euer be the shied, faire Amoret be his._

Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayd further newes thereof to learne, 80
But with my speare vpon the shied did rap,

1. 58, _arched . . porches_: 1. 68, ‘ancients’ misprint of ’96: 1. 78, ‘yearne.’
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Straight forth issued a Knight all arm'd to prove,
And brauely mounted to his most mishap:
Who staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horse's hoof.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unfeated.
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groaning there upon the plaine.
Then preaching to the pillour I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield, with me it did retaine.

So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges utter gate I came:
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame.
Yet I perfeuer'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spide within the same,
Where one stood peeping through a creuis small;
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

That was to weet the Porter of the place,
Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent;
Therein resembling Janus auncient,

1. 103; for, accepted, and so ll. 117, 130.
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proued perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

On th'one side he, on th'other fate Delay,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espie;
Whose manner was all passengers to staye,
And entertaine with her occasions fly;
Through which some loft great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recouer might againe;
And others quite exculded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in vnpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce, afterwards in vaine.

Me when as he had priuily espiede,
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kens it freight, and to me opened wide.
So in I past, and freight he closed the gate.
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to staye,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to staele, the thrausre of mans day;
Whose smallest minute loft, no riches render may.

But by no meanes my way I would forflow,
For ought that euery she could doe or say,
But from my lofty steede dismounting low,
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stomes of rich assay,
Casts into sundry shapes by wondrouse skil,
That like on earth no where I reckon may:

1. 138 within ( ).
And vnderneath, the riuers rolling still
With murmures soft, that seem'd to serve the workmen's

Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The *Gate of good desert*, whose goodly pride
And softly frame, were long here to relate.
The fame to all floodies alwaies open wide:
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That flopt the entranse with his spacious stride,
And with the terrore of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was *Daunger* dreaded ouer all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearfull cowards, entrance to forfall,
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternesse of his looke abide,
But soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and seele their corage cold.
Againe some other, that in hard affaires
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like awaies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaias.

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{l. 150, 'dreaded'; l. 154, 'adward.'}
But I though meanest man of many moe,  
Yet much disdaining vnto him to lout,  
Or crepe between his legs, so in to goe,  
Resolu’d him to assault with manhood stout,  
And either beat him in, or drue him out.  
Eftsoones advauncing that enchant’d shield,  
With all my might I gan to lay about:  
Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield  
He gan forthwith t’auale, and way vnto me yield.

So as I entred, I did backward looke,  
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;  
And loe his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,  
Much more deformed fearefull ugly were,  
Then all his former parts did earst appere.  
For hatred, murther, treafon, and despfight,  
With many moe lay in ambushment there,  
Awaying to entrap the warelesse wight,  
Which did not them preuent with vigilant foresight.

Thus, hauing past all perill, I was come  
Within the compasse of that Islands space;  
The which did seeme vnto my simple doome,  
The onely pleafant and delightfull place,  
That euer troden was of footings trace.  
For all that nature by her mother wit  
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,  
Was there, and all that nature did omit,  
Art playing fecond natures part, supplyed it.

No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,  
From lowest Juniper to Ceder tall,

l. 168, 'meanest' is misprinted 'mearest' in 96: l. 179, (whereof . . .
tooke): l. 194, (playing . . . part).
No flower in field, that dainty odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint deuice,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to gheffe,
So lauishly enrich't with natures thraures,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th'Elysian fields, and liue in laeting bleffe,
Should happen this with liuing eye to see,
They foone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this joyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

Freshe shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the funne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play /
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle flomber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low looking dales, disloign'd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace louers trew;
Falfe Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature felse amaze.

And all without were walkes and all eyes dight,
With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie feates, and fundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers weary shankes,
And therein thousand payres of louers walkt,
Praying their god, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne euer ought but of their true loues talkt,
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

All these together by themselfes did s福特
Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content.
But farre away from these, another fort
Of louers lincked in true harts consent;
Which loued not as these, for like intent,
But on chast vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud, or fayned blandishment;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deedes did euermore aspire.

Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare;
Trew Jonathan, and Dauid trustie tryde;
Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his feare;
Pylades and Orfles by his fyde;
Mylt Titus and Geffippus without pryde;
Damon and Pythias whom death could not feuer;
All these and all that euer had bene tyde,
In bands of friendship there did liue for euer,
Whose liues although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

Which / when as I, that euer tafted blis,
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse enuye,
That being free from feare and gealofye,

I. 239, 'inspire' 1611: I. 240, 'Hylus': I. 242, 'Pirithous.'
Might frankly there their loues desire possesse ;
Whilest I through paines and perilous iepardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse :
Much dearer be the things, which come through ha
distresse.

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Vnto that purposd place I did me draw, 26
Where as my loue was lodged day and night :
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of loue the mother,
Where worshipped of euery liuing wight ;
Whose goodly workmanship farre paft all other
That euer were on earth, all were they fet together.

Not that fame famous Temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did ouersee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds feuens wonders sayd to bee, 27
Might match with this by many a degree :
Nor that, which that wife King of Iurie framed,
With endleffe cost, to be th'Almightyes fee ;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clame.

I much admiring that so goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approcht, which open stood ;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood, /
And in her semblant shewed great womanhood : 28
Strange was her tyre ; for on her head a crowne
She wore much like vnto a Danifk hood.
FAERIE QUEENE.

Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
Enwouen was with gold, that raught full low a downe.

On either side of her, two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Loue, the other Hate,
Hate was the elder, Loue the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th'elder, and him maystered still in all debate.

Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced-hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that louely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonious despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise diuinely grew;
The which right well her workes diuine did shew:
For strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:
Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.
By her the heauen is in his course contained,
And all the world in stafe unmoued stands,
As their Almighty maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And vnto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

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

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with franksfence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Vpon an hundred marble pillors round
The rooie vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, & chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand preious gifts worth many a pound,
The which ad louers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as May.

l. 317. 'hell'—Dr. Morris annotates here—"hell (so all copies). Some editors have suggested 'necell'—confound; but 'hell' = O. E. hill or hele = cover, which agrees with its nominative 'waters.'—'And fire devoure the ayre' is a parenthetical clause": l. 338, cap. M in may—accepted.
An hundred Altars round about were set,
   All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the stem thereof the Temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heauen did aspire,/ 340
And in them bore true louers vowes entire :
And eke an hundred brazen caudrons bright,
To bath in joy and amorous desire,
Euer of which was to a damzell hight ;
For all the Priests were damzels, in soft linnen dight.

Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand
   Vpon an altar of some costly maffe,
Whose substance was vneath to vnderstand : 350
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull braffe,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was ;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to chriftall glaffe,
Yet glaffe was not, if one did rightly deeme,
But being faire and brickle, likest glaffe did seeme.

But it in shape and beautie did excell
   All other Idoles, which the heathen adore
Farre paffing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore, 360
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forloire
Did fall in loue : yet this much fairer shined,
But couered with a slender veile afore ;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head & tail were fast cobynd.

The caufe why she was couered with a vele,
   Was hard to know, for that her Priests the fame
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame; 3
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both vnder one name:
She fyre and mother is her selfe alone,
Begets and eke conceues, ne needeth other none.

And / all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of little loues, and sports, and ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;
The whilest their eldeft brother was away, 3
Cupid their eldeft brother; he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of loue with Lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

And all about her altar, scattered lay
Great sorts of louers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As everie one had cause of good or ill. (ni 3
Amongst the rest some one through loues confr
Tormented fore, could not containe it still, 3
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill.

Great Venus, Queene of beautie and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
That with thy fmyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,

l. 380, 'elder': l. 384, , after 'altar'—accepted.
And when thou spred'st thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play and plessant lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, & al the world shews ioyous cheare.

Then doth the daedale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
The spring breake forth out of his lufty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
Firft doe the merry birds, thy prety pages
Priuily pricked with thy luftfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then doe the saluage beasts begin to play
Their plesant friskes, and loath their wonted food;
The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou doest draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them insp'ire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at firft was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great God of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
Mother of laughter, and wellspring of blisse,
O graunt that of my loue at laft I may not misse.

So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
    That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
    Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
    Befought her to graunt eafe vnto my smart,
    And to my wound her gratious help impart.
    Whileft thus I spake, behold with happy eye
    I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
    A beuie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be fung on hye.

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

And next to her fate goodly Shamefastnesse,
    Ne euer durt her eyes from ground vpreare,
    Ne euer once did looke vp from her deffe,
    As if some blame of euill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
    And her againft sweet Cherefulnesse was placed,
    Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
    Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.
FAERIE QUEENE.

and next to her fate sober Modesty,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against fate comely Courtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seate overthwart
Soft Silence, and submiss Obedience,
Both linckt together neuer to dispart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
th girldoms of his Saints against their foes offence.

us fate they all around in seemly rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
Euen in the lap of Womanhood there fate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen fray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd,
That fame was fayrest Amoret in place,
yning with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

hom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:
For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
And falsely seem'd to leaue the thing vn Donne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho shakong off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which Ladies lque I heard had neuer wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to rearre.

464, 'girldoms'—sic in all: Church suggests 'gardians,' Collier

VII.
Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
   And sharpe rebuke, for being ouer bold;
Saying it was to Knight vnseemely shame,
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That vnto Venus servisces was sold.
To whom I thus, Nay but it fitteth best,
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold,
For ill your goddesse servisces are dreft 490
By virgins, and her sacrifies let to rest.

With that my shield I forth to her did shew,
   Which all that while I closely had conceald;
On which when Cupid with his killing bow,
   And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At fight thereof she was with terror queld,
   And said no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like warie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle. 500

And / euermore vpon the Goddesse face
   Mine eye was fixt, for fear of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
   To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
   And nought for niceness nor for ennuy iparing,
In preffence of them all forth led her thence:
   All looking on, and like aftonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

l. 499, 'warie'—Church and Upton would read 'waries': l. 502, : for,
—accepted: l. 504, 'en' for 'at' of '96—accepted: l. 505, ; for -, ac-
cepted: l. 507, : substituted for .
She often prayd, and often me befought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles: but yet for nought,
That euer she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much ado:
But that fame Ladie which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

No leffe did Daunger threaten me with dread,
When as he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure.
But euermore my shield did me defend,
Againt the storme of euery dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my loue I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

1. 519, capital D—our correction in 'daunger.' So too p. 213, ll. 33, 34,
in 'Horror' and 'Darknesse.'
Cant. XI.

Marmell's former wound is heald,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Midway wedd,
and feasts the Sea-gods all.

But ah for pittie that I haue thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away, that I haue doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of loue, and in fad thraldomes chayne; 10
From which vnleffe some heauenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing payne,
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
That even to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Vnlouely Proteus, missing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongsion deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could moove at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.
Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
   The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brazen locke
Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft
Of / all her louers, which would her haue reft.
For wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft ;
Befides ten thoufand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping grieufly, all begor'd.

And in the midft thereof did Horror dwell,
   And Darkenesse dredd, that neuer viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway,
Old Styx the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this luckleffe mayd seuen months abide,
Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night descride,

But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

And all this was for loue of Marinell,
   Who her despyd (ah who would her despyfe ?)
And wemens loue did from his hart expell,
And all thofe ioyes that weake mankind entyfe.
Nathleffe his pride full dearely he did Pryfe ;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gaue, when he did her provoke.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother sought,
   And many fulues did to his fore applie,

l. 32 , after 'griefly'—accepted : l. 34, 'arad : l. 37, misprinted 'Gram-
dame' '96 : ib. (Old ... Gods) : l. 38, 'three.'
And many herbes did vs. But when as nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the seadogesurgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
And for his paines a whistle him behight
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight./

So well that Leach did heare to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state.againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who fore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of peril, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved ouer all.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls, which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her woed to his bed;
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie to his loue be led;
Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

So both agreed, that this their bridale feast
Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
Aswell which in the mightie Ocean trade,
As that in riuers swim, or brookes doe wade.
All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of braffe I had,
And endleffe memorie, that mote excell,
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred imp of Ioue,
The nourling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First came great Neptune with his threeforkt mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace,
Vnder his Diademe imperiall:
And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most diuinely faire,
Whose yuorie shoulders weren couered all,
As with a robe, with her owne siluer haire,
And deckt with pearles, which th'Indian feas for her prepaire.

These marched farre afore the other crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:

l. 98, 'deaw.'
First the Sea-gods, which to themselves doth clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

Phorcys, the father of that fallat brood,
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame;
And Glaucus, that wife southisfayes vnderstood;
And tragick Inoes sonne, the which became
A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend;
Great Brontes, and Astraus, that did shame
Himselfe with incess of his kin vnkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempeftes still portend.

The rich Ceatus, and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias louely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor, and Caicus strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphæmus, that vpon them goth
As on the ground, without dismay or dread:
Fierce Eryx, and Alebius that know' th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread; 12 0
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant Nations, which the world poffeft;
Yet fones of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, euon th'auncienteft,
And Inachus renown'd aboue the rest;
Phœnix, and Aon, and Pelagrus old,
Great Belus, Phæax, and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people, which the Britaine Islands hold.
For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
Who for the profe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleaped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did aduance
To vanquish all the world with matchleffe might,
And there his mortall part by great mishance
Was slaine: but that which is th'immortall spright
Liuës still: and to this feast with Neptunes seed was dight.

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse, 150
Which all the world haue with their issue fild?
How can they all in this fo narrow verfe
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let / them record them, that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passed times:
Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfild,
T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
Which from great Neptune do deriue their parentage.

Next came the aged Ocean, and his Dame,
Old Tethys, th'oldeft two of all the rest; 160
For all the rest of thofe two parents came,
Which afterward both fea and land pofteft:
Of all which Nereus th'eldeft, and the beft,
Did firft proceed, then which none more vpright,
Ne more fircere in word and deed pofteft;
Moft voide of guile, moft free from fowle despight,
Doing him felfe, and teaching others to doe right.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,

1. 155, 'times'—after a long interval, another of Spenser's neglects in rhyme-word, which should be 'age' of course: l. 160, ; for ,—accepted.
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prize
The faire Tindarid laffe, he him fortold,
That her all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priams towne. So wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great joy
Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.

And after him the famous riuers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose fourfe springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Diuine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Paetolus, glistring with his golden flood,
And Tygris fierce, whose stremes of none may be with-
ftood./

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Maeander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempeftuous Phaides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knownen late;
And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the fame.

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;

l. 184, after 'Paetolus'—accepted.
And shame on you, o men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lefte hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, o Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath fold;
The which for sparing little cost or paines,
Tofe fo immortall glory, and fo endlessse gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall found,
Of dainty musicianke, which did next enfew
Before the spoufe: that was Arion crownd;
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him aftsight at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine.
Soone after whom the louely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine,
But him before there went, as best became
His / auncient parents, namely th'auncient Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Ifis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne, and Charwell, two smal streames, which
Them fayues her footing to direcit aright,
Which sayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reafon of the lode,
And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No leffe then'do her elder sisters broode.
Joy to you both, ye double nourfery,
Of Arts, but Oxford thine doth Thame most glorify.

But he their fonne full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittering like Christall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were false or trew.
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castells set,
That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charret wonts to ride,
When to Ioues pallace she doth take her way;
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diadem embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant.
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;

1. 234, 'make-abode.'
That was to meet the famous Troyneant,
which her kingdoms throne is chiefly reliant.

d round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duly, ready to obey;
All little Riviers, which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
In thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasent streame.

Then came his neighbour floods, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meet seruise waited him about;
Ne none disdain'd low to him to lout:
No not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

Here was the speedy Tamar, which deuides
The Cornish and the Deuonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines.
But Auon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines
And glifters wide, as alfe' of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

1. 280, 'choakt.'
And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his fierce deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage flye,
That of his wylineffe his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby;
And Mole, that like a nouling Mole doth make
His way still vnder ground, till Thamus he ouertake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasent floods
The Easern Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne fith vnto their festiuall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they Rute.
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly flid;
And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
Both thirty forts of fife, and thirty fundry streames. 320

Next thefe came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine Monarch built a brafen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualfeuer they doe call:
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: And Eden though but fmall,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

Then came thefe fixe sad brethren, like forlorne, 330
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nympe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Vre, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nide, and troubles Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruely, and in the riever drowned quight.

But past not long, ere Brutus warlike fonne
Locrinus them aueng'd, and the same date, 340
Which the proud Humber vto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:

1. 342, 'doome.'
THE III. BOOKE OF THE [Cant. XI.

For / in the selfe same riuier, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the riuier of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

Thefe after, came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncafter his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call diuine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth moft commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All thefe together marched toward Proteus hall.

Ne thence the Irishe Riuers absent were:
Sith no leffe famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why shoulde they not likewise in loue agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the saluage cütreis, thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The fandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishe fruitful Ban,
Swift Awdiduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerran,

l. 355, : substituted for , ; and so l. 357 : l. 361, ? for.
Strong *Allo* tumbling from Slewlogher steep,
And *Mulla* mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great Gyant *Blomius* begot,
Of the faire Nimph *Rheusa* wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the seafon whot,
Vnder Slewbloome in shady groue was got,
This Gyant found her, and by force deflower'd:
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sones, which being thece forth powrd
In three great riveris ran, and many countreis scowrd.

The fyrst, the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clomnell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Roffeponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe boosome:
All which long sundred, doe at laft accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at laft become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleafaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood,
The spreanding Lee, that like an Island fayre
Encloseth Corke with his deuided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell.

1. 378, ‘hot’: l. 380, ; for, —accepted: l. 384, , after ‘Shure’—accepted:
l. 387, ; for, —accepted.

VII.
Then came the Bride, the louely Medua came,
   Clad in a vesture of vnknowen geare,
   And vncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seemd like filuer, sprinckled here and theare
   With /glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare.
   And wau'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
   Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot,
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
   Vnto her waffe, with flowres be scattered,
The which ambrofiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spread
   As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour shed,
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed little drops, which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
   One cald the Theife, the other cald the Crane;
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
And both behind vpheld her spredding traine;
   Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her filuer feet, faire waft against this day:
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
   Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Downe & eke the Frith, both which prepar'd her way

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
   All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their fire Nereides men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare
The gray eyde Doris: all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift Proto, milde Evrata, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweete Eudore, Sao fad,
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad.

White hand Eunica, proud Dynamene,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Louely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
Light foote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite,
Fairest Pheryia, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agaue, Poris, and Nesea,
With Erato that doth in loue delite,
And Panope, and wise Protomedea,
And snowye neckd Doris, and milkewhite Galatha.

Speedy Hippothoe, and chastie Aetea,
Large Lisjanassa, and Pronaa sage,
Estagore, and light Pontoporea,
And she, that with her leaft word can asswage
The surging seas, when they do forest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout Autone,
And Neve, and Eione well in age,
And seeming still to smile, Glaucome,
And she that hight of many heastes Polynome,

Freh Alimeda, deckt with girland greene;
Hypono, with falt bedewed wrefts:
Laomedia, like the christall sheene;
Lisagore, much praid for wife behets;

1. 436, 'Eudore'—Professor Childs' correction of 'Endore' 1596, 1609, etc.
And Psamathe, for her brode snowy brefts; 460
Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiste iuft;
And fhe that vertue loues and vice detefts
Euarna, and Menippe true in truft,
And Nemertea learned well to rule her luft.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which haue the sea in charge to them affinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to vprere,
To bring forth stormes, or faft them to vpbinde.
And / failers faue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides three thousand more there were
Of th'Oceans feede, but Ioues and Phæbus kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere, 47 2
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the sands, or count theftarres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote, that these which I defcry,
Were prefent at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse Marinell Cymodoce,
Which, for my Mule her felfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouerpas.

1. 471, 'but'—sic '96, 1609, 1611, etc.—some would read 'both.'
Cant. XII.

Marin for love of Florimell,
In langwur wafles his life:
The Nymph his mother geteth her,
And givs to him for wife.

O

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

Therefore the antique wisards well invented,
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witness thee exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous holes, which may of none be red.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count

Of Gods, of Nymphs, of riuers yet vnred:
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which erst I did recount.
ll those were there, and many other more,
Whoose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild euen to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposèd well.
Amongst the rest, was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet bee.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall fire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall Gods to banquet come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a difauntrous case.

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cifieffe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complain'd her carefull grieffe,
Which neuer she before disclciofd to none,
But / to her selfe her sorrow did bemone.
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to seele her grievous pair
And oft to grone with billowes beating from th

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to

l. 45. , for . —accepted, and l. 46.
Cant. XII.

Yet hoping grieue may lessen being told,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:
For heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what euils hap to wretchen wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe the seas I see by often beating,
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares.
Yet though he neuer lift to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretchen yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prifonment.

And when my weary ghost with grieue outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished reft,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profeft,
To let her die, whom he might haue redreft.
There did she paufe, inforced to glue place,
Vnto the paffion, that her heart oppreft,
And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afreh thus to renew her wretchen cafe.

Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall,
Deliever hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long.
And if ye deeme me death for louing one,
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him liue vnlou'd, or loue him selfe alone.

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
Then let mee liue, as louers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare loue beloued be:
And if he shall through pride your doome vndo, 90
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me:
One prifon fittest is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely be.

But vale judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points vnto the free;
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his painge,
He where he lift goes loose, and laughs at me.
So euer loose, so euer happy be. 100
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know Marinell that all this is for thee.
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart (smart.
Would quite haue burft through great abudance of her

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And vnderstood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vsing her fo hard,
His stubborn heart, that neuer felt misfare
Was / toucht with soft remorfe and pitty rare;
That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone, 110—
And inly wish, that in his powre it weare

L. 97, ; substituted for comma, and ! of 1609.
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus fonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his mayfring bridle threw,
That made him toupe, till he did him bestride: 120
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieued minde deuise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus felte to fue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine: 130
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below:
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though vnto his will she giuen were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wift not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wift long to continue there. / 140
At last when as no meanes he could inuent,
Backe to him selte, he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her puniishment;
And with vile curses, and reprochfull shame
To damne him selfe by euery euill name;
And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
That had despisde so chaift and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble & long strife;
Yet had refusde a God that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had loft him selfe, he wift not where;
Oft listenning if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoning her vnworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is faile vnwares
Into same pit, where the him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

And now by this the feaft was throughly ended,
And euery one gan homeward to refort.
Which seeinge Marinell, was fore offended,
That his departure thence shoule be so short,
And leaue his loue in that sea-walled fort.
Yet durst he not his mother difobay,
But her attending in full seemly fort,
Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one aftray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched loue lay day and night,
For / his deare fake, that ill deseru'd that plight:
The thought whereof empiert his hart fo deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weep.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:
His cheeke bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight. 181
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue
He woxe, that lenger he note stand vpright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
Like ruefull ghosft, vnable once to stirre or moue.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret caufe and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine; 190
But weeping day and night, did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which grieu'd her more, that she it could not mend:
To see an helplesse euill, double griefe doth lend.

Nought could she read the roote of his diseafe,
Ne weene what miste maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Moist did she thinke, but moist she thought amis,
That that same formal wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed, 200
But closely rankled under th'orifis:
Leaft did she thinke, that which he moft concealed,  
That loue it was, which in his hart lay vnreuealed. /  

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth haft,  
And him doth chyde as falfe and fraudulent,  
That sayld the truft, which she in him had plaft,  
To cures her fonne, as he his faith had lent;  
Who now was falne into new languifhment  
• Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured.  
So backe he came vnto her patient;  
Where searching euery part, her well assured,  
That it was no old fore, which his new paine procured.  

But that it was some other maladie,  
Or grieue vnknowne, which he could not difcerne:  
So left he her withouten remedie.  
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and came,  
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.  
Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,  
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,  
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,  
It to reveale: who still her answer'd, there was nought.  

Nathlesse she restes not fo satisfide,  
But leaung watry gods, as booting nought,  
Vnto the shinie heauen in hafte she hide,  
And thence Apollo King of Leaches brought,  
Apollo came; who soone as he had sought  
Through his diseafe, did by and by out find,  
That he did languishe of some inward thought,  
The which afflicted his grieved mind;  
Which loue he red to be, that leads each liuing kind.

l. 210, ; for ,—accepted : l. 212, 'That no old fore it was' (1611): l.216,  
'yerne' : l. 227, 'out-find.'
Which when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve:
But / afterwards she gan him soft to shruee,
And wooe with faire intreatie, to disclose,
Which of the Nymphe's his heart so sore did mieue.
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his loue he chose.

Now lef she feared that fame fatall read,
That warned him of womens loue beware:
Which being ment of mortall creatures fead,
For loue of Nymphe she thought she need not care,
But promist him, what euer wight she weare,
That she her loue, to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was, which wrought his paine,
She gan a freth to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to aduize,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denyd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To Proteus selfe to few she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit vnto his Maiestie,
To graunt to her, her fonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had presumptuouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death to die./

To whom God Neptune softly smyling, thus ;
Daughter me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs :
For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine 270
To none, but to the feas sole Soueraine.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what caufe ; the truth discouer plaine.
For neuer wight fo euill did or thought,
But would some rightfull caufe pretend, though rightly
nought.

To whom she answerd, Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my fonne to die ;
For that a waifit, the which by fortune came
Vpon your feas, he claym'd as propertie :
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie, 280
But yours the waifit by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
It to replueue, and my fonne repriue :
So shall you by one gift faue all vs three alive.

He graunted it : and strecth his warrant made,
Vnder the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaundying Proteus straight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his feas imperiall,
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall,
Which she receiving with meete thankefulnesse, 290
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall :
Cont. XII.]  FAERIE QVEENE.

Who reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possesse.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But vnto her deliuered Florimell.
Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well:
For she all liuing creatures did excell;
And was right ioyous, that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being fore bestowed.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspeccion
And seeble spirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeleth the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline
And gins to spred his leafe before the faire sunshine.

Right so himselfe did Marinell vpreare,
When he in place his dearest loue did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddeuly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne leafe was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she shoulde of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

l. 320—after this in 1609 'The end of the fourth Booke.'
THE FIFTH
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning
THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL
OR
OF IVSTICE.

So oft as I with state of present time,
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt thofe, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square,
From the first point of his appointed course,
And being once amisfe growes daily worse and worse.

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now as earst become a stonie one;

l. 1, 'Fift': l. 5, 'Artheall,' as throughout: l. 10, , for —accepted:
l. 18, 'ar' accepted from 1611, for 'at' of '96 and '69.
And men themselues, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone:
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalion:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenered.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of ciuill vyues love,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted fore,
But to the antique vyce, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desyre,
And all men fought their owne, and none no more;
When Iustice was not for most meed outherred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admired.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice: and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so vfe'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are chaunged quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wanded farre from, where it first was pight,
And foe doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For who so lift into the heauens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling sphaeres,
Shall find that from the point, where they first looke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wanded much; that plaine appears.

1, 25, 'degenerated' (1611).
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
*Phrixus* and *Helle* from their stepdames feares, 50
Hath now forgot, where he was plaft of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull, which sayre *Europa* bore.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of *Ioue,*
That they howe cruft the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemeian* lions grome.
So now all range, and doe at random roue
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisfe doe moue,
And all his creatures from their courfe afrefy, 60
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these leffer fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his courfe more right,
But is misscaried with the other Spheres,
For since the terme of fourteene hundred fyres,
That learned *Ptolomae* his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forfake. 70

And if to those *Ægyptian* wizards old,
Which in Star-read were wont haue beft infight,
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Four times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
And wefted twice, where he ought rise aright.

L. 53, *‘beau’*; L. 69, *‘thirtie’*—Dr. Morris queries *‘thirteen’*? but it
matters little which it be, as both are equally pseudo-scientific.
THE V. BOCKE OF THE

But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd,
That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets sound,
Peace vniuersfall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Jusice fate high ador'd with solemn feastes,
And to all people did diuide her dread behestes.

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Reembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose fouereaine powre is herein most express,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Jusice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious fight,
To fit in his owne feate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread Souerayn Goddeffe, that doest higheft fit
In feate of judgement, in th'Almightyes stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doeft to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furtheft Nations files with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy bafeft thrall,
That dare discorsfe of so dluine a read,
As thy great jusice prayfeth ouer all:
The instrument whereof loe here thy Artegall.

l. 83. 'no' (1611) : l. 88, 'dread' : l. 99, 'stead' for 'place'—acceptd.
Cant. / I.

Artagall trayn'd in Iustice lore
Irenaes quest pursuweed,
He dooth avenge on Sanglier
his Ladies blond embrewed.

Though vertue then were held in highest price;
In those old times, of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat. 10
But euermore some of the vertuous race
Rose vp, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient bafe,
nd with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

Ich first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th'East before vntam'd did ouerronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordone.
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed, 20
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre endew'd.
And such was he, of whom I have to tell,
   The Champion of true justice Artegall.
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
   Into redoubted peril forth did call;
That was to succour a distressed Dame,
Whom a strong tyrant did vniuftly thrall,
   And from the heritage, which she did claim,
Did with strong hand withhold: Grantor to was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which Eirena hight,
   Did to the Faery Queene her way address,
To whom complaing her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gratious redresse.
That soueraine Queene, that mightie Empereffe,
   Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
   Chose Artegall to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best fild in righteous lore.

For Artegall in justice was vpbrught
   Euen from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught:
By faire Astraea, with great industrie,
   Whilst here on earth she liued mortallie.
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule inquitie,
   Astraea here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of justice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
   Upon a day she found this gentle childe,

l. 33, 'Irena.'
 FAERIE QUEENE.  

Of his peres playing his childish sport:
seeing fit, and with no crime desilde,
allure with gifts and speaches milde,
and with her. So thence him farre she brought
caus from companie exilde,
ch she nourfled him, till yeares he raught,
discipline of iustice there him taught.

He him taught to weigh both right and wrong
all ballance with due recompence,
quitie to measure out along,
ing to the line of conscience,
so it needs with rigour to dispence.
The which, for want there of mankind,
used him to make experience
wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
gfull powre oppreffing others of their kind.

him trayned, and thus she him taught,
the skill of deeming wrong and right,
the ripeness of mans yeares he raught;
uen wilde beasts did feare his awfull fight,
uen admyr'd his ouerruling might;
lyd on ground, that durft withstand
eadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
e the horror of his wreakfull hand,
he lift in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

Eely brand, to make him dreaded more,
ue vnto him, gotten by her flight
ernest search, where it was kept in store
es eternall house, vnwift of wight,

l. 78, 'dradded.'
Since he himselfe it v'ld in that great fight
Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;
*Chrysaor* that all other swords excelled,
Well prou'd in that same day, when *Ioue* thos*e Gyants* (quelled.

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wife, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.
For there no substance was so firme and hard
But it would pierce or cleawe, where so it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out ward,
But wherefoeuer it did light, it throughly shard.

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
*Astrae* loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heauen, whence she deriu'd her race;
Where she hath now an euerlafting place,
Mongst thos*e twelue signes, which nightly we doe se=
The heauens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
And is the *Virgin*, fixt in her degree,
And next her selfe her righteous ballance hanging be=

But when she parted hence, she left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her stedfaft doome,
And willed him with *Artegall* to wend,
And doe what euer thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoueable, resiftylesse; without end.

248  *THE V. BOOKE OF THE*  [Cant. 1.]

90
100
110
Who in his hand an yron fiale did hould,
With which he thereft out falshood, and did truth vn-
fould.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunft to neede,
Againft that cruell Tyrant, which oppreft
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she shoule succed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed, 120
Lamenting fore his forowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

To / whom as they approched, they espide
A forie fight, as euer feene with eye ;
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolorie dye.
Much was he mowed at that ruefulf fight ;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt, who had that Dame so fouly dight ; 130
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight ?

Ah woe is me, and well away (quoth hee)
Burfting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
That euer I this dismali day did see :
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke ;
Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I shoule graunt that I haue doen the fame,
That I mote drinke the cup, whereof she dranke :
But that I shoule die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with shame. 140
Who was it then (say'd Artegall) that wrought?
And why? doe it declare vnto me trew.
A knight (sai'd he) if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre loue, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, hauing in companie
This lucklesse Ladie, which now here doth headlesse lie.

He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he waxed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it denye;
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne,
But he, whose spirit was with pride vpblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right,
But hauing from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her fet, to beare her out of sight.

Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not fo to leaue her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my loue away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his & mine owne loue to morrow.

Aread (sai'd he) which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?

L. 142, for, —accepted: L. 153, 'knowen': L. 167, 'morrow'.
To hope (quoth he) him soone to ouertake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloody field;
xpressing well his nature, which the same did wield.

So sooner sayd, but straight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursu'd so light,
As that it seem'd about the ground he went:
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lyon in his Lordly might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir Sanglier; (so clepeed was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghesled by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his shield he tooke.

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that vncliuill so:
And straight at him with all his force did go.
Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a fencelesse blocke.

But ere he could him selfe secure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
He found him selfe vnwift, so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the Ladie sore adrad,
And fail'd to fly for fear of being thrall;
But he her quickly staid, and forst to wend withall.

When to the place they came, where Artegall
By that name careful Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demand of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with stern countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereupon deside:
For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his loue, but his owne proper good.

Well did the Squire perceiue him selfe too weake,
To aunswere his defaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with speare and shield./
And rather guilty chose him selfe to yield.
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine,
That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer loue to gaine,

Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine.

And sayd, now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.
But if ye please, that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my judgement to abide.
Thereto they both did frankly condicend,
And to his doome with liftfull cares did both attend.
Sith then (fayd he) ye both the dead deny,
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and liuing equally
Deuided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke who does differ from this my read,
He for a twelue moneths day shall in desfpight
Beare for his penance that fame Ladies head;
To witenesse to the world, that she by him is dead.

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the Lady to be slaine.
But that fame Squire, to whom she was more dere,
When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield, she rather shoulde with him remaine
Aliue, then to him selfe be shared dead;
And rather then his loue should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head
True loue despifeth shame, when life is cald in dread.

Whom / when so willing Artegaull perceaued;
Not so thou Squire, (he sayd) but thine I deeme
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that loue so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leaue the fame,
Take here your owne, that doth you best beneeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abrode your shame.

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast;

l. 239, 'his' for 'is.'
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breaste.
Vntill that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to refist,
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore,
For his great iustice, held in high regard;
And as his Squire him offred euermore
To serue, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his aduenture hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
But leaving him forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went.
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.

l. 269, (ar ... Squire).
Cant. II.

Artegal heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies, dravnes Lady Munera,
Does race her castle quight.

Ought is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme braue cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
Whilome thos great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull deedes,
And place deferred with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice fake proceedes.

To which as he now was vppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarf in ha sty courfe;
Whom he requir'd his forward haft to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discouerfe.
Loth was the Dwarf, yet did he stay perfore,
And gan of fundry newes his ftore to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse:

1. 3, 'Munera'—obvious correction of 'Momera' of '96, 1609, etc. : 1. 5,
'refe': 1. 21, 'As' accepted for 'And' of '96.
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

For this was Dony, Florimels owne Dwarfe,
Whom hauing loft (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But / of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare 30
Should be solemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousfall ad.

Within three daies (quoth hee) as I do here,
It will be at the Castle of the ftrond;
What time if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her feruice, so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruel Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges passage by fstrong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne; 40
That makes all men for feare that passage for to fhome.

What mister wight (quoth he) and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?
He is (sai'd he) a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
Through fstrong oppression of his powre extort; 49
By which he stille them holds, & keepes with fstrong effort.

1. 33, 'hee' for 'shee' of '96: 1. 35, 'nought,' as before.
and dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more,
For neuer wight he lets to passe that way,
Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Elfe he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of euill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which polls and pils the poore in piteous wize;
it he him selfe vppon the rich doth tyrannize.
his name his hight Pollente, rightly so
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth ouergo,
And makes them subiekt to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap fals pight, (fight.
through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-
and vnderneath the same a riuer flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall; 70
Into the which whom so he ouerthrowes,
All defitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
But he him selfe through practife vfuall,
Leapes forth into the floud, and there affaiies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horfe and man he equally dismaies,
and either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.
hen doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:

l. 52, substituted for  .

VII. 17
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threfury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,
That many Princes she in wealth excessedes,
And purchaseth all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and filuer feete beseide,
That many Lords haue her to wife desired:
But she them all despiseth for great pride.
Now / by my life (fayd he) and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make—

Vnto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile.
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with fculle all raw,
That passage money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law.
To whom he aunswered wroth, loe there thy hire;
And with that word him strooke, that freight he did expire.

Which when the Pagan saw, he wexed wroth,
And freight him selue vnto the fight addrest,
Ne was Sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall 110
Into the floud: streight leapt the Carle vnblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that vs well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew: 120
And eke the courfer, whereupon he rad,
Could swim like to a fishe, whiles he his backe bestrad./

Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no waye, but cloe with him in haft;
And to him driuing strongly downe the tide,
Vppon his iron coller griped faft,
That with the straint his wefand nigh he braft.
There they together strooc and struggled long,
Either the other from his steede to caft;
Ne euer Artegall his grieple strong 130
For any thing wold flacke, but still vppon him hong.

As when a Dolphin and a Seale are met,
In the wide champaign of the Ocean plaine:
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The mayfterdome of each by force to gaine,

l. 126, 'hot.'
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They snuf, they snort, they boiuce, they rage, they
That all the sea disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with some above the surges hore.
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome vprore.

So Artegall at length him forft forfake
His horfes backe, for dread of being drown'd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Estfoones him selfe he from his hold vnbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd:
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durft the depth of any water fownd.
So ought each Knight, that vfe of perill has,
In swimming be expert through waters force to pas.

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
Uncertaine whether had the better fide:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly ride.
But / Artegall was better breath'd besome,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare him selfe vpright,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But Artegall pursed him still so neare,
With bright Chryfaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
Aboue the brinkke, to tread vpon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on him
dight.

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whole waters with his filthy bloud it fayned:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble ouerren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy deside,
Beatenn with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his servaunt Talus to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

Eftioones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron fleale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did fore amate,
The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst fo hie.
Yet still he bet, and bounst vpon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the houfe with feare and great vprore.

With noife whereof the Lady forthe appeared
Vpon the Castle wall, and when she saw
The daunourous fstate, in which the flood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare ouerthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below,
To ceafe his outrage, and him faire besought,
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise preuaile, or make him ceafe for ought.

But when as yet she saw him to proceede,
Vnmou'd with praiers, or with piteous thought,
She sent him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And caufde great fackes with endleffe riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vpbrught,
And powred forth ouer the Castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought
Whileft he to gathering of the gold did fall.

But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted therewithall;

But still continu'd his affault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maifter to affaille.
Who / being entred, nought did then auaille
For wight, against his powre them felves to reare:
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,

l. 210, (though . . . bought) : l. 212, ; for . — accepted.
And hid them selues in corners here and there; 220
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her self for feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away:
But Talus, that could like a limehound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out, whereas she hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array,
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Astegall him selfe her feemelesse plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the courfe 231
Of Iustice, which in Talus hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorfe,
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissiuely.
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of siluer trye,
Which sought vnrighteoufnesse, and yustice fold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might the behold.

Her selfe then tooke he by the scelnder waft, 240
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her caft,
And there she drowned in the durtie mud:
But the streme wafted away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her fire had scrap't by hooke and crooke =
And burning all to ashes, pow'r'd it downe the brooke. 

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
Euen from the sole of his foundation, 250
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall vndid the euill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge refourmed.
Which done, vnto his former journey he retourned.

In which they meafur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew ;
By which as they did trauell on a day, 260
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew :
Whose great assembly they did much admire,
For never there the like refort they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the fame to counterpoys.
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys :
Yet was admired much offooles, women, and boys.

l. 247; for , substituted : l. 249, 'rased': l. 263, , for .—accepted.
He sayd that he would all the earth vptake,
And all the sea, deuided each from either :
So would he of the fire one balauruce make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or wether :
Then / would he balauruce heauen and hell together,
And all that did within them all conteyne ; 281
Of all whose weight, he would not misse a fether.
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

For why, he sayd, they all vnequall were,
And had encroched vpon others share,
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had wore the earth ; so did the fire the aire ;
So all the rest did others parts empaire.
And so were realmes and nations run awry. 290
All which he vnertooke for to repaire,
In f ort as they were formed aunciently ;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And clusseth thicke vnto his leaflings vaine,
Like foolishe flies about an hony crocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vncontroled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see, and heare,
How he mis-led the simple peoples traine, 300
In sdeignfull wize he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare ;

1. 285, after 'sayd'—accepted: l. 288, 'earth' is misprinted 'care' in
1. 292; and: for, and; for,—accepted: l. 302, for.—accepted.
Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
     And all things to an equall to refure,
In stead of right, me seemes great wrong dost shew,
     And far aboue thy forces pitch to fore.
For ere thou limit what is leffe or more
In euery thing, thou oughtest first to know,
     What was the poyse of euery part of yore:
     And looke then how much it doth overflow,
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trow.

For at the first they all created were
     In goodly measure, by their Makers might,
     And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
     In which it doth immoueable abide,
     Hemd in with waters like a wall in fight;
     And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
Al which the heauens containe, & in their courfes guide—

Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,
     That euery one doe know their certaine bound,
     In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
     And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found—
     But if thou now shouldest weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
     All change is perilous, and all chaunce vnfound.
     Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their courfe retaine.

Thou foolish Elfe (faind then the Gyant wroth)
     Seest not, how badly all things present bee,

1. 305, ,—accepted after 'right': l. 315, . for ,—accepted.
And each estate quite out of order go'th?
The sea it selfe doest thou not plainly see
Encroch vppon the land there vnder thee;
And th'earth it selfe how daily its increast,
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then furceast,
And from the moft, that some were giuen to the leaft?

Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowly plaine:
Thefe towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And / as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men subie&/ to their law,
I will suppreffe, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.

If things vnseene how canft thou deeme a right,
Then answer'd the righteous Artegall,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in fight?
What though the sea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the leffe, or loseth ought,
For whatfoeuer from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto an other brought:
For there is nothing loft, but may be found, if sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more,
By all that dying into it doe fade.
For of the earth they formed were of yore;
How euer gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourishe now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that, whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie.

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne euer any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils enuy.
He maketh Kings to fit in soueraignty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteht vp on hy;
He giues to this, from that he takes away.
For all we haue is his: what he lift doe, he may. /

What euer thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,
Ne loofe that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore dest thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,
Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the caufes, nor their cours ef dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde, that vnder heauen doth blow.
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought, that from man's mind doth flow.
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canst thou those greater secrets know, 390
That dost not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

Therewith the Gant much abashed sayd;
That he of little things made reckoning light,
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballance, he could way aright.
Which is (sayd he) more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the true?
He answer'd, that he would try it first,
So he the words into his ballance threw, 400
But first the winged words out of his ballance flew.

Wroth went he then, and sayd, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballance well abide.
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, sayd Artegall, let it be tride.
First in one ballance set the true aside.
He did so first; and then the false he layd
In th'other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meanes could in the weight be sayd.
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

Now take the right likewise, said Artegale, 411
And counterpeize the same with so much wrong.
So fyrst the right he put into one scale;
And then the Gyant stroue with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peife; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe lay.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almoost would his balances haue broken:
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said; be not vpon thy balance wroken:
For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
And so likewise of words, the which he spokene,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare;
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share;
And then together doe them both compare.
For truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right fate in the middeft of the beame alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
For it was not the right, which he did seeke;

l. 419, 'lay'—accepted for 'noy,' repeated from former line in 66;
L 430 within ( ).
But rather strue extremities to way,
Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eek.
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approaching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand pesees riues,
And spoyleing all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in pesees lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high afpyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden defolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to stirre vp ciuell faction,
For certaine losse of so great expectation.
For well they hoped to haue got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation.
Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise, when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo.
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In / the base blood of such a rascal crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursu'e.
Therefore he Talus to them sent, t'inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to defire.

But soone as they him nigh approching spied,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
But when at them he with his flaire gan lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselues in holes and bushes from his vew.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost ouertooke,
Doe hide themselues from her astonying looke,
Amongt the flags and couer'd round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forfooke
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Ariegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.
Cant. III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
where turney many knyghts:
There Braggadochio is vncafed
in all the Ladies fights.

A
fter long stormes and tempests ouerblowne,
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at laft muft needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oftimes despire.

So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes sufferd whyleare,
In which captiued she many moneths did mourne,
To taint of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell, was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her spouf and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And solemne feafts and giufts ordain'd therefore.

To which there did resort from euery side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was abfent, that braue courage bore.

VII.

18
To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly seruice, the deviçefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full fatietie
Of meates and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and prooffe of cheualrie
They gan themselues addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all iis'u'd Sir Marinell,
And with him fixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine, that the all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard aßayes:
The second had to name Sir Bellifont,
But secondevnone in prowesse prayfe;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecaflor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, skild in louely layes;
The fixt was Lansack, a redoubted Knight: (fight.
All fixe well seene in armes, and prou'd in many a

And them against came all that lift to giuft,
From euery coast and countrie vnder sunne:

1. 28, after 'delights'—accepted.
None was debard, but all had leave that luft.
The trompets found; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights vnhorft, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud refounded.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all ftroue with perill to winne fame.
Yet whether side was victor, note be gheft:
But at the last the trompets did proclaim
That Marinell that day defereued best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that shoulde due tryall lend
Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deedes of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rash'ing off helmes, and ryuing plates a fonder,
That evey one his daunger did echef.
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
Tha't all men stood amaz'd, & at his might did wonder.

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowess greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they haue him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind.
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forfaken,
Vnleffe some succour had in time him ouertaken.

It fortun'd whylefet they were thus ill bechet,
Sir Artegall into the Tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his snowye Dame.
Where / when he understood by common fame,
What euill hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mou'd at so vnworthie shame,
And strecthe that boastere prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

So forth he went, and soone them ouer hent,
Where they were leading Marinell away,
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array ;
Of which th'one halfe vpon himselfe did set,
Th'other stayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fistie bet ;
And from th'other fistie soone the prisoner set.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe ;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew,
Whom with fore hauocke soone they ouerthrew, 110
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in prentious store
That his salfe Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whose 121
The honour of the prize shou'd be adivudg'd by those. /

And thether alio came in open fight
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
And best to him, to whom the best shou'd fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they shou'd the girland yield.
Who came not forth: but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield, 130
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

The fight whereof did all with gladnesses fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the prife
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name refounded thrife:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayreft Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
Approu'd that day, that she all others did excell. 140
To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud difdaie did scornfull answere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did vndertake,
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did vncomely speaches crate.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare, what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there befide,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele.
Whom when discouered they had throughly eide,
With / great amazement they were stupefide;
And saide, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell her selfe she then did pas.
So feeble skil of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly difmayd;
Ne wift he what to thinke, or to deuife,
But like as one, whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht ftood: ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with faft fixed eies
He gazed still vpon that snowy mayd;
Whom euer as he did the more auize,
The more to be true Florimell he did furmise.

l. 163, : for, accepted.
As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,
Mounted in Phoebus chariot stelie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn’d with lampes of flaming light, 171
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright.
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene
The semblant of this falfe by his faire beauties Queene.

All which when Artegaill, who all this while
Stood in the preaffe close couered, well aduewed,
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed, 180
And vnto all himselle there open shewed,
And to the boaster sade ; Thou losell bafe,
That haft with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
And others worth with leafings doesst deface,
When they are all restor’d, thou shalt rest in disgrace. /

That shied, which thou doesst beare, was it indeed,
Which this dayes honour sau’d to Marinell ;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that seruice vnto Florimell.
For proove shew forth thy sword, and let it tell, 190
What strokes, what dreadfull floure it fird this day :
Or shew the wounds, which vnto thee befell ;
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
So fharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

ll. 177-8 (soho... couer’d): ib., ‘aduewed’ = ‘ad viewed,’ which Upton suggested (‘had viewed.”)
But this the sword, which wrought those cruel wounds,
   And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
   And these the signes, (so shewed forth his wounds)
   By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
   Is not (I wager) Florimell at all ;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
   That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For proove whereof, he bad them Florimell forth call.

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
   Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace :
Where to her bashfull shamefaftnesse ywrought
   A great increas in her faire blushing face ;
   As roses did with lillies interlace.
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
   She inly yet conceived great disgrace.
Whom when as all the people such did vew,
   They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
   Like the true saint befoide the image set ;
   Of both their beauties to make paragone,
   And triall, whether should the honor get.
   Streight / way fo foone as both together met,
   Th'enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought :
   Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
   Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th'emptie girdle, which about her waft was wrought.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire,
   Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide

1. 214, ; for ,—accepted.
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which when as all that present were, beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with fenellesse horror queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none vnderstood.
And Braggadochio selfe with derriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corfe immoueable he ftood.

But Artegall that golden belt vptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimell owne girdle, from her rest,
While she was flying, like a weary west,
From that foule monster, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vn buckling eft,
Prefented to the fayreft Florimell;
Who round about her tender waft it fitted well. /

Full many Ladies often had asfayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;

l. 224, ‘beau,’ as before; and, for i—accepted.
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans waft
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Vnlesse that she were continent and chaft,
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgraft.

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest praaffe of people came,
His owne good fleed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And th'one hand feizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his sword: for with the same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:
And had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that fame warlike horfe.
For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates haue perfore,
Or it approue vpon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artagall perceiued,
He nigh them drew, to sty th'auengers forse,
And gan inquire, how was that fleed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by flight deceaued.

Who all that piteous florie, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were flaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,

1. 260 (as . . . befell): l. 273, , after 'drew'—accepted.
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine:
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him thereto constraine.
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lofe, then trie in armes his right.

Which Arsegall well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe shoulde him the field denie,
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
If that (sai'd Guyon) may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horse's shoe, who lift to secke it there.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:
But with his heele so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in pieces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spake.
Another that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodereed hedstall tooke:
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed with, and all his shoulder split.

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
Vntill that Guyon felde vnto him spake.
And called Brigadore (so was he highe)
Whose voice so soone as he did vndertake,
Essoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see:
And when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And stirkt, and fong aloft, and louted low on knee. /  

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed,
That vnto him the horfe belong'd, and sayd ;
Lo there Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden faddle is arayd ;
And let that lofell, plainly now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horfe haue gayned.
But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbrayd,
And him reuil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That judgement fo vniuft against him had ordayned.

Much was the knight incenft with his lewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villeny ;
And thrife did lay his hand vpon his sword,
To haue him flaine, or dearely doen aby.
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee :
It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall ;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Vpon him did inffict this punishment.
First he his beard did shaua, and fowly shent :
Then from him refht his shield, and it renuerff,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherff,
And broke his fword in twaine, and all his armour sperff.

1. 328, : —accepted : l. 330, ; for , —accepted : l. 335, 'smerff.'
The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away:
   But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie. 340
Who ouertaking him did disfaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And / out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with bafe villanie,
From all braue knights be bannisht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

Now when these counterfeits were thus vncahed.
   Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced, 350
All gan to ieft and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knauerie.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauerie
He them abused, through his subtil flightes,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their flightes.

There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vsurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights, 360
Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:
And turne we here to this faire surrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather frether sprights,
That when as time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his firt adventure may him forward send. /

1. 357 in ’96 not brought out as usual: l. 362, ‘we here’—accepted for ‘were here’ of ’96.
Cant. IIII.

Artegall dealth right betwixt
two brethren that doe strive,
Saues Terpine from the gallows tree,
and doth from death reprise.

V V
Ho so vpon him selfe will take the skill
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
Had neede haue mightie hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride, 10
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
Vnleffe it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.
For powre is the right hand of iustice truely hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of iustice giuen was in truft,
That they might execute her judgements wife,
And with their might beat downe licentious luft,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence luft.
Whereof no brauer presidet this day 20
Remaines on earth, preferu'd from yron ruft
Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of Artegaill, which here we haue to say.

Who hauing lately left that louely payre,
   Enlincked faist in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
   With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed / from the Castle of the Strond,
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his affistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and gouernment.

With whom as he did passe by the sea shore,
   He chaunst to come, whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred vp with different desires,
Together strone, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to affwage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good,
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more increast
their mood.

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
   Faist bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt vppon the lands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against them felues their cruell hands.

1. 28, 'Strond.'
The V. Booke of the

But euermore, those Damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall. 50

But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,
And batailes doubtfull profe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustify.
So stood they both in readinesse: thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
When Astegall arriving happily,
Did slay a while there greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent. 60

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our fire, Milegio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Islands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this deouering Sea, that naught doth spare, 70
The most part of my land hath wafted away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lou'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,

1. 55, 'in readinesse there-by.'
With whom a goodly doure I should haue got,  
And should haue ioyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

Then did my younger brother Amidas  
Loue that fame other Damzell, Lucy bright,  
To whom but little dowre allotted was;  
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.  
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?  
But now when Philtra saw my lands decay,  
And former liuelod fayle, she left me quight,  
And to my brother did ellope freight way:  
Who taking her from me, his owne loue left atra.

She seeing then her selfe forsaken so,  
Through dolorous despaire, which she conceyued,  
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,  
Thinking to haue her grieue by death bereaued.  
But I see how much her purpose was deceived.  
Whilest thus amidst the billowes beating of her  
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,  
She chauntf vnwares to light upon this coffeer,  
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

The wretched mayd that earst desir'd to die,  
When as the paine of death she tafted had,  
And but halfe seene his ugly viñnomic,  
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad,  
For any death to chaunge life though most bad:  
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,  
The lucky Pylot of her paßage fad,
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last vppon mine Isle did rest.

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore,
Did her esp'y, and through my good endeav'or
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned fore
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did helpe to saue her.
She then in recompence of that great fav'our,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good, which Fortune gaue her,
Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
Great threfaure thence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.
But this same other Damzell since hath fain'd,
That to her selfe that threfaure appertain'd;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordain'd,
But suffred cruel shipwrecke by the way.
But whether it be fo or no, I can not say.

But whether it indeede be fo or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it stille.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my loue (though now it little skill,)

[126 within ( ).]
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray; 130
But I will it defend, whilst euer that I may.

So hauing sayd, the younger did enfew;
   Full true it is, what so about our land
   My brother here declared hath to you:
   But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
   But for this threasure throwne vpon his strand;
   Which well I proue, as shall appeare by triall,
   To be this maides, with whom I fastned hand,
   Known by good markes, and perfect good espiall,
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall. 140

When thus they ended had, the Knight began;
   Certes your strife were easie to accord,
   Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
   Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
   To bide what judgement ye shall vs afford.
   Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
   Vnder my foote let each lay downe his fword,
   And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd; 150
   Now tell me Amidas, if that ye may,
   Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
   Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,
   By / what good right doe you withhold this day?
   What other right (quoth he) shoulde you esteme,
   But that the sea it to my share did lay?
   Your right is good (fayd he) and so I deeme,
   That what the sea vnto you sent, your own shoulde seeme.
Then turning to the elder thus he sayd;
Now Bracidas let this likewise be showne.
Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayed,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right (quoth he) should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good (fayd he) and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own shoulde seeme.

For equall right in equall things doth stand,
For what the mighty Sea hath once posslef,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
Or else by wracke, that wretches hath distreft,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he lift.
So Amidas, the land was yours first hight,
And so the threasure yours is Bracidas by right.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased:
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that judgement seafe.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall
When as their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old questhe, the which him forth did call.

So as he truelled vpon the way,
He chaunft to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
· To whom his course he hastily applide,
   To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide. 190
To whom when he approched neare in fight,
(An uncouth fight) he plainely then descrie
   To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
   With both his hands behind him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
   As ready for the gallow tree prepared:
His face was couered, and his head was bar'd,
   That who he was, vnethe was to descry; 200
And with full heauy heart with them he far'd,
   Griev'd to the foule, and groning inwardly,
That he of women's hands so base a death should dy.

But they like tyrants, merciless the more,
   Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
   With bitter taunts, and termes of vile disgrace.
Now when as Artegall arriu'd in place,
   Did akke, what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace, 210
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares some villainous affay.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
   And drawing backe deceiued their intent;

l. 196, ‘pinnioned’ (1611).
Yet though him selfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To / wreck upon them their follies hardyment:
Who with few fowces of his yron flake,
Disperfed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale,
Of their vaine prowess, turned to their proper bale.

But that same wretched man, ordaind to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of fowle death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did fit,
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom foone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

Sir Turpine, haplesse man, what make you here?
Or haue you lost your selfe, and your discretion,
That euery in this wretched case ye were?
Or haue ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subjection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is faine on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne fo fondly far astray,
As for to lead your selfe vnto your owne decay?

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all athonisht he him selfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus; Most haplesse well ye may
Me iufty terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of Knighthod this same day.
But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will surpasseth humaine thought. /

Right true: but faulty men vse ofteentimes
To attribute their folly vnto fate, 250
And lay on heuen the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this estate.
Then sith ye needs (quoth he) will know my shame,
And all the ill, which chaunft to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not ture my blam.

Being defirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard adventues deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt, 260
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the braue Knights, that hold of Maidenhead,
And vnto them wrought all the villany,
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of Belloiant the bold, 270
To whom she bore most fervent loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But when she saw at last, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn’d her loue to hatred manifold,
The V. Booke of the

And for his fake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights, which now she doth fulfill.

For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate,
First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weeds: And then with threat
Doth / them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to few, to washe, to wring;
Ne doth she giue them other thing to eat,
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to difable from reveuenge adventuring.

But if through stout disdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud obsueruance will withstand,
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causth them be hang'd vp out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand.
For being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base seruice of her band,
I rather chose to die in liues despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How hight that Amazon (sayd 'Artegall?')
And where, and how far hence does she abide?
Her name (quoth he) they Radigund doe call,
A Princesse of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And sundry battells, which she hath atchieued
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it pried.
Now sure (said he) and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest, till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth show.
Therefore Sir Terpin from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praiſe she would empaire. /

With that, like one that hopelesſe was repry'ud
From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
Thofe yron fetters, wherewith he was gyu'd,
The badges of reprooch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone,
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway:
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name she called Radigone. 320

Where they arriving, by the watchmen were
Descried streight; who all the citty warned,
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harness ran,
And like a sort of Bees in clutters swarmed:
Ere long their Queene her selfe halfe like a man
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.
And now the Knights being arriued neare,
    Did beat vppon the gates to enter in,
    And at the Porter, skorning them so few,
    Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
    To teare his fleshe in peeces for his sin.
    Which when as Radigund there comming heard,
    Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
    She bad that streight the gates shoulde be vnbar'd,
    And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

Soone as the gates were open to them fet,
    They press'd forward, entraunce to haue made.
    But in the middle way they were ymet,
    With a sharpe shoure of arrowes, which them staid,
    And / better bad aduife, ere they affaid
    Vnknowen perill of bold womens pride.
    Then all that rout vppon them rudely laid,
    And heaped strokes so fast on euery side,
    And arrowes haid so thicke, that they could not abide.

But Radigund her selfe, when she espide
    Sir Terpin, from her hirefull doome acquit,
    So cruell doile amongt her mai'des dauide,
    T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit;
    All fadainely inflam'd with furious fit,
    Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
    And on his head-peece him fo fiercely smit.

l. 332, Dr. Morris annotates "'so few'(so all copies). Church proposed to alter 'near in', in l. 1, to 'new', so as to rhyme with 'few.' Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read 'to fears, instead of 'so few,' thus making a suitable rhyme for 'near.'" All very ingenious tinkering; but it must be repeated Spenser shews repeatedly such neglects, and was no Purist: l. 335. 1611 of course corrects into 'their': l. 350, 'doale ... divide': l. 351, ; for ,—accepted.
Cant. IIII.]  
FAERIE QUEENE.

That to the ground him quite she overthrew,  
Dismay'd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grouell,  
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke  
Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell,  
Weening at once her wrath on him to wraeke, 360  
And his contempt, that did her iudgement breake.  
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruel claws  
Vpon the carkasse of some beast too weake,  
Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,  
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe caufe.

Whom when as Artesall in that distresse  
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter,  
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse.  
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her  
Such an huge stroke, that it of fence distraught her : 370  
And had she not it warded warily,  
It had depriued her mother of a daughter.  
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply,  
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye. /

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,  
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,  
To weather his brode failes, by chaunce hath spide  
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share  
Vpon some fowle, that shoulde her feast prepare ;  
With dreadful force he flies at her byliue, 380  
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,  
Her from the quarry he away doth drive,  
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rieue,
But soone as she her fence recouer'd had,
   She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
Through vengefull wrath & sdeignfull pride half mad:
   For neuer had she suffred such despight.
But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
   Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far a sunder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did vntill euening laft.

And euery while that mighty yron man,
   With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and ouerran,
   And broke their bowes, and did their shothing marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
   Him to assault, nor once approach him nie,
But like a fort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their deouering enemie,
   400
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But when as daies faire shinie-beame, yclowded
   With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be throwed,
   Bold Radigund with sound of trumpne on hight,
Cauf'd / all her people to surceafe from fight,
   And gathering them vnto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her fight,
   And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrace.
   410

When thus the field was voided all away,
   And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
Weary of toile and trauell of that day,
Cau'd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
Together with sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus vsde in times of iecopardy
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

But Radigund full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke, which she sustaion'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe,
But tosset in her troublous mind, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There she resolu'd her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day a defauenterous fight.

She called forth to her a trufty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd;
Goe damzell quickly, doe thy selfe address,
To doe the message, which I shal expresse.
Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yeestter day droue vs to such disstresse,
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

But these conditions doe to him propound,
That if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and euer to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquishe may,

l. 413 within ( ): l. 431, 'Clarind': l. 440, ; for , and l. 441, , for ;
-accepted.
What euer he shall like to doe or say.
Goe freight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shal hungry fit.

The Damzell freight obeyd, and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;
Where founding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto thofe warlike Knights the warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuings from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets founding ment:
Where that fame Damzell lowdlly him be spoke,
And shew'd, that with his Lord she would emparlaunce
make.

So he them freight conducted to his Lord,
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'fies meete,
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete.
But Artgall him selfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

l. 446, ; for , ; and so l. 448: l. 455, 'emperience'
Cant. V.

Artegall fights with Radigund
And is subdued by guile:
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wife.

So soone as day forth dawning from the East,
Nights humid curtaine from the heauens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast,
Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
Thefe noble warriors, mindefull to pursuaw
The last daies purpoze of their vowed fight,
Them seleues thereto preparde in order daw;
The Knight, as beft was seeming for a Knight,
And th' Amazon, as beft it likt her selfe to dight.

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,
And quilted vpon sattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham, but when she lift, it raught

l. 5, 'Clarinda.'
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereupon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
   Bafted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailles betwene, and laced close afore:
Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide, /
   With an embroidered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Vpon the boffe with stones, that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

So forth she came out of the city gate,
   With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Vpon her perfon for her sure defence,
   Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight.
So forth into the field she marched thence,
   Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight,
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

Then forth came Arsegall out of his tent,
   All arm'd to point, and firft the Lifts did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
   And countenaunce fierce, as haung fully bent her,
That battels utmost triall to aduenture.
The Lifts were closed fast, to barre the rout
   From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting, how Fortune would resolue that daungerous dout.
Cant. V.]  FAERIE QUEENE.

The Trumpets founded and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began, and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart haue rended:
But he that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw him felse right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewed, she foyned, she lasht, she laid on every side.

Yet / still her blowes he bore, and her forbore, 60
Weening at laft to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew:
Which sayling he gan fiercely her pursw.
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborn metal seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feelles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron pledge doth strongly on it beat.

So did Sir Artegall vpon her lay,
As if she had an yron anduile beene, 70
That flakes of fire, bright as the funny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene.
But with her shield so well her felse she warded,
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded:
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

l. 63: for,—accepted.
For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side it selfe did naked shew,
And thenceforth vnto daunger opened way.
Much was she moued with the mightie swayne
Of that fad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedie Beare vnto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew, \(\text{(drew.}\)
That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to vpbrayd that chaunce, which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almoost,
With fplaintfull speaches, fitting with her well; / 90
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her fstroke with puiissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,
Vpon her helmet he againe her fstroke,
That downe she fell vpon the grasse field;
In fenceeliee sowne, as if her life forfooke,
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke. 100
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreafull looke,
And her sunshyne helmet soone vnlace,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

But when as he discouered had her face,
He saw his sences straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudenessse of that euill plight,
Bewray'd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

At fight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Curst his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this vpstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

Soone / as the knight she there by her did spy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault vpon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he till retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

Like as a Puttocke hauing spyde in fight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made vnmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vain,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Euen so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and forely him constaine.

Nought could he do, but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
And with his single shielde, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And euermore he gently did desyre,
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her deliuered had his shielde,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet he was iuustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake fo warelesse word, /
To be her thrall, and seruice her afford.
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull loft, that he before attayned.
No sayrre conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.
But Terpine borne to'a more vnhappy howre,
As he, on whom the lucklesse starrs did lowre,
She caud to be attacht, and forthwith led
Vnto the crooke t'abide the balefull stowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaille amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so fondred;
Whose prefence all their troupes so much encombred
That th'heapes of those, which he did wound and flay,
Befides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay,
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caufed him to be disarmed quight,
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In stead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
In stead of Curietts and bafes fit for fight.

So / being clad, he brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was field
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she caufs his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword, for seare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre vp battailous alarmes.
There entred in, he round about him saw
Many braue knights, whose names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd to vncomely vew.
But they were forft through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:
For nought was giuen them to fup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen twyne.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A fordid office for a mind so braue.
So hard it is to be a womans slaue,
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despiught,
And thereto did himselfe right well behaue,
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight,
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands, the distaffe vile to hold,
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters, which the world annoyed;
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely joyed
In combats of sweet loue, and with his miftresse toyed.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they haue shaken off the shamefaft band,
With which wife Nature did them strongly bynd,
T'obay the heat's of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand,
To purchase a licentious libertie.
But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Vnleff the heauens them lift to lawfull soueraintie. 230

Thus there long while continu'd Artegaill,
Seruing proud Radigund with true subjection;
How euer it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing choisen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after luft did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue straunge.

Which long concealing in her couert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded fpright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
To serue the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servuant make her souerayne Lord:
So great her pride, that she such basenesse much abhor'd.

So much the greater still her anguiish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her loue-ficke hart;
And still the more she stroue it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th’hidden dart.  
At laft when long she struggled had in vaine,  
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert  
To meeke obeyfance of loues mightie raine,  
And him entreat for grace, that had procur’d her paine.

Unto her selfe in secret she did call  
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,  
And to her said; Clarinda whom of all  
I trust a liue, fith I thee sostred firft;  
Now is the time, that I vntimely muft  
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need:  
It is so hapned, that the heauens unuift,  
Spighting my happie freedome, haue agreed,  
To thrall my loofer life, or my laft bale to breed.

With that she turn’d her head, as halfe abashed,  
To hide the blush which in her vifage rose,  
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flash’d,  
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rofe:  
But foone she did her countenance compoſe,  
And to her turning, thus began againe;  
This griefes deepe wound I would to thee discloſe,  
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine,  
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.

Ah my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd)  
Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,  
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,  
And dare euen deathes most dreadfull face behold? /  
Say on my fouerayne Ladie, and be bold;  
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?  
Therewith much comforted, she gan vnfold
The cause of her conceiued maladie,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

Clarin (sayd shë) thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom om not my valour, but his owne braue mind
Subiected hath to my vnequall might;
What right is it, that he should thraldome find,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkind;
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I caft, how I may him vnbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still.

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion, and trect violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
Voide of malitious mind, or foule offence.
To which if thou canst win him any way,
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly neede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull servise me right well apay.

Which that thou mayft the better bring to pas,
Loe here this ring which shall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it beft shalt see,
That in and out thou mayft haue passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits aduife,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;

l. 285, 'Clarind'.
Armies of louely lookes, and speche's wife, 310
With which thou canst euon lone himselfe to loue entise.

The / truflie Mayd, conceiuing her intent,
Did with sure promisfe of her good indeuour,
Giuе her great comfort, and some harts content.
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes she might, to curry sauour
With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies bestbeloued;
With daily shew of courteous kind behauior,
Euen at the markewhite of his hart she roused,
And with wide glaucung words, one day she thus him
proued.

Unhappie Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state 321
Fortune euyning good, hath felly frowned,
And cruel heaven haue heapt an heauy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despair, and all thy senses frowned
In stupid sorrow, sift thy iustier merit
Might else haue with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit.

Much did he maruell at her vncoath speach, 330
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
And gan to doubt, leaft she him fough't appeache
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weawe,
Through which she might his wretched life bereawe.
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceauae)
Of my mishaps, art mou'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard, I can but reste your better.
Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
   It is no lesse befeeming well, to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare /
Timely to joy, and carrie comely cheare.
For though this cloud haue now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre ;
And, though vnlike, they sholde for euer laft,
Yet in my truethes assurance I rest fixed fast.

But what so stonie mind (she then replyde)
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way ?
Vnworthy sure (quoth he) of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke purfew, if he attaine it may.
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope.

Then why doest not, thou ill aduized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie, can
Mewe Radigund ? who though she still haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tygres, nor fo faluage mynded,
As that, albe all loue of men she fcorne,
She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded :
And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts bashe loue hath
blynded.

l. 341, 'Fortunes': l. 346, (vnlike).
Certes Clarinda, not of cancred will,
(Sayd he) nor obstinate diðdainesfull mind,
I haue forborne this duetie to fullfll:
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That she a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be fewd vnto,
Chiefely by him, whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And alfe of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

But / want of meanes hath bene mine onely let,
From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe shoulde rest for euer bound,
And readie to deferue, what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite vpon the bayt,
Yet doubting leaft his hold was but vnsound,
And not well fastened, would not strike him frayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

But foolish Mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke,
She thus oft times was beating off and on,
Through slipuerie footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion.
For seeking thus to saufe the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceied close in her beguiled hart,
To Artagall, through pitty of his caufelesse smart.

Yet durft she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being slayned,

1. 367, 'she' (misprint).
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her miftresse hold haue knowledge gayned,
But to her selfe it secretly retayned,
Within the closet of her couerd brete:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned.
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her fad thoughts vnrest.

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demand of her some tydings good,
Touching her loues succeffe, her lingring smart.
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
But quickly she it overpaft, so foone
As she her face had wypt, to fresh her blood:
The gan she tell her all, that she had donne,
And all the wayes she fought, his loue for to haue wonne.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
So fond a lesson, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour waft,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His resolution was both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plasta.

Which when the cruel Amazon perceiued,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceiued,
To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forfallo.
Nathlesse when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

What now is left Clarinda? what remaines,
That we may compass this our enterprize?
Great shame to lofe so long employed paines,
And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou haue trie againe, & tempted him more neare.

Say, / and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromisft, that may him perfwade;
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auail,
With which the Gods themselues are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, euem womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not inuade,
Let him seele hardnesse of thy heauie arme:
Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe
with harme.

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed.
Giuue him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what euer he defires, be him denide.

When thou haft all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a louver,
But like a rebell stout I will him vfe.
For I resolue this siege not to giue ouer,
Till I the conquest of my will recouer.
So she departed, full of griefe and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Vnto the prifon, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtill nets she did vnfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him wareleffe to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selle withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray:
But moft the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did caft for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurfe, which fayning to receiue
In her owne mouth the food, ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selle, and doeth deceiue
The infant, fo for want of nourture spoild:
Euen fo Clarinda her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the truft, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
But by no meanes could her thereto perfwade:
But that in stead thereof, she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade.
All which Nathlesse she for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

And more then that, she promisst that she would,
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To seede the humour of her maladie;
Promisst, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might, deferue
grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne absent loue to be vntrew:
Ne euer did deceitfull Clarin find
In her false hart, his bondage to vnbond;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore vnto her mistresse moft vnkind
Cant. VI.]  

She daily told, her loue he did defye,  
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did denye.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did shew,  
That his scarfe diet somewhat was amended,  
And his worke leffened, that his loue mote grow:  
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,  
That she with him mote be the more offended.  
Thus he long while in thraldome there remained,  
Of both beloued well, but little frended;  
Vntill his owne true loue his freedome gayned,  
Which in an other Canto will be best contayned. /  

Cant. VI.

Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegaill  
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,  
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall,  
To th'insolent command of womens will;  
That all his former praise doth lowly spill.  
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,  
Be well aduiz'd, that he stand stedfaft still:  

VII.
For neuer yet was wight so well aware,
  But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet in the freightnesse of that captiue state,
    This gentle knight himselfe so well behaued,
    That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
    With which those Amazons his loue still craued,
    To his owne loue his loialtie he saued:
    Whole charactere in th'Adamantine mould
    Of his true hart so firmly was engrauead,
    That no new loues impression euer could
Bereaue it thence: such blot his honour blemish shoulde.

Yet his owne loue, the noble Britomart,
    Scarfe so conceiued in her jealous thought,
    What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
    In womans bondage, Talus to her brought;
    Brought / in vntimely houre, ere it was fought.
    For after that the vtmofte date, asynde
    For his returne, she waited had for nought,
    She gan to cast in her middoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that loue-sicke fancies faine to fynde.

Sometime she feared, leaft some hard mishap,
    Had him misfalne in his adventuour quest;
    Sometime leaft his false foe did him entrap
    In traytrous traine, or had vnwares opprest:
    But moft she did her troubled mynd moleft,
    And secretly affliet with jealous feare,
    Leaft some new loue had him from her possest:
    Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbeare.
One while she blam'd her selfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd, as trustleffe and vntrew:
And then, her grieue with errour to beguyle,
She sayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew.
For houres but dayes; for weekes, that past were,
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few:
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, & every moneth a yeare.

But when as yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout.
Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight;
And then againe resolu'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights enuide, & Ladies eke did spight. /

One day, when as she long had sought for eafe
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened Welf,
Towards which coast her loue his way addrest.
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare vnto her loue the message of her mind.

ll. 47-8, Church suggests:—
For dayes, but houres; for moneths that passed were,
She told but weekes, etc.
There as she looked long, at last she spide,
    One comming towards her with hafty speede:  70
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descrie,
That it was one fent from her loue indeede.
Who when he nigh approch't, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings somme.

Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun;
    And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he lost or wun?  80
The yron man, albe he wanted fense
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood stille mute, as one in great suppence
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake,

Till she againe thus sayd; Talus be bold,
    And tell what euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length. The tidings fad,  90
That/ I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
My Lord, your loue, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, woefully befted.
Ay me (quoth she) what wicked destinie?
And is he vanquish't by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
    But by a Tyrannesse (he then replide,)
1. 92, (your Loue).
That him captiued hath in haplesse woe.
Cease thou bad newes-man, badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide.

The reft my selfe too readily can spell.
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the reft to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

There she began to make her monefull plaint
Against her Knight, for being so vntrew;
And him to touch with falthoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour ouerthrew.
Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a strauengers loue so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she neuer knew;
And euermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did caft,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her laft:
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment,
A while she walkt, and chauft; a while she threw
Her selfe vpon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes, and singulfs
few.

Like as a wayward childe, whose founder sleepe
Is broken with some fearfull dreames affright,

l. 103, within ( ) : l. 122, 'singults',
With froward will doth set him self to wepe;
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squalls, and shriekes for fell despight:
Now scratching her, and her loofe locks mifuing;
Now seeking darkeneffe, and now seeking light;
Then crauing fucke, and then the fucke refuing,
Such was this Ladies fit, in her loues fond accufing.

But when she had with such vnquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She vnto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to eafe her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine;
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

Ah wellaway (sayd then the yron man,)
That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndo.
Sayd I not then (quoth shee) erwhile aright,
That this is things compaéte betwixt you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor ouercome in fight?

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discoure of his captuance sad,

1. 147, Dr. Morris notes on this—"Mr. J. P. Collier, following Church, reads 'thing compacte' = a concerted thing. But the clause may stand if we look upon things as in the genitive case."
Cant. VI.]

FAERIE QUEENE.

In fort as ye haue heard the fame of late,
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Heard / to the end, she was right sore beftad,
With sodaine founds of wrath and griefe attone :
Ne would abide, till she had aunftware made,
But freight her felfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her steede, bad Talus guide her on.

So forth she rode vpon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide : 160
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt afide,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felenesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her bafe prifon pent,
And so great honour with fo fowle reproch had blent.

So as she thus melancholike did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunft to mete toward th'euen-tide 170
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him felfe to folace he were faine.
Well shot in yeares he feem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to contraine.
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest feemblant, that no euill ment.

He comming neare, gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the moft comely wize ;
Who though defirous rather to reft mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize, 180

Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she anfwer'd
light. /

For little luft had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee ;
Her minde was whole possesfed of one thought,
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes, (as well he might) did fee; 190
He lift no lenger to vfe lothfull speach,
But her befought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the heauens reach,
To lodge with him that night, vnles good caufe empeach.

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request :
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrefst ;
Where foone arriuing they receiued were 200
In seemely wife, as them be esteemed best :
For he their hoft them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleafant things, the night away to weare.

Thus paffing th'euening well, till time of refit,
Then Britomart vnto a bowre was brought ;
Where gromes awayteth her to haue vndreft.
But she ne would vndrefted be for ought,

1. 213, 'her.'
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much befought.
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall fo,
Which she would sere performe, betide her wele or wo.

Which when their Hoft perceiued, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare leafe by that art
He shou'd his purposse misse, which clofe he ment :
Yet taking leauue of her, he did depart.
There / all that night remained Britomart,
Reftlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,
Not suffering the leafe twincckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th'heart mote haue relieued,
But if the leafe appear'd, her eyes she freight repriued.

Ye guilty eyes (sayd she) the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your losse: and now needes will ye sleepe ?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah wake, and rather weep,
To thinke of your [k]nights want, that shou'd yee waking
keepe.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease ;
Now walking soft, now sitting still vpright,
As sundry chauenge her seemed best to ease.

l. 230, ' [k'] nights'—as Church suggested—obvious correction.
Ne leffe did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great diseafe;
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Leaft any should betray his Lady treacherously.

What time the natuue Belman of the night,
The bird, that warned Peter of his fall,
Firft rings his filuer Bell t'each sleepy wight,
That shoule their mindes vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noife below the hall.
All sodainely the bed, where she shoule lie,
By a falle trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was rayfd againe, that no man could it spie./

With fight whereof she was dismayd right fore,
Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment:
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long, before she heard the sound
Of armed men, comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull sound
She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all arm'd ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom foone as *Talus* spide by glims of night,
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
They feeing that, let drive at him straignt way,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

But foone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout :
Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
Where euer in the darke he could them spie ;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the stori of that fray,
And all that treaason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrouss wroth, and inly burning,
To be auenged for fo fowle a deede,
Yet being forft to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Leaft any more such prachise should proccede. 280
Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
Vnknown was) whence all this did proccede,
And for what cause so great mischichieuos smart
Was sent to her, that neuer euill sent in hart.

The goodman of this houfe was *Dolon* hight,
A man of sbutill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,

l. 262, 'glimfr.'
The V. Booke of the

And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with ffe shiftes and wiles did vnderminde
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He had three fones, all three like fathers fones,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthy compasse wonnes:
The eldeth of the which was flaine erewhile
By Artegaill, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor, whose vntimely fate
For to auenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deuiz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewed his cankred hate.

For sure he weend, that this his present guest
Was Artegaill, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheft,
Which still was wont with Artegaill remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to haue flaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was prefered from their traytros traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffered slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse,

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discouered had the light to liuing eye,
She forth yffew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'auenge that villany,

1. 291, 'did'—Dr. Morris queries '? had'—surely not? l. 300, 'revenge'
l. 309, 'that' (1611).
On that wilde man, and all his family.
And comming down to seeke them, where they wond,
Nor fire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
Each rowme she fought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare, but whether, nether kond.

She saw it vaine to make there longer stay,
But tooke her stead, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addressse vnto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight,
Those two false brethren, on that perilous Bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Straight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall ouer the ledge.

There they did thinke them selues on her to wrecake:
Who as she nigh them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;
Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes haft knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none
No more shall now the darkness of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor, by thee slaine, and murdred by thy flight.

Strange were the words in Britomartis earc;
Yet staid she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perilous Bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd, that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two lofels scared.

1. 316, 'vile' and . (period) supplied for nothing in '96.
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her beuer glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a siluer Censer sparkle bright.

She stayd not to advise which way to take;
But putting spurreis vnto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make. 350
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Vppon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releaft:
The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
Into the riuier, where he drunke his deadly laft.

As when the flashing Leuin haps to light
Vppon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in fight;
The Engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare 360
Th'one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthow,
Vppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare.
So did the Championesse thofe two there sthrow,
And to their fire their carcasses left to bestow./
Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where she strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her flates,
And Artegall thence free.

Nought is on earth more sacred, or divine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th’heuens theselues, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rule’d by righteous lore
Of higheft Ioue, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and euer more
Therewith contains his heauenly Common-weale,
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reuene.

Well wherefore did the antique world invent,
That Iustice was a God of foueraine grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honours in the higheft place;
Calling him great Olyris, of the race
Of th’old Egyptian Kings, that whylome were;
With fayned colours, shading a true caufe:
For that Olyris, whilest he liued here,
The iustest man alive, and truest did appeare.
THE V. BOOKE OF THE [Cant. VII.

His wife was *Ifis*, whom they likewise made
A Goddesse of great powre and soueraintye
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,
Whereof / I haue to treat here presentely.
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

There she receiued was in goodly wize
Of many Priestes, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily sacrific[e,]
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Ifis* doth the Moone portend;
Like as *Ofyrís* signifies the Sunne.

For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne vpon stately pillours, all dipred
With shining gold, and arched ouer hed,
She wondred at the workemans passyng skill,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought, that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

Thence forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hem'd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vpon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things divyne;
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed talle her middle did enfold.

One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stend,
So meaning to suppressse both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She strecth'd forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the Goddesse; whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart,
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did moue with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward fence defying.
Who well perceiuing, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was ouercast,
And joyous light the house of Loue forfooke:
Which when she saw, her helmet she vnlaiste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaiste.

For other beds the Priestes there seid none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides vppon the cold hard stone, 80
T'enure them selues to sufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify.
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to stedsaft chastity,
And continence of life; that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought, the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine they say is blood,
Euen the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine,
By / thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine.
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her fones, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant boforme, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine, whose liquor bluddy red
Hauing the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre against the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
Vnder the wings of Iris all that night,
And with sweete rest her heauy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight.

l. 8t, , added : in 1609 ; l. 8s, ; for ,—accepted.
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft delight
Of fenceless sleep did deeply drowned lie,
There did appear unto her heavenly sprite
A wondrous vision, which did close imply
The course of all her fortune and posterity.

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice
To J's, deckt with Mitre on her head,
And linnen stole after those Priestes guise,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That euen she her selfe much wondered
At such a change, and joyed to behold
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

And in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below,
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Vpon the ground: which kindled priually,
Into outrageous flames vnwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

With that the Crocodile, which sleepeing lay
Vnder the Idols feete in fearlesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;

l. 118, 'to be' (1611): id., , for . and l. 119, ; for ,—accepted : l. 128, for ,—accepted.
And gaping greedy wide, did fright deoure
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
And swnole with pride of his owne peereleffe powre,
He gan to threaten her likewife to eat;
But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

Tho turning all his pride to humbleffe meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might;
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that she waked, full of fearefull fRight,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so vncoth fight.

So thereupon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,
Vp-lifted in the porch of heauen hie.
Then / vp she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas;
Whereas the Priestes she found full buftely
About their holy things for morrow Mas:
Whom she saluting faire, faire refaluted was.

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
They might perceiue, she was not well in plight;
Or that some pensiuenesse to heart she tooke.
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in fight

II. 162-3, (who ... wight).
To be the greatest, and the grauest wight,
To her bespake; Sir Knight it seemes to me,
That thorough euill rest of this laft night,
Or ill apayd, or much dismayd ye be,
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

Certes (fayd the) fith ye so well haue spide
The troublous passion of my pensiue mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfolde, in hope to find
Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on (quoth he) the secret of your hart:
For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, best counsell to impart
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

Then gan the to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision, which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recoure.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
Through great affoitionment of that strange fight;
And with long locks vp-standing, stifly flared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spight.
So fild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight. /

Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of Britifh armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize,
How coul[d]t thou weene, through that disguized hood,
To hide thy state from being vnderstood?
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy fire, lamenting fore for thee;
They doe thy loue, forlorn in womens thraldome see.

The end whereof, and all the long euent,
They doe to thee in this fame dreame discouer.
For that fame Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull louer.
Like to Ofyris in all iust endeuer.
For that fame Crocodile Ofyris is,
That vnder His feete doth sleepe for euer:
To shew that clemence of in things amis,
Refraines those sterne behets, and cruell doomes of his.

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes affwage,
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy fires Crowne, and from thy countrey deare.
Then shalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equal portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So bleffe thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame

All which when she vnto the end had heard,
She much was eafed in her troublous thought,
And on those Priefts bestowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and siluer wrought,
She / for a present to their Goddesse brought.
Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,
To secke her loue, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confus'd in her troublous thought,
But sild with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see.
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad the forth to hold.

So there without the gate (as seemed best)
She caufed her Pauiion be pight;
In which stout Britomart her selfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre didpeepe;

And caufed freight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be preft:
Who long before awoke (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in vnquiet breft
Did clofely harbour such a ieralous guem)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftfoones that warrioureffe with haughty creft

l. 230, —accepted, and l. 239, ; for period (.), and , for ( ) l. 256.
Did forthissue, all ready for the fight:
On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight./

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the ftreight conditions to propound, 250
With which she vfed still to tye her fone;
To ferue her so, as she the refh had bound.
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of fuch indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them found.
For her no other termes should euer tie,
Then what prescribed were by lawes of cheualrie.

The Trumpets found, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins fmon;
Ne either fought the others frokes to fhun, 260
But through great fury both their fkill forgot,
And prachticke vfe in armes: ne fpared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender, without ftaine or fpot,
For other vfes, then they them tranflated;
Which they now hackt & hewd, as if fuch vfe they hated,

As when a Tygre and a Lionefte
Are met at fpoyling of fome hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedineffe:
But firft the Tygre clawes thereon did lay; 270
And therefore loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ftoutly ftoned:
To which the Lion ftrongely doth gaineftay,
That she to hunt the beaft firft tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it fond.
Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnmercifullly sore:
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repai'd againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grasse swore
Was cell with bloud, which from their fides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should grow.

At last proud Radigund with cell despiught,
Hauing by chaunce efpide aduantage neare,
Let drie at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpbrayding sayd; This token beare
Vnto the man, whom thou doest loue so deare;
And tell him for his saue thy life thou gauest.
Which spitemall words she fore engriued to heare,
Thus anfwer'd; Lewdly thou my loue deprauest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely brauest.

Nath'leffe that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glaucung on her shoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a grieufully wound,
That she her shielde through raging smart of it
Could scarfe vphold; yet soone she it requit.
For hauing force increaft through furious paine,
She her fo rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierrid to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonneffe
Stayd not, till she came to her selfe againe,
But in reuenge both of her loues distress,e,
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which fore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull fight, when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft, 310
Fled faft into the towne, and her sole victor left. /

But yet so faft they could not home retrate,
But that the swift *Talus* did the formost win;
And pressyng through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin:
For all that euer came within his reach,
He with his yron flaele did thregh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storne, which nothing may empeach.

And now by this the noble Conqueresse 321
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though reuengefull vow she did professe,
Yet when she saw the heapes, which he did make,
Of slaughtred carcasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost riue,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one alieue,
But all in his reuenge of spirite would deprieue.

Tho when she had his execution stayd, 330
She for that yron prifon did enquire,
In which her wretched loue was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,

l. 310, (of ... bereft).
She entred into all the partes entire.
Where when she saw that lothly vncoouth figh,
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
Of so vnmanly maske, in misery midight.

At last when as to her owne Loue she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abash't with secrete shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
To haue beheld a spectacle so bad:
And then too well beleue'd, that which tofore
Jealous suspeect as true vntruely dread.
Which vaine conceit now nourishing no more,
She fough't with ruth to sulue his sad misfortunes fore.

Not so great wonder and astonishment,
Did the moft chaft Penelope poffeffe,
To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long fince in dolorous diftreffe,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his fauours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
But ftood long ftaering on him, mongft vncertaine feares.

Ah my deare Lord, what figh't is this (quoth she)
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke?
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hostes to subdew? 361
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue
As to haue robde you of that manly hew? (wrought
Could so great courage stouped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And caus'd him those vncomely weedes vnright;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdued had, 371
Whilest Fortune favoued her successe in fight,
In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was requi'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad.

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heal:
During which space she there as Princes rained,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and them restoring
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale: 381
That all they as a Goddess her adoring,
Her wisedom did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

For all those Knights, which long in captue shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:

I. 376, 'Princes.'
And that they shouled for euer faithfull bee,
Made them sweare sealty to Artegaill.
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so be fall,
Vpon his first aduenture, which him forth did call.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new caufe of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consign'd much in that aduentures griefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempered for the time her present heauinesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increafe:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She / parted thence, her anguifh to appeafe.
Meane while her noble Lord fir Artegaill
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Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

END OF VOL. VII.

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Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

END OF VOL. VII.
In bloud of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew? 361
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue
As to haue robde you of that manly hew? (wrought
Could so great courage stouped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought.

Thenceforth she strect into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those vncomelie weedes vnfight;
And in their steede for other rayment fought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had, 371
Whilst Fortune faourd her success in fight,
In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was requi'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad.

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princes rained,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and them restoring
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale: 381
That all they as a Godesse her adoring,
Her wifedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

For all those Knights, which long in captiue shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gaeue to them great liuing and large fee:

1. 376, 'Princes.'
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall.
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so be fall,
Vppon his first adventure, which him forth did call.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new caufe of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smaert,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consum'd much in that adventures prieze.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and relieue,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heauinesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence, her anguished to appease.
Meane while her noble Lord Sir Artegall
Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

END OF VOL. VII.