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.

BY THE

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VOL. VIII.

THE FAERIE QUEENE:

BOOK V. CANT. viii.—xii., BOOK VI. CANT. i.—xii. (1596.)

TWO CANTOS OF MVTABILITIE.

LETTER TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

COMMENDATORY POEMS AND SONNETS.

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Book V.—Cant. VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall,
Free Samient from feare:
They ſlay the Soudan, driue his wife
Adicia to deſpaire.

NOught vnder heauen ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The ſence of man, and all his minde poſſeſſe,
As beauties louely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to repreſſe,
And mighty hands forget their manlineſſe;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden treſſe,
That can with melting pleaſaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewiſh ſwaine,
Each of whoſe lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his ſpoiles before his lemans traine:
So alſo did that great Oetean Knight
For his loues ſake his Lions ſkin vndight:
And ſo did warlike *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule for *Cleopatras* ſight.

Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aſpect,
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect. /

Yet could it not ſterne *Artegall* retaine,
Nor hold from ſuite of his auowed queſt,
Which he had vndertane to *Gloriane*;
But left his loue, albe her ſtrong requeſt,
Faire *Britomart* in languor and vnreſt,
And rode him ſelfe vppon his firſt intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idly reſt;
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

So trauelling, he chaunſt far off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey faſt
Before two Knights, that after her did ſpeed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaſt
In hope to haue her ouerhent at laſt:
Yet fled ſhe faſt, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghaſt,
With locks all looſe, and rayment all to rent;
And euer as ſhe rode, her eye was backeward bent.

Soone after theſe he ſaw another Knight,
That after thoſe two former rode apace,
With ſpeare in reſt, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chaſed, that did others chaſe.
At length he ſaw the hindmoſt ouertake
One of thoſe two, and force him turne his face;
How euer loth he were his way to ſlake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and anſwere make.

l. 27, (*albe . . . requeſt*).

But th'other ſtill purſu'd the fearefull Mayd ;
Who ſtill from him as faſt away did flie,
Ne once for ought her ſpeedy paſſage ſtayd,
Till that at length ſhe did before her ſpie
Sir / *Artegall*, to whom ſhe ſtreight did hie
With gladfull haſt, in hope of him to get
Succour againſt her greedy enimy :
Who ſeeing her approch gan forward ſet,
To ſaue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd ſtill his courſe, and by the way
Thought with his ſpeare him quight haue ouerwent.
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Artegall* was ſtronger,
And better ſkild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his ſaddle, longer
Then two ſpeares length ; So miſchiefe ouermatcht the (wronger.
And in his fall misfortune him miſtooke ;
For on his head vnhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke aſunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body braſt :
Whom leauing there in that diſpiteous plight,
He ran ſtill on, thinking to follow faſt
His other fellow Pagan, which before him paſt.

In ſtead of whom finding there ready preſt
Sir *Artegall*, without diſcretion

l. 69, misprinted '*hm*' in '96.

He at him ran, with ready ſpeare in reſt:
Who ſeeing him come ſtill ſo fiercely on,
Againſt him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and ſtrongly either ſtrooke
And broke their ſpeares; yet neither has forgon
His horſes backe, yet to and fro long ſhooke,
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempeſt quooke. /

But when againe they had recouered ſence,
They drew their ſwords, in mind to make amends
For what their ſpeares had fayld of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who thoſe deadly ends
Of both her foes had ſeene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more ſearefull fray,
She to them runnes in haſt, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to ſtay,
Vntill they both doe heare, what ſhe to them will ſay.

They ſtayd their hands, when ſhe thus gan to ſpeake;
Ah gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwiſe
Vpon your ſelues anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterpriſe
Both to redreſſe, and both redreſt likewiſe:
Witneſſe the Paynims both, whom ye may ſee
There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuiſe
Of more reuenge? if more, then I am ſhee,
Which was the roote of all, end your reuenge on mee.

Whom when they heard ſo ſay, they lookt about,
To weete if it were true, as ſhe had told;
Where when they ſaw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftſoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,

And Ventailes reare, each other to behold.
Tho when as *Artegall* did *Arthure* vew,
So faire a creature, and ſo wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew.

Saying, ſir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all vnweeting haue you wrong'd thus ſore,
Suffring my hand againſt my heart to ſtray:
Which if ye pleaſe forgiue, I will therefore
Yeeld / for amends my ſelfe yours euermore,
Or what ſo penaunce ſhall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes me needeth more
To craue the ſame, whom errour ſo miſled,
As that I did miſtake the liuing for the ded.

But ſith ye pleaſe, that both our blames ſhall die,
Amends may for the treſpaſſe ſoone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
So can they both them ſelues full eath perſwade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to ſhade,
Either embracing other louingly,
And ſwearing faith to either on his blade,
Neuer thenceforth to nouriſh enmity,
But either others cauſe to maintaine mutually.

Then *Artegall* gan of the Prince enquire, (layd,
What were thoſe knights, which there on groũd were
And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cauſe they chaſed ſo that Mayd.
Certes I wote not well (the Prince then ſayd)
But by aduenture found them faring ſo,
As by the way vnweetingly I ſtrayd,

And lo the Damzell ſelfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occaſion know.

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And aſked her, what were thoſe two her ſone,
From whom ſhe earſt ſo faſt away did flie;
And what was ſhe her ſelfe ſo woe begone,
And for what cauſe purſu'd of them attone.
To whom ſhe thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Doe ſerue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princeſſe of great powre and maieſtie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie. /

Her name *Mercilla* moſt men vſe to call;
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
And ſoueraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth ſupport, and ſtrongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
And at her happineſſe do fret and frowne:
Yet ſhe her ſelfe the more doth magnify,
And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

Mongſt many which maligne her happy ſtate,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by
That with moſt fell deſpight and deadly hate,
Seekes to ſubuert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good Knights, of which ſo braue a band
Serues her, as any Princeſſe vnder ſky,
He either ſpoiles, if they againſt him ſtand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

l. 141, misprinted '*then*' for '*them*' in '96: l. 160, '*hereby*': ll. 164-5, (*of . . . ſky*).

Ne him ſufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he vnto her people does each day,
But that he ſeekes by traytrous traines to ſpill
Her perſon, and her ſacred ſelfe to ſlay:
That ô ye heauens defend, and turne away
From her, vnto the miſcreant him ſelfe,
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
And Idols ſerues; ſo let his Idols ſerue the Elfe.

To all which cruell tyranny they ſay,
He is prouokt, and ſtird vp day and night
By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,
Who counſels him through confidence of might,
To / breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For ſhe her ſelfe profeſſeth mortall foe
To Iuſtice, and againſt her ſtill doth fight,
Working to all, that loue her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe ſo.

Which my liege Lady ſeeing, thought it beſt,
With that his wife in friendly wiſe to deale,
For ſtint of ſtrife, and ſtabliſhment of reſt
Both to her ſelfe, and to her common weale,
And all forepaſt diſpleaſures to repeale.
So me in meſſage vnto her ſhe ſent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall conſent.

All times haue wont ſafe paſſage to afford
To meſſengers, that come for cauſes iuſt:

l. 180, (*through . . . might*).

But this proude Dame diſdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth bruſt,
Reuiling me, and rayling as ſhe luſt,
But laſtly to make proofe of vtmoſt ſhame,
Me like a dog ſhe out of dores did thruſt,
Miſcalling me by many a bitter name,
That neuer did her ill, ne once deſerued blame.

And laſtly, that no ſhame might wanting be,
When I was gone, ſoone after me ſhe ſent
Theſe two falſe Knights, whom there ye lying ſee,
To be by them diſhonoured and ſhent:
But thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
So ſaid this Damzell, that hight *Samient*,
And to thoſe knights, for their ſo noble ayd,
Her ſelfe moſt gratefull ſhew'd, & heaped thanks repayd./

But they now hauing throughly heard, and ſeene
Al thoſe great wrongs, the which that mayd complained,
To haue bene done againſt her Lady Queene,
By that proud dame, which her ſo much diſdained,
Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke auengement ſtrong
Vppon the Souldan ſelfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
And vppon all thoſe Knights, that did to her belong.

But thinking beſt by counterfet diſguiſe
To their deſeigne to make the eaſier way,
They did this complot twixt them ſelues deuiſe,
Firſt that ſir *Artegall* ſhould him array,
Like one of thoſe two Knights, which dead there lay.

And then that Damzell, the fad *Samient*,
Should as his purchaſt prize with him conuay
Vnto the Souldans court, her to preſent
Vnto his ſcornefull Lady, that for her had ſent.

So as they had deuiz'd, ſir *Artegall*
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquiſht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where ſoone as his proud wife of her had ſight,
Forth of her window as ſhe looking lay,
She weened ſtreight, it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchaſt pray;
And ſent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his ſeruice to diſarme the Knight;
But he refuſing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be diſcouered by his ſight,
Kept / himſelfe ſtill in his ſtraunge armour dight.
Soone after whom the Prince arriued there,
And ſending to the Souldan in deſpight
A bold deſyance, did of him requere
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull priſonere.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning moſt blaſphemouſly,
Commaunded ſtraight his armour to be brought,
And mounting ſtraight vpon a charret hye,
With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell ſteedes, which he had fed
With fleſh of men, whom through fell tyranny

l. 236 within ( ).

He ſlaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded,
Their bodies to his beaſts for prouender did ſpred.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate,
Burniſht with bloudie ruſt; whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In gliſtering armes right goodly well beſeene,
That ſhone as bright, as doth the heauen ſheene;
And by his ſtirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
He ſhould his flale to finall execution bend.

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan with preſumpteous cheare,
And countenance ſublime and inſolent,
Sought onely ſlaughter and auengement:
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainſt tortious powre and lawleſſe regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his cauſes truth he truſted then in might. /

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they ſay
Vnto his horſes gaue his gueſts for meat,
Till he himſelfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his ſharpe wheeles, in his firſt rages heat,
Or vnder his fierce horſes feet haue borne
And trampled downe in duſt his thoughts diſdained ſcorne.

l. 259, ; for ,—accepted.

But the bold child that perill well eſpying,
If he too raſhly to his charet drew,
Gaue way vnto his horſes ſpeedie flying,
And their reſiſtleſſe rigour did eſchew.
Yet as he paſſed by, the Pagan threw
A ſhiuering dart with ſo impetuous force,
That had he not it ſhun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himſelfe transfixed, or his horſe,
Or made them both one maſſe withouten more remorſe.

Oft drew the Prince vnto his charret nigh,
In hope ſome ſtroke to faſten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his ſeat ſo high,
And his wingfooted courſers him did beare
So faſt away, that ere his readie ſpeare
He could aduance, he farre was gone and paſt.
Yet ſtill he him did follow euerywhere,
And followed was of him likewiſe full faſt;
So long as in his ſteedes the flaming breath did laſt.

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant ſtore,
On euery ſide of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons leſſe or more,
Which / warlike vſes had deuiz'd of yore.
The wicked ſhaft guyded through th'ayrie wyde,
By ſome bad ſpirit, that it to miſchiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a grieſly wound in his enriuen ſide.

Much was he grieued with that hapleſſe throe,
That opened had the welſpring of his blood;

l. 311, '*curas*' (1679).

But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntſmans hand
Can not come neare him in the couert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his ſhady ſtand,
And fenſt himſelfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he ſought t'approch vnto him ny,
His charret wheeles about him whirled round
And made him backe againe as faſt to fly;
And eke his ſteedes like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
That his good ſteed, all were he much renound
For noble courage, and for hardie race,
Durſt not endure their ſight, but fled from place to place.

Thus long they traſt, and trauerſt to and fro,
Seeking by euery way to make ſome breach,
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
That one ſure ſtroke he might vnto him reach,
Whereby his ſtrengthes aſſay he might him teach.
At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horſes vew,
As they vpon him preſt, it plaine to them did ſhew. /

Like lightening flaſh, that hath the gazer burned,
So did the ſight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That backe againe vpon themſelues they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:

l. 330, '*traſt.*'

Ne could the Souldan them from flying ſtay,
With raynes, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could do, or ſay,
But th'onely feare, that was before their vew ;
From which like mazed deare, diſmayfully they flew.

Faſt did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
High ouer hilles, and lowly ouer dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and ſweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands vnto him hayles
The reſty raynes, regarded now no more :
He to them calles and ſpeakes, yet nought auayles ;
They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
But go, which way they liſt, their guide they haue forlore.

As when the firie-mouthed ſteeds, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to *Phaetons* decay,
Soone as they did the monſtrous Scorpion vew,
With vgly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull ſight did them ſo fore affray,
That their well knowne courſes they forwent,
And leading th'euer-burning lampe aſtray,
This lower world nigh all to aſhes brent,
And left their ſcorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of theſe head-ſtrong ſteeds,
Soone as the infants funlike ſhield they ſaw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and ſcornd all former law ;
Through / woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare, (draw

l. 362, '*knowen*' : l. 365,—not brought out as usual in '96.

And toſt the Paynim, without feare or awe ;
From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that nould his crying heare.

Yet ſtill the Prince purſew'd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſie meanes according to his mind.
At laſt they haue all ouerthrowne to ground
Quite topſide turuey, and the pagan hound
Amongſt the yron hookes and graples keene,
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
That no whole peece of him was to be ſeene,
But ſcattred all about, and ſtrow'd vpon the greene.

Like as the curſed ſonne of *Theſeus*,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his ſtepdames loues outrageous,
Of his owne ſteedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne ;
That for his ſake *Diana* did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and mourne.
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his ſhape appear'd no litle moniment.

Onely his ſhield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bruſd and broken,
He vp did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongſt whom this ſtorie ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily, by heauens high decree,
Iuſtice that day of wrong her ſelfe had wroken,

l. 374, '*n'ould.*'

That all men which that ſpectacle did ſee,
By like enſample mote for euer warned bee. /

So on a tree, before the Tyrants dore,
He cauſed them be hung in all mens ſight,
To be a moniment for euermore.
Which when his Ladie from the caſtles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled ſpright:
Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was diſmayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
And gan eſtſoones deuize to be aueng'd for it.

Streight downe ſhe ranne, like an enraged cow,
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
To wreake her on that mayden meſſengere,
Whom ſhe had cauſd be kept as priſonere,
By *Artegall*, miſween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe. And comming preſent there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with reuenge and furious deſpight.

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
She threw her huſbands murdred infant out,
Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* ſtrand
Her brothers bones ſhe ſcattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongſt the rout
Of *Bacchus* Prieſts her owne deare fleſh did teare.
Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* ſtout,
Nor all the *Mœnades* ſo furious were,
As this bold woman, when ſhe ſaw that Damzell there.

But *Artegall* being thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruell hand, ere ſhe her raught,
And as ſhe did her ſelfe to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her fiſt the wicked weapon caught:
With / that like one enſelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did rome, whether her rage her bore,
With franticke paſſion, and with furie fraught;
And breaking forth out at a poſterne dore.
Vnto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at euery thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beaſt, that commeth in her path.
There they doe ſay, that ſhe transformed was
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres ſcath
In crueltie and outrage ſhe did pas,
To proue her ſurname true, that ſhe impoſed has.

Then *Artegall* himſelfe diſcouering plaine,
Did iſſue forth gainſt all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did aſſault with courage ſtout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name:
And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard ſhame,
So that with finall force them all he ouercame.

Then cauſed he the gates be opened wyde,
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,

l. 434, '*whither*': l. 438, '*bad*': l. 452, : for , of '96: l. 454, '*coward.*'

With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Preſenting him with all the rich array,
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchaſt through lawleſſe powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earſt did ſlay.
So both for reſt there hauing ſtayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another ſong.

Cant. IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle
whom Talus doth diſmay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
and ſee her rich array.

WHat Tygre, or what other ſaluage wight
Is ſo exceeding furious and fell,
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd it ſelfe with might?
Not fit mongſt men, that doe with reaſon mell,
But mongſt wyld beaſts and ſaluage woods to dwell;
Where ſtill the ſtronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that moſt in boldneſſe doe excell,
Are dreadded moſt, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

l. 3, : for ,—accepted : l. 8, W substituted for w.

There let her wonne farre from reſort of men,
Where righteous *Artegall* her late exyled;
There let her euer keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beaſts may be of her deſpoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull hate
Had vtterly ſubuerted his vnrighteous ſtate.

Where hauing with Sir *Artegall* a ſpace
Well ſolaſt in that Souldans late delight,
They both reſoluing now to leaue the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Vnto / that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And ſo would haue departed on their way.
But ſhe them woo'd by all the meanes ſhe might,
And earneſtly beſought, to wend that day
With her, to ſee her Ladie thence not farre away.

By whoſe entreatie both they ouercommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
(As often falles) of ſundry things did commen.
Mongſt which that Damzell did to them bewray
A ſtraunge aduenture, which not farre thence lay;
To weet a wicked villaine, bold and ſtout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (ſhe ſayd)
And eke the faſtneſſe of his dwelling place,

Both vnaſſaylable, gaue him great ayde:
For he ſo crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So ſmooth of tongue, and ſubtile in his tale.
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous ouer all.

Through theſe his ſlights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous ſtrong, and hewen farre vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But ſome doe ſay, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of wyndings is,
And hidden wayes, that ſcarſe an hound by ſmell
Can follow out thoſe falſe footſteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne, that once are gone amis.

Which when thoſe knights had heard their harts gan
To vnderſtand that villeins dwelling place, (earne,
And greatly it deſir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it ſhould trace.
Were not (ſayd ſhe) that it ſhould let your pace
Towards my Ladies preſence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place.
Then let not that (ſaid they) ſtay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle haue hent.

So forth they paſt, till they approched ny
Vnto the rocke, where was the villains won:
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did ſpy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon

l. 60, '*yearne*': l. 70, : for , ,

Gan to aduize, what beſt were to be done.
So both agreed, to ſend that mayd afore,
Where ſhe might ſit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and rayſing pittifull vprore,
As if ſhe did ſome great calamitie deplore.

With noyſe whereof when as the caytiue carle
Should iſſue forth, in hope to find ſome ſpoyle,
They in awayt would cloſely him enſnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And ſo would hope him eaſily to foyle.
The Damzell ſtraight went, as ſhe was directed,
Vnto the rocke, and there vpon the ſoyle
Hauing her ſelfe in wretched wize abiected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great griefe had her affected.

The cry whereof entring the hollow caue,
Eftſoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her ſome wiſhfull boot to haue.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
Vpon / the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks, that downe his ſhoulders ſhag-
And on his backe an vncouth veſtiment (ged,
Made of ſtraunge ſtuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And vnderneath his breech was all to torne and iagged.

And in his hand an huge long ſtaffe he held,
Whoſe top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compaſſe of his clouches tooke;
And euer round about he caſt his looke.
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he ſeldome fiſhed at the brooke,

But vſd to fiſh for fooles on the dry ſhore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great ſtore.

Him when the damzell ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So vgly creature, ſhe was nigh diſmayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earneſt cride.
But when the villaine ſaw her ſo affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perſwade,
To baniſh feare, and with *Sardonian* ſmyle
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from her ſelf vnwares he might her ſteale the whyle.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleaſant lay,
That they the whiles may take leſſe heedie keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant trickes before her ſhow,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in ſlights and iugling feates did flow,
And of legier demayne the myſteries did know. /

To which whileſt ſhe lent her intentiue mind,
He ſuddenly his net vpon her threw,
That ouerſprad her like a puffe of wind;
And ſnatching her ſoone vp, ere well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away vnto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as ny
He came vnto his caue, and there did vew
The armed knights ſtopping his paſſage by,
He threw his burden downe, and faſt away did fly.

But *Artegall* him after did purſew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance ſtill:
Vp to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly daunger ſeem'd in all mens ſight,
To tempt ſuch ſteps, where ſooting was ſo ill:
Ne ought auayled for the armed knight,
To thinke to follow him, that was ſo ſwift and light.

Which when he ſaw, his yron man he ſent, 141
To follow him; for he was ſwift in chace.
He him purſewd, where euer that he went,
Both ouer rockes, and hilles, and euery place,
Where ſo he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he ſhortly forſt him to forſake
The hight, and downe deſcend vnto the baſe.
There he him courſt afreſh, and ſoone did make
To leaue his proper forme, and other ſhape to take.

Into a Foxe himſelfe he firſt did tourne; 150
But he him hunted like a Foxe full faſt:
Then to a buſh himſelfe he did transforme,
But he the buſh did beat, till that at laſt
Into / a bird it chaung'd, and from him paſt,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then ſtones at it ſo long did caſt,
That like a ſtone it fell vpon the land,
But he then tooke it vp, and held faſt in his hand.

So he it brought with him vnto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir *Artegall* it lent, 160
Warning him hold it faſt, for feare of ſlights.

Who whileſt in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,
And prickt him ſo, that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew:
But *Talus* ſoone him ouertooke, and backward drew.

But when as he would to a ſnake againe
Haue turn'd himſelfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan driue at him, with ſo huge might and maine,
That all his bones, as ſmall as ſandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowles diſentrayle;
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was paſt.
So did deceipt the ſelfe deceiuer fayle,
There they him leſt a carrion outcaſt;
For beaſts and foules to feede vpon for their repaſt.

Thence forth they paſſed with that gentle Mayd,
To ſee her Ladie, as they did agree.
To which when ſhe approched, thus ſhe ſayd;
Loe now, right noble knights, arriu'd ye bee
Nigh to the place, which ye deſir'd to ſee:
There ſhall ye ſee my ſouerayne Lady Queene
Moſt ſacred wight, moſt debonayre and free,
That euer yet vpon this earth was ſeene,
Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
The prayſes of that Prince ſo manifold;
And paſſing litle further, commen were,
Where they a ſtately pallace did behold,
Of pompous ſhow, much more then ſhe had told;

l. 162, '*hard*' for '*hart*' of '96—accepted: l. 186, '*knight*' (1611): l. 187, ; for ,—accepted.

With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright gliſtering with gold,
That ſeemed to out ſhine the dimmed ſkye,
And with their brightneſſe daz'd the ſtraunge beholders eye.

There they alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and ſhewed all the ſight:
Whoſe porch, that moſt magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That ſate thereby, with gyantlike reſemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and deſpight,
That vnder ſhew oftimes of fayned ſemblance,
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great ſcath and hindrance.

His name was *Awe*; by whom they paſſing in
Went vp the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyſe, as if that there were ſome,
Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they paſſing, through the thickeſt preaſſe,
The marſhall of the hall to them did come;
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors ceaſſe.

They ceaſt their clamors vpon them to gaze;
Whom ſeeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to ſee, it did them much amaze,
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray,

l. 212 not brought out as usual in '96.

For / neuer ſaw they there the like array.
Ne euer was the name of warre there ſpoken,
But ioyous peace and quietneſſe alway,
Dealing iuſt iudgements, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken. 221

There as they entred at the Scriene, they ſaw
Some one, whoſe tongue was for his treſpaſſe vyle
Nayld to a poſt, adiudged ſo by law:
For that therewith he falſely did reuyle,
And foule blaſpheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold ſpeaches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems, which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himſelfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had ſprad.

Thus there he ſtood, whyleſt high ouer his head, 231
There written was the purport of his ſin,
In cyphers ſtrange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONT: but *bon* that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Eyther for th'euill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of euill words, and wicked ſclaunders by him ſhed.

They paſſing by, were guyded by degree 240
Vnto the preſence of that gratious Queene:
Who ſate on high, that ſhe might all men ſee,
And might of all men royally be ſeene:

l. 234, '*Font*' is misprinted '*Fons*' in '96 and 1609—curiously enough, Dr Morris seems to have been the first to correct the very obvious error: l. 239, '*ſlanders*,' as before: l. 243, : substituted for ,.

Vpon a throne of gold full bright and ſheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endleſſe price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice ;
And all emboſt with Lyons and with Flourdelice. /

All ouer her a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe, that may be richeſt red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her brode ſpreading wings did wyde vnfold ;
Whoſe ſkirts were bordred with bright ſunny beams,
Gliſtring like gold, amongſt the plights enrold,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſiluer ſtreames,
Mongſt which crept litle Angels through the glittering (gleames.

Seemed thoſe litle Angels did vphold
The cloth of ſtate, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimbleſſe bold:
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch, as ſings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heauenly things,
Encompaſſed the throne, on which ſhe ſate :
She Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall ſtate,
Whyleſt kings and keſars at her feet did them proſtrate.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſouerayne Maieſtie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happie land,
Maugre ſo many foes, which did withſtand.
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layde,
Whoſe long reſt ruſted the bright ſteely brand ;

Yet when as foes enforſt, or friends ſought ayde,
She could it ſternely draw, that all the world diſmayde.

And round about, before her feet there ſate
A beuie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t'adorne her royall ſtate,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight,
Litæ / by him begot in loues delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: thoſe they ſay
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement ſeat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance ſtay.

They alſo doe by his diuine permiſſion
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remiſſion
To ſuppliants, through frayltie which offend
Thoſe did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
Iuſt *Dice*, wiſe *Eunomie*, myld *Eirene*,
And them amongſt, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And ſacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly ſtrene,

Thus did ſhe ſit in royall rich eſtate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whyleſt vnderneath her feete, there as ſhe ſate,
An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captiued thrall,
With a ſtrong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious ſound,
And ſoftly royne, when ſaluage choler gan redound.

l. 301, '*rebellious*'—accepted for '*rebellions*.'

So ſitting high in dreaded ſoueraynty, (brought;
Thoſe two ſtrange knights were to her preſence
Who bowing low before her Maieſtie,
Did to her myld obeyſance, as they ought,
And meekeſt boone, that they imagine mought.
To whom ſhe eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire ſtoupe of her high ſoaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with ſome maieſtie imperiall. /

As the bright ſunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the weſterne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightneſſe of his beme,
And feruour of his flames ſomewhat adaw:
So did this mightie Ladie, when ſhe ſaw
Thoſe two ſtrange knights ſuch homage to her make,
Bate ſomewhat of that Maieſtie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe ſo many quake,
And with more myld aſpect thoſe two to entertake.

Now at that inſtant, as occaſion fell,
When theſe two ſtranger knights arriu'd in place,
She was about affaires of common wele,
Dealing of Iuſtice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and baſe.
Mongſt which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie caſe,
Which on both ſides was then debating hard:
But at the ſight of theſe, thoſe were a while debard.

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th'hearing of that former cauſe in hand,

Her ſelfe eftſoones ſhe gan conuert againe;
Which that thoſe knights likewiſe mote vnderſtand,
And witneſſe forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them vp vnto her ſtately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly ſcand
On either part, ſhe placed th'one on th'one,
The other on the other ſide, and neare them none.

Then was there brought, as priſoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that ſhe it with foule abuſe did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But / blotted with condition vile and baſe,
That all her other honour did obſcure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet in that wretched ſemblant, ſhe did ſure
The peoples great compaſſion vnto her allure.

Then vp aroſe a perſon of deepe reach,
And rare in-ſight, hard matters to reuele;
That well could charme his tongue, & time his ſpeach
To all aſſayes: his name was called *Zele*:
He gan that Ladie ſtrongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes, by her enured,
And with ſharpe reaſons rang her ſuch a pele,
That thoſe, whom ſhe to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her perſon had procured.

Firſt gan he tell, how this that ſeem'd ſo faire
And royally arayd, *Dueſſa* hight,
That falſe *Dueſſa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle miſchiefe vnto many a knight,

l. 358, , after *hight*'—accepted.

By her beguyled, and confounded quight:
But not for thoſe ſhe now in queſtion came,
Though alſo thoſe mote queſtion'd be aright,
But for vyld treaſons, and outrageous ſhame,
Which ſhe againſt the dred *Mercilla* oft did frame.

For ſhe whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counſels falſe conſpyred,
With faithleſſe *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of ſhadowes vaine inſpyred.)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryue
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aſpyred,
That ſhe might it vnto her ſelfe deryue,
And tryumph in their blood, whō ſhe to death did dryue./

But through high heauens grace, which fauour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous deſynes,
Gainſt loiall Princes, all this curſed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, diſcouered was betymes,
And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
Such be the meede of all, that by ſuch mene
Vnto the type of kingdomes title clymes.
But falſe *Dueſſa* now vntitled Queene,
Was brought to her ſad doome, as here was to be ſeene.

Strongly did *Zele* her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Againſt her brought to baniſh all remorſe,
And aggrauate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part againſt her, came

ll. 375-7, (*which . . . Princes*).

Many graue perſons, that againſt her pled ;
Firſt was a ſage old Syre, that had to name
The *Kingdomes care*, with a white ſiluer hed,
That many high regards and reaſons gainſt her red.

Then gan *Authority* her to appoſe
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute ;
And then the law of *Nations* gainſt her roſe,
And reaſons brought, that no man could refute ;
Next gan *Religion* gainſt her to impute
High Gods beheaſt, and powre of holy lawes ;
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons ſute,
Importune care of their owne publicke cauſe ;
And laſtly *Iuſtice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But then for her, on the contrarie part,
Roſe many aduocates for her to plead :
Firſt there came *Pittie*, with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd *Regard* of womanhead ;
And / then came *Daunger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance vnto forren powre ;
Then came *Nobilitie* of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke ſtowre ;
And laſtly *Griefe* did plead, & many teares forth powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was fore empaſſionate,
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the ſad terror of ſo dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of ſo high eſtate ;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zele* perceiued to abate,

l. 393, '*oppoſe*' : ll. 408, 410, italics,—accepted : l. 415, ; for ,—accepted.

He gan his earneſt feruour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to preſent.

He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
And new accuſements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of helliſh hew,
The curſed *Ate*, brought her face to face,
Who priuie was, and partie in the caſe:
She, glad of ſpoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more diſgrace,
The plot of all her practiſe did diſplay,
And all her traynes, and all her treaſons forth did lay.

Then brought he forth, with grieſly grim aſpect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping freſh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudſhed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding ſtryfe
In troublous wits, and mutinous vprore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of lyfe,
Euen foule *Adulterie* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, that her accuſed ſore. /

All which when as the Prince had heard and ſeene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftſoones was drawen cleene.
But *Artegall* with conſtant firme intent,
For zeale of Iuſtice was againſt her bent.
So was ſhe guiltie deemed of them all.
Then *Zele* began to vrge her puniſhment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iuſtice gainſt the thrall.

But ſhe, whoſe Princely breaſt was touched nere
With piteous ruth of her ſo wretched plight,
Though plaine ſhe ſaw by all, that ſhe did heare,
That ſhe of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iuſt vengeance on her light;
But rather let in ſtead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which ſhe couering with her purple pall
Would haue the paſſion hid, and vp aroſe withall.

Cant. I X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
for Belgee for to fight:
Gerioneos Seneſchall
he ſlayes in Belges right.

SOme Clarkes doe doubt in their deuicefull art,
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercie*, be of Iuſtice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate.
This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties euerlaſting ſeat

l. 3, : for ,—accepted : l. 8, , after '*Mercie*'—accepted.

She firſt was bred, and borne of heauenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that Vertue be of ſo great might,
Which from iuſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But to preſerue inuiolated right,
Oft ſpilles the principall, to ſaue the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That ſeekes to ſaue the ſubiect of her ſkill,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayſe to ſaue, then ſpill,
And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly prayſe,
That herein doeſt all earthly Princes pas?
What heauenly Muſe ſhall thy great honour rayſe
Vp to the ſkies, whence firſt deriu'd it was,
And now on earth it ſelfe enlarged has,
From th'vtmoſt brinke of the *Armericke* ſhore,
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Thoſe Nations farre thy iuſtice doe adore:
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayſe much more.

Much more it prayſed was of thoſe two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Artegall*,
When they had ſeene and heard her doome a rights
Againſt *Dueſſa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till ſtrong conſtraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,

l. 25, '*do'ſt.*'

With more then needfull naturall remorſe,
And yeelding the laſt honour to her wretched corſe.

During all which, thoſe knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiuing curteſies,
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approuing dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongſt many liuing are,
Who them to their poſterities doe ſtill declare.

Amongſt the reſt, which in that ſpace befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
To ſeeke for ſuccour of her and her Peares
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a ſtrong Tyrant, who inuaded has
Her land, and ſlaine her children ruefully alas.

Her / name was *Belgæ*, who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Euen ſeuenteene goodly ſonnes; which who had ſeene
In their firſt flowre, before this fatall teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire bloſſomes blaſted,
More happie mother would her furely weene,

l. 54, second '*of*' superfluously inserted in '96 before the second '*her*.'

Then famous *Niobe*, before ſhe taſted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her iſſue waſted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but fiue of all that brood:
For twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols facrifice their blood,
Whyleſt he of none was ſtopped, nor withſtood.
For ſoothly he was one of matchleſſe might,
Of horrible aſpect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſt empight,
And th'armes and legs of three, to ſuccour him in fight.

And ſooth they ſay, that he was borne and bred
Of Gyants race, the ſonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine ſo ſore was dred,
For his huge powre and great oppreſſion,
Which brought that land to his ſubiection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combynd;
And eke all ſtrangers in that region
Arryuing, to his kyne for food aſſynd;
The fayreſt kyne aliue, but of the fierceſt kynd.

For they were all, they ſay, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight *Eurytion*,
A cruell carle, the which all ſtrangers ſlew,
Ne day nor night did ſleepe, t'attend them on,/
But walkt about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,

l. 72, '*Idol*' (Church): l. 78, '*brad*,' and l. 80, '*drad*.'

And foule *Echidna*, in the houſe of night ;
But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

His ſonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight,
Who after that his monſtrous ſather fell
Vnder *Alcides* club, ſtreight tooke his flight
From that ſad land, where he his ſyre did quell,
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
And flouriſh in all wealth and happineſſe,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble huſbands late deceſſe ;
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchedneſſe.

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking aduantage, and her yet freſh woes,
Himſelfe and ſeruice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forrein foes,
That ſhould their powre againſt her right oppoſe.
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion choſe :
Which long he vſd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her feareleſſe confidence.

By meanes whereof, ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gaue him ſoueraine powre
To doe, what euer he thought good or fit.
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, and many a Tragicke ſtowre,
Giuing her deareſt children one by one
Vnto a dreadfull Monſter to deuoure,
And ſetting vp an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monſtrous parent *Geryone.*

So / tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But vnto gratious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, againſt that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt ſonnes ſhe ſent,
To ſeeke for ſuccour of this Ladies gieft:
To whom their ſute they humbly did preſent,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongſt the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare;
Who when he none of all thoſe knights did ſee
Haſtily bent, that enterpriſe to heare,
Nor vndertake the ſame, for cowheard feare,
He ſtepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the reſt in preſence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat,
To graunt him that aduenture for his former feat.

She gladly graunted it: then he ſtraight way
Himſelfe vnto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote ſtay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping freſh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heauens fayre,
When he was readie to his ſteede to mount;
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
Who gaue him roiall giftes and riches rare,

l. 136, '*coward*,' as before.

As tokens of her thankefull mind beſeene,
And leauing *Artegall* to his owne care ;
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With thoſe two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him ſtill prepare.
Ne after him did *Artigall* abide,
But on his firſt aduenture forward forth did ride.

It was not long, till that the Prince arriued
Within the land, where dwelt that Ladie ſad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriued,
And into moores and marſhes baniſht had,
Out of the pleaſant ſoyle, and citties glad,
In which ſhe wont to harbour happily :
But now his cruelty ſo ſore ſhe drad,
That to thoſe fennes for faſtneſſe ſhe did fly,
And there her ſelfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

There he her found in ſorrow and diſmay,
All ſolitarie without liuing wight ;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themſelues, or taken further flight :
And eke her ſelfe through ſudden ſtrange affright,
When one in armes ſhe ſaw, began to fly ;
But when her owne two ſonnes ſhe had in ſight,
She gan take hart, and looke vp ioyfully :
For well ſhe wiſt this knight came, ſuccour to ſupply.

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell ſtraight about their neckes, as they did kneele,
Aud burſting forth in teares ; Ah my ſweet boyes,
(Sayd ſhe) yet now I gin new life to feele,

l. 166, '*ſafeneſſe*' (1611).

And feeble ſpirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now riſe againe, at this your ioyous ſight.
Alreadie ſeemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and ſunne to ſhine more bright,
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

Then / turning vnto him : And you Sir knight
(Said ſhe) that taken haue this toyleſome paine
For wretched woman, miſerable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For ſo great trauell, as you doe ſuſtaine :
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought elſe, but bare life doth remaine,
And that ſo wretched one, as ye do ſee
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

Much was he moued with her piteous plight,
And low diſmounting from his loftie ſteede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to driue away deepe rooted dreede,
With hope of helpe in that her greateſt neede.
So thence he wiſhed her with him to wend,
Vnto ſome place, where they mote reſt and feede,
And ſhe take comfort, which God now did ſend :
Good hart in euils doth the euils much amend.

Ay me (fayd ſhe) and whether ſhall I goe ?
Are not all places full of forraine powres ?
My pallaces poſſeſſed of my foe,
My cities ſackt, and their ſky-threating towres

l. 204, '*whither*' (1611): l. 207, '*threatning*' (1611).

Raced, and made ſmooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely theſe mariſhes, and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewſtes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hoſtry mongſt the croking frogs,
And harbour here in ſafety from thoſe rauenous dogs.

Nathleſſe (ſaid he) deare Ladie with me goe,
Some place ſhall vs receiue, and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchaſe it to vs with ſpeare and ſhield: /
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With ſuch his chearefull ſpeaches he doth wield
Her mind ſo well, that to his will ſhe bends
And bynding vp her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

They came vnto a Citie farre vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her ſtrong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her ſtately towres, and buildings ſunny ſheene;
Shut vp her hauen, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Caſtle huge had made,
The which did her cōmaund, without needing perſwade.

The Caſtle was the ſtrength of all that ſtate,
Vntill that ſtate by ſtrength was pulled downe,
And that ſame citie, ſo now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;

l. 233, *'now ſo'* (Church).

Both goodly Caſtle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens liſt to lowre
Vpon their bliſſe, and balefull fortune frowne.
When thoſe gainſt ſtates and kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure.

But he had brought it now in ſeruile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquiſition,
Stryuing long time in vaine it to withſtond;
Yet glad at laſt to make moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
And life enioy for any compoſition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impoſd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe vnto his Idole moſt vntrew.

To / him he hath, before this Caſtle greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of coſtly Iuory, full rich beſeene,
On which that curſed Idole farre proclamed,
He hath ſet vp, and him his God hath named;
Offring to him in ſinfull ſacrifice
The fleſh of men, to Gods owne likeneſſe framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutiſhe wize,
That any yron eyes, to ſee it would agrize.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Vnder that curſed Idols altar ſtone;
An hideous monſter doth in darkneſſe lie,
Whoſe dreadfull ſhape was neuer ſeene of none

l. 253, ; for ,—accepted.

That liues on earth; but vnto thoſe alone
The which vnto him ſacrificed bee.
Thoſe he deuoures, they ſay, both fleſh and bone:
What elſe they haue, is all the Tyrants fee:
So that no whit of them remayning one may ſee.

There eke he placed a ſtrong garriſone,
And ſet a Seneſchall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppreſſed euery one,
And vanquiſhed all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont ſhew all the ſhame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne.
To which when now they gan approch in ſight,
The Ladie counſeld him the place to ſhonne,
Whereas ſo many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

Her fearefull ſpeaches nought he did regard,
But ryding ſtreight vnder the Caſtle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchfull ward,
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call /
Into the field their Tyrants Seneſchall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he ſtreight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eſtſoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addreſſe him to the fight.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their ſharpe ſpeares doe both together ſmite
Amid their ſhields, with ſo huge might and maine,
That ſeem'd their ſoules they wold haue ryuen quight
Out of their breaſts, with furious deſpight.
Yet could the Seneſchals no entrance find
Into the Princes ſhield, where it empight;

So pure the mettall was, and well refynd,
But ſhiuered all about, and ſcattered in the wynd.

Not ſo the Princes, but with reſtleſſe force,
Into his ſhield it readie paſſage found,
Both through his haberieon, and eke his corſe:
Which tombling downe vpon the ſenſeleſſe ground,
Gaue leaue vnto his ghoſt from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grieſly ſhades of night.
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly ſwound,
And thence vnto the caſtle marched right,
To ſee if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he ſpyde,
All arm'd to point, iſſuing forth a pace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde;
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their ſpeares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culuerings for battrie bent,
And leueld all againſt one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
That makes the wals to ſtagger with aſtoniſhment:

So / all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
Who from his ſaddle ſwarued nought aſyde,
Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke, firmely did abyde;
Rebutting him, which in the midſt did ryde,
With ſo huge rigour, that his mortall ſpeare
Paſt through his ſhield, & pierſt through either ſyde,

l. 305, ; for ,—accepted: l. 311, : for .—accepted: l. 315, ; for ,—accepted.

That downe he fell vppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

Whom when his other fellowes ſaw, they fled
As faſt as feete could carry them away ;
And after them the Prince as ſwiftly ſped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknightly play.
There whileſt they entring, th'one did th'other ſtay,
The hindmoſt in the gate he ouerhent,
And as he preſſed in, him there did ſlay :
His carkaſſe tumbling on the threſhold, ſent
His groning ſoule vnto her place of puniſhment.

The other which was entred, laboured faſt
To ſperre the gate ; but that ſame lumpe of clay,
Whoſe grudging ghoſt was thereout fled and paſt ;
Right in the middeſt of the threſhold lay,
That it the Poſterne did from cloſing ſtay :
The whiles the Prince hard preaſed in betweene,
And entraunce wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Him ſelfe to ſaue : but he there ſlew him at the ſkreene.

Then all the reſt which in that Caſtle were,
Seeing that ſad enſample them before,
Durſt not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conuayd out at a Poſterne dore. /
Long fought the Prince, but when he found no more
T'oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,

l. 335, '*had preaced.*'

And her gan cheare, with what ſhe there had vewed,
And what ſhe had not feene, within vnto her ſhewed.

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting,
For ſo great proweſſe, as he there had proued,
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moued,
And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
Thenceforth into that Caſtle he her led,
With her two ſonnes, right deare of her beloued,
Where all that night them ſelues they cheriſhed,
And from her balefull minde all care he baniſhed.

Cant. XI,

Prince Arthure ouercomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth ſlay the Monſter, and reſtore
Belge vnto her right.

IT often fals in courſe of common life,
That right, long time is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, and makes her party ſtrong:
But Iuſtice, though her dome ſhe doe prolong,
Yet at the laſt ſhe will her owne cauſe right.
As by ſad *Belge* ſeemes, whoſe wrongs though long
She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
And ſent redreſſe thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

Whereof / when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belge* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneſchall low on the ground,
And eke him ſelfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frieſe in feare,
Doubting ſad end of principle vnſound:

l. 7, , after '*right*'—accepted,

Yet ſith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did him ſelfe encourage, and take better cheare.

Natheleſſe him ſelfe he armed all in haſt,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Vnto the Caſtle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He ſternely marcht before the Caſtle gate,
And with bold vaunts, and ydle threatning bad
Deliuer him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull ſtate.

The Prince ſtaid not his aunſwere to deuize,
But opening ſtreight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And aſked him, if that he were the ſame,
Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her natiue land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame.
He boldly aunſwerd him, he there did ſtand
That would his doings iuſtifie with his owne hand.

With that, ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouerrun him ſtreight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideouſly vppon his armour bright,/
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced ſoote to giue
To his firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight;

l. 42, , after '*that*'—accepted.

The whileſt at him ſo dreadfully he driue,
That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could haue riue.

Thereto a great aduauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thriſe multiplyde,
Beſides the double ſtrength, which in them was:
For ſtil when fit occaſion did betyde,
He could his weapon ſhift from ſide to ſyde,
From hand to hand, and with ſuch nimbleſſe ſly
Could wield about, that ere it were eſpide,
The wicked ſtroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beſide, before, as he it liſt apply.

Which vncouth vſe when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Leaſt by ſuch ſlight he were vnwares deceiued;
And euer ere he ſaw the ſtroke to land,
He would it meete, and warily withſtand.
One time, when he his weapon ſaynd to ſhift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counterſtroke ſo ſwift,
That quite ſmit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

Therewith, all fraught with fury and diſdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell deſpight;
And ſodainely t'auenge him ſelfe againe,
Gan into one aſſemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the ſad ſteele ſeizd not, where it was hight,
Vppon the childe, but ſomewhat ſhort did fall,
And lighting on his horſes head, him quite did mall.

l. 50, '*not riue*': l. 70, ; for ,—accepted, and so l. 88.

Downe / ſtreight to ground fell his aſtoniſht ſteed,
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
But he him ſelfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him ſelfe to fight on foote prepare.
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught ſo loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might haue ſeene enraung'd diforderly,
Like to a rancke of piles, that pitched are awry.

Eftſoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare;
And can let driue at him ſo dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his ſhield to reare,
Ere that huge ſtroke arriued on him neare,
He had him ſurely clouen quite in twaine.
But th'Adamantine ſhield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no paſſage yeeld vnto his purpoſe vaine.

Yet was the ſtroke ſo forcibly applide,
That made him ſtagger with vncertaine ſway,
As if he would haue tottered to one ſide.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan aſſay,
That curt'ſie with like kindneſſe to repay;
And ſmote at him with ſo importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitleſſe braunches, which the hatchets ſlight
Hath pruned from the natiue tree, and cropped quight.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell maſtiffe through enraging heat,

l. 94, (*for . . . maine*).

And curſt, and band, and blaſphemies forth threw,
Againſt his Gods, and fire to them did threat,/
And hell vnto him ſelfe with horrour great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he ſtrooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chauſe and ſweat,
And gnaſht his teeth, and his head at him ſhooke,
And ſternely him beheld with grim and ghaſtly looke.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To ſaue him ſelfe from thoſe his furious heats,
And watch aduauntage, how to worke his care:
The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
For as he in his rage him ouerſtrooke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His ſide all bare and naked ouertooke,
And with his mortal ſteel quite throgh the body ſtrooke.

Through all three bodies he him ſtrooke attonce;
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine:
Elſe ſhould he thriſe haue needed, for the nonce
Them to haue ſtricken, and thriſe to haue ſlaine.
So now all three one ſenceleſſe lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th'earth for very deaths diſdaine;
Who with a cloud of night him couering, bore
Downe to the houſe of dole, his daies there to deplore.

Which when the Lady from the Caſtle ſaw,
Where ſhe with her two ſonnes did looking ſtand,
She towards him in haſt her ſelfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:

l. 108, '*on*' (1679): l. 122, '*through*.'

And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there ſtood gazing from the Citties wall
Vppon theſe warriours, greedy t'vnderſtand,
To whether ſhould the victory befall,
Now when they ſaw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

But / *Belge* with her ſonnes proſtrated low
Before his feete, in all that peoples ſight ; (wo,
Mongſt ioyes mixing ſome tears, mongſt wele, ſome
Him thus beſpake ; O moſt redoubted Knight
The which haſt me, of all moſt wretched wight,
That earſt was dead, reſtor'd to life againe,
And theſe weake impes replanted by thy might ;
What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,
But euen that which thou ſauedſt, thine ſtill to remaine ?

He tooke her vp forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the beſt he might,
Saying ; Deare Lady, deedes ought not be ſcand
By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the cauſes right :
That ſame is it, which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway ?
That is the vertue ſelfe, which her reward doth pay.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further ſayd ; Ah Sir, but mote ye pleaſe,
Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore caſe,
As from my chiefeſt foe me to releaſe,
That your victorious arme will not yet ceaſe,
Till ye haue rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and ſtabliſhed my peace.

What is there elſe (ſayd he) left of their rout?
Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not ſtand in dout.

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby,
There ſtands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared firſt on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame: /
To whom for endleſſe horrour of his ſhame,
He offred vp for daily ſacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame;
With all the tortures, that he could deuize,
The more t'aggrate his God with ſuch his blouddy guize.

And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkaſſes, that die
In ſacrifize vnto that curſed feend:
Whoſe vgly ſhape none euer ſaw, nor kend,
That euer ſcap'd: for of a man they ſay
It has the voice, that ſpeaches forth doth ſend,
Euen blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great deſire, that Monſter to aſſay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being ſhew'd, he gan him ſelfe ſtreight way
Thereto addreſſe, and his bright ſhield diſplay.
So to the Church he came, where it was told,
The Monſter vnderneath the Altar lay;

1, 186, '*yearne*,'

There he that Idoll ſaw of maſſy gold
Moſt richly made, but there no Monſter did behold.

Vpon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrooke;
And the third time out of an hidden ſhade,
There forth iſſewd, from vnder th'Altars ſmooke,
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That ſtretcht it ſelfe, as it had long lyen ſtill;
And her long taile and ſethers ſtrongly ſhooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

An / huge great Beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength;
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* baſe,
Or other like infernall furies kinde:
For of a Mayd ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile, whom ſhe ſo fond did finde.

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell rauin and fierce greedineſſe;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare, what ſo ſhe can oppreſſe;
A Dragons taile, whoſe ſting without redreſſe
Full deadly wounds, where ſo it is empight;
And Eagles wings, for ſcope and ſpeedineſſe,
That nothing may eſcape her reaching might,
Whereto ſhe euer liſt to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulneſſe and deformity
Vnto that Monſter, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her ſelfe for very hearts deſpight,
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could euer looſe, but ſuffred deadly doole.
So alſo did this Monſter vſe like ſlight
To many a one, which came vnto her ſchoole,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceiued like a foole.

She comming forth, when as ſhe firſt beheld
The armed Prince, with ſhield ſo blazing bright,
Her ready to aſſaile, was greatly queld,
And much diſmayd with that diſmayfull ſight,/
That backe ſhe would have turnd for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce aſſay,
That forſt her turne againe in her deſpight,
To ſaue her ſelfe, leaſt that he did her ſlay:
And ſure he had her ſlaine, had ſhe not turnd her way.

Tho when ſhe ſaw, that ſhe was forſt to fight,
She flew at him, like to an helliſh feend,
And on his ſhield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it ſhe would in peeces rend,
Or reaue out of the hand, that did it hend.
Strongly he ſtroue out of her greedy gripe
To looſe his ſhield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quite it, with one ſtripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

With that aloude ſhe gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blaſphemous ſpeaches forth did caſt,

And bitter curſes, horrible to tell;
That euen the Temple, wherein ſhe was plaſt,
Did quake to heare, and nigh aſunder braſt.
Tho with her huge long taile ſhe at him ſtrooke,
That made him ſtagger, and ſtand halfe agaſt
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour ſhooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

As when the Maſt of ſome well timbred hulke
Is with the blaſt of ſome outragious ſtorme
Blowne downe, it ſhakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke, as they were torne,
Whileſt ſtill ſhe ſtands as ſtoniſht and forlorne;
So was he ſtound with ſtroke of her huge taile.
But ere that it ſhe backe againe had borne,
He with his ſword it ſtrooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the ſwinging of her flaile.

Then / gan ſhe cry much louder then afore,
That all the people there without it heard,
And *Belge* ſelfe was therewith ſtonied ſore,
As if the onely ſound thereof ſhe feard.
But then the feend her ſelfe more fiercely reard
Vppon her wide great wings, and ſtrongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard;
That had he not foreſeene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his ſhield atween, ſhe had him done to rew.

But as ſhe preſt on him with heauy ſway,
Vnder her wombe his fatall ſword he thruſt,

l. 251, ; for ,—accepted: l. 263, '*ſtonn'd*': l. 268 (*there without*): l. 273, ; for ,—accepted.

And for her entrailes made an open way,
To iſſue forth ; the which once being bruſt,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely guſht,
And powred out of her infernall ſinke
Moſt vgly filth, and poyſon therewith ruſht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly ſtinke:
Such loathly matter were ſmall luſt to ſpeake, or thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Maſſe,
Breathing out clouds of ſulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he ſaw on ground, he was full glad,
And ſtreight went forth his gladneſſe to partake
With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full ſad,
Wayting what end would be of that ſame daunger drad.

Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo ioyouſly come forth,
She gan reioyce, and ſhew triumphant chere,
Lauding and prayſing his renowmed worth,
By all the names that honorable were. /
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The preſent of his paines, that Monſters ſpoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd ſo coſtly dere ;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and ſoyle
In filthy durt, and left ſo in the loathely ſoyle.

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan ſhout aloud, that vnto heauen it rong ;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols ſong :

So him they led through all their ſtreetes along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To ſee the man, whoſe euerlaſting praiſe
They all were bound to all poſterities to raiſe.

There he with *Belgæ* did a while remaine,
Making great feaſt and ioyous merriment,
Vntill he had her ſettled in her raine,
With ſafe aſſuraunce and eſtabliſhment.
Then to his firſt emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belgæ*, and to all the reſt:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he went
And to his former iourney him addreſt,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did reſt.

But turne we now to noble *Artegall*;
Who hauing left *Mercilla*, ſtreight way went
On his firſt queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet to worke *Irenaes* franchiſement,
And eke *Grantortoes* worthy puniſhment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* wayting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did pas,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approcht he has.

There / as he traueld by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long ſince aſide had ſet
The vſe of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,

When firſt to Faery court he ſaw her wend,
Vnto his ſoueraine Queene her ſuite for to commend.

Whom by his name ſaluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, trueſt Knight aliue,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depriue;
What new ocaſion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſuruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth ſure and ſound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

For ſhe preſuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promiſt, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the ſaluage Ilands ſyde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her vnrigteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come, where ſhe afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treaſon and by ſubtill ſlight
Surprized was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her impriſond hath, and her life often ſought.

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cauſe in battailous array
Againſt him iuſtifie, and proue her cleare /
Of all thoſe crimes, that he gainſt her doth reare
She death ſhall ſure aby. Thoſe tidings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir *Artegall* to heare,

Il. 350-1 within ( ): l. 353, (*affraid ... nought*): l. 362 — both '96 and 1609 read '*She death ſhall by*': text accepted from 1611.

And grieued ſore, that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vſage bad.

Then thus replide; Now ſure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That haue her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
Through promiſe to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I haue not yet defraide.
But witneſſe vnto me, ye heauens, that know
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide:
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from compliſhing the faith, which I did owe.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long ſpace,
Hath he her lent, a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies (quoth he) he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can haue tidings to aſſiſt her ſide.
For all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,
He day and night doth ward both far and wide,
That none can there arriue without an hoſte:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſte.

Now turne againe (Sir *Artegall* then ſayd)
For if I liue till thoſe ten daies haue end,
Aſſure your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall haue ayd,
Though I this deareſt life for her doe ſpend;
So backeward he attone with him did wend.
Tho as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,

l. 367, '*to*' (and) 1679: l. 371, '*know*'—obvious correction of misprint of '96 and 1609 '*knew*,'

Flocking together in confuſde array,
As if that there were ſome tumultuous affray.

To / which as they approcht, the cauſe to know,
They ſaw a Knight in daungerous diſtreſſe
Of a rude rout, him chaſing to and fro,
That fought with lawleſſe powre him to oppreſſe,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſſe:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They ſpide a Lady left all ſuccourleſſe,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withſtands.

Yet ſtill he ſtriues, ne any perill ſpares,
To reſkue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large diſpence,
Gainſt which the pallid death findes no defence.
But all in vaine, their numbers are ſo great,
That naught may boot to baniſhe them from thence:
For ſoone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afreſh, and oft renew their former threat.

And now they doe ſo ſharpely him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in peeces battred haue,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to ſaue;
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gaue,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For from the day that he thus did it leaue,

l. 395, , after '*rout*'—accepted.

Amongſt all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight, with endles ſhame.

Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how euer ſtrong and ſtout /
They were, as well approu'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; vntill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whoſe ſterne preſence they diffuſed ran,
Like ſcattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare, began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their ſo goodly deed,
In ſauing him from daungerous deſpaire
Of thoſe, which fought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Artegall* gan then enquire
The whole occaſion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what thoſe villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him purſu'd ſo nere.

To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Vntill late miſchiefe did vppon me light,
That all my former praiſe hath blemiſht fore;
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
Ye with thoſe caytiues ſaw, *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine owne loue, though me ſhe haue forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

l. 426, ; for ,—accepted.

But ſure to me her faith ſhe firſt did plight,
To be my loue, and take me for her Lord,
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grandtorto* hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her, to him for to accord.
O who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
Sith which ſhe hath me euer ſince abhord,
And to my foe hath guileſully conſented:
Ay me, that euer guyle in wemen was inuented.

And / now he hath this troupe of villains ſent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainſt whom my ſelfe I long in vaine haue bent,
To reſcue her, and daily meanes aſſay,
Yet reſcue her thence by no meanes I may:
For they doe me with multitude oppreſſe,
And with vnequall might doe ouerlay,
That oft I driuen am to great diſtreſſe,
And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedileſſe.

But why haue ye (ſaid *Artegall*) forborne
Your owne good ſhield in daungerous diſmay?
That is the greateſt ſhame and fouleſt ſcorne,
Which vnto any knight behappen may
To looſe the badge, that ſhould his deedes diſplay.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, bluſhing halfe for ſhame,
That ſhall I vnto you (quoth he) bewray;
Leaſt ye therefore mote happily me blame, (came.
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement

True is, that I at firſt was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcroſſe*;

l. 452 within ( ).

Who when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a ſhield, in which he did endoſſe
His deare Redeemers badge vpon the boſſe:
The ſame longwhile I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or loſſe;
Therewith *Grandtorto* ſelfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

But for that many did that ſhield enuie,
And cruell enemies increaſed more;
To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie ſcutchin being battered ſore,/
I layd aſide, and haue of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to haue my loue obtayned:
Yet can I not my loue haue nathemore;
For ſhe by force is ſtill ſro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to vntruth mif-trayned.

To whom thus *Artegall*; Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the caſe, the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light,
That it to ſuch a ſtreight mote you conſtraine)
As to abandon, that which doth containe
Your honours ſtile, that is your warlike ſhield.
All perill ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine
Then loſſe of fame in diſauentrous field;
Dye rather, then doe ought, that mote diſhonour yield.

Not ſo; (quoth he) for yet when time doth ſerue,
My former ſhield I may reſume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to ſwerue,
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,

l. 491, '*corrupted*': l. 499, '*diſaduentrous*.'

When as neceſſitie doth it conſtraine.
Fie on ſuch forgerie (ſaid *Artegall*)
Vnder one hood to ſhadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to diſſemble fouly may befall.

Yet let me you of courteſie requeſt,
(Said *Burbon*) to aſſiſt me now at need
Againſt theſe peſants, which haue me oppreſt,
And forced me to ſo infamous deed,
That yet my loue may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Artegall*, albe he earſt did wyte
His wauering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftſoones vnto the fight,
Did ſet vpon thoſe troupes with all his powre and might.

Who / flocking round about them, as a ſwarme
Of flyes vpon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with terrible allarme,
And ouer all the fields themſelues did muſter,
With bils and glayues making a dreadfull luſter;
That forſt at firſt thoſe knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre,
Both man and beaſt doe fly, and ſuccour doe inquyre.

But when as ouerblowen was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began a freſh them to aſſayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly *Talus* with his yron flayle,
Gainſt which no flight nor reſcue mote auayle,
Made cruell hauocke of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both ouer hill and dale:

The raſkall manie ſoone they ouerthrew,
But the two knights thẽſelues their captains did ſubdew.

At laſt they came whereas that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forſaken quight,
To ſaue themſelues, and ſcattered were abrode:
Her halfe diſmayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor ſorie for their ſight;
Yet wondrous faire ſhe was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many Iewels dight,
But that thoſe villens through their vſage bad
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

But *Burbon* ſtreight diſmounting from his ſteed,
Vnto her ran with greedie great deſyre,
And catching her faſt by her ragged weed,
Would haue embraced her with hart entyre. /
But ſhe backſtarting with diſdainefull yre,
Bad him auaunt, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed.
Whom when thoſe knights ſo froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbrayded ſore.

Sayd *Artegall*; what foule diſgrace is this,
To ſo faire Ladie, as ye ſeeme in ſight,
To blot your beautie, that vnblemiſht is,
With ſo foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth ſo pretious or deare,
As prayſe and honour? Or is ought ſo bright

l. 552, '*meed*'—another of Spenser's neglects—the rhyme-word requires '*hyre*,' as Church reads: l. 553, '*froward*'—accepted for '*forward*' of '96 from 1609.

And beautifull, as glories beames appeare, (cleare?
Whoſe goodly light then *Phebus* lampe doth ſhine more

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
Vnto a ſtrangers loue, ſo lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leaue the loue, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falſhood be defaced.
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is ſold,
And honour with indignitie debaſed:
Dearer is loue then liſe, and fame then gold;
But dearer thē them both, your faith once plighted hold.

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abaſht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to anſwere thereunto did find;
But hanging downe her head with heauie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as ſhe amated weare.
Which *Burbon* ſeeing, her againe aſſayd,
And claſping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
Vpon his ſteede, whiles ſhe no whit gainesayd;
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

Nathleſſe / the yron man did ſtill purſew
That raſkall many with vnpittied ſpoyle;
Ne ceaſſed not, till all their ſcattred crew
Into the ſea he droue quite from that ſoyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But *Artegall* ſeeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from ſlaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed:
For that the terme approching faſt, required ſpeed.

l. 580, ; for ,—accepted ; and so l. 583.

Cant. XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing ſhield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And ſlaieth him in field.

O Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent deſire of men to raine,
Whom neither dread of God, that deuils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beaſtes reſtraine,
Can keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith ſo firme, no truſt can be ſo ſtrong,
No loue ſo laſting then, that may enduren long.

Witneſſe may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight aſſure, had ſurely bound,
Vntill the loue of Lordſhip and of lands
Made him become moſt faithleſſe and vnſound:/
And witneſſe be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cauſe faire *Belge* did oppreſſe,
And right and wrong moſt cruelly confound:
And ſo be now *Grantorto*, who no leſſe
Then all the reſt burſt out to all outragiouſneſſe.

l. 7, '*raigne*': l. 14, '*enduren*' for '*endure*'—accepted.

Gainſt whom Sir *Artegall*, long hauing ſince
Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that Tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great aduentures hethertoo
Had it forſlackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him aſſynd, her high beheaſt to doo,
To the ſea ſhore he gan his way apply,
To weete if ſhipping readie he mote there deſcry.

Tho when they came to the ſea coaſt, they found
A ſhip all readie (as good fortune fell)
To put to ſea, with whom they did compound,
To paſſe them ouer, where them liſt to tell:
The winde and weather ſerued them ſo well,
That in one day they with the coaſt did fall;
Whereas they readie found them to repell,
Great hoſtes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forſtall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But when as nigh vnto the ſhore they drew,
That foot of man might ſound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the ſea did forth iſſew,
Though darts from ſhore & ſtones they at him threw;
And wading through the waues with ſtedfaſt ſway,
Maugre the might of all thoſe troupes in vew,
Did win the ſhore, whence he them chaſt away,
And made to fly, like doues, whom the Eagle doth affray.

The / whyles Sir *Artegall*, with that old knight
Did forth deſcend, there being none them neare,

l. 50, '*th' Eagle.*'

And forward marched to a towne in ſight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By thoſe, which earſt did fly away for feare
Of their arriual: wherewith troubled ſore,
He all his forces ſtreight to him did reare,
And forth iſſuing with his ſcouts afore,
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the ſhore.

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* ſternely did vpon them ſet,
And bruſht, and battred them without remorſe,
That on the ground he left full many a corſe;
Ne any able was him to withſtand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horſe,
That they lay ſcattred ouer all the land,
As thicke as doth the ſeede after the ſowers hand;

Till *Artegall* him ſeeing ſo to rage,
Willd him to ſtay, and ſigne of truce did make:
To which all harkning, did a while aſſwage
Their forces furie, and their terror ſlake;
Till he an Herauld cald, and to him ſpake,
Willing him wend vnto the Tyrant ſtreight,
And tell him that not for ſuch ſlaughters ſake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre *Irenaes* cauſe with him in ſingle fight.

And willed him for to reclayme with ſpeed
His ſcattred people, ere they all were ſlaine,

l. 68, ; for .—accepted.

And time and place conuenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine./
Which meſſage when *Grantorto* heard, full fayne
And glad he was the ſlaughter ſo to ſtay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day;
So ſounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

That night Sir *Artegall* did cauſe his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had giuen ſtreight commaundement,
That none ſhould dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durſt breake, though many would right (ſaine
For fayre *Irena*, whom they loued deare.
But yet old *Sergis* did ſo well him paine,
That from cloſe friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needfull weare.

The morrow next, that was the diſmall day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So ſoone as it did to the world diſplay
His cheareſull face, and light to men reſtore,
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Artegals* arryuall, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full ſad and hart full ſore;
Weening her lifes laſt howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh ſhe did nor heare nor ſee.

Then vp ſhe roſe, and on her ſelfe did dight
Moſt ſqualid garments, fit for ſuch a day,
And with dull countenance, and with doleful ſpright,
She forth was brought in ſorrowfull diſmay,

l. 85, ; for .—accepted.

For to receiue the doome of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Artegall*, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midſt of deadly feare.

Like / as a tender Roſe in open plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoone as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill, and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke vp, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſpreds the glorie of her leaues gay ;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, ſuch her caſe,
When *Artegall* ſhe ſaw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant, till it was farre day.

Who came at length, with proud preſumpteous gate,
Into the field, as if he feareleſſe were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate,
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a ſteele cap he did weare
Of colour ruſtie browne, but ſure and ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whoſe ſteale was yron ſtudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iuſtifie his wrong.

Of ſtature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpas,
Ne neuer any found his match in might ;

l. 130, '*ſteele*.'

Thereto he had great ſkill in ſingle fight:
His face was vgly, and his countenance ſterne,
That could haue frayd one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarſe diſcerne.

Soone as he did within the liſtes appeare, 141
With dreadfull looke he *Artegall* beheld,
As if he would haue daunted him with feare,
And grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld /
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th'Elfin ſwayne, that oft had ſeene like fight,
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him ſtreight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about, to be in readie plight.

The trompets ſound, and they together goe, 150
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge ſtrokes full daungerouſly beſtow,
To doe moſt dammage, where as moſt they ment.
But with ſuch force and furie violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes ſo faſt,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleſt or braſt.

Which cruell outrage when as *Artegall*
Did well auize, thenceforth with warie heed 160
He ſhund his ſtrokes, where euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their graceleſſe ſpeed:

l. 154, '*ſure.*'

As when a ſkilfull Marriner doth reed
A ſtorme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayles, and vereth his mainſheat,
And lends vnto it leaue the emptie ayre to beat.

So did the Faerie knight himſelfe abeare,
And ſtouped oft his head from ſhame to ſhield;
No ſhame to ſtoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And much to gaine, a litle for to yield;
So ſtouteſt knights doen oftentimes in field.
But ſtill the tyrant ſternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him ſore did ouerlade.

Yet / when as fit aduantage he did ſpy,
The whiles the curſed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to ſmite him mortally,
Vnder his ſtroke he to him ſtepping neare,
Right in the flanke him ſtrooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore bloud thence guſhing grieuouſly,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet the huge ſtroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his courſe, as he did it direct,
And with ſuch monſtrous poiſe adowne deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from death protect:

l. 169, '*ſhame*'—Mr. J. P. Collier suggests '*harme.*'

But he it well did ward with wiſe reſpect,
And twixt him and the blow his ſhield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing, tooke no great effect;
But byting deepe therein did ſticke ſo faſt,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wraſt.

Longwhile he tug'd and ſtroue, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathleſſe, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his ſhield vndoe.
Which *Artegall* perceiuing, ſtrooke no more,
But looſing ſoone his ſhield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was therewith ſo ſore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

So well he him purſew'd, that at the laſt,
He ſtroke him with *Chryſaor* on the hed,
That with the ſouſe thereof full ſore aghaſt,
He ſtaggered to and fro in doubtfull ſted./
Againe whiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
He did him ſmite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he ſaw proſtrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to eaſe him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him ſaw,
They ſhouted all for ioy of his ſucceſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with ſtrõg powre did thẽ long time oppreſſe;

l. 192, ; for ,—accepted.

And running all with greedie ioyfulneſſe
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe,
As their true Liege and Princeſſe naturall;
And eke her champions glorie founded ouer all.

Who ſtreight her leading with meete maieſtie
Vnto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore agayne;
And all ſuch perſons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part, with cloſe or open ayde,
He ſorely puniſhed with heauie payne;
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtayd,
Not one was left, that durſt her once haue diſobayd.

During which time, that he did there remaine,
His ſtudie was true Iuſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that ſame yron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he ſent,
To ſearch out thoſe, that vſd to rob and ſteale,
Or did rebell gainſt lawfull gouernment;
On whom he did inflict moſt grieuous puniſhment.

But / ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occaſion called was away,
To Faerie Court, that of neceſſity
His courſe of Iuſtice he was forſt to ſtay,
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redreſſe.
But enuies cloud ſtill dimmeth vertues ray.

So hauing freed *Irena* from diſtreſſe,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauineſſe.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriu'd againe, whence forth he ſet,
He had not paſſed farre vpon the ſtrand,
When as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
By the way ſide being together ſet,
Two grieſly creatures; and, to that their faces
Moſt foule and filthie were, their garments yet
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their diſgraces
Did much the more augment, and made moſt vgly caſes.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did ſeeme to looke aſkew,
That her miſ-ſhape much helpt; and her ſoule heare
Hung looſe and loathſomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew,
And as ſhe ſpake, therewith ſhe ſlauered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldom, but thought more, the leſſe ſhe ſed.

Her hands were ſoule and durtie, neuer waſht
In all her life, with long nayles ouer raught,
Like puttocks clawes: with th'one of which ſhe ſcracht
Her curſed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a ſnake with venime fraught,
On which ſhe fed, and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought;

l. 263, , after '*bones*'—accepted: l. 271, '*hungerly*.'

That round about her iawes one might deſcry
The bloudie gore and poyſon dropping lothſomely.

Her name was *Enuie*, knowen well thereby;
Whoſe nature is to grieue, and grudge at all,
That euer ſhe ſees doen prayſ-worthily:
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe, may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eat her gall.
For when ſhe wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw vnnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a monſters monſterous dyeat.

And if ſhe hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her fleſh for felneſſe, which ſhe inward hid:
But if ſhe heard of ill, that any did,
Or harme, that any had, then would ſhe make
Great cheare, like one vnto a banquet bid;
And in anothers loſſe great pleaſure take,
As ſhe had got thereby, and gayned a great ſtake.

The other nothing better was, then ſhee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did diſagree:
For what ſo *Enuie* good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, what euer euill ſhe conceiued,
Did ſpred abroad, and throw in th'open wynd.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reaued.
That all ſhe ſought, was mens good name to haue be-

l. 278, : for ,—accepted.

For / what ſoeuer good by any ſayd,
Or doen ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtreightwayes inuent,
How to depraue, or ſlaunderouſly vpbrayd,
Or to miſconſtrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing, that well was ment.
Therefore ſhe vſed often to reſort,
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the ſame with blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort.

And if that any ill ſhe heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worſe by telling,
And take great ioy to publiſh it to many,
That euery matter worſe was for her melling,
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was neare to *Enuie*, euen her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Enuy* ſelfe excelling
In miſchiefe: for her ſelfe ſhe onely vext;
But this ſame both her ſelfe, and others eke perplext.

Her face was vgly, and her mouth diſtort,
Foming with poyſon round about her gils,
In which her curſed tongue full ſharpe and ſhort
Appear'd like Aſpis ſting, that clofely kils,
Or cruelly does wound, whom ſo ſhe wils:
A diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Vpon the which ſhe litle ſpinnes, but ſpils,
And faynes to weaue falſe tales and leaſings bad,
To throw amongſt the good, which others had diſprad.

l. 323, (*full . . . ſhort*),

Theſe two now had themſelues combynd in one,
And linckt together gainſt Sir *Artegall*,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into miſchiefe fall, /
For freeing from their ſnares *Irena* thrall:
Beſides vnto themſelues they gotten had
A monſter, which the *Blatant beaſt* men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by ſlights allur'd, and to their purpoſe lad.

Such were theſe Hags, and ſo vnhandſome dreſt:
Who when they nigh approching, had eſpyde
Sir *Artegall* return'd from his late queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two ſhepheards curres, had ſcryde
A rauenous Wolfe amongſt the ſcattered flockes.
And *Enuie* firſt, as ſhe that firſt him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her breſt, & forhead knockes.

Then from her mouth the gobbet ſhe does take,
The which whyleare ſhe was ſo greedily
Deuouring, euen that halfe-gnawen ſnake,
And at him throwes it moſt deſpightfully.
The curſed Serpent, though ſhe hungrily
Earſt chawd thereon, yet was not all ſo dead,
But that ſome life remayned ſecretly,
And as he paſt afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

Then th'other comming neare, gan him reuile,
And ſouly rayle, with all ſhe could inuent;

l. 134, : for , substituted.

Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abuſion both his honour blent,
And that bright ſword, the ſword of Iuſtice lent,
Had ſtayned with reprochfull crueltie,
In guiltleſſe blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie
And traynes hauing ſurpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

Thereto / the Blatant beaſt by them ſet on
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with diſmay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore thoſe hags them ſelues did paine,
To ſharpen him, and their owne curſed tongs did ſtraine.

And ſtill among moſt bitter wordes they ſpake,
Moſt ſhamefull, moſt vnrighteous, moſt vntrew,
That they the mildeſt man aliue would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that ſo falſe ſclaunders at him threw.
And more to make thē pierce & wound more deepe,
She with the ſting, which in her vile tongue grew,
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh poyſon ſteepe:
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of them to take no keepe.

But *Talus* hearing her ſo lewdly raile,
And ſpeake ſo ill of him, that well deſerued,

l. 361,, placed after first '*ſword*' and removed after the second : also , after '*lent*'—accepted : l. 379, '*ſlaunders.*'

Would her haue chaſtiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir *Artegall* had not preſerued,
And him forbidden, who his heaſt obſerued.
So much the more at him ſtill did ſhe ſcold,
And ſtones did caſt, yet he for nought would ſwerue
From his right courſe, but ſtill the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell ſhall elſe be told./

THE SIXTH
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning

THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE.

OR

OF COVRTESIE.

THe waies, through which my wearie ſteps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are ſo exceeding ſpacious and wyde,
And ſprinckled with ſuch ſweet variety,
Of all that pleaſant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauiſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, & chears my dulled ſpright.

Such ſecret comfort, and ſuch heauenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred imps, that on *Parnaſſo* dwell,

l. 1, '*Sixt*': l. 7, '*curteſie.*'

And there the keeping haue of learnings threaſures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuſe ;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange waies, where neuer ſoote did vſe,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muſe;/

Reuele to me the ſacred nourſery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in ſiluer bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds diſdaine.
Since it at firſt was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at furſt
From heauenly ſeedes of bounty ſoueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſſe grew, and forth to honour burſt.

Amongſt them all growes not a fayrer flowre,
Then is the blooſme of comely courteſie,
Which though it on a lowly ſtalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And ſpreds it ſelfe through all ciuilitie :
Of which though preſent age doe plenteous ſeeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned ſhowes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies miſdeeme.

But in the triall of true curteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that, which then it was,

l. 25, ; for .—accepted : l. 30, '*Sith.*'

That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eies of them, that pas,
Which ſee not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, that it can blynd
The wiſeſt ſight, to thinke gold that is bras.
But vertues ſeat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward ſhows, but inward thoughts defynd.

But where ſhall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be ſeene
The goodly praiſe of Princely curteſie,
As in your ſelfe, O ſoueraine Lady Queene,
In / whoſe pure minde, as in a mirrour ſheene
It ſhowes, and with her brightneſſe doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet ſo from low to high vpliſted is your fame.

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Soueraine,
That from your ſelfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your ſelfe doe it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all riuers ſpring
And tribute backe repay as to their King.
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well
Into the reſt, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court, where courteſies excell.

l. 61, '*fame*'—Collier's correction of the obvious mistake of '*name*' repeated from l. 60.

Cant. I.

Calidore ſaues from Maleffort,
A Damzell vſed vylde:
Doth vanquiſh Crudor, and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

OF Court it ſeemes, men Courteſie doe call,
For that it there moſt vſeth to abound;
And well beſeemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of ciuill conuerſation.
Right ſo in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſſe paragon.

But mongſt them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then *Calidore*, beloued ouer all,
In whom it ſeemes, that gentleneſſe of ſpright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious ſpeach, did ſteale mens hearts away.
Nathleſſe thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approu'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame diſplay.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire vſage and conditions ſound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And / with the greateſt purchaſt greateſt grace:
Which he could wiſely vſe, and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th'euill to embaſe.
For he loathd leaſing, and baſe flattery,
And loued ſimple truth and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

And now he was in trauell on his way,
Vppon an hard aduenture ſore beſtad,
Whenas by chaunce he met vppon a day
With *Artegall*, returning yet halfe ſad
From his late conqueſt, which he gotten had.
Who whenas each of other had a ſight,
They knew them ſelues, and both their perſons rad:
When *Calidore* thus firſt; Haile nobleſt Knight
Of all this day on ground, that brethen liuing ſpright.

Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſſe,
Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir *Artegall* gan to expreſſe
His whole exploite, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man (ſayd then Sir *Calidore*)
Which haue ſo goodly, as ye can deuize,
Atchieu'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
That ſhall you moſt renowmed make for euermore.

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
To tread an endleſſe trace, withouten guyde,

Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to iſſue forth in waies vntryde,
In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifyde.
What is that queſt (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)
That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?/

The Blattant Beaſt (quoth he) I doe purſew,
And through the world inceſſantly doe chaſe,
Till I him ouertake, or elſe ſubdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet ſtill I forward trace.
What is that Blattant Beaſt? (then he replide)
It is a Monſter bred of helliſhe race,
(Then anſwerd he) which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many elfe deſtroyd.

Of *Cerberus* whilome he was begot,
And fell *Chimæra* in her darkeſome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was foſtred long in *Stygian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was ſent,
To be the plague and ſcourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

Then ſince the ſaluage Iſland I did leaue
Sayd *Artegall*, I ſuch a Beaſt did ſee,
The which did ſeeme a thouſand tongues to haue,
That all in ſpight and malice did agree,

l. 55, ; for ,—accepted: l. 75, '*wicked*' (1611): l. 94, : for , ,

With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he att once would me deuoure.
But I that knew my ſelfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
But he the more his wicked poyſon forth did poure.

That ſurely is that Beaſt (ſaide *Calidore*)
Which I purſue, of whom I am right glad
To heare theſe tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:
Yet / now ſome hope your words vnto me add.
Now God you ſpeed (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)
And keepe your body from the daunger drad:
For ye haue much adoe to deale withall:
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted ſeuerall.

Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough ſome more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foote vnto a tree was bound:
Who ſeeing him from farre, with piteous ſound
Of his ſhrill cries him called to his aide.
To whom approching, in that painefull ſtound
When he him ſaw, for no demaunds he ſtaide,
But firſt him loſde, and afterwards thus to him ſaide.

Vnhappy Squire, what hard miſhap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and diſgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyued in this ſhamefull place?
To whom he anſwerd thus; My hapleſſe caſe
Is not occaſiond through my miſdeſert,
But through miſfortune, which did me abaſe

Vnto this ſhame, and my young hope ſubuert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

Not farre from hence, vppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a ſtreight there ſtands a caſtle ſtrong,
Which doth obſerue a cuſtome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady paſſe along
That way, (and yet they needs muſt paſſe that way),
By reaſon of the ſtreight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies lockes doe ſhaue away,
And that knights berd for toll, which they for paſſage pay./

A ſhamefull vſe as euer I did heare,
Sayd *Calidore*, and to be ouerthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at firſt it reare,
And for what cauſe, tell if thou haue it knowne.
Sayd then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Caſtle, is by name *Briana* hight;
Then which a prouder Lady liueth none:
She long time hath deare lou'd a doughty Knight,
And ſought to win his loue by all the meanes ſhe might.

His name is *Crudor*, who through high diſdaine
And proud deſpight of his ſelfe pleaſing mynd,
Refuſed hath to yeeld her loue againe,
Vntill a Mantle ſhe for him doe fynd,
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd.
Which to prouide, ſhe hath this Caſtle dight,
And therein hath a Seneſchall aſſynd,

l. 128; ; substituted for (.).

Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will, with worſe deſpight. 140

He this ſame day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,
In execution of her lawleſſe doome,
Did ſet vppon vs flying both for feare:
For little bootes againſt him hand to reare.
Me firſt he tooke, vnhable to withſtond;
And whiles he her purſued euery where,
Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I ſurely, whether her he yet haue ſond.

Thus whiles they ſpake, they heard a ruefull ſhrieke 150
Of one loud crying, which they ſtreight way gheſt,
That it was ſhe, the which for helpe did ſeeke.
Tho looking vp vnto the cry to leſt,
They / ſaw that Carle from farre, with hand vnbleſt
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her ſnowy breſt,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he ſpare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

Which haynous ſight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftſoones he looſd that Squire, and ſo him left, 160
With hearts diſmay and inward dolour queld,
For to purſue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous ſpoile by ſo iniurious theft.
Whom ouertaking, loude to him he cryde;
Leaue faytor quickely that miſgotten weft

l. 146, '*vnable.*'

To him, that hath it better iuſtiſyde,
And turne thee ſoone to him, of whom thou art defyde.

Who hearkning to that voice, him ſelfe vpreard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towardes make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe words ſake;
And with ſterne count'naunce thus vnto him ſpake.
Art thou the caytiue, that defyeſt me,
And for this Mayd, whoſe party thou doeſt take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet ſhall it not her lockes for raunſome fro me free.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft he made him ſtagger as vnſtayd,
And oft recuile to ſhunne his ſharpe deſpight.
But *Calidore*, that was well ſkild in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtill his ſpirite ſpar'd,
Lying in waite, how him he damadge might.
But when he felt him ſhrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

Like as a water ſtreame, whoſe ſwelling ſourſe
Shall driue a Mill, within ſtrong bancks is pent,
And long reſtrayned of his ready courſe;
So ſoone as paſſage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
When once he felt his foeman to relent;
He fiercely him purſu'd, and preſſed ſore,
Who as he ſtill decayd, ſo he encreaſed more.

The heauy burden of whoſe dreadfull might
When as the Carle no longer could ſuſtaine,
His heart gan faint, and ſtreight he tooke his flight
Toward the Caſtle, where if need conſtraine,
His hope of refuge vſed to remaine.
Whom *Calidore* perceiuing faſt to flie,
He him purſu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Vnto the ward, to open to him haſtilie.

They from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoone opened to receiue him in,
But *Calidore* did follow him ſo faſt,
That euen in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin.
The carkarſſe tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut, whileſt *Calidore*
Did enter in, and ſlew the Porter on the flore.

With that the reſt, the which the Caſtle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly ſwept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of ſommers day,
With / his long taile the bryzes bruſh away.
Thence paſſing forth, into the hall he came,
Whereof the Lady ſelfe in ſad diſmay
He was ymett: who with vncomely ſhame
Gan him ſalute, and fowle vpbrayd with faulty blame.

Falſe traytor Knight, (ſayd ſhe) no Knight at all,
But ſcorne of armes that haſt with guilty hand

l. 209, '*carkaſſe*': l. 216, , substituted for .: l. 220, : for ,—accepted.

Murdred my men, and ſlaine my Seneſchall;
Now comeſt thou to rob my houſe vnmand,
And ſpoile my ſelfe, that can not thee withſtand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that ſome better Knight
Then thou, that ſhall thy treaſon vnderſtand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet ſhame ſhal thee with ſhame requight.

Much was the Knight abaſhed at that word;
Yet anſwerd thus; Not vnto me the ſhame,
But to the ſhamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemiſh; for it is no blame
To puniſh thoſe, that doe deſerue the ſame;
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curteſie.
No greater ſhame to man then inhumanitie.

Then doe your ſelfe, for dread of ſhame, forgoe
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in ſtead thereof mild curt'ſie ſhowe
To all, that paſſe. That ſhall you glory gaine
More then his loue, which thus ye ſeeke t'obtaine.
Wherewith all full of wrath, ſhe thus replyde;
Vile recreant, know that I doe much diſdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doeſt my loue deride,
Who ſcornes thy ydle ſcoffe, and bids thee be defyde.

To take defiaunce at a Ladies word
(Quoth he) I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his ſword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.

Cowherd (quoth ſhe) were not, that thou wouldſt fly,
Ere he doe come, he ſhould be ſoone in place.
If I doe ſo, (ſayd he) then liberty
I leaue to you, for aye me to diſgrace
With all thoſe ſhames, that erſt ye ſpake me to deface.

With that a Dwarfe ſhe cald to her in haſt,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A priuy token, which betweene them paſt,
Bad him to flie with all the ſpeed he could,
To *Crudor*, and deſire him that he would
Vouchſafe to reſkue her againſt a Knight,
Who thrugh ſtrõg powre had now her ſelf in hould,
Hauing late ſlaine her Seneſchall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

The Dwarfe his way did haſt, and went all night;
But *Calidore* did with her there abyde
The comming of that ſo much threatned Knight;
Where that diſcourteous Dame with ſcornfull pryde,
And fowle entreaty him indigniſyde,
That yron heart it hardly could ſuſtaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wiſely guyde,
Did well endure her womaniſh diſdaine,
And did him ſelfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light,
Aboue the earth vpreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that meſſage to her knight,
Brought aunſwere backe, that ere he taſted bread,

l. 253, '*Coward*,' as before: l. 254, '*he*' for '*thou*'—accepted: l. 260, within ( ): l. 269, ; substituted for , .

He / would her ſuccour, and aliue or dead
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And that of him ſhe mote aſſured ſtand,
He ſent to her his baſenet, as a faithfull band.

Thereof full blyth the Lady ſtreight became,
And gan t'augment her bitterneſſe much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the ſame,
Ne ought diſmayed was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more chearefull ſeeme therefore.
And hauing ſoone his armes about him dight,
Did iſſue forth, to meete his foe afore;
Where long he ſtayed not, when as a Knight
He ſpide come pricking on with al his powre and might.

Well weend he ſtreight, that he ſhould be the ſame,
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne ſtayd to aſke if it were he by name,
But coucht his ſpeare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middeſt of the plaine,
With ſo fell fury, and diſpiteous forſe,
That neither could the others ſtroke ſuſtaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horſe,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorſe.

But *Calidore* vproſe againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay faſt in ſenceleſſe ſound,
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For ſhame he weend a ſleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* ſaw that drery ſtound,
There where ſhe ſtood vppon the Caſtle wall,
She deem'd him ſure to haue bene dead on ground,

And made ſuch piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements ſhe ready ſeem'd to fall. /

Nathleſſe at length him ſelfe he did vpreare
In luſtleſſe wiſe, as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbs ; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, a while he reſted ſtill :
But when he ſaw his foe before in vew,
He ſhooke off luſkiſhneſſe, and courage chill
Kindling a freſh, gan battell to renew,
To proue if better foote then horſebacke would enfew.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for mayſtery of might.
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,
And both inflam'd with furious deſpight :
Which as it ſtill encreaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruell ſtrokes and terrible affright ;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breath a while their angers tempeſt ceaſt.

Thus long they trac'd and trauerſt to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe ;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates aſunder brake,
As they had potſhares bene ; for nought mote ſlake
Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
That at the laſt like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riuen ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

l. 334, '*potſhards*' (1611).

At length it chaunſt, that both their hands on hie,
At once did heaue, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the vtmoſt of their force to trie,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But / *Calidore*, that was more quicke of ſight,
And nimbler handed, then his enemie,
Preuented him before his ſtroke could light,
And on the helmet ſmote him formerlie,
That made him ſtoupe to ground with meeke humilitie.

And ere he could recouer foot againe,
He following that faire aduantage faſt,
His ſtroke redoubled with ſuch might and maine,
That him vpon the ground he groueling caſt;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnlaſt
His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.
Who ſeeing, in what daunger he was plaſt,
Cryde out, Ah mercie Sir, doe me not ſlay,
But ſaue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

With that his mortall hand a while he ſtayd,
And hauing ſomewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him ſayd;
And is the boaſt of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more ſo rudely to intreat,
But put away proud looke, and vſage ſterne,
The which ſhal nought to you but foule diſhonor yearne.

For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'ſie doth as well as armes profeſſe,

l. 365, '*earne*.'

How euer ſtrong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelneſſe.
In vaine he feeketh others to ſuppreſſe,
Who hath not learnd him ſelfe firſt to ſubdew:
All fleſh is frayle, and full of fickleneſſe,
Subiect to fortunes chance, ſtill chaunging new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you. /

Who will not mercie vnto others ſhew,
How can he mercie euer hope to haue?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew.
Yet ſince ye mercie now doe need to craue,
I will it graunt, your hopeleſſe life to ſaue;
With theſe conditions, which I will propound:
Firſt, that ye better ſhall your ſelfe behaue
Vnto all errant knights, whereſo on ground;
Next that ye Ladies ayde in euery ſtead and ſtound.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heaſts did gladly heare,
And promiſt to performe his precept well,
And whatſoeuer elſe he would requere.
So ſuffring him to riſe, he made him ſweare
By his owne ſword, and by the croſſe thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
Withouten dowre or compoſition;
But to releaſe his former foule condition.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himſelfe moſt firmely to obay,
He vp aroſe, how euer lieſe or lõth,
And ſwore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from ſorrowfull diſmay

The ſad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* vpcheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

Whereof ſhe now more glad, then ſory earſt,
All ouercome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courteſie, that pearſt
Her ſtubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before / his feet her ſelfe ſhe did proiect,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
With all due thankes, and dutifull reſpect,
Her ſelfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and loue reſtord.

So all returning to the Caſtle glad,
Moſt ioyfully ſhe them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feaſt to them ſhe made,
To ſhew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes ſhe mote it beſt explaine:
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*
She freely gaue that Caſtle for his paine,
And her ſelfe bound to him for euermore;
So wondrouſly now chaung'd, from that ſhe was afore.

But *Calidore* himſelfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee, for hyre of his good deede,
But gaue them ſtreight vnto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneſchall he lately freed,
And to his damzell as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and ſtrong,
And then to his firſt queſt he paſſed forth along.

Cant. I II.

Calidore ſees young Triſtram ſlay
A proud diſcourteous knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
his ſtate and preſent plight.

WHat vertue is ſo fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie, whom a knight ſhould loue,
As Curteſie, to beare themſelues aright
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?
For whether they be placed high aboue,
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reproue
Of rudeneſſe, for not yeelding what they owe:
Great ſkill it is ſuch duties timely to beſtow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature ſelfe doth lend:
For ſome ſo goodly gratious are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that haue greater ſkill in mind,
Though they enforce themſelues, cannot attaine.
For euerie thing, to which one is inclin'd,

l. 3, : for ,—accepted.

Doth beſt become, and greateſt grace doth gaine:
Yet praiſe likewiſe deſerue good thewes, enforſt with paine.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares,
Whoſe euery act and word, that he did ſay,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eares,
And both the eyes did ſteale the hart away.
He / now againe is on his former way,
To follow his firſt queſt, when as he ſpyde
A tall young man from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deſcryde,
Againſt an armed knight, that did on horſebacke ryde.

And them beſide a Ladie faire he ſaw,
Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
To whom himſelfe he haſtily did draw,
To weet the cauſe of ſo vncomely fray,
And to depart them, if ſo be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he ſaw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, & his thought with wonder fild.

Him ſtedfaſtly he markt, and ſaw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a ſlender ſlip, that ſcarſe did ſee
Yet ſeuenteene yeares, but tall and faire of face

l. 25, '*act and word*' accepted for '*act and deed*' of '96: ll. 26 7, '*eares*' and '*eyes*' are misplaced in the respective lines, as the rhyme-word '*appeares*' shows, both in 1596 and 1609 and all.

That ſure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
Of lincolne greene, belayd with ſiluer lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets ſprad,
And by his ſide his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buſkins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwayne,
Pinckt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharpe boreſpeare,
With which he wont to launch the ſaluage hart
Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare
That firſt vnto his hand in chaſe did happen neare./

Whom *Calidore* a while well hauing vewed,
At length beſpake; what meanes this, gentle ſwaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it ſelfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is ſlaine,
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?
Certes (ſaid he) loth were I to haue broken
The law of armes; yet breake it ſhould againe,
Rather then let my ſelfe of wight be ſtroken,
So long as theſe two armes were able to be wroken.

For not I him as this his Ladie here
May witneſſe well, did offer firſt to wrong,
Ne ſurely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
But he me firſt, through pride and puiſſance ſtrong
Aſſayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.

Perdie great blame, (then ſaid Sir *Calidore*)
For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, whereſore
Betwixt you two began this ſtriſe and ſterne vprore.

That ſhall I ſooth (ſaid he) to you declare.
I whoſe vnryper yeares are yet vnfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Doe ſpend my dayes, and bend my careleſſe wit
To ſaluage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forreſt, and wyld wooddie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunſt to meete this knight, who there lyes ſlaine,
Together with this Ladie, paſſing on the plaine.

The knight, as ye did ſee, on horſebacke was,
And this his Ladie, (that him ill became,)
On her faire ſeet by his horſe ſide did pas
Through thicke and thin, vnfit for any Dame.
Yet / not content, more to increaſe his ſhame,
When ſo ſhe lagged, as ſhe needs mote ſo,
He with his ſpeare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

Which when I ſaw, as they me paſſed by,
Much was I moued in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for ſuch cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with vſage kind
He rather ſhould haue taken vp behind.

l. 93, (*that . . . blame*).

Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud diſdaine,
Tooke in foule ſcorne, that I ſuch fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,
Threatning to chaſtize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned
His ſcornefull taunts vnto his teeth againe,
That he ſtreight way with haughtie choler burned,
And with his ſpeare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or twaine;
Which I enforſt to beare though to my paine,
Caſt to requite, and with a ſlender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as ſeemeth, vnderneath the hart,
That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did depart.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admyre his ſpeach
Tempred ſo well, but more admyr'd the ſtroke
That through the mayles had made ſo ſtrong a breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke
His wrath on him, that firſt occaſion broke.
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame Ladie, whether what he ſpoke,
Were foothly ſo, and that th' vnrighteous ire
Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne due hire. /

Of all which, when as ſhe could nought deny,
But cleard that ſtripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir *Calidore*; neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:

l. 125, '*Staid.*'

For what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did him ſelfe to ſaue: (ſhame.
Againſt both which that knight wrought knightleſſe
For knights and all men this by nature haue,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behaue.

But ſith that he is gone irreuocable,
Pleaſe it you Ladie, to vs to aread,
What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable,
To driue you ſo on foot vnfit to tread,
And lackey by him, gainſt all womanhead?
Certes Sir knight (ſayd ſhe) full loth I were
To rayſe a lyuing blame againſt the dead:
But ſince it me concernes, my ſelfe to clere,
I will the truth diſcouer, as it chaunſt whylere.

This day, as he and I together roade
Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chaunſt to come foreby a couert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment,
Of their franke loues, free from all gealous ſpyes:
Faire was the Ladie ſure, that mote content
An hart, not carried with too curious eyes,
And vnto him did ſhew all louely courteſyes.

Whom when my knight did ſee ſo louely faire,
He inly gan her louer to enuy,
And wiſh, that he part of his ſpoyle might ſhare.
Whereto when as my preſence he did ſpy
To / be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My loues owne part to leaue ſo ſuddenly,

He with ſtrong hand down frõ his ſteed me throw'th,
And with preſumpteous powre againſt that knight
ſtreight go'th.

Vnarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For Ladies ſeruice, and for loues delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, ſtreight bids him dight
Himſelfe to yeeld his loue, or elſe to fight.
Whereat the other ſtarting vp diſmayd,
Yet boldly anſwer'd, as he rightly might;
To leaue his loue he ſhould be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynſt all, that it gaineſayd.

Yet ſince he was not preſently in plight
Her to defend, or his to iuſtifie,
He him requeſted, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or ſtay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would giue, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his ſpeare him ſmot;
From which to thinke to ſaue himſelfe, it booted not.

Meanewhile his Ladie, which this outrage ſaw,
Whileſt they together for the quarrey ſtroue,
Into the couert did her ſelfe withdraw,
And cloſely hid her ſelfe within the groue.
My knight hers ſoone, as ſeemes, to daunger droue
And left ſore wounded: but when her he miſt,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue

l. 172, (*which . . . by*): l. 181, (*as ſeemes*).

And range through all the wood, where ſo he wiſt
She hidden was, and fought her ſo long, as him liſt. /

But when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long ſearch and chauff, he turned backe
Vnto the place, where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curſe and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
Stroue to appeaſe him, and perſwaded long:
But ſtill his paſſion grew more violent and ſtrong.

Then as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we ſhould fare, he flat refuſed
To take me vp (as this young man did ſee)
Vpon his ſteed, for no iuſt cauſe accuſed,
But forſt to trot on foot, and foule miſuſed,
Pounching me with the butt end of his ſpeare,
In vaine complayning, to be ſo abuſed.
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforſt my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

So paſſed we, till this young man vs met,
And being moou'd with pittie of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for eaſe of my regret:
Whereof befell, what now is in your ſight.
Now ſure (then ſaid Sir *Calidore*) and right
Me ſeemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who euer thinkes through confidence of might,

l. 200, '*Punching.*'

Or through ſupport of count'nance proud and hault
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne aſſault.

Then turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
Which had himſelfe ſo ſtoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face ſo louely ſterne and coy,
And hearing th' anſweres of his pregnant wit,
He / prayſd it much, and much admyred it;
That ſure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom thoſe graces did ſo goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding ſtood,
He burſt into theſe words, as to him ſeemed good.

Faire gentle ſwayne, and yet as ſtout as fayre,
That in theſe woods amõgſt the Nymphs doſt wonne,
Which daily may to thy ſweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* ſonne,
After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne:
Well may I certes ſuch an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily haſt wonne,
Or ſurely borne of ſome Heroicke ſead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodly head.

But ſhould it not diſpleaſe thee it to tell;
(Vnleſſe thou in theſe woods thy ſelfe conceale,
For loue amongſt the woodie Gods to dwell;)
I would thy ſelfe require thee to reueale,
For deare affection and vnfayned zeale,
Which to thy noble perſonage I beare,
And wiſh thee grow in worſhip and great weale.
For ſince the day that armes I firſt did reare,
I neuer ſaw in any greater hope appeare.

To whom then thus the noble youth; may be
Sir knight, that by diſcouering my eſtate,
Harme may ariſe vnweeting vnto me;
Natheleſſe, ſith ye ſo courteous ſeemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie haue forlorne, (adorne. /
And loſt the crowne, which ſhould my head by right

And *Triſtram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good king *Meliogras* which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues deſpeire
Vntimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reaſon, my right to maintaine.
After whoſe death, his brother ſeeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to ſuſtaine,
Vpon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And ſent me, where him liſt, inſtructed for to bee.

The widow Queene my mother, which then hight
Faire *Emiline*, conceiuing then great feare
Of my fraile ſafetie, reſting in the might
Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whoſe gealous dread induring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all, that doubt may breed,
Thought beſt away me to remoue ſomewhere
Into ſome forrein land, where as no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

So taking counſell of a wiſe man red,
She was by him aduiz'd, to ſend me quight

Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lioneſſe* is hight,
Into the land of *Faerie*, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong.
To whoſe wiſe read ſhe hearkning, ſent me ſtreight
Into this land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to ſtature ſtrong.

All which my daies I haue not lewdly ſpent,
Nor ſpilt the bloſſome of my tender yeares
In ydleſſe, but as was conuenient,
Haue trayned bene with many noble feres
In / gentle thewes, and ſuch like ſeemely leres.
Mongſt which my moſt delight hath alwaies been,
To hunt the ſaluage chace amongſt my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forreſt greene ;
Of which none is to me vnknowne, that eu'r was ſeene.

Ne is there hauke, which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoaſting low,
But I the meaſure of her flight doe ſearch,
And all her pray, and all her diet know.
Such be our ioyes, which in theſe forreſts grow :
Onely the vſe of armes, which moſt I ioy,
And fitteth moſt for noble ſwayne to know,
I haue not taſted yet, yet paſt a boy,
And being now high time theſe ſtrong ioynts to imploy.

Therefore, good Sir, ſith now occaſion fit
Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſeldome may,

l. 269, , removed after '*countrie*' : l. 272, .—accepted.

Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to vſe them right;
The rather ſince that fortune hath this day
Giuen to me the ſpoile of this dead knight,
Theſe goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

All which when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
Him much more now, then earſt he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; faire chyld, the high deſire
To loue of armes, which in you doth aſpire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wiſh, that ſome more noble hire,
(Though none more noble then is cheualrie,)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie. /

There him he cauſd to kneele, and made to ſweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young *Triſtram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaues ſmall,
Long ſhut vp in the bud from heauens vew.
At length breakes forth, and brode diſplayes his ſmyling hew.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Chyld *Triſtram* prayd, that he with him might goe
On his aduenture, vowing not to ſtart,

But wayt on him in euery place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would proue a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this anſwere he to him behight.

Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous Squire,
To haue thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt:
But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
To dread my Soueraine, when I it aſſayd,
That in atchieuement of her high beheſt
I ſhould no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,
For thy I may not graunt, that ye ſo greatly prayde.

But ſince this Ladie is all deſolate,
And needeth ſafegard now vpon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull ſtate
To ſuccour her, from daunger of diſmay;
That / thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble ympe of ſuch new feruice fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did ſay.
So taking courteous leaue, they parted twayne,
And *Calidore* forth paſſed to his former payne.

But *Triſtram* then deſpoyling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly implements of prayſe,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire ſight
Of the bright mettall, ſhyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thouſand wayes.

l. 349, '*ornaments.*'

And after hauing them vpon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her vp did rayſe
Vpon the ſteed of her owne late dead knight:
So with her marched forth, as ſhe did him behight.

There to their fortune leaue we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who ere he thence had traueild many a mile,
Came to the place, whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom *Triſtram* ſlew, had wounded ſore
Another knight in his deſpiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments, and the graſſe in vermeill dyde.

And there beſide him ſate vpon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteouſly complayning
With loud laments that moſt vnluckie ſtound,
And her ſad ſelfe with carefull hand conſtrayning
To wype his wounds, and eaſe their bitter payning.
Which ſorie ſight when *Calidore* did vew
With heauie eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull caſe can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew./

Then ſpeaking to the Ladie, thus he ſayd:
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight vnarm'd, with ſo vnknightly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may auenge him of ſo foule deſpight.
The Ladie hearing his ſo courteous ſpeach,

l. 355, : for ,—accepted.

Gan reare her eyes as to the cheareſull light,
And from her ſory hart few heauie words forth ſight.

In which ſhe ſhew'd, how that diſcourteous knight
(Whom *Triſtram* ſlew) them in that ſhadow found,
Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpeare and mortally did wound,
Withouten cauſe, but onely her to reaue
From him, to whom ſhe was for euer bound:
Yet when ſhe fled into that couert greaue,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

When *Calidore* this ruefull ſtorie had
Well vnderſtood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could vnderſtand,
Him thus deſcrib'd, to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waues, row'd in a ſommer barge.

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to gheſſe ſtreightway
By many ſignes which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he, whom *Triſtram* earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid; Dame be no longer ſad:
For / he, that hath your Knight ſo ill beſtad,
Is now him ſelfe in much more wretched plight;
Theſe eyes him ſaw vpon the cold earth ſprad,

l. 383, '*ſigh't.*'

The meede of his deſert for that deſpight,
Which to your ſelfe he wrought, & to your loued knight.

Therefore faire Lady lay aſide this griefe,
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart,
For that diſpleaſure ; and thinke what reliefe
Where beſt deuiſe for this your louers ſmart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Conuay to be recur'd. She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care, which he did beare
Both to her loue ; and to her ſelfe in that ſad dreare.

Yet could ſhe not deuiſe by any wit,
How thence ſhe might conuay him to ſome place.
For him to trouble ſhe it thought vnfit,
That was a ſtraunger to her wretched caſe ;
And him to beare, ſhe thought it thing too baſe.
Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus beſpake ;
Faire Lady let it not you ſeeme diſgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe ;
My ſelfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

So off he did his ſhield, and downeward layd
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare ;
And powring balme, which he had long puruayd,
Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne :
Where what enſu'd, ſhall in next Canto be begonne.

Cant. III.

Calidore brings Priſcilla home,
Purſues the Blatant Beaſt:
Saues Serena, whileſt Calepine
By Turpine is oppreſt.

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet ſayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne.
For man by nothing is ſo well bewrayd,
As by his manners, in which plaine is ſhowne
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For ſeldome ſeene, a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So ſeldome ſeene, that one in baſeneſſe ſet
Doth noble courage ſhew, with curteous manners met.

But euermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* deſcryde,
By late enſample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Caſtle where they had decreed.

l. 4, , after '*Serena*'—accepted: l. 8, '*a*' before '*man*' in 1596 and 1609 is superfluous; removed in 1679.

There of the Knight, the which that Caſtle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was beſought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great ſway in armes amongſt his peares:
But now weake age had dimd his candle light.
Yet / was he courteous ſtill to euery wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline.
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his ſonnes *Aladine.*

Who when he ſaw his ſonne ſo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare
By a faire Lady, and a ſtraunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo doleſull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth; Ah ſory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me, is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to ſad annoy?

Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
That ere they come vnto their aymed ſcope,
They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring vs bale and bitter ſorrowings,
In ſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace:
This is the ſtate of Keaſars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vnlucky caſe.

So well and wiſely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his gueſts, whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was eaſie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But ſigh'd and ſorrow'd for her louer deare,
And inly did afflict her penſiue thought, (brought./
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be

For ſhe was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who fought her to affy
To a great pere; but ſhe did diſaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lou'd this freſh young Knight, who dwelt her ny,
The luſty *Aladine*, though meaner borne,
And of leſſe liuelood and hability,
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meaneſſe much, & make her th'others riches ſcorne.

So hauing both found fit occaſion,
They met together in that luckeleſſe glade;
Where that proud Knight in his preſumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earſt inuade,
Being vnarm'd, and ſet in ſecret ſhade.
Whereof ſhe now bethinking, gan t'aduize,
How great a hazard ſhe at earſt had made
Of her good fame, and further gan deuize,
How ſhe the blame might ſalue with coloured diſguize.

But *Calidore* with all good courteſie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away

l. 57, '*ſigh't.*'

The penſiue fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did aſſay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the euening paſt, till time of reſt,
When *Calidore* in ſeemly good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndreſt,
Did ſleepe all night through weary trauell of his queſt.

But faire *Priſcilla* (ſo that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely ſleepe,
But by her wounded loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguiſh weepe,
And / with her teares his wounds did waſh and ſteepe.
So well ſhe waſht them, and ſo well ſhe watcht him,
That of the deadly ſwound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, ſhe at the length diſpacht him,
And droue away the ſtound, which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next, when day gan to vplooke,
He alſo gan vplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he ſaw his faire *Priſcilla* by,
He deepely ſigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood,
To which ſhe for his ſake had weetingly
Now brought her ſelfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For firſt, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which ſhe perceiuing, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compaſſionate,

l. 100, '*ſigh't*,' as before.

Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares :
So both conſpiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to caſt,
How to ſaue hole her hazarded eſtate ;
For which the onely helpe now left them laſt
Seem'd to be *Calidore* : all other helpes were paſt.

Him they did deeme, as ſure to them he ſeemed,
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull truſt :
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iuſt.
Earely, ſo ſoone as *Titans* beames forth bruſt
Through the thicke clouds, in which they ſteeped lay
All night in darkeneſſe, duld with yron ruſt,
Calidore riſing vp as freſh as day,
Gan freſhly him addreſſe vnto his former way. /

But firſt him ſeemed fit, that wounded Knight
To viſite, after this nights perillous paſſe,
And to ſalute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely laſſe.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued ſpeach to him of things of courſe,
The anguiſh of his paine to ouerpaſſe :
Mongſt which he namely did to him diſcourſe,
Of former daies miſhap, his ſorrowes wicked ſourſe.

Of which occaſion *Aldine* taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his loue,
And all his diſaduentures to vnfold ;
That *Calidore* it dearly deepe did moue.

l. III, '*ſalue hole*' (1611).

In th'end his kyndly courteſie to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue beſought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To ſafe conduct his loue, and not for ought
To leaue, till to her fathers houſe he had her brought.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight, 141
It to performe: ſo after little ſtay,
That ſhe her ſelfe had to the iourney dight,
He paſſed forth with her in faire array,
Feareleſſe, who ought did thinke, or ought did ſay,
Sith his own thought he knew moſt cleare from wite.
So as they paſt together on their way,
He can deuize this counter-caſt of ſlight,
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cauſe in ſight.

Streight to the carkaſſe of that Knight he went, 150
The cauſe of all this euill, who was ſlaine
The day before by iuſt auengement
Of noble *Triſtram*, where it did remaine:
There / he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the ſigne of ſhame.
So forth he paſſed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers houſe he came;
Moſt penſiue man, through feare, what of his childe became.

There he arriuing boldly, did preſent
The fearefull Lady to her father deare, 160
Moſt perfect pure, and guiltleſſe innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood ſweare,

l. 157, ; substituted for , .

Since firſt he ſaw her, and did free from ſeare
Of a diſcourteous Knight, who her had reft,
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witneſſe thereof he ſhew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

Moſt ioyfull man her ſire was her to ſee,
And heare th'aduenture of her late miſchaunce;
And thouſand thankes to *Calidore* for fee
Of his large paines in her deliueraunce
Did yeeld; Ne leſſe the Lady did aduaunce.
Thus hauing her reſtored truſtily,
As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuaunce
He there did make, and then moſt carefully
Vnto his firſt exploite he did him ſelfe apply.

So as he was purſuing of his queſt
He chaunſt to come whereas a iolly Knight,
In couert ſhade him ſelfe did ſafely reſt,
To ſolace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
For that him ſelfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him ſpight.
And eke the Lady was full faire to ſee,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree. /

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
Them much abaſht, but more him ſelfe thereby,
That he ſo rudely did vppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
Yet ſince it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him ſelfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,

And pardon crau'd for his ſo raſh aſſault,
That he gainſt courteſie ſo fowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He ſoone allayd that Knights conceiu'd diſpleaſure,
That he beſought him downe by him to ſit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leaſure;
And of aduentures, which had in his meaſure
Of ſo long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he ſate, and with delightfull pleaſure
His long aduentures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

Of which whileſt they diſcourſed both together,
The faire *Serena* (ſo his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldneſſe of the gentle wether,
And pleaſaunce of the place, the which was dight
With diuers flowres diſtinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wauering luſt after her wandring ſight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without ſuſpect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

All ſodainely out of the forreſt nere
The *Blatant Beaſt* forth ruſhing vnaware,
Caught her thus looſely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
Crying / aloud to ſhew her ſad misfare
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care

l. 193, '*aſſault*'—Collier's correction of the obvious error of '*default*' twice in '96 and 1609 : l. 217, '*in vaine*' after '*aloud*' : l. 218, ; for ,— accepted.

Haſtily ſtarting vp, like men diſmayde,
Ran after faſt, to reſkue the diſtreſſed mayde.

The Beaſt with their purſuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to haue ſpoyled her, when *Calidore*
Who was more light of foote and ſwift in chace,
Him ouertooke in middeſt of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forſt to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him ſelſe to fearefull flight;
For he durſt not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

Who natheleſſe, when he the Lady ſaw
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to ſuccour her in that affright,
But follow'd faſt the Monſter in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him ſo faſt,
That he nould let him breath nor gather ſpright,
But forſt him gape and gaſpe, with dread aghaſt,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh a ſunder braſt.

And now by this Sir *Calepine* (ſo hight)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous diſmay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both ſides through grypt with grieſly wound.
His weapons ſoone from him he threw away,
And ſtouping downe to her in drery ſwound,

l. 220, ,—accepted: l. 237, '*n'ould*,'

Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon ſhe lay,
And in his tender armes her forced vp to ſtay. /

So well he did his bufie paines apply,
That the faint ſprite he did reuoke againe,
To her fraile manſion of mortality.
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And ſetting on his ſteede, her did ſuſtaine
With carefull hands ſoft footing her beſide,
Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attaine,
Where ſhe in ſafe aſſuraunce mote abide,
Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery waine
Vnto his Inne began to draw apace ;
Tho wexing weary of that toyleſome paine,
In trauelling on foote ſo long a ſpace,
Not wont on foote with heauy arms to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a riuers ſyde,
He chaunſt to ſpie a faire and ſtately place,
To which he meant his weary ſteps to guyde,
In hope there for his loue ſome ſuccour to prouyde.

But comming to the riuers ſide, he found
That hardly paſſable on foote it was :
Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſtound,
Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote pas.
Thus whileſt he was in this diſtreſſed caſe,
Deuiſing what to doe, he nigh eſpyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place,

l. 254, '*ſoft footing*'—obvious correction of '*ſofting foot*' of '96 and 1609 from 1679.

With a faire Lady lincked by his ſyde,
The which themſelues prepard thorough the foord to ride.

Whom *Calepine* ſaluting (as became)
Beſought of courteſie in that his neede,
For ſafe conducting of his fickely Dame,
Through that ſame perillous foord with better heede,
To / take him vp behinde vpon his ſteed:
To whom that other did this taunt returne.
Perdy thou peaſant Knight, mightſt rightly reed
Me then to be full baſe and euill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of ſuch ſcorne.

But as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorne with ſhame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewiſe doe the ſame,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleaſing payne,
And proue thy manhood on the billowes vayne.
With which rude ſpeach his Lady much diſpleaſed,
Did him reproue, yet could him not reſtrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eaſed,
For pitty of his Dame, whom ſhe ſaw ſo diſeaſed.

Sir *Calepine* her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Againſt her Knight, her gentleneſſe refuſed,
And careleſly into the riuer goth,
As in deſpight to be ſo fowle abuſed
Of a rude churle, whom often he accuſed
Of fowle diſcourteſie, vnfit for Knight;
And ſtrongly wading through the waues vnuſed,

l. 275, '*thorough*' (1609)—accepted for '*through*': ll. 278-9 within ( ): l. 280, : for ,—accepted: l. 299, ; accepted, and so l. 304.

With ſpeare in th'one hand, ſtayd him ſelf vpright,
With th'other ſtaide his Lady vp with ſteddy might.

And all the while, that fame diſcourteous Knight,
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whoſe calamity, for more deſpight
He laught, and mockt to ſee him like to ſwim.
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And ſaw his carriage paſt that perill well,
Looking at that ſame Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did ſwell,
And forth at laſt did breake in ſpeaches ſharpe and fell./

Vnknightly Knight, the blemiſh of that name,
And blot of all that armes vppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for euer doe thoſe armes forſake;
And be for euer held a recreant Knight,
Vnleſſe thou dare for thy deare Ladies ſake,
And for thine owne defence on foote alight,
To iuſtifie thy fault gainſt me in equall fight.

The daſtard, that did heare him ſelfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde,
Did ſcorne the challenge of ſo baſe a thrall:
Or had no courage, or elſe had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no reuenge he forth could call,

l. 314, '*Which*'—Dr. Morris mistakenly says '96 reads '*that*' here.

But both his challenge and himſelfe contemned
Ne cared as a coward ſo to be condemned.

But he nought weighing what he ſayd or did,
Turned his ſteede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Caſtle rid,
Where was his won ; ne did the other ſtay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his ſicke charge ſome harbour there to ſeeke ;
Where he arriuing with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And myld entreaty, lodging did for her beſeeke.

But the rude Porter, that no manners had,
Did ſhut the gate againſt him in his face,
And entraunce boldly vnto him forbad.
Natheleſſe the Knight now in ſo needy caſe,
Gan / him entreat euen with ſubmiſſion baſe,
And humbly praid to let them in that night :
Who to him aunſwer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Vnleſſe that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

Full loth am I (quoth he) as now at earſt,
When day is ſpent, and reſt vs needeth moſt,
And that this Lady, both whoſe ſides are pearſt
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghoſt :
Ne would I gladly combate with mine hoſt,
That ſhould to me ſuch curteſie afford,
Vnleſſe that I were thereunto enforſt.

l. 338, , accepted ; and so l. 339.

But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus ſtrongly ward the Caſtle of the ford.

His name (quoth he) if that thou liſt to learne,
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and ſtearne
In all aſſaies to euery errant Knight,
Becauſe of one, that wrought him fowle deſpight.
Ill ſeemes (ſayd he) if he ſo valiaunt be,
That he ſhould be ſo ſterne to ſtranger wight:
For ſeldome yet did liuing creature ſee,
That curteſie and manhood euer diſagree.

But go thy waies to him, and fro me ſay,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That houſe-rome craues, yet would be loth t'aſſay
The proofe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or curteſie with rudeneſſe to requite:
Yet if he needes will fight, craue leaue till morne,
And tell with all, the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languiſheth forlorne,
That pitty craues, as he of woman was yborne. /

The groome went ſtreight way in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the meſſage, which that Knight did moue;
Who ſitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund reproue,
But both himſelfe reuil'd, and eke his loue;
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of vngentle vſage did approue

l. 372, (*withall*): l. 381, '*reprove.*' See Glossary, *s.v.* '*approue.*'

And earneſtly entreated that they might
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that ſame night.

Yet would he not perſwaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame.
Which anſwer when the groome returning, brought
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for ſo foule a ſhame,
That he could not thereof auenged bee:
But moſt for pitty of his deareſt Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did ſee;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
He ſaw, the preſent miſchiefe to redreſſe,
But th'vtmoſt end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addreſſe.
So downe he tooke his Lady in diſtreſſe,
And layd her vnderneath a buſh to ſleepe,
Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedneſſe,
Whiles he him ſelfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her ſafegard keepe.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as ioyous day
Did ſhew it ſelfe in ſunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous diſmay,
Twixt darkeneſſe dread, and hope of liuing light,
Vprear'd / her head to ſee that chearefull ſight.
Then *Calepine*, how euer inly wroth,
And greedy to auenge that vile deſpight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies ſake, full loth
To make there lenger ſtay, forth on his iourney goth.

He goth on foote all armed by her ſide,
Vpſtaying ſtill her ſelfe vppon her ſteede,
Being vnhable elſe alone to ride;
So ſore her ſides, ſo much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreameſt neede,
He chaunſt far off an armed Knight to ſpy,
Purſuing him apace with greedy ſpeede,
Whom well he wiſt to be ſome enemy,
That meant to make aduantage of his miſery.

Wherefore he ſtayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what iſſue would thereof betyde,
Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine ſignes he plainely him deſcryde,
To be the man, that with ſuch ſcornefull pryde
Had him abuſde, and ſhamed yeſterday;
Therefore miſdoubting, leaſt he ſhould miſguyde
His former malice to ſome new aſſay,
He caſt to keepe him ſelfe ſo ſafely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewiſe,
And couching cloſe his ſpeare and all his powre,
As bent to ſome malicious enterpriſe,
He bad him ſtand, t'abide the bitter ſtoure
Of his ſore vengeaunce, or to make auoure
Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce; who nought could do, but ſhun
The perill of his pride, or elſe be ouerrun. /

Yet he him ſtill purſew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill;

l. 430, '*and all*'—Dr. Morris queries '*with all.*'

And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will.
But his beſt ſuccour and refuge was ſtill
Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and ſhrill,
As euer he to Lady was affyde,
To ſpare her Knight, and reſt with reaſon pacifyde.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felneſſe him purſew'd:
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Hauing by chaunce a cloſe aduantage vew'd,
He ouer raught him, hauing long eſchew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his ſpere
Strooke through his ſhoulder, that the blood enſew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill freſh guſhing did appere.

Yet ceaſt he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaſte him ſtill, for all his Ladies cry;
Not ſatisfyde till on the fatall ground
He ſaw his life powrd forth diſpiteouſly:
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reſkue wrought,
And ſaued from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought:
That in another Canto ſhall to end be brought.

l. 439, ; for ,—accepted ; and so ll. 443, 458 : l. 448, : for ,—accepted,

Cant. I IIII.

Calepine by a ſaluage man
from Turpine reſkewed is;
And whyleſt an Infant from a Beare
he ſaues, his loue doth miſſe.

LIke as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Hauing ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher barke doth neare behold,
That giueth comfort to her courage cold.
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous knight
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad Ladie left in pitifull affright.

Till that by fortune, paſſing all foreſight,
A ſaluage man, which in thoſe woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous ſhright,
Toward the ſame inceſſantly did ronne,
To vnderſtand what there was to be donne.
There he this moſt diſcourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he firſt begonne,

l. 3, ; for ,—accepted.

Chaſing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne ſparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

The ſaluage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taſte of pittie, neither gentleſſe knew,
Seeing his ſharpe aſſault and cruell ſtoure
Was much emmoued at his perils vew, /
That euen his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compaſſion of his euill plight
Againſt his foe, that did him ſo purſew :
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him auenge of that ſo villenous deſpight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the vſe of warlike inſtruments,
Saue ſuch as ſudden rage him lent to ſmite,
But naked without needfull veſtiments,
To clad his corpſe with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of ſword nor ſpeere,
No more then for the ſtroke of ſtrawes or bents :
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

He ſtayed not t'aduize, which way were beſt
His foe t'aſſayle, or how himſelfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infeſt
Vpon him ran ; who being well prepard,
His firſt aſſault full warily did ward,
And with the puſh of his ſharp-pointed ſpeare
Full on the breaſt him ſtrooke, ſo ſtrong and hard,
That forſt him backe recoyle, and reele areare ;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

l. 30, ,—accepted.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath miſt his pray,
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neither ſpeare, that mote him ſlay,
Nor his fierce ſteed, that mote him much diſmay.
The ſaluage nation doth all dread deſpize:
Tho on his ſhield he griple hold did lay,
And held the ſame ſo hard, that by no wize
He could him force to looſe, or leaue his enterprize.

Long / did he wreſt and wring it to and fro,
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his ſteed him nigh he drew againe.
Who hauing now no vſe of his long ſpeare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his ſhield to ſtraine,
Both ſpeare and ſhield, as things that needleſſe were,
He quite forſooke, and fled himſelfe away for feare.

But after him the wyld man ran apace
And him purſewed with importune ſpeed,
(For he was ſwift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreameſt need,
Bene helped through the ſwiftneſſe of his ſteed,
He had him ouertaken in his flight.
Who euer, as he ſaw him nigh ſucceed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And ſhrieked out; a thing vncomely for a knight.

But when the Saluage ſaw his labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled ſo faſt,

l. 63, '*hal'd*'; l. 77, ; for ,—accepted.

He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With ſpeede vnto the place, whereas he laſt
Had left that couple, nere their vtmoſt caſt.
There he that knight full ſorely bleeding found
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghaſt,
Both for the perill of the preſent ſtound,
And alſo for the ſharpneſſe of her rankling wound.

For though ſhe were right glad, ſo rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended,
Yet now no leſſe encombrance ſhe did ſee,
And perill by this ſaluage man pretended; /
Gainſt whom ſhe ſaw no meanes to be defended,
By reaſon that her knight was wounded ſore.
Therefore her ſelfe ſhe wholy recommended
To Gods ſole grace, whom ſhe did oft implore,
To ſend her ſuccour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compaſſion of her dolefull ſtound,
Kiſſing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor ſpeach,
But a ſoft murmure, and confuſed ſound
Of ſenſeleſſe words, which nature did him teach,
T'expreſſe his paſſions, which his reaſon did empeach.

And comming likewiſe to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the ſtreames of purple blood
Yet flowing freſh, as moued with the ſight,
He made great mone after his ſaluage mood:

And running ſtreight into the thickeſt wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whoſe vertue he by vſe well vnderſtood:
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And ſtopt the bleeding ſtraight, ere he it ſtaunched thought.

Then taking vp that Recreants ſhield and ſpeare,
Which earſt he left, he ſignes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his wonning neare:
To which he eaſily did them perſwade,
Farre in the forreſt by a hollow glade,
Couered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding brode
Did vnderneath them make a gloomy ſhade;
There foot of liuing creature neuer trode,
Ne ſcarſe wyld beaſts durſt come, there was this wights abode.

Thether / he brought theſe vnacquainted gueſts;
To whom faire ſemblance, as he could, he ſhewed
By ſignes, by lookes, and all his other geſts.
But the bare ground, with hoarie moſſe beſtrowed,
Muſt be their bed; their pillow was vnſowed,
And the frutes of the forreſt was their feaſt:
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor ſowed,
Ne fed on fleſh, ne euer of wyld beaſt
Did taſte the bloud, obaying natures firſt beheaſt.

Yet howſoeuer baſe and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,

l. 117, (.)—accepted: l. 121, '*Where*': *ib.*, '*troade*': l. 123, '*Thither*': l. 127, ; for ,—accepted.

Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And ſau'd from being to that caytiue thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themſelues a while to reſt,
Glad of that eaſement, though it were but ſmall;
That hauing there their wounds a while redreſt,
They mote the abler be to paſſe vnto the reſt.

During which time, that wyld man did apply
His beſt endeuour, and his daily paine,
In ſeeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dreſſe their wounds; ſtill ſeeming faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that ſame Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
Which could redreſſe, for it was inwardly vnſound.

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen ſtrong,
Vpon a day he caſt abrode to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thruſhes ſong,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend, /
And without ſword his perſon to defend.
There him befell, vnlooked for before,
An hard aduenture with vnhappie end;
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie iawes, beſprinckled all with gore.

The litle babe did loudly ſcrike and ſquall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,

l. 135, '*caitive*': l. 148, '*hurt*': l. 156, ; for ,—accepted: l. 159, '*ſcrieke.*'

As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To *Calepine*, whoſe eares thoſe ſhrieches ſhrill
Percing his hart with pities point did thrill ;
That after him, he ran with zealous haſte,
To reſcue th'infant, ere he did him kill :
Whom though he ſaw now ſomewhat ouerpaſt,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and purſewed faſt.

Well then him chaunſt his heauy armes to want,
Whoſe burden mote empeach his needfull ſpeed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant :
For hauing long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himſelfe ſo light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her ſelfe freed
From bels and ieſſes, which did let her flight,
Him ſeem'd his feet did fly, and in their ſpeed delight.

So well he ſped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he ouertooke, and forſt to ſtay,
And without weapon him aſſayling neare,
Compeld him ſoone the ſpoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beaſt enrag'd to looſe his pray,
Vpon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie, to be croſſed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorſe
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corſe.

But / the bold knight no whit thereat diſmayd,
But catching vp in hand a ragged ſtone,

l. 181, '*prey*,'

Which lay thereby (ſo fortune him did ayde)
Vpon him ran, and thruſt it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaſpe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being vnable to digeſt that bone ;
Ne could it vpward come, nor downward paſſe,
Ne could he brooke the coldneſſe of the ſtony maſſe.

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
Stryuing in vaine that nigh his bowels braſt,
He with him cloſd, and laying mightie hold
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge ſo faſt,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he caſt ;
And then oppreſſing him with vrgent paine,
Ere long enforſt to breath his vtmoſt blaſt,
Gnaſhing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his ſharpe clawes, now wanting powre to ſtraine.

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, ſweet relickes of his pray ;
Whom pitying to heare ſo ſore complaine,
From his ſoft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray :
And euery litle limbe he ſearcht around,
And euery part, that vnder ſweathbands lay,
Leaſt that the beaſts ſharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender fleſh ; but whole them all he found.

So hauing all his bands againe vptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe :

l. 208, : for ,—accepted ; and so l. 212.

But when he lookt about on euery ſyde,
To weet which way were beſt to entertaine, /
To bring him to the place, where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot deſcry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor gheſſe by ayme.
For nought but woods and forreſts farre and nye,
That all about did cloſe the compaſſe of his eye.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take : now Weſt he went a while,
Then North ; then neither, but as fortune fell.
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
With wearie trauell and vncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end ;
And euermore his louely litle ſpoile
Crying for food, did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainely he did ſpend.

At laſt about the ſetting of the Sunne,
Him ſelfe out of the foreſt he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne :
Where looking all about, where he mote fynd
Some place of ſuccour to content his mynd,
At length he heard vnder the forreſts ſyde
A voice, that ſeemed of ſome woman kynd,
Which to her ſelfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and Fortune oft defyde.

To whom approching, when as ſhe perceiued
A ſtranger wight in place, her plaint ſhe ſtayd,

l. 239, capital F—accepted.

As if ſhe doubted to haue bene deceiued,
Or loth to let her ſorrowes be bewrayd.
Whom when as *Calepine* ſaw ſo diſmayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandiſhment
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her ſayd ;
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cauſe declare, ſo mote ye not repent ?

To / whom ſhe thus ; what need me Sir to tell,
That which your ſelfe haue erſt ared ſo right ?
A wofull dame ye haue me termed well ;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redreſſed be by liuing wight.
Nathleſſe (quoth he) if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it diſcloſe, to eaſe your grieued ſpright :
Oftimes it haps, that ſorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie vnſought, which ſeeking cannot fynd.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame ;
Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
From a great Gyant, called *Cormoraunt* ;
Whom he did ouerthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did ſo deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

So is my Lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
As in his ſee, with peaceable eſtate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.

l. 248, ? added, not after l. 247 as in 1609 : l. 249, ; for ,—accepted.

But to theſe happie fortunes, cruell Fate
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouerthrow
All theſe our ioyes, and all our bliſſe abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endleſſe loſſe to ouerflow.

For th'heauens enuying our proſperitie,
Haue not vouchſaft to graunt vnto vs twaine
The gladfull bleſſing of poſteritie,
Which we might ſee after our ſelues remaine/
In th'heritage of our vnhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the ſame after our liues end.

But moſt my Lord is grieued herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land vnto his foe ſhall fall,
For which he long in vaine did ſweat and ſwinke,
That now the ſame he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it ſayd, there ſhould to him a ſonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which ſhould drinke
And dry vp all the water, which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whō that feend ſhold be fordonne.

Well hop't he then, when this was propheſide,
That from his ſides ſome noble chyld ſhould rize,
The which through fame ſhould farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant ſhould with braue emprize

l. 271, capital F accepted: l. 272, '*ouerthow*' in '96: l. 280, '*of our vnhappie paine*,' and so 1609, 1611, etc. Church suggested '*of this our happie paine*.'

Quite ouerthrow, who now ginnes to deſpize
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinkes from me his ſorrow all doth rize.
Lo this my cauſe of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaſeleſſe teares.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe:
And when he had deuized of her caſe,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if pleaſe her make the priefe.
And hauing cheared her, thus ſaid; faire Dame,
In euils, counſell is the comfort chiefe;
Which though I be not wiſe enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchſafe it without blame.

If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
Be lacke of children; to ſupply your place,
Lo how good fortune doth to you preſent
This litle babe, o ſweete and louely face,
And ſpotleſſe ſpirit, in which ye may enchace
What euer formes ye liſt thereto apply,
Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye liſt him traine in cheualry,
Or nourſle vp in lore of learn'd Philoſophy.

And certes it hath oftentimes bene ſeene,
That of the like, whoſe linage was vnknowne,

l. 304, : for ,—accepted : l. 309, , after '*euils*' and ; (for : of 1609) fter '*chiefe*' and , of '96 : l. 313, ; after '*children*' for ,—put after '*place*' 1609 : l. 314, '*Lo*' for '*Low*' of '96—accepted.

More braue and noble knights haue rayſed beene,
As their victorious deedes haue often ſhowen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,
Then thoſe, which haue bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore ſome thought, that thoſe braue imps were
Here by the Gods, and fed with heauenly ſap, (ſower
That made them grow ſo high t'all honorable hap.

The Ladie, hearkning to his ſenſefull ſpeach,
Found nothing that he ſaid, vnmeet nor geaſon,
Hauing oft ſeene it tryde, as he did teach.
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place and ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her owne by liuerey and ſeiſin ;
And hauing ouer it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be ſo rid
Of his young charge, whereof he ſkilled nought :
Ne ſhe leſſe glad ; for ſhe ſo wiſely did,
And with her huſband vnder hand ſo wrought,
That when that infant vnto him ſhe brought,
She made him thinke it ſurely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes ſo well vpbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne, (ſhowne.
And did right noble deedes, the which elſwhere are

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
Vnder the greenewoods ſide in ſorie plight,

ll. 324-5 within ( ): l. 330, , after '*Ladie* —accepted; and l. 336, ; for , : l. 346, , added after '*knowne*,'

Withouten armes or ſteede to ride vpon,
Or houſe to hide his head from heauens ſpight,
Albe that Dame by all the meanes ſhe might,
Him oft deſired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courteſie to requite,
Both horſe and armes, and what ſo elſe to lend;
Yet he them all refuſd, though thankt her as a frend.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his loue ſo luckleſſe now had loſt,
On the cold ground, maugre himſelfe he threw,
For fell deſpight, to be ſo ſorely croſt;
And there all night himſelfe in anguiſh toſt,
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would reſt, ne lig in eaſe emboſt,
Till that his Ladies ſight he mote attaine,
Or vnderſtand, that ſhe in ſafetie did remaine.

l. 352, (*by . . . might*), and l. 354, (*his . . . requite*): l. 355, ; for ,— accepted.

With ſtronger death, and feared their decay :
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous aſſay.

Whom when the Saluage ſaw ſo ſore diſtreſt,
He reared her vp from the bloudie ground,
And ſought by all the meanes, that he could beſt,
Her to recure out of that ſtony ſwound,
And ſtaunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet nould ſhe be recomforted for nought,
Ne ceaſe her ſorrow and impatient ſtound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At / length, when as no hope of his retourne
She ſaw now left, ſhe caſt to leaue the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To ſeeke ſome comfort in that ſorie caſe.
His ſteede now ſtrong through reſt ſo long a ſpace,
Well as ſhe could, ſhe got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppreſſors might.

Whom when her Hoſt ſaw readie to depart,
He would not ſuffer her alone to fare,
But gan himſelfe addreſſe to take her part.
Thoſe warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftſoones prepare,
And put them all about himſelfe vnfit,
His ſhield, his helmet, and his curats bare ;

l. 56, '*n'ould*' : l. 75, ; for .—accepted.

But without ſword vpon his thigh to ſit:
Sir *Calepine* himſelfe away had hidden it.

So forth they traueld an vneuen payre,
That mote to all men ſeeme an vncouth ſight;
A ſaluage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
That rather ſeem'd the conqueſt of his might,
Gotten by ſpoyle, then purchaced aright.
But he did her attend moſt carefully,
And faithfully did ſerue both day and night,
Withouten thought of ſhame or villeny,
Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of foule diſloyalty.

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunſt ſome furniture about her ſteed
To be diſordred by ſome accident:
Which to redreſſe, ſhe did th'aſſiſtance need /
Of this her groome: which he by ſignes did reede;
And ſtreight his combrous armes aſide did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to aſſay
T'amend what was amiſſe, and put in right aray.

Bout which whileſt he was buſied thus hard,
Lo where a knight together with his ſquire,
All arm'd to point, came ryding thetherward,
Which ſeemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After aduentures, where they mote them get.
Thoſe were to weet (if that ye it require)

l. 91, : and ; for ,—accepted : and l. 98, , after '*point*,' also '*thither*.'

Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By ſtraunge occaſion, that here needs forth be ſet.

Aſter that *Timias* had againe recured
The fauour of *Belphebe*, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did ſtand againe aſſured,
To happie bliſſe he was full high vprear'd,
Nether of enuy, nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with vniuſt detraction him did beard;
Yet he himſelfe ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoueraine lyking he dwelt euermore.

But of them all, which did his ruine ſeeke
Three mightie enemies did him moſt deſpight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely fought by open might
To ouerthrow, but to ſupplant by ſlight.
The firſt of them by name was cald *Deſpetto*,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight;
The ſecond not ſo ſtrong but wiſe, *Decetto*;
The third nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt *Defetto*.

Oftimes / their ſundry powres they did employ,
And ſeuerall deceipts, but all in vaine:
For neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſons ſubtill traine.
Therefore conſpiring all together plaine,
They did their counſels now in one compound;
Where ſingled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The *Blatant Beaſt* the fitteſt meanes they found,
To worke his vtter ſhame, and throughly him confound.

l. 115, '*en'mies*.'

Vpon a day as they the time did waite,
When he did raunge the wood for ſaluage game,
They ſent that *Blatant Beaſt* to be a baite,
To draw him from his deare beloued dame,
Vnwares into the daunger of defame.
For well they wiſt, that Squire to be ſo bold,
That no one beaſt in forreſt wylde or tame,
Met him in chaſe, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

The hardy boy, as they deuiſed had, 141
Seeing the vgly Monſter paſſing by,
Vpon him ſet, of perill nought adrad,
Ne ſkilfull of the vncouth ieopardy;
And charged him ſo fierce and furiouſly,
That his great force vnable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedleſſe bit, the whiles he was thereof ſecure.

Securely he did after him purſew,
Thinking by ſpeed to ouertake his flight; 150
Who through thicke woods and brakes & briers him drew,
To weary him the more, and waſte his ſpight,
So that he now has almoſt ſpent his ſpright.
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whoſe couert ſtopt his further ſight,
There his three foes ſhrowded in guilefull ſhade,
Out of their ambuſh broke, and gan him to inuade.

l. 140, '*holde*': l. 146, (*his . . . endure*).

Sharpely they all attonce did him aſſaile,
Burning with inward rancour and deſpight,
And heaped ſtrokes did round about him haile
With ſo huge force, that ſeemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes, from percing thorough quite.
Yet he them all ſo warily did ward,
That none of them in his ſoft fleſh did bite,
And all the while his backe for beſt ſafegard,
He lent againſt a tree, that backeward onſet bard.

Like a wylde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a maſtiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog ; that doe him ſharpe aſſay
On euery ſide, and beat about him round ;
But moſt that curre, barking with bitter ſownd,
And creeping ſtill behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder.
So did that Squire his foes diſperſe, and driue aſonder.

Him well behoued ſo ; for his three foes
Sought to encompaſſe him on euery ſide,
And dangerouſly did round about encloſe.
But moſt of all *Defetto* him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him ſtill to haue deſtroyde :
So did *Decetto* eke him circumuent,
But ſtout *Deſpetto* in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face againſt him bent ;
Yet he them all withſtood, and often made relent.

l. 172, , after '*curre*'—accepted, and l. 175, ; or , : l. 184, ; for ,— accepted.

Till / that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to ſhrinke, and ſomewhat to giue place,
Full like ere long to haue eſcaped hard ;
When as vnwares he in the forreſt heard
A trampling ſteede, that with his neighing faſt
Did warne his rider be vppon his gard ;
With noiſe whereof the Squire now nigh aghaſt,
Reuiued was, and ſad diſpaire away did caſt.

Eftſoones he ſpide a Knight approching nye,
Who ſeeing one in ſo great daunger ſet
Mongſt many foes, him ſelfe did ſaſter hye ;
To reſkue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty ſo to ſee him ouerſet.
Whom ſoone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and faſt into the wood did get :
Him booted not to thinke them to purſew,
The couert was ſo thicke, that did no paſſage ſhew.

Then turning to that ſwaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire :
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus beſpake ; My liefe, my lifes defire,
Why haue ye me alone thus long yleft ?
Tell me what worlds deſpight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft ?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft ?

l. 205, : for ,—accepted.

With that, he ſighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought aunſwered againe,
But ſhedding few ſoft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with ſilence did reſtraine,/
And ſhut vp all his plaint in priuy paine.
There they awhile ſome gracious ſpeaches ſpent,
As to them ſeemed fit, time to entertaine.
After all which vp to their ſteedes they went,
And forth together rode a comely couplement.

So now they be arriued both in ſight
Of this wyld man, whom they full buſie found
About the ſad *Serena* things to dight,
With thoſe braue armours lying on the ground,
That ſeem'd the ſpoile of ſome right well renownd
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them ſtept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound:
But he it ſeeing, lightly to him lept,
And ſternely with ſtrong hand it from his handling kept.

Gnaſhing his grinded teeth with grieſly looke,
And ſparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fiſt vnwares on th'head he ſtrooke,
That made him downe vnto the earth encline;
Whence ſoone vpſtarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue ſlaine,
Who it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his auengement ſtayd.

With that aloude the faire *Serena* cryde
Vnto the Knight, them to diſpart in twaine:

l. 213, , after '*that*': l. 219, , after '*fit*': l. 228, '*hilding*.'

Who to them ſtepping did them ſoone diuide,
And did from further violence reſtraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,
What and from whence ſhe was, and by what traine
She fell into that ſaluage villaines hand,
nd whether free with him ſhe now were, or in band.

o / whom ſhe thus; I am, as now ye ſee,
The wretchedſt Dame, that liue this day on ground;
Who both in minde, the which moſt grieueth me,
And body haue receiu'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driuen to this drery ſtound.
I was erewhile, the loue of *Calepine*:
Who whether he aliue be to be found,
Or by ſome deadly chaunce be done to pine,
ince I him lately loſt, vneath is to define.

ı ſaluage forreſt I him loſt of late,
Where I had ſurely long ere this bene dead,
Or elſe remained in moſt wretched ſtate,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull ſtead
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
In ſuch a ſaluage wight, of brutiſh kynd,
Amongſt wilde beaſtes in deſert forreſts bred,
It is moſt ſtraunge and wonderfull to fynd
ɔ milde humanity, and perfect gentle mynd.

et me therefore this fauour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,

l. 250, ; for ,—accepted; and l. 254, : for ,: *ibid.*, Dr. Morris mistakenly
ves '*lives*,' and queries '*live*,' which *is* 1596 text. Professor Child prints
lived,' grammatically and every way bad.

Sith he cannot expreſſe his ſimple minde,
Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens ſpeake :
Small praiſe to proue your powre on wight ſo weake.
With ſuch faire words ſhe did their heate aſſwage,
And the ſtrong courſe of their diſpleaſure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each ſought to ſupply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight,
She on her way caſt forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede. /
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed ;
And eke this Squire, who likewiſe wounded was
Of that ſame Monſter late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feebleneſſe, which all his limbes oppreſſed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To ſeeke ſome place, the which mote yeeld ſome eaſe
To theſe ſicke twaine, that now began to droupe:
And all the way the Prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharpe diſeaſe,
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent ;
Somewhile with merry purpoſe fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

Mongſt which, *Serena* did to him relate
The foule diſcourt'ſies and vnknightly parts,

l. 287, : for ,—accepted ; and l. 290, ; for , : l. 293, , after '*pains*' in '96 removed, as in 1609.

Which *Turpine* had vnto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts:
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade, all that ſhe might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo trayterouſly did wound her weary Knight.

Wherewith the Prince ſore moued, there auoud,
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would auenge th'abuſes of that proud
And ſhamefull Knight, of whom ſhe did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To paſſe the tedious trauell of the way;
Till towards night they came vnto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And / nigh thereto a little Chappell ſtoode,
Which being all with Yuy ouerſpred,
Deckt all the roofe, and ſhadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a groue faire braunched ouer hed:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In ſtreight obſeruaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewiſe was praying now,
Whenas theſe Knights arriu'd, they wiſt not where nor how.

They ſtayd not there, but ſtreight way in did pas.
Whom when the Hermite preſent ſaw in place,

l. 297, : for —accepted.

From his deuotion ſtreight he troubled was;
Which breaking of he toward them did pace,
With ſtayed ſteps, and graue beſeeming grace:
For well it ſeem'd, that whilome he had beene
Soome goodly perſon, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'ſie well beſeene,

And ſoothly it was ſayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did diſauow,
And hanging vp his armes and warlike ſpoyle,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himſelfe aſſoyle.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their ſteedes to graze vpon the greene:
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beſeene.
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles, that curteſies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, ſuch as hee
Did vſe, his feeble body to ſuſtaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,

l. 324, '*off*': l. 340, '*Green*'; l. 350, '*gree.*'

But being well ſuffiz'd, them reſted faine.
But faire *Serene* all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grieuous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the *Blatant Beaſt*
Had giuen them, whoſe griefe through ſuffraunce ſore increaſt.

So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome aſſwagement of their painefull plight.
Then vp they roſe, and gan them ſelues to dight
Vnto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to trauell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were ſicke, their ſides were ſore, their feete were lame.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit, to make their lenger ſtay,
Was forced there to leaue them both behynd,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the ſaluage, that whyleare
Seeing his royall vſage and array,
Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere,
Would needes depart, as ſhall declared be elſewhere.

l. 354, , after '*Squire*'—accepted: l. 367, '*there*': ll. 371-3 within).

Cant. VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
Of their ſore maladies;
He Turpine doth defeate, and ſhame
For his late villanies.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light,
As doth the poyſnous ſting, which Infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might
It euer can recured be againe;
Ne all the ſkill, which that immortall ſpright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy ſuch hurts; ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beaſt*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being ſuch, were now much more increaſt,
For want of taking heede vnto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſſe they became.
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his beſt,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame

l. 8, capital I—accepted.

The poyſnous humour, which did moſt infeſt
Their ranckling wounds, & euery day them duely dreſt.

For he right well in Leaches craft was ſeene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed beene,
And paſt through many perillous aſſayes,/
He knew the diuerſe went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight;
Which with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And al the paſſiõs heale, which woũd the weaker ſpright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one, that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perillous fight;
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
He tooke him ſelfe vnto this Hermitage,
In which he liu'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had ſeſtred priuily,
And ranckling inward with vnruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt helpe of ſurgery,
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With holeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,

l. 35, ; for ,—accepted : l. 36, '*In*' (1611).

To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blinde:
Giue ſalues to euery ſore, but counſell to the minde.

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit ſpeaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as ſay the ſame,
And thus he to them ſayd; faire daughter Dame,
And you faire ſonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor, ſince ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalues to you applie.

For / in your ſelfe your onely helpe doth lie,
To heale your ſelues, and muſt proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye ſeeke, obſerue this one.
Firſt learne your outward ſences to refraine
From things, that ſtirre vp fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk reſtraine
From that they moſt affect, and in due termes containe.

For from thoſe outward ſences ill affected,
The ſeede of all this euill firſt doth ſpring,
Which at the firſt before it had infected,
Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing:
But being growen ſtrong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and laſtly ſcattering
Contagious poyſon cloſe through euery vaine,
It neuer reſts, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

For that beaſtes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are ſo exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of ruſty yron, ranckling ſore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With ſalue, or antidote, or other mene
It euer to amend : ne maruaile ought ;
For that ſame beaſt was bred of helliſh ſtrene,
And long in darkſome *Stygian* den vpbrought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

Echidna is a Monſter direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to ſee ;
So hideous is her ſhape, ſo huge her hed,
That euen the helliſh fiends affrighted bee /
At ſight thereof, and from her preſence flee :
Yet did her face and former parts profeſſe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee ;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expreſſe
A monſtrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglineſſe.

To her the Gods, for her ſo dreadfull face,
In fearefull darkeneſſe, furtheſt from the ſkie,
And from the earth, appointed haue her place,
Mongſt rocks and caues, where ſhe enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obſcurity,
Waſting the ſtrength of her immortall age.
There did *Typhaon* with her company ;
Cruell *Typhaon*, whoſe tempeſtuous rage
Make th'heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes aſſwage.

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This helliſh Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beaſt* ;

ll. 97-8, (*In . . . earth*) : l. 102, ; for ,—accepted.

A wicked Monſter, that his tongue doth whet
Gainſt all, both good and bad, both moſt and leaſt,
And poures his poyſnous gall forth to infeſt
The nobleſt wights with notable deſame:
Ne euer Knight, that bore ſo lofty creaſt,
Ne euer Lady of ſo honeſt name,
But he them ſpotted with reproch, or ſecrete ſhame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to ſalue ſuch kynd of ſore,
That rather needes wiſe read and diſcipline,
Then outward ſalues, that may augment it more.
Aye me (ſayd then *Serena* ſighing ſore)
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no ſalues may vs to health reſtore?
But ſith we need good counſell (ſayd the ſwaine)
Aread good ſire, ſome counſell, that may vs ſuſtaine.

The / beſt (ſayd he) that I can you aduize,
Is to auoide the occaſion of the ill:
For when the cauſe, whence euill doth arize,
Remoued is, th'effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtaine from pleaſure, and reſtraine your will,
Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight,
Vſe ſcanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun ſecreſie, and talke in open ſight:
So ſhall you ſoone repaire your preſent euill plight.

Thus hauing ſayd, his ſickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his graue beheaſt,
And kept ſo well his wiſe commaundements,
That in ſhort ſpace their malady was ceaſt,

And eke the biting of that harmefull Beaſt
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceaue
There wounds recur'd, and forces reincreaſt,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leaue.

But each th'other vow'd t'accompany :
The Lady, for that ſhe was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity,
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leaue alone in her great need.
So both together traueld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Vpon a mangy iade vnmeetely ſet,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that ſhame to her befell,
And how thereof her ſelfe ſhe did acquite,
I muſt a while forbeare to you to tell ;
Till that, as comes by courſe, I doe recite, /
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Purſuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* ſo foule deſpight ;
And eke his Lady, though ſhe fickely were,
So lewdly had abuſde, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince according to the former token,
Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,
Purſu'd him ſtreight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and vſage bad,

l. 140, : for .—accepted, and l. 141, : for , : l. 156, '*Calidore*'—*sic*, and in 1609 ; but in my exemplar in a contemporary hand the correction is made '*Calipyne*,' and so Hughes.

With which he had thoſe two ſo ill beſtad:
Ne wight with him on that aduenture went,
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being ſhent,
Would he reſtrayned be from his attendement.

Arriuing there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne ſtayd, till that he came into the hall:
Where ſoft diſmounting like a weary lode,
Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he vnable were for very neede
To moue one foote, but there muſt make abode;
The whiles the ſaluage man did take his ſteede,
And in ſome ſtable neare did ſet him vp to feede.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wiſe him aſked, what he was,
That durſt ſo boldly, without let or ſhame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to paſſe.
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embaſe,
Mylde anſwer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble caſe,
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
Receiued had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But / he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence auaunt,
Or deare aby; for why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights, which there did haunt,

l. 181, (*him . . . embaſe*) : l. 188, ; for ,—accepted; and l. 190, : for ,.

Ne lodging would to any of them graunt:
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not ſparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay.
To thruſt him out of dore, doing his worſt aſſay.

Which when the Saluage coming now in place,
Beheld, eftſoones he all enraged grew,
And running ſtreight vpon that villaine baſe,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in preſent vew,
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So miſerably him all helpeleſſe ſlew,
That with the noiſe, whileſt he did loudly rore,
The people of the houſe roſe forth in great vprore.

Who when on ground they ſaw their fellow ſlaine,
And that same Knight and Saluage ſtanding by,
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd ſo huge and horribly,
As if they would haue ſlaine them preſently.
But the bold Prince defended him ſo well,
And their aſſault withſtood ſo mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell,
And beat them back, whileſt many vnderneath him fell.

Yet he them ſtill ſo ſharpely did purſew,
That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
Thoſe euill tidings to their Lord to ſhew.
Who hearing how his people badly ſped,
Came / forth in haſt: where when as with the dead
He ſaw the ground all ſtrow'd, and that ſame Knight
And ſaluage with their bloud freſh ſteeming red,

He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell deſpight,
And with reprochfull words him thus beſpake on hight;

Art thou he, traytor, that with treaſon vile,
Haſt ſlaine my men in this vnmanly maner,
And now triumpheſt in the piteous ſpoile
Of theſe poore folk, whoſe ſoules with black diſhonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof ſhall ſhortly be thy ſhame,
And wretched end, which ſtill attendeth on her.
With that him ſelfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him aſſaile,
And round about with boyſtrous ſtrokes oppreſſe,
That on his ſhield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempeſt; that in ſuch diſtreſſe,
He wiſt not to which ſide him to addreſſe.
And euermore that crauen cowherd Knight,
Was at his backe with heartleſſe heedineſſe,
Wayting if he vnwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth ſtill in villany delight.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him againſt his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being buſie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling ſome curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell auengement;

l. 221, ; for .—accepted.

So likewiſe turnde the Prince vpon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who / when he once his dreadfull ſtrokes had taſted,
Durſt not the fury of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him haſted
Through the thick preaſe, there thinking him to hyde.
But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He ſoot by ſoot him followed alway,
Ne would him ſuffer once to ſhrinke aſyde,
But ioyning cloſe, huge lode at him did lay:
Who flying ſtill did ward, and warding fly away.

But when his foe he ſtill ſo eger ſaw,
Vnto his heeles himſelfe he did betake,
Hoping vnto ſome refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foot forſake,
Where ſo he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whyleſt euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him, that did him chace;
That made him euermore increaſe his ſpeedie pace.

At laſt he vp into the chamber came,
Whereas his loue was ſitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him ouertake anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;
And with his ſword him on the head did ſmyte,
That to the ground he fell in ſenſeleſſe ſwone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred ſteele did not into his braynepan byte.

l. 255, ; after '*aſide*' for ; of 1609 and *nil* of '96.

Which when the Ladie ſaw, with great affright
She ſtarting vp, began to ſhrieke aloud,
And with her garment couering him from ſight,
Seem'd vnder her protection him to ſhroud;/
And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him beſought, and prayd, and vowd;
That with the ruth of her ſo wretched caſe,
He ſtayd his ſecond ſtrooke, and did his hand abaſe.

Her weed ſhe then withdrawing, did him diſcouer,
Who now come to himſelfe, yet would not rize,
But ſtill did lie as dead, and quake, and quiuer,
That euen the Prince his baſeneſſe did deſpize;
And eke his Dame him ſeeing in ſuch guize,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
Who riſing vp at laſt in ghaſtly wize,
Like troubled ghoſt did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the Prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmayd,
He for ſuch baſeneſſe ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharpe words did bitterly vpbrayd;
Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytiue ſo vnworthie art;
That both thy Loue, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy ſelfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights haſt ſhamed with this knightleſſe

l. 288, ; for ,—accepted : l. 297, '*coward*,' as before, and so l. 304 : l. 299, '*caitive*' : l. 300, capital L—accepted.

Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare.
For firſt it was to thee reprochfull blame,
To erect this wicked cuſtome, which I heare,
Gainſt errant Knights and Ladies thou doſt reare,
Whom when thou mayſt, thou doſt of arms deſpoile,
Or of their vpper garment, which they weare:
Yet doeſt thou not with manhood, but with guile
Maintaine this euill vſe, thy foes thereby to foile.

And / laſtly in approuance of thy wrong,
To ſhew ſuch faintneſſe and foule cowardize,
Is greateſt ſhame: for oft it falles, that ſtrong
And valiant knights doe raſhly enterprize,
Either for fame, or elſe for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet haue, through proweſſe and their braue emprize,
Gotten great worſhip in this worldes ſight.
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong, then right.

Yet ſince thy life vnto this Ladie fayre
I giuen haue, liue in reproch and ſcorne;
Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
Hence to profeſſe: for ſhame is to adorne
With ſo braue badges one ſo baſely borne;
But onely breath ſith that I did forgiue.
So hauing from his crauen bodie torne
Thoſe goodly armes, he them away did giue
And onely ſuffred him this wretched life to liue.

l. 317, '*fight*'—accepted for '*right*' of '96.

There whileſt he thus was ſetling things aboue,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her loue,
He gan bethinke him, in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that ſaluage wight,
Amongſt ſo many foes, whom ſure he thought
By this quite ſlaine in ſo vnequall fight:
Therefore deſcending backe in haſte, he ſought
If yet he were aliue, or to deſtruction brought.

There he him found enuironed about
With ſlaughtred bodies, which his hand had ſlaine,
And laying yet a freſh with courage ſtout
Vpon the reſt, that did aliue remaine;/
Whom he likewiſe right ſorely did conſtraine,
Like ſcattred ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafetie,
After he gotten had with buſie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie;
With which he layd about, and made them faſt to flie.

Whom when the Prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he ſtayd,
And ſought, by making ſignes, him to aſſwage:
Who them perceiuing, ſtreight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heaſts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

Whom when the Saluage ſaw from daunger free,
Sitting beſide his Ladie there at eaſe,

l. 346, ; for ,—substituted.

He well remembred, that the ſame was hee,
Which lately fought his Lord for to diſpleaſe:
Tho all in rage, he on him ſtreight did ſeaze,
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
And were not, that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not leſt one limbe of him vnrent:
But ſtreight he held his hand at his commaundement.

Thus hauing all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himſelfe there all that night did reſt,
Where him *Blandina* fayrely entertayned,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt,
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt.
For well ſhe knew the wayes to win good will
Of euery wight, that were not too infeſt,
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill, (ſkill.
Through tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous

Yet / were her words and lookes but falſe and fayned,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings, whom ſhe trayned
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, ſhe could weepe and pray,
And when her liſted, ſhe could fawne and flatter;
Now ſmyling ſmoothly, like to ſommers day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, & all her teares but water.

Whether ſuch grace were giuen her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;

l. 374, '*Trough.*'

Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I doe not fynd.
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applyde
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoone ſhe pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her huſbands peace,
Who natheleſſe not therewith ſatisfyde,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell reuenge ſurceaſſe.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did reſt
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe awayt with weapons preſt,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent:
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whyleſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And paſſed forth, to follow his firſt enterpriſe. /

Cant. VII.

Turpine is baffuld, his two knights
doe gaine their treaſons meed;
Fayre Mirabellaes puniſhment
for loues diſdaine decreed.

LIke as the gentle hart it ſelfe bewrayes,
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Euen ſo the baſer mind it ſelfe diſplayes,
In cancred malice and reuengefull ſpight.
For to maligne, t'enuie, t'vſe ſhiſting ſlight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treaſon wayes doth find,
By ſuch diſcourteous deeds diſcouering his baſe kind.

That well appeares in this diſcourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew
For all that ſhame, which kindled inward hate.

l. 3, ; for , : l. 11, '*dunghill-mind*' and ; for ,—accepted.

Therefore ſo ſoone as he was out of vew,
Himſelfe in haſt he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

Well did he tract his ſteps, as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept alooſe for dread to be deſcryde,
Vntill fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where / he mote worke him ſcath and villeny.
At laſt he met two knights to him vnknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, what euer chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

To whom falſe *Turpine* comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe, which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie,
Which a ſtraunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie ſhent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to auenge, in time conuenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights beleeu'd, that all he ſayd, was trew,
And being freſh and full of youthly ſpright,
Were glad to heare of that aduenture new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which neuer yet they had approu'd in fight;
And eke deſirous of the offred meed,
Said then the one of them; where is that wight,

l. 30, '*armed*'—accepted for '*arm'd.*'

The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it auenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed ?

He rides (ſaid *Turpine*) there not farre afore, 51
With a wyld man ſoft footing by his ſyde,
That if ye liſt to haſte a litle more,
Ye may him ouertake in timely tyde:
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they ſpyde,
Ryding a ſoftly pace with portance ſad,
Deuizing of his loue more, then of daunger drad. /

Then one of them aloud vnto him cryde, 60
Bidding him turne againe, falſe traytour knight,
Foule womanwronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ran ; but th'one did miſſe his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright,
Glaunſt ſwiftly by ; like to that heauenly ſparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heauens darke.

But th'other ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield, with ſo impetuous powre, 70
That all his launce in peeces ſhiuered quite,
And ſcattered all about, fell on the flowre.
But the ſtout Prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre
Full on his beuer did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele through piercing, did deuowre

l. 59, '*Loue, more*': l. 72, (*ſcattered . . . about*).

His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As when a caſt of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The warie ſoule his bill doth backward wring ;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Her ſelfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing,
But th'other not ſo ſwift, as ſhe before,
Fayles of her ſouſe, and paſſing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmall ſight ;
Yet / nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let driue at him with ſo malitious mynd,
As if he would haue paſſed through him quight :
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he deſynd.

Not ſo the Prince : for his well learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hould, and from his horſes backe
Aboue a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearefull ſwayne beholding death ſo nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercie him to ſaue;
In lieu whereof he would to him deſcrie,
Great treaſon to him meant, his liſe to reaue.
The Prince ſoone hearkned, and his life forgaue.
Then thus ſaid he, There is a ſtraunger knight,
The which for promiſe of great meed, vs draue
To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
For that himſelſe thereto did want ſufficient might.

The Prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſayd; Now ſure ye well haue earn'd your meed,
For th'one is dead, and th'other ſoone ſhall die,
Vnleſſe to me thou hether bring with ſpeed
The wretch, that hyr'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſſe, but him, where ſo he were, would ſeeke. /

So vp he roſe, and forth ſtreight way he went
Backe to the place, where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloodie gore,
And grieſly wounds that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſaid, how now Sir knight?
What meaneth this, which here I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
So different from that, which earſt ye ſeem'd in ſight?

l. 118, . for ,—accepted.

Perdie (ſaid he) in euill houre it fell,
That euer I for meed did vndertake
So hard a taſke, as life for hyre to ſell;
The which I earſt aduentur'd for your ſake.
Witneſſe the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward; the which right well I deeme
I yearned haue, that life ſo dearely did redeeme.

But where then is (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That curſed caytiue, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant knight, whoſe hated life I fought?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
He lyes (ſaid he) vpon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards my ſelfe with many a wound
Did ſlay againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound.

Thereof falſe *Turpin* was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtreight to the place would ryde,
Where he himſelfe might ſee his foeman ſlaine;
For elſe his feare could not be ſatisfyde.
So / as they rode, he ſaw the way all dyde
With ſtreames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whereas in euill tyde
That other ſwayne, like aſhes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the Crauen ſeeme to mone his caſe,
That for his ſake his deare life had forgone;

l. 139, ; for ,—accepted: l. 140, '*earned*,'

And him bewayling with affection baſe,
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.
Thence paſſing forth, not farre away he found,
Whereas the Prince himſelfe lay all alone,
Looſely diſplayd vpon the graſſie ground,
Poſſeſſed of ſweete ſleepe, that luld him ſoft in ſwound.

Wearie of trauell in his former fight,
He there in ſhade himſelfe had layd to reſt,
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
Feareleſſe of foes that mote his peace moleſt;
The whyles his ſaluage page, that wont be preſt,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe ſome thing, that ſeemed to him beſt,
The whyles his Lord in ſiluer ſlomber lay,
Like to the Euening ſtarre adorn'd with deawy ray.

Whom when as *Turpin* ſaw ſo looſely layd,
He weened well, that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had ſayd:
But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine ſignes in him of life and liuelihead.
Whereat much grieu'd againſt that ſtraunger knight,
That him too light of credence did miſlead,
He would haue backe retyred from that ſight,
That was to him on earth the deadlieſt deſpight. /

But that ſame knight would not once let him ſtart,
But plainely gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchiefe, and late luckleſſe ſmart;
How both he and his fellow there in place

Were vanquiſhed, and put to foule diſgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where ſo he went,
Till that he him deliuered to his puniſhment.

He therewith much abaſhed and affrayd,
Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
And ſoftly whiſpering him, entyrely prayd,
T'aduize him better, then by ſuch a traine
Him to betray vnto a ſtraunger ſwaine:
Yet rather counſeld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuize,
Whyleſt time did offer meanes him ſleeping to ſurprize.

Natheleſſe for all his ſpeach, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to ſuch villenie,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by falſe treacherie:
Great ſhame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus whyleſt they were debating diuerſlie,
The Saluage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he ſleeping vew'd

There when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neare him ſtand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
To weet great ſtore of forreſt frute, which hee

ll. 216-17 within ( ).

Had / for his food late gathered from the tree,
Himſelfe vnto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he ſo ſternely ſhooke,
That like an hazell wand, it quiuered and quooke.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he ſpyde
The traytour *Turpin* with that other knight,
He ſtarted vp, and ſnatching neare his ſyde
His truſtie ſword, the ſeruant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand vpon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him ſayd,
But holding vp his hands, with ſilence mercie prayd.

But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,
His foot he ſet on his vile necke, in ſigne
Of ſeruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then letting him ariſe like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
And laſtly to deſpoyle of knightly bannerall.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by,
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee,
How euer they through treaſon doe treſpaſſe.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,

Whom late we left ryding vpon an Aſſe,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her ſide did paſſe. /

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted vp to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle louely fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle ſquire.

But ſhe thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthie thought to be her fere,
But ſcornd them all, that loue vnto her ment:
Yet was ſhe lou'd of many a worthy pere;
Vnworthy ſhe to be belou'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright.
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe, that ſerued is of nobleſt knight.

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
That ſuch proud looks would make her prayſed more;
And that the more ſhe did all loue deſpize,
The more would wretched louers her adore.
What cared ſhe, who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that liſt, their luckleſſe lot deplore;

l. 260, : for ; , and l. 261, ; for ,—accepted.

She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtifneſſe, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedie,
Did languiſh long in lifeconſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt through dreary dolour die:
Whyleſt / ſhe, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boaſt her beautie had ſuch ſoueraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye,
She could or ſaue, or ſpill, whom ſhe would hight.
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;
And nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whileſt ſhe did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Vnto the which all louers doe reſort,
That of their loues ſucceſſe they there may make report.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all loues folke were fyled,
That many there were miſſing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loues exyled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoyled.
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,

l. 280, (*the . . . libertie*): l. 294, '*rolles*': l. 295, '*wich*,'

He bad his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont doe ſuit and ſeruice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Iurie was impaneld ſtreight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force, or ſleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conuayd.
To whom foule *Infamie*, and fell *Deſpight*
Gaue euidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd. /

Fayre *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crymes ſhe there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure, wild a *Capias*
Should iſſue forth, t'attach that ſcornefull laſſe.
The warrant ſtraight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in poſt did paſſe,
Whom they by name there *Portamore* did call;
He which doth ſummon louers to Loues iudgement hall

The damzell was attacht, and ſhortly brought
Vnto the barre, whereas ſhe was arrayned:
But ſhe thereto nould plead, nor anſwere ought
Euen for ſtubborne pride, which her reſtrayned.
So iudgement paſt, as is by law ordayned
In caſes like; which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborne hart, which loue before diſdayned,
Gan ſtoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

l. 320, capital L—accepted : l. 326, ; for , —accepted.

The ſonne of *Venus* who is myld by kynd,
But where he is prouokt with peeuiſhneſſe,
Vnto her prayers piteouſly enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repreſſe;
Yet not ſo freely, but that natheleſſe
He vnto her a penance did impoſe:
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander ſhould in companie of thoſe,
Till ſhe had ſau'd ſo many loues, as ſhe did loſe.

So now ſhe had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this vncomely caſe,
Waſting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous diſgrace:
Yet / had ſhe not in all theſe two yeares ſpace,
Saued but two; yet in two yeares before,
Through her diſpiteous pride, whileſt loue lackt place,
She had deſtroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me, how could her loue make half amends therefore.

And now ſhe was vppon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in ſuch miſſeeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the euill termes and cruell meane,
That he could make; And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with curſed hands vncleane
Whipping her horſe, did with his ſmarting toole
Oft whip her dainty ſelfe, and much augment her doole.

l. 335, : for , : l. 336—Dr Morris inadvertently records '*throgh*' as '96 reading, while it is '*through*': l. 344, ; for ,—accepted.

Ne ought it mote auaile her to entreat
The one or th'other, better her to vſe :
For both ſo wilfull were and obſtinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did reſuſe,
And rather did the more her beate and bruſe.
But moſt the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuſe ;
Who though ſhe were with wearineſſe nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor reſt a little ſtead.

For he was ſterne, and terrible by nature,
And eeke of perſon huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of mans ſtature,
And rather like a Gyant monſtruous.
For ſooth he was deſcended of the hous
Of thoſe old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Againſt the heauen in order battailous,
And ſib to great *Orgolio*, which was ſlaine
By *Arthure*, when as *Vnas* Knight he did maintaine. /

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing aſkew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his ouerweening pryde ;
And ſtalking ſtately like a Crane, did ſtryde
At euery ſtep vppon the tiptoes hie,
And all the way he went, on euery ſyde
He gaz'd about, and ſtared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any liuing wight ;

l. 363, '*tyrling*' (1679) : l. 376, (*like . . . Beacons*).

But in a Iacket quilted richly rare,
Vpon checklaton he was ſtraungely dight,
And on his head a roll of linen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber he wore;
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was *Diſdaine*, who led that Ladies horſe
Through thick & thin, through mountains & through plains,
Compelling her, wher ſhe would not by force
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines.
But that ſame foole, which moſt increaſt her paines,
Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and ſtill when ſhe complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her cloſely quip,
To ſee her ſore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whoſe cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And ſaw thoſe villaines her ſo vildely vſe,
His gentle heart with indignation ſweld,
And could no lenger beare ſo great abuſe,
As / ſuch a Lady ſo to beate and bruſe;
But to him ſtepping, ſuch a ſtroke him lent,
That forſt him th'halter from his hand to looſe,
And maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Eſe had he ſurely there bene ſlaine, or fowlyſhent.

The villaine wroth for greeting him ſo ſore,
Gathered him ſelfe together ſoone againe,
And with his yron batton, which he bore,
Let driue at him ſo dreadfully amaine,

l. 403, '*vilely*.'

That for his ſafety he did him conſtraine
To giue him ground, and ſhift to euery ſide,
Rather then once his burden to ſuſtaine:
For booteleſſe thing him ſeemed, to abide,
So mighty blowes, or proue the puiſſaunce of his prid

Like as a Maſtiffe hauing at a bay 42
A ſaluage Bull, whoſe cruell hornes doe threat
Deſperate daunger, if he them aſſay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To ſpy where he may ſome aduauntage get;
The whiles the beaſt doth rage and loudly rore,
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his diſdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound ſwore.

Natheleſſe ſo ſharpely ſtill he him purſewd,
That at aduantage him at laſt he tooke, 43
When his foote ſlipt (that ſlip he dearely rewd,)
And with his yron club to ground him ſtrooke;
Where ſtill he lay, ne out of ſwoune awooke,
Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
And bound him faſt: Tho when he vp did looke,
And ſaw him ſelfe captiu'd, he was diſmayd,
Ne powre had to withſtand, ne hope of any ayd. /

Then vp he made him riſe, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him ſpare, 44
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often ſcourg'd, and forſt his feete to fynd:
And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him ſcorne, that to his gentle mynd

Was much more grieuous, then the others blowes:
Words ſharpely wound, but greateſt griefe of ſcorning growes.

The faire *Serena*, when ſhe ſaw him fall
Vnder that villaines club, then furely thought
That ſlaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the ſpeede ſhe mought,
To ſeeke for ſafety, which long time ſhe fought:
And paſt through many perils by the way,
Ere ſhe againe to *Calepine* was brought;
The which diſcourſe as now I muſt delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further ſay.

Cant. / VIII.

Prince Arthure ouercomes Diſdaine,
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Saluages,
By Calepine is freed.

YE gentle Ladies, in whoſe ſoueraine powre
Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And in th'hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Deliuered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the ſame doe vſe,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Leaſt if men you of cruelty accuſe,
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuſe.

And as ye ſoft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye ſoft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardneſſe from you chace,
That all your other praiſes will deface,
And from you turne the loue of men to hate.
Enſample take of *Mirabellaes* caſe,

l. 4, , after '*Serena*'—accepted.

Who from the high degree of happy ſtate,
Fell into wretched woes, which ſhe repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,/
That for her ſake fell into miſery:
Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat
To hope for to releaſe or mollify;
For aye the more, that ſhe did them entreat
The more they him miſuſt, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him ſtill reuiling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince *Arthure* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Hauing ſubdew'd, yet did to life reſtore,)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them ſhould grieue to ſee his puniſhment.

The Squire him ſelſe when as he ſaw his Lord,
The witneſſe of his wretchedneſſe, in place,
Was much aſham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captiue caſe,
And did his head for baſhfulneſſe abaſe,
As loth to ſee, or to be ſeene at all:
Shame would be hid. But when as *Enias*
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoued therewithall.

l. 32, '*miſuſ'd.*'

And to the Prince thus ſayd; See you Sir Knight,
The greateſt ſhame that euer eye yet ſaw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule deſpight
Abuſde, againſt all reaſon and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye pleaſe to lend me leaue a while,
I will them ſoone acquite, and both of blame aſſoile.

The / Prince aſſented, and then he ſtreight way 6c
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approching, thus he gan to ſay;
Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,
That haue with treaſon thralled vnto you
Theſe two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty purſew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or elſe abide the death, that hard before you ſtands.

The villaine ſtayd not aunſwer to inuent,
But with his yron club preparing way, 7c
His mindes ſad meſſage backe vnto him ſent;
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadfull ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay:
No more then lightening from the lofty ſky.
Ne liſt the Knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doome was death, but lightly ſlipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended deſtiny.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his ſharpe ſword he fiercely at him flew,

And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued him ſelfe, but that he there him ſlew :
Yet ſau'd not ſo, but that the bloud it drew,
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
Who therewith fleſht, vpon him ſet anew,
And with the ſecond ſtroke, thought certainely
To haue ſupplyde the firſt, and paide the vſury.

But Fortune aunſwerd not vnto his call ;
For as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright /
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe vpon him ſelfe againe,
He driuen was to ground in ſelfe deſpight ;
From whence ere he recouery could gaine,
He in his necke had ſet his foote with fell diſdaine.

With that the ſoole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whileſt on ground he lay,
Laide heauy hands on him, and held ſo ſtrayte,
That downe he kept him with his ſcornefull ſway,
So as he could not weld him any way.
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay ;
The whiles the ſoole did him reuile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them tow & tame their corage ſtout.

As when a ſturdy ploughman with his hynde
By ſtrength haue ouerthrowne a ſtubborne ſteare,
They downe him hold, and faſt with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare :

l. 100, '*wield*' : l. 104, '*two.*'

So did theſe two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteede to aide him neare,
And buckling ſoone him ſelfe, gan fiercely fly
Vppon that Carle, to ſaue his friend from ieopardy.

The villaine leauing him vnto his mate
To be captiu'd, and handled as he liſt,
Himſelfe addreſt vnto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,
That he which way to turne him ſcarcely wiſt:
Sometimes aloft he layd, ſometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blow.

But / yet the Prince ſo well enured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approued oft in fight,
That way to them he gaue forth right to pas.
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt aduantage, when they downe did light.
At laſt the caytiue after long diſcourſe,
When all his ſtrokes he ſaw auoyded quite,
Reſolued in one t'aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorſe.

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft,
And with his dreadfull inſtrument of yre,
Thought ſure haue pownded him to powder ſoft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conſpire.
For ere his ſtroke attayned his intent,

l. 134, '*powned.*'

The noble childe preuenting his deſire,
Vnder his club with wary boldneſſe went,
And ſmote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now, 141
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow:
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was vnable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he aſſayd to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

Eftſoones the Prince to him full nimbly ſtept, 150
And leaſt he ſhould recouer foote againe,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to haue ſwept.
Which when the Lady ſaw, ſhe cryde amaine;/
Stay ſtay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abſtaine,
From that vnwares ye weetleſſe doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be ſlaine:
For more on him doth then him ſelfe depend;
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

He ſtaide his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathemore him ſuffred to arize; 160
But ſtill ſuppreſſing gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote thoſe vncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her ſafety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reſkue enterprize,

l. 143, : for ,—accepted, and l. 148, ; for ,: l. 155, '*From*' accepted for '*For*' of 1596.

Yet heauens them ſelues, that fauour feeble rights,
Would for it ſelfe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

Then burſting forth in teares, which guſhed faſt
Like many water ſtreames, a while ſhe ſtayd ;
Till the ſharpe paſſion being ouerpaſt
Her tongue to her reſtord, then thus ſhe ſayd ;
Nor heauens, nor men can me moſt wretched mayd
Deliuer from the doome of my deſart,
The which the God of loue hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

In prime of youthly yeares, when firſt the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and blooſme delight,
And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre,
Of all her gifts, that pleaſde each liuing ſight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And ſude and ſought with all the ſeruice dew :
Full many a one for me deepe groand and ſight,
And to the dore of death for ſorrow drew,
Complayning out on me, that would not on them rew.

But / let them loue that liſt, or liue or die ;
Me liſt not die for any louers doole :
Ne liſt me leaue my loued libertie,
To pitty him that liſt to play the foole :
To loue my ſelfe I learned had in ſchoole.
Thus I triumphed long in louers paine,
And ſitting careleſſe on the ſcorners ſtoole,
Did laugh at thoſe that did lament and plaine :
But all is now repayd with intereſt againe.

l. 183, *'ſigh't.'*

For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Cauſde me be called to accompt therefore,
And for reuengement of thoſe wrongfull ſmarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce ſore;
That in this wize, and this vnmeete array,
With theſe two lewd companions, and no more,
Diſdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world ſhould ſtray,
Till I haue ſau'd ſo many, as I earſt did ſlay.

Certes (ſayd then the Prince) the God is iuſt,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples ſpoile.
For were no law in loue, but all that luſt,
Might them oppreſſe, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with ſuch toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for theſe Carles to carry much more comely were?

Here in this bottle (ſayd the fory Mayd)
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defrayd:
And in this bag which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things paſt and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag ſo torne,
That all which I put in, fals out anon;
And is behinde me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourn.

The Infant hearkned wiſely to her tale,
And wondred much at *Cupids* iudg'ment wiſe,

That could ſo meekly make proud hearts auale,
And wreake him ſelfe on them, that him deſpiſe.
Then ſuffred he *Diſdaine* vp to ariſe,
Who was not able vp him ſelfe to reare,
By meanes his leg through his late luckleſſe priſe,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his fooliſh feare
Was holpen vp, who him ſupported ſtanding neare.

But being vp, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he neuer had receiued fall;
And with ſterne eye-browes ſtared at him oft,
As if he would haue daunted him with all:
And ſtanding on his tiptoes, to ſeeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if ſuch pride the other could apall;
Who was ſo far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes deſpiſed, and his boaſt diſpraized.

Then turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Vnwilling to be knowne, or ſeene at all,
He from thoſe bands weend him to haue vnwound.
But when approching neare, he plainely found,
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with ſeeing ſatisfie his great deſire.

Meane / while the Saluage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppreſſing th'other Knight,

l. 229, '*feere.*'

Whom with his weight vnweldy downe he held,
He flew vpon him, like a greedy kight
Vnto ſome carrion offered to his ſight,
And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and ſcratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So ſore him ſcourgeth, that the bloud downe followeth.

And ſure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to dye:
But being checkt, he did abſtaine ſtreight way,
And let him riſe. Then thus the Prince gan ſay;
Now Lady ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
That if ye liſt haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your ſelfe I freely leaue to choſe,
Whether I ſhall you leaue, or from theſe villaines loſe.

Ah nay Sir Knight (ſayd ſhe) it may not be,
But that I needes muſt by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
Leaſt vnto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no leſſe thankes to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leaue, ſhe turnd aſide,
But *Arthure* with the reſt, went onward ſtill
On his firſt queſt: in which did him betide
A great aduenture, which did him from them deuide.

But firſt it falleth me by courſe to tell
Of faire *Serena*: who as earſt you heard,

l. 274, : for ,—accepted : and so l. 277.

When firſt the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With thoſe two Carles, fled faſt away, afeard /
Of villany to be to her inferd :
So freſh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That euery foote did tremble, which did tread,
And euery body two, and two ſhe foure did read.

Through hils & dales, through buſhes & through breres
Long thus ſhe fled, till that at laſt ſhe thought
Her ſelfe now paſt the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and ſeeing nought,
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,
And ſitting downe, her ſelfe a while bethought
Of her long trauell and turmoyling paine ;
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

And euermore ſhe blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th'onely author of her wofull tine :
For being of his loue to her ſo light,
As her to leaue in ſuch a piteous plight.
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her ſake,
Great perill of his life, and reſtleſſe paines did take.

Tho when as all her plaints, ſhe had diſplayd,
And well diſburdened her engrieued breſt,
Vpon the graſſe her ſelfe adowne ſhe layd ;
Where being tyrde with trauell, and oppreſt

l. 288, , for . —accepted.

With ſorrow, ſhe betooke her ſelfe to reſt.
There whileſt in *Morpheus* boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Feareleſſe of ought, that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafety betray,
Vnto a ſtraunge miſchaunce, that menac'd her decay.

In / theſe wylde deſerts, where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſaluage nation, which did liue
Of ſtealth and ſpoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders ; ne did giue
Them ſelues to any trade, as for to driue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduentrous marchandize to thriue ;
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And ſerue their owne neceſſities with others need.

Hereto they vſde one moſt accurſed order,
To eate the fleſh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And ſtraungers to deuoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wynde.
A monſtrous cruelty gainſt courſe of kynde.
They towards euening wandring euery way,
To ſeeke for booty, came by fortune blynde,
Whereas this Lady, like a ſheepe aſtray,
Low drowned in the depth of ſleepe all feareleſſe lay.

Soone as they ſpide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongſt them ſelues ; but when her face
Like the faire yuory ſhining they did ſee,
Each gan his fellow ſolace and embrace,

ll. 316-18, (*as . . . thriue*) : l. 327, (*by . . . blind*).

For ioy of ſuch good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to deuize what courſe to take:
Whether to ſlay her there vpon the place,
Or ſuffer her out of her ſleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

The beſt aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For ſleepe they ſayd would make her battill better.
Then when ſhe wakt, they all gaue one conſent,
That ſince by grace of God ſhe there was ſent,
Vnto their God they would her ſacrifize;
Whoſe ſhare, her guiltleſſe bloud they would preſent,
But of her dainty fleſh they did deuize
To make a common feaſt, & feed with gurmandize.

So round about her they them ſelues did place
Vpon the graſſe, and diuerſely diſpoſe,
As each thought beſt to ſpend the lingring ſpace.
Some with their eyes the dainteſt morſels choſe;
Some praiſe her paps, ſome praiſe her lips and noſe;
Some whet their kniues, and ſtrip their elboes bare:
The Prieſt him ſelfe a garland doth compoſe
Of fineſt flowres, and with full buſie care
His bloudy veſſels waſh, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes: then all attonce vpſtart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hallowing on euery part,
As if they would haue rent the braſen ſkies.

l. 343, '*ſith*': l. 344, ; for ,—accepted: l. 351, '*daintieſt*': l. 357, ; for ,—accepted: l. 359, '*hollowing.*'

ich when ſhe ſees with ghaſtly griefful eies,
heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
umbes her cheekes: Then out aloud ſhe cries,
:re none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
:nds her golden locks, and ſnowy breſts embrew.

l bootes not: they hands vpon her lay;
l firſt they ſpoile her of her iewls deare,
l afterwards of all her rich array;
which amongſt them they in peeces teare,
l of the pray each one a part doth beare.
v being naked, to their ſordid eyes
goodly threaſures of nature appeare:
ich as they view with luſtfull fantaſyes,
viſheth to him ſelfe, and to the reſt enuyes.

yuorie necke, her alablaſter breſt,
paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were,
loue in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;
tender ſides, her bellie white and clere,
ich like an Altar did it ſelfe vprere,
offer ſacrifice diuine thereon;
goodly thighes, whoſe glorie did appeare
e a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
oiles of Princes hang'd, which were in battel won.

daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
ch mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
ſe villeins vew'd with looſe laſciuious ſight,
l cloſely tempted with their craftie ſpyes;

l. 370, '*prey*': l. 378, , after '*ſides*'—accepted.

And ſome of them gan mongſt themſelues deuize,
Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure.
But them the Prieſt rebuking, did aduize
To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred threaſure,
Vow'd to the gods: religiõ held euen theeues in meaſur

So being ſtayd, they her from thence directed
Vnto a little groue not farre aſyde,
In which an altar ſhortly they erected,
To ſlay her on. And now the Euentyde
His brode black wings had through the heauens wy
By this diſpred, that was the tyme ordayned
For ſuch a diſmall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar ſoone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand o
tayned.

Tho when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar ſet,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright.
To whom the Prieſt with naked armes full net /
Approching nigh, and murdrous kniſe well whet,
Gan mutter cloſe a certaine ſecret charme,
With other diueliſh ceremonies met:
Which doen he gan aloft t'aduance his arme,
Whereat they ſhouted all, and made a loud
alarme.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to ſhrill,
And ſhrieke aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confuſed, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles ſhe wayld, the more they did reioyce.

Now mote ye vnderſtand that to this groue
Sir *Calepine* by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The ſelfe ſame euening fortune hether droue,
As he to ſeeke *Serena* through the woods did roue.

Long had he ſought her, and through many a ſoyle
Had traueld ſtill on ſoot in heauie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endleſſe toyles,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetleſſe of the wretched ſtormes,
In which his loue was loſt, he ſlept full faſt,
Till being waked with theſe loud alarmes,
He lightly ſtarted vp like one aghaſt,
And catching vp his arms ſtreight to the noiſe forth paſt.

There by th'vncertaine glims of ſtarry night,
And by the twinckling of their ſacred fire,
He mote perceiue a litle dawning ſight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
Mongſt whom a woman ſpoyld of all attire
He ſpyde, lamenting her vnluckie ſtrife,
And groning ſore from grieued hart entire;
Eftſoones he ſaw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her breſt, and let out loued life.

With / that he thruſts into the thickeſt throng,
And euen as his right hand adowne deſcends,
He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
And ſacrifizeth to th'infernall feends.

l. 422, '*toyle*'—another of Spenser's neglects, so hard for the Purists and finical: l. 429, '*glimſe*': l. 437, '*launce.*'

Then to the reſt his wrathfull hand he bends ;
Of whom he makes ſuch hauocke and ſuch hew,
That ſwarmes of damned ſoules to hell he ſends :
The reſt that ſcape his ſword and death eſchew,
Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons vew.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth ſitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to couer, what ſhee ought by kind :
He firſt her hands beginneth to vnbind,
And then to queſtion of her preſent woe ;
And afterwards to cheare with ſpeaches kind.
But ſhe for nought that he could ſay or doe,
One word durſt ſpeake, or anſwere him a whit thereto.

So inward ſhame of her vncomely caſe
She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did couer her diſgrace,
Yet ſhe in ſo vnwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the ſtate in which ſhe ſtood.
So all that night to him vnknowen ſhe paſt.
But day, that doth diſcouer bad and good,
Enſewing, made her knowen to him at laſt :
The end whereof Ile keepe vntill another caſt.

l. 442, ; for ,—accepted ; l. 450, '*ſhee*' for '*they*' of '96—accepted : *ib.*, : for ,—substituted ; and l. 451, , for ; .

Cant. IX.

Calidore hoſtes with Melibœ
and loues fayre Paſtorell;
Coridon enuies him, yet he
for ill rewards him well.

NOw turne againe my teme thou iolly ſwayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne
Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:
Yet ſeem'd the ſoyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it paſt, that were too great a ſhame,
That ſo rich frute ſhould be from vs bereft;
Beſide the great diſhonour and defame,
Which ſhould befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
And toyle endured, ſith I left him laſt
Sewing the *Blatant beaſt*; which I forbore
To finiſh then, for other preſent haſt.
Full many pathes and perils he hath paſt,
Through hils, through dales, throgh foreſts, & throgh plaines
In that ſame queſt which Fortune on him caſt,

l. 17, ; for ,—accepted.

Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his reſtleſſe paines.

So ſharply he the Monſter did purſew,
That day nor night he ſuffred him to reſt,
Ne reſted he himſelfe but natures dew,
For dread of daunger, not to be redreſt,
If / he for ſlouth forſlackt ſo famous queſt.
Him firſt from court he to the citties courſed,
And from the citties to the townes him preſt,
And from the townes into the countrie forſed,
And from the country back to priuate farmes he ſcorſed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And ſhepheards ſinging to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of ſweete loue and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed faſt, and chaced him ſo nie,
That to the folds, where ſheepe at night doe feat,
And to the litle cots, where ſhepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day as he purſew'd the chace,
He chaunſt to ſpy a ſort of ſhepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beaſts there in the budded broomes
Beſide them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet ſweating comes,

l. 21, capital F—accepted: l. 26, (*but . . . dew*): l. 37, '*thither*,' and so l. 50; and (*for . . threat*): l. 41, '*time*'—Church and Upton suggest '*tine*.'

And them to tell him courteouſly beſought,
If ſuch a beaſt they ſaw, which he had thether brought.

They anſwer'd him, that no ſuch beaſt they ſaw, 51
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
But if that ſuch there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to ſend.
Then one of them him ſeeing ſo to ſweat,
After his ruſticke wife, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirſtie heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat. /

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need, 60
And tooke their gentle offer: ſo adowne
They prayd him ſit, and gaue him for to feed
Such homely what, as ſerues the ſimple clowne,
That doth deſpiſe the dainties of the towne.
Tho hauing fed his fill, he there beſyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of ſundry flowres, with ſilken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

Vpon a litle hillocke ſhe was placed
Higher then all the reſt, and round about 70
Enuiron'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of louely laſſes, and them all without
The luſtie ſhepheard ſwaynes ſate in a rout;
The which did pype and ſing her prayſes dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder ſhout,

l. 57, (*that . . . weend*): l. 67, , for .—accepted: l. 73, ; for ,—substituted.

As if ſome miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them deſcended in that earthly vew.

And ſoothly ſure ſhe was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well ſhapt in euery lim,
Which ſhe did more augment with modeſt grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the reſt like leſſer lamps did dim:
Who her admiring as ſome heauenly wight,
Did for their ſoueraine goddeſſe her eſteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayreſt *Paſtorella* her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there ſhepheards ſwayne
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with ſweet pleaſing payne
Full many a night for her did ſigh and grone:
But / moſt of all the ſhepheard *Coridon*
For her did languiſh, and his deare life ſpend;
Yet neither ſhe for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind aſcend.

Her whyles Sir *Calidore* there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him ſeemed
So farre the meane of ſhepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone eſteemed;
He was vnwares ſurpriſd in ſubtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed

l. 100, ; for ,—accepted.

By any ſkill out of his cruell hands;
Caught like the bird, which gazing ſtill on others ſtands.

So ſtood he ſtill long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his queſt were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he ſtay,
And ſate there ſtill, vntill the flying day
Was farre forth ſpent, diſcourſing diuerſly
Of ſundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And euermore his ſpeach he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantazy.

By this the moyſtie night approching faſt,
Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to ſhed,
That warn'd the ſhepheards to their homes to haſt
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged ſyre,
Whoſe ſiluer lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With ſhepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell riſe; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet by common voice eſteemed
The father of the fayreſt *Paſtorell*,
And of her ſelfe in very deede ſo deemed;
Yet was not ſo, but as old ſtories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an Infant leſt alone,
And taking vp brought home, and nourſed well

l. 103, ; for ,—accepted: l. 111, , after '*fell*'—accepted: l. 122, '*will'd*.'

As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
That ſhe in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did ariſe,
And ſtreight vnto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the reſt about her roſe likewiſe,
And each his ſundrie ſheepe with feuerall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whyleſt euerie one with helping hands did ſtriue
Amongſt themſelues, and did their labours ſhare,
To helpe faire *Paſtorella*, home to driue
Her fleecie flocke; but *Coridon* moſt helpe did giue.

But *Melibœe* (ſo hight that good old man)
Now ſeeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arriued hard at hand, began
Him to inuite vnto his ſimple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better ſo
To lodge, then in the ſaluage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly ſoone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wiſh, and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honeſt ſyre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him beſought himſelfe to diſattyre,
And reſt himſelfe, till ſupper time befell.
By/ which home came the fayreſt *Paſtorell*,
After her flocke ſhe in their fold had tyde:
And ſupper readie dight, they to it fell

l. 155, : for ,—accepted.

With ſmall adoe, and nature ſatisfyde,
The which doth litle craue contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger ſlaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courteſie, and well could doe and ſay,
For ſo great kindneſſe as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his hoſt and his good wife;
And drawing thence his ſpeach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life,
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter ſtrife.

How much (ſayd he) more happie is the ſtate,
In which ye father here doe dwell at eaſe,
Leading a life ſo free and fortunate,
From all the tempeſts of theſe worldly ſeas,
Which toſſe the reſt in daungerous diſeaſe?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appeaſe;
That certes I your happineſſe enuie,
And wiſh my lot were plaſt in ſuch felicitie.

Surely my ſonne (then anſwer'd he againe)
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That hauing ſmall, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
But doe my ſelfe, with that I haue, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nouriſhment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

l. 174, ; for ,— accepted.

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
Nor am enuyde of any one therefore ;
They that haue much, feare much to looſe thereby,
And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.
The litle that I haue growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it ;
My lambes doe euery yeare increaſe their ſcore,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What haue I, but to praiſe th' Almighty, that doth ſend (it ?

To them, that liſt, the worlds gay ſhowes I leaue,
And to great ones ſuch follies doe forgiue,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
And through ambition downe themſelues doe driue
To ſad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no ſuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieue,
But all the night in ſiluer ſleepe I ſpend,
And all the day, to what I liſt, I doe attend.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Vnto my Lambes, and him diſlodge away ;
Sometime the fawne I practiſe from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay ;
Another while I baytes and nets diſplay,
The birds to catch, or fiſhes to beguyle :
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in euery ſhade, to reſt from toyle, (boyle.
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirſt my throte doth

The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,

That I diſdain'd amongſt mine equall peares
To follow ſheepe, and ſhepheards baſe attire:
For / further fortune then I would inquire.
And leauing home, to roiall court I ſought;
Where I did ſell my ſelfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld ſuch vaineneſſe, as I neuer thought.

With ſight whereof ſoone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my ſelfe excluded
From natiue home, and ſpent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my ſelfe to plaine,
And this ſweet peace, whoſe lacke did then appeare.
Tho backe returning to my ſheepe againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong ſtill vpon his melting mouth attent;
Whoſe ſenſefull words empierſt his hart ſo neare,
That he was rapt with double rauiſhment,
Both of his ſpeach that wrought him great content,
And alſo of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleaſing tongue and her faire hew,
He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

Yet to occaſion meanes, to worke his mind,
And to inſinuate his harts deſire,
He thus replyde; Now ſurely ſyre, I find,
That all this worlds gay ſhowes, which we admire,

l. 234, '*wrapt.*'

Be but vaine ſhadowes to this ſafe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
Feareleſſe of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which toſſeth ſtates, and vnder foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of euery chaunges dread.

That euen I which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great, mongſt whom I won,
And now haue prou'd, what happineſſe ye hold
In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordſhip and ambition;
And wiſh th'heauens ſo much had graced mee,
As graunt me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might tranſpoſed bee
From pitch of higher place, vnto this low degree.

In vaine (ſaid then old *Melibœ*) doe men
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuſe,
Sith they know beſt, what is the beſt for them:
For they to each ſuch fortune doe diffuſe,
As they doe know each can moſt aptly vſe.
For not that, which men couet moſt, is beſt,
Nor that thing worſt, which men do moſt refuſe;
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
And other that hath litle, aſkes no more,

But in that litle is both rich and wife.
For wiſedome is moſt riches ; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himſelfe his life may fortunize.

Since then in each mans ſelf (ſaid *Calidore*)
It is, to faſhion his owne lyfes eſtate,
Giue leaue awhyle, good father, in this ſhore
To reſt my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With / ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
In ſeas of troubles and of toyleſome paine,
That whether quite from them for to retrate
I ſhall reſolue, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your ſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe obtaine.

Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all ;
For your meane food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Beſides for recompence hereof, I ſhall
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you ſafer liue.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it driue.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake; Sir knight, your bounteous proffe
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread.
But if ye algates couet to aſſay

This ſimple ſort of life, that ſhepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to your ſelfe aread.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whileſt him liſt remaine,
Dayly beholding the fayre *Paſtorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courteſies, he could inuent;
And euery day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But ſhe that neuer had acquainted beene
With ſuch queint vſage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne euer had ſuch knightly ſeruice ſeene,
But being bred vnder baſe ſhepheards wings,
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:
His layes, his loues, his lookes ſhe did them all deſpiz

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it beſt
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
In ſhepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,
In ſtead of ſteelehead ſpeare, a ſhepheards hooke;
That who had ſeene him then, would haue bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brooke,

ll. 316-17 within ( ): l. 320, '*ev'r*': l. 324—Church suggests '*he dreſt*': l. 326, ; for ,—accepted: l. 329, '*Oenone*,' as suggested by Hughes, accepted for '*Benone*' of '96, 1609, etc.

When he the loue of fayre *Oenone* ſought,
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

So being clad, vnto the fields he went
With the faire *Paſtorella* euery day,
And kept her ſheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
The whyleſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play;
And euery euening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for need, he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milke: loue ſo much could.

Which ſeeing *Coridon*, who her likewiſe
Long time had lou'd, and hop'd her loue to gaine,
He much was troubled at that ſtraungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,
That / this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harueſt, ere it ripened were;
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of *Paſtorell* to all the ſhepheards there,
That ſhe did loue a ſtranger ſwayne then him more dere.

And euer when he came in companie,
Where *Calidore* was preſent, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and euen for gealouſie
Was readie oft his owne hart to deuoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other ſide did ſeeme ſo farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,

l. 345. ; for ,—accepted,

That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of rancoun or of iarre.

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
Or litle ſparrowes, ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrels, in the woods farre ſought,
Or other daintie thing for her addreſt,
He would commend his guift, and make the beſt.
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her breſt:
This newcome ſhepheard had his market mard.
Old loue is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day when as the ſhepheard ſwaynes together
Were met, to make their ſports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire ſunſhynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes ſhrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree,
That *Colin Clout* ſhould pipe as one moſt fit;
And *Calidore* ſhould lead the ring, as hee
That moſt in *Paſtorellaes* grace did ſit.
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip cloſely bit.

But *Calidore* of courteous inclination
Tooke *Coridon*, and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould lead the daunce, as was his faſhion;
For *Coridon* could daunce, and trimly trace.
And when as *Paſtorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plaſt on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
And did it put on *Coridons* in ſtead:
Then *Coridon* woxe frollicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

l. 372, capital *C*—accepted in '*Clout*.'

Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
To practiſe games, and maiſteries to try,
They for their Iudge did *Paſtorella* choſe;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There *Coridon* forth ſtepping openly,
Did chalenge *Calidore* to wreſtling game:
For he through long and perfect induſtry,
Therein well practiſd was, and in the ſame
Thought ſure t'auenge his grudge, & worke his foe great ſhame.

But *Calidore* he greatly did miſtake;
For he was ſtrong and mightily ſtiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almoſt brake.
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His deareſt ioynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Paſtorell*
Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gaue it to *Coridon*, and ſaid he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himſelfe abeare
Amongſt that ruſticke rout in all his deeds,
That euen they, the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For / courteſie amongſt the rudeſt breeds
Good will and fauour. So it ſurely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the ſeeds
Of perfect loue did ſow, that laſt forth brought
The fruite of ioy and bliſſe, though long time dearely bought.

l. 407, : after '*breeds*' removed : l. 411, '*ſought*,' suggested by Church.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To winne the loue of the faire *Paſtorell*;
Which hauing got, he vſed without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged ſo well,
That he of all the reſt, which there did [d]well,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
But what ſtraunge fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

Cant. X.

Calidore ſees the Graces daunce,
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Paſtorell is led,
nto captiuity.

WHo now does follow the foule *Blatant B*
Whileſt *Calidore* does follow that Mayd,
Vnmyndfull of his vow and high beheaſt,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he ſhould neuer leaue, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieued?
But now entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,

l. 416, '*well*' in '96 and 1609—text an obvious correction, as in 161

He mindeth more, how he may be relieued
With grace from her, whoſe loue his heart hath ſore engrieued. /

That from henceforth he meanes no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toile and paine ;
Another queſt, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine :
With whom he myndes for euer to remaine,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſticke fort,
Rather then hunt ſtill after ſhadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report,
Of euery blaſte, and ſayling alwaies in the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From ſo high ſtep to ſtoupe vnto ſo low.
For who had taſted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth ouerflow,
And prou'd the perfect pleaſures, which doe grow
Amongſt poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted ſhow
Of ſuch falſe bliſſe, as there is ſet for ſtales,
T'entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one ſight, which *Calidore* did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That neuer more they ſhould endure the ſhew
Of that ſunne-ſhine, that makes them looke aſkew.
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,
(Saue onely *Glorianaes* heauenly hew

l. 23, '*in*' accepted for '*on*' of '96.

To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which as commeth now, by courſe I will declare.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whileſt his faire *Paſtorella* was elſewhere,
He chaunſt to come, far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place, whoſe pleaſaunce did appere
To / paſſe all others, on the earth which were:
For all that euer was by natures ſkill
Deuized to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, ſhe all the reſt did pill.

It was an hill, plaſte in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleſſe hight, that ſeem'd th'earth to diſdaine
In which all trees of honour ſtately ſtood,
And did all winter as in ſommer bud,
Spredding pauilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches ſung aloud;
And in their tops the ſoring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in maieſty and powre.

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud
His ſiluer waues did ſoftly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged moſſe or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beaſtes, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did ſit,
In the woods ſhade, which did the waters crowne,

l. 49, *'fill'* = *full?* but qu. *'will'?*: l. 51, , after *'hill'*—accepted: l. 53, for ,—accepted, and so l. 62.

Keeping all noyſome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a ſpacious plaine
Did ſpred it ſelfe, to ſerue to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or elſe to courſe about their baſes light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleaſure might
Deſired be, or thence to baniſh bale:
So pleaſauntly the hill with equall hight,
Did ſeeme to ouerlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale.*

They ſay that *Venus*, when ſhe did diſpoſe
Her ſelfe to pleaſaunce, vſed to reſort
Vnto this place, and therein to repoſe
And reſt her ſelfe, as in a gladſome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and ſport;
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
She vſed moſt to keepe her royall court,
And in her ſoueraine Maieſty to ſit,
She in regard hereof refuſde and thought vnfit.

Vnto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him ſeemed that the merry ſound
Of a ſhrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And manyfeete faſtt humping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midſt a Shepheard piping he did ſee.

He durſt not enter into th'open greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be deſcryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were ſeene;
But in the couert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them vneſpyde.
There he did ſee, that pleaſed much his ſight,
That euen he him ſelfe his eyes enuyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midſt of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and ſing,
The whileſt the reſt them round about did hemme,
And / like a girlond did in compaſſe ſtemme:
And in the middeſt of thoſe ſame three, was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
Amidſt a ring moſt richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly preſence all the reſt much graced.

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore
Vpon her yuory forehead that ſame day
That *Theſeus* her vnto his bridale bore,
When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray
With the fierce *Lapithes*, which did them diſmay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams diſplay,
And is vnto the ſtarres an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whoſe ſundry parts were here too long to tell:

l. 115, , after '*day*' removed, as in 1609: ll. 117-18 within ( ).

But ſhe that in the midſt of them did ſtand,
Seem'd all the reſt in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a roſie girlond, that right well
Did her beſeeme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunſt, ſweet flowres, that far did ſmell,
And fragrant odours they vppon her threw;
But moſt of all, thoſe three did her with gifts endew.

Thoſe were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Vppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Thoſe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that *Venus* in her ſelfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midſt was placed parauaunt,
Was ſhe to whom that ſhepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe ſo merrily, as neuer none. /

She was to weete that iolly Shepheards laſſe,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:
That iolly ſhepheard, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)
He pypt apace, whileſt they him daunſt about.
Pype iolly ſhepheard, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy loue, that made thee low to lout;
Thy Loue is preſent there with thee in place,
Thy Loue is there aduaunſt to be another Grace.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this ſtraunge ſight,
Whoſe like before his eye had neuer ſeene,

l. 142, : for ,—accepted : ll. 148-9, capital L—accepted.

And ſtanding long aſtoniſhed in ſpright,
And rapt with pleaſaunce, wiſt not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted ſhow,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore reſoluing, what it was, to know,
Out of the wood he roſe, and toward them did go.

But ſoone as he appeared to their vew,
They vaniſht all away out of his ſight,
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
All ſaue the ſhepheard, who for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.
But *Calidore*, though no leſſe ſory wight,
For that miſhap, yet ſeeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And firſt him greeting, thus vnto him ſpake;
Haile iolly ſhepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadeſt in this goodly merry make,
Frequented of theſe gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which / to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;
Tell me, what mote theſe dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleaſant playes—
Right happy thou, that mayſt them freely ſee:
But why when I them ſaw, fled they away from me?

Not I ſo happy anſwerd then that ſwaine,
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didſt chace, -

l. 168, ; for ,—accepted : l. 170, '*merry-make.*'

Whom by no meanes thou canſt recall againe;
For being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themſelues liſt ſo to grace.
Right ſory I, (ſaide then Sir *Calidore*,)
That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace.
But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore, (ſore.
Tell me, what were they all, whoſe lacke thee grieues ſo

Tho gan that ſhepheard thus for to dilate;
Then wote thou ſhepheard, whatſoeuer thou bee,
That all thoſe Ladies, which thou ſaweſt late,
Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces, which on her depend,
Beſides a thouſand more, which ready bee
Her to adorne, when ſo ſhe forth doth wend:
But thoſe three in the midſt, doe chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of ſky-ruling *Ioue*,
By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleaſant groue,
As he this way comming from feaſtfull glee,
Of *Thetis* wedding with *AEacidee*.
In ſommers ſhade himſelfe here reſted weary.
The firſt of them hight mylde *Euphroſyne*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, laſt *Thalia* merry:
'eete Goddeſſes all three which me in mirth do cherry./

:ſe three on men all gracious gifts beſtow,
Vhich decke the body or adorne the mynde,

'9, ; for , —not (.) as in 1609 : l. 199, '*AEacidee*' for '*AEcidee*' of ccepted.

To make them louely or well fauoured ſhow,
As comely carriage, entertainement kynde,
Sweete ſemblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curteſie :
They teach vs, how to each degree and kynde
We ſhould our ſelues demeane, to low, to hie ;
To friends, to foes, which ſkill men call Ciuility.

Therefore they alwaies ſmoothly ſeeme to ſmile,
That we likewiſe ſhould mylde and gentle be,
And alſo naked are, that without guile
Or falſe diſſemblaunce all them plaine may ſee,
Simple and true from couert malice free :
And eeke them ſelues ſo in their daunce they bore,
That two of them ſtill forward ſeemd to bee,
But one ſtill towards ſhew'd her ſelfe afore ;
That good ſhould from vs goe, then come in greater
ſtore.

Such were thoſe Goddeſſes, which ye did ſee ;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidſt thẽ traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote ſhe bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddeſſe graced
With heauenly gifts from heuen firſt enraced ?
But what ſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was,
To be the fourth with thoſe three other placed :
Yet was ſhe certes but a countrey laſſe,
Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes farre did paſſe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
All other leſſer lights in light excell,

l. 219, '*froward.*'

So farre doth ſhe in beautyfull array,
Aboue all other laſſes beare the bell:
Ne / leſſe in vertue that beſeemes her well,
Doth ſhe exceede the reſt of all her race;
For which the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haue for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

Another Grace ſhe well deſerues to be,
In whom ſo many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Diuine reſemblaunce, beauty ſoueraine rare,
Firme Chaſtity, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare;
All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when ſhe is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the ſky,
That all the earth doeſt lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greateſt Maieſty,
Pardon thy ſhepheard, mongſt ſo many layes,
As he hath ſung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And vnderneath thy feete to place her prayſe;
That when thy glory ſhall be farre diſplayd
To future age of her this mention may be made.

When thus that ſhepherd ended had his ſpeach,
Sayd *Calidore*; Now ſure it yrketh mee,
That to thy bliſſe I made this luckeleſſe breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,

l. 234, : for ,—accepted : l. 236, ; for ,—accepted, and so l. 255.

Thus to bereaue thy Loues deare ſight from thee :
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my ſhame,
Who raſhly ſought that, which I mote not ſee.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led ;
With which the Knight him ſelfe did much content
And with delight his greedy fancy fed, 27
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red ;
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſences rauiſhed,
That thence, he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht, that with that ſhepheard he mote dwelling ſhare.

But that enuenid ſting, the which of yore,
His poyſnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rancle ſore,
And to renue the rigour of his ſmart :
Which to recure, no ſkill of Leaches art 2
Mote him auaile, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
Dinting his breſt, had bred his reſtleſſe paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to ſhore flies frō the m

So taking leaue of that ſame gentle ſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire *Paſtorella* did remaine :
To whome in ſort, as he at firſt begonne,

l. 262, capital L—accepted : l. 280, in '96 '*Which.*'

He daily did apply him ſelfe to donne
All dewfull ſeruice, voide of thoughts impure:
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

And euermore the ſhepheard *Coridon*,
What euer thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtriue to match with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether / it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunſt to arize
To him, the Shepheard ſtreight with iealouſie did frize.

One day as they all three together went
To the greene wood, to gather ſtrawberies,
There chaunſt to them a daungerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at *Paſtorell*, her to ſurprize:
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe ere all too late.

Which *Coridon* firſt hearing, ran in haſt
To reſkue her, but when he ſaw the ſeend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the daunger of the end;

l. 289, , removed after '*donne*' as in 1609 and placed after '*ſeruice*': 290, '*impure*'—correction of '96 misprint '*impare*': l. 309, , after *Paſtorell*' —accepted: l. 311, '*her*' —Collier suggests '*ere*'—accepted: 314, '*coward,*' as before.

His life he ſteemed dearer then his frend.
But *Calidore* ſoone comming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt faw ready now to rend
His Loues deare ſpoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged in ſtead of being frayde.

He had no weapon, but his ſhepheards hooke,
To ſerue the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will;
With which ſo ſternely hę the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, [he] it preſented
Before the feete of the faire *Paſtorell*;
Who ſcarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thankt, that had her death preuented. /

From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her fauour did augment;
But *Coridon* for cowherdize reiect,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle heart ſcornes baſe diſparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not deſpize him quight,
But vſde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip, he colour might
Both his eſtate, and loue, from ſkill of any wight.

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſeruice, and with daily ſute,

l. 319, capital L—accepted : l. 320, '*enrag'd*': l. 322, ; for ,—accepted : l. 326, '*he*' filled in as a clear inadvertent omission : l. 332, '*cowardize*': l. 338, , after '*loue*'—accepted.

That at the laſt vnto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his loue he reapt the timely frute,
And ioyed long in cloſe felicity:
Till fortune fraught with malice, blinde, and brute,
That enuies louers long proſperity,
Blew vp a bitter ſtorme of foule aduerſity.

It fortuned one day, when *Calidore*
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawleſſe people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That neuer vſde to liue by plough nor ſpade,
But fed on ſpoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of theſe ſhepheards did inuade,
And ſpoyld their houſes, and them ſelues did murder;
And droue away their flocks, with other much diſorder.

Amongſt the reſt, the which they then did pray,
They ſpoyld old *Melibee* of all he had,
And all his people captiue led away;
Mongſt which this luckleſſe mayd away was lad,
Faire / *Paſtorella*, forrowfull and ſad,
Moſt forrowfull, moſt ſad, that euer ſight,
Now made the ſpoile of theeues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight,
That euer liu'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

With them alſo was taken *Coridon*,
And carried captiue by thoſe theeues away;

l. 359, ; for , accepted : l. 362, '*ſigh't.*'

Who in the couert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſkue from their pray,
Vnto their dwelling did them cloſe conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Iſland was,
Couered with ſhrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for ouergrowen gras.

For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caues, that no man mote diſcouer
For the thicke ſhrubs, which did them alwaies ſhade
From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
But darkneſſe dred and daily night did houer
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lightned was with window, nor with louer,
But with continuall candlelight, which delt
A doubtfull ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeene, as felt.

Hither thoſe *Brigants* brought their preſent pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning ſo ſoone, as they conuenient may,
For ſlaues to ſell them, for no ſmall reward,
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or ſold againe. Now when faire *Paſtorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grieſly theeues, ſhe thought her ſelf in hell,
Where with ſuch damned fiends ſhe ſhould in darkneſſe dwell. /

But for to tell the doleſull dreriment,
And pittiſull complaints, which there ſhe made,

l. 379, '*drad*': *ib.*, '*deadly*' is suggested by Church: l. 385, ; for ,— accepted.

Where day and night ſhe nought did but lament
Her wretched liſe, ſhut vp in deadly ſhade,
And waſte her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre, that feeles no heate of ſunne,
Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade.
But what befell her in that theeuiſh wonne,
Will in an other Canto better be begonne.

Cant. XI.

The theeues fall out for Paſtorell,
VVhileſt Melibee is ſlaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

THe ioyes of loue, if they ſhould euer laſt,
Without affliction or diſquietneſſe,
That worldly chaunces doe amongſt them caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſſe,
Liker to heauen, then mortall wretchedneſſe.
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet,
That here on earth is no ſure happineſſe,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempred with one ſweet,
To make it ſeeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

ll. 395-9 within ( ) : l. 400, '*And.*'

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire *Paſtorell*, of whom is now my ſong:
Who being now in dreadfull darkneſſe layd,
Amongſt thoſe theeues, which her in bondage ſtrong /
Detaynd; yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who ſo heares her heauineſſe, would rew
And pitty her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſaunt hew.

Whyleſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnreſt,
It ſo befell (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he, which was their Capitaine profeſt,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
One day as he did all his priſoners vew,
With luſtfull eyes, beheld that louely gueſt,
Faire *Paſtorella*; whoſe ſad mournefull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

At ſight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging whot,
That her alone he for his part deſired
Of all the other pray, which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him ſelfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndneſſe to her ſhowed,
And ſought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:
And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

l. 16, : for ,—accepted: l. 19, ; for ,—accepted; and so l. 31: l. 34, '*hot*': l. 36, '*prey*.'

But all that euer he could doe or ſay,
Her conſtant mynd could not a whit remoue,
Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him fauour, or afford him loue.
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew and all waies proue,
By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behoue;
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt. / 50

At laſt, when him ſhe ſo importune ſaw,
Fearing leaſt he at length the raines would lend
Vnto his luſt, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or frend;
She thought it beſt, for ſhadow to pretend
Some ſhew of fauour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
With better tearmes ſhe did him entertaine;
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perſwade,
That he in time her ioyaunce ſhould obtaine.
But when ſhe ſaw, through that ſmall fauours gaine,
That further, then ſhe willing was, he preſt;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A ſodaine ſickeneſſe, which her ſore oppreſt,
And made vnfit to ſerue his lawleſſe mindes beheſt.

By meanes whereof ſhe would not him permit
Once to approch to her in priuity,

l. 51, , after '*laſt*'—accepted: and ll. 54, 61, 65, ; for , .

But onely mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And ſeeking all things meete for remedy.
But ſhe reſolu'd no remedy to ſynde,
Nor better cheare to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbynde:
Her ſickneſſe was not of the body but the mynde.

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſicke did lie,
It chaunſt a ſort of merchants, which were wount
To ſkim thoſe coaſtes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arriued / in this Iſle though bare and blunt,
T'inquire for ſlaues; where being readie met
By ſome of theſe ſame theeues at the inſtant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was ſet
By his faire patients ſide with ſorrowfull regret.

To whom they ſhewed, how thoſe marchants were
Arriu'd in place, their bondſlaues for to buy;
And therefore prayd, that thoſe ſame captiues there
Mote to them for their moſt commodity
Be ſold, and mongſt them ſhared equally.
This their requeſt the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iuſt demaund deny,
And willed ſtreight the ſlaues ſhould forth be called,
And ſold for moſt aduantage not to be forſtalled.

Then forth the good old *Melibœ* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,

l. 76, : for , not . of 1609 : l. 82, (*though . . . blunt*) : l. 88, ; for ,— accepted.

Whom they before in diuerſe ſpoyles had caught:
All which he to the marchants ſale did ſhowe.
Till ſome, which did the ſundry priſoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire ſhepherdeſſe,
Which with the reſt they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expreſſe,
The more t'augment her price, through praiſe of comlineſſe.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made anſwere, that the Mayd of whom they ſpake,
Was his owne purchaſe and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himſelfe, which did that conqueſt make;
Litle for him to haue one ſilly laſſe:
Beſides, through ſickneſſe now ſo wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandiſe to paſſe. (was./
So ſhew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake ſhe

The ſight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeene by candle-light:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull ſhadow of the darkeſome night,
With ſtarrie beames about her ſhining bright,
Theſe marchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,
That what through wonder, & what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At laſt when all the reſt them offred were,
And priſes to them placed at their pleaſure,

l. 111, , after '*Beſides*': l. 115, : for ,—accepted,

They all refuſed in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how euer priſd with meaſure,
Withouten her, whoſe worth aboue all threaſure
They did eſteeme, and offred ſtore of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bad them be ſtill, his loue ſhould not be ſold:
The reſt take if they would, he her to him would hold.

Therewith ſome other of the chiefeſt theeues
Boldly him bad ſuch iniurie forbeare;
For that ſame mayd, how euer it him greeues,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare.
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſweare,
That who ſo hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

Thus as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the frute of too much talke:
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leauing any balke,
But / making way for death at large to walke:
Who in the horror of the grieſly night,
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtalke,
And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candlelight
Out quenched, leaues no ſkill nor difference of wight.

Like as a ſort of hungry dogs ymet
About ſome carcaſe by the common way,
Doe fall together, ſtryuing each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedie pray;

l. 136, '*prices*': l. 142, : for ,— accepted: l. 153, '*prey*' as before.

All on confuſed heapes themſelues aſſay,
And ſnatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them ſees, would wonder at their fray,
And who ſees not, would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruell *Brigants* there.

But firſt of all, their captiues they doe kill,
Leaſt they ſhould ioyne againſt the weaker ſide,
Or riſe againſt the remnant at their will;
Old *Melibœ* is ſlaine, and him beſide
His aged wife, with many others wide:
But *Coridon* eſcaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilſt darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as faſt as he can hye,
Ne ſtayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

But *Paſtorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended:
Who minding more her ſafety then himſelfe,
His target alwayes ouer her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was ſlaine, and layd on ground,
Yet holding faſt twixt both his armes extended
Fayre *Paſtorell*, who with the ſelfe ſame wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie ſwound. /

There lay ſhe couered with confuſed preaſſe
Of carcaſes, which dying on her fell.
Tho when as he was dead, the fray gan ceaſſe,
And each to other calling, did compell

l. 157, : for (.) : l. 163, : for ,—accepted, and l. 169 : l. 171, '*protended*' is suggested by Collier (needlessly). See Glossary, *s.v.* : l. 176, '*Lanç't.*'

To ſtay their cruell hands from ſlaughter fell.
Sith they that were the cauſe of all, were gone.
Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan ſearch anone,
How many of their friends were ſlaine, how many ſone.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a ſweet Angell twixt two clouds vphild:
Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death vpon her eyes diſplayd;
Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light
Seeme much more louely in that darkneſſe layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright,
To ſparke out litle beames, like ſtarres in foggie night.

But when they mou'd the carcaſes aſide,
They found that liſe did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they buſily applyde,
To call the ſoule backe to her home againe;
And wrought ſo well with labour and long paine,
That they to liſe recouered her at laſt.
Who ſighing ſore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riuen bene, and all her hart ſtrings braſt,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghaſt.

There ſhe beheld, that ſore her grieu'd to ſee,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her ſelfe ſole left, a ſecond ſpoyle to bee
Of thoſe, that hauing ſaued her from dying,
Renew'd / her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?

Ne cared ſhe her wound in teares to ſteepe,
Albe with all their might thoſe *Brigants* her did keepe.

But when they ſaw her now reliu'd againe,
They left her ſo, in charge of one the beſt
Of many worſt, who with vnkind diſdaine
And cruell rigour her did much moleſt;
Scarſe yeelding her due food, or timely reſt,
And ſcarſely ſuffring her infeſtred wound,
That ſore her payn'd, by any to be dreſt,
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And ſaw his ſhepheards cottage ſpoyled quight,
And his Loue reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull ſight;
That euen his hart for very fell deſpight,
And his owne fleſh he readie was to teare:
He chauſt, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he ſight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whoſe whelpes are ſtolne away, ſhe being otherwhere.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire;
That more increaſt the anguiſh of his paine.
He ſought the woods; but no man could ſee there,
He ſought the plaines; but could no tydings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waſte and emptie did appeare:

l. 213, '*reuiv'd*': l. 224, capital L—accepted: l. 225, ; for , and l. 227, ; for ,—accepted: l. 228, '*ſigh't*' as before.

Where wont the ſhepheards oft their pypes reſound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At laſt as there he romed vp and downe,
He chaunſt one comming towards him to ſpy,
That ſeem'd to be ſome ſorie ſimple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes vpſtaring hye,
As if he did from ſome late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he vnto him approched nye,
He mote perceiue by ſignes, which he did fynd,
That *Coridon* it was, the ſilly ſhepherds hynd.

Tho to him running faſt, he did not ſtay
To greet him firſt, but aſkt where were the reſt;
Where *Paſtorell*? who full of freſh diſmay,
And guſhing forth in teares, was ſo oppreſt,
That he no word could ſpeake, but ſmit his breſt,
And vp to heauen his eyes ſtill ſtreming threw.
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not reſt,
But aſkt againe what ment that rufull hew:
Where was his *Paſtorell*? where all the other crew?

Ah well away (ſayd he then ſighing ſore)
That euer I did liue, this day to ſee,
This diſmall day, and was not dead before,
Before I ſaw faire *Paſtorella* dye.
Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
How could the death dare euer her to quell?
But read thou ſhepheard, read what deſtiny,
Or other dyrefull hap from heauen or hell (tell.
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and

l. 266, : for ,—accepted.

Tho when the ſhepheard breathed had awhile,
He thus began: where ſhall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how thoſe *Brigants* vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyld / all our cots, and caried vs from hence?
Or how faire *Paſtorell* ſhould haue bene ſold
To marchants, but was fau'd with ſtrong defence?
Or how thoſe theeues, whileſt one fought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

In that ſame conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whoſe heauy tydings now I haue to tell.
Firſt all the captiues, which they here had hent,
Were by them ſlaine by generall conſent;
Old *Melibœ* and his good wife withall
Theſe eyes ſaw die, and dearely did lament:
But when the lot to *Paſtorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withſtood, & did her death forſtall.

But what could he gainſt all them doe alone?
It could not boot; needs mote ſhe die at laſt:
I onely ſcapt through great confuſione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongſt them paſt,
In dreadfull darkneſſe dreadfully aghaſt;
That better were with them to haue bene dead,
Then here to ſee all deſolate and waſt,
Deſpoyled of thoſe ioyes and iollyhead,
Which with thoſe gentle ſhepherds here I wont to lead.

When *Calidore* theſe ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguiſh great,

l. 285, ? for :—accepted: l. 292, '*iolly head*'—made one

And all his wits with doole were nigh diſtraught,
That he his face, his head, his breſt did beat,
And death it ſelfe vnto himſelfe did threat;
Oft curſing th'heauens, that ſo cruell were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat;
And wiſhing oft, that he were preſent there,
When ſhe was ſlaine, or had bene to her ſuccour nere.

But after griefe awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent it ſelfe in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſourſe,
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt,
How he might ſaue her life, if life did laſt;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, ſith he well knew
The readie way vnto that theeuiſh wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew,
Vnto the place, to ſee what ſhould be donne.
But he, whoſe hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did ſhonne:
Yet *Calidore* ſo well him wrought with meed,
And faire beſpoke with words, that he at laſt agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepheards hookes: But *Calidore*
Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
Tho to the place when they approched nye,

They chaunſt, vpon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of ſheepe and ſhepheards to eſpy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote beſt aſſay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The ſelfe ſame flocks, the which thoſe theeues had reft
From *Melibœ* and from themſel[u]es whyleare,
And certaine of the theeues there by them left,
The / which for want of heards themſelues then kept.
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late ſheepe,
And ſeeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But when he ſaw thé theeues, which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare: for nought may feare diſſwade;
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom *Coridon* him counſeld to inuade
Now all vnwares, and take the ſpoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

Tho ſitting downe by them vpon the greene,
Of ſundrie things he purpoſe gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of *Paſtorell*, were ſhe aliue or ſlaine.
Mongſt which the theeues them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertaine,

That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had frō their maiſters fled, & now ſought hyre elſwhere.

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well, if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themſelues were euill groomes, they ſayd,
Vnwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the land, or ſcoure the deepe.
Thereto they ſoone agreed and earneſt tooke,
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe:
For they for better hyre did ſhortly looke,
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſooke. /

Tho when as towards darkſome night it drew,
Vnto their helliſh dens thoſe theeues them brought;
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrayles ſought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That *Paſtorell* yet liu'd, but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did reſt,
But chiefly *Calidore*, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt.

At length when they occaſion fitteſt found,
In dead of night when all the theeues did reſt
After a late forray, and ſlept full ſound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought beſt,
Hauing of late by diligent inqueſt,
Prouided him a ſword of meaneſt ſort:
With which he ſtreight went to the Captaines neſt.

l. 367, ; for ,—accepted : l. 370, (*contrary . . . ſought*) : l. 379, (*by inqueſt*).

But *Coridon* durſt not with him conſort,
Ne durſt abide behind, for dread of worſe effort.

When to the Caue they came, they found it faſt:
But *Calidore* with huge reſiſtleſſe might,
The dores aſſayled, and the locks vpbraſt.
With noyſe whereof the theeſe awaking light,
Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold knight
Encountring him with ſmall reſiſtance ſlew;
The whiles faire *Paſtorell* through great affright
Was almoſt dead, miſdoubting leaſt of new
Some vprore were like that, which lately ſhe did vew.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
And gan aloud for *Paſtorell* to call;
Knowing his voice although not heard long ſin,
She ſudden was reuiued therewithall,
And / wondrous joy felt in her ſpirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempeſt toſt,
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
At length eſpyes at hand the happie coſt,
On which he ſafety hopes, that earſt feard to be loſt.

Her gentle hart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
Began ſome ſmacke of comfort new to taſt,
Like lyfull heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had fought;
Ne leſſe in hart reioyced *Calidore*
When he her found, but like to one diſtraught,

l. 394, ; for ,— accepted : l. 395, (*although . . . ſin*) : l. 405, '*lifefull.*'

And robd of reaſon, towards her him bore,
A thouſand times embraſt, and kiſt a thouſand more.

But now by this, with noyſe of late vprore,
The hue and cry was rayſed all about;
And all the *Brigants* flocking in great ſtore,
Vnto the caue gan preaſſe, nought hauing dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But *Calidore* in th'entry cloſe did ſtand,
And entertayning them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt, that came firſt to hand,
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day:
Which when he ſpyde vpon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcaſes he made his way;
Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,
With which he forth went into th'open light:
Where all the reſt for him did readie ſtay,
And fierce aſſayling him with all their might
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flyes in whotteſt ſommers day
Do ſeize vpon ſome beaſt, whoſe fleſh is bare,
That all the place with ſwarmes do ouerlay,
And with their litle ſtings right felly fare;
So many theeues about him ſwarming are,
All which do him aſſayle on euery ſide,
And ſore oppreſſe, ne any him doth ſpare:
But he doth with his raging brond diuide
Their thickeſt troups, & round about him ſcattreth wide.

l. 423, ; for ,—accepted: l. 429, '*hotteſt.*'

Like as a Lion mongſt an heard of dere,
Diſperſeth them to catch his choyſeſt pray;
So did he fly amongſt them here and there,
And all that nere him came, did hew and ſlay,
Till he had ſtrowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelues conuay
Into their caues, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victorie to him enuide

Then backe returning to his deareſt deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull ſpeaches, and with louely cheare,
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhfull ſight,
Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So her vneath at laſt he did reuiue,
That long had lyen dead, and made againe aliue.

This doen, into thoſe theeuiſh dens he went,
And thence did all the ſpoyles and threaſures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of / which the beſt he did his Loue betake;
And alſo all thoſe flockes, which they before
Had reft from *Melibœ*, and from his make,
He did them all to *Coridon* reſtore:
So droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.

ll. 460, 464, capital L—accepted: l. 462, , after '*Melibœ*'—accepted: l. 463, : substituted for (.).

Cant. / XII.

Fayre Paſtorella by great hap
her parents vnderſtands:
Calidore doth the Blatant beaſt
ſubdew, and bynd in bands.

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

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight, from ſewing his firſt queſt,
Though out of courſe, yet hath not bene miſ-ſayd,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt,
Euen vnto the loweſt and the leaſt.
But now I come into my courſe againe,
To his atchieuement of the *Blatant beaſt*;

l. 3, : for ,—accepted : l. 15, '*hitherto*,'

Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtraine. /

Sir *Calidore* when thus he now had raught
Faire *Paſtorella* from thoſe *Brigants* powre,
Vnto the Caſtle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youthes freſheſt flowre
A luſtie knight, as euer wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayreſt Ladie then of all that liuing were.

Her name was *Claribell*: whoſe father hight
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might.
He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Vnto the Prince of *Picteland* bordering nere,
But ſhe whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empierced were,
By all meanes ſhund to match with any forrein fere.

And *Bellamour* againe ſo well her pleaſed,
With dayly ſeruice and attendance dew,
That of her loue he was entyrely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but knowne to few.
Which when her father vnderſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage, that them in dongeon deepe
Without compaſſion cruelly he threw;

l. 33, : for ,—accepted.

Yet did ſo ſtreightly them a ſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

Nathleſſe Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace
Of ſecret guifts ſo with his keepers wrought,
That to his loue ſometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe vnwiſt to wight was fraught,
And / in dew time a mayden child forth brought.
Which ſhe ſtreight way for dread leaſt, if her ſyre
Should know thereof, to ſlay he would haue ſought,
Deliuered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred vnder ſtraunge attyre.

The truſtie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a ſight.
Whom whyleſt ſhe did with watrie eyne behold,
Vpon the litle breſt like chriſtall bright,
She mote perceiue a litle purple mold,
That like a roſe her ſilken leaues did faire vnfold.

Well ſhe it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe;
But cloſing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace

ll. 56-7, (*for . . . ſought*): l. 58, (*for hyre*): l. 66, (*like . . . bright*): l. 70, ; for ,—accepted.

Would for the wretched infants helpe prouyde,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe
His fleecie flocke vpon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place ; where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond ſpoyle, he ſoftly it vnbound ;
And ſeeing there, that did him pittie ſore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound ;
So home vnto his honeſt wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurſt, and named euermore. /

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her ſyre
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the ſtormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happineſſe together,
And liued long in peace and loue entyre,
Without diſquiet or diſlike of ether,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Paſtorella* thether.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine ;
For *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loued for his proweſſe, ſith they twaine
Long ſince had fought in field. Als *Claribell*
No leſſe did tender the faire *Paſtorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they a while together thus did dwell

l. 81, ; for ,—accepted : l. 95, '*thither.*'

In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to wex more ſound and ſtrong.

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduize
Of his firſt queſt, which he had long forlore;
Aſham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forſlacked had ſo ſore;
That much he feared, leaſt reprochfull blame
With foule diſhonour him mote blot therefore;
Beſides the loſſe of ſo much praiſe and fame,
As through the world thereby ſhould glorifie his name.

Therefore reſoluing to returne in haſt
Vnto ſo great atchieuement, he bethought
To leaue his Loue, now perill being paſt,
With *Claribell*, whyleſt he that monſter ſought
Through / out the world, and to deſtruction brought.
So taking leaue of his faire *Paſtorell*,
Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his queſt, and did, that him befell.

But firſt, ere I doe his aduentures tell,
In this exploite, me needeth to declare,
What did betide to the faire *Paſtorell*,
During his abſence left in heauy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly miſfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all ſhe might,
To cheriſh her with all things choice and rare;

l. 106, ; for ,—accepted: l. 112, '*praiſe*'—misprinted in '96 '*loss*': l. 116, capital L—accepted: l. 120 within ( ).

And her owne handmayd, that *Meliſſa* hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this Mayden faire
Was dighting her, hauing her ſnowy breſt
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely treſſes dewly dreſt,
Chaunſt to eſpy vpon her yuory cheſt
The roſie marke, which ſhe remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth ſhe keſt,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which ſhe bore, the whiles in priſon ſhe did dwell.

Which well auizing, ſtreight ſhe gan to caſt
In her conceiptfull mynd, that this faire Mayd
Was that ſame infant, which ſo long ſith paſt
She in the open fields had looſely layd
To Fortunes ſpoile, vnable it to ayd.
So full of ioy, ſtreight forth ſhe ran in haſt
Vnto her miſtreſſe, being halfe diſmayd,
To tell her, how the heauens had her graſte,
To ſaue her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaſte. /

The ſober mother ſeeing ſuch her mood,
Yet knowing not, what meant that ſodaine thro,
Aſkt her, how mote her words be vnderſtood,
And what the matter was, that mou'd her ſo.
My lieſe (ſayd ſhe) ye know, that long ygo,
Whileſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;

ll. 133-5, (*hauing . . . dreſt*): l. 143, '*ſince*': l. 145, capital L—accepted: l. 151 within ( ).

The ſame againe if now ye liſt to haue,
The ſame is yonder Lady, whom high God did ſaue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that ſpeach,
And gan to queſtion ſtreight how ſhe it knew.
Moſt certaine markes, (ſayd ſhe) do me it teach,
For on her breſt I with theſe eyes did vew
The litle purple roſe, which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did giue.
Beſides her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeares, do ſurely prieue
That yond ſame is your daughter ſure, which yet doth liue.

The matrone ſtayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haſt ran to the ſtraunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily for great deſire,
Rent vp her breſt, and boſome open layd,
In which that roſe ſhe plainely ſaw diſplayd.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long ſo held, and ſoftly weeping ſayd;
And liueſt thou my daughter now againe?
And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did ſaine.

Tho further aſking her of ſundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at laſt by very certaine ſignes,
And ſpeaking markes of paſſed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her preſents
Is / her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho wondering long at thoſe ſo ſtraunge euents,
A thouſand times ſhe her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kiſſe, and many a melting teare.

Who euer is the mother of one chylde,
Which hauing thought long dead, ſhe fyndes aliue,
Let her by proofe of that, which ſhe hath fylde
In her owne breaſt, this mothers ioy deſcriue:
For other none ſuch paſſion can contriue
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When ſhe ſo faire a daughter ſaw ſuruiue,
As *Paſtorella* was, that nigh ſhe ſwelt
For paſſing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted, all that fell:
Who ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Paſtorell.*
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of *Calidore*; who ſeeking all this while
That monſtrous Beaſt by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with reſtleſſe paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the tract of his outragious ſpoile.

Through all eſtates he found that he had paſt,
In which he many maſſacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at laſt;
In which ſuch ſpoile, ſuch hauocke, and ſuch theft
He wrought, that thence all goodneſſe he bereft,
That endleſſe were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place beſides vnſought had left,
At length into a Monaſtere did light,
Where he him foũd deſpoyling all with maine & might.

Into their cloyſters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here & there./

l. 200, ; for ,—accepted.

And them purfu'd into their dortours ſad,
And ſearched all their cels and ſecrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkeſome to report; yet that foule Beaſt
Nought ſparing them, the more did toſſe and teare,
And ranſacke all their dennes from moſt to leaſt,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heaſt.

From thence into the facred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deſkes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blaſphemy ſpoke,
And th'Images for all their goodly hew,
Did caſt to ground, whileſt none was them to rew;
So all confounded and diſordered there.
But ſeeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him faſt purſuing, ſoone approched neare.

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce aſſailing forſt him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him ſtrooke
With his ſharpe ſteele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that ſeemed to containe
A full good pecke within the vtmoſt brim,
All ſet with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus* grieſly grim.

And therein were a thouſand tongs empight,
Of ſundry kindes, and ſundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,

l. 241, ; for ,—accepted.

And ſome of cats, that wrawling ſtill did cry.
And ſome of Beares, that groynd continually,
And ſome of Tygres, that did ſeeme to gren,
And ſnar at all, that euer paſſed by:
But / moſt of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which ſpake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongſt were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents with three forked ſtings,
That ſpat out poyſon and gore bloudy gere
At all, that came within his rauenings,
And ſpake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Keſars ſpared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

But *Calidore* thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with ſo impetuous might,
That th'outrage of his violence he ſtayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And ſpitting forth the poyſon of his ſpight,
That fomed all about his bloody iawes.
Tho rearing vp his former feete on hight,
He rampt vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did caſt his ſhield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puiſſaunce forth, purſu'd ſo hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall:

l. 270, : and l. 272, ; for ,—accepted.

And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His ſhield he on him threw, and faſt downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy ſtall
Of butchers baleſull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

Full cruelly the Beaſt did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and mayſtred ſo with might,/
That he gan fret and ſome out bloudy gore,
Striuing in vaine to rere him ſelfe vpright.
For ſtill the more he ſtroue, the more the Knight
Did him ſuppreſſe, and forcibly ſubdew;
That made him almoſt mad for fell deſpight.
He grind, hee bit, he ſcratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew.

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine
That great *Alcides* whilome ouerthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this helliſh Beaſt,
Whileſt *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heauy load releaſt,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increaſt.

Tho when the Beaſt ſaw, he mote nought auaile,
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharpely at him to reuile and raile,
With bitter termes of ſhamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he neuer once did ſpeake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing ſo vnworthily:

Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtreightly that he chokt him neare.

At laſt when as he found his force to ſhrincke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell ſtrong
Of ſureſt yron, made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured vp his mouth along,
And therein ſhut vp his blaſphemous tong,
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or vnto louely Lady doing wrong:
And / thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euẽ in his own deſpight.

Like as whylome that ſtrong *Tirynthian* ſwaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Againſt his will faſt bound in yron chaine;
And roring horribly, did him compell
To ſee the hatefull funne, that he might tell
To grieſly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghoſts, which dwell
For aye in darkeneſſe, which day light doth ſhonne:
So led this Knight his captyue with like conqueſt wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beaſt repine at thoſe
Straunge bands, whoſe like till then he neuer bore,
Ne euer any durſt till then impoſe,
And chauffed inly, ſeeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durſt he not draw backe; nor once withſtand
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,

l. 314, ; for ,—accepted: l. 319, : for .—accepted.

But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd ſo,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where ſo he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To ſee him leade that Beaſt in bondage ſtrong,
And ſeeing it, much wondred at the ſight;
And all ſuch perſons, as he earſt did wrong,
Reioyced much to ſee his captiue plight, (Knight.
And much admyr'd the Beaſt, but more admyr'd the

Thus was this Monſter by the mayſtring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, ſuppreſt and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many cauſeleſſe cauſed to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Vntill that, whether wicked fate ſo framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more miſchiefe and more ſcath he wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne mayſtred any more:
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,

ll. 345-6, (*whether . . . men*).

And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth ſore in each degree and ſtate;
Ne any is, that may him now reſtraine,
He growen is ſo great and ſtrong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne ſpareth he moſt learned wits to rate,
Ne ſpareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of perſon or of time.

Ne may this homely verſe, of many meaneſt,
Hope to eſcape his venemous deſpite,
More then my former writs, all were they cleareſt
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which ſome wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres diſpleaſure,
That neuer ſo deſerued to endite.
Therfore do you my rimes keep better meaſure, (ſure.
And ſeeke to pleaſe, that now is counted wiſemens threa-

l. 363, '*gentle*': l. 367, misprinted '*H'ope*' in '96: l. 368, Dr. Morris mistakenly records '96 as reading '*cleanſt*,' and Professor Child as reading '*cleaneſt*,' whereas it *is* '*cleareſt*' in '96: l. 375—in 1609 '*The end of the ſixt Booke.*'

FINIS.

TWO CANTOS

OF

MVTABILITIE:

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of ſome following Booke of the

FAERIE QVEENE,

(···)

VNDER THE LEGEND

OF

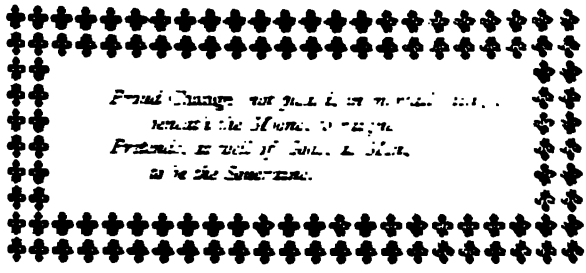
Conſtancie.

Neuer before imprinted.

NOTE.

See our Life of Spenser in Vol. I. on these 'Two Cantos.' It is doubtful whether they were meant to form part of the 'Faery Queene.' They make a charming independent poem on 'Mutability'—one of Spenser's favourite themes. These 'Two Cantos' first appeared in the folio edition of the 'Faery Queene' of 1609, and were reprinted in 1611. The latter offers a few very slight corrections.—A. B. G.

Cant. VI.



WHat man that ſees the euer-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth
But that therby doth find, & plainly feele, (away,
How *MVTABILITY* in them doth play
Her cruell ſports, to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearſe that whylome I heard ſay,
How ſhe at firſt her ſelfe began to reare, (beare.
Gainſt all the Gods, and th'empire fought from them to

But firſt, here falleth fitteſt to vnfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I haue found it regiſtred of old,
In *Faery* Land mongſt records permanent:
She was, to weet, a daughter by deſcent
Of thoſe old *Titans*, that did whylome ſtriue

VVith *Saturnes* ſonne for heauens regiment.
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,
Yet many of their ſtemme long after did ſurviue.

And / many of them, afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority ;
As *Hecatè*, in whoſe almighty hand,
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her diſpoſed diuerſly,
To Gods, and men, as ſhe them liſt diuide :
And drad *Bellona*, that doth ſound on hie
Warres and allarums vnto Nations wide,
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewiſe did this *Titaneſſe* aſpire,
Rule and dominion to her ſelfe to gaine ;
That as a Goddeſſe, men might her admire,
And heauenly honours yield, as to them twaine.
And firſt, on earth ſhe ſought it to obtaine ;
Where ſhe ſuch proofe and ſad examples ſhewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom ſhe ſoone ſubdewed)
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewed.

For, ſhe the face of earthly things ſo changed,
That all which Nature had eſtabliſht firſt
In good eſtate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their ſtatutes burſt :
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durſt
Of Gods or men to alter or miſguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurſt
That God had bleſt ; and did at firſt prouide
In that ſtill happy ſtate for euer to abide.

Ne ſhee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iuſtice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged fooliſhlie:
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worſe.
O pittious worke of *MVTABILITIE*!
By which, we all are ſubiect to that curſe,
And death in ſtead of life haue ſucked from our Nurſe.

And now, when all the earth ſhe thus had brought
To her beheſt, and thralled to her might,
She gan to caſt in her ambitious thought,
T'attempt th'empire of the heauens hight,
And *Ioue* himſelfe to ſhoulder from his right.
And firſt, ſhe paſt the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whoſe ſubſtance thin and ſlight,
Made no reſiſtance, ne could her contraire,
But ready paſſage to her pleaſure did prepaire.

Thence, to the Circle of the Moone ſhe clambe,
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlaſting glory,
To whoſe bright ſhining palace ſtraight ſhe came,
All fairely deckt with heauens goodly ſtory:
Whoſe ſiluer gates, (by which there ſate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glaſſe in hand,
Hight *Tyme*) ſhe entred, were he liefe or ſory:
Ne ſtaide till ſhe the higheſt ſtage had ſcand,
VVhere *Cynthia* did ſit, that neuer ſtill did ſtand.

Her ſitting on an Iuory throne ſhee found,
Drawne of two ſteeds, th'one black, the other white,

Environd with tenne thouſand ſtarres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her ſide, there ran her Page, that hight
Veſper, whom we the Euening-ſtarre intend:
That with his Torche, ſtill twinkling like twyligh
Her lightened all the way where ſhe ſhould wend
And ioy to weary wandring trauailers did lend:

That when the hardy *Titaneſſe* beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heauens ſubſtance, and vp-held
With thouſand Cryſtall pillors of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious ſpright,
And t'envie her that in ſuch glorie raigned.
Eftſoones ſhe caſt by force and tortious might,
Her to diſplace; and to her ſelfe to haue gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

Boldly ſhe bid the Goddeſſe downe deſcend,
And let her ſelfe into that Ivory throne;
For, ſhee her ſelfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone:
Whether to men, whoſe fall ſhe did bemone,
Or vnto Gods, whoſe ſtate ſhe did maligne,
Or to th'infernall Powers, her need giue lone
Of her faire light, and bounty moſt benigne,
Her ſelfe of all that rule ſhee deemed moſt condigne.

But ſhee that had to her that foueraigne ſeat
By higheſt *Ioue* aſſign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for fauour or for feare;

But with ſterne countenaunce and diſdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heauens coaſt to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the *Gianteſſe* forbare:
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,
Threatned to ſtrike her if ſhe did with-ſtand.
Where-at the ſtarres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon, ſtill did ſtand,
All beeing with ſo bold attempt amazed,
And on her vncouth habit and ſterne looke ſtill gazed.

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew
Of happy wights, now vnpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that ſight;
Fearing leaſt *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night:
But chiefely *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haſte, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

All / ran together with a great out-cry,
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens hight;
And beating at his gates full earneſtly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that ſuddaine lack of light.
The father of the Gods when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their ſo ſtrange affright,

Doubting leaſt *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,
Or other his old foes, that once him ſorely fear'd.

Eſtſoones the ſonne of *Maia* forth he ſent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cauſe of this ſo ſtrange aſtoniſhment,
And why ſhee did her wonted courſe forſlowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her moleſt,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:
But, if from heauen it were, then to arreſt
The Author, and him bring before his preſence preſt.

The wingd-foot God, ſo faſt his plumes did beat,
That ſoone he came where-as the *Titaneſſe*
Was ſtriuing with faire *Cynthia* for her ſeat:
At whoſe ſtrange ſight, and haughty hardineſſe,
He wondred much, and feared her no leſſe.
Yet laying feare aſide to doe his charge,
At laſt, he bade her (with bold ſtedfaſtneſſe)
Ceaſſe to moleſt the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high *Ioue*, her dooings to diſcharge.

And there-with-all, he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed Mace, whoſe awfull power
Doth make both Gods and helliſh fiends affraid:
VVhere-at the *Titaneſſe* did ſternely lower,
And ſtoutly anſwer'd, that in euill hower
He from his *Ioue* ſuch meſſage to her brought,
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthias* ſiluer bower;
Sith ſhee his *Ioue* and him eſteemed nought,
No more then *Cynthia's* ſelfe; but all their kingdoms ſought.

The Heauens Herald ſtaid not to reply,
But paſt away, his doings to relate
Vnto his Lord; who now in th'higheſt ſky,
VVas placed in his principall Eſtate,
VVith all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when *Hermes* had his meſſage told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Saue *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance (bold,
Did vnto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe vnfold;

Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers;
Ye may remember ſince th'Earths curſed ſeed
Sought to aſſaile the heauens eternall towers,
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them deſtroied quite;
Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed
An off-ſpring of their bloud, which did alite
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet deſpite.

Of that bad ſeed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold preſumption doth aſpire
To thruſt faire *Phœbe* from her ſiluer bed,
And eke our ſelues from heauens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her deſire:
VVherefore, it now behoues vs to aduiſe
What way is beſt to driue her to retire;
Whether by open force or counſell wiſe,
Areed ye ſonnes of God, as beſt ye can deuiſe.

So hauing ſaid, he ceaſt; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whoſe doomefull dreaded beck

Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,
And euen the higheſt Powers of heauen to check)
Made ſigne to them in their degrees to ſpeake:
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſell graue and wiſe.
Meane-while, th'Earths daughter, thogh ſhe nought
Of *Hermes* meſſage; yet gan now adviſe, (did reck
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot bold emprize.

Eſtſoones ſhe thus reſolv'd; that whil'ſt the Gods
(After returne of *Hermes* Embaſſie)
Were troubled, and amongſt themſelues at ods,
Before they could new counſels re-allie,
To ſet vpon them in that extaſie;
And take what fortune time and place would lend:
So, forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To *Ioues* high Palace ſtraight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot; Good on-ſet boads good end.

Shee there arriuing, boldly in did paſs;
Where all the Gods ſhe found in counſell cloſe,
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.
At ſight of her they ſuddaine all aroſe,
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe.
But *Ioue*, all feareleſſe, forc't them to aby;
And in his ſoueraine throne, gan ſtraight diſpoſe
Himſelfe more full of grace and Maieſtie,
That mote encheare his friends, & foes mote terrifie.

That, when the haughty *Titaneſſe* beheld,
All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld;
And inly quaking, ſeem'd as reft of ſenſe,

And voyd of ſpeech in that drad audience;
Vntill that *Ioue* himſelfe, her ſelfe beſpake:
Speake thou fraile woman, ſpeake with confidence,
Whence art thou, and what dooſt thou here now make?
What idle errand haſt thou, earths manſion to forſake?

Shee, halfe confuſed with his great commaund,
Yet gathering ſpirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly anſwer'd thus to his demaund:
I am a daughter, by the mothers ſide,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the fathers (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heauen exil'd.

For, / *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge muſt)
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
Both, ſonnes of *Vranus*: but by vniuſt
And guilefull meanes, through *Corybantes* ſlight,
The younger thruſt the elder from his right:
Since which, thou *Ioue*, iniuriouſly haſt held
The Heauens rule from *Titans* ſonnes by might;
And them to helliſh dungeons downe haſt feld:
Witneſſe ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue teld.

Whil'ſt ſhe thus ſpake, the Gods that gaue good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,
As any of the Goddeſſes in place,
Stood all aſtonied, like a ſort of Steeres;
Mongſt whom, ſome beaſt of ſtrange & forraine race,

Vnwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres:
So did their ghaſtly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus beſpake;
VVill neuer mortall thoughts ceaſſe to aſpire,
In this bold ſort, to Heauen claime to make,
And touch celeſtiall feates with earthly mire?
I would haue thought, that bold *Procuſtes* hire,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* paine,
Or great *Prometheus*, taſting of our ire,
Would haue ſuffiz'd, the reſt for to reſtraine;
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

But now, this off-ſcum of that curſed fry,
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th'heritage of this our ſkie;
Whom what ſhould hinder, but that we likewiſe
Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he ſhooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

But, when he looked on her louely face,
In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to grace
(Such ſway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)
He ſtaide his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wiſe began;
But ah! if Gods ſhould ſtriue with fleſh yfere,
Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of Man
Be rooted out, if *Ioue* ſhould doe ſtill what he can:

But thee faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,
Through ſome vaine errour or inducement light,
To ſee that mortall eyes haue neuer ſeene;
Or through enſample of thy fiſters might,
Bellona; whoſe great glory thou dooſt ſpight,
Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongſt wretched men (diſmaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes to beſtowe:
And ſure thy worth, no leſſe then hers doth ſeeme to ſhowe.

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titaneſſe*,
That not the worth of any liuing wight
May challenge ought in Heauens intereſſe;
Much leſſe the Title of old *Titans* Right:
For, we by Conqueſt of our ſoueraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;
Which to ourſelues we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

Then ceaſſe thy idle claime thou fooliſh gerle,
And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
There-to thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou faine
Haue *Ioue* thy gratious Lord and Soueraigne.
So, hauing ſaid, ſhe thus to him replide;
Ceaſſe *Saturnes* ſonne, to ſeeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t'allure mee to thy ſide,
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

But thee, ô *Ioue*, no equall Iudge I deeme
Of my deſert, or of my dewfull Right;

That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme:
But to the higheſt him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might;
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.
There-at *Ioue* wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation ſeale.

Eftſoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heauenly Powers, & earthly wights,
Before great Natures preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their Titles and beſt Rights:
That was, to weet, vpon the higheſt hights
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo-hill?*)
That is the higheſt head (in all mens ſights)
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rural ſkill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,
To ſing of hilles & woods, mongſt warres & Knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſterne ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights;
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* ſpights
(Beeing of old the beſt and faireſt Hill
That was in all this holy-Iſlands hights)
Was made the moſt vnpleaſant, and moſt ill.
Meane while, ô *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

Whylome, when *IRELAND* floriſhed in fame
Of wealths and goodneſſe, far aboue the reſt
Of all that beare the *Britiſh* Iſlands name,
The Gods then vs'd (for pleaſure and for reſt)

Oft to reſort there-to, when ſeem'd them beſt:
But none of all there-in more pleaſure found,
Then *Cynthia*; that is ſoueraine Queene profeſt
Of woods and forreſts, which therein abound, (ground.
Sprinkled with wholſom waters, more thẽ moſt on

But / mongſt them all, as fitteſt for her game,
Either for chace of beaſts with hound or boawe,
Or for to ſhroude in ſhade from *Phœbus* flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freſhly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She choſe this *Arlo*; where ſhee did reſort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft conſort:
For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & ſport.

Amongſt the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,
And ſiſter vnto *Mulla*, faire and bright:
Vnto whoſe bed falſe *Bregog* whylome ſtole,
That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,
And made her luckleſſe loues well knowne to be.
But this *Molanna*, were ſhe not ſo ſhole,
Were no leſſe faire and beautifull then ſhee:
Yet as ſhe is, a fairer flood may no man ſee.

For, firſt, ſhe ſprings out of two marble Rocks,
On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes,
That as a girlond ſeemes to deck the locks
Of ſom faire Bride, brought forth with pompous ſhowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers ſtrowes:
So, through the flowry Dales ſhe tumbling downe,
Through many woods, and ſhady coverts flowes

(That on each ſide her ſiluer channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine ſhe come, whoſe Valleyes ſhee doth drowne.

In her ſweet ſtreames, *Diana* vſed oft
(After her ſweatie chace and toileſome play)
To bathe her ſelfe; and after, on the ſoft
And downy graſſe, her dainty limbes to lay
In couert ſhade, where none behold her may:
For, much ſhe hated ſight of liuing eye.
Fooliſh God *Faunus*, though full many a day
He ſaw her clad, yet longed fooliſhly
To ſee her naked mongſt her Nymphes in priuity.

No way he found to compaſſe his deſire,
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
Her to diſcouer for ſome ſecret hire:
So, her with flattering words he firſt aſſaid;
And after, pleaſing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
VVith which he her allured and betraid,
To tell what time he might her Lady ſee
When ſhe her ſelfe did bathe, that he might ſecret bee.

There-to hee promiſt, if ſhee would him pleaſure
With this ſmall boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as ſhee had out of meaſure
Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did ſet her,
That he would vndertake, for this to get her
To be his Loue, and of him liked well:
Beſides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The leaſt of which, this little pleaſure ſhould excell.

The ſimple maid did yield to him anone;
And eſt him placed where he cloſe might view
That neuer any ſaw, ſaue onely one;
VVho, for his hire to ſo foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on ſunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this ſweet ſpring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray.

There *Faunus* ſaw that pleaſed much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his breſt,
That for great ioy of ſome-what he did ſpy,
He could him not containe in ſilent reſt;
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profeſt
His fooliſh thought. O fooliſh *Faune* indeed,
That couldſt not hold thy ſelfe ſo hidden bleſt,
But wouldeſt needs thine owne conceit areed.
Babblers vnworthy been of ſo diuine a meed.

The Goddeſſe, all abaſhed with that noiſe,
In haſte forth ſtarted from the guilty brooke;
And running ſtraight where-as ſhe heard his voice,
Enclos'd the buſh about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke
On her whoſe ſight before ſo much he fought.
Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & ſhooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huſwife, that with buſie care
Thinks of her Dairie to make wondrous gaine,

l. 426, '*A*' of 1609 and 1611 I change to '*O*.'

Finding where-as ſome wicked beaſt vnware
That breakes into her Dayr'houſe, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and fruſtrate all her paine;
Hath in ſome ſnare or gin ſet cloſe behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what puniſhment were beſt aſſign'd,
And thouſand deathes deuiſeth in her vengefull mind:

So did *Diana* and her maydens all
Vſe ſilly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
They mocke and ſcorne him, and him foule miſcall;
Some by the noſe him pluckt, ſome by the taile,
And by his goatiſh beard ſome did him haile:
Yet he (poore ſoule) with patience all did beare;
For, nought againſt their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he ſaid what euer he did heare;
But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to caſt what penaunce him to giue.
Some would haue gelt him, but that ſame would ſpill
The Wood-gods breed, which muſt for euer liue:
Others would through the riuer him haue driue,
And ducked deepe: but that ſeem'd penaunce light;
But moſt agreed and did this ſentence giue,
Him in Deares ſkin to clad; & in that plight,
To hunt him with their hounds, him ſelfe ſaue how hee might.

But / *Cynthia's* ſelfe, more angry then the reſt,
Thought not enough, to puniſh him in ſport,
And of her ſhame to make a gameſome ieſt;
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,

Which of her Nymphes, or other cloſe conſort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
He, much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort,
That 'twas *Molanna* which her ſo bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-ſkin they couered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds that after him did ſpeed;
But he more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Then any Deere: ſo ſore him dread aghaſt.
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heauens would haue braſt:
That all the woods and dales where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the ſkie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to *Molann'* againe,
They, by commaund'ment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with ſtones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)
Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receiue vnto his bed.
So now her waues paſſe through a pleaſant Plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* ſhe her ſelfe doe wed,
And (both combin'd) themſelues in one faire riuer ſpred.

Nath'leſſe, *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whoſe ſweet ſtreame, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes ſhe tooke:
Ne only her, but alſo quite forſooke
All thoſe faire forreſts about *Arlo* hid,
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke

The richeſt champian that may elſe be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thouſand Salmons bred.

Them all, and all that ſhe ſo deare did way,
Thence-forth ſhe left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heauy hapleſſe curſe did lay,
To weet, that Wolues, where ſhe was wont to ſpace,
Should harbour'd be, and all thoſe Woods deface,
And Thieues ſhould rob and ſpoile that Coaſt around.
Since which, thoſe Woods, and all that goodly Chaſe,
Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers ſince haue foũd.

l. 500, '*champain*' 1611.

Cant. VII.

Pealing, from Ioue, *to* Natur's *Bar,*
bold Alteration *pleades*
Large Euidence: but Nature *ſoone*
her righteous Doome arades.

AH! whither dooſt thou now thou greater Muſe
Me from theſe woods & pleaſing forreſts bring?
And my fraile ſpirit (that dooth oft refuſe
This too high flight, vnfit for her weake wing)
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
(Thy ſoueraine Sire) his fortunate ſucceſſe,
And victory, in bigger noates to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that *Titaneſſe*,
That him of heauens Empire fought to diſpoſſeſſe.

Yet ſith I needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Doe thou my weaker wit with ſkill inſpire,
Fit for this turne; and in my ſable breſt
Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortall fire,
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,

l. 17, '*ſable* —Dr. Morris reads '*feeble.*'

Can tell things doen in heauen ſo long ygone:
So farre paſt memory of man that may be knowne.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods aſſembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well thoſe that are ſprung of heauenly ſeed,
As thoſe that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both ſea and land vnto their will:
Onely th'infernall Powers might not appeare;
Aſwell for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th'vnruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* were preſent there.

And / thither alſo came all other creatures,
What-euer life or motion doe retaine,
According to their ſundry kinds of features;
That *Arlo* ſcarſly could them all containe;
So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well diſpoſed by his buſie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in euery border,
They would haue cauſed much confuſion and diſorder.

Then forth iſſewed (great goddeſſe) great dame *Nature*
With goodly port and gracious Maieſty;
Being far greater and more tall of ſtature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and phyſnomy,
Whether ſhe man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well deſcry:
For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

That ſome doe ſay was ſo by ſkill deuized,
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,
From mortall eyes that ſhould be ſore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion ſhew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it ſo beautious was,
And round about ſuch beames of ſplendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thouſand times did paſs,
Ne could be ſeene, but like an image in a glaſs.

That well may ſeemen true: for, well I weene
That this ſame day, when ſhe on *Arlo* ſat,
Her garment was ſo bright and wondrous ſheene,
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
It to compare, nor finde like ſtuffe to that,
As thoſe three ſacred *Saints*, though elſe moſt wiſe,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in ſtrange diſguiſe
Transfigur'd ſawe; his garments ſo did daze their eyes.

In a ſayre Plaine vpon an equall Hill,
She placed was in a pauilion;
Not ſuch as Craftef-men by their idle ſkill
Are wont for Princes ſtates to faſhion:
But th'earth her ſelf of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull boſome made to growe
Moſt dainty trees; that, ſhooting vp anon,
Did ſeeme to bow their bloſming heads full lowe,
For homage vnto her, and like a throne did ſhew.

l. 77, '*ſhowe*' 1611.

So hard it is for any liuing wight,
All her array and veſtiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whoſe gentle ſpright
The pure well head of Poeſie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durſt not with it mel,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* deſcrib'd it well:
Which who will read ſet forth ſo as it ought,
Go ſeek he out that *Alane* where he may be ſought.

And all the earth far vnderneath her feete
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and ſent forth odours ſweet;
Tenne thouſand mores of ſundry ſent and hew,
That might delight the ſmell, or pleaſe the view:
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-ſtoole threw;
That richer ſeem'd then any tapeſtry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And *Mole* himſelfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himſelf in freſheſt faire attire,
And his high head, that ſeemeth alwaies hore
With hardned froſts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the loue of ſome new Nymph late ſeene,
Had in him kindled youthfull freſh deſire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene;
Ah gentle *Mole*! ſuch ioyance hath thee well beſeene.

l. 78, '*hard*' (1611) accepted for '*heard*' of 1609: l. 84, '*kinde*' (Dr. Morris): l. 93, '*which they*' 1609 and 1611—corrected as in Dr. Morris.

Was neuer ſo great ioyance ſince the day,
That all the gods whylome aſſembled were,
On *Hæmus* hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the ſolemne bridall cheare,
Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phœbus* ſelf, that god of Poets hight,
They ſay did ſing the ſpouſall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were rauiſht with delight
Of his celeſtiall ſong, & Muſicks wondrous might.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of eld,
Still moouing, yet vnmoued from her ſted;
Vnſeene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus ſitting in her throne as I haue teld,
Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;
And being lowe before her preſence feld,
With meek obayſance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifie;

To thee ô greateſt goddeſſe, onely great,
An humble ſuppliant loe, I lowely fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all doſt deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
(Oppreſſing them with power, vnequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knitteſt each to'each, as brother vnto brother.

To thee therefore of this ſame *Ioue* I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that ſaine to be,

l. 109, '*Peleus*'—obvious correction of '*Pelene*' of 1609 and 1611.

That challenge to themſelues the whole worlds raign;
Of which, the greateſt part is due to me,
And heauen it ſelfe by heritage in Fee:
For, heauen and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;
And, gods no more then men thou doeſt eſteeme:
For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do ſeeme.

Then / weigh, ô ſoueraigne goddeſſe, by what right
Theſe gods do claime the worlds whole ſouerainty;
And that is onely dew vnto my might
Arrogate to themſelues ambitiouſly:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which *Ioue* vſurpes vniuſtly; that to be
My heritage, *Ioue's* ſelf cannot deny,
From my great Grandſire *Titan*, vnto mee,
Deriv'd by dew deſcent; as is well knowen to thee.

Yet mauger *Ioue*, and all his gods beſide,
I doe poſſeſſe the worlds moſt regiment;
As, if ye pleaſe it into parts diuide,
And euery parts inholders to conuent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And firſt, the Earth (great mother of vs all)
That only ſeems vnmov'd and permanent,
And vnto *Mutability* not thrall;
Yet is ſhe chang'd in part, and eeke in generall.

For, all that from her ſprings, and is ybredde,
How-euer fayre it flouriſh for a time,
Yet ſee we ſoone decay; and, being dead
To turne again vnto their earthly ſlime:

l. 139, '*eſteeme*' is corrected: l. 142, '*my*' correction in 1611 of '*thy*' in 1609.

Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily ſee new creatures to arize;
And of their Winter ſpring another Prime,
Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by ſtrange diſguiſe;
So turne they ſtill about, and change in reſtleſſe wiſe.

As for her tenants; that is, man and beaſts,
The beaſts we daily ſee maſſacred dy,
As thralls and vaſſalls vnto mens beheaſts:
And men themſelues doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,
From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all.
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly:
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occaſions fall.

Ne is the water in more conſtant caſe;
Whether thoſe ſame on high, or theſe belowe.
For, th'Ocean moueth ſtil, from place to place;
And euery Riuer ſtill doth ebbe and flowe:
Ne any Lake, that ſeems moſt ſtill and ſlowe,
Ne Poole ſo ſmall, that can his ſmoothneſſe holde,
When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;
With which, the clouds are alſo toſt and roll'd;
Now like great Hills; &, ſtreight, like ſluces, them vnfold.

So likewiſe are all watry liuing wights
Still toſt, and turned, with continuall change
Neuer abyding in their ſtedfaſt plights.
The fiſh, ſtill floting, doe at randon range,
And neuer reſt; but euermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the ſtreames them carrie:
Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,

Wherein to reſt, ne in one ſtead do tarry ;
But flitting ſtill doe flie, and ſtill their places vary.

Next is the Ayre : which who feeles not by ſenſe
(For, of all ſenſe it is the middle meane)
To flit ſtill ? and, with ſubtill influence
Of his thin ſpirit, all creatures to maintaine,
In ſtate of life ? O weake life ! that does leane
On thing ſo tickle as th'vnſteady ayre ;
Which euery howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With euery blaſt that bloweth fowle or faire :
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;
Now, boyling hot : ſtreight, friezing deadly cold :
Now, faire ſun-ſhine, that makes all ſkip and daunce:
Streight, bitter ſtorms and balefull countenance,
That makes them all to ſhiuer and to ſhake :
Rayne, hayle, and ſnowe do pay them ſad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames & flaſhing lights that thouſand changes make.

Laſt is the fire : which, though it liue for euer,
Ne can be quenched quite ; yet, euery day,
Wee ſee his parts, ſo ſoone as they do ſeuer,
To loſe their heat, and ſhortly to decay ;
So, makes himſelf his owne conſuming pray.
Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed :
But all, that are of others bredd, doth ſlay ;
And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leauing, but their barren aſhes, without ſeede.

Thus, all theſe fower (the which the ground-work bee
Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)
To thouſand ſorts of *Change* we ſubiect ſee:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous ſlights)
Into themſelues, and loſe their natiue mights;
The Fire to Aire, and th'Ayre to Water ſheere,
And Water into Earth: yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;
How-euer theſe, that Gods themſelues do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and ſouerainty:
As, *Veſta*, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this, with vs ſo vſuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Riuers all.
For, all thoſe Riuers to me ſubiect are:
And all the reſt, which they vſurp, be all my ſhare.

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,
Vouchſafe, ô goddeſſe, to thy preſence call
The reſt which doe the world in being hold:
As, times and ſeaſons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which, demand in generall,
Or iudge thy ſelfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not ſubiect all.
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,
Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maieſty.

So, / forth iſſew'd the Seaſons of the yeare;
Firſt, luſty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres

That freſhly budded and new blooſmes did beare
(In which a thouſand birds had built their bowres
That ſweetly ſung, to call forth Paramours):
And in his hand a iauelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike ſtoures)
A guilt engrauen morion he did weare;
That as ſome did him loue, ſo others did him feare.

Then came the iolly *Sommer*, being dight
In a thin ſilken caſſock coloured greene,
That was vnlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beſeene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The ſweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and ſhaftes, as he in forreſt greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated ſore.

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious ſtore,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had baniſht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched ſore.
Vpon his head a wreath that was enrold
With eares of corne, of euery ſort he bore:
And in his hand a ſickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Laſtly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'ſt on his hoary beard his breath did freeſe;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill

l. 251—1611 omits '*did.*'

As from a limbeck did adown diſtill.
In his right hand a tipped ſtaffe he held,
With which his feeble ſteps he ſtayed ſtill:
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That ſcarſe his looſed limbes he hable was to weld.

Theſe, marching ſoftly, thus in order went,
And after them, the Monthes all riding came;
Firſt, ſturdy *March* with brows full ſternly bent,
And armed ſtrongly, rode vpon a Ram,
The ſame which ouer *Helleſpontus* ſwam:
Yet in his hand a ſpade he alſo hent,
And in a bag all ſorts of ſeeds yſame,
Which on the earth he ſtrowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nouriſhment.

Next came freſh *Aprill* full of luſtyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whoſe horne new buds:
Vpon a Bull he rode, the ſame which led
Europa floting through th'*Argolick* fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden ſtuds
And garniſhed with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the faireſt flowres and freſheſt buds
Which th'earth brings forth, and wet he ſeem'd in ſight
With waues, through which he waded for his loues delight.

Then came faire *May*, the fayreſt mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her ſeaſons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Vpon two brethrens ſhoulders ſhe did ride,
The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther ſide
Supported her like to their ſoueraine Queene.

Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they ſpide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had rauiſht beene!
And *Cupid* ſelfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her, came iolly *Iune*, arrayd
All in greene leaues, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling ſteps an vncouth paſe,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that vngracious crew which faines demureſt grace.

Then came hot *Iuly* boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had caſt away:
Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obay:
It was the beaſt that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forreſt, till th'*Amphytrionide*
Him ſlew, and with his hide did him array:
Behinde his back a ſithe, and by his ſide
Vnder his belt he bore a ſickle circling wide.

The ſixt was *Auguſt*, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iuſtice ſolde,
She left th'vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heauy laden with the ſpoyle
Of harueſts riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the ſoyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harueſts toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th'other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did aſſoyle
Both more and leſſe, where it in doubt did ſtand,
And equall gaue to each as Iuſtice duly ſcann'd.

Then came *October* full of merry glee:
For, yet his noule was totty of the muſt,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats ſee,
And of the ioyous oyle, whoſe gentle guſt
Made him to frollick and ſo full of luſt:
Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The ſame which by *Dianaes* doom vniuſt
Slew great *Orion*: and eeke by his ſide
He had his ploughing ſhare, and coulter ready tyde.

Next / was *Nouember*, he full groſſe and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might ſeeme;
For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with ſweat, did reek and ſteem,
And yet the feaſon was full ſharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no ſmall delight:
Whereon he rode, not eaſie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in ſight,
The ſeed of *Saturne*, and ſaire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

And after him, came next the chill *December*:
Yet he through merry feaſting which he made,

l. 357, '*full*' inadvertently doubled in 1609.

And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Sauiours birth his mind ſo much did glad:
Vpon a ſhaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The ſame wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,
They ſay, was nouriſht by th'*I*[*d*]*æan* mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares;
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old *Ianuary*, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiuer like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:
For, they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needleſſe ſpray:
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot ſteane he ſtood;
From whoſe wide mouth, there flowed forth the Romane floud.

And laſtly, came cold *Februarie*, ſitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;
Drawne of two fiſhes for the ſeaſon fitting,
Which through the flood before did ſoftly ſlyde
And ſwim away: yet had he by his ſide
His plough and harneſſe fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of haſting Prime did make them burgein round:
So paſt the twelue Months forth, & their dew places found.

l. 370, '*rode*'—another of Spenser's neglects, to the distress of all Purists, who of course read '*rade*': l. 372, —the dropped '*d*' of 1609, 1611, first supplied by Upton.

And after theſe, there came the *Day*, and *Night*,
Riding together both with equall paſe,
Th'one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But *Night* had couered her vncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and ſtars were pight,
And ſleep and darkneſſe round about did trace:
But *Day* did beare, vpon his ſcepters hight,
The goodly Sun, encompaſt all with beames bright.

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;
But they were Virgins all, and loue eſchewed,
That might forſlack the charge to them fore-ſhewed
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make
Of heauens gate (whence all the gods iſſued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forſake.

And after all came *Life*, and laſtly *Death*;
Death with moſt grim and grieſly viſage ſeene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to ſee, but like a ſhade to weene,
Vnbodied, vnſoul'd, vnheard, vnſeene.
But *Life* was like a faire young luſty boy,
Such as they faine *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,
Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy.
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When theſe were paſt, thus gan the *Titaneſſe*;
Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and ſay,

Whether in all thy creatures more or leſſe
CHANGE doth not raign & beare the greateſt ſway:
For, who ſees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
But *Times* do change and moue continually.
So nothing here long ſtandeth in one ſtay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be ſubiect ſtill to *Mutabilitie?*

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that theſe
And all things elſe that vnder heauen dwell
Are chang'd of *Time*, who doth them all diſſeiſe
Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)
That *Time* himſelfe doth moue and ſtill compell
To keepe his courſe? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,
That moues them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them alſo thee.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
Which we ſee not how they are mov'd and ſwayd,
Ye may attribute to your ſelues as Kings,
And ſay they by your ſecret powre are made:
But what we ſee not, who ſhall vs perſwade?
But were they ſo, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee
Your ſelues are likewiſe chang'd, and ſubiect vnto mee?

And firſt, concerning her that is the firſt,
Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom ſo much ye make
Ioues deareſt darling, ſhe was bred and nurſt
On *Cynthus* hill, whence ſhe her name did take:
Then is ſhe mortall borne, how-ſo ye crake;

Beſides, her face and countenance euery day
We changed ſee, and ſundry forms partake,
Now hornd, now roũd, now bright, now brown & gray:
So that *as changefull as the Moone* men vſe to ſay.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he leſſe appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes ſeeme as one;
Yet, he his courſe doth altar euery yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So *Venus* eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is ſhe darke all day;
And *Phœbus* ſelf, who lightſome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipſed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and diſmay.

Now / *Mars* that valiant man is changed moſt:
For, he ſome times ſo far runs out of ſquare,
That he his way doth ſeem quite to haue loſt,
And cleane without his vſuall ſphere to fare;
That euen theſe Star-gazers ſtoniſht are
At ſight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewiſe, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth ſpare
His ſterne aſpect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks theſe haue, ſo many crookes.

But you *Dan Ioue*, that only conſtant are,
And King of all the reſt, as ye do clame,
Are you not ſubiect eeke to this misfare?
Then let me aſke you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? ſome ſay in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where;
But whereſoeuer they comment the ſame,

They all conſent that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
Vnleſſe the kingdome of the ſky yee make
Immortall, and vnchangeable to be ;
Beſides, that power and vertue which ye ſpake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change : for, each of you
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others oppoſition or obliquid view.

Beſides, the ſundry motions of your Spheares,
So ſundry waies and faſhions as clerkes faine,
Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer yeares ;
What is the ſame but alteration plaine ?
Onely the ſtarrie ſkie doth ſtill remaine :
Yet do the Starres and Signes therein ſtill moue,
And euen it ſelf is mov'd, as wizards faine.
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue :
Therefore both you and them to me I ſubiect proue.

Then ſince within this wide great *Vniuerſe*
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things toſt and turned by tranſuerſe :
What then ſhould let, but I aloft ſhould reare
My Trophee, and from all, the triumph beare ?
Now iudge then (ô thou greateſt goddeſſe trew !)
According as thy ſelfe doeſt ſee and heare,
And vnto me addoom that is my dew ;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

l. 498, '*faine*' 1611—blunderingly. See Glossary, *s.v.*

So hauing ended, ſilence long enſewed,
Ne *Nature* to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground ſtill viewed.
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th'end of this ſo doubtfull caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſoueraigne place:
At length, ſhe looking vp with chearefull view,
The ſilence brake, and gaue her doome in ſpeeches few.

I well conſider all that ye haue ſayd,
And find that all things ſtedfaſtnes doe hate
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd
They are not changed from their firſt eſtate;
But by their change their being doe dilate:
And turning to themſelues at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection ſo by fate:
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne ouer change, and doe their ſtates maintaine.

Ceaſe therefore daughter further to aſpire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire;
But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee,
And from thenceforth, none no more change ſhall ſee.
So was the *Titaneſs* put downe and whiſt,
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall ſee.
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And *Natur's* ſelfe did vaniſh, whither no man wiſt.

The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.

WHen I bethinke me on that ſpeech whyleare,
Of *Mutability*, and well it way:
Me ſeemes, that though ſhe all vnworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe beares the greateſt ſway.
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And loue of things ſo vaine to caſt away;
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo fickle,
Short *Time* ſhall ſoon cut down with his conſuming ſickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature ſayd,
Of that ſame time when no more *Change* ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things firmely ſtayd
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie*:
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thence-forth all ſhall reſt eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
O Thou great Sabbaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoths ſight.

FINIS.

l. 7, '*and caſt*' 1611 (bad): l. 17, '*Sabaoth*' (1611): l. 18, '*that*' (first)—Dr. Morris annotates here "For that Mr. Collier suggests *thou*. But there should perhaps be no comma after *God*, and the sentence will be an optative one, signifying 'O *may* that great God of hosts grant me the enjoyment of that rest eternal.' Perhaps '*Sabaoths ſight*' is an allusion to the ancient interpretation of the word Jerusalem—i.e. *Visio pacis*." Spite of this, '*Thou*' seems certainly the Author's intended word, and so I adopt it. Church suggested 'Sabbaths'; 1611 spells 'Sabaoth.' See Glossary *s.v.*: l. 20—on *verso* of last page of 1609 is the wood-cut symbol of the Publisher Lownes or of the Printer or H. L., with the legend 'Os Homini Sublime Dedit,' and below 'At London, Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes.'—G.

LETTER TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH,
KNT.,

COMMENDATORY POEMS,
AND

SONNETS TO PERSONS OF RANK.
1590-96.

NOTE.

As stated in the Note before the 'Faerie Queene' (Vol. V., page 4) the Letter to Raleigh and the related poems, have been *pre*-fixed by modern Editors (including Dr. RICHARD MORRIS), whereas in both of the Author's own editions (of 1590 and 1596) they were *af*fixed (in the former pp. 591—606, and 4 unpaged leaves, in the latter pp. 589—605), at close of Vol. I. (Books I.—III.).

In the 1596 quarto there is considerable blundering: *e.g.*,—

1. Six sonnets are wholly left out—viz., to (*a*) Burleigh, (*b*) Hunsdon, (*c*) Buckhurst, (*d*) Walsingham, (*e*) Norris, (*f*) Countess of Pembroke.
2. The following—(*a*) 'Vision upon the Conceipt of the Faery Queene,' (*b*) 'Another of the Same' (*c*) 'To the learned Shepheard'—are printed twice over. Curiously enough, in 1590, the Sonnets to (*a*) Hatton, (*b*) Oxenford, (*c*) Northumberland, (*d*) Essex, (*e*) Ormond, (*f*) Howell, (*g*), Grey of Wilton, (*h*) Raleigh, are also printed twice over—viz., first in the paged leaves, and second in the unpaged.
3. Owing to (2), the opening commendatory poems are severed from the others by the Letter to Raleigh.

All this I have necessarily put right: *id est*, I restore the Letter to its first place, and insert the six omitted Sonnets in their places. Except in the Commendatory Poems there are no various readings as between 1596 (our text) and 1590. In these I note the few slight changes in spelling and punctuation. In the 'Letter to Raleigh' there are only two differing readings, if readings they may be called: viz., (1) '*knight*' misprinted for '*knightes*' (page 317, l. 29), and (2) '*Hiſtoricall*' for '*hiſtorical*' (page 318, l. 7). All the rest is *literatim* in '96 as in '90.—G.

Letter of the Authors expounding his *whole intention in the courſe of this worke, which* for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for the better vnderſtanding is hereunto annexed.

To the Right noble, and Valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh knight, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and her Maieſties lieftenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.

SIr knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be conſtrued, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good aſwell for auoyding of gealous opinions and miſcõſtructions, as alſo for your better light in reading thereof, (being ſo by you comanded) to diſcouer vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole courſe thereof I haue faſhioned, without expreſſing of any particular purpoſes or by accidents therein occaſioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to faſhion a gentleman or noble perſon in vertuous and gentle diſcipline: Which for that I conceiued ſhoulde be moſt plauſible and pleaſing, being

coloured with an hiſtoricall fiction, the which the moſt part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the enſample: I choſe the hiſtorye of king Arthure, as moſt fitte for the excellency of his perſon being made famous by many mens former | workes, and alſo furtheſt from the daunger of enuy, and ſuſpition of preſent time. In which I haue followed all the antique Poets hiſtoricall, firſt Homere, who in the Perſons of Agamemnon and Vlyſſes hath enſampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odyſſeis: then Virgil, whoſe like intention was to doe in the perſon of Aeneas: after him Arioſto compriſed them both in his Orlando: and lately Taſſo diſſeuered them againe, and formed both parts in two perſons, namely that part which they in Philoſophy call Ethice, or vertues of a priuate man, coloured in his Rinaldo. The other named Politice in his Godfredo. By enſample of which excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Ariſtotle hath deuiſed, the which is the purpoſe of theſe firſt twelue bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged, to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his perſon, after that hee came to be king. To ſome I know this Methode will ſeeme diſpleaſaunt, which had rather haue good diſcipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or ſermoned at large, as they vſe, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall deuiſes. But ſuch, me ſeeme, ſhould be ſatisfide with the vſe of theſe dayes, ſeeing all things accounted by their ſhowes, and nothing eſteemed of, that is not delightful and pleaſing to commune ſence. For this cauſe is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that

the one in the exquiſite depth of his iudgement, formed a Commune welth ſuch as it ſhould be, but the other in the perſon of Cyrus and the Perſians faſhioned a gouernement ſuch as it might beſt be: So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by enſample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the perſon of Arthure: whom I conceiue after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought vp, ſo ſoone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue ſeene in a dream or viſion the Faery Queen, with | whoſe excellent beauty rauiſhed, he awaking reſolued to ſeeke her out, and ſo being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly inſtructed, he went to ſeeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the moſt excellent and glorious perſon of our ſoueraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in ſome places els I doe otherwiſe ſhadow her. For conſidering ſhe beareth two perſons, the one of a moſt royall Queene or Empreſſe, the other of a moſt vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in ſome places I doe expreſſe in Belphœbe, faſhioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana). So in the perſon of Prince Arthure I ſette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Ariſtotle and the reſt) it is the perfection of all the reſt, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole courſe I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrons, for the more variety of the hiſtory. Of which theſe three bookes contayn three. The firſt of the knight of the Redcroſſe,

in whome I expreſſe Holynes. The ſeconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I ſette forth Temperaunce: The third of Brito- 9
martis a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chaſtity. But becauſe the beginning of the whole worke ſeemeth abrupte and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occaſion of theſe three knights ſeuerall aduentures. For the Methode of a Poet hiſtoricall is not ſuch, as of an Hiſtoriographer. For an Hiſtoriographer diſcourſeth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thruſteth into the middeſt, euen where it moſt concerneth him, and there recourſing to the thinges forepaſte, and diuining of thinges 10
to come, maketh a pleaſing Analyſis of all. The beginning therefore of my hiſtory, if it were to be told by an Hiſtoriographer | ſhould be the twelfth booke, which is the laſt, where I deuiſe that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaſte xii. dayes, vppon which xii. ſeuerall dayes, the occaſions of the xii. ſeuerall aduentures, hapned, which being vndertaken by xii. ſeuerall knights, are in theſe xii. books ſeuerally handled and diſcourſed. The firſt was this. In the beginning of the feaſt, there preſented himſelfe a tall clowniſh younge man, who 11
falling before the Queen of Faries deſired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaſt ſhe might not refuſe: which was that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feaſte ſhould happen: that being graunted, he reſted him on the floore, vnfitte through his ruſticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Aſſe, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike ſteed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his ſpeare in the dwarfes hand. Shee falling before 12

the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years ſhut vp in a braſen Caſtle, who thence ſuffred them not to yſſew: and therefore beſought the Faery Queene to aſſygne her ſome one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Preſently that clowniſh perſon vpſtarting, deſired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaineſaying, yet he earneſtly importuned his deſire. In the end the Lady told him that vnleſſe that armour which ſhe brought, would 130 *ſerue him (that is the armour of a Chriſtian man ſpecified by Saint Paul v. Ephes.) that he could not ſucceed in that enterpriſe, which being forthwith put vpon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he ſeemed the goodlieſt man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And efteſoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that ſtraunge Courſer, he went forth with her on that aduenture: where beginneth the firſt booke, vz.:*

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

The | ſecond day ther came in a Palmer bearing an 140 *Infant with bloody hands, whoſe Parents he complained to haue bene ſlayn by an Enchauntereſſe called Acraſia: and therfore craued of the Faery Queene, to appoint him ſome knight, to performe that aduenture, which being aſſigned to Sir Guyon, he preſently went forth with that ſame Palmer: which is the beginning of the ſecond booke and the whole ſubiect thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter called Buſirane had in hand a moſt faire Lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in moſt* 150 *grieuous torment, becauſe ſhe would not yield him the*

pleaſure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the louer of that Lady preſently tooke on him that aduenture. But being vnable to performe it by reaſon of the hard Enchauntments, after long ſorrow, in the end he met with Britomartis who ſuccoured him, and reſkewed his loue.

But by occaſion hereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments. As the loue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell, the miſery of Florimell, the vertuoſnes of Belphœbe, the laſciuiouſnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your vnderſtanding to the wel-head of the Hiſtory, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the diſcourſe, which otherwiſe may happily ſeeme tedious and confuſed. So humbly crauing the continuaunce of your honorable fauour towardes me, and th'eternall eſtabliſhment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23 *Ianuary*, 1589.

Yours moſt humbly affectionate
Ed. Spenſer.

A / Viſion vpon this conceipt of the *Faery Queene.*

METhought I ſaw the graue where *Laura* lay
Within that Temple, where the veſtall flame
Was wont to burne, and paſſing by that way,
To ſee that buried duſt of liuing fame,
Whoſe tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All ſuddenly I ſaw the Faery Queene:
At whoſe approch the ſoule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth thoſe graces were not ſeene.
For they this Queene attended, in whoſe ſteed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghoſtes the heauens did perſe.
Where *Homers* ſpright did tremble all for griefe,
And curſt th'acceſſe of that celeſtiall theife.

Another of the ſame.

THe prayſe of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes ſong delight when Philumena ſings.
If thou haſt formed right true vertues face herein:
Vertue her ſelfe can beſt diſcerne, to whom they written bin.

l. 3, , after '*graue*' and after '*lay,*' and so in 2nd copy of '96: l. 7, '*tumbe*': l. 8, '*ſuddeinly*': l. 14, '*heuens*': l. 19, '*whē.*'

If thou haſt beautie prayſd, let her ſole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and end it by her meine.
If Chaſtitie want ought, or Temperance her dew, (anew.
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene
Meane while ſhe ſhall perceiue, how farre her vertues ſore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or ſuch as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuſe and fauour thy good will:
Whoſe vertue can not be expreſt, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which ſpeake our Engliſh tongue, but thoſe of thy deuice.

W. R. /

To the learned Shepheard.

COllyn I ſee by thy new taken taſke,
ſome ſacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy muſe in hautie verſe to maſke,
and loath the layes that longs to lowly ſwaynes.
That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes vnto kings
So like the liuely Larke that mounting ſings.

Thy louely Roſolinde ſeemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in ſcorne,
thoſe prety pypes that did thy mates delight.
Thoſe truſtie mates that loued thee ſo well,
VVhom thou gau'ſt mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

l. 22, '*beauty*': l. 26, '*far*': l. 33, '*Shepeheard*': l. 36, '*haughty*': l. 38, '*kinges*': l. 39, '*ſinges*': l. 44, '*truſty.*'

Yet as thou earſt with thy ſweet roundelayes,
didſt ſtirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So moughtſt thou now in theſe refyned layes,
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.
And ſo mought they in their deepe ſkanning ſkill
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quill.

And fare befall that Faerie Queene *of thine,*
In whoſe faire eyes loue linckt with vertue ſits:
Enfuſing by thoſe bewties fiers deuine,
Such high conceites into thy humble wits,
As raiſed hath poore paſtors oaten reede,
From ruſticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcroſſe knight *with happy hand*
victorious be in that faire Ilands right:
Which thou doeſt vaile in Type of Faery land
Elyzaes bleſſed field, that Albion *hight.*
That ſhieldes her friends, and warres her mightie foes,
Yet ſtill with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (iolly Shephcard) though with pleaſing ſtyle,
thou feaſt the humour of the Courtly traine:
Let not conceipt thy ſetled ſence beguile,
Ne daunted be through enuy or diſdaine.
Subiect thy dome to her Empyring ſpright,
From whence thy Muſe, and all the world takes light.
Hobynoll. /

l. 46, '*ſweete*': l. 49, '*daintie*': l. 51, '*quyll*': l. 52, '*Faery*': l. 53, '*ſittes*': l. 54, '*fyers deuyne*': l. 55, '*ſuch . . . wittes*': l. 57, '*ruſtick*': l. 60, '*vayle*': l. 61, '*Elizas*': l. 62, '*friendes*': l. 64, '*ſhepheard*': l. 65, '*trayne.*'

FAyre *Thamis* ſtreame, that from *Ludds* ſtately towne,
Runſt paying tribute to the Ocean ſeas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be ſilent, whyle this Bryttane *Orpheus* playes:
Nere thy ſweet bankes, there liues that ſacred crowne,
Whoſe hand ſtrowes Palme and neuer-dying bayes.
Let all at once with thy ſoft murmuring ſowne
Preſent her with this worthy Poets prayes.
For he hath taught hye drifts in Shepeherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now ſinges in *Faeries* deedes.

R. S.

GRaue Muſes march in triumph and with prayſes,
Our Goddeſſe here hath giuen you leaue to land:
And biddes this rare diſpenſer of your graces
Bow downe his brow vnto her ſacred hand.
Deſertes findes dew in that moſt princely doome,
In whoſe ſweete breſt are all the Muſes bredde:
So did that great Auguſtus *erſt in Roome*
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Euen of the faireſt that the world hath ſeene.

H. B. /

WHen ſtout *Achilles* heard of *Helen's* rape
And what reuenge the States of Greece deuiſd:
Thinking by ſleight the fatall warres to ſcape,
In womans weedes himſelfe he then diſguiſde.
But this deuiſe *Vlyſſes* ſoone did ſpy,
And brought him forth, the chaunce of warre to try.

When *Spencer* ſaw the fame was ſpredd ſo large
Through Faery land of their renowned Queene:
Loth that his Muſe ſhould take ſo great a charge,
As in ſuch haughty matter to be ſeene,
To ſeeme a Shepeheard then he made his choice,
But *Sidney* heard him ſing, and knew his voice.

And as *Vlyſſes* brought faire *Thetis* ſonne
From his retyred life to menage armes:
So *Spencer* was by *Sidneys* ſpeaches wonne,
To blaze her fame not fearing future harmes:
For well he knew, his Muſe would ſoone be tyred
In her high praiſe, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in thoſe warlike frayes,
Did win the palme from all the *Grecian* Peeres:
So *Spencer* now to his immortall prayſe,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taſke exceed a humaine witt
He is excuſ'd, ſith *Sidney* thought it fitt.

W. L.

TO I looke vpon a worke of rare deuiſe
The which a workman ſetteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deſerued priſe,
That vnto ſuch a workmanſhip is dew,
Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught
Or els doth ſhew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to diſcommend,

Would raiſe a iealous doubt that there did lurke
Some ſecret doubt, whereto the prayſe did tend.
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
Tis needleſſe for the hoaſt to haue a ſygne.

Thus then to ſhew my iudgement to be ſuch
As can diſcern of colours blacke, and white,
As alls to free my minde from enuies tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanſhip is ſuch,
As that no pen can ſet it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to ſhew the goodnes of the ware:
But ſuch hath beene the cuſtome heretofore,
And cuſtomes very hardly broken are.
And when your taſt ſhall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you giue your hoaſt his vtmoſt dew.

Ignoto. /

To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord High Chauncelor of England. *&c.*

THoſe prudent heads, that with theire counſels wiſe
Whylom the Pillours of th'earth did ſuſtaine,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyranniſe,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from thoſe graue affaires were wont abſtaine,

With the ſweet Lady Muſes for to play :
So *Ennius* the elder Africane
So *Maro* oft did *Cæſars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counſell ſway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes ſometimes may eke delay,
The rugged brow of carefull Policy :
And to these ydle rymes lend little ſpace,
Which for their titles ſake may find more grace.

To the moſt honourable and excellent

Lo. the Earle of Eſſex. Great Maiſter of the Horſe to her Highneſſe, and knight of the Noble order of the Garter. &c.

MAgnificke Lord, whoſe vertues excellent
Doe merit a moſt famous Poets witt,
To be thy liuing praiſes inſtrument,
Yet doe not ſdeigne, to let thy name be writt
In this baſe Poeme, for thee far vnfitt.
Nought is thy worth diſparaged thereby,
But when my Muſe, whoſe fethers nothing flitt
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly
With bolder wing ſhall dare alofte to ſty
To the laſt praiſes of this Faery Queene,
Then ſhall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, ſuch as they beene :
Till then vouchſafe thy noble countenaunce,
To theſe firſt labours needed furtheraunce.

To the right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford, Lord high Chamberlayne of England. *&c.*

REceiue moſt Noble Lord in gentle gree,
The vnripe fruit of an vnreadie wit:
Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee
Defended from foule Enuies poiſnous bit.
Which ſo to doe may thee right well befit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine aunceſtry
Vnder a ſhady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And alſo for the loue, which thou doeſt beare
To th' *Heliconian* ymps, and they to thee,
They vnto thee, and thou to them moſt deare:
Deare as thou art unto thy ſelfe, ſo loue
That loues & honours thee, as doth behoue.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

THe ſacred Muſes haue made alwaies clame
To be the Nourſes of nobility,
And Regiſtres of euerlaſting fame
To all that armes profeſſe and cheualry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,

Which them ſucceed in fame and worth, are tyde
T'embrace the ſeruice of ſweete Poetry,
By whoſe endeuours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the authour of their praiſe,
Which giues them life, that els would ſoone haue dide,
And crownes their aſhes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore right noble Lord I ſend
This preſent of my paines, it to defend. /

To the right Honourable the Earle of *Ormond and Oſſory.*

REceiue moſt noble Lord a ſimple taſte
Of the wilde fruit, which ſaluage ſoyl hath bred,
Which being through long wars left almoſt waſte,
With brutiſh barbariſme is ouerſpredd:
And in ſo faire a land, as may be redd,
Not one *Parnaſſus*, nor one *Helicone*
Left for ſweete Muſes to be harboured,
But where thy ſelfe haſt thy braue manſione:
There in deede dwel faire Graces many one.
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits;
And in thy perſon without Paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour ſits,
Such therefore, as that waſted ſoyl doth yield,
Receiue dear Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

To the right honourable the Lo. Ch.

Howard, Lo. high Admiral of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of her Maieſties priuie Counſel. *&c.*

ANd ye, braue Lord, whoſe goodly perſonage,
And noble deeds each other garniſhing,
Make you enſample to the preſent age,
Of th'old Heroes, whoſe famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont ſo much to ſing,
In this ſame Pageaunt haue a worthy place,
Sith thoſe huge caſtles of Caſtilian king,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to diſplace,
Like flying doues ye did before you chace;
And that proud people woxen inſolent
Through many victories, didſt firſt deface:
Thy praiſes euerlaſting monument
Is in this verſe engruen ſemblab[l]y,
That it may liue to all poſterity.

To the moſt renowmed and valiant

Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton, knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

MOſt Noble Lord the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muſes pupillage,
Through whoſe large bountie poured on me rife,
In the firſt ſeaſon of my feeble age,

I now doe liue, bound yours by vaſſalage :
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reaue
Out of your endleſſe debt ſo ſure a gage,
Vouchſafe in worth this ſmall guift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue,
Of all the reſt, that I am tyde t'account :
Rude rymes, the which a ruſtick Muſe did weaue
In ſauadge foyle, far from Parnaſſo mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loome :
The which vouchſafe dear Lord your fauorable doome.

To the right noble and valorous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and lief[t]enaunt of Cornwaile.

TO thee that art the ſommers Nightingale,
Thy ſoueraine Goddeſſes moſt deare delight,
Why doe I ſend this ruſtic Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare vnſeaſon quite ?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whoſe high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her bowre,
And dainty loue learnd ſweetly to endite.
My rimes I know vnſauory and ſowre,
To taſte the ſtreames, that like a golden ſhowre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loues praiſe,
Fitter perhaps to thonder Martiall ſtowre,
When ſo thee liſt thy lofty Muſe to raiſe :
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praiſes bee thus rudely ſhowne.

To the moſt vertuous, and beautifull Lady, *the Lady Carew.*

NE may I, without blot of endleſſe blame,
You faireſt Lady leaue out of this place,
But with remembraunce of your gracious name,
Wherewith that courtly garlond moſt ye grace,
And deck the world, adorne theſe verſes baſe:
Not that theſe few lines can in them compriſe
Thoſe glorious ornaments of heuenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph ouer feeble eyes,
And in ſubdued harts do tyranyſe;
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And ſiluer leaues, them rightly to deuiſe,
But to make humble preſent of good will:
Which whenas timely meanes it purchaſe may,
In ampler wiſe it ſelfe will forth diſplay.

E. S.

To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

THe Chian Peinčter, when he was requirde
To pourtraičt Venus *in her perfečt hew,*
To make his worke more abſolute, deſird
Of all the faireſt Maides to haue the vew.
Much more me needs to draw the ſemblant trew,
Of beauties Queene, the worlds ſole wonderment,
To ſharpe my ſence with ſundry beauties vew,
And ſteale from each ſome part of ornament.

If all the world to ſeeke I ouerwent
A fairer crew yet no where could I ſee,
Then that braue court doth to mine eie preſent,
That the worlds pride ſeemes gathered there to bee.
Of each a part I ſtole by cunning thefte:
Forgiue it me faire Dames, ſith leſſe ye haue not lefte.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo.

Burleigh, Lo. high Threaſuer of England.

TO you right noble Lord, whoſe carefull breſt
To menage of moſt graue affaires is bent,
And on whoſe mightie ſhoulders moſt doth reſt
The burdein of this kingedomes gouernement,
As the wide compaſſe of the firmament,
On *Atlas* mighty ſhoulders is vpſtayd;
Vnfitly I theſe ydle rimes preſent,
The labor of loſt time, and wit vnſtayd;
Yet if their deeper ſence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from comune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aſide be layd.
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchſafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your cenſure graue.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of

Hunſdon, high Chamberlaine to her Maieſty.

REnowmed Lord, that for your worthineſſe
And noble deeds haue your deſerued place,

High in the fauour of that Empereſſe,
The worlds ſole glory and her ſexes grace,
Here eke of right haue you a worthie place,
Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene,
And for your own high merit in like cace,
Of which, apparant proofe was to be ſene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene,
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their diſloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue Lord for euer in this laſting verſe,
That all poſteritie thy honor may reherſe.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurſt, one of her Maieſties priuie Counſell.

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

To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walſingham, knight, principall Secretary to her Maieſty, and of her honourable Priuy Counſell.

THat Mantuane Poetes incompared ſpirit,
Whoſe girland now is ſet in higheſt place,
Had not *Mecœnas* for his worthy merit,
It firſt aduaunſt to great *Auguſtus* grace,
Might long perhaps haue lien in ſilence bace,
Ne bene ſo much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muſe, that learns like ſteps to trace,
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage;
That as the great *Mecenas* of this age,
As wel to all that ciuil artes profeſſe
As thoſe that are inſpir'd with Martial rage,
And craues protection of her feebleneſſe:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayſe
In bigger times to ſound your liuing prayſe.

E. S.

To the right noble Lord and moſt valiaunt Captaine, Sir Iohn Norris knight, Lord Preſident of Mounſter.

WHo euer gaue more honourable prize
To the ſweet Muſe, then did the Martiall crew
That their braue deeds ſhe might immortalize
In her ſhril tromp, and ſound their praiſes dew?

Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Moſte noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes enſue?
Whoſe warlike proweſſe and manly courage
Tempred with reaſon and aduizement ſage
Hath fild ſad Belgiacke with victorious ſpoile,
In *Fraunce* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately ſhakt the Luſitanian ſoile.
Sith then each where thou haſt diſpredd thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the right honourable and moſt vertuous Lady, the Counteſſe of Penbroke.

REmembraunce of that moſt Heroicke Spirit,
The heuens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues crownd with laſting baies,
Of heuenlie blis and euerlaſting praiſes;
Who firſt my Muſe did lift out of the flore,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me moſt noble Lady to adore
His goodly image liuing euermore,
In the diuine reſemblaunce of your face,
Which with your vertues ye embelliſh more,
And natiue beauty deck with heauenlie grace.
For his, and for your own eſpecial ſake,
Vouchſafe from him this tokẽ in good worth to take.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REdoubted Lord, in whoſe corageous mind
The flowre of cheualry, now blooſming faire,
Doth promiſe fruite worthy the noble kind
Which of their praiſes haue left you the haire;
To you this humble preſent I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praiſe;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye ſhew'd in late aſſaies,
Yet braue enſample of long paſſed daies,
In which trew honor yee may faſhioned ſee,
To like deſire of honor may ye raiſe,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receive it, Lord, therefore, as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high deſcent.

E. S.

END OF VOL. VIII.

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