

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.
VOLUME THE SECOND.



PRINTED FOR JOHN BELLAMIE,

1810.

C O N T E N T S

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

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THE SECOND BOOK OF
THE FAERY QUEENE

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERANCE.



I.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty soveraine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' abundance of an ydle braine
Will be judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory;
'Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know
Where is that happy land of faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show;
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better sence advise,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And truly how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned,
Who ever heard of th' indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazons huge river, now found trew?
Or of unfullest Virginia who did ever view?

III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
 Yet have from wisest ages hidden beeg; ,
 And later time, things more unknowne shall show
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene? ,
 What if within the moones fayre shining spleare,
 What if in every other starre unseene,
 Of other worldes he happily should beure?
 He wonder would much more; yet such to some
 appeare.

IV.

Of faery lond yet if he more inquire,
 By certen signes, here sett in sondrie place,
 He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
 But yield his sence to bee too blunt and base,
 That go'te without an hound fine looting trace
 And thou, o fayrest p'ncesse under sky,
 In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
 And thine owne realmes in lond of faery,
 And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V.

The which o pardon me thus to enfold
 In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
 Which els could not endure those beames bright,
 But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
 O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
 The brave adventures of this faery knight,
 The good sir Guyon, graciously to heare;
 In whom great rule of temp'rance goodly doth appeare.

CANON I.



Guyon, by Arclim e bud,
 The tel-cio e kn h' cyles
 Lyvies Meid ut th Am vit slant
 With plures pernced byles

I.

THAT coming architect of cankered guile,
 Whom princes late di pleasure left in hands
 For falsed letters and suborned wyle,
 Soone as the red-crosse knight he understands
 To beene departed out of Eden landes,
 To serue againe his soveraine chm queene,
 His artes he moves, and out of carytives handes
 Himselfe he frees by secret means unseeue;
 His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escap'd cleene.

II.

And forth he fares full of malicious mynde
 To worken mischief and avenging woe,
 Whereever he that godly knight may fynde,
 His onely hart sore and his onely foe;
 Sith Una now he alates must forget,
 Whom his victorious handes had earst restor'd
 To native crowne and kingdom late y-lost;
 Where she enjoys sure peace for evermore,
 As wether-b'atch ship arryvd on happie shore.

III.

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
 And deadly feude he makes : him to offend
 By forged treason or by open fight
 He seekes, of all his drifte the aymend end :
 Thereto his subtile engins he does bend ;
 His practick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,
 With thousand other sleightes ; for well he kend
 His credit now in doubtful ballaunce hong :
 For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

IV.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
 With cunning traynes ~~him~~ to entrap unwares,
 And privy spyals plast in all his way,
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares ;
 To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
 But now so wise and wary was the knight
 By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
 That he descryde, and shonned still his slight :
 The fish that once was caught new bayt wil hardly
 byte.

V.

Nath'lesse th' enchaunter would not spare his payne,
 In hope to win occasion to his will ;
 Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
 He chaunged his mynd from one to other ill :
 For to all good he enemy was still.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,
 Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
 His countenance demure and temperate ;
 But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
 That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate :
 He was an elfin borne of noble state,
 And mickle worship in his native land ;
 Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
 And knighthood tooke of good sir Huons hand,
 When with king Oberon he came to fary land.

VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
 A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
 Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire :
 And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
 He seemd to be a sage and sober syre,
 And ever with slow pace the knight did lead, [tread.
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to

VIII.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
 He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle :
 Eftsoones untwisting his deceiptfull clew,
 He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
 And with faire countenance and flattering style
 To them approching, thus the knight bespake,
 “ Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike
 spoyle,
 And great atchiev'ments, great yourselfe to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.”

IX

He stayd his steed for humble miseries sake,
 And badd tell on the tenor of his paynt.
 Who feigning then in every limbe to quake
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,
 With piteous mone his piteous speach gan paynt,
 "Deare lady, how shall I declue thy care,
 Whom late I left in languorous constraunt?
 Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
 To tell this iudfull tale, thy sight could win mee grace

X.

"Or rather would, (o would it so had chaunst!)
 That you, most noble sir, had present bene
 When that lewd rybald, with vyle lust aduauant,
 Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
 To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,
 As on the earth, great mother of us all,
 With living eye more fayre was neuer scene
 Of chastity and honour virginall
 Witnes ye heauens, whom she in vaine to help did call.

XI.

"How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe wroth,
 "That knight should knighthood euer so haue shent?"
 "None but that saw," quoth he, "would weene for
 troth,
 How shamefully that mayd he did torment.
 Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
 And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 And thieatned death with many a bloodie word;
 Tonge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhold."

XII.

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,

“ And lives he yet,” said he, “ that wrought this act,
And doen the heavens afford him vitall food ?”

“ He lives,” quoth he, “ and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.”

“ Where may that treachour then,” sayd he, “ be
found,

Or by what meanes may I his footing tract ?”

“ That shall I shew,” said he, “ as sure as hound
The stricken deere doth chaleng by the bleeding wound.”

XIII.

He stayd not longer talke, but with fierce ye

And zealous hate away is quickly gone

To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squyre
Supposed to be. They do arrive anone

Where sate a gentle lady all alone,

With garments rent, and heare dischevelled,

Wringing her handes, and making pitteous mone :

Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,

And her faire face with teares was towly blubbered.

XIV.

The knight approching nigh thus to her said,

“ Faire lady, through towle sorrow ill bedight,

Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,

And marie the blossom of your beauty bright :

Toothy appease your griefe and heavy plight,

And tell the cause of your conceived payne :

For if he live, that hath you doen despight,

He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,

Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintai

XV.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
 She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
 And offred hope of comfort did despise :
 Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dieriment ;
 Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seen,
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
 As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed bene :

XVI.

Till her that squyre bespake, “ Madam, my lief,
 For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
 But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
 The which good fortune doth to you present
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment ?
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weake minde with double woe torment.”
 When she her squyre heard speake, she gan ap^e
 pease

Her voluntarie paine, and felle some secret ease.

XVII.

Eftsoone she said, “ Ah gentle trustie squyre,
 What comfort can I wofull wretch conceave
 Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
 To see faine heavens face, and life not leave,
 Sith that false traytour did my honour reave ?”
 “ False traytour certes,” saide the faerie knight,
 “ I read the man, that ever would deceave
 A gentle lady, or her wrong through might :
 h were too litle paine for such a fowle despight.

XVIII.

“ But now, sayre lady, comloit to you make, [plight;
 And reade who hath ye wrought this shamefull
 That short revenge the man may overtake,
 Whereso he be, and soone upon him light.”
 “ Certes,” saide she, “ I wote not how he hight,
 But under him a gray steede he did wield,
 Whose sides with daped circles weien dight;
 Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
 He bore a bloodie crosse, that quartred all the field.”

XIX.

“ Now by my head,” saide Guyon, “ much I muse,
 How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
 Or ever gentle damzell so abuse:
 For may I boldly say, he surely is
 A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
 I present was, and can it witnesse well,
 When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
 Th’ adventure of the errant damozell,
 In which he hath great glory wonné, as I heare tell.

XX.

“ Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quit him of th’ imputed blame;
 Els be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
 Or make you good amendment for the same:
 All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
 Now therefore, lady, rise out of your paine,
 And see the salving of your blotted name.”
 Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did fame,
 Ne yet her person such as it was scene,
 But under simple shew and semblant plaine
 Lurkt false Duessa secretly unscene,
 As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene;
 So had false Archimago her disguysd,
 To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene,
 And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
 To be her squire, and do her service well agunsd.

XXII.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
 Where she did wnder in waste wildnesse,
 Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
 And with greene mosse covring her nakednesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
 Sith her prince Arthur of proud ornaments
 And borrowd beauty spoyld. Her nathlesse
 Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
 Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
 To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
 And end then dares with menowmed shame.
 And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
 To see the red-crosse thus advanced hve;
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
 Against his praise to sturte up enmitye
 Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

XXIV

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way, [last
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came at
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
 Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overlust
 The valley did with coole shade overlust,
 Through midst thereof a little river told,
 By which there sat a knight with helme unlaste,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV

“Lo you deride,” cryde Archmage aloud, [shew,
 “That wrought the shamfull fact which I did
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
 To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew,
 But vaine for ye shall deuely do him rev;
 So God ye speed, and send you good successe,
 Which we far off will here abide to view.”
 So they him left inflam’d with wiathfulnessse,
 That steele hit agunst that knight his speare he did
 addresse.

XXVI.

Who seeing him from far so fierce to pyncke,
 His wallike armes about him gan embrace,
 And in the rest his ready speare did sticke,
 Tho whenas still he saw him towards pice,
 He gan encounter him in equall race.
 They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
 When suddenly that warrour gan abate
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betwixt, or hidden danger did entrap,

XXVII.

And cryde, " Mercie, sir knight, and mercie, Lord,
 For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment;
 That had almost committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochtfull shame mine honour shent,
 Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
 Which on your shield is set for ornament."
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay unath,
 Who prickt with courage kene did cruell battell breath.

XXVIII.

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
 His error; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd,
 " Ah deare sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
 But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
 Whose hasty hand so far from reason strayd,
 That almost it did haynous violence
 On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd,
 That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
 Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence."

XXIX.

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare
 Their bevers bright each other for to greet;
 Goodly comportsunce each to other beare,
 And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
 Then said the red-crosse knight, " Now mote I weet,
 Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce;
 And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
 For sith I know your goodly gouvernaunce,
 Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth
 chance."

XXX.

" Certes," said he, " well mote I shame to tell
 The fond encheason that me lether led,
 A false infamous faitour late befell
 Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
 And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
 A knight had wrought against a lady gent ;
 Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
 Where you he made the marke of his intent,
 And now is fled: foule shame him follow wher he went."

XXXI.

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
 Through goodly handling and wise temperance.
 By this his aged guide in presence came,
 Who soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
 Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
 Sith him in faery court he late avizd ; [chaunce,
 And said, " Fayre sonne, God give you happy
 And that deare crosse upon your shield devizd,
 Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd.

XXXII.

" Ioy may you have and everlasting fame,
 Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
 For which enrolled is your glorious name
 In heavenly registers above the sunne,
 Where you a saint with saints your seat have wonne:
 But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
 Most now anew begin like race to runne.
 God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
 And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke."

XXXIII.

"Palmer," him answered the red-crosse knight,
 "His be the praise, that this witchment wrought
 Who made my hand the organ of his might,
 More than goodwill to me tribute nought
 For all I did, I did but as I ought
 But you, faire son, whose pageant next ensues
 Well mote see thee, as well can wish your thou
 That home ye may report^d these happy newes,
 For well ye worthy bene for worth and genle thewe

XXXIV.

So courteous conge both did give and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
 Then Guyon forward gan his voye to make
 With his bliske palmer, that him guided still
 Still he him guided over dale and hill,
 And with his steedy staffe did point his way,
 His vice with reason, and with words his will,
 From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
 And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

XXXV.

In this faire wize they travcild long yfere,
 Through many hind as eyes which did betide;
 Of which he honour still away did betide,
 And spred his glory through all countreyes wide.
 At last as chaunst them by a forest side
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
 They heard a ructull voice, that dearnly cryde
 With peccing shrikes and many a dolfull lay;
 Which to attend awhile their forward steps they stay.

XXXVI.

“ But if that carlesse heavens,” quoth she, “ despise
 The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
 To see sad paggaunts of mens miseries,
 As bound by them to liue in liues despight,
 Yet canst thou not waite death from wretched wight.
 Come then, come soone, come, sweetest death, to
 me,

And take away this long kint loathed light:
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
 That long captiued soules from weary thraldome free.

XXXVII.

“ But thou, sweete babe, whom frowning toward late
 Huth made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
 Sith Heu'n thee deignes to hold in living state,
 Long maist thou liue, and better thrive withall,
 When to thy lucklesse parents did befall.
 Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall,
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 For I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.”

XXXVIII.

With that a deadly shreke she forth did throw,
 That through the wood re-echoed againe;
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
 O! thirld with point of thorough-piercing paine:
 As gentle hynd, whose sides with cruell steale
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
 Whiles the sad pang approaching shee docs feele,
 Craies out her latest breath, and up her eyes doth seele.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
 And soone arrived where that sad poutraict
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
 In whose white alabaster brest did stick
 A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
 From which forth gusht a stream of gore-blood
 thick,
 That all her goodly garments staine arownd,
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

XL.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
 Which shee increased with her bleeding hart;
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray;
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
 His cruell sport in stead of sorrow dew;
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands and tender ioints embrew:
 Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew.

XLI.

Besides them both upon the soiled gras
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spread,
 Whose armour all with blood besprinckled was;
 His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
 Seemd to have bene a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,
 Fitt to inflame faire lady with loves rage;
 But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good sir Guyon did behold,
 His hart gan waxe as starke as marble stone,
 And his fresh blood did freeze with fearefull cold,
 That all his sences seemd berefte attone :
 At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As lion, grudging in his great disdainé,
 Mournes inwardly, and makos to himselfe mone ;
 Til ruth and fraile affection did constraîne [paine.
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
 With his faire garment · then gan softly feel
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop :
 Which when he felt to move he hoped faire
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop ;
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaie,
 That at the last shee gan to breath out living aie.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
 And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
 Is meetest med'cine) tempred with sweete voice ;
 “ Ay me, deare lady, which the ymage art
 Of ruefull pittie and impatient smart,
 What dreffull chaunce armd with avenging fate,
 Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date ? [etc.”
 Speake, o dear lady, speake : help never comes too

XLV.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
 On which the dreery death did sitt, as sad .
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare :
 But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
 Before her standing she espied had, e
 As one out of a deadly dreame aflight,
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad :
 Streight downe againe herselfe in great despight
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

XLVI.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
 Uplifted light, and softly did uphold :
 Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said, " Yet if the stony cold
 Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
 Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
 And tell the secreete of your mortall smart :
 " He oft finds present helpe who does his grieffe impart."

XLVII.

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low
 She sigh't from bottome of her wounded brest ;
 And after many bitter throbs did throw, e
 With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,
 These words she breathed forth from riven chest ;
 " Leave, ah leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
 To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
 And trouble dying soules tranquillitee :
 Take not away now got, which none would give to me."

XLVIII.

“ Ah fey be it,” said he, “ deare dame, fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee :
 For all I seeke is but to have redrest
 The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
 Tell then, o lady, tell what fatall priefe
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest :
 That I may cast to sompas your reliefe,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.”

XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,
 As heven accusing guilty of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath;
 “ Heare then, o man, the sorrowes that uneth
 My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas :
 Loe this dead corpsc, that lies here underneath,
 The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good sir Mordant
 was.

L.

“ Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now !)
 My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
 So long as heavens iust with equall brow
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above :
 One day when him high corage did emmove,
 (As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde)
 He pricked forth his puissant force to prove,
 Me then he est enwombed of this childe, [desild.
 This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood

LI. ♀ •

“ Him fortun'd (had fortune, ye may ghesse)
 To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne ;
 Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
 That many errant knightes have fowle fordonne :
 Within a wandring island, that doth roune
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is :
 Fayre sir, if ever there ye travell; shonne
 The curs'd land where many wend amis,
 And know it by the name; it hight the boyre of blis.

LII.

“ Her blis is all in pleasure and delight,
 Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad ;
 And then with words and weedcs of wondrous might,
 On them she workes her will to uses bad &
 My liefest lord she thus beguiled had ;
 For he was flesh : (all flesh doth frayltie breed),
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
 (Weake wretch) I wrapt myselfe in palmers weed,
 And cast to seek him forth through danger and great
 dreed.

LIII.

“ Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
 (Full measured three quarters of her yeare)
 And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would foibeare,
 And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
 Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought; [weare,
 The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives
 Hard help at need. So deare thee, babe, I bought ;
 Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought

LIV

“ Him so I sought, and so at last I fownd,
 Where him that witch had thralld to her will,
 In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
 And so transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, nether his owne ill ;
 Till through wise handling and faire governaunce,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of fowle intempraunce :
 Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

LV.

“ Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
 How that my lord from her I would reprove,
 With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd ;
 ‘ Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
 ‘ And losse of love to her that loves to live,
 ‘ So soone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lincke.’
 So parted we, and on our iourney drive,
 Till coming to this well, he stoupt to drinke :
 The charme fulfilled, dead suddainly he downe did
 sincke.

LVI.

“ Which when I wretch”—not one word more she sayd,
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing, good sir Guyon could uneach
 From teares abstayne ; for grieve his hart did grate,
 And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
 Accusing fortune and too cruell fate,
 Which plonget had faire lady in so wretched state.

LVII.

Then turning to his palmer said, " Old syre,
 Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
 And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
 When raging passion with fierce tyranny
 Robs reason of her dew regaletic,
 And makes it servaunt to her basest part :
 The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 And with bold furie armes the weakest hart ;
 The strong through pleasure soonest falleth, the weak
 through smart."

LVIII.

" But temperaunce," said he, " with golden squire
 Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
 Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull tene :
 Thrise happy man, who farcs them both atweene.
 But sith this wretched woman overcome
 Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
 Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
 And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe."

LIX.

" Palmer," quoth he, " death is an equall doome
 To good and bad, the common inne of rest ;
 But after death the tryall is to come,
 When best shall bee to them that lived best :
 But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
 Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
 Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest :
 † For all so greet shame after death I weene,
 As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene."

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave ;
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad cypresse seemely it embrace ;
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein their corses tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
 But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir Guyon more affection to increace,
 Bynemp^a a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

LXI.

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
 Which medling with their blood and earth he threw
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare ;
 " Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
 And worse and worse, young orphan, be thy payne,
 If I or thou dew vengeaunce doe forbear,
 Till gultie blood her guerdon doe obtayne."
 So shedding many teares they closd the earth agayne.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be cleansd
 The face of golden Meane :
 Her sisters, two Extremities,
 Strive her to banish cleane.

I.

THUS when sir Guyon with his faithfull guydo
 Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
 The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,
 The litle babe up in his armes he hent ;
 Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold blandishment
 Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
 As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
 Of that was doen ; that ruth emperced deepe
 In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
 did steepe ;

II.

“ Ah lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
 And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
 Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
 Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed ;
 Poore orphane, in the wide world scattered,
 As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
 And throwen forth, till it be withered :
 Such is the state of men ; thus enter we
 his life with woe, and end with miserie.” :

III.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
 Downe to that well, did in the water weene
 (So love does loath disdainefull nicitee)
 His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene :
 He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
 For all his washing cleaner : still he strove,
 Yet still the litle hands were bloody scene ;
 The which him into great amazment drove,
 And into diuerse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV.

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
 Might not be purgd with water nor with bath ;
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To shew how sore blood-guiltinesse he hat'th ;
 Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck,
 Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the senceless tronck,
 That through the great contagion direful deadly
 stonck.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
 With godly reason, and thus fayre bespake ;
 " Ye bene right hard amated, gracious lord,
 And of your ignorance great merveill make,
 Whilts cause not well conceived ye mistake.
 But know, that secret vertues are infusd
 In every fountaine and in everie lake,
 Which who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
 To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd :

VI.

" Of those some were so from their sourse indewd
 By great dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their wel-headspring, and are with moisture deawd;
 Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
 And filles with flowres fayre Floracs painted lap:
 But other some by guifte of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue poured into their waters bace,
 And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from
 place to place.

41 f

VII.

" Such is this well wrought by occasion straunge,
 Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
 As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
 The hartlesse hynd and roebucke to dismay,
 Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 And kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
 As hynd from hor, so she fled from her enemy.

VIII.

" At last when fayling breath began to faint,
 And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
 She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
 And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
 Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
 The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
 Calling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state

IX.

“ Lo now she is that stone; from whose two heads,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
 Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads:
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
 Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know;
 And yet her vertues in her water byde:
 For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde;
 But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene tryde.

X.

“ From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
 May not be clensd with water of this well:
 Ne certes, sir, strive you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament;
 That as a sacred symbole it may dwell
 In her sonnes flesh, to mind revongement,
 And be for all chaste dames an endlesse monument.”

XI.

He hearkned to his reason; and the childe
 Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
 But his sad fathers crimes with blood defilde
 (An heavic load) himselfe did lightly reare;
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare
 He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there:
 By other accident, that earst befell,
 He is convaide; but how or where, here fits not tell.

XII.

Which when sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
 Yet algates mote he soft himselve appease,
 And fauely fare on foot, however loth :
 His double burden did him sore diseasg.
 So long they travelled with litle ease,
 Till that at last they to a castle came,
 Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas :
 It was an auncient worke of antique far
 And wondrous strong by nature and by skilfull frame.

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one syre by mothers three ;
 Who dying whylome did divide this tort ,
 To them by equall shares in equall fee :
 But stryfull mind and diverse quahtec
 Diew them in partes, and each made others foe :
 Still did they strive and daily disagree ;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
 Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
 Of second sister, who did far excell
 The other two ; Medina was her name,
 A sober sad and comely courteous dame :
 Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold mett and well did enterprize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie;
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse secne or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood and gravitie,
 Above the reason of her youthly yeares:
 Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
 In beaded tramels, that no looser hoares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie cares.

XVI.

Whilste she her selfe thus busily did frame
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
 Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accourting each her frend with lavish fest:
 They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these ladies love did countenaunce,
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldest dame,
 Was hight sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant armes to sew he first began.
 More huge in strength then wise in workes he was,
 And reason with foole-hardize over-ran;
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas;
 And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

xviii. { }

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy,
 He that faire Una late towle outraged,
 The most unuly and the boldest boy
 That ever warlike weapons managed,
 And all to lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might
 Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
 He now this ladies champion chose for love to fight

xix.

These two gay knights, vovd to so diverse loves,
 Each other does envy with deadly hate,
 And daily ware against his foeman moves,
 In hope to win more favour with his mat,
 And th' others pleasing service to abate,
 To magnifie his owne But when they heard
 How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
 Both knights and ladies forth right angry fair'd,
 And fiercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd

xx.

But ere they could proceede unto the place
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruell combat joynd in middle space
 With horrible assault and fury fell
 They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell
 That all on upoie from her settled seat
 The house was rayd, and all that in did dwell;
 Sound that lowde thunder with amazement great
 Did rend the rattling skyes with flames of foundring heat

XXI.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
 Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged sond,
 His sun-broad shield about his wiest he bond,
 And shyning b'ade unshleathd, with which he ran
 Unto that stead, their strife to understand;
 And at his first arrivall them began
 With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

XXII.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
 Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet.
 As when a beare and tygre, being met
 In cruell fight on Lybicke ocean wide,
 Espye a traueiler with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
 They stint their strife and him as-ayle on everie side.

XXIII.

But he, not like a weary traueillere,
 Their sharp assault might boldly did rebut,
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
 Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
 Gan with new rage their shiekles to hew and cut.
 But still when Guyon came to part their fight,
 With heauiie load on him they freshly gat to smight.

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, doe dīversly disease,
 Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
 That her on either side doe sore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave; [way,
 Shee scorning both their spights does make wid-
 And with her brest breaking the fomy wayes? [save:
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire h^erself doth

XXV.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriors he dismaded:
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and p^aies,
 Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
 Before, behind, and round about him laies:
 So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

XXVI.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
 Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine
 A triple warre with triple enmittee,
 All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
 Which gotten was but hate. So love does raīne
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
 He maketh warre, h^e maketh peace againe,
 And yett his peace is but continual iarre.
 O miserable men, that to him subiect are!

XXVII.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The faire Medina with her tresses torne,
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran, and falling them beforne
 Besought them by the womb which them had born,
 And by the loves which were to them most deare,
 And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

XXVIII.

But her two other sisters standing by
 Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions bad
 Pursue the end of their strong enmity,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad;
 Yet she with pittie words and counsell sad
 Still strove their stubborn rages to revoke:
 That at the last suppressing fury mad
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speeches which she spoke;

XXIX.

“ Ah, puissaunt lords, what cursed evill spright,
 Or fell Erinnyes, in your noble harts
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you up to worke your willfull smarts?
 Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and iust de-arts?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory uniuert, {trust.
 That more to mightie hands then rightiul cause doth

xxx.

“ And were there rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
 Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
 And mortal vengeance ioyne to crime abhord ?
 O fly from wrath, fly, o my liefest lord :
 Sad be the sights, and bitter frutes of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword :
 No ought the praise of p̄uesse moir d̄. Marie,
 Then fowle reuenging rage and base contentious iarie.

xxxii.

“ But lovely concord and most sacred peace
 Doth nourish vertue and fast friendship breeds ;
 Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does
 inieace,
 Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds :
 Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 By which she triumphes ouer yre and pride,
 And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
 Be therefore, o my deare lords, pacifide,
 And this misseeming discord meckely lay aside.”

xxxiii.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling biests,
 That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did cease their lofty crests
 To her presence and discrete behests.
 Then began a treaty to procure,
 And establish terms betwixt both their requests,
 Which a law for ever should endure ;
 Which to observe in word of knights they did assure.

XXXIII.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet treague
 Into her lodging to repaire a while,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
 Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare [fare.
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty

XXXIV.

And those two froward sisters (their faire loves)
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves;
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures bad appeared in both:
 For both did at their second sister grutch
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment frett, not th'utter touch;
 One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought
 too much.

XXXV.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did secine
 As discontent for want of merth or meat;
 No solace could her paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce;
 But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenance;
 Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight;
 In wine and meats she flowd above the banck,
 And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
 In sumptuous tye she ioyd her selfe to p^ranck;
 But of her love too lavish, litle have she thanck.

XXXVII.

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
 Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy;
 Might not be found a francker franion,
 Of her leawd parts to make companion.
 But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment:
 Yett still he satt, and inly did hunselte torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
 With sober grace and goodly carriage:
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage;
 That forward paire she ever would asswage,
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
 But that same froward twaine would accorage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need:
 So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fauely shee attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete satiety :
 At last, when lust of meät and drinke was ceast,
 She Guyon deare besought of curtesie
 To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
 And whether now on new adventure bownd.
 Who with bold grace and comely gravity,
 Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to sownd ;

XL.

“ This thy domaund, o lady, doth revive
 Fresh memory in me of that great queene,
 (Great and most glorious virgin queene alive)
 That with her souveraine power and scepter shene
 All faery lond does peaceably sustene.
 In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
 That over all the earth it may be secne ;
 As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare ;
 And in her face faire pceaçe and mercy doth appeare.

XLI.

In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye :
 And all, that els this worlds enclosure bace
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her maiesty :
 That men beholding so great excellence,
 And rare perfection in mortalitye,
 Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
 As th' idole of her Makers great magnificence.

XLII.

"To her I homage and my service owe,
 In number of the noblest knightes on ground ;
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of maydenhead, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found.
 An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make,
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

XLIII.

"There this old palmer shewd himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty princesse did complaine
 Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
 Whereof he crav'd redresse. My soveraine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes :
 Me all unfitt for so great purpose she employes.

XLIV.

"Now hath faire Phoebe with her silver face
 Thrise seene the shadowes of the neatherworld,
 Sith last I left that honorable place,
 In which her roiall presence is enrold ;
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false Acrasia have wonne ;
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne."

XLV.

“ Tell on, fayre sir,” said she, “ that dolefull tale,
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
 That we may pittie such unhappie bale,
 And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine :
 Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne.”
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursow,
 And told the story of the mortall payne,
 Which ~~Mordant~~ ~~and Amavia~~ did rew,
 As with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately vew.

XLVI.

‘ Night was far spent, and now in ocean deep
 Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make ;
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
 Those gwestes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
 Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.
 At last, when they had markt the chāunged skyes,
 They wist their houre was spent ; then each to rest
 him hyes.

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyon's
 Horse is made the scorn
 Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
 Belpheobe fowle solorne.

I.

SOONE as the morrow fayre with purple beames
 Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
 And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
 Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light;
 Sir Guyon mindfull of his vow yplight
 Uprose from drowsie couch, and him adrest
 Unto the journey which he had behight:
 His puissant armes about his noble brest,
 And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

II.

Then taking conge of that virgin pure,
 The bloody-handed babe unto her truth . . .
 Did earnestly committ, and her coniure
 In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
 And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
 And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
 He might for memory of that dayes ruth
 Be called Raddymane, and thereby taught
 To avenge his parents death on them that had it
 wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
 Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
 Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
 To frett for anger, or for grieffe to mone?
 His palmer now shall foot no more alone.
 So fortune wrought; as under greene woodes syde
 He lately heard that dying lady grone,
 He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
 And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
 One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
 Ne thought of honour ever did assay
 His baser brest, but in his bestrell kynd
 A pleasing vaiffe of glory he did fynd,
 To which his flowing tounge and troublous spright
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd;
 He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full
 light.

V.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
 And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
 That puff'd up with smoke of vanity,
 And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
 He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
 For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
 But for in court gay portauce he perceiv'd,
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Eftsoones to court he cast t' advance his first degree.

VI.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
 To whom avaunting in great bravery,
 As peacocke, that his painted plumes doth pranck,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare :
 The seely man seeing him ryde so ranck,
 And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
 And crying, "Mercy," loud his pitiouſe handes gan
 reare.

VII.

Thereat the carcrow wexed wondrous proud,
 Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
 And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd ;
 "Vile caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,
 Unworthe of the communc breathed ayre,
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre ?
 Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay.
 Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to stay."

VIII.

"Hold, o deare lord, hold your dead-doing hand,"
 Then loud he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."
 "Ah wretch," quoth he, "how destitutes withstand
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
 I give thee life : therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup ; that thy homage bee."
 "The miser threw himselfe, as an offall,
 Streight at his foot in hisse humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
 Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold.
 And when he felt the folly of his lord,
 In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold :
 For he was wylie-witted, and growne old
 In cunning sleights and practick knavery.
 From that day forth he cast for to uphold
 His ydle humour with fine slattery,
 And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye ;
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
 In his light winges, is lifted up to skye ;
 The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth to be advanched hyc ;
 Such prayse is shame : but honour, vertues meed,
 Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

XI.

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
 Till that at length with Archimage they meet :
 Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
 On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
 Of his revenge to make the instrument :
 For since the red-crosse knight he erst did weat
 To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

XII.

And comming close to Trompart gan inqueire
 Of him, what mightie warrior that mote bee,
 That rode in golden sell with single spere,
 But wanted sword to wreake his chumtee.
 "He is a great adventurer," said he,
 "That hath his sword through hard assay forgonc,
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee,
 Of that despight, never to wearen none;
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand gone."

XIII

Th' enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vnt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt
 Tho to him louting lowly did begin
 'To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
 By Guyon, and by that false red-crosse knight;
 Which two, through treason and deceitful gin,
 Had slayne sin Mordant and his lady bight:
 That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

XIV.

Therewith all suddenly he seemd enrag'd,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gag'd;
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weet his doughtie valaunce,
 Thus said, "Old man, great sure shal be thy meed,
 If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
 Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed, [deed."
 That I may wreake on them their hainous hateful

XV.

"Certes, my lord," said he, "that shall I soone,
 And give you eke good helpe to their decay.
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon,
 Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
 Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day :
 For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay :
 And eke of surest steele, that may be fownd,
 Doarme yourselfe against that day, them to confownd."

XVI.

Dotard," saide he, "let be thy deepe advise ;
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
 And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
 Els never should thy iudgement be so frayle,
 To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
 Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
 Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle ?
 Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can : [wan."
 Speake they, which have beheld the battailes which it

XVII.

The man was much abashed at his boast ;
 Yet well he wiat that whoso would contend
 With either of those knightes on even coast,
 Should neede of all his armes him to defend ;
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend :
 When Braggadocchio saide, " Once I did sweare,
 When with one sword seven knightes I brought to end,
 Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
 But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth
 weare."

XVIII.

"Perdy, sir knight," saide then th' enchaunter bliye,
 "That shall I shortly purchase to your hond :
 For now the best and noblest knight alive
 Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in faerie lond ;
 He hath a sword, that flames like bërning brond :
 The same by my device I undertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his minde what mote that monster
 make.

XIX.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddaine vanished out of his sight :
 The northerne winde his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight,
 They lookt about, but no where could espye
 Tract of his foot : then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flye :
 Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye ;

XX.

Till that they come unto a forrest greene, [feare ;
 In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene :
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
 As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare :
 Yet both doe strive their fearefulnessse to faïne.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
 And made the forest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

XXI.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush ;
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying dread.
 But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped fourth
 A goodly ladie clad in hunters weed,
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
 Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
 Throught goodly mixture of complexions dew ;
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Makers light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same ;
 So passing persant and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight :
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might ;
 For with dredd maiestie and awfull yre,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

XXIV.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did itselfe disprede,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhed :
 All good and honour might therein be red ;
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate ;
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes :
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine monument of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beauty to disgrace ?

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken camus lilly whight,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden ayglets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe.

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld :
 Before they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich icwell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee :

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were scene,
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort ;
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace ;
 But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
 Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
 She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay
 Stuff with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 Her daintie paps ; which like young fruit in May
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

XXX.

Her yellow lockes crisped like golden wyre
 About her shoulders weien loosely shed,
 And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
 They waved like a penon wyde dispicd,
 And low behinde her backe were scatcred:
 And whether art it were of heedlesse hap,
 As through the flouing forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fish leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

XXXI.

Such as Driua by the sandy shore
 Of swift Lurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
 Where all the nymphs have her unwares foilore,
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game: or as that famous queene
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrius did destroy,
 The day that first of Pirame she was seene,
 Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

XXXII.

Such whenas hartlesse Trompart did her vew,
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,
 And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
 Both feare and hope he in her face did finue:
 When she at last him spying thus bespake;
 "Hayle, grooms, didst not thou see a bleeding
 hynde,
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

XXXIII.

Wherewith reviv'd, this answer forth he threw ;
 " O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
 For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
 Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith erst into this forrest wild I came.
~~But~~ mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
 'To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
 That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

XXXIV.

To whom she thus—but ere her words ensewd,
 Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
 In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
 And saw it stirre: she lefte her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
 It mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre
 Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
 Out crying, " O whatever hevenly powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

XXXV.

" O stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
 For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize ;
 But loe my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
 Is far renownd through many bold emprize ;
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."
 She staid : with that he crawld out of his nest,
 Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies ;
 And standing stoutly up, his lofty crest
 Did fiercely shake and rowze, as comming late from
 rest.

XXXVI.

A fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
 For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,
 Not caring how her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid ;
 Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
 Peepes forth, and soone renews her native pride ;
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
 Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side ;
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her
 hide.

XXXVII.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himselfe to vaunt : but when he vewd
 Those deadly tooles which in her hands she held,
 Soone into other fitts he was transmewd ;
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewd,
 " All haile, sir knight, and well may thee befall,
 As all the like, which honor have pursewd
 Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall :
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all."

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus, " O fairest under skie,
 Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wherso they might be found,
 Endeavoring my dreaded name to raise
 Above the moone, that fame may it resound
 In her eternall tromp with laurell girland croud.

XXXIX.

“But what art thou, o lady, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,
 Amongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
 There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
 There maist thou best be scene, and best maist see :
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee.”

XL.

“Whoso in pompe of proud estate,” quoth she,
 “Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
 Does wasto his daies in darke obscuritee,
 And in oblivion ever buried is :
 Where ease abownds, yt's eath to doe amis :
 But who his limbs with labours, and his myud
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shal honor soonest
 fynd :

XLI.

“In woods, in waves, in warres she wents to dwell,
 And wil be found with perill and with paine ;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,
 Unto her happy mausion attaine :
 Before her gate high God did sweats ordaine,
 And wakefull watches ever to abide :
 But easy is the way and passage plaine
 To pleasures pallace; it may sobne be spide,
 And day and night hei dores to all stand open wide.

XLII.

“ In princes court”——the rest she would have sayd,
 But that the foolish man (fild with delight
 Of her sweete words, that all his sence dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beauty ravishꝝ quight)
 Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace
 With that she swarving backe, her iavelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace :
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
 And grieved at her flight; yet durst he nott
 Pursue her steps through wild unknowen wood ;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott,
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott ;
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,
 But turning said to Trompart, “ What fowle blott
 Is this to knight, that lady should agayne
 Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud dis-
 dayne ?”

XLIV.

“ Perdy,” said Trompart, “ let her pas at will,
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill) .
 But that shee is some powre celestiall ?
 For whiles she spake, her great words did appall
 My feeble corage and my heart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.”
 “ And I,” said Braggadocchio, “ thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastlinesse.

XLV.

" For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
 Me given by eternall destiny,
 That earthly thing may not my corage brave
 Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hye :
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I
 heard,
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
 I hid myselfe from it, as one affeard ;
 But when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

● XLVI.

" But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
 Let us soone hence depart." They soone agree :
 So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
 As one unfitt therefore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
 Which well that valiaunt courser did discern ;
 For he despisd to tread in dew degre,
 But chaufd and form'd, with corage fiers and sterne,
 And to be easd of that base burden still diderne.

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
 And stops Occasion
 Delivers Phedon, and therefore
 By Strife is rayld uppon

I.

IN brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
 There is I know not what great difference
 Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
 Which unto things of valorous pretence
 Seemes to be boine by native influence ;
 As teates of armes and love to entertaine :
 But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
 Proper to gentle blood : some others fame
 To menage steeds, as did this vaunter ; but in vaine.

II.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
 Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
 The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
 With that blacke palmer, his most trusty guide ;
 Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide.
 But when strong passion or weak fleshlinesse
 Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
 He would through temperaunce and steadfastnesse
 Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong
 suppress.

III.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
 He saw from far, or seemed for to see
 Some troublous uproie or contentious fray,
 Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
 A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
 Drew by the heare along upon the grownd,
 A hand-som stripling with great crueltee,
 Whom soe he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
 That checke with teares, and sydes with blood did
 all abownd.

IV.

And him behynd a wicked hag did stalke,
 In ragged robes and filthy disaray,
 Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
 But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
 Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold;
 But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
 That none thereof could ever taken hold;
 And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles old.

V.

And ever as she went, her tounge did walke
 In fowle reproch and termes of vile despight,
 Provoking him by her outrageous talke,
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:
 Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to smite;
 Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
 Withouten which she could not goe upright;
 Ne any evil-meanes she did forbear,
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

VI.

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
 Approching, first the hag did thrust away;
 And after adding more impetuous forse,
 His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe; who all on fire streightway
 Against him turning all his fell intent,
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay, ^{rent,}
 And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and so atcht, and
 And did he wist not what in his avengment.

VII.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governaunce it well to guyde:
 But when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,
 Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
 And of himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares, [-cryde;
 Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought de-
 But, as a blindfold bull, at randon fares,
 And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts
 nought cares.

VIII.

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In fayre defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now, not fighting so:
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternly grypt, and hauling to and fro,
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower lay;

IX.

And being downe the villein sore did beate
 And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face :
 And cke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
 Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproch and odious menace
 The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
 Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
 His grasping hold : so lightly did upstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

X.

Which when the palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
 " Not so, o Guyon, never thinke that so
 That monster can be maistred or destroyd :
 He is not, ah ! he is not such a foe,
 As steele can wound, or strength can overthrowe.
 That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
 That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe ;
 And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
 Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight,

XI.

" With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenge :
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
 And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
 Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage ;
 Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
 It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood :
 The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the flood."

XII.

Therewith sir Guyon left his first emprise,
 And turning to that woman, fast her hent
 By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw : yet n'ould she ste
 Her bitter rayling and foule revilement ;
 But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wro
 But nathelesse he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her ungiatious tonge,
 Thereon an yron locke did fasten firme and strong

XIII.

Then wheuas use of speach was from her rest,
 With her two crooked handes she signes did ma
 And beckned him ; the last help she had left :
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
 That she no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
 I'ull fast away, and did her quite forsake :
 But Guyon after him in hast did hyc,
 And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
 Who him gain-striving nought at all prevauld :
 For all his power was utterly defaste,
 And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild :
 Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron lack.

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots, that did him sore constraîne :
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
 And gainly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine :
 His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre ;
 And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
 Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wyre,
 And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

XVI.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captivd,
 Turning about he saw that wretched squire,
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
 Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre :
 Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,
 He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
 Being at last recured, he gan inquirye
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
 And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretched-
 nesse.

XVII.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
 "Fayfe sir," quoth he, "what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse ?
 Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
 The man most wary in her whelming lap.
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
 Unweeting and unware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischief through occasion,
 Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

XVIII.

“ It was a faithlesse squire, that was the sourse
 Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourse
 Attonce I was upbrought; and cite when yeares
 More ripe us reason lent to chose our peares,
 Ourselves in league of vowed love we knitt:
 In which we long time without gealous feare
 Or faultie thoughts contynewd, as was fitt;
 And for my part, I vow, dissembled not a whitte.

XIX.

“ It was my fortune (commune to that age)
 To love a lady fayre of great degree,
 The which was borne of noble parentage,
 And set in highest seat of dignitee,
 Yet seemd no lesse to love then lovd to bee:
 Long I her serv'd, and found her faithful still,
 Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
 Love that two harts makes one, makes eke one
 will:
 Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

XX.

“ My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
 Of all my love and all my privitie;
 Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
 And gracious to that lady, as to mee;
 Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee
 As he to her, withouten blott or blame,
 Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
 But unto him she would impart the same:
 O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame.

XXI.

“ At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
 That I that lady to my spouse had wonne ;
 Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
 Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
 Which mariage make ; that day too farre did seeme :
 Most ioyous man, on whom the shining sunne
 Did shew his face, myselfe I did esteeme,
 And that my falser friend did no less ioyous deeme.

XXII.

“ But ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
 He either envying my toward good,
 Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
 One day unto me came in friendly mood,
 And told for secret how he understood
 That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
 Had both distaind her honorable blood,
 And eke the faith which she to me did bynd ;
 And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should
 fynd.

XXIII.

“ The gnawing anguish and sharp gelosy,
 Which his sad speach infixd in my brest,
 Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
 That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
 Till that the truth thereof I did out-wrest,
 And him besought by that same sacred band
 Betwixt us both to counsell me the best :
 He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
 Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV.

“ Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
 Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
 And that it was a groome of base degree,
 Which of my love was partner paramouric;
 Who used in a darkesome inner bowle
 Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
 He promised to bring me at that howre,
 When I should see that would me nearer move,
 And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

XXV.

“ This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
 Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
 Who, glad t’ embosome his affection vile,
 Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
 One day to worke her to his will more neare,
 He woo’d her thus; Pryene (so she hight)
 What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
 Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
 That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXVI.

“ But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
 T’ adorne thy forme according thy desert,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have
 blent,
 And staynd their prayes with thy least good part;
 Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
 Tho’ she thy lady be, approach thee neare:
 For proote thereof this evening, as thou art,
 Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 It I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

XXVII.

“ The maydon, proud through priuse, and mad
 through love,
 Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd
 The whiles to me the treachour did remove
 His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
 Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
 T. - sad spectatour of my tragedie :
 Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
 Disguised like that groo he of base degree,
 Whom he had feignd th' aluiber of my love to bee.

XXVIII.

“ Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
 And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,
 In Claribellæes clothes . her proper face
 I not descerned in that daikesome shade,
 But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
 Ah God ! what horrou and tormenting grieft
 My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd !
 Me liefer were ten thousand doathes priefe, [priefe.
 Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such re-

XXIX.

“ I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengoance all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed love appeared in sight,
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent ;
 That after soone I sorely did lament :
 For when the cause of that outrageous deede
 Demanded, I made plaine and evident,
 Her faultie handmy, which that bale did breede,
 Confessing Philomenes right to change her weede

XXX.

“ Which when I heard, with horrible a’tright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
 Upon myselfe that vengeable despight
 To punish: yet it better first I thought
 To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought:
 To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
 I cast to pay that I so dearely bought:
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI.

“ Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
 To losse of love adioyning losse of frend,
 I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
 And in my woes beginner it to end:
 That was Pryene; she did first offend,
 She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
 When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 And I poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII.

“ Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight;
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
 Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
 Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space:
 As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
 And shortly overtooke: I breathing yre,
 Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
 Which kindled once, his mother ’did more rage
 inspyre.

XXXIII.

“Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye, [ing,
 Though wounds and strokes and stubborne handel-
 That death were better then such agony,
 As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 That during life will never be appeas’d.”
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 Said Guyon, “Squyre, s^o ye have ye beene diseas’d;
 But all your hurts may soone through temperance be
 eas’d.”

XXXIV.

Then gan the palmer thus, “Most wretched man,
 That to affections does the bridle lend;
 In their beginning they are weake and wan,
 But soone through suff’rance growe to fearefull end:
 While they are weake betimes with them contend;
 For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong waies they make, and cruell battry bend
 Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrow: [low.
 Wrath, gelosy, griete, love, this squyre have laide thus

XXXV.

“Wrath, gealosie, griefs, love, do thus expell:
 Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede,
 Griefe is a flood, and love a monster fell;
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede:
 But sparkes, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay;
 The sparkes soone quench, the springing seed outreed,
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:
 So shall wrath, gealosy, griefe, love, die and decay.”

XXXVI.

“Unlucky squire,” saide Guyon, “with thou hast
 Falne into mischiete through intemperaunce,
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
 And guyde thy waies with waiie govgrnaunce,
 Least woist betide thee by some later chaunce.
 But read how art thou nam’d, and of what kin.”
 “Phaon I hight,” quoth he, “and do advaunce
 Mine auncestry from famous Coradin;
 Who first to raise our Ihusse to honour did begin.”

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
 A varlet yonning towardes hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate did dim his eye.
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
 And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
 His countenance was bold, and bashed not
 For Guyons lookes, but scorhefull ey-glaunce at him
 shot.

XXXVIII.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
 On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,
 BURN I DOE BURNE. Right well beseem’d it
 To be the shield of some redoubled knight;
 And in his hand two darts exceeding lit
 And deadly sharp he held, whose heales were dight
 In poyson and in blood of mallice and despight.

XXVIA.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
 He boldly spake, " Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
 Abandon this forestalled place at eist,
 I or feare of further harme, I counsell thee ;
 Or bide the chaunce at thine owne reopardee."
 The knight at his great holdnesse wondered ;
 And though he scorn'd his ydle vauntee,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered ;
 For not to grow of nought he it coniectured ;

XL.

" Vailet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
 Yielded by him that held it forcibly.
 But whence shold come that harme, which thou
 dost seeme
 To threat to him that mindes his chaunce t' abyde ?"
 " Peidy," sayd he, " here comes, and is hard by
 A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
 That never yet encountred enemy,
 But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay ;
 No thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

XLI.

" How light he," then sayd Guyon, " and from whence ?"
 " Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
 For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre,
 The brother of Cymochles, both which are
 The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight ;
 Acrates sonne of Phlegeton and Iarre :
 But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night ;
 But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

XLII.

“ So from immortall race he does proceede,
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed ;
 For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
 His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
 That matter make for him to worke upon,
 And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
 Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
 Least thy fool-hardize worke thy sad confusion.”

XLIII.

“ His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,”
 Sayd he : “ but whether with such hasty flight
 Art thou now bownd ? for well mote I discerne
 Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.”
 “ My lord,” quoth he, “ me sent, and streight
 behight
 To seeke Occasion, whereso she bee :
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee ;
 Hard is his hap, that first falls in his icopardee.”

XLIV.

“ Mad man,” said then the palmer, “ that does seeke
 Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife ;
 Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
 Happy, who can abstaine, when rancor rife
 Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife :
 Woe never wants, where every cause is caught,
 And rash Occasion makes unquiet life.” [ought,
 “ Then loe, wher bound she sits, whom thou hast
 Said Guyon, “ let that message to thy lord be brought.”

XLV.

That when the varlett heard and saw, streightway
 He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, " Vile knight,
 That knights and knighthood doest with shame
 upbray,
 And sheest th' ensample of thy childishe might,
 With silly weake old woman thus to fight.
 Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
 And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight :
 That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
 And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

XLVI.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with yre and vengeable despight :
 The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,
 And to his brest itselſe intended right :
 But he was wary, and ere it empight
 In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atween ;
 On which it seizing no way enter might,
 But backe rebownding left the forckheal keene :
 Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight, &
 And Furor chayne untyes;
 Who him sore wounds, whiles Atin to
 Cymochles for ayd flies.

I.

WHOEVER doth to temperance apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shal find no greater enemy
 Then stubbornne perturbation to the same;
 To which right wel the wise doe give that name;
 For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
 Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclaime:
 His owne woes author, whoso bound it findes,
 As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbundes.

II.

After that varlets flight, it was not long
 Ere on the plains fast pricking Guyon spide
 One in bright armes embatteiled full strong;
 That as the sunny beames do gladdned and glide
 Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
 And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
 That seemd him to enflame on every side:
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
 When with the maintring spur he did him roughly stire.

III.

Approching nigh, he never staid to grette,
 Ne chaffar words, proude corage to provoke,
 But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
 The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And sayrly couching his steele-headed speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
 It booted nought sir Guyon, comming neare,
 'To thincke such hideous puisaunce on foot to beare:

IV

But lightly shunned it, and passing by
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriving forcibly
 On his broad shield bitt not, but glauncing fell
 On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
 And from the head the body sundred quight:
 So him dismounted low he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The truncked beast fast bleeding did him slowly dight.

Sore bruized with the fall he slow arose,
 And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
 "Disleall knight, whose coward corage chose
 To wreake itselfe on beast all innocēt,
 And shund the marke at which it should be ment;
 Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood frayl:
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
 But litle may such guile thee now sayl,
 If wanted force and fortune doe me not much sayl."

VI.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
 Of his seven-folded shield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein: were not his targe,
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary sowle from thence it would discharge;
 Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
 And much ashamd that stroke of living arme
 Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
 Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
 Tho hurling high his yron-braced arme,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder-plate,
 That all his left side it did quite disarm;
 Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

VIII.

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
 Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame unto his former fire,
 That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
 Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his saugard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.

IX.

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred blowes,
 And every way did seeke into his life ;
 Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife :
 But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was wary wise, and closely did away t
 Avauntage, whilst his foe did rage most rife ;
 Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
 And falsed oft his blowes t' illude him with such bayt.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
 A proud rebellious unicorn defyes,
 T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him ronning in full course he spyces,
 He elips aside ; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horne, sought of his enemyes,
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thenco can be releast,
 But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

With such faire sleight him Guyon often sayld,
 Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
 Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
 And kindling new his corage, seeming queint,
 Strooko him so hugely, that through great constraint
 He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
 And doe unwilling worship to the saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see ;
 Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

XII.

Whom Guyon seeing stoupe, pursued fast
 The present offer of faire victory,
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hie,
 That streight on grownd made him fall low to lye;
 Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust:
 With that he cryde, "Mercy, doe me not dye,
 Ne deeme thy force, by fortunes doome uniuert
 That hath (maugre herspight) thus low me laid in dust."

XIII.

Estsoones his cruel hand, in Guyon stayd,
 Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd;
 For th'equall die of warre he well did know:
 Then to him said, "Live, and allengaunce owe
 To him, that gives thee life and liberty;
 And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
 That hasty wroth and heedlesse hazardry
 Doe breede repentaunce late and lasting infamy."

XIV.

So up he let him rise; who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
 That he in ods of armes was conquered;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maystered; {dered.
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he won-

xv.

Which Guyon marking said, " Be nought agriev'd,
 Sir knight, that thus ye now subdew'd arre :
 Was never man who most conquestes atchiev'd,
 But sometimes had the worse and lost by warre,
 Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre :
 Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe ;
 But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
 Both looers lott and victours prayse alsoe :
 Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

xvi.

" Fly, o Pyrochles, fly the dreadful warre
 That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move ;
 Outrageous anger, and wee-working iarre,
 Direfull impatiencē, and hart-murdring love :
 Those, those thy foēs, those warriours far remove,
 Which thee to endlessse bale captived lead.
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
 Of courtesie to mee the cause ahead
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread."

xvii.

" Dreadlesse," said he, " that shall I soone declare
 It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort
 Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thrall'd her in chaines with strong effort,
 Voide of all succour and needfull comfort :
 That ill besecmes thee, such as I thee see,
 To worke such shame : therefore I thee exhort
 To change thy will, and set Occasion free,
 And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

XVIII.

Thereat sir Guyon smylde, " And is that all,"
 Said he, " that thee so sore displeas'd hath ?
 Great mercy surc, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath.
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emböyling wrath :
 Loe there they bee ; to thee I yield them free."
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

XIX.

Soone as Occasion felt herselfe untyde,
 Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
 She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
 Both Guyon and Pyrochles : th' one (shid shee)
 Bycause he wonne ; the other, because hee
 Was wonne : so matter did she make of nought
 To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree :
 But soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
 To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes
 wrought.

XX.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
 Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might :
 So both together fiere engrasped hee, [see.
 Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does

XXI.

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
 Against Pyrochles, and new matter tram'd
 Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
 Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
 For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
 And him dishabled quyte: but he was wise,
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
 Yet others she more urgent did devise;
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII.

Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased Furors might,
 That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fyer-brond,
 Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
 Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
 That arm'd with fire more hardly he mote him with-
 stand.

XXIII.

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse:
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That Guyon much disdain'd so loathly sight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
 " Help, o sir Guyon, helpe most noble knight,
 To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight."

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the palmer, by his grave restraynt,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
 And said, "Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth
 repress,

Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie wayne :
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fetted would release agayne,
 Deserves to taste his full & fruit, repced payne."

XXV.

Guyon obeyd ; so him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.
 But rash Pyrochlos' varlett, Atin light,
 When late he saw his lord in heaue plight.
 Under sir Guyons puissant stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
 Fledd fast away to tell his funerall
 Unto his brother, whom Cymochlos men did call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perillous fight :
 Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
 Had doen to death, in equall frayes ;
 Whose earkesse, for renowne of his name,
 Of fowles and beastes, by the piteous prayes,
 Hang their conq'erd armes for more defame
 On yallow-trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

XXVII.

His dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
 The vyle Actæa, that with vaine delightes,
 And ydle pleasures in her bowle of blisse,
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprights
 Can call out of the bodys of fraile sightes;
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
 And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
 Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darke som dens, where Titan his face never shewes

XXVIII.

There Atin found Cymoche's sojourning,
 To save his lemans love. for he by kynd
 Was given all to lust and loose living,
 Whenever his fleshe handes he free mote fynd
 And now he has pour'd but his ydle mynd
 In daintie debres and lavish loyes,
 Having his warlike weapons cast bekynd,
 And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled amongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

XXIX.

And over him art staying to compayre
 With nature did an arbor greffe dispreed,
 Framed of wanton yvie, flouing sayre,
 Through which the fragrant Myrtillie did spre
 His prickling armes, entwyl'd with roses red,
 Which dainty pdaunt stand about their throw;
 And all within the thickete was furnished
 That when the windes did amongst them blow,
 Did breath sweete odours, and painted colors shew

XXX.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay.
 The wearie traueiler, wandring that way,
 Therein did ofte quenche his thursty heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,
 Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat

XXXI.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
 Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
 That dedicated is t' Olympick love,
 And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
 In Nemus gayned goodly victoree :
 Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
 Chaunted alowd their cheerfull harmonie,
 And made amongst themselves a sweete consort,
 That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

XXXII.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
 In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
 Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
 That rownd about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies and light meriment ;
 Every of which did loosely disaray
 Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
 And shewed them naked, deckt with many ornaments,

XXXIII.

And every of them strove with most delights
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew :
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening light ;
 Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew ;
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
 The sugred licour through his melting lips :
 One boastes her beautie, and does yield to view
 Her dainty limbes above her tender hips ;
 Another her out-boastes, and all for tryall stups.

XXXIV.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
 And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes ;
 Sometimes he falsly faines himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes do peepe
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
 Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe ;
 So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceit,
 Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there when him he spyde
 Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approching to him lowdly cryde,
 " Cymochles ; oh no, but Cymochles shade,
 In which that manly person late did fade :
 What is become of great Acrates sonne ?
 Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
 That hath so many haughty conquests wonne ?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne ?"

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
 He said, "Up, up, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in ladies lap entombed art,
 Unmudfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 And weetelesse eke of lately-wrought bespight ;
 Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
 And groneth out his utmost grudging spight
 Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
 Calling thy help in vaine that here in ioyes art dround."

XXXVII.

Suddenly out of his delightfull dreame
 The man awoke, and would have questiond more ;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but urged sore
 With percing wordes and pittifull implore
 Him hasty to arise : as one affright
 With hellish feends, or Furies mad uprore,
 He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes ; for he would algates fight :

XXXVIII.

They bene ybrought ; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted passeth on his way :
 Ne ladies loves ne sweete entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay ;
 For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
 (That day itselfe him seemed all too long)
 On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay.
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong, [wrong.
 And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest merrth,
 Led into loose desyre;
 Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
 ther burnes in furious fyre.

I
 A HARDER lesson to learne continence
 In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine:
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
 So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
 From that which feeble nature covets faine:
 But gricfe and wrath, that be her enemies
 And foes of life, she better can restraine:
 Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories;
 And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles traveling to finde,
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
 The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
 Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
 Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim
 Along the shore, as swift as glauce of eye,
 A litle gondelay, bedecked trim
 With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
 That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.

III.

And therein sate a lady fiesh and fayre,
 Making sweete solace to herselfe alone ;
 Sometimes she song as lowd as laike in avie,
 Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone ;
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That to her might move cause of meriment
 Matter of meith enough, though there were none,
 She could devise, and thousand waies invent
 To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

[v

Which when far off Cymbles heare and saw,
 He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
 The little barke unto the shore to draw,
 And him to feiry over that deepe foue.
 The merry maime unto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
 Tuind to the shore, where that same warlike lord
 She in receiv'd ; but Atin by no way
 She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray

v.

Estsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift then swallow sheres the hquid skye,
 Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvas with the wind to fly
 Onely she tuind a pin, and by and by
 It cut away upon the yielding wave ;
 Ne cared she her course for to apply,
 For it was taught the way which she would have,
 And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely save.

VI.

And all the way the wanton damsell found
 New meith her passenger to entertaine ;
 For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
 And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine ;
 Yet seemed nothing well they her became :
 For all her wordes she drownd with laughter
 vaine,
 And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same ;
 That turned all her pleaspunce to a scoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise,
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight :
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
 With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight :
 Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
 To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
 Or to behold the water worke and play
 About her little figot, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight ;
 But to weak wench did yield his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed minde
 With one sweete drop of sansuall delight :
 So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
 Of malice in the calme of pleassant womankind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent ;
 Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
 Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
 Which in her cott she daily practized :
 " Vaineman," saide she, " that wouldest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of Phædria (for so my name is red) .
 Of Phædria, thine owne fellow seruaunt ;
 For thou to serve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt.

" In this wide inland sea, ^{that} hight ^{by} name
 The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,
 That knowes her port, and thether sayles by ayme,
 Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend or whether slow :
 Both slow and swift alike do serve my tounce ;
 Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd-thundring Ioue
 Can change my cheare, or make me ever mourne :
 My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne."

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were far past the passage which he spake,
 And come unto an island waste and voyd,
 That floted in the midst of that great lake ;
 There her small gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay payre issewing on the shore
 Disburnded her : their way they forward take
 Into the land that lay them faire before,
 Whose pleasaunce she him showed and plentifull great
 store.

XII.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
 L'mongst wide waves sett like a litle nest,
 As if it had by natures cunning hand
 Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best.
 No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
 No arborett with painted blossomes drest
 And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
 To bud out faire and throwe her sweete smels al
 arounð

XIII.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
 No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fitt
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
 Was overcome of thing that did him please:
 So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

XIV.

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights and filld with pleasures vayn,
 Into a shady dale she soft him led,
 And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
 And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
 She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
 Where soone he slumbred feàring not be harmd:
 The whiles with a love-lay she thus him sweetly charmd;

XV.

“ Behold, o man, that toke some paines doest take,
 The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant groves,
 How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap: how, no man knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
 And decke the world with their rich pompous
 shows:

Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull tunes compare.

XVI.

“ The lily, lady of the flowering field,
 The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labor yield,
 And soone leave off this toylsome weary stouie
 Loe, loe, how brave she decks her bounteous bouie,
 With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
 Therem to shrowd her sumptuous belamouie!
 Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
 But to her mother nature all her care she letts.

XVII.

“ Why then doest thou, o man, that of them all
 Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
 Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy ioyous howies in needlesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine
 What bootes it al to have and nothing use?
 Who shall him see that swimming in the maine
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse? [chuse.”
 Use such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures

XVIII.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take .
 Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake.
 So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
 Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull wave of that great guesly lake ;
 Soone shee that island far behind her lefte,
 And now is come to that same place where first she
 wefte.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
 Unto the other side of that wide strond,
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought :
 Him needed not long call, shee soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
 With his sad guide : himselfe she tooke aboord,
 But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
 To ferry that old man over the perious foord.

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred might not backe retyre ;
 For the flitt barke obeying to her mind
 Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
 Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source. ..

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iollity devize,
 Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
 The knight was courteous, and did nōt forbear
 Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliaunce he despis'd and follies did forsake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former styll,
 And said, and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,
 Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.
 But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
 He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said,
 " Ah dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
 Me litle needed from my right way to have struid."

XXIII.

" Faire sir," quoth she, " be not displeas'd at all;
 Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 The sea is wide and easy for to stray;
 The wind unstable and doth never stay.
 But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serve new passage to assay:
 Better safe port then be in seas distrest."
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in
 rest.

XXIV.

But he halfe discontent mote nathelesse
 Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore :
 The ioyes whercof and happy fruitfulnessse,
 Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasaunt, yet she made much more.
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore ;
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

XXV.

And she more swete then any bird on bough
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their native musicke by her skilful art :
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noise of armes or vew of martiall guize
 Might not revive desire of knightly exercise :

XXVI.

But he was wise and wary of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart ;
 Yet would not seeme so rude and thewed ill
 As to despise so curteous seeming part,
 That gentle lady did to him impart :
 But fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart ;
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
 And shaking off his drowsy dremment,
 Gan him avize howe ill did him be-come
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brood of his conceived yie.
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staid for his damsell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with sir Guyon sett,
 Accompanyde with Phaedria the faire:
 Ettsoones he gan to rage and inly frett,
 Crying, "Let be that lady debonaire,
 Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselſe prepare
 To battelle, if thou meane her love to gayn.
 Loe, loe already how the fowles in aire
 Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
 Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn."

XXIX.

And there-withall he fiersly at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayld;
 Who soone prepar'd to field his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall valew countervayld:
 Their mightie strokes theif haberieons dismayld,
 And naked made each others manly spalles;
 The mortall steele despitously entayld
 Deepe in their flesh quite throu, h the yron walles,
 That a large purple streame adown their giambeux
 falles.

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
 So puissant foe, with envious despight
 His prowd presumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
 Sir Guyon grudging not so much his might,
 As those unknighthly raylinges which he spoke,
 With wiathfull fire his corage kindled bight,
 Thereof devising shortly to be wioke,
 And doubling all his powies redoubled every stroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
 And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway.
 Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglauunst,
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away :
 But Guyons angry blade so fieris did play
 On th' others helmett which as Titan shone,
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone ;
 Where-with astonsht still he stood as sencelesse
 stone.

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fayre Phaedra (that beheld
 That deadly daunge) soone atweene them ran,
 And at their feet hersclfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pitteous voyce and count'nance wan,
 " Ah, well away ! most noble lords, how can
 our cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight
 To shed your lives on ground ? wo worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright.

XXXIII.

" If ever love of lady did empierce
 Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
 Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce;
 And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
 Both yield, to stay your deadly styte a space."
 They stayd a while; and forth she gan proceede;
 " Most wretched woman and of wicked face,
 That am the authour of this hainous deed,
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights
 do bced.

XXXIV.

" But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
 Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
 And doolefull sorrowe heape with deadly harmes:
 Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes.
 Another warre and other weapons I
 Doe love, where love does give his sweet alarmes
 Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
 Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

XXXV.

" Debatefull strife and cruell enmity
 The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
 But lovely peace and gentle amity,
 And in amours the passing howres to spend,
 The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
 Of love they ever greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes friend,
 And is for Venus loves renowned more
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

XXXVI.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full bent
 To prove extremities of bloody fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight :
 Such power have pleasing wordes ; such is the might
 Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
 Now after all was ceast, the faery knight
 Besought that damzell suffice him depart,
 And yield him ready passago to that other part.

XXXVII.

She no lesse gladd then he desirous was
 Of his departure thence ; for of her ioy
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pas ;
 A foe of folly and inmodest toy,
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in aimes and cruell warre ;
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with teriour and unquiet ioye,
 That she well pleased was thence to amove him farie.

XXXVIII.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift barge
 Forthwith directed to that further strand ;
 The which on the dull waves did lightly float,
 And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
 Where gladsome Guyon sailed foith to land,
 And to that damsell thanks gave for reward.
 Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
 There by his maister left, when late he far'd
 In Phaedrias flitt barck over that perious shard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made ;
 Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
 As shepherdes curie, that in darke eveninges shade
 Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade :
 “ Vile miscreaunt,” said he, “ whether dost thou dye
 The shame and death, which will thee soone invade ?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
 That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy ?”

XL.

With that he stifly shook his steel-hʷ ad dart :
 But sober Guy on hearing him so rayle,
 Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
 And passed tayrely forth : he turning taile
 Backe to the stound retyrd, and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile ;
 The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
 The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

XLI.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
 An armed knight that towards him fast ran ;
 He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
 His forlorne steed from him the victour wan :
 He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, fuint and wan ;
 And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
 And soyl'd with durtie gore, that no man can
 Discerne the hew thereof : he never stood,
 But bent his hastie course towards the Ydle flood.

XLII.

The varlet saw when to the flood he came
 How without stop or stay he fiersly leapt,
 And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
 That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
 Ne of his safetic seemed care he kept;
 But with his raging armes he rudcly flasht
 The waves about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the blood and filth away was washt;
 Yet still he bet the water and the billowes dasht.

XLIII.

Atun drew nigh to weet what it mote bee;
 For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
 Whom should he but his own deare lord there see?
 His owne deare lord Pyrochles in sad plight,
 Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight:
 "Harow now out, and well away!" he cryde,
 "What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
 To see my lord so deadly damnifyde?
 Pyrochles, o Pyrochles, what is thee betyde?"

XLIV.

"I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowd he cryde,
 "O how I burne with implacable fyre!
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre.
 Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."
 "Ah be it," said he, "from Pyrochles farre
 After pursewing death once to requyre,
 Or think, that ought those pussant hands may
 maire.
 Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre."

XLV.

"Perdye, then is it fitt for me," said he,
 "That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.
 O Atin, helpe to me last death to giue."
 The varlet at his plaint was grievd so sore,
 That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive;
 And his owne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI.

Into the lake he leapt his lord to ryd,
 (So love the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
 From drowning; but more happy he then wise
 Of that seas nature did him not advise:
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engrost with mud which did them fowle agrise;
 That every weighty thing they did upheare,
 Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom
 there.

XLVII.

Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave,
 And strove in vaine, the one himselte to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to save;
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came ledd with the troublous sowne:
 Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
 The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging lord.

XLVIII.

Him Atin spying knew right well of yore,
 And lowdly cald, " Help, helpe, o Archimage,
 To save my lord in wretched plight forlore ;
 Helpe with thy hand or with thy counsell sage :
 Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."
 Him when the old man saw, he woundred sore
 To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage :
 Yet sitheas helpe ho saw he needed more
 Then pittly, he in hast approached to the shore ;

XLIX.

And cald, " Py rochles, what is this I see ?
 What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent ?
 Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
 Yet never in this straunge astonishment."
 " These flancies, these flames," he cryde, " doe me
 torment."
 " What flames," quoth he, " when I thee present see
 In daunger rather to be drent then brent ?"
 " Harrow ! the flames which me consume," said he,
 " Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

L.

" That cursed man, that cruel scend of hell,
 Furor, oh Furor hath me thus bedight :
 His deadly woundes within my livers swell,
 And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
 Kindled through his infernall brood of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste ;
 That now I weene Ioves dreaded thunder-light
 Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
 In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste."

LI.

Which whenas Archimago heard, his grieffe
He knew right well, and him attonce disaim'd:
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priete
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which doen, he balines and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mightie spels them charmd;
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restord to helth, that would have algates
dyde.

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
 Sunning his treasure bore ;
 Is by him tempted, and led doune
 To see his secrete store.

AS pilot well expert in perilous wave,
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
 When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
 Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 (The maysters of his long experiment)
 And to them does the stedly helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly :

II.

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
 Late left beyond that Ydle lake, procedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanyde ;
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
 Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
 So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes :
 For still he travcild through wide wastfull ground,
 That nought but desert wildernesses shewd all around.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
 Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight ;
 His face with smoke was tand, and eies were beard,
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes
 appeard :

IV.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold ;
 Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared to have beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery ;
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury :

V.

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent ;
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of Mulcibers devouring element :
 Some others were new driven and distent
 Into great ingowes and to wedges square ;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment ;
 But most were stampd, and in their metal bare
 The antique shapes of kings and Kesars straung and rare.

VI.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose for to remove aside
 Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
 And downe them poued through an hole full wide
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide:
 But Guyon lightly to him leaping stayd
 His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;
 And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd;

VII.

“What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich heapes of welth doest hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?”
 Therat with staring eyes fixed askaunce
 In great disdain he answerd, “Hardy elfe,
 That darrest view my direful countenaunce,
 I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe
 To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious pelfe.

VIII.

“God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great Mammon greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 And unto none my graces do envye:
 Riches, renowme, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
 Flo me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

IX.

“ Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and sew,
 At thy commaund lo all these mountanes bee :
 Or if to thy great mind or greedy vew
 All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be nombred francke and free.”
 “ Mammon,” said he, “ thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee ;
 To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter seruaunts entertaine.

X.

“ Me ill besits, that in derdoing armes
 And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
 Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend :
 Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend :
 Faire shields, gay steeds, bright armes be my delight ;
 Those be the riches fit for an aduert'rous knight.”

XI.

“ Vaine glotious elfe,” saide he, “ doest not thou weete,
 That money can thy wautes at will supply ? [meet
 Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee
 It can purvay in twinckling of an eye,
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
 Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
 And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe,
 And whom I lust do heape with glory and renoune ?”

XII.

“ All otherwise,” saide he, “ I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse ;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 Leaving behind them grieve and heavinesse :
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
 Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize ;
 That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despize.

XIII.

“ No thine be kingdomes, he the scepters thine ;
 But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
 And loyall truth to treason doest incline ;
 Witnessse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground,
 The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround,
 The sacred diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound,
 Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent :
 So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull govern-
 ment.

XIV.

“ Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that trosse
 The private state, and make the life unsweet :
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
 And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
 Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.” [sayd,
 Then Mammon vexing wroth, “ And why then,”
 “ Are mortall men so foud and indiscreet
 So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
 And having not complaine, and having it upbrayd ?”

XV.

"Indeed," quoth he, "through fowle intemperaunce,
 Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise :
 But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
 Untroubled nature doth herselfe suffise,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native ioyes.
 At the well-head the purest streames arise ;
 But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
 And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave ac-
 cloyes.

XVI.

"The antique world in his first flowring youth
 Fownd no defect in his Creators grace,
 But with glad thankes and unreproved truth
 The gifts of soveraine bounty did embrace :
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cace :
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abusd her plenty and fat-swolue encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

XVII.

"Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
 With sacriledge to dig: therein he fownd
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompous pride estsoones he did compownd :
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire."

XVIII.

“ Sonne,” said he then, “ lett be thy bitter scorne,
 And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
 To them, that liv'd therin in state forlorne.
 Thou that doest live in later times must wage
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage :
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage ;
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse :
 But thing refused doe not afterward accuse.”

XIX.

“ Me list not,” said the elfin knight, “ receive
 Thing offred, till I know it well be gott ;
 Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
 From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
 Or that blood-guiltinesse or guile them blott.”
 “ Perdy,” quoth he, “ yet never eie did vew,
 Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not ;
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew
 From hevens sight and powre of al which them
 poursew.”

XX.

“ What secret place,” quoth he, “ can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie ?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery ?”
 “ Come thou,” quoth he, “ and see.” So by and by
 Through that thicke covert he him led, and fownd
 A darksome way, which no man could descry.
 That deep descended through the hollow ground,
 And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

XXI.

At length they came into a luge space,
 That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did tricke,
 That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly raine
 By that wayes side there sat infernall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strike,
 The one in hand an yron whip did stryke,
 The other handished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnaw their teeth, and both did threaten
 life.

XXII.

On th' other side in one consort there sat
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hat-burning Hate,
 But gnawing Greedously, out of their sight
 Sittin, alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling I care still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place where safe he shroud him might.
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lye;
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
 Did alwaies sore beating his yron wings,
 And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings:
 Whiles sad Celeno, sittin; on a chitte,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hat of flint asonder could have rite;
 Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
 By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
 But th' elfin knight with wonder all the way
 Did feed his eyes, and fill his inner thought.
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adoyning, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both but wás a litle stude,
 That did the house of richesse from hell-mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should unawate
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gaid:
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
 Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to Death is Sleepe to be compaid;
 Therefore his house is unto his annex:
 Here Sleep, ther richesse, and hel-gate them both
 betwext.

XXVI.

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
 To him did open and afforded way:
 Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
 Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway
 Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
 An ugly feend more fowle then dismall day;
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
 And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing that likt him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
 Should be his pray: and therefore still on hyc
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
 And rend in peeces with his tavenous pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky chfite,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
 And with rich metall loaded every ritte,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt :
 And over them Arachne high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtil net,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
 then iett.

XXIX.

Both rooſe and floore and walls were all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darknes, that none could behold
 The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
 Did never in that house itselſe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
 Or as the moone cloathed with cloudy night
 Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad abright.

xxx.

In all that rowne was nothing to be seene,
 But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
 All bound with double bands, that none could weene
 Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
 On every side they placed were along.
 But all the grownd with sculls was scattered [slong;
 And dead mens bones, which round about were
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
 And their vile carcasses now left unburied

xxxii.

They forward passe; the Goyen yet spoke word,
 Till that they came unto an yron dore,
 Which of them opened of his owne accord,
 And showed of riches such exceeding store,
 As euer of man euer did never see before,
 Ne euer could within one place be found,
 Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,
 Could be put in through all the world around,
 And that which was added to that hidden grownd.

xxxiii.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And wisely awaited day and night,
 From other covetous feendes it to defend,
 Who if to rob and rapine did intend.
 Then Mammon, turning to that devillour, said
 "Loe here the riches blis, loe here the end,
 To which at this the nyme, rich to be made:
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

XXXIII.

"Certes," sayd he, "I n'll thine offred grace,
 Ne to be made so happy doe intend :
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happines, another end :
 To them that list these base regardes I lend :
 But I in armes and in atchjevments brave
 Do rather choose my fitting houres to spend,
 And to be lord of those that riches have, [slave."
 Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile

XXXIV.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
 And griev'd, so long to lacke his greedie pray ;
 For well he weened that so glorious bayte
 Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay :
 Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
 More light than culver in the falcons fist :
 (Eternall God thee save from such decay !)

But whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
 Unto another rowine, whose doore forthright
 To him did open as it had beene taught :
 Therem an hundred furnaces weren pight,
 And hundred furnaces all burning bright ;
 By every furnace many feends did byde,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
 And every feend his busie paines applyde
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

XXXVI.

One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,
 And with first wind the fewell did inflame ;
 Another did the dying blouds repayre
 With yron tonges, and sprinkled otte the same
 With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
 Who may string them renewd his former heat .
 Some scumd the dross, that from the metall came ;
 Some stud the molten owre with ladles great .
 And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

XXXVII.

'But when an earthly wight they present saw,
 Glistring in armes and battalious aray, [draw
 From their whot work they did themselves with-
 'To wonder at the sight ; for till that day
 They never creature saw that cam that way :
 Their staring eyes, sparckling with fervent fyre,
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
 'That were it not for shame, he would retyre,
 'Till that him thus bespake their soverain lord and
 syre ;

XXXVIII.

" Behold, these things thou sie, with mortall eye,
 That living eye before did never see :
 The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly
 (To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
 Proceeded) lo now is reveald to thee.
 Here is the fountaine of the worldes good.
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
 Avise thee well, and change thy wilfull mood ;
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

XXXIX.

“ Suffise it then, thou money-god,” quoth he,
 “ That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I have; what needeth mee
 To covet more then I have cause to use?
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse,
 But give me leave to follow mine empiricke ”
 Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te he chuse
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;
 And thence him forward ledd him further to entise.

XL.

He brought him through a darksome narrow stray
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold
 The gate was open, but therein did wayt
 A sturdie villain, stryding stiff and bold,
 As if that highest God defy he would:
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and sence; and well could wield
 That cursed weapon when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdain
 To be so calld, and whoe did him call.
 Sterne was his lookes, and full of stomacke vayne,
 His portance terrible, and stature tall,
 Far passing th' height of men terrestriall,
 Like an huge gyant of the Titans race,
 That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
 And with his pride all others parrs deface;
 More fit amongst black fender then men to have his
 place.

XLII.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye, "

That with their brightnesse made that daiknes light,

His harmefull club he gan to huilt hie,

And threaten battell to the faery knight;

Who likewise gan himselfe to battell dight,

Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,

And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight,

For nothing might abash the villan bold,

Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacifyde,

And the fieris catle commaunding to forbear,

He brought him into the rowne was large and wyde,

As it some gyeld of solemne temple weare;

Many great golden pillours did upheare

The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne;

And every pillour decked was full deare

With crownes and diademes and titles vaine,

Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth did

rayne.

A route of people there assembled were,

Of every sort and nation under skye,

Which with great order prest to draw nere

To th' upper part, where was advanced hie,

A stately stage of soveraine maiesty;

And thereon satt a woman garb'd in raye,

And richly clad in robes of royall hie,

That never earthly prince in such array

His glory did enhance, and pompous pryde display.

XLV.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
 Through the dunn shade, that all men might it see:
 Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfitted shew,
 That by more lovers unto her to call,
 Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and view
 She by creation was, till she did fall;
 Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime
 withall.

XLVI.

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was knitt,
 And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
 And all that preace did rownd about her swell
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To climbe aloft, and others to excell
 That was ambition, rash desire to sty,
 And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
 By riches and unrighteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flatterce,
 Others through friends, others for base regard,
 And all by wrong waies for themselves prepaid
 Those that were up themselves kept others low,
 Those that were low themselves held others hard,
 Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
 What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
 And what she was that did so high aspyre?
 Him Mammon answered, "That goodly one,
 Whom all that folke with such contention
 Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:
 Honour and dignitie from her alone
 Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
 For which ye men doe strive: few gett, but many mis."

XLIX.

"And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
 But that this darksome neather world her light
 Doth duff with horror and deformity,
 Worthie of heven and hie felicitie,
 From whence the gods have her for envy thrust
 But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
 Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust;
 That she may thee advance for works and merits just."

"Giamercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
 For so great grace and high estate;
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Unworthy match for such immortal mate
 Myselfe well wote, and mine unequal state:
 And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,
 And love's vowd to other lady late,
 That to remove the same I have no might:
 To change love causelesse is reproch to warlike
 knight."

LI.

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath ;
 Yet forcung it to fayne him forth thence ledd,
 Through guesly shadowes by a beaten path,
 * Into a garden goodly garnished
 With heabs and fruts, whose kinds mote not be
 redd :
 Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
 Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
 But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloom,
 Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the dreiy toombe.

LII.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store,
 And trees of bitter gall, and heben sad,
 Dead sleeping poppy, and black hellebore,
 Cold coluquintida, and tetia mad,
 Mortall samnitis, and cicuta bad,
 Which-with th' unust Atheniens made to dy
 Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
 Poured out his life, and last philosophy
 To the layre Critias his dearest belamy.

LIII.

The garden of Proserpina this hight :
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
 With a thick ayber goodly over-dight,
 In which she often usd froun open heat
 Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to enticat :
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
 Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold ;
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight
 Like ever saw, but the from hence were sold ;
 For those, which Hercules with conquest bold
 Got from great Atlas daughter, hence began,
 And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold ;
 And those, with which th' Euboean young man wan
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out-ran.

LV.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which Acontius got his lover trew,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
 Here eke that famous golden apple grow,
 The which amongst the gods false Ate threw ;
 For which th' Idaean ladies disagreed,
 Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
 And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
 That many noble Greeke and Troians made to bleed.

LVI.

The warlike elfe much wondred at this tree
 So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground ;
 And his broad braunches, laden with rich see,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great garden, compast with a mound ;
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did stoepe
 In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round ;
 That is the river of Cocythus deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlessse wayle and
 weepe.

LVII.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
 And looking downe saw many damned wightes
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke
 Plonged continually of cruell spightes,
 That with their piteous eyes and yelling slighthes
 They made the further shore resounden wide :
 Amongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
 One cursd creature he by chaunce espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe under the garden side.

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the upinost chin,
 Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquour which he waded in ;
 And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the buncke ;
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from
 mouth
 Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke ;
 The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth
 He daily dyde, yet never througly dyen couth.

LIX.

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine
 Askt, who he was, and what he meant thereby ?
 Who groning deepe thus answered him againe ;
 “ Most cursd of all creatures under skye,
 Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lye,
 Of whom high Iove wont whylome feasted bee ;
 Lo here I now for want of food doe dye :
 But if that thou be such as I thee see,
 Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drinke to mee.”

LX.

“ Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,” quoth he,
 “ Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
 And unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensample be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present state.”
 Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate ;
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As author of iniustice, there to let him dye.

• LXI.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
 Within the river, which the same did hyde :
 But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And saynd to wash themselves incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye :
 So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

LXII.

The knight him calling asked, who he was ?
 Who lifting up his head him answerd thus ;
 “ I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas !
 And most uniuist, that by unrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous,
 Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
 And did acquite a murderer felonous ;
 The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
 The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity.”

LXIII.

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told :
 Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold ;
 But roughly him bespake ; “ Thou fearefull foole.
 Why takest not of that same fruite of gold ?
 Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole
 To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole ?”

LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall
 In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt ;
 To which if he inclined had at all,
 That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt.
 Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt.
 But he was wary wise in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safety to betray :
 So goodly did beguile the guylor of his pray.

LXV.

And now he was so long remained theare,
 That vitall powres gan waxe both weake and wan
 For want of food and sleepe, which two upheare,
 Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
 That none without the same enduren can :
 For now three dayes of men were full out-wrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began :
 Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
 Into the world to gyde him backe, as he him brought.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was constraynd t^e obey ;
I or lenger time then that no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay :
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sicke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in snowe, is by
 Accites soules despoild,
 Whom A thure soonc hath askewd,
 And paynim brethieu toyld

I.

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is: else much more wretched were the case
 Of men then beasts: but o th' exceeding grace
 Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked toe.

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want?
 How oft do they with golden pigeons cleave
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant?
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love and nothing for reward:
 O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
 In Mammons house, the palmer, whom whyleare
 That wantou mayd of passage had denide,
 By further search had passage found elsewhere;
 And being on his way, approached neare
 Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddainly
 He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
 "Come hether, hether o come hastily."
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.

The palmer lent his ear unto the noyce,
 To weet who called so importunely:
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
 That bad him come in haste: he by and by
 His feeble feet directed to the cry;
 Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
 Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury:
 There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
 In senceles dreame; which sight at first him sore

V.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
 Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
 Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
 And flourish faire above his equall pearcs:
 His snowy front curled with golden heares,
 Like Phoebus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
 • Divinely shbne; and two sharpe winged sheares
 Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
 Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idacæan hill,
 When having laid his cruell bow away
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody pray,
 With his faire mother he him dighte to play,
 And with his goodly sisters, Graces three :
 The goddesse. pleased with his wanton play,
 Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
 The whiles the other ladies mind they merry glee.

VII.

Whom when the palmer saw, abasht he was
 Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
 Till him the childe bespoke, " Long lackt, alas !
 Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
 Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
 Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire,
 But dread of death and dolor doe away ;
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,
 And he that breathlesse seems shall corage bold
 respire.

VIII.

" The charge, which God doth unto me arett,
 Of his deare safety, I to thee commend ;
 Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
 The care thereof myselfe unto the end,
 But evermore him succour and defend
 Against his foe and mine ; watch thou, I pray ;
 For evill is at hand him to offend."
 So having said, cftsoones he gan display
 His painted nimble wings, and vantsht quite away.

IX.

The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
 And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
 Woxe sore afraid, and standing still a space
 Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight ;
 At last, hū turning to his charge beight,
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try ;
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
 He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
 As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
 Two paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
 And them beside an aged sire did trace ;
 And far before a light-foote page did flie,
 That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
 Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
 Who meeting earst with Archimago slic
 Foreby that idle strond, of him were told
 That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon bold.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
 Where-ever that on ground they mote him find ;
 False Archimago provokt their corage prowde,
 And stryfe-ful Atin in their stubborne mind
 Coles of contention and whot vengeance tind.
 Now bene they come whereas the palmer sate,
 Keeping that slombred corse to him assind ;
 • Well knew they both his person, sith of late
 With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

XII.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
 That sire he fowl bespake; "Thou dotard vile,
 That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
 Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
 Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile
 Made itselfe famous through false trechery,
 And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
 Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
 To proove he lived il, that did thus fowly dye."

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearelesse answered,
 "Certes, sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
 Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
 And with fowle cowardize his carcass^ushame,
 Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
 Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,
 And envy base to baite at sleeping fame.
 Was never wight that treason of him told; [bold."
 Yourselfe his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers and

XIV.

Then sayd Cymochles, "Palmer, thou doest dote,
 Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
 Save as thou seest or hearst: but well I wote,
 That of his puissaunce tryall made extreme:
 Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
 Ne al good knights that shake well speare and shield:
 The worth of all men by their end esteeme;
 And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield:
 Had therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on field."

XV.

" Good or bad," gan his brother fieres reply,
 " What do I recke, sith that he dide entire ?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
 The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
 Sith wratfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
 Yet since no way is leste to wreake my spight,
 I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
 And of that shield, more worthy of good knight :
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?"

XVI.

" Fayr sir," said then the palmer suppliant,
 " For knightoods love doe not so fowle a deed,
 Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
 Of vile revenge : to spoile the dead of weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed :
 But leave these relicks of his living might
 'To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed."
 " What herce or steed," said he, " should he have
 dight,
 But be entombd in the raven or the kight?"

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
 And th' other brother gan his helme unlace ;
 Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid :
 Till that they spyde where towards them did paece
 An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
 Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
 And coverd shield : well kend him so far space
 Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce ;

xviii.

And to those brethren sayd, " Rise. rise by live,
 And unto batted doe yourselves addresse ;
 For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
 Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and noblesse,
 That hath to paynim knights wrought gret distresse,
 And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye."
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
 That both eftsoones upstarte furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

xix.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And Archmage besought him that afford
 Which he had brought for Braggadocchio vaine.
 " So would I," said th' enchaunter, " glad and
 faine
 Eeteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that els your libnour might maintaine ;
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend
 To be contrary to the worke which ye intend.

xx.

" For that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
 Which Merlin made by his almightie art
 For that his nursling, when he knighthood swore,
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
 The metall first he mixt with medaewart,
 That no enchauntment from his dint might save ;
 Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
 And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
 Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI.

“ The vertue is, that nether steel nor stone
 The stroke thereof from entiaunce may defend ;
 Ne ever may be used by his fone,
 Ne forst his rightful owner to offend,
 Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend :
 Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.
 In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
 The same to thee, against his lord to fight ;
 For sure yt would deceiue thy labour and thy might.”

XXII.

“ Foolish old man,” said then the pagan wroth,
 “ That weenest words or charms may force with-
 stond :
 Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
 That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
 His lords owne flesh.” Therewith out of his hond
 That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away ;
 And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond :
 So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

XXIII.

By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salued them ; who nought againe
 Him answered, as courtesie became ;
 But with sterne lookes and stomachous disdain
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine :
 Then turning to the palmer he gan spy
 Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXIV.

Sayd he then to the palmer, "Reverend syre,
 What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
 Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
 Or did he fall by treason or by fight?
 However, sure I rew his pitteous plight."
 "Not one, nor other," sayd the palmer grave,
 "Hath him befallne; but cloudes of deadly night
 Awhile his heavy cylids covered have,
 And all his seuces drowned in deep sencelesse wave:

XXV.

"Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
 Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
 Would him disarm and treaten shamefully;
 (Unworthise usage of redoubted knight.)
 But you, faire sir, whose honourable sight
 Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
 And by your powre protect his feeble case?
 First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to de
 face."

XXVI.

"Palmer," said he, "no knight so rude, I weene,
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
 No was there ever noble corage scene,
 That in advantage would his puissaunce best:
 Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
 May bee, that better reason will aswage
 The rash revengers heat. Words well dispost
 Have secrete powre t'appease inflamed rage:
 Not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage."

xxvii.

Tho turning to those brethren thus bespoke,
 " Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
 It seemes, iust wronges to vengeaunce doe pro-
 voke,
 To wreak your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
 Mote ought allay the storme of your de-pight,
 And settle patience in so furious heat ?
 Not to debate the challenge of your right,
 But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
 Whom tortune hath already laid in lowest seat."

xxviii.

To whom Cymochles said, " For what art thou,
 That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 The vengeaunce prest ? or who shall let me now
 On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
 And make his carkas as the outcast dong ?
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
 The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long.
 His life for dew revenge should deate aby'e ?
 The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye."

xxix.

" Indeed," then said the prince, " the evill donne
 Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave :
 But from the grandsyre to the nephewes sonne,
 And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
 'Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave :
 So streightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
 That doth against the dead his hand upreate,
 His honour staines with rancour and despight,
 And great disparagment makes to his former night."

XXX.

Pyiochles gan reply the second tyme,
 And to him said " Now felon sure I read,
 How that thou art partaker of his cryme .
 Therefore by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead."
 With that, his hand, more sad than lomp of lead,
 Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure
 (His owne goodsword Morddure) to cleave his head.
 The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
 But swaying from the marke his lordes life did assure

XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
 That horse and man it made to reele asyde .
 Not'lesse the prince would not forsake his self;
 (For well of vore he learned had to ryde)
 But full of anger firstly to him cryde ,
 " I false traitour, miscreant, thou broken hast
 The law of armes, to strike me undefide
 But thouthy treasons hurt, I hope, shalt taste [defast."
 Right sowre, and fele the law, the which thou hast

XXXII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
 Against the pagans brest, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodg have rent :
 But ere the point arrived where it ought,
 That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon brought,
 He cast between to ward the bitter stowd.
 Through all those foldes the steele-head passage
 wrought,
 And through his shoulder perst; wherwith to ground
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
 And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
 And fowly saide, " By Mahoune, cursed thiefe,
 That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."
 Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
 Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
 That from his saddle forced him to fly :
 Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
 Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossess.

XXXIV.

Now was the prince in dangerous distresse,
 Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight :
 His single speare could doe him small redresse
 Against two foes of so exceeding might,
 The least of which was match for any knight.
 And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
 Had reard him-elfe againe to cruel fight,
 Three times more furious and more puissaunt,
 Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

XXXV.

So both attonce him charge on either syde
 With hideous strokes and importable powre,
 That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre :
 For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaille,
 Ne backward shrinke ; but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double buttry doth assaile,
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought
 availe.

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay ;
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
 His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did glyde
 He, swaiving with the force, within his flesh
 Did breake the lance, and let the head abyde .
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
 Cursing his gods, and himselfe dauning deepe
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, " Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,
 That twice hath spedd ; yet shall it not thee keepe
 From the third brunt of this my fatall bond :
 Lo where the dreadfull death behynd thy backe doth
 stand."

XXXVIII.

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke would all
 That nothing seemd mote beare so mortuous melle
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte .
 But th' other did upon his trouchcon smyte ;
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which dividing with importune sway,
 It seized in his right side, and there the dint did stay .

XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
 Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously ;
 That when the paynym spyde the streaming blood,
 Gave him great hart and hope of victory.
 On th' other side in huge perplexity
 The prince now stood, having his weapon broke ;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly :
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
 Cymochles wise, that wise him forst his foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught, [blesse,
 And said, " Fayre sonne, great God thy right hand
 To use that sword so well as he it ought."
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
 Whenas againe he armed felt his hond :
 Then like a lyon, which had long time saught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood
 and yond.

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes :
 Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told ;
 Est to Cymochles wise so many fold ;
 Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond ;
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both
 withstond.

XLII.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,
 That all the forest quakes to hear him rore :
 So rag'd prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
 (Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
 Whereon the faery queenes poutract was writt)
 His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore ;
 Which oft the paynim sav'd from deadly stowre :
 But him henceforth the same can save no more ;
 For now arrived is his fatall howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with gultie shame
 And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approach,
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame ;
 And on the haubergh stroke the prince so sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more ;
 Yet made him wise to reele, that never moov'd
 afore.

XLV.

Whereat renferst with wrath and sharp regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
 That it empierst the pagans burganet ;
 And cleaving the hard steele did deepe invade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made [ground,
 Quite through his brayne : he tombling downe on
 Breath'd out his ghost, which to th' infernall shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

XLVI.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
 Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd ;
 Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare :
 But as a man, whom hellish feendes have frayd,
 Long trembling still he stode : at last thus sayd,
 " Traytour, what hast thou doen ? how ever may
 Thy cursed band so cruelly have swayd
 Against that knight ? harrow and well away !
 After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day ?"

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
 And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his owne swerd he fierce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and foyned, and lasht outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The prince with pacience and sufferance sly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew :
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan
 renew.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hyc,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The clowdes, as things atrayd, before him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shewe,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:
 So did prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle night.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
 How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 He slong it from him, and devoyd of dreed
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to overthrow and downe him tied;
 But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did under him down
 cast.

L.

Nought booted it the paynim then to strive:
 For as a bittur in the eagles clawe,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw:
 So he now subject to the victours law
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;
 Is one that loathed life, and yet despyd to dye.

L I.

But full of princely bounty and great mind
 The conqueror nought cared him to slay ;
 But casting wronges and all revenge behind,
 More glory thought to give life then decay,
 And sayd, " Paynim, this is thy dismall day ;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
 And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
 And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sovenaunce."

L II.

" Foole," sayd the pagan, " I thy gift defye ;
 But use thy fortune as it doth befall ;
 And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
 But in despight of life for death doe call."
 Wroth was the prince, and sory yet withall,
 That he so wilfully refused grace ;
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place,

L III.

By this sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
 (Life having maýstered her sencelesse foe)
 And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe :
 But when the palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
 And saide, " Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
 I long have lakt, I ioy thy face to vew ;
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

LIV.

“ But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield & the palmes, glad
 With so fresh new uprising him to see,
 Him answered, “ I ayre sonne, be no whit sad
 For want of weapons, they shall soe be had.”
 So gan he to discoure the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him su tined had,
 And those two Strazins confounded late,
 Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens there,
 His hart with great affection was embred,
 And to the prince bowing with reverence dew,
 As to the patron of his life, thus sayd,
 “ My lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 I live this day, and see my foes subdued,
 What may suffice to be for meede repyd
 Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
 But to be ever bound?”

LVI.

To whom the infant thus, “ I ayre son, what need
 Good tuines be counted, as a servile bond,
 To bind their doores to receive their meed?
 Are not all knightes by oath bound to withtend
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
 Suffise that I have done my dew in place.”
 So goodly purpose they together found
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace.
 The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

CANTO IX.

The house of temperance, in which
 Doth sober Alma dwell,
 Beset of many foes, whom straung-
 er knightes to fight compell.

I.

(O) all Gods workes, which doe this worlde adorne,
 There one more faire and excellent,
 Then is man's body both for powre and forme,
 Whiles it is kept in sober government;
 But none then it more fowle and indecent,
 Distempred through misrule and passions bace;
 It grows a monster, and incontinent
 Doth lose his dignity and native grace.
 Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II.

After the paynim brethren conquer'd were,
 The Briton prince recov'ring his stoln sword,
 And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
 Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
 Till him the prince with gentle court did bord;
 "Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
 To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
 Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
 Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance dead."

III.

“Fayre sir,” sayd he, “if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
 What mote yo weene, if the trew hvelyhead
 Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
 But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
 (That is her bounty and imperiall powre,
 Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew)
 O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
 And infinite desire into your sprite poure!

IV.

“She is the mighty queene of faery,
 Whose faire retraitt I in my shield doe beare;
 Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,
 Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
 My life, my liege, my soveraine, my deare,
 Whose gloiy shineth as the morning starre,
 And with her light the earth enlumineth cleare;
 Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
 As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.”

V.

“Thrise happy man,” said then the Briton knight,
 “Whom gracious lott and thy great valaunce
 Have made thee soldier of that princessse bight,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance
 Doth blesse her seruaunts, and them high aduaunce.
 How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
 By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
 Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire.”

VI.

Said Guyon, " Noble lord, what meed so great,
 Or grace of earthly prince so soveraine,
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
 Ye well may hope, and easely attaine ?
 But were your will her sold to entertaine,
 And numbred be mongst knights of maydenhed,
 Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
 And in her favor high bee reckoned,
 As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

VII.

" Certes," then said the prince, " I God avow,
 That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
 My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
 To serve that queene with al my powre and might.
 Now hath the sunne with his lamp-burning light
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
 Sith of that goddesse I have sought the sight,
 Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
 Heaven doth to me envy and fortune favourlesse."

VIII.

" Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
 " Seldom," said Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
 But you, faire sir, be not herewith dismayd,
 But constant keepe the way in which ye stand ;
 Which were it not that I am els delaid
 With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
 I labour would to guide you through al fary land."

IX.

"Gramercy sir," said he, "but mote I weete
 What straunge adventure doe ye now pursue,
 Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew."
 Then gan sir Guyon all the story shew
 Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles;
 Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
 From faery court. So talked they, the whiles
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

X.

And now faire Phocbus gan decline in haste
 His weary wagon to the westerne vale,
 Wheras they spide a goodly castle, plaste
 Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale;
 Which choosing for the evenings hospitale,
 They thether maicht. but when they came in sight,
 And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
 Was to them doen, then entraunce to forstall;
 Till that the squire gan nigher to approach,
 And wind his horne under the castle wall,
 That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall.
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
 The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call
 To weete what they so rudely did require:
 Who gently answered, they entraunce did desire.

XII.

“Fly fly, good knights,” said he, “fly fast away,
 If that you lives ye love, as meete ye should.
 Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay,
 Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would
 We would and would againe, if that we could
 But thousand enemies about us rave,
 And with long siege us in this castle hould:
 Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
 And many good knights slaine, that have us sought
 to save.”

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry
 A thousand villeins round about them swarmed
 Out of the rockes and caves adioyning byc,
 Vile captive wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
 All threatning death, all in straunge manner armed,
 Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
 Some rusty knives, some staves in fier wound.
 Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,
 Staring with hollow cies, and stiff upstanding heares

XIV.

Fierisly at first those knights they did assaile,
 And drove them to recoile but when againe
 They gave fresh charge, then forces gan to fayle,
 Unhable then encounter to susteine,
 For with such puiasaunce and impetuous maine
 Those champions broke on them, that foist them fly,
 Like scattered sheepe, wheras the shepherds swaine
 A lion and a tigre doth espye
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nyce.

XV.

Awhile they fled, but soone retournd againe
 With greater fury then before was found ;
 And evermore their cruell captaine
 Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose, them rownd,
 And overronne to tread them to the grownd :
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning blades
 Broke their rude troupes and orders did confownd,
 Hewing and slashing at their idle shades ;
 For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from
 them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
 Their mumming small tromperts sownden wide,
 Whiles in the aire their clusting army flies,
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies :
 Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
 For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
 Till the fierce northerne wind with blustering blast
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Unto the castle-gate they come againe,
 And ontraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
 Now, when report of that their perlous paine,
 And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,
 Came to the ladies care which there did dwell,
 Shee forth isscued with a goodly traine
 Of squires and ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
 That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage ;
 Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
 And many a lord of noble parentage,
 That sought with her to lincke in marriage :
 I'or shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age ;
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That even heven reioyced her sweete face to see.

XIX.

In robe of lilly white she was arrayd,
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught ;
 The traige whereof loose far behind her strayd,
 Braunched with gold and perle, most richly wrought,
 And borne of two faire damself, which were taught
 That service well: her yellow golden heare
 Was trunly woven and in tresses wrought,
 No other tire she on her heud did weare,
 But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiers.

XX.

Goodly shee entertaint those noble knights,
 And brought them up into her castle-hall ;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginnall,
 Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
 There when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of favour speciall
 Of that faire castle to afford them vew :
 Shee graunted, and them leading forth the same did
 shew.

XXI.

First she them led up to the castle-wall,
 That was so high as foe might not it clime,
 And all so faire and sensible withall ;
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that Aegyptian slime,
 Whereof king Nine whilome built Babel towre :
 But o great pittie ! that ne lenger time
 So goodly workmanship should not endure :
 Soone it must turne to earth ; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII.

The frame thereof seemd partly circularc,
 And part triangulare ; o worke divine !
 Those two the first and last proportiōs are ;
 The one imperfect, mortall, foeminine,
 Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine ;
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportiond equally by seven and nine ;
 Nine was the circle sett in heavens place :
 All which compacted made a goodly diapasc.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well ;
 The one before, by which all in did pas,
 Did th' other far in workmanship excell ;
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was ;
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
 And when it opened, no man might it close ;
 Still opened to their friendes, and closed to their
 foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
 (Stone more of valew and more smooth and fine
 Then sett or marble far from Ireland brought)
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine :
 And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
 Which to the gate directly did incline
 With comely compasse and compacture strong,
 Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward ;
 Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
 But in good order and with dew regard ;
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debarde,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme :
 His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard
 When cause requyrd, but never out of time ;
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI.

And rownd about the porch on every syde
 Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde :
 'Tall yeomen seemed they und of great might,
 And were enraunged ready still for fight.
 By them as Alma passed with her guestes,
 They did obeysaunce, as besecmed right,
 And then againe retourned to their restes :
 'The porter cke to her did lout with humble gestes.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
 Wherein were many tables fayre dispied,
 And ready dight with diapets festivall,
 Against the viaundes should be ministred.
 At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged ;
 He steward was, hight Diet, rype of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

XXVIII.

And through the hall therè walked to and fro
 A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,
 Whose name was Appetite ; he did bestow
 Both gwestes and meate, whenever in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the steward badd. They both attone
 Did dewty to their lady, as became ;
 Who passing by, forth ledd her gwestes anone
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

XXIX.

It was a vauit ybuilt for great dispence,
 With many raunges reard along the wall,
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
 The smoke forth threw : and in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall
 Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
 More whott then Actn', or flaming Mongiball :
 For day aud night it brent, ne ceased not,
 So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

xxx.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
 It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,
 There added was by goodly ordinaunce
 An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
 About the caudron many cookes accoyld
 With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre ;
 The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyld,
 They did about their businesse sweat and sorely toyld.

xxxI.

The maister cooke was calld Concoction ;
 A carefull man and full of comely gyuse :
 The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
 Did order all th' achates in seemely wise,
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.
 The rest had severall offices assynd ;
 Some to remove the scum as it did rise ;
 Others to beare the same away did mynd,
 And others it to use according to his kynd.

xxxII.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
 Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
 They in another great rownd vessell plaste,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought ;
 And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
 Was close convoid, and to the back-gate brought,
 That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
 Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
 And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill ;
 For never had they scene so straunge a sight.
 Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
 And soone into a goodly parlour brought,
 That was with royall arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought ;
 Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought :

XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
 A lovely bevy of faire ladies sate,
 Courted of many a iolly paramoure,
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And eachone sought his lady to aggrate :
 And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
 His wanton sportes, being retourned late
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
 His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

XXXV.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please ;
 Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
 Some plaid with strawes, some ydly satt at ease ;
 But other some could not abide to toy,
 All pleasaunce was to them grieffe and annoy :
 This fround, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
 Another seemed envious, or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush :
 But at these straungers presence every one did lush.

XXXVI.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
 They all attonce out of their seats arose,
 And to her homage made with humble grace :
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
 Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose :
 The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
 That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
 But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
 As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle
 spright.

XXXVII.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
 Was fretted all about, she was arayd ;
 And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold :
 To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd,
 “ Gentle madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
 And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill ?
 Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd ?
 Or doen your love, or doen you lack your will ?
 Whatever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.”

XXXVIII.

“ Fayre sir,” said she, halfe in disdainful wise,
 “ How is it that this word in me ye blame,
 And in yourselfe doe not the same advise ?
 Him ill beseemes anothers fault to name,
 That may unwares be blotted with the same :
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame ;
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd, [her find.”
 That have twelve months sought one, yet no where can

XXXIX.

The prince was inly moved at her speech,
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly told ;
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the
 breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold :
 Tho turning soft aside he did inqyre
 What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold :
 It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL.

The whiles the faery knight did entertaine
 Another damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew :
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight :
 Upon her fist the bird, which shoneth vew
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
 Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
 Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anon with rosy red
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheeckes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yvory,
 Which cunning craftesman hand had overlayd
 With fayre vermilion or pure castory.
 Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently said ;

- XLII.

"Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
 That either me too bold ye weene, thus wise
 You to molest, or other ill to feare,
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse :
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray ;
 But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
 I will, if please you it discure, assay
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

XLIII.

She answered nought, but more abasht for shame
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the wrong passion mard her modest grace,
 That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth case ;
 Till Alma him bespake, " Why wonder yee,
 Faire sir, at that which ye so much embrace ?
 She is the fountaine of your modestee ;
 You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itselfe is
 shee."

XLIV.

Thereat the elfe did blush in privitee,
 And tuind his face away ; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
 Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
 Till that great lady thence away them sought
 To vew her castles other wondrous framc :
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of alablaster wrought.

XLV.

That turret frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compass'd around,
 And doted high above this earthly masse,
 Which it surweyd, as hi's down lower ground
 But not on ground more like to this be found,
 Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built
 In Thebes, which Alexander did conound,
 Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly girt
 On which young Hector's blood by cruell Greeks
 was spilt.

XLVI.

Th' one turret was reach'd on euery side,
 And deckt with flowers and'nt' abundantly,
 Two goodly beacons, set in water's steed,
 To shew the light and floure continually.
 For they of living fire most subtilly
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids devis'd of sun can'ably,
 That readily they shut and open might
 O who can tell the prayes of that towres might!

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stiv to tell
 This part-great workmanship and wondrous powre,
 That fill this other worldes worke doth excell
 And lift it unto that heavenly towre
 In it God hath built for his owne blessed bowre,
 Ineem were divers towmes, and divers stages,
 But thise the chietest and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

XLVIII.

Not he, whom Greece (the nource of all good arts)
 By Phoebus' doctrine the wisest thought alive,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
 Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
 By whose advise old Priams' cittie fell,
 With these in praise of policie mote strive.
 These three in these three rowines did sondry dwell,
 And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come fore-see;
 The next could of things present best advise;
 The third things past could keep in memorie:
 So that no time nor reason could arise,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 Forthby the first did in the fore-part sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke perceiue;
 He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
 That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

His chamber was dispatched all within
 With sondry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapcs of things dispersed thin;
 Some such as in the world were never yet,
 Ne can devyde be of mortall wit,
 Some daily seen and knowen by their names,
 Such as make fantasies do flit,
 Infernall hags, Centaurs, fecendes, Hippodames,
 And hypos, neiges, onies, foolcs, tovers, children, dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
 That they encombred all mens cares and eyes;
 Like many swarmes of bees assembled round,
 After their hives with honny do abound.
 All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
 Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
 And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales and lies.

LII.

Amongst them all sate he which woumed there,
 That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
 A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote appere,
 Of swarth complexion and of crabbed hew,
 That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd; one by his yew
 Note deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
 When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of agonyes.

LIII.

Whom Alma having shewed to her gwestes, [wals
 Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose
 Were painted faire with memorable gastes
 Of famous wisards, and with picturals
 Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
 Of lawes, of iudgementes, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all philosophy,
 And all that in the world was ay thought wittily:

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continuall practise and usage
 He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage:
 Great plesure had those straunger knightes to see
 His goodly réason and grave personage,
 That his disciples both desyrd to bee: [three.
 But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme of

L.V.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was removed far behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they
 declind;
 And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompenst them with a better scorse:
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

L.VI.

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still as they did pas,
 Ne suffred them to perish through long old,
 As all things els the which this world doth weld;
 But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
 • Where they for ever incorruptd dweld:
 The warres he well remembered of king Nine,
 Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

LVII.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
 Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd ;
 For he remembered both their infancis :
 Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
 Of native strength now that he therof surviv'd :
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
 And old records from auncient times derivd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment
 scrolls,

That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end :
 But for he was unhable them to fetty
 A litte boy did on him still attend
 To reach, whenever he for ought did send ;
 And oft when thinges were lost or laid amis,
 That boy them sought and unto him did lend .
 Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is ;
 And that old man Eunnestes, by their properties.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,
 And wondred at his endlessse exercise.
 Then as they gan his library to vew,
 And antique registers for to avise,
 There chaunced to the princes hand to rize
 An auncient booke hight Briton monuments,
 That of this lands first conquest did devise,
 And old division into regiments,
 Till it reduced was to oue mans governements.

LX.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight Antiquitee of faery lond :
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of elves and furies there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond.
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire
Their countreys auncestry to understand,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire
To read those bookes ; who gladly graunted their
desire.

CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings
 From Brute to Uthers raynes,
 And rolls of elfin emperours,
 Till time of Gloriane.

WHO now shall give unto me words and sound
 Equall unto this haughty enterprise?
 Or who shall lend me wings, with which from
 ground
 My lowly verse may loftily arise,
 And lift itselfe unto the highest skyes?
 More ample spirit then hetherto was wount
 Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestryes
 Of my most dreaded soveraigne I recount,
 By which all earthly princes she doth far surmount.

II.

Ne under sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
 Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
 Lives ought that to her lineage may compaire;
 Which though from earth it be derived right,
 Yet doth itselfe stretch forth to heavens hight,
 And all the world with wonder overspred:
 A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
 How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
 Conceive such soveraigne glory and great bountyhed?

III.

Argument worthy of Maconian quill,
 Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
 Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
 And triumphes of Phlegraean Iove he wrote,
 That all the gods admir'd his lofty note.
 But if some relish of that heavenly lay
 His learned daughters would to me report,
 To decke my song withall, I would assay
 Thy name, o soveraine queene, to blazon far away.

IV.

Thy name, o soveraine queene, thy realme and race,
 From this renowned prince derived arre,
 Who mightily upheld that royall mace,
 Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
 From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
 Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
 Whose noble deeds above the northern starre
 Immortall fame for ever hath enrolld ;
 As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

V.

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
 And therein have their mighty empire rayisd,
 In antique times was salvage wilderness,
 Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprovd, unpraysd ;
 Ne was it island then, ne was it payisd
 Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
 Of merchants farre for profits therein praysd ;
 But was all desolate, and of some thought
 By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land
 brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
 'Till that the venturous mariner that way
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
 Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay,
 Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
 For safety that same his sea-marke made,
 And nam'd it Albion: but later day
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
 Gan more the same frequent and further to invade.

VII.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
 Of hideous gaunts and halfe-beastly men,
 That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;
 But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,
 And flying fast as roebucke through the fen,
 All naked without shame or care of cold,
 By hunting and by spoiling lived then,
 Of stature huge and eke of courage bold;
 That sonnes of men amazd their sternesse to behold.

VIII.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
 Uncath is to assue; uncath to wene
 That monstrous error which doth some assott,
 That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene
 Into this land by chance have driven bene;
 Where companing with feends and filthy sprights
 Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
 They brought forth gaunts and such dreadful
 wights,
 As far exceeded men in their immeasurd might:

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
 Polluted this same gentle soyle long time ;
 That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
 And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
 All were they borne of her owne native slime :
 Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
 From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,
 Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,
 And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

X.

But ere he had established his throne,
 And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
 He fought great battails with his salvage fone ;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many giaunts left on groning flore :
 That well can witnes yet unto this day
 The westerne Hogh, besprinckled with the gore
 Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray
 Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renownd
 For the large leape which Debon did compell
 Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd ;
 Into the which retourn'ng backe he fell :
 But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,
 Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
 (Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,)
 Great Godmer threw in fierce contention
 At bold Canutus ; but of him was slaine anon.

XII.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
 Corineus had that province utmost west
 To him assigned for his worthy lott,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called Cornwaile, yet so called best :
 And Debons shayre was that is Devonshyre :
 But Canute had his portion from the rest,
 The which he cald Canutium for his hyre ;
 Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inqyre.

XIII.

Thus Brute this realme unto his rñle subdewd,
 And raigned long in great felicity,
 Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd :
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy ;
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
 And Locrine left chiefe lord of Britany.
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the souveraine lord of all ;
 But Albanact had all the northerne part,
 Which of himselfe Albania he did call ;
 And Camber did possesse the westerne quart,
 Which Severne now from Logris doth depart :
 And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
 That once their quiet government annoyd ;
 But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

xv.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,
And corage fierce, that all men did asfray, [part,
Which through the world then swarmd in every
And overflowd all countries far away,
Like Noyes great flood, with their importune sway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the north display :
Untill that Loctrine for his realmes defence,
Did head against them make and strong munificence.

xvi.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the river that whylome was hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,
(Their chiefetain Humber named was aright)
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

xvii.

The king retourned proud of victory,
And insolent wox through unwonted case,
That shortly he forgot the icopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease :
He lov'd faire lady Estrild, leudly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful.
prov'd.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of Coineus

Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
 But gathering force and corage valious
 Encountred him in battell well ordaind,
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constrained :
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke,
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind ;
 Als his faire leman, flying through a brooke,
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteous
 looke.

XIX.

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare
 Begotten by her kingly paramoure,
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, far from all succoure ;
 The one she slew in that impatient stoure,
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
 Which of her name now Severne men do call :
 Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

XX.

Then (for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
 Madan was young, unmeet to rule the sway)
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper years he raught and stronger stay :
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme (the glory of her sex)
 And first taught men a woman to obey :
 But when her sonne to mans estate did vex,
 She it surrendred, ne herselfe would lenger vex.

XXI.

The Madan raignd, unworthie of his race ;
 For with all shame that sacred throne he filld :
 Next Memprisc, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being consorted with Manild,
 For thirs^e of single kingdom him he kild :
 But Ebranck salved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
 In Henault, where yet of his victories
 Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny :
 For all so many weeke, as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply ;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
 Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre :
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight ; but in the end their syre
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre.

XXIII.

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second Brute, (the second both in name,
 And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great)
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame :
 He with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered ;
 Since which with sondrie spoiles she hath been ransack'd.

XXIV.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
 And let the marsh of Isthambuges tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twist Elversham and Dell,
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
 The greene-shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
 That not south gauridh it mote seeme to be,
 But rather y south gogh, signe of sad crueltee.

XXV.

His sonne king Leill by fathers labour long
 Enioyd an heritage of lusting peace,
 And built Caulell, and built Cairleon strong.
 Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
 But taught the land from wearie wars to cease:
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
 Exceld at Athens all the learned preace, [parts,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubboine harts.

XXVI.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boiling bathes at Cairbadon,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick brinston,
 Nourish the flames which they are warnd upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreyne nation:
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief
 fell.

XXVII.

Next him king Locr in happie peace long raynd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well uptrained
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed:
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To have divided: tho when feeble age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage.

XXVIII.

The eldest Honorill gan to protest,
 That she much more then her owne life him lov'd;
 And Regan greater love to him protest
 Then all the world, whenever it were prov'd;
 But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behov'd:
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre
 To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce mov'd,
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
 But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did
 shayre.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Muglan king of Scottes,
 And th' other to the king of Cambria
 And twixt them shayrd his realm by equall lottes;
 But without dowre the wise Cordelia,
 Was sent to Aganip of Celtica:
 Their aged syre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A private life ledd in Albania
 With Honorill, long had in great renowne, [downe.
 That nought him griev'd to beene from rule deposed

XXX.

But true it is that when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away ;
 So when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
 And wearie wax of his continuall stay :
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
 Who him at first well used every way ;
 But when of his departure she despayrd,
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

XXXI.

The wretched man gan then advise too late,
 That love is not where most it is profest ;
 Too truely trydo in his extremest state :
 At last resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
 He to Cordelia himselfe address,
 Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
 As for her syre and king her seemed best ;
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,
 To war on those which him had of his realme
 bereav'd. " "

XXXII.

So to his crowne she him restord againe,
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by 'eld,
 And after wild it should to her remaine :
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held :
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
 Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
 And overcommen kept in prison long,
 Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

XXXIII.

Then gan the bloody biethen both to raine
 But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
 His brother Morgan, pickt with proud disdain
 To have a piete in part of soverainty ;
 And kindling coles of cruell enmitie,
 Raisd warre, and him in battell overthrowe :
 Whence as he to those woody hills did fly,
 Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none other had

XXXIV

His sonne Rival had downe till a ply,
 In whose all time blood did flow heavenly
 Next that Augustus, then the Cucke
 In constant peace their kingdomes did containe
 After whom Iago, and Kinanke did raigne,
 And Garbogud, till ten yeeres he grew ;
 When his ambitious sonnes unto them trayne
 Aright the rule, and from their father drew,
 Stout Correx and sterne Poirex him in prison threw

XXXV.

But of the greedy thirst of soyl crowne,
 That knowes no kinred nor regards no right,
 Stood Poirex up to put his brother downe,
 Who unto him assembling foraigne might
 Made waire on him, and fell himselfe in fight :
 Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse
 (Most merciless of women, Wyden hight)
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppress,
 And with most cruell hand him murdered pittilesse.

XXXVI.

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
 Which had seven hundred years this scepter borne
 With high renowne and greet felicity:
 The noble braunch from th' antique stocke was torne
 Through discord, and the roiall throne foilorne.
 Thenceforth this realme was into factions rent,
 Whilost each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
 That in the end was left no monument
 Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

XXXVII.

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high assayres,
 Who sturd with pittie of the stressed plight
 Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres [hayres,
 By such, as claymd themselves Brutes rightfull
 Gathered the princes of the people loose
 To taken counsell of their common cares;
 Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did choose
 Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

XXXVIII.

Then made he head against his enimies,
 And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
 Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,
 This of Albany newly nominate,
 And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
 He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
 Whose countries he redu-'d to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many made through vari-
 aunce.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were unto him reveald in vision ;
 By which he freed the travelers high-way,
 The churches part, and ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth and strong extortion ;
 The gracious Numa of great Britany :
 For till his dayes the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without pollicy :
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

XL.

Donwallo dyde (for what may live for ay ?)
 And left two sonnes of pearcesse prowesse both,
 That sacked Rome too dearly did assay,
 The recompence of their periured oth,
 And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were
 wroth ;
 Besides subiected France and Germany,
 Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

XLI.

Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus yonne,
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise ;
 He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers daies :
 He also gave to fugitives of Spayne
 • (Whom he at sea-found wandring from their waies)
 A scate in Ireland safely to remayne,
 Which they should hold of him as subiect to Britayne.

XII.

After him reigned Guitheline his hayre,
 (The iustest man and trestest in his daies)
 Who had to wife dame Mertia the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortall praise,
 Which for this realme found many goodly layes,
 And wholesome statutes to her husband brought :
 Her many deede to have beene of the Fayes,
 As was Aegene, that Niua taught ;
 Those yet of her be Meritan lawes both nam'd and
 thought.

XIII.

Her some Sifillus after her did rayne ;
 And then Kunarus, and then Danus :
 Next when Morindus did the crowne sustayne ;
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deedes, should'nt match'd have the best ;
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forreine Morands he exprest ;
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

XIV.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successively by turnes did rayne ;
 First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life :
 Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne
 Deposed was from principedome soverayne,
 And pitteous Kilduro put in his sted ;
 Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
 Till by his death he it recovered ;
 But Peridure and Ygent him dishonored :

XLV

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
 Till they out-raigned had their utmost date,
 And then their reioiced was againe,
 And ruled long with honorable state,
 Till he surrendered realme and life to fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these five beithen kynd
 By dew sucresse, and all their nephewes lite,
 Each thise eleven descents the crowne retynd,
 Till age and Hely by diu hunte it gynd.

XLVI.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
 Left of his life most famous memory,
 And endlessse monuments of his great good
 The ruin'd wals he did reedifye
 Of Troynouant, gaunst force of enemy.
 And built th at gate which of his name is hylit,
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aight,
 Androgus and Tenantius, pictures of his might

XLVII.

Whilst they wete young, Cassibalane their emc
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,
 Who on him tooke the royall diademe,
 And goodly well long time it gouerned,
 Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
 And warlike Caesar, tempted with the name
 Of this sweet island never conquered,
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,
 O hideous hunger of dominion!) hether came,

XLVIII

Yet twice they were repulsed backe againe,
 And wise reuolted backe to their ships to fly;
 The whales with blood they all the shore did staine,
 And the gray ocean into purple dy
 No had they footing found at last perdie,
 Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,
 And envious of uncles soveraintie,
 Betrayd his countie unto foraine spoule. [toyle.
 Nought els but treason from the first this land did

XLIX

So by him Caesar got the victory,
 Through great bloodshed and many sad assay,
 In which himselfe was charged heuily
 Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
 But lost his sword, yet to be scene this day.
 Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
 T'ambitious Rome, and did then rule obay,
 Till Arthur all that reckoning delayd
 set oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd

L

Next him Tenantius reigned, then Kimbelne,
 What time th' eternall Lord in fleshly time
 Enwomb'd was, from wretched Adams line
 To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
 O ioyous memorie of happy time,
 That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd!
 O too high ditty for my simple rime!
 Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd;
 For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

LI.

Good Claudius, that next was emperour,
 An army brought, and with him battelle fought,
 In which the king was by a treachetour
 Disguised slaine, ere any therof thought:
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
 For Auirage his brothers place supplyde
 Both in his armes and crowne, and by that draught
 Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
 That they to peace needed. So all was pacifyde.

LII.

Was never king more highly magnifide,
 Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Auirage;
 For which the empetour to him allide
 His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
 Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage
 Of Rome againe, who hether hastily sent
 Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
 Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
 Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

LIII.

He did; and him succeeded Marius,
 Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
 Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
 That first receiued Christianity,
 The sacred pledge of Christes evangely.
 Yet true it is, that long before that day,
 Hither came Ioseph of Arimathy,
 Who brought with him the holy grayle. (they say)
 And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay:

LIV

This good king shortly without issew did,
 Whereof great trouble in the kin-dome grew,
 That did her selfe in sondy parts divide,
 And with her powre her owne selfe overthrow,
 Whilst Romanes daily did the wake subdow
 Which seeing, stout Bundoça up arose,
 And taking armes the Britons to her drew,
 With whom she marched straight against her foes.
 And them unware, besides the Sevine did enclose

LV.

There she with them a cruell battail tyde,
 Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd,
 By reason that the captaines on her syde,
 Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd
 Yet such, as were througħ former flight preserv'd,
 Gathering againe, her host shee did renew,
 And with fresh courage on the victor serv'd.
 But being all defeated, save a few,
 Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, herselfe shee slew.

LVI.

O famous monument of womens prayse !
 Matchable either to Scythians,
 Whom antique history so high doth raise,
 Or to Hypsipil', or to Thomyris .
 Her host two hundred thousand numbered is ;
 Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
 Triumphed oft against her enemies ;
 And yett though overcome in haplesse fight,
 Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight,

LVII.

Her reliques fulgent having gathered,
 Fought with Seteus, and him overthrew;
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled;
 So made them victors whome he did subdew.
 Then gaue Catausius tiranize anew,
 And gaunst the Romanes bent their proper powie;
 But him Allectus treacherously slew,
 And tooke on him the robe of imperourie:
 Nath'lesse the same emoyed but short happy howie:

LVIII.

For Aschpodate him overcame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
 Without or robe or rag to hide his shaine:
 Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
 But shortly was by Coyll in battell slaine:
 Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
 Was of the Britons first crownd soveraine:
 Then gaue this realme renew her past prime;
 He of his name Coylchester built of stoue and lime.

LIX.

Which when the Romanes heard, they hether sent
 Constantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whome king Coyll made an agreement,
 And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
 Gayre Helena, the fairest living wight,
 Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skil in musicke of all in her daies,
 As well in curious instruments as cunning laies:

LX.

Of whom he did great Constantine begott,
 Who afterward was emperour of Rome ;
 To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
 Octavius here leapt into his roome,
 And it usurped by unighteous doome :
 But he his title iustifide by might,
 Slaing Triaberne, and having overcome
 The Romane legion in dreadfull fight :
 So settled he his kingdome, and confumd his right .

LXI.

But wanting ysew male, his daughter deare,
 He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
 And him with her made of his kingdome heire,
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murthered by the friends of Gratian
 Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
 During the raigne of Maximian ;
 Who dying left none here them to withstand ,
 But that they over-ran all parts with easy hand.

LXII.

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
 Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
 With wretched miseries and woefull ruth
 Were to those pagans made an open pray,
 And daily spectacle of sad decay : [yeares,
 Whome Romane warres, which now four hundred
 And more, had wasted, could no whit dismay ;
 'Til by consent of commons and of peares, [teares :
 They crownd the second Constantine with ioyous

LXIII.

Who having oft in battell vanquished
 Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
 Long time in peace his realme established,
 Yet oft annoyd with sondry hordragings
 Of neighbour Scots and forrein scatterlings,
 With which the world did in those dayes abound :
 Which to out-barre, with painefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
 Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border
 bownd.

LXIV.

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age ;
 By meanes whercof their uncle Vortigere
 Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage ;
 Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,
 Them closely into Armorick did beare :
 For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
 He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare ;
 From whence eftsoues arrived here three hoyes
 Of Saxons, whom he for his safety employes.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight
 Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might ;
 Who making vantage of their civile iarre,
 And of those forreyners which came from farre,
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,
 That in the realme ere long they stronger arre,
 Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
 And Vortiger enforst the kingdome to aband :

LXVI.

But by the helpe of Vortimeie his sonne,
 He is againe unto his rule restord ;
 And Hengist seeming sad, for that was donne,
 Received is to grace and new accord,
 Through his faire daughters face and flattering
 word:
 Soone after which three hundred lords he slew
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord ;
 Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
 Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

LXVII.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
 Ambrosius and Uther, did ripe years attayne,
 And here arriving strongly challenged
 The crowne, which Vortiger did long detayne :
 Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne ;
 And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull death.
 Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath ;
 So now entombed lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

LXVIII.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
 Succeeding—there abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other cesure right ;
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th' author selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it : that so untimely breach
 The prince himselfe halfe seemed to offend ;
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speech.

LXIX.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
 The royall offspring of his native land,
 Cryde out, " Deare countrey, o how dearly deare
 Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall band
 Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
 Did common breath and nouriture receive !
 How brutish is it not to understand
 How much to her we owe, that all us gave ;
 That gave unto us all whatever good we have !"

LXX.

But Gyon all this while his booke did read,
 Ne yet has ended : for it was a great
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed
 My leasure so long leaves here to repeat :
 It told how first Prometheus did create
 A man of many parts from beasts dery'd,
 And then stole fire from heaven to animate
 His worke, for which he was by Iove depriv'd
 Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an aegle ty'd.

LXXI.

That man so made he called Elie, to weet
 Quick, the first author of all clivn kynd ;
 Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
 Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
 A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
 To be no earthly wight, but either spright,
 Or angell, th' authour of all woman kynd ;
 Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
 Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lignage
 right.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
 And puissant kinges, which all the world warrayd,
 And to themselves all nations did subdew :
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Was Elfin ; him all India obeyd,
 And all that now America men call :
 Next him was noble Elfinan, who had
 Cleopolis foundation first of all :
 But Elfiline enclosed it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
 The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field :
 But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
 Who all of christall did Panthea build :
 Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
 The one of which had two heades, th' other three :
 Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild ;
 He built by art upon the glassy see
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heavens thunder seem'd
 to be.

LXXIV.

He lett three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 And all their off-spring in their dew descents ;
 Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd
 With mightie deedes their sondry governments ;
 That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much materiaall :
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,
 And brave ensample, both of martiall,
 And civil rule to kinges and states imperiall.

LXXV.

After all these Elficles did rayne,
 The wise Elficles in great maiestie,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
 Did high'advauce the crowne of Faery :
 He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
 The eldest brother, did untimely dy ;
 Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
 Doubly supplide in spousall and dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his power and glorie over all,
 Which him before that sacred seate did fill,
 That yet remains his wide memoriall :
 He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
 Him to succede therein, by his last will :
 Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill ;
 Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre :
 Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great
 powre.

LXXVII.

Beguyl'd thus with delight of novelties,
 And naturall desire of countryes stute,
 So long they redd in those antiquities,
 That how the time was fled they quite forgate ;
 Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
 To thinke, how supper did them long awaite :
 So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
 And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes she ought.

CANTO XI.

The enemies of Temperance
 Beseege her dwelling place,
 Prince Arthure them repellcs, and towle
 Murther doth delact

I.

WHAT waine so cruel, or what siege so sore,
 As that, which strong affections doe apply
 Against the force of reason evermore,
 To bring the soule into captivity ?
 Their force is fiercer through inimity
 Of the fragile flesh, relenting to their rage,
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Upon the partes, brought into their bondage
 No wretchednesse is like to sinfull velleage.

II.

But in a body which doth freely yeld
 His partes to reasons rule obedient,
 And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
 All happy peace and goodly government
 Is settled there in sure establishment :
 Their Alma, like a virgin queene most bright,
 Doth flourish in all beautie excellent ;
 And to her guesies doth bounteous banquet dight,
 Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

III.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray
 The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
 Through which into the world the dawning day
 Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
 Uprose sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
 And to his purposd journey him prepar'd :
 With him the palmer eke in habit sad
 Himselfe address to that adventure hard :
 So to the rivers syde they both together far'd .

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
 The ferriman, as Alma had behight,
 With his well-rigged bote : they goe aboard,
 And he eftsouones gan launch his barke forthright.
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
 And fast the land behynd them fled away.
 But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right
 Doe serve their turnes : here I a while must stay,
 To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

V.

For all so sooné as Guyon thence was gon
 Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
 That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
 That castle to assaile on every side,
 And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,
 That all the land they under them did hyde ;
 So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feate
 Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

VI.

Them in twelue troupes then captaine did dispart,
 And round about in fittest steades did place,
 Where each might best offend his proper part,
 And his contrary object most deface,
 As every one seem'd meetest in that case.
 Seven of the same against the castle-gate
 In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
 Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate
 They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

VII.

The other five five sondry wayes he sett
 Against the five great bulwarkes of that pyle,
 And unto each a bulwarke did arightt,
 T' assaile with open force or hidden guyle,
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
 They all that charge did feivently apply
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,
 And planted there their huge artillery,
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

VIII.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
 Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were
 Headed like owles, with beekes uncomely bent;
 Others like dogs, others like gnyphons dreare,
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare.
 And every one of them had lynxes eyes,
 And every one did bow and arrowes beare:
 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envyes,
 And covetous aspects, all cruel enemyes:

IX.

Those same against the bulwarke of the Sight
 Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night ;
 But soon^e as Titan gan his head exault,
 And soone againe as he his light withhault,
 Their wicked engins they against it bent :
 That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault ;
 But two then all more huge and violent,
 Beautie and m^oney, they that bulwarke sorely rent.

X.

The second bulwarke was the Hearing sence,
 Gainst which the second troupe designment makes ;
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference :
 Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
 Some like wild bores late rouzd out of the brakes :
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle inflamies,
 Leasinges, backbytinges, and vaine-glorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries :
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

XI.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the Smell,
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd ;
 Whose hideous shapes were like to fecndes of
 hell ;
 Some like to houndes, some like to apes, dismayd,
 Some like to puttockes all in plumes arayd ;
 All shap't according their conditions :
 For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd,
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which doe that sence besiege with light illusions.

XII.

And that fourth band, which cruell battry hent
 Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the Taste,
 Was as the rest a gryslie rablement ;
 Some mouth'd like greedy oystriages, some faste
 Like loathly toades, some fashioned in the waste
 Like swine : for so deformd is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and unthrifric waste,
 Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity :
 All those this sences fort assayle incessantly.

XIII.

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report ;
 For some like snailes, some did like spyders shew,
 And some like ugly urchins thuck and short :
 Cruelly they assayled that fift fort,
 Aimed with dartes of sensuall delight,
 With stinges of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissaunce
 Against that castle restlesse siege did lay,
 And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
 Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay :
 And evermore their wicked capitayn
 Provoked them the breaches to assay, [gayn,
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of
 Which by the ransack of that peece they should
 attayn.

xv.

On th' other syde, th' assieged castles ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchievement wrought with perill and with payne,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine :
 And those two brethren gyauntes did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
 That never entraunce any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

xvi.

The noble virgin, ladic of the place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,
 (For never was she in so evill cace)
 'Till that the prince, seeing her wofull plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offring his service and his dearest life
 I or her defence agaunst that carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that
 strife :

She him remerci'd as the patrone of her life.

xvii.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
 And his well-proved weapons to him hent ;
 So taking courteous conge, he behight
 Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
 Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
 That ever brandished bright steele on hye :
 *Whom soone as that unruly rablement
 With his gay squyre issewing did espye,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry :

XVIII.

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
 And round about him focke impetuously,
 Like a great water flood, that tombling low
 From the high mountaines, threates to overflow
 With suddain fury all the fertile playne,
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
 Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vayne;
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

XIX.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
 Which fled asonder, and him fell before;
 As withered leaves drop from their dryed stockes,
 When the wroth western wind does reave their locks:
 And underneath him his courageous steed,
 The fierce Spunador, trode them downe like docks;
 The fierce Spunador borne of heavenly seed;
 Such as Laomedon of Phoebus race did breed.

XX.

Which suddaine horreur and confus'd cry
 Whenas their capteine heard, in haste he yode
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
 Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,
 That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode;
 But of such subtile substance and unsound,
 That like a ghost he seem'd, whose grave-clothes were
 unbound:

XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was scene,
 And many arrowes under his right side,
 All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
 Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide ;
 Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :
 Those could he well direct and streight as line,
 And bid them strike the marke which he had cyde ;
 Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds ; so inly they did tine.

XXII.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
 His body leane and meagre as a rake,
 And skin all withered like a dried rooke ;
 Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
 That seemd to tremble evermore and quake :
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake ;
 Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
 Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly sight:

XXIII.

Maleger was his name ; and after him
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
 With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim ;
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wraupt in rags,
 And both as swift on foot as chased stags ;
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,
 Which with a staffe all full of litle snags
 She did support, and Impotence her name :
 But th' other was Impatience^a armed with raging flame.

XXIV.

Soone as the carle from far the prince espyde,
 Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
 His beast he felly puct on either syde,
 And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent
 But he was waine, and it warded well
 Upon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quaiuell fell.
 Then he another and another did expell.

XXV.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him laught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be avenged of that shot whylear:
 But he was not so hardy to abide
 That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare
 Whom to pour-sue, the instant after hede,
 So fast as his good courser could him beare,
 But labour lost it was to weene approach him neare

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his tigre fled,
 That view of eye could scarce him overtake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;
 Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,
 No hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
 And in his flight the villaine turn'd his face
 (As wents the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
 Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace)
 Unto his tygres tale, and shot at him space.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew ;
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should poursew
 But when his uncouth manner he did vew,
 He gan avize to follow him no more,
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
 Untill he quite had spent his perious store,
 And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for
 more.

XXVIII.

But that lame hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
 And to him brought fresh battell to renew ;
 Which he espying, cast her to restraine
 From yielding succour to that cursed swaine,
 And her attaching, thought her hands to tye ;
 But soope as him dismounted on the plaine
 That other hag did far away espye
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily ;

XXIX.

And catching hold of him as downe he lent,
 Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
 With their rude handes and gryesly graplement ;
 Till that the vilien, comming to their ayd,
 Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd :
 Full litle wanted but he had him slaine,
 And of the battell balefull end had made,
 Had not his gentle squire beheld his paine,
 And commen to his reskew ere his bitter bane

XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand ;
 So feeble is mans state, and life un-sound,
 That in assurance it may never stand,
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
 Proote be thou, prince, the prowest man alyve,
 And noblest borne of all in Britayne land ;
 Yet thee fierce fortune did so nearely drive,
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not
 survive.

XXXI.

The squyre arriving, fiercely in his armes
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other jade,
 (His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes)
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Least that his lord they should behinde invade ;
 The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochful shame,
 As one awakte out of long slombring shade,
 Revivying thought of glory and of fame,
 United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
 Hath long bene under-kept and down suppress,
 With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
 At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
 And strives to mount unto his native seat ;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

XXXIII.

So mightely the Briton prince him rouzd
 Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands ;
 And as a beare, whom angry cures have touzd,
 Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the carle
 Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
 To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

XXXIV.

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare ;
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
 But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
 Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
 The knight yet wiathfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
 And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

XXXV.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
 And all his labor brought to happy end ;
 When sudden up the villeine overthrowne
 Out of his swowne arose fresh to contend,
 And gan himselfe to second battaill bend,
 As hurt he had not beene : thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
 • And had not bene removed many a day ;
 Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry
 way :

XXXVI.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
 To shonne the engin of his meant decay ;
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
 But grownd he gave, and lightly lept awayre :
 Est sicce retournig, as a faulcon sayre,
 That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
 Remounts againe into the open ayre,
 And unto better fortune doth herselfe preparre.

XXXVII.

So hiae retournig, with his brandisht blade
 He to the carle himselfe agayn addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
 An open passage through his riven brest,
 That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest ;
 Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
 When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore ;
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore :

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
 All were the wovnd so wide and wonderous
 That through his carcass one might playnly see.
 Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
 And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
 Again through both the sides he strooke him
 quight,
 That made his spight to grone full piteous ;
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spight,
 But freshly as at first prepard himselfe to fight.

XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
 And trembling terror did his hart apall,
 Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all :
 He doubted least it were some magicall
 Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,
 Or aery spinite under false pretence,
 Or hellish teend raysd up through diuclish science.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did himselfe appeach :
 Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
 Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
 That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
 That was most strong in most infirmittee ;
 Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay
 Give over to effect his first intent,
 And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
 Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.
 His owne good sword Mordure, that never sayld
 At need till now, he lightly throw away,
 And his bright shield that nought him now awayld ;
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,
 And crusht his carcass so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,
 And th' ydle breath all utterly excreat :
 Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
 The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse grownd ;
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 That backe againe it did alotte rebownd,
 And gave against his mother Earth a gronefull sownd.

XLIII.

As when Ioves harness-bearing bird from hyc
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
 The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,
 That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,
 A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
 Then thought the prince all peril sure was past,
 And that he victor onely did remayne ;
 No sooner thought, then that the carle as fast
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
 And thought his labor lost and travell vayne
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight :
 Yet life he saw; and felt his mighty mayne,
 That whiles he marveild still, did still him payne ;
 Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
 How to take life from that dead-living swayne,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize [reprise.
 From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits to

XIV.

He then remembered well, that had bene sayd,
 How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
 She eke so often as his life decayd,
 Did life with usury to him restore,
 And reysd him up much stronger then before,
 So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:
 Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
 Ne him committ to grave terrestiall,
 But bene him free from hope of succour usuall.

XV.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And having scruzd out of his cunnion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
 Upon his houlders carried him perforce
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Until he came unto a standing lake;
 Him thercinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne staid, till hope of life did him forsake.
 So end of that carles dayes and his owne paynes did
 m'lc.

XVIT.

Which when those wicked haꝝs from far did spye,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands;
 And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
 'Throwing away her broken chames and bands,
 And having quenchd her burring fier-bands,
 Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake;
 • But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
 One of Malogers cursed daits did take,
 So yv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conquerour remanes,
 Tho cunning to his squyre that kept his steed,
 Thought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines
 Him faild thereto, and serued not his need,
 'Throug losse of blood which from his wounds did
 bleed,
 That he began to faint, and life decay
 But his good squyre him helping up with speed,
 With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the castle by the beaten way.

XLIX

Where many groomes and squyres ready were,
 To take him from his steed full tenderly;
 And eke the fayrest Alma inett him there,
 With balme and wine and costly spicery
 'To comfort him in his infirmity
 Eftesoones she causd him up to be conuayd,
 And of his aimes despoyled easily;
 In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd,
 And al the while his wounds were dressing by him
 stayd.

CANTO XII

G^o on by firmets governaunce,
 Passing through perilles neat,
 Doth overthrow the bowle of blis
 And Acrasy defeat.

I.

NOW gines that goodly frame of temperaunce
 Fawcely to use, and her adorned hed
 To pricke of highest prayse forth to advaunce,
 F'ormely grounded, and fast setteled
 On firme foundation of true bountyhed :
 And this brave knight, that for this vertue lightes,
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
 Whiche pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
 Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick
 mights.

II.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
 Ne ought save peill, still as he did pas -
 Tho when appeared the third morrow bright
 Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
 An hideous roring far away they heard,
 'That all their senses filled with affright ;
 And streight they saw the raging surges reard
 •Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affoord.

III.

Said then the boteman, "Palmer, stere aright,
 And keepe an even course; for yonder way
 We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight!)
 That is the Gulfe of greedinesse, they say,
 That deepe engorgeth all this worlde; pray;
 Which having swallowd' up excessively,
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
 And belceth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

IV.

"On th' other syde an hideous rock is pight
 Of mightie magnes stone, whose craggie clift
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
 Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
 On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
 All passengers, that none from it can shift:
 For whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring iawes,
 They on the rock are rent, and sunck in helples wawes."

V.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
 Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arryve,
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
 Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryve
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryve
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;
 Which gaping wide to swallow them alyve
 In th' huge abyссе of his engulfin' grave [rave.
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour

VI.

They passing by, that grisely mouth did see
 Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
 That seemd more horrible than hell to bee,
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe,
 Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep
 Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
 But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,
 May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.

VII.

On th' other side they saw that perilous rocke,
 Threatning itselfe on them to ruinate,
 On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke;
 And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,
 Yet stuck with carcasses exanimate
 Of such, as having all their substance spent
 In wanton ioyes and lustes intemperate
 Did afterwarde make shipwrack violent
 Both of their life and fame for ever fowly blent.

VIII.

Forthy this hight the Rock of vile reproch,
 A dangerous and detestable place,
 To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
 But yelling meawes, with seagulles hoars and bace,
 And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
 Which still sat wayting on that wastfull clift
 For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy case,
 After lost credit and consumed thrift,
 At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

IX.

The palmer seeing them in safetie past,
 Thus saide, " Behold th' ensamples in our sightes
 Of lustfull luxurie and thurtlesse wast.
 What now is left of miserable wightes,
 Which spent their looser daies in leude delightes,
 But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
 By these rent reliques speaking their ill plightes ?
 Let all that live herby be counselled
 To shunne Rock of reproch, and it as death to dread "

X.

So forth they rowed, and that ferryman
 With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
 That the boare waters from his frigate ran,
 And the light bubbles daunced all along,
 Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
 At last far off they many islandes spy
 On every side floting the floodes among :
 Then said the knight, " Lo I the land descrie,
 Therefore, old syre, thy course doe thereunto apply."

XI.

" That may not bee," said then the ferryman,
 " Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne :
 For those same islandes, seeming now and than,
 Are not firme land nor any certein wonne ;
 But stragling plots, which to and fro doe ronne
 In the wide waters . therefore are they hight
 The wandring Islands : therefore doe them shonne ;
 For they have oft drawne many a wandring wight
 Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

XII.

“ Yet well they seeme to him, that faire doth view,
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispid
 With grassy greene of delectable hew ;
 And the tall trees with leaves appareled
 Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
 That mote the passengers thereto allure ;
 But whosoever once hath fastened
 His foot thereon, may never it recure,
 But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure

XIII.

“ As th’ isle of Delos whylome men report
 Amid th’ Aegæan sea long time did stray,
 No made for shipping any certaine port,
 Till that Latona traveling that way,
 Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard assay,
 Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day .
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for Apolloes temple highly henned.”

XIV.

They to him hearken, as bescemeth meete ;
 And passe on forward . so their way does ly,
 That one of those same islands, which doe fleet
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there :
 Upon the banck they sitting did espy
 A dantie damsell dressing of her heare,
 By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

XV.

She them espying loud to them can call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
 For she had cause to busie them withall ;
 And therewith lowdly laught : but nilthemore
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore :
 Which when she saw she left her lockes undight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her power and might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly,
 Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly ;
 Till that the palmer gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke for being loose and light :
 Which not abiding, but more scornfully
 Scoffing at him that did her iustly wite,
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phaedria, which late
 Did ferry him over the Idle lake :
 Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake ;
 When them the wary boteman thus bespake ;
 Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
 And of our safety good heede to take ;
 For here before a perious passage lyes,
 Where many mermaids haunt making false melodies :

XVIII.

" But by the way there is a great quicksand,
 And a whirlpoole of hidden ieopardy;
 Therefore, sir palmer, keepe an even hand;
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly."
 Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh with water covered;
 But by the checked wave they did descry
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
 It called was the quicksand of Unthriftyhed.

XIX.

They passing by a goodly ship did see
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,
 And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
 Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
 Herselfe had ronned into that hazardize;
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
 Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
 And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
 But neither toyle nor travell might her backe recoyle.

XX.

On th' other side they see that perilous poole,
 That called was the Whirlpoole of decay;
 In which full many had with haplesse doole
 Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
 Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw their bote within the utmost bound
 Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them dround.

XXI.

But th' heedful boteman strongly forth did stretch
 His blawne armes, and all his bodie straine,
 That th' utmost sandy beach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dredd dungeu does behind remaine.
 Suddene they see from midst of all the maine
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea, puft up with proud disdain,
 To swell above the measure of his guise,
 As threatning to deuour all that his powre despise.

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes more
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 On wiathfull Neptune did them diue before
 His whirling chariot for exceeding feare,
 For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,
 That all the three therat woxe much afraid,
 Unweeting what such horiour straunge did reare.
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
 Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sence dismayd.

XXIII.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
 Such as dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
 Or shame, that ever should so fowle detects
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
 Spring-headed hydes, and sea-shouldring whales,
 Great whilpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
 Bright scolopendracæ arm'd with silver scales,
 Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles;

XXIV.

The dreadful fish, that hath deserv'd the name
 Of death, and like him looks in dreadfull hew ;
 The griesly wasserman, that makes his game
 The flying-ships with swiftness to pursue ;
 The horrible scissitor, that doth shew
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme ;
 Huge ziffus, whom mariners eschew
 No lesse then rocks, is travellers inform ;
 And greedy porcupines with visages deform :

XXV

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
 And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
 With dreadfull noise and hollow rumbering roare,
 Came rushing in the fomy waves enfold,
 Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold.
 No wonder, if these did the knight appill,
 For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
 Be but as bugs to fearefull babes with all,
 Compar'd to the creatures in the seas entall.

XXVI.

“ Feare noight,” then saide the palmer well aviz'd,
 “ For these same monsters are not these in deed,
 But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
 By that same wicked witch, to worke us dced,
 And draw from on this iourney to proceed.”
 Tho liftin, up his vertuous staffe on hie,
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
 • And all that dreadfull arme fast gan flye
 Into great Icthy's bosome, where they hidden lye.

XXVII.

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept ;
 And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
 Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
 That through the sea resounding plaints did fly :
 At last they in an island did espy
 A seemely maiden sitting by the shore,
 That with great sorrow and sad agony
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
 And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

XXVIII.

Which Guyon hearing streight his palmer had
 To stere the bote towards that dolefull inayd,
 That he might know and ease her sorrow sad :
 Who him avizing better, to him sayd ;
 " Faire sir, be not displeasd if disobayd :
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry :
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
 But onely womanish fne forgery,
 Your stubboine hart t'affect with fraile infirmity :

XXIX.

" To which when she your courage hath inclind
 Through foolish pittty, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruine at the last awayt."
 The knight was ruled, and the boteman strayt
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
 Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse ;
 But with his oures did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

XXX.

And now they nigh approached to the sted
 Whereas those mermayds dwelt: it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
 With the Brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
 On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
 And did like an halfe theatre fulfill:
 There those five sisters had continuall trade,
 And usd to bath themselves in that deceptfull shade.

XXXI.

They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd
 With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
 Of whom they over-comen were depriv'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyty
 Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry;
 But th' upper halfe then hew retayned still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
 Which ever after they abusd to ill,
 'T' allure weake travaillers, whom gotten they did kill.

XXXII.

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde;
 "O thou fayre sonne of gentle faery,
 That art in mightie armes most magnifyae
 Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
 O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile:
 Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
 This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
 The worldes sweet in from paine and wearisome
 • turmoyle."

XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft
 In his big base them fitly answered ;
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
 A solenine meane unto them measuèd ;
 The whiles sweet zephyrus lowd whistled
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony ;
 Which Guyons senses softly tickled,
 That he the boteman bad row easily,
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

XXXIV.

But him the palmer from that vanity
 With temperate advice discourseled,
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry
 The land to which their course they levelled :
 When suddainly a grosse fog over-sprede
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great universe seemd one confused mas.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
 But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
 For tomling into mischiefè unespyde.
 Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
 Suddainly an innumerable flight
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
 And with their wicked wings them ofte did
 smight,
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate ;
The ill-faste owle, deaths dreadfull messengere ;
The hoars flight-raven, trump of dolefull dreere ;
The lether-winged batt, dayes enemy ;
The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere ;
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy ;
The bellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny :

XXXVII.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare :
Yet staid they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare ;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land itselc did playnly show.
Said then the palmer, " Lo where does appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow ;
Therefore, sir knight, your ready arms about you
throw."

XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke :
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied
And his sage palmer that him governed ;
But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly armd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gairst daunger and dismay.

xxxix.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
 As if that hungers poynt, or Venus sting
 Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
 Ran towards to deuoure those unexpected guests.

xl.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
 The palmer over them his staffe upheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes de-
 feat :

Eftesoones their stubborne corages were queld,
 And high-advauced crests downe meeckely feld ;
 Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld :
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
 All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

xli.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
 Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
 Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
 With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade
 Through ghastly horror and eternall shade ;
 Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
 And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
 And rule the Furies when they most doe rage :
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this palmer sage.

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
 Whereas the Bowre of blisse was situate ;
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
 That natures worke by art can imitate:
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
 As well their entred guestes to keep within,
 As those unruly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
 Nought feard they force that fortilage to win,
 But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

XLIV.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of Iason and Medaea was ywritt;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt,
 The wondred Argo, which in venturous peccé
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of
 Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have secne the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves were sent;
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunçe sprent
 With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent;
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled
 Yt seemd th' enchanted flamc, which did Creusa
 wed.

XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red, that ever open stood to all
 Which thether came: but in the porch there sate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,
 That travelers to him seemd to entize;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call:
 Not that celestially powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
 And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
 That is ourselfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee:

XLVIII.

Therefore a god him sage antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call :
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see :
 He of this gardin had the governall,
 And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

XLIX.

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed rownd about, and by his side
 A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrifice ;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyside :
 So did he eke sir Guyon passing by ;
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed sem-
 blants sly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns ; whose fayre grassy grownd
 Mantled with greene, and goddly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
 Wherewith her mother art (as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard nature) like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne, [morne.
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in' early

LI.

Therewith the heavens alwayes joviall
 Lookte on them lovely still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
 T^o afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
 But the milde ayre with season moderate
 Gently attempted, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom
 smell:

LII.

More sweet and holesome than the pleasaunt hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nymphe, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for grieffe did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fayre Daphne Phoebus hart with love did gore;
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowies forlore;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

LIII.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Brydling his will and maystering his might:
 Till that he came unto another gate;
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
 Their chipping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

LIV.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
 All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered ;
 Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
 Some as the rubine, laughing sweetely red,
 Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened :

LV.

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves unfold,
 As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
 That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest
 Did bow adowne as overburdened.
 Under that porch a comely dame did rest
 Clad in fayre weedes, but fowle disordered, [hed:
 And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for woman- .

LVI.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach
 That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
 Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet :
 It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

LVII.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast ;
 Who taking it out of her tender hond,
 'The cup to ground did violently cast,
 'That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond :
 Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth ;
 Who nought regarding her displeasure forward goth.

LVIII.

'There the most daintie paradise on ground
 Itselfe doth offer to his sobeg eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others happinesse envye ;
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hve,
 'The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
 'The trembling groves, the christall running by ;
 And that, which all faire workes doth most agrace,
 The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

LIX.

'One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
 'That nature had for wantonnesse ensude
 Art, and that art at nature did repine ;
 So striving each th' other to undermine,
 Each did the others worke more beautify ;
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
 'This gardin to adorne with all variety.

LX.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see ;
Most goodly it with curious ymagoree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew :
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

LXII.

Infinitt streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee ;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pay'd beneath with jasper shining bright ;
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was sett
 With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beams, which on the billowes bett,
 And those which therein bathed mote offend.
 As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
 Which therein bathing seemed to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
 Their dainty partes from vew of any which them cyd.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would hit the other quight
 Above the waters, and then downe againe
 Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,
 And each the other from to use restaine,
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vcle,
 So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
 Then suddainly both would themselves unhele,
 And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

LXV.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
 His dewy face out of the sea doth reare:
 Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
 Of th' oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
 Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
 Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
 His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace,

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him espying stood
 Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;
 Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
 Abasht that her a straunger did advise :
 But th' other rather higher did arise,
 And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
 And all, that might his melting hart entyse
 'To her delights, she unto him bewrayd ;
 The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewise up arose,
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
 Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
 Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
 And th' yorie in golden mantle gownd :
 So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
 Yet that which rest it no lesse faire was fownd :
 So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
 That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
 Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
 The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
 Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
 And to him beckned to approach more neare,
 And shewd him many sights that corage cold could
 reare :

LXIX.

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
 He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
 And counsell'd well, him forward thence did draw
 Now are they come nigh to the Bowle of bliss,
 (Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis)
 When thus the palmer, " Now, sir, well advise,
 For here the end of all our travell is :
 Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprize,
 Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

LXX.

Litsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee,
 For all that pleasing is to living eare
 Was there consoited in one harmonie ;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all
 agree :

LXXI.

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet ;
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine response meet,
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall,
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

LXXII

There, whence that muſick ſeemed heard to bee,
 Was the faire witch herſelfe now ſolacing,
 With a few lover, whom through ſome trick
 And witchcraft, ſhe from faire did thether bring
 There ſhe had him now laid a ſlumbering
 In ſecret ſhade after long wanton ioyes;
 Whiſt round about them pleaſantly did ſing
 Many faire ladies and liſcivious boyes,
 That ever mixt their ſong with light licentious toyes

LXXIII.

And all that while right over him ſhe hong
 With her falſe eyes fiſt fix'd in his ſight,
 As ſeeking medicine whence ſhe was ſtong,
 Or greedily dep'ſturing delight,
 And oft inclining downe with kiſſes light,
 For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
 And through his humid eyes did ſucke his ſpright
 Quite molten into luſt and pleaſure lewd,
 Wherewith ſhe ſighed ſoft, as if his caſe ſhe ſeewd

LXXIV.

The whiles ſome one did chaunt this lovely lay,
 " Ah ſee, wh ſo faire thing doeſt faire to ſee,
 In ſpringing flowre the image of thy day,
 Ah ſee the virgin roſe, how ſweetly ſhee
 Doth fiſt peepe forth with baſhfull modeſtee,
 That fairer ſeemes the leſſe ye ſee her may:
 Lo ſee ſoone after how more bold and free
 • Her bared boſome ſhe doth broad diſplay,
 I o ſee ſoone after how ſhe fades and falls away!

LXXV.

“ So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall like the leafe, the bud, the flowie;
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay
 That east was sought to deck both bed and bowie
 Of many a lady’ and many a paramowie:
 Gather thereto the rose whilst yet is prime,
 I or soone comes age that will her pride deflowie
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.”

LXXVI.

The east, and then gan all the queene of brides
 Then diverse notes t’ attune unto his lay,
 As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
 The constant payre heard all that he did say,
 Yet swayed not, but kept then toward way,
 Through many covert groves, and thickets close,
 In which they creeping did at last display
 That wanton lady with her lover lose,
 Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
 As faine through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
 And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
 All in a velle of silke and silver thin,
 That hid no whit her alablastre skin,
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee.
 More subtile web Arachne cannot spin;
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
 Of scorched dew, do not in th’ ayre more lightly flee.

LXXVIII.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
 Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be filld ;
 And yet, through languour of her late sweet toyle,
 Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distild ;
 That like pure orient perles adowne it trild ;
 And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
 Moystened their fieric beames, with which she thrild
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
 Which sparckling on the silent waves does seeme more
 bright.

LXXIX.

The young man sleeping by her seemd to be
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place ;
 That certes it great pittie was to see
 Him his nobility so fowle deface :
 A sweet regard and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare
 Yet sleeping in his well-proportiond face ;
 And on his tender lips the downy heare
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

LXXX.

His warlike armes (the ydle instruments
 Of sleeping praise) were hong upon a tree ;
 And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
 Was fowly ra'st, that none the signes might see ;
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend ;
 • But in lewd loves and wastfull luxuree,
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend :
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend !

LXXXI.

The noble elfe and carefull palmer drew
 So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)
 That sudden forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which only for that same
 The skilfull palmer formally did frame :
 So held them under fast; the whales the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
 The faire enchauntresse, so unware opprest, [wrest;
 Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to

LXXXII.

And eke her lover strove: but all in vaine;
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile nor force might it distraie.
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly
 bound
 In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound:
 But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and pallace brave,
 Guyon broke downe with rigour pittlesse;
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that then blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse;
 Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
 Their arbors spoyle, their cabinets suppresses,
 Their banquet-houses burne, their buildings raze;
 And of the fayrest late now made the fowlest place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right;
 Till they arrived where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with furie mad;
 Which now awaking fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
 But them the palmer soone did pacify.

Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which
 there did ly,

LXXXV.

Sayd he, " These seeming beasts are men in deed,
 Whom this enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstrous."
 " Sad end," quoth he, " of life intemperate,
 And mourneful meed of ioyes delicious:
 But palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former state."

LXXXVI.

Strightway he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beastes they comely men became;
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath to see their captive dame:
 But one above the rest in speciall,
 That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,
 Repyned greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

LXXXVII.

Saide Guyon, " See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence."
To whom the palmer thus ; " The donghill kinde
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence :
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde ;
But let us hence depart whilest wether serves and
winde."

THE THIRDE BOOKE OF
THE FAERY QUEENE

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I.

IT falls me here to write of chastity,
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest :
For which what needes me fetch from Faery
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest ?
Sith it is shrined in my souveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart ;
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art :

II.

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt,
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles ;
His daedale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt :
Ne poets witt, that passeth painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workemanship adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to
marre.

III.

How then shall I, apprenticce of the skill,
 That whitome in divinest wits did rayne,
 Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
 Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrayne
 Hereto perforce: but, o dredd soverayne,
 Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
 Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne;
 That I in colourd shoves may shadow itt,
 And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

IV.

But if in living colour, and right hew,
 Thyselfe thou covet to see pictured,
 Who can it doe more lively or more trew,
 Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinkeled,
 In which a gracious seryaunt pictured
 His Cynthia, his heavens sayrest light?
 That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
 And with the wonder of her beames bright,
 My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

V.

But let that same delitious poet lend
 A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
 To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him mend,
 If ought amis her liking may abuse:
 Ne let his sayrest Cynthia refuse
 In mirrours more then one herselfe to see;
 But either Gloriana let her chuse,
 Or in Belphocbe fashioned to bee:
 For one her rule, in th' other her picture see.

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:
 Fayre Florimell is chased:
 Duessaes traines, and Malecastaes
 Champions are defaced.

THE famous Briton prince and faery knight,
 After long wayes and perillous paines endur'd,
 Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
 Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
 Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
 To make there lenger sojourne and abode;
 But when thereto they might not be allur'd
 From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,
 They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

II.

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
 Because of travell long, a nigher way,
 With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
 And her to faery court safe to convey;
 That her for witnes of his hard assay
 Unto his faery queene he might present:
 But he himselfe betooke another way,
 To make more triall of his hardiment,
 And seek adventures, as he with prince Arthure went.

III.

Long so they traueiled through wastefull wayes,
 Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
 To hunt for glory and renowned prayse;
 Full many countreyes they did ouerronne,
 From the uprising to the setting sunne,
 And many hard adventures did atchueve;
 Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
 Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
 And to recover right for such as wrong did grieue.

IV.

At last as through an open plaine they yode,
 They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre;
 And him beside an aged squire there rode,
 That seemd to couch vnder his shield three-square;
 As if that age badd him that burden spare,
 And yield it those that stouter could it wield:
 He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
 And on his arme addresse his goodly shield,
 That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

V.

Which seeing good sir Guyon deare besought
 The prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
 He graunted: then the faery quickly laught
 His poynant speare, and shaiplly gan to spurne
 His tomy steed, whose fiery fecte did burne
 The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
 Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
 But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
 And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

VI.

They beene y mett, and both theyr points arriv'd ;
 But Guyon drove so furious and fell, [iv'd ;
 That seemd both shield and plate it would have
 Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,
 But made him stagger, as he were not well :
 But Guyon selfe, ere well he was awaie,
 Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell ;
 Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare, [spare.
 That mischievous mish unce his life and limbs did

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke ;
 For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
 And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
 He fownd himselfe dishonored so sore.
 Ah ! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,
 Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
 And brought to grownd, that never wast before ;
 For not thy fault, but secret powie unseene ;
 That speare enchanted was which layd thee on the
 greene.

VIII.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
 Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
 That of a single damzell thou wert mett
 On equall plaine, and there so hard besett :
 Even the famous Britomart it was,
 • Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne fett
 To seeke her lover (love far sought alas !)
 Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking-glas.

IX.

Full of disdainfull wrath he fierce uprose,
 For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,
 And snatching his bright sword began to close
 With her on foot, and stoutly forward came ;
 Dye rather would he then endure that same.
 Which when his palmer saw, he gan to feare
 His toward perill and untoward blame,
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare ;
 For death sate on the point of that enchaunted
 speare :

X.

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade
 Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
 His speares default to mend with cruell blade ;
 For by his mightie science he had seene
 The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
 That mortall pussaunce mote not withstond ;
 Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene :
 Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
 To loose long-gotten honour with one evill hond.

XI.

By such good meanes he him discourselled
 From prosecuting his revenging rage ;
 And eke the prince like treaty handeled,
 His wrathfull will with reason to aswage,
 And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
 But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde,
 And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
 That had his furnitures not firmly tyde :
 So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

XII.

Thus reconcilment was betweene them knitt,
 Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaste;
 And either vowd with all their power and witt
 To let not others honour be defaste
 Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,
 Ne aimes to bear against the others syde:
 In which accord the prince was also plaste,
 And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
 So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII.

O goodly usage of those antique tyme!
 In which the sword was seruaunt unto right;
 When not for malice and contentious crymes,
 But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,
 The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
 Then honour was the meed of victory,
 And yet the vanquished had no despight:
 Let later age that noble use envy,
 Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus traveled in friendly wise,
 Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
 Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
 Their puissaunce, whylome full dernly tryde:
 At length they came into a forest wyde,
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
 Full griesly secmd: therein they long did ryde,
 Yet tract of living creature nonè they fownd,
 Save beares, lyous, and buls, which romed them
 arownd.

XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush
 Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone
 A goodly lady did torey by them rush,
 Whose face did seeme as cleare as cristall stone,
 And cheere, through feare, as white as whales bone;
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
 And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
 Which fledd so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
 And scarce them leasure gave her passing to behold.

XVI.

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw
 As fearing evill that pursued her fast;
 And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
 Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:
 All as a blazing staire doth faire outcast
 His hearie beemes, and flaming lockes dispredd,
 At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
 But the sage wisard telles (as he has redd)
 That it importunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her awhyle,
 Lo! where a griesly foster forth did rush,
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle;
 His tyreling jade he fiersly forth did push
 Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
 In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
 That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
 Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
 And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he
 shooke.

XVIII.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
 Full of great envy and fell gealosity,
 They stayd not to avise who first should bee ;
 But all spurd after fast as they mote fly,
 To reskew her from shامتull villany.
 The prince and Guyon equally bylive
 Herselfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
 Most goodly meede, the fairest dame alive :
 But after the foule foster Timias did strive

XIX.

The whiles faire Bitomart, whose constant mind
 Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
 Ne reckt of ladies love, did stay behynd,
 And them awayted there a certaine space,
 To weet if they would turne backe to that place
 But when she them gone, she forward went,
 As lay her journey, through that perlous pace,
 With stedfast corage and stout hardiment ;
 Ne evil thing she feard, ne evil thing she ment.

XX.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
 A stately castle far away she spyde,
 To which her steps directly she did frame.
 That castle was most goodly edifyde,
 And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde :
 But faire before the gate a spacious playne,
 Mantled with greene, itselfe did spredden wyde,
 • On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
 Fiers battaill against one with cruel might and mayne.

XXI.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
 And sore beset on every side arownd,
 That nigh he breathlesse grew; yet nought dismaid,
 Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
 All had he lost much blood through many a wownd;
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
 To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
 Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay;
 That none of all the six before him durst assay.

XXII.

Like dastard cures, that having at a bay
 The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
 Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
 Ne byte before, but rome from place to place
 To get a snatch when turned is his face.
 In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy
 When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
 Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
 Badd those same sixe forbear that single enimy:

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden care,
 Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse;
 But gathering him rownd about more neare,
 Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
 Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse
 Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
 And soone compeld to hearken unto peace:
 Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
 The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame ;
 " These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,
 To chaunge my Jiefe, and love another dame ;
 That death me liefer were then such despight,
 So unto wrong to yield my wrested right :
 For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
 Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant damzell
 hight :
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
 I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd."

XXV.

" Certes," said she, " then beene ye sixe to blame,
 To weene your wrong by force to iustify :
 For knight to leave his lady were great shame,
 That faithfull is ; and better were to dy.
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
 Then losse of love to him that loves but one :
 Ne may love be compeld by maistry ;
 For soone as maistry comes, sweet love anone
 Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone."

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six ; " There dwelleth here
 Within this castle-wall a lady fayre,
 Whose souveraine beautie hath no living pere ;
 Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
 That never any mote with her compayre :
 She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
 That every knight which doth this way repayre,
 In case he have no lady nor no love,
 Shall doe unto her service, never to remove :

XXVII.

“ But if he have a lady or a love,
 Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame ;
 Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
 That she is fairer then our fairest dape,
 As did this knight, before ye hether came.”
 “ Perdy,” said Britomart, “ the choise is hard :
 But what reward had he that overcame ?”
 “ He should advaunced bee to high regard,”
 Said they, “ and have our ladies love for his reward.

XXVIII.

“ Therefore aread, sir, if thou have a love.”
 “ Love have I sure,” quoth she, “ but lady none ;
 Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
 Ne to your lady will I service done, [alone,
 But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight
 And prove his cause.” With that her mortall speare
 She mightily aventred towards one,
 And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare ;
 Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did
 beare.

XXIX.

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,
 That none of them himselfe could reare againe ;
 The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
 All were he wearie of his former paine ;
 That now there do but two of six remaine ;
 Which two did yield before she did them smight.
 “ Ah,” said she then, “ now may ye all see plaine,
 That truth is strong, and trew love most of might,
 That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight.”

XXX.

"Too well we see," saide they, "and prove too well
 Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:
 Forthy, faire sir, yours be the damozell,
 Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
 And we your liegemen faith unto you plight."
 So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
 And after her besought, well as they might,
 To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
 She graunted; and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
 And stately port of Castle ioyeous,
 (For so that castle hight by commun name)
 Where they were entertaynd with courteous
 And comely glee of many gracious
 Faire ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
 Who through a chamber long and spacious,
 Estsoones them brought unto their ladies sight,
 That of them cleped was the Lady of delight.

XXXII.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
 Of that greater chamber should be labour lost:
 For living wit, I weene, cannot display
 The roiall riches and exceeding cost
 Of every pillour and of every post;
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,
 And with great perles and pretious stones embost,
 That the bright glister of their beames cleare
 Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did ap-
 pear.

XXXIII.

These stranger knights, through passing, forth were led

Into an inner rowme, whose royaltce
 And rich purveyance might unceath be sed;
 Mote princes place besceine so deckt to bee,
 Which stately manner whenas they did see,
 (The image of superfluous riotize,
 Exceeding much the state of meane degree)
 They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize
 Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely devise.

XXXIV.

The wals were round about apparelled
 With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
 The love of Venus and her paramoure,
 The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre,
 A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
 First did it shew the bitter baléfull stowre,
 Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit:

XXXV.

Then with what sleights and swet allurements she
 Entyst the boy (as well that art she knew)
 And wooed him her paramoure to bee;
 Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
 To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
 Now leading him into a secret shade
 From his beauperes, and from bright heavens vew,
 Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

XXXVI.

And whilst he slept, she over him would spread
 Her mantle colour'd like the starry skyes,
 And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
 And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spies
 She secretly would search each daintie lim,
 And throw into the well sweet rosemaryes,
 And fragrant violets, and paunces trim;
 And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

XXXVII.

So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
 And ioyd his love in secret unesyde:
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
 To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
 Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,
 She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
 From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
 Mote breede him scath unwares: but all in vaine;
 For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth ordeine?

XXXVIII.

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wilde bore;
 And by his side the goddesse groveling
 Makes for him endlessse mone, and ever more
 With her soft garments wipes away the gore
 Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
 But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

XXXIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
 And rownd about it many beds were dight,
 As whylome was the antique worldes guize ;
 Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
 As pleased them to use that use it might :
 And all was full of damzels and of squyres,
 Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres ;
 And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

XL.

And all the while sweet musicke did divide
 Her looser notes with Lydian harmony ;
 And all the while sweete birdes thereto applide
 Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
 Ay caroling of love and iollity,
 That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
 Which when those knights beheld with scornfull
 eye,
 They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI.

Thence they were brought to that great ladies vew,
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
 That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
 As the proud Persian queenes accustomed :
 She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
 And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
 Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
 Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devize
 Their goodly entertainement and great glee :
 She caused them be led in courteous wize
 Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
 And cheared well with wine and spicerec :
 The red-crosse knight was soon disarmed there ;
 But the brave mayd would not disarmed bee,
 But onely vented up her umbriere,
 And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII.

As when fayre Cynthia in darkesome night
 Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
 Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
 Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
 Discovers to the world discomfited ;
 Of the poore traveler that went astray
 With thousand blessings she is heried :
 Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
 With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
 Now were disarmed, and did themselves present
 Unto her vew, and company unsought ;
 For they all seemed courteous and gent,
 And all sixe brethren borne of one parent,
 Which had them traynd in all civillitee,
 And goodly taught to tilt and turnament ;
 Now were they liegmen to this ladie free,
 And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV.

The first of them by name Gardante light,
 A iolly person and of comely vew ;
 The second was Parlante, a bold knight ;
 And next to him Iocante did ensew ;
 Basciante did himselte most courteous shew ;
 But fierce Bacchante seemd too fell and keene ;
 And yett in armes Noctante greater grew :
 All were faire knights, and goodly well besecue ;
 But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

XLVI.

For shee was full of amiable grace,
 And manly terror mixed therewithall ;
 That as the one stird up affections backe,
 So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
 And hold them backe, that would in error fall :
 As hee that hath espide a vermeill rose,
 To which sharp thornes and breres the way for stall,
 Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
 But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the lady saw so faire a wight,
 All ignorant of her contrary sex,
 (For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
 Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,
 And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex :
 Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
 Like sparkes of fire that fall in slender flex,
 That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
 And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

XLVIII.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
 And into termes of open outrage burst,
 That plaine discovered her incontinence,
 Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust ;
 For she was given all to fleshly lust,
 And poured forth in sensuall delight,
 That all regard of shame she had discust,
 And meet respect of honor putt to flight :
 So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

XLIX.

Faire ladies, that to love captived arre,
 And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
 Let not her fault your sweete affections marre ;
 Ne blott the bounty of all womankind,
 'Mongst thousands good one wanton dame to find :
 Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds :
 For this was not to love, but lust inclin'd ;
 For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
 And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

L.

Nought so of love this looser daine did skill,
 But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
 Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
 And treading under foote her honest name :
 Such love is hate, and such desire is shame,
 Still did she rove at her with crafty glance
 Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
 And told her meaning in her countenance ;
 But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

LII.

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt ;
 Where they were seived with all sumptuous faire,
 Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Ixacus fatt
 Pould out then plenty, without spight or spare ;
 Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare
 And aye the cups then banks did overflow ;
 And aye betweene the cups she did prepare
 Way to her love, and secret darts did throw ;
 But Briton art would not such guiltfull message know

LIII.

So when they slaked had the fervent heat
 Of appetite with meates of every sort,
 The lady did thus Britomart entreat
 Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
 To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort
 But when shee mote not therunto be wonne,
 (For shee her sexe under that straunge purport
 Did use to hide, and plainc appaurance shonne)
 In playnes wise to tell her grievance shee begonne ;

LIII.

And all attonce discovered her desire [Griefe ;
 With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous
 (The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire :)
 Which spent in vaine, at last she told her brieve
 That but if she did lend her short reliefe,
 And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.
 But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe
 Of such malengne and fine foigerye,
 Did easely beleve her strong extremitie.

LIV.

Full easy was for her to have believe,
 Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
 And by long triall of the inward grieffe
 Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
 Could iudge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.
 Who means no guile, be-guiled soonest shall,
 And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe;
 The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,
 Into his hidden nett full easly doth fall.

LV.

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
 For great rebuke it is love to despise;
 Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
 But with faire countenance, as besceemed best,
 Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
 Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest;
 Which she niskonstruing thereby esteemd
 That from like inward fire that outward smoke had
 steemd.

LVI.

Therewith awhile she her flit fancy fedd,
 Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;
 But yet her wound still inward freshly bleedd,
 And through her bones the false instilled fire
 Did spred itselfe, and venime close inspire.
 Tho were the tables taken all away,
 And every knight, and every gentle squire,
 Gan choose his dame with basciomani gay,
 With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
 Some to make love, some to make meryment;
 As diverse watts to diverse things apply:
 And all the while faire Malecasta bent
 Her crafty engins to her close intent.
 By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Iove
 Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
 And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
 Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for everie wight
 Them to betake unto their kindly rest;
 Eftesoones long waxen torches weren light
 Unto their bowres to guyden every guest:
 Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest
 Avoided quite, she gan herselfe de poile,
 And safe committ to her soft feathered nest;
 Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile,
 She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite as-
 soile.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
 Throwded was, and every mortall wight
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
 Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
 Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
 Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
 And under the blacke veile of guilty night
 Her with a scarlott mantle covered,
 That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

LX.

Then panting softe, and trembling every ioynt,
 Her fearfull fecte towards the bowre she mov'd,
 Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
 To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
 And to her bed approaching first she proof'd
 Whether she slept or wakte; with her softe hand
 She softly felt if any member moov'd,
 And lent her weary care to understand
 If any puffe of breath, or signe of sence shee fond.

LXI.

Which whenas none shee fond, with easy shifte,
 For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,
 Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
 And by her side herselfe she softly layd,
 Of every finest fingers touch asfraid;
 Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
 But inly sighd; at last the royall mayd
 Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
 And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
 She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
 And to her weapon ran, in mude to gride
 The loathed leachour: but the dame halfe dead
 Through suddaine feare and ghastly drebbed
 Did shriek alowd, that through the house it rung,
 And the whole family therewith adredd
 Rashly out of their rouged couches sprong,
 And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

LXIII.

And those sixe knightes, that ladies champions,
 And eke the red-crosse knight ran to the stownd,
 Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:
 Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
 Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd;
 On th' other side they saw the warlike mayd
 Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
 Threatning the point of her avenging blade;
 That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

LXIV.

About their ladye first they flockt arownd:
 Whom having laid in comfortable couch
 Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd;
 And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
 To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch:
 But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
 None of them rashly durst to her approach,
 Ne in so glorions spoile themselves embosse:
 Her succourd eke the champion of the bloody crosse.

LXV.

But one of those sixe knights, Gardante hight,
 Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
 Which forth he sent with felonous despight
 And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
 The mortall steele stayd not, till it was seene
 To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
 But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
 That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
 Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

LXVI.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischief could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd :
Here, there, and every where about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde ;
And eke the-red-crosse knight gave her good ayd,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and syde to syde,
That in short space their foes they have quite terrifyde.

LXVII.

Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight :
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade
Was usd of knightes and ladies seeming gent :
So carely ere the grosse earthes gryesy shade
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their journey
went.

CANIO II.

The Red-crosse knight to Britomart

Describeth Aircall

The wondrous martiall cut, by which she
In love with him did fall.

I.

HERE have I cause in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and cheualree
They doe impart, ne maken memoiree
Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall :
Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or thre,
Rowme in their writtes ; yet the same writing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

II.

But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And t' all great exploits themselves inclin'd ;
Of which they still the gildon bore away,
Till envious men (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coyn streight lawes to curb their liberty :
Yet sith they warlike armes have laide away,
They have excold in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'envy.

III.

Of vallike puiſſaunce in ages ſpent
 Be thou, faire Britomart, whoſe prayſe I wryte,
 But of all wiſdom bee thou pcedent,
 O ſoveraigne queene, whoſe prayſe I would endyte:
 Endeite I would as dewtie doth excyte:
 But ah my rymes too rude and rugged are,
 When in ſo high an object they doe lyte,
 And ſtriving fit to make, I leaſe doe marre;
 Thyſelfe thy prayſes tell, and make them knowne faire.

IV.

Shee traveling with Guyon, by the way
 Of ſondry things faire purpoſe gan to ſird,
 T'abidg their journey long and lingring day:
 Moſt which it fell into that ſaintes mind
 To aſke this Briton maid, what uncouth wind
 Brought her into thoſe partes, and what inqueſt
 Made her diſſemble her diſguiſed kind:
 Faire lady ſhe him ſeemd like lady dreeſt.
 But faireſt knight alive when armed was her breaſt.

V.

Thereat ſhe ſighing ſoftly had no powre
 To ſpeake awhile, ne ready anſwere make;
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter ſlowre,
 As if ſhe had a fever fitt, did quake,
 And every dautie limbe with horreur ſhake;
 And ever and anone the roſy red
 Flaſht through her face, as it had beene a flake
 Of lightning through bright heven fulmined:
 At laſt the paſſion paſt ſhe thus him answered:

VI.

“ Faire sir, I let you weete, that from the howle .
 I taken was from nourses tender pap,
 I have been trained up in wallike stowre,
 To tossen speare and shield, and to assiap
 The warlike ryder to his most mishap ;
 Sithence I loathed have my lite to lead,
 As ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
 To finger the fine needle and nyce thread ;
 Me lever were with point of foe-mans speare be dead.

VII.

“ All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
 To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
 By sea, by land, whereso they may be mett,
 Onely for honour and for high regard,
 Without respect of richesse or reward :
 For such intent into these partes I came,
 Withouten compasse or withouten card,
 Far fro my native soyle, that is by name [fame.
 The greater Brytayne, here to seeke for praise and

VIII.

“ Fame blazed hath, that here in faery lond
 Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne,
 And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
 Of which great woth and worship may be wonne:
 Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
 But mote I weete of you, right courteous knight,
 Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
 Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
 The which I seek to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.”

IX.

The worde gone out, she backe againe would call,
 As her repenting so to have misseyd ;
 But that he it uptaking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered ; “ Faire martiall mayd,
 Certes ye misavised beene t’ upbrayd
 A gentle knight with so unknighly blame :
 For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X.

Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
 Or ever doe that mote deserven blame :
 The noble corage never weeneth ought
 That may unworthy of itselfe be thought .
 Therefore, faire damzell, be ye well aware,
 Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought ;
 You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
 And honour both ; for each of other worthy are.”

XI.

The royall maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
 To heare her love so highly magnifyde ;
 And ioyd that ever she affixed had
 Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
 However finely she it faind to hyde.
 The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare
 In the deare closett of her painefull syde
 Her tender babe, it secing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much reioyce as she reioyced there.

XII.

But to occasion him to further talke,
 To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
 Her list in stryfe-full termes with him to balke,
 And thus replyde, " However, sir, ye fyle
 Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
 It ill besemes a knight of gentle sort,
 Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
 A simple maide, and worke so hainous tórt,
 In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII.

" Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,
 And read, where I that faytour false may find."
 " Ah ! but if reason faire might you perswade,
 To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"
 Said he, " perhaps ye should it better find :
 For hardie thing it is to weene by might
 That man to hard conditions to bind ;
 Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
 Whose prowesse paragone saw never living wight.

XIV.

" Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,
 Where now on earth, or how he may be fownd ;
 For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
 But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,
 Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,
 Defending ladies cause and orphans right,
 Whereso he heares that any doth confownd
 Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might ;
 So is his sovaine honour raise to herens hight."

XV.

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,
 And softly sunck into her molten hart :
 Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
 With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart ;
 For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,
 That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay :
 Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
 Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay :
 (So dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay :)

XVI.

And sayd, " Sir knight, these ydle termes forbcare :
 And sith it is uncaeth to find his haunt,
 Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,
 If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt ;
 For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt :
 What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed,
 what stedd,
 And whatso else his person most may vaunt ?"
 All which the red-crosse knight to point ared,
 And him in everie part before her fashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
 However list her now her knowledge sayne,
 Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
 To her revealed in a mirrhour playne ;
 Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,
 Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
 That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,
 Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste ;
 And yield the pray of love to lothisome death at last.

XVIII.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
 And much more straungely gan to love his sight.
 As it in booke hath written beene of old,
 In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is hight,
 What time king Ryence raign'd and dealed right,
 The great magitian Merlin had devis'd,
 By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,
 A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguz'd,
 Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were
 solemniz'd.

XIX.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
 Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
 Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,
 So that it to the looker appertaynd ;
 Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
 Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
 Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd ;
 Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
 Like to the world itselſe, and seemd a world of glasse.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke ?
 But who does wonder, that has red the towic,
 Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
 From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
 Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre ?
 Great Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake
 Yhulded all of glasse, by magicke powre,
 And also it impregnable did make ;
 Yet when his love was false he with a peaze it brake.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
 And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
 That never foes his kingdome might invade,
 But he it knew at home before he hard
 Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd :
 It was a famous present for a prince,
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,
 That treasons could bewray, and foes convince :
 Happy this realme, had it remain'd ever since.

XXII.

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart
 Into her fathers closet to repayre ;
 (For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his bayre)
 Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
 Herselfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine ;
 Tho her avizing of the vertues rare
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe pertaine.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
 Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
 Of them, that to him buxome are and prone :
 So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot ;
 Not that she lusted after any one,
 For she was pure from blame, of sinfull blot,
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same
 knot.

XXIV.

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye

A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize
 And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
 Lookt fourth, as Phoebus face out of the east
 Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize:
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

XXV.

His crest was covered with a couchant hownd,
 And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
 But wondrous massy and assured sound,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was with cyphers old,
ACHILLES ARMES WHICH ARTHEGALL DID
WIN.

And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
 He bore a crowned little ermilin, [skin.
 That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred

XXVI.

The damzell well did vew his personage,
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,
 But went her way; ne her unguilty age
 Did weene unwares, that her unlucky lot
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot:
 Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound:
 But the false archer, which that arrow shot
 So slyly that she did not feele the wound,
 Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull stound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
 Ruffed of love, gan lowly to auile ;
 And her proude portance and her princely gest,
 With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile :
 Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile
 She woxe, yet wist she nether how nor why ;
 She wist not (silly mayd) what she did aile,
 Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy ;
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII.

So soone as night had with her pallid hew
 Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
 And reffe from men the worldes desired vew,
 She with her nourse adowne to sleepe did lye ;
 But sleepe full far away from her did fly :
 Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
 Kept watch and ward about her warily ;
 That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
 Her dainty couch with teares, which closely she did
 weepe.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slombring rest
 Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
 When feeble nature felt herselfe opprest,
 Streightway with dreames and with fantastick sight
 Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight ;
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,
 As one with vew of ghastly feends affright :
 Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
 And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

XXX.

One night when she was tost with such unrest,
 Her aged nurse, whose name was Glauce hight,
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
 And downe againe in her warme bed her dight:
 "Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
 What uncouth fit," sayd she, "what evill plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead
 Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee
 dead?"

XXXI.

"For not of nought these suddain ghastly feares
 All night afflict thy naturall repose;
 And all the day, whenas thine equall peares
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
 Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose;
 Ne tastest princes pleasures, ne doest spred
 Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose
 Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

"The time that mortall men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
 And every river eke his course forbears,
 Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
 And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:
 Like an huge Aetn^e of deepe engulfed gryefe,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
 Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish ryfe,
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confus'd stryfe,

XXXIII.

“Ay me, how much I feare least love it bee!
 But if that love it be, as sure I read
 By knowen signes and passions which I see,
 Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,
 Then I avow by this most sacred head
 Of my dear foster childe to ease thy grieffe,
 And win thy will: therefore away doe dread;
 For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
 Shall me debarre: tell me therefore, my liefest liefe.”

XXXIV.

So having sayd, her twint her armes twaine
 Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly,
 And every trembling ioynt and every vaine
 Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
 To doe the frosen cold away to fly;
 And her faire deawy cies with kisses deare
 Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
 And ever her importund not to feare
 To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

XXXV.

The damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully;
 “Ah nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne?
 Is it not enough that I alone doe dye,
 But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?
 For nought for me but death there doth remaine.”
 “O daughter deare,” said she, “despeire no
 whit,
 For never sore but might a salve obtaine:
 That blind led god, which hath ye blindly smit,
 Another way hath set: let us lead to hit.”

XXXVI.

“ But mine is not,” quoth she, “ like others wovrd ;
 For which no reason can finde remedy.”
 “ Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,”
 Said she, “ and though no reason may apply
 Salve to your sore, yet love can higher stye
 Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.”
 “ But neither god of love, nor god of skye
 Can doe,” said she, “ that which cannot be donee.”
 “ Things oft impossible,” quoth she, “ seeme ere be-
 gonee.”

XXXVII.

“ These idle wordes,” said she, “ doe nought aswage
 My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed:
 For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
 Yt is, o nourse, which on my life doth feed,
 And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed.
 But since thy faithfull zeles lets me not hyde
 My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.
 Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
 My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde:

XXXVIII.

“ Nor man it is, nor other living wight ;
 For then some hope I might unto me draw ;
 But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
 Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
 Hath me subiected to loves cruell law :
 The same one day, as me misfortune led,
 I in my fathers yondrous mirrhour saw,
 And pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,
 Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed:

XXXIX.

“Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
 Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
 Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
 That all mine entrailes flow with poisnus gore,
 And th’ ulcer groweth daily more and more ;
 Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,
 Other than my hard fortune to deplore ;
 And languish as the leafe faln from the tree,
 ‘Till death make one end of my daies and miseree.”

XL.

“ Daughter,” said she, “ what need ye be dismayd ?
 Or why make ye such monster of your minde ?
 Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd,
 Of filthy lust, contrary unto kinde :
 But this affection nothing straunge I finde ;
 For who with reason can you aye reprove
 To love the semblaunt pleasing most your minde,
 And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove ?
 No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

XLI.

“ Not so th’ Arabian Myrrhe did sett her mynd ;
 Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart ;
 But lov’d their native flesh against al kynd,
 And to their purpose used wicked art :
 Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
 That lov’d a bull, and learnd a beast to bee :
 Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
 • From course of nature and of modestee ?
 Swete love such lewdnes bands from his faire com-
 pance.

XLII.

“ But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare)
 Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
 On one that worthy may perhaps appeare ;
 And certes seemes bestowed not amiss :
 Ioy thereof have thou and eternall blis.”
 With that upcleaning on her elbow weake,
 Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,
 Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,
 As it an earth-quake were : at last she thus bespake ;

XLIII.

“ Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease ;
 For though my love be not so lewdly bent
 As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
 My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
 But rather doth my helpelesse grieffe augment.
 For they, however shamesfull and unkinde,
 Yet did possesse their horrible intent :
 Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde ;
 So was their fortune good, though wicked were their
 minde.

XLIV.

“ But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,
 Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
 But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
 And like a shadow waxe, whiles with entire
 Affection I doe languish and expire.
 I fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld ;
 Who having vewed in a fountaine shere
 His face, was with the love thereof beguyld ;
 I fonder love a shade, the body far oxyld.”

XLV.

“Nought like,” quoth shee, “for that same wretched boy
 Was of himselfe the ydle paramoure,
 Both love and lover, without hope of ioy;
 For which he faded to a watry flowre.
 But better fortune thine, and better howre,
 Which lov’st the shadow of a warlike knight;
 No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
 That body, wheresoever that it light,
 May learned be by cyphers or by magicke might.

XLVI.

“But if thou may with reason yet repress
 The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
 And thee abandond wholly do possesse;
 Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott,
 Til thou in open felde adowne be smott:
 But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
 So that needs love or death must be thy lott;
 Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
 To compas thy desire and find that loved knight.”

XLVII.

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
 Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
 In her warine bed to sleepe, if that she might;
 And the old-woman carefully displayd
 The clothes about her round with busy ayd,
 So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
 Surprisd her sence: shee, therewith well apayd,
 The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
 And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

XLVIII.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
 His ioyous face did to the world revele,
 They both uprose and tooke their ready way
 Unto the church, their praiers to appele,
 With great devotion, and with litle zele :
 For the faire damzell from the holy herse
 Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale ;
 And that old dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

XLIX.

Retourned home, the royall infant fell
 Into her former fitt : for why ? no powre,
 Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.
 But th' aged nurse, her culling to her bowre,
 Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre
 Of camphora, and calamint, and dill ;
 All which she in a earthen pot did poure,
 And to the brim with coltwood did it fill, [spill.
 And many drops of milk and blood through it did

L.

Then taking thrise three heares from off her head,
 Them trebly breaded in a three-fold lacc,
 And round about the pots mouth bound the thread ;
 And after having whispered a space
 Certain sad words with hollow voice and bacc,
 Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt,
 " Come, daughter, come, come spit upon my face,
 Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt ;
 Th' uneven nomber for this busines is most fitt."

LI.

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the sunne ;
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd ;
All contrary ; for she the right did shunne,
And ever what she did was streight undonne.
So thought she to undoe her daughter's love :
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove ;
That well can wisse who by tryall it does prove.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble mayd awayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,
But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
That through long languour and hart-burning brame
She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond :
That when old Glauce saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstand.

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
 The state of Arthegall:
 And shewes the famous progeny,
 Which from them springen shall.

I.

MOST sacred fyre, that burne-t mightily
 In living brests, ykindled first above
 Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
 And thence poured into men, which men call love;
 Not that same, which doth base affections move
 In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
 But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,
 And choseth vertue for his dearest dame;
 Whence spring all noble deedes and never-dying fame.

II.

Well did antiquity a god thee deeme,
 That over mortall mindes hast so great might,
 To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
 And all their actions to direct aright:
 The fatall purpose of diuine foresight
 Thou doest effect in destined descents,
 Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
 And stirredst up th' heroes high intents,
 Which the late world admyres for wondrous moni-
 ments.

III.

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall maid of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne paramoure
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre;
From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did rayse
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have spreadd their living
praysse,
That fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

IV.

Begin then, o my dearest sacred dame,
Daughter of Phoebus and of Memorye,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike worthies from antiquitye
In thy great volume of eternitye ;
Begin, o Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious souveraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees and long protense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

V.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glauce cast to cure this ladies grieve ;
Full many wayes she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is chiefe
And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe :
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle reprehensive
And sore reproch, whenso her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

VI.

At last she her avisde, that he which made
 That mirrhour wherein the sicke damosell
 So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
 To weet the learned Merlin, well coulde tell
 Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
 And by what means his love might best be wrought:
 For though beyond the Africk Ismael,
 Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
 Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

VII.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge
 And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
 To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
 Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way:
 There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
 To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
 In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,
 That of no living wight he mote be found,
 Whenso he counseld with his sprights encompass round.

VIII.

And if thou ever happen that same way
 To traveill, go to see that dreadful place:
 It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
 Under a rock that lyes a litle space
 From the swift Barry, tumbling downe apace
 Emongst the woody hilles of Dyncuowre:
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
 To enter into that same balefull bowre,
 For feare the cruell feendes should thee unwares de-

IX.

But standing high aloft low lay thine care,
 And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
 And brasen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
 Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines ;
 And oftentimes great grones and grievous stownds,
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines,
 And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes
 From under that deepe rock most horribly rebowndes.

X.

The cause some say is this : a litle whyle
 Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
 A brasen wall in compass to compyle
 About Cairmardin, and did it commend
 Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end :
 During which worke the lady of the Lake,
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send,
 Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
 Them bownd till his retourne their labour not to
 slake.

XI.

In the meane time through that false ladies traine
 He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
 Ne ever to his worke returnd againe :
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,
 So greatly his commandement they feare,
 But there doe toyle and travcile day and night,
 Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare :
 For Merlin had in magick more insight
 Then ever him before or after living wight :

XII.

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
 Both sunne and moone, and make them him obey;
 The land to sea, and sea to mainland dry,
 And darksom night he eke could turne to day;
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
 And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,
 Whenso him list his enemies to fray:
 That to this day for terror of his fame [name.
 The feendes do quake, when any him to them does

XIII.

And sooth men say that he was not the sonne
 Of mortall syre or other living wight,
 But wondrously begotten and begonne
 By false illusion of a guilefull spright
 On a faire lady nonne, that whilome hight
 Matilda, daughter to Pubidius
 Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
 And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
 Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous.

XIV.

They here ariving, staid awhile without,
 Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new dout
 For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
 Untill the hardy mayd (with love to frend)
 First entering, the dreadfull mage there fownd
 Deepe basied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
 And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
 With which the stubborne feendes he to his service
 bound.

XV.

He nought was moved at their entraunce bold ;
 (For of their comming well he wist afore)
 Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
 As if ought in this world in secrete store
 Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
 Then Glauce thus, " Let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore
 Unwares have prest ; for either fatall end,
 Or other mightie cause us two did hether send."

XVI.

He bad tell on ; and then she thus began ;
 " Now have three moones with borrowd brothers
 light
 Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,
 Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
 First rooting tooke ; but what thing it mote bee,
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright :
 But this I read, that but if remedee
 Thou her asford, full shortly I her dead shall see."

XVII.

Therewith th' enchaunter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeces, wecting inly well
 That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
 And to her said, " Beldame, by that ye tell
 More neede of leach-crafte hath your damozell,
 Then of my skill : who helpe may have elsewhere,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of magic spell."
 Th' old woman vox half blanck those words to heare,
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appaere ;

XVIII.

And to him said, " Yf any leaches skill,
 Or other learned meanes, could have redrest
 This my deare daughters deepe-engraffed ill,
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest :
 But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
 And housed is within her hollow brest,
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
 Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment
 breed."

XIX.

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,
 But brusting forth in laughter to her sayd ;
 " Glauce, what needes this colourable word
 To cloke the cause that hath itselfe bewrayd ?
 Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
 More hidden are then sunne in cloudy vele ;
 Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
 Hath hether brought for succour to appele ;
 The which the powres to thee are pleased to revele."

XX.

The doubtfull mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
 Into a cleare carnation suddaine dyde ;
 As fayre Aurora rying hastily
 Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
 All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
 Whercof she seemes ashamed inwardly :
 But her olde nurse was nought dishartened,
 But vauntage made of that which Merlin had ared ;

XXI.

And sayd, " Sith then thou knowest all our grieffe,
 (I or what doest not thou knowe ?) of grace I pray,
 Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe."
 With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
 And then his sprite thus gan fourth display,
 " Most noble virgin, that by fatall lore
 Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
 The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
 And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore.

XXII.

" For so must all things excellent begin ;
 And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,
 Whose big embodied braunches shall not lie
 Till they to heavens hight forth stretched bee.
 For from thy wombe a famous progence
 Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
 Which shall revive the sleeping memorie
 Of those same antique peres, the heavens brood,
 Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their
 blood.

XXIII.

" Renowned kings and sacred emporours,
 Thy fruitfull offspring, shall from thee descend ;
 Brave captaines and most mighty warriours,
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
 And their decayed kingdomes shall amend :
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
 They shall upreare, and mightily defend
 Against their forren foe that commes from farre,
 Till universall peace compound all civill warre.

XXIV.

“ It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
 Glancing unwares in charmed looking-glas,
 But the streight course of heavenly destiny,
 Led with eternall providence, that has
 Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas.
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To love the prowest knight that ever was
 Therefore submit thy waies unto his will,
 And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill’

XXV.

“ But read,” saide Glauce, “ thou magitian,
 What meanes shall she out-seeke, or what waies
 take?
 How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?
 Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
 Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?”
 Then Merlin thus; “ Indeede the fates are firme,
 And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:
 Yet ought mens good endeoures them confirme,
 And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

XXVI.

“ The man, whom heavens have ordaynd to bee
 The spouse of Britomart, is Athegall.
 He wonneth in the land of Iayerce,
 Yet is no fayr borne, ne sib at all
 To elves, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
 And whylome by false faries stolne away,
 Whyles yet in infant cradle he did ciall;
 Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
 But that he by an elfe was gotten of a Fay

XXVII.

“ But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
 And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;
 And for his warlike feates renoumed is,
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
 Untill the closure of the evening:
 From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,
 To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
 Strongly to ayde his country, to withstand
 The powie of forreine paynms which invade thy land.

XXVIII.

“ Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce
 And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
 Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce
 Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy lovers pray:
 Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
 Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
 And his last fate him from thee take away;
 Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
 Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischief
 fall.

XXIX.

“ With thee yet shall he leave for memory
 Of his late puissaunce his ymage dead,
 That living him in all activity
 To thee shall represent: he from the head
 Of his coosen Constantius without dread
 Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,
 And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others stead:
 Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might .
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX.

" Like as a lyon that in dircwise cave
 Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
 And comming forth, shall speid his banner brave
 Over the troubled south, that it shall make
 The warlike Merians for feare to quake:
 Thuse shall he fight with them, and twise shall
 win,
 But the third time shall thyre accordaunce make
 And if he then with victorie can lin,
 He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly in.

XXXI.

" His sonne, hight Vortiporc, shall him succede
 In kin_dome, but not in felicity
 Yet shall he long time waite with happy speed,
 And with gre it honour many battells try,
 But at the last to th' importunity
 Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield.
 But his sonne Mal_o shall full mightily
 Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
 And his proud toes discomfit in victorious field.

XXXII.

" Behold the man, and tell me, Britomart,
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
 How like a gyaunt in each manly part
 Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
 That one of th' old heroes seemes to bee!
 He the six islands, comprounciall
 In auncient times unto great Britainee,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sondy kings to do their homage severall,

XXXIII.

“ All which his sonne Careticus awhile
 Shall well defend, and Saxons powie suppress ;
 Untill a straunger king from unknowne seyle
 Arriving him with multitude oppresse ;
 Great Gormond, having with huge mightnesse
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift otter (fell through emptinesse)
 Shall over-swim the sea with many one *
 Of his Norweyses, to assist the Britons fone.

XXXIV.

“ He in his furie all shall over-ronne,
 And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,
 That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
 Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace :
 Was never so great waste in any place,
 Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men ;
 For all thy citties they shall sacke and race,
 And the greene grasse that groweth they shall bren,
 That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

XXXV.

“ Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
 Proud Etheldred shall from the north arise,
 Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
 And passing Dee with hardy enterprise
 Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwele twice,
 And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill ;
 But the third time shall rew his fool-hardise :
 • For Cadwan pittying his peoples ill
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill,

XXXVI.

“ But after him, Cadwallin mightily
 On his sonne Idwin all those wrongs shall weake;
 Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery
 Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
 But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleake
 Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hie
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
 From their long vassallage gain to respice,
 And on their paynim foes aveng'e their rancled ire.

XXXVII.

“ Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 Till both the sonnes of Idwin he have slayne,
 Officke and Osicke, twinnes unfortunate,
 Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,
 Together with the king of Louthiane,
 Hight Adm, and the king of Orkeny,
 Both joynt partakers of the tatall payne
 But Penda, fearfull of like destoney,
 Shall yeld himselfe his hegemyn, and sweare fealty.

XXXVIII.

“ Him shall he make his fatall instrument
 'T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdwd:
 He marching forth with fury insolent
 Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
 With heavenly powie, and by angels reskewd,
 All holding crosses in their hands on hie,
 Shall him defeate without a blood imbrowd:
 Of which that field for endlesse memory
 Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

XXXIX.

“ Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall foith issew,
 And an huge hoste into Northumber leid,
 With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
 And crowne with martyrdome his sacred head:
 Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,
 With price of silver shall his kingdome buy,
 And Penda seeking him adowne to tread,
 Shall tread adowne and doe him towly tye,
 But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

XL.

‘ Then shall Cadwallin die, and then the raine
 Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye,
 Ne shall the good Cadwallader with paine,
 On powre, be hable it to remedy,
 When the full time prefixed by destiny,
 Shall be captivd of Britons regiment
 For heven itselſe shall then successe envy,
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
 Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent

XLI.

“ Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
 Of dying people, during eight ycars spacc,
 Cadwallader not yielding to his ill,
 From Airmouicke, where long in wretched cace
 He liv’d, returning to his native place,
 Shall be by vision staide from his intent
 For th’ heavens have decreed to displace
 The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment,
 And to the Saxons over-give their government.

XLII.

" Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
 Be to the Briton babe that shal be boine,
 To live in thraldome of his fathers foe :
 Late king, now captive; late lord, now forloine;
 The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scoine,
 Bamsht from princely bowre to wasteful wood :
 O who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne
 The roy. ll seed, the antique Trojan blood,
 Whose empue lenger here then ever any stood ?"

XLIII.

The damzell was full deepe enpassioned
 Both for his grite and for her peoples sake,
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
 And sighing sore at length him thus bespake ;
 " Ah! but will hevns fury never slake,
 Nor vengeaunce huge relent itselfe at last ?
 Will not long misery late mercy make ?
 But shall their name for ever be defaste,
 And quite from off the earth their memory be raste ?"

XLIV.

" Nay but the terme," sayd he, " is limited,
 That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,
 And the iust revolution measured,
 That they as straungers shal be notifide :
 For twise fowre hundred yeares shal be supplide,
 Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
 And their importune fates all satisfide :
 Yet during this their most obscuritee,
 Shall beames shall ofte breake forth, that men them
 aire may see.

XLV.

“ For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,
 Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,
 That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
 And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
 The salvage minds with skill of iust and trew:
 Then Griffyth Conan also shall up-reare
 His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
 Of native corage, that his foes shall feare
 Least back againe the kingdom he from them should
 beare.

XLVI.

“ Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
 Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
 First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
 For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
 There shall a raven, far from rising sunne,
 With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
 And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
 The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
 In their avenge tread downe the victors surquedry.

XLVII.

“ Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew:
 There shall a lion from the sea-bord wood
 Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
 Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
 Whose claws were newly dipt in cruddy blood;
 That from the Daniske tyrants head shall rend
 Th’ usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
 And the spoile of the countrey conquered
 Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

XLVIII.

“ Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
 There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
 Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
 Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull isle
 Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
 Which shall breake forth into bright-burning flame,
 And reach into the house that beares the stile
 Of royall maiesty and soveraine name:
 So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe reclame.

XLIX.

“ Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
 Betweene the nations different afore,
 And sacred peace shall lovingly persuade
 The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
 And civile armes to exercise no more:
 Then shall a royall virgin raine, which shall
 Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
 And the great castle smite so sore withall,
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to
 fall:

L.

“ But yet the end is not”—There Merlin stayd,
 As overcomen of the spirites powre,
 Or other ghasly spectacle dismayd,
 That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
 Which suddein fitt, and halfe extatick stoure
 When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
 Greatly confused in behaveoure:
 At last the fury past, to former hew
 Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did shew.

LI.

In, when themselves they well instructed had
 Of all that needed them to be inquid,
 They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
 With lighter hearts unto their home retird.
 Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
 How to effect so hard an enterprize,
 And to possess the purpose they desird.
 Now this, now that twist them they did devise,
 And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

LII.

At last the nourse in her fool-hardy wit
 Concev'd a bold devise, and thus bespake;
 " Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
 That of the time doth dew advauntage take
 Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
 Strong waite upon the paynne brethren, hight
 Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake
 Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
 That now all Britany doth burne in armes bright.

LIII.

" That therefore nought our passage may empach,
 Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguise, [teach
 And our weake hands (need makes good schollers)
 The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise.
 Ne cotes, daughter, that same wailelike wize,
 I weene, would you misseme, for ye beent tall
 And large of limbe t' atchieve an hard emprize;
 Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small
 Will bring, and shortly make you a myd martiall.

LIV.

“ And sooth it ought your corage much inflame
 To heare so often in that royall hous,
 From whence to none safetie ye came,
 Bards tell of many women valurous,
 Which have full many feats adventurous
 Performed, in paragone of proudest men :
 The bold Bouduca, whose victorious
 Exploits made Rome to quake, stout Guendolen,
 Renowned Matia, and redoubted Lmmilen.

LV.

“ And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
 Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld ;
 In the last field before Menevia,
 Which Uther with those forrein pagans held,
 I saw a Saxon virgin, the which self
 Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne ;
 And had not Carados her hand withheld
 From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne ;
 Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with payne.”

LVI

“ Ah read,” quoth Britomart, “ how is she light ?”
 “ Fayre Angela,” quoth she, “ men do her call,
 No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight :
 She hath the leading of a martiall
 And mightie people, dicaded more then all
 The other Saxons, which doe for her sake
 And love themselves of her name Angles call.
 Therefore, faire infant, her ensample make
 Unto thyselfe, and equall corage to thee take.”

LVII.

Her hartie wordes so deepe into the mynd
 Of the yong damzell sunke, that great desire
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
 And generous stout courage did inspyre,
 That she resolv'd, unweeting to her syre,
 Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don ;
 And counseld with her nourse her maides attyre
 To turne into a massy habergeon ;
 And bad her all things put in readiness anon.

LVIII.

Th' old woman nought that needed did omit ;
 But all thinges did conveniently purvay.
 It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)
 A band of Britons ryding on forray
 Few dayes before had gotten a great pray
 Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was scene
 A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
 Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,
 All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel bescene.

LIX.

The same with all the other ornaments
 King Ryence caused to be hanged by
 In his chiefe church, for endlesse monuments
 Of his successe and gladfull victory :
 Of which herselfe avising readily
 In th' evening late old Glauce thether led
 Faire Britomart, and that same armory
 Downe taking, her therein appareled,
 Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished.

LX.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
 Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
 And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;
 Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store
 For his great virtues proved long afore:
 For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore:
 Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it;
 Both speare and shield of great powre for her purpose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
 Another harnessse which did hang thereby
 About herselfe she dight, that the yong mayd
 She might in equall armes accompany,
 And as her squyre attend her carefully:
 Tho to their ready steedes they clombe full light,
 And through back waies, that none might them espy,
 Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselves they forth convoid, and passed forward right.

LXII.

Ne rested they, till that to faery lond
 They came, as Merlin them directed late:
 Where meeting with this red-crosse knight, she fond
 Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
 But most of Arthegall and his estate.
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
 Then each to other, well affectionate,
 Frenship professed with unfained hart,
 The red-crosse knight diverst, but forth rode Britomart.

CANTO III.

Bold Marcell of Britomart
 Is throwne on the rich strand
 Fair Iormell of Arthur is
 Long followed, but not fond

I.

WHYRE is the antique glory now become,
 That whylome went in women to appear?
 Where be the brave achievements doen by some?
 Where be the battelles, where the shield and speare,
 And all the conquests which them high did reare,
 That matter made for famous poets verse,
 And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
 Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull heere?
 Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
 But if they sleepe, o let them soone awake!
 For all too long I burne with envy sore
 To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
 Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
 Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine;
 But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
 Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
 The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that els had puissance,
 Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
 As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
 As for pure chastitee and vertue rare;
 That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.
 Well worthe stock, from which the branches sprong
 That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
 As thee, o queene, the matter of my song,
 Whose lignage from this lady I derive along.

IV.

Who when through speeches with the red-crosse knight
 She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
 And in each point herselfe informd aught,
 A frendly league of love perpetuall
 She with him bound, and conge' tooke withall.
 Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
 To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

V.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
 Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
 Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
 By which the red-crosse knight did earst display
 Her lovers shape and cheualrous aray:
 A thousand thoughts she fashoud in her mind,
 And in her feigning faucio did pourtray
 Him such, as fittest she for love could find,
 Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind,

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fedd,
 And thought so to beguile her grievous smart ;
 But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
 And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
 That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
 So forth she rode without repose or rest,
 Searching all lands and each remotest part,
 Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
 Till that to the sea-coast at length she her address.

VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
 And sitting downe upon the rocky shore
 Badd her old squyre unlace her jolly creast :
 Tho having vowd awhile the surges hore,
 That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
 And in their raging surquedry dislaynd
 That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
 And their devouring covetize restraynd,
 Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd ;

VIII.

“ Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous grieffe,
 Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
 Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
 Why doe thy cruell billowes beat so strong,
 And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
 Threatning to swallow up my tearefull lyfe ?
 O doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
 At length assay, and stint thy stormy strife,
 Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and rageth rife.”

IX.

“ For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
 Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
 On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
 The whiles that Love it steres, and Fortune rowes;
 Love (my lewd pilott) hath a restlesse minde,
 And Fortune (boteswaine) no assuraunce knowes,
 But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde:
 How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde? ”

X.

“ Thou god of windes, that raignest in the seas,
 That raignest also in the continent,
 At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
 The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
 Unto the gladsome port of her intent:
 Then when I shall myselfe in safety see,
 A table for eternall monument
 Of thy great grace and my great ieopardée,
 Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee.”

XI.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
 She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe;
 (For her great courage would not let her weepe)
 Till that old Glauce gan with sharpe repriefe
 Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe,
 Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
 Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
 And fetch their being from the sacred mould
 Of her immortal womb, to be in heven enrold.

XII.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
 Where far away one all in armour bright
 With hasty gallop towards her did ryde :
 Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight,
 Her helmet, to her courser mounting light :
 Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
 (Both coosen passions of distroubled spright)
 Converting, forth she beates the dusty path ;
 Love and despight attonce her corage kindled hath.

XIII.

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
 The face of heven, and the cleare ayre engroste,
 The world in darknes dwels, till that at last
 The watry south-winde from the sea-bord coste
 Uppblowing doth disperse the vapour loste,
 And poures itselfe forth in a stormy showre ;
 So the fayre Britomart, having discloste
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
 The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

XIV.

Eftsoones her goodly shield addressing fayre,
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
 And unto battaill did herselfe prepayre.
 The knight approaching sternely her bespake ;
 "Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
 By this forbidden way in my despight,
 Ne doest by others death ensample take,
 I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight."

XV.

Ythrild with deepe disdain of his proud threat,
 She shortly thus; "Fly they, that need to fly;
 Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
 To passe; but maugre thee will passe, or dy."
 Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply,
 But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne.
 Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
 Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
 Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

XVI.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
 With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
 That through his three-square seuchin percing quite,
 And through his mayled hauberque, by mi-chance
 The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce:
 Him so transfixed she before her bore
 Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce;
 Till sadly soucing on the sandy shore
 He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

XVII.

Like as the sacred ox that carelesse stands
 With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crown'd,
 Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
 Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
 All suddainly with mortall stroke astownd
 Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
 Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
 And the faire flowres that decked him afore:
 So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

XVIII.

The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way
 Along the strond; which, as she over-went,
 She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
 And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
 For gold, or perles, or pretious stones an howre,
 But them despised all; for all was in her powre.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;
 His mother was the blacke-browd Cymöent,
 The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
 This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
 The famous Duparin; who on a day
 Finding the nymph asleepe in secret whicare,
 (As he by chaunce did wander that same way)
 Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
 She of his father Marinell did name;
 And in a rocky cave (as wight forlorne)
 Long time she fostred up, till he became
 A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
 Did get through great adventures by him donne:
 For never man he suffred by that same
 Rich strond to travell wher^eas he did woune,
 But that he must do battail with the sea nymphes
 sonne.

XXI.

An hundred knights of honorable name
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made ;
 That through all faric lond his noble fame
 Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
 That none durst passen through that perilous glade:
 And to advaunce his name and glory more,
 Her sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
 T' endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
 Above all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The god XXII.
 To de^d did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
 Eftsoⁿ when his nephew in all riches flow ;
 Out ^{of} his heaped waves he did commaund
 All ^{of} their hollow bosome forth to throw
 Hid ^{the} huge threasure, which the sea below
 Had ⁱⁿ his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
 And him enriched through the overthrow
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
 And often wayle their wealth, which he from them
 did keepe.

XXIII.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
 Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
 The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
 The wealth of th' east, and pompe of Persian kings;
 Gold, amber, yvoric, perles, owches, rings,
 And all that els was pretious and deare,
 The sea unto him voluntary brings,
 That shortly he a great lord did appeare,
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or eldewheare.

XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
 Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
 That none in equall armes him matchen might;
 The which his mother seeing gan to feare
 Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
 Some hard mishap in hazard of his life:
 Forthy she oft him counseld to forbear
 The bloody batteill, and to stirre up strife,
 But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife:

XXV.

And for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
 One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
 (For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
 Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
 And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:
 Who through foresight of his eternall skill
 Bad her from woman-kind to keepe him well;
 For of a woman he should have much ill;
 A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or kill.

XXVI.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
 The love of women not to entertaine;
 (A lesson too too hard for living clay,
 From love in course of nature to refraine)
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
 And ever from fayre ladies love did fly;
 Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine,
 That they for love of him would algates dy:
 Dy, whoso list for him, he was loves enemy.

XXVII.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
 Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
 That, when he sleepes in most security
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth agnate,
 And findeth dew effect or soone or late:
 So feeble is the powre of fleshy arme.
 His mother had him womens love to hate,
 For she of womans force did feare no harme;
 So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wovnd,
 That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;
 The which his mother vainely did expovnd
 To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
 To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
 So tickle be the termes of mortall state,
 And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
 With double sences and with false debate,
 T' approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

XXIX.

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
 Who through late triall on that wealthy strond
 Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swovnd,
 Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hound:
 Which when his mother deare did understand,
 And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
 Amongst her watty sisters by a pond
 Gathering sweete daffodillyes, to have made
 Gay girlonds from the top their foreheads fayr to shade;

Estesooones both flowres and girlonds far away
 Shee fong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent ;
 To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
 And gairesome merth to grievous dreriment :
 Shee threw herselfe downe on the continent,
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
 With yelling outcries and with shrieking sowne ;
 And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

XXXI.

Soone as she up out of her deadly fitt
 Arose, she had her charett to be brought ;
 And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,
 Bad eke attonce their charettis to be sought :
 Tho full of bitter grieffe and pensive thought
 She to her wagon clombe ; clombe all the rest,
 And forth together went, with sorow fraught :
 The waves obedient to their beheast
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

XXXII.

Great Neptune stooode amazed at their sight,
 Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,
 And eke himselfe mourned at their mournfull plight,
 Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,
 For great compassion of their sorow, bid
 His mighty waters to them luxome bee :
 Estesooones the roaring billowes still abid,
 And all the griesly monsters of the see
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII.

A teme of dolphins raunged in aray
 Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymöent ;
 They were all taught by Triton to obey
 To the long raynes at her commaundement :
 As swifte as swallows on the waves they went,
 That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,
 Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent ;
 The rest of other fishes drawn weare, [sheare.
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did

XXXIV.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
 Of the Rich strond, their charets they forlore,
 And let their temed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the fomy shore, [sore
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate
 Their tender feete upon the stony grownd :
 And comming to the place, where all in gore
 And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
 The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd,

XXXV.

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
 Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine ;
 That she not beene devoide of mortall slime,
 She should not then have bene reiyv'd againe :
 But soone as she recovered had the raine,
 Shee made so piteous moue And deare wayment,
 That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine.
 And all her sister nymphes with one consent
 Suppide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

XXXVI.

“ Deare image of myselfe,” she sayd, “ that is
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high advauncement ? o is this
 Th’ immortall name, with which thee yet unborne
 Thy grandsire Nereus promist to adorne ?
 Now lyst thou of life and honor reste ;
 Now lyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne ;
 Ne of thy late life memory is lefte ;
 Ne can thy irrevocable destiny bee weste.

XXXVII.

“ Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis,
 And they more fond that credit to thee give,
 Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
 That so deepe wound through these deare members
 drive.
 I feared love ; but they that love doe live ;
 But they that dye, do nether love nor hate :
 Nath’lesse to thee thy folly I forgive ;
 And to myselfe and to accursed fate [late.
 The guilt I doe ascribe : deare wisdom bought too

XXXVIII.

“ O what availles it of immortall seed
 To beene ybredd and never borne to dye ?
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
 Then waste in woe and wayfull miserye :
 Who dyes the utmost dolor doth abye,
 But who that lives is lefte to waile his losse :
 So life is losse, and death felicity :
 Sad life worse then glad death ; and greater crosse
 To see frends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrosse.

XXXIX.

" But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
 And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
 That the dim eies of my deare Marinell
 I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
 Sith other offices for mother meet
 They would not graunt:
 Yett maũlgre them, farewell my sweetest sweet;
 Farewell my sweetest soune, sith we no more shall
 meet."

XL.

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,
 They softly gan to search his griesly wound:
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarmd, and spredding on the grownd
 Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver rownd,
 They softly wipt away the gelly blood
 From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
 They poured in soveraine balme and nectar good,
 Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly food.

XLI.

Tho when the lilly-handed Liagore
 (This Liagore whilome had learned skill
 In leaches crafe by great Apolloes lore,
 Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
 He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
 With hevenly seed; whereof wise Paeon sprong)
 Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staied still
 Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;
 Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her song.

XLII.

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
 They easely unto her charett beare :
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare :
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,
 And through the brackish waves their passage sheare ;
 Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowte
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
 Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
 And vaulted all within like to the skye,
 In which the gods doe dwell eternally :
 There they him laide in easy couch well dight ;
 And sent in haste for Tryphon. to apply
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might :
 For Tryphon of sea-gods the soveraine leach is hight.

XLIV.

The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him rownd,
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight ;
 And ofte his mother vewing his wide wound
 Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight :
 But none of all those curses overtooke
 The warlike maide th' ensample of that might,
 But sayrely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
 Her noble dedes, ne her right course for ought for-
 souke.

XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
 To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous knights, the prince, and fary gent,
 Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
 Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong;
 Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
 And full of firy zele, him followed long,
 To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through
 playns,
 Those two great champions did attonce pursew
 The fearefull damzell with incessant payns:
 Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
 Of hunters swifte, and sent of howndes trew.
 At last they came unto a double way,
 Where doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
 Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
 Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII.

But Timias, the princes gentle squire,
 That ladies love unto his lord forlent,
 And with proud envy and indignat yre
 After that wicked foster fiercely went;
 So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent:
 But fayrest fortune to the prince befell,
 Whose chaunce it was that soone he did repent
 To take that way in which that damozell
 Was fledd afore, affraid of him as scend of hell.

XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gained vew :
 Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
 And ever as he nigher to her drew,
 So evermore he did increase his speed,
 And of each turning still kept wary heed :
 Alowd to her he oftentimes did call
 To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed :
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
 Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight ;
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
 Was earst impressed in her gentlé spright :
 Like as a fearefull dove, which through the raine
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
 Having farre off espyde a tassell gent,
 Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
 Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
 And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

L.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,
 That fearefull ladie fledd from him, that ment
 To her no evill thought nor evill deed ;
 Yet former feare of being fowly shent
 Carried her forward with her first intent :
 And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde
 Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,
 And that it was a knight which now her sewde,
 Yet she no lesse the knight feard then that villein rude.

LI.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
 Whose like in faery lond were seldom scene ;
 That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afrayd
 Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene :
 Yet he her followd still with corage keene,
 So long that now the golden Hesperus
 Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
 And ward his other brethren ioyeous
 To light their blessed laups in Loves eternall hous.

LII.

All suddainly dim wox the dampish ayre,
 And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,
 That now with thousand starres was decked fayre :
 Which when the prince beheld, (a lothfull sight)
 And that perforce for want of lenger light
 He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
 Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
 His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope ;
 And curs'd night that reft from him a goodly scope.

LIII.

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
 But to and fro at disaventure strayd ;
 Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddainly
 Covered with clouds her-pilott hath dismayd ;
 His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
 And from his loftie steed dismounting low,
 Did let him forage : downe himselfe he layd
 Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw ;
 The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

LIV.

But gentle sleepe envyde him any rest ;
 Instead thereof sad sorow and disdainē
 Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
 And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
 With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
 Oft did he wish that lady faire mote bee
 His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine ;
 Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee,
 And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie :

LV.

“ Night ! thou foule mother of annoyaunce sad,
 Sister of heavic Death and nourse of Woe,
 Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
 And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
 Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus slow,
 Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
 (Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
 Of all the gods) where thou ungratious
 Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horroure hideous :

LVI.

“ What had th’ eternall Maker need of thee
 The world in his continuall course to keepe,
 That doest all thinges deface, ne letttest see
 The beautie of his worke ? Indeed in sleepe
 The slouthfull body that doth love to steepe
 His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
 Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
 Calles thee his goddesse in his errour blind, [kind.
 And great dame Natures handmaide chearing every

LVII.

“ But well I wote that to an heavy hart
 Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts :
 Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
 Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares :
 And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
 The dreary image of sad Death appears :
 So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
 Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

LVIII.

“ Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
 Light-shonning Theft, and traiterous Intent,
 Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
 Shamefull Deceipt, and Daunger imminent,
 Fowle Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment :
 All these I wote in thy protection bee,
 And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent ;
 For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
 And all that lewdnesse love doe hate the light to see.

LIX.

“ For Day discovers all dishonest ways,
 And sheweth each thing as it is in deed :
 The prayes of high God he faire displayes,
 And his large bountie rightly doth arced :
 Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
 Which darknesse shall subdue, and heaven win :
 Truth is his daughter ; he her first did breed,
 Most sacred Virgin ! without spot of sinne :
 Our life is day ; but death with darknesse doth begin.

LX.

“ O when will Day then turne to me againe,
 And bring with him his long-expected light ?
 O Titan ! hast to reare thy ioyous waine,
 Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,
 And chace away this too long lingring Night ;
 Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell :
 She, she it is, that hath me done despight ;
 There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
 And yield her rowme to Day, that can it governe well.”

LXI.

Thus did the prince that wearie night out-weare
 In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine,
 And carely, ere the morrow did upreare
 His deawy head out of the ocean maine,
 He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
 And clombe unto his steed : so forth he went
 With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
 In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent ;
 His steed eke seemd t'apply his steps to his intent.

Printed by T. Davison, White-friars.
