THE SECOND
PART OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

Containing
THE FOURTH,
FIFTH, AND
SIXTH BOOKES.

By Ed. Spenser.
The Fourth Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Containing

The Legend of Cambel and Telamond, or
Of Friendship.

He rugged forhead that with grave foresight
Welds kingdoms causes, & affaires of state;
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wit,
For praising loue, as I have done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to sullie led;
Through false allurement of that pleasing bait,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.

Such ones ill judge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindely flame:
For thy they ought not thing unknowne reprooue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abused the same.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amisse.
THE III. BOOKE OF THE
Which who so lift looke backe to former ages,
   And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,
   And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witness the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of loue full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoiicke censours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all,
   But to that sacred Saint my foueraigne Queene,
In whose chaft breast all bountie naturall,
   And treasures of true loue enlocked beene,
Bone all her sexe that euer yet was seene ;
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,
   And best is lou'd of all aliente weene:
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
   Do thou drie infant, Venus dearing doue,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
   And vse of awfull Maiestie remoue :
In sted thereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisles, by thee gotten
   From thy sweete smyeing mother from aboue,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to loue, and reade this lesson often.

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

For from the time that Scudamour her bought  
In perilous fight, the neuer joyed day,  
A perilous fight when he with force her brought  
From twentie Knights, that did him all a lays:  
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:  
And with great glorie both the shielde of loue,  
And eke the Ladie selle he brought away,  
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,  
A new vnknownen mischiefe did from him remoue.

For that same vile Enchauntour Busyrane,  
The very selle same day that she was wedded,  
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst every man  
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was showen:
And there the Ladie ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknown.

Seuen moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to serve,
Through cruel knife that her deare heart didker.
And now she is with her upon the way,
Marching in louely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of to faire a pray.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse visage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For Amoret right scarefull was and faint,
Left she with blame her honor should attain,
That euerie word did tremble as she spake,
And euerie looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And euerie limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her liues Lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth.
All is his inuitly, that all freely dealeth:
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life,
She sought to saue, as thing referu'd from stealth:
Die had she leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wife.
Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abufion of that Briton mayd:
Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse,
For other whiles to her she purpos made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulness,
That much she feard his mind would grow to some ex-
His will she feared; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed,
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one evening, that they came
Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a louely Dame
Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then she,
That many of them mou’d to eye her sore.
The cuftome of that place was such, that hee
Which had no loue nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,
Who being asked for his loue, auow’d
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to justifie alowd.
The warlike virgine seeing his so proud
And boastfull chalenge, vexed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger throwd;
And sayd, her loue to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

So foorth they went, and both together giuested;
But that fame younker soone was over throwne,
And made repent, that he had rashly lufted
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,
She that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cafth how to salue, that both the custome shoue
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out,
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right,
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
That did her win and free from chalenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then since that strange Knights loue from him was
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of loues were fittet.

With that her glistring helmet she vnlace;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were vp bound
Still in a knot, ynto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veale in compass round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of fire light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples fight.

 Such
Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement sinit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment fayned it;
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wife
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguife:
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

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

Where all that night they of their loues did treat,
And hard adventures twixt themselues alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And griefull pittie privately bemone.
The morow next so soone as Titan shone,
They both vprofè, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with none,
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space.
THE III. BOOKE OF THE

But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace,
Vile treason and sowe falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

The one of them the false Dueffa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew :
For she could d'on to manie shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, saue the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much more, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive vnto each degree.

Her name was Ate, mother of debate,
And all diffention, which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a priuate oft doth ouerthrow.
Her false Dueffa who full well did know,
To be most fit to trouble noble knights,
Which hunt for honor, raised from below,
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprites,
Where she in darknes waftes her cursed daies & nights.

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

And
And all within the riuen walls were hung 
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which th' sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plait,
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defast,
Disshiuered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles raft,
Nations captiued, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relics did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigne long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddesse did struie:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his Princes siue,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got aliue.

And there the relics of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life fought others to depreue,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which made them

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgue;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnaturall;
Some of deare louers, foes perpetuall:
Witness theyr broken bandes there to be seen,
Their girldons rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there bydng beene,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she her selfe had sowen all about,
Now grown great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of euill wordes, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeness due they grown arre,
Bring foorth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

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

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

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

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

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

Such was that hag, which with Duessa roade,
And seruing her in her malitious vse,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To fell her borrowed beautie to abuse.
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As fresh and fragrant as the floure deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

Her mate he was a iollie youthfull knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chialtrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie.
And now himselfe he fitten had right well,
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessia, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant with his goody crew,
From farre elpide the famous Britomart,
Like knight aduenturous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh, effloones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and icting sayd;
Lo there Sir Paridel, for your desart,
Good lucke presents you with yond louely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

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

This
This knight too late his manhood and his might,
I did affay, that me right dearely cost,
Ne lift I for reuenge prouoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost.
The hot-lpurre youth so scorning to be crosst,
Take then to you this Dame of mine ( quoth hee)
And I without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike Britonesse her soone addreft,
And with such uncouth welcome did receive
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his faddle soone to leaue,
Him felfe he did of his new loue deceaue:
And made him felfe thensample of his follie.
Which done, he passed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as sad, as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

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

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his diseaue and euill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to ezie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply.
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new.
Whom when as Blandamour approching nie,
Perceiu’d to be such as they seemd in view,
He was full wo, and gan his former grieze renew.

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

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

With that he put his spurrevnto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preuenting speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan him selfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnnder their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselues did scarcely weeete.
As when two billowes in the Irish fowndes,
   Forcibly driuen with contrarie tydes
Do meete together, each abacke reboundes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the se with some, diuydes
The doubtfull current into diuers wayes:
So fell those two in spight of both their prides,
But Scudamour himselfe did soone vpprayse,
And mounting light his foe for lying long vpbrayes.

Who rolled on an heape lay still in swound,
   All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground,
Ran haftily, to weepe what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to sayle,
   With busie care they streue him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and vndid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slumber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

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

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

Ah gentle knight then false Dueffa sayd,
Why do ye strive for Ladies loue so fore,
Whose chiefe desire is loue and friendly aid
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?
Be ye wroth Sir Scudamour therefore,
That the your loue lift loue another knight,
Do ye your selfe dislike a whit the more;
For Loue is free, and led with selfe delight,
Wilt enforced be with maisterdome or might.

So false Dueffa, but vile As thus;
Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme with stirre outrageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loath,
And loues another, with whom now she goth
In louely wife, and Sleepe, and sports, and playes;
Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth,
Sware she is yours, and stirre vp bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

Vile hag (sayd Scudamour) why dost thou Iye?
And fally seekst a vertuous wight to shame?
Fond knight (sayd As) the thing that with this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
Then tell (quoth Blandamour) and feare no blame,
Tell what thou sawst, maugre who so it heares.
I saw (quoth the) a stranger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.
I saw
I saw him have your Amoret at will,
I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
All manie nights, and manie by in place,
That present were to testifie the case.
Which when as Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shiuering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

So stood Sir Scudamour, when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on Glauce grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words, which he heard say,
Albee vntrue the wist them by assay.
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
His chaungc of cheere, that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

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

But Scudamour for passing great despight
Staid not to answer, scarcely did refraine,
But that in all those knights and ladies fight,
He for reuenge had guiltlesse Glauce slaine:
But being past, he thus began amaine;
False traitour squire, false squire, of falsest knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose Lord hath done my loue this foule despight?
Why do I not it wreake, on thee now in my might?

Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust,
What vengeance due can equall thy desert,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Desist'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let vgly shame and endless infancy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust,
Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare, nathlesse as neede required,
His flaming surie sought to haue assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred:
And euermore sought Britomart to cleare.
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrife his hand to kill her did vpreare,
And thrife he drew it backe: so did at last forbeare.

CANT.
Blandamour wins false Florimell,  
Paridell for her sires,  
They are accorded: Agape  
doth lengthen her sones lives.

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

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,  
That when the wicked seend his Lord tormented,  
With heauenly notes, that did all other pas,  
The outrage of his furious fit relented.  
Such Musicke is wise words with time concencted,  
To moderate stiffe minds, disposed to strive:  
Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,  
What time his people into partes did rive,  
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drue.

Such vfd wise Glauce to that wrathfull knight,  
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:  
Yet Blandamour with termes of foule despight,  
And Paridell her scord, and set at nought,

B 3
As old and crooked and not good for ough.
Both they vnwise, and warelesse of the euill,
That by themselues vnto themselues is wrought,
Through that false witch, and that foule aged dreuill,
The one a seend, the other an incarnate denuill.

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

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie light
Was alwaies slitting as the wauering wind,
After each beautie, that appeared in light,
Beheld, esteepnes it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust, that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent;
Sir knight why ride ye dumphish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So sayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment;

But Paridell that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
Lift not to heare, but made this faire denyall;
Last turne was mine, well prouded to my paine,
This now be yours, God send you better gaine.
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine,
Against that Knight, ere he him well could tore
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly ouerborne.

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

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Hauing so peerelesse paragon ygot:
For sure the sayreft Florimell him seemed,
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alione on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did woe,
With humblest suit that he imagine not,
And all things did devise, and all things doe,
That might her love prepare, and liking win thereto.

She in regard thereof him recompensst
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispensst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seem'd brought to bed in Paradise,
And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most

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So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft,
Had thousand women of their love bereft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engrast,
Was so expert in every subtile flight,
That it could ouerreach the wisest earthly wight.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him enjoined therefore,
As seeming plait in sole felicity:
So blind is lust, false colours to descry.
But Ate soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre vp strife, twixt love and spight and ire,
Did privily put coles vnto his secret fire.

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

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

Exceeding
Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
Too foolish Paridell, that sayes not to his loue
Wouldst gather saine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so easie will I here forsake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.
With that they gan their shiuering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene euer others frend.

Their firie Steedes with so vntamed force
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their speares with pitileffe remorfe,
Through shielf and mayle, and haberieon did wend,
And in their fesh a grieulpe paffage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret,
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where lying still a while, both did forget
The perilous present stownd, in which their liues were

As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
With murdrouser weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despihte,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might,
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh a sonder;
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

At length they both vpstart in amaze;
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselues a while did gaze,
Till seeing her, that Florimell did sene,
In doubt to whom she victorie shoule deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, & mailes did rath, and helmes did

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonced haue rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore,
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice and so fore,
Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

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

There they I weene would fight vntill this day,
Had not a Squire, euie he the Squire of Dames,
By great aduerture trauelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to fo bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh', to weete the caufe of their debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,
That did not fecke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pitying their estate.
And then those Knights he humbly did beseech,
   To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken:
Who lookt a little vp at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them conjur'd by some well knownen token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

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

Glad man was he to see that joyous fight,
For none aliue but joy'd in Florimell,
Andlowly to her lowting thus behight;
Fayrest of faire, that faireness doest excell,
This happie day I haue to greate you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late,
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;
Long may you liue in health and happiestate,
She litle anfwer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

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

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

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

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

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

Thus as they marched all in close disguise,
    Offayned loue, they chaunst to ouertake
Two knights, that lincked rode in louely wise,
    As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
    To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
    That twixt themselues did gentle purpose make,
    Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursive.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand,
    Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand,
    What mote they be: who viewing them more neare
28 THE III. BOOKE OF THE Cant. II.

Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the provest Knights in Faery lond;
And those two Ladies their two louers deare,
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linekt in louely bond.

Whylome as antique stories tellen vs,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dredded daungerous,
That euer shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be nowhere to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compyled,
With warlike numbers and Heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undeyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

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

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus resuie,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durft euer whilest thou wast alius;
And being dead in vaine yet many strue:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me surviue,
I follow here the footing of thy feete;
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

Cambelloes.
Cant. II. FAERIE QUEENE.

Cambelloes sister was faire Camacie,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in euerie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of natures wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beastes and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaft of life, yet lou’d of Knights & Lords.

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

So much the more as she refu’d to loue,
So much the more she loued was and sough,
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her louers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiu’d would breede great mischief, he betought:
How to preuent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

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

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

Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all,
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight;
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke,
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morny,
Thrie happie mother, and thrie happie morny,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond;
Her name was Agape whose children were
All three as one, the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.
Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike,
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight,
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke vsed Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight,
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe vsed Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both vsd Priamond in field.

These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts diuide;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriu'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could vsed into her will,
And to her service bind each living creature:
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, when so her face
She lift discover, and of goodly figure;
But she as Fayes are wont, in prouie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

There on a day a noble youthly knight
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight;
As she fate carelesse by a cristall flood.
Combing her golden lockes, as seem'd her good:
And vnawares uppon her laying hold,
That stroue in vaine, him long to haue withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three chapions (bold.

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

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

There the them found, all sitting round about
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griefly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruel Atropos cut the twift in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so (vaine.
She them saluting, there by them fate still,  
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:  
And when at last she had beheld her fill,  
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,  
Her cause of comming she to tell began.  
To whom fierce *Atropos*, Bold Fay, that durst  
Come see the secret of the life of man,  
Well worthie thou to be of love accurst;  
And eke thy childrens thrids to be a sunder burst.

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

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

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

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

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

CANT.
The battle twist three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee
Cambina with true friendships bond
doth their long strife agree.

Why doe wretched men so much desire,
To draw their days vnto the utmost date,
And doe not rather with them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at deathes gate?
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne.

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

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight:
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawn'd the same to keepe a right.
That day, the dreaddest day that liuing wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine,
So soone as heauens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the chalenge to define.

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

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

Which doen the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point his chalenge to abet:
Gainst whom Sir Privmond with equall worth:
And equall armes himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.
Right practicke was Sir _Priamond_ in fight, 
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare, 
Ne leffe approved was _Cambelloes_ might, 
Ne leffe his sille in weapons did appeare, 
That hard it was to weene which harder were. 
Full many mightie strokes on either side 
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare, 
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde, 
That they auoyded were, and vainely by did flyde,

Yet one of many was so strongly bent 
By _Priamond_, that with unlucky glaunce 
Through _Cambels_ shoulder it vnwarely went, 
That forced him his shield to disaduaunce, 
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chance, 
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell, 
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce. 
His haughtie courage to aduengement fell: 
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to 

With that his poynant speare he fierce auentred, 
With doubled force close underneath his shield, 
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred, 
And there arresting, readie way did yield, 
For bloud to gush forth on the grasse field; 
That he for paine himselfe not right vpreare, 
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd, 
Like an old Oke whose pith and sap is seare, 
At puffe of euery storme doth stagger here and theare, 

Whom so dismayd when _Cambell_ had espide, 
Againe he droue at him with double might, 
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side 
The mortall point most cruellly empight;
THE III. BOOKE OF THE CAIN.

Where fast infixed, whilest he fought by flight
It forth to wrest, the staffe a sunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despight
He all enrag'd, his shuering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake.

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

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

His wearie ghost assayld from fleshy band,
Did not as others wont, directly fly
Vnto her rest in Plutos grievly land,
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky:
But through traduction was eftsfoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren, that suruiued,
In whom he liu'd a new, of former life depritted.

Whom
Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sorie for so heavy fight;
Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yeeld,
But rather stred to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rush't fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reuersion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew,
His foe was soone addrest: the trumpets freshly blew.

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to devoure;
And with their axes both so sorely beat,
That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rued were like rotten wood a funder, (sthwre
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two Tygers prickt with hangers rage,
Hauce by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre yp stricfull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselues doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either fdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies fake.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were entechangeed twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or auoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood for a while of her foe:  
Till diamond disdaining long delay  
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,  
Resolu'd to end it one or other way;  
And heau'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty sway.

The dreadfull stroke in case it had arrived,  
Where it was meant, (so deadly it was meant):  
The soule had sure out of his bodie riued,  
And stipted all the strife incontinent.  
But Cambel's fate that fortune did preuent:  
For seeing it at hand, he swarau'd aside,  
And so gave way unto his fell intent:  
Who missing of the marke which he had eyde,  
Was with the force nigh feld whilst his right foot did flyde,

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

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,  
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover,  
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,  
He can let drive at him with all his power,  
And with his axe him smote in euill hower,  
That from his shoulders quite his head he refte.  
The headlesse tronke, as headlesse of that stower,  
Stood still a while, and his fast footing kept,  
Till feeling life to fail, it fell, and deadly slept.
They which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz’d the headleffe tronke to see
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates diuine decree,
For lifes succeffion in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one foule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not diſmembred bee,
It would haue liued, and reuiued eft;
But finding no fit feat the lifeleſſe corſe it leſt.

It leſt; but that fame foule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entering into Triamond, him fild
With double life, and griefe, which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of Steele, that clofe his hartebloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of reſt,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addreſſt;
Who him affronting moone to fight was readie preſt.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
After he had fo often wounded beene,
Could ſtand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduenturing feene,
Some newborne wight ye would him ſurely weene:
So ſrefh he ſeemed and ſo fierce in fight;
Like as a Snake, whom weary wintres teene,
Hath worn to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Caſts off his ragged skin and ſtreſſly doth him dight.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did reſtore
His weakened powers, and dulled spirits wher,
Through working of the stone there in yet. 
Else how could one of equall might with most, 
Against so many no lesse mightie met, 
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost, 
Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde, 
Ne desperate of glorious victorie, 
But sharply him assayld, and fore bestedde, 
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let die, 
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie: 
He stroke, he fouft, he foyn, he hewd, he lasht. 
And did his yron brond fo fast applie, 
That from the fame the fierie sparkles flasht.

As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dash'd,

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

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

Thus
Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquished, then the other seemed,
Yet victors both them felues always esteemed.
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like little riuers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and seeble stood.

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

Through which aduantage, in his strenght he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the same, which did his hauberk close,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do, that lose the liuing spright:
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All vnawares he started vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assay'd his foe, who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth fight, as he some ghost had seen,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sword;
Till having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike, and saue him selfe from teene.

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

Whereof full blith, estsoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which Cambell seeing come, was nothing low
Him selfe to saue from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sward
Close vnderneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike vpward,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound ap)

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And falling heavie on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in swoone he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
And sure had it not happily found rest
Vpon the brim of his brode plated shield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his brest.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

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

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

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance long,
   Unsure to whether side it would incline,
   And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine,
   And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
   All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to define,
   Confus'd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theaters oftimes annoyes.

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

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
To obey their riders heft, as seemed good.
And therein sate a Ladie passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angel's brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,
Hauing therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instruerted by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other.
Who understanding by her mightie art,
Of th'euell plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in haft to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which caufd so deadly smert.

And as she passed through th'vnruuly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For haft did ouer-runde, in dust enrould,
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to
FAERIE QUEENE.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lorde,
And by the tailes together firmly bound,
And both were with one olivie garland crownd,
Like to the rod which Maias sone doth wield,
Wherewith the hellifhfiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup the hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vpfuld.

Nepenthe is a drinck of souerayne grace,
Deuized by the Gods, for to affwage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs vp anguifh and contentious rage:
In stead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth eftablish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof aslynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

Such famous men, suchworthies of the earth,
As loue will haue aduanced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drinke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
Are wafted away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

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

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly lime the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Coch she gan auailc,
And pacing fairely forth, did bid all haile,
First to her brother, whom she loued deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile:
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t'appeare.

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

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

Of
Of which so soone as they once tafted had,
   Wonder it is that fudden change to fee:
Instead of strokes, each other killed glad,
   And louely hauft from feare of treafon free,
   And plighted hands for euer friends to be.
When all men faw this fudden change of things,
   So mortall foes fo friendly to agree,
   For paffing joy, which fo great maruaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

All which, when gentle Canacee beheld,
   In haft she from her lofty chaire descended,
   Too weet what fudden tidings was befeld:
   Where when she faw that cruell war fo ended,
   And deadly foes fo faithfully affrended,
   In louely wife she gan that Lady greet,
   Which had fo great difmay fo well anended,
   And entertaining her with curt{(sies)meet,
Profeft to her true friendship and affection sweet.

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

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

Cant. IIII.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

It often fals, (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profeft are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends.
And th’end of both likewise of both their ends.
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th’occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

That well (me feemes) appeares, by that oflare
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
As els by this, that now a new debate
Stird vp twixt Scudamour and Paridell,
The which by course befall me here to tell:
Who hauing those two other Knights espide
Marching afor, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both descride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beseide.

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

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

But faire Cambina with perswaftions myld,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcile,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange adueritures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney, which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her, which did in beautie most excell.

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

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftloones to disaduaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falle into their fellowship by chance,
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rouing eie did on the Lady glaunce,
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whó sure he weend, that he some wher tofore had eide.

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

And said, Sir Knight, fith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
And lo shee shall be placed here in sight.
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her, may her haue by right:
But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That
That offer pleased all the company,
So Florimell with Ate forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he neuer thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worst then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had fought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to justifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his vnmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan reuile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize.
And Ate eke prouokt him priuily,
With loue of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

But Cambell thus did shut vp all in iest,
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,
That we may vs referue both fresh and strong,
Against the Turneiment which is not long.
When who so lift to fight, may fight his fill,
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

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

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

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane:
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke.
A gorgeous girdle, curiously emboyst
With pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same, which lately Florimel had loft.

That same aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftfoones discouered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious fight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrisf happie Ladie, and thrisf happie knight,
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

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

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

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

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

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

And now by this, Sir Satyrane acred,
Out of the twowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse affray.
Which doughty Trismond had wrought that day,
Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead.
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht haue beene, then in so bad a steed.

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

With
With that at him his bravelike speare he aimed,
   And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele for mischiefe first ordained,
   And having now misfortune got for guide.
Staid not, till it arrived in his side.
   And therein made a very grievely wound,
That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.
   Much was he daunted with that direfull found,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a sound.

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
   Out of the field, that none perceiued it plaine,
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
   To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine.
By that the gloomy euening on them fell,
   That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell,
So Satyran that day was judged to bare the bell.

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

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not value,
   Ne done vndoe, yet for to value his name,
And purchase honour in his friends behvale.
This goodly counterfaunce he did frame.
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
Which Triamond had wore, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwift, for doubt of blame,
If he misdid; he on himselfe did slight,
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to fight.

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

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

So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at laft,
Whether through foundring or through sodein feare
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That ere him selfe he had recovered well,
So sore he fowst him on the compaft creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie fell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feete fell.
Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed,
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all vnwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords, that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prifoner, where he stood on ground.

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

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

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

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

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best.
But Triamond to Cambell it reliev.
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t'aduance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differed.

The last day came, when all those knightes againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But Satyrane boue all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declared in all mens view.
For from the first he to the last endured,
And though somewhat Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet euermore his honour he recurred,
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.
Ne was there Knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost prowess there made known,
That by their many wounds, and careless harms,
By shivered speares, and swords all under strown,
By scattered shields was easie to be shown.
There might ye see loose steeds at random ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were ouerthrowen;
And squiers make hast to helpe their Lords fordone,
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

Till that there entred on the other side,
A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent disguise, full hard to be descrie.
For all his armoure was like saluage weed,
With woody mosses bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Saluageffe sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

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

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouerthrew
Seuen Knights one after other as they came:
And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
THE III. BOOKE OF THE Cant. IIII.

Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing, and flashing shields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe, what euer nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull fight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous affright.

Much wondred all men, what, or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguise
It seemed, him to terme the saluage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtieest knight that liv'd that day, and most of

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

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Artegall, in middeft of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his Vimriere
So sore, that tombling backe, he downe did flyde
Ouer his horses taile aboue a sryde;
Whence little lust he had to rise againe.
Which Cambell seeing, much the same enuyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.
Whereat
Whereat full inly wroth was Tiamond,
   And cast t'euenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond,
   In no lesse neede of helpe, then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
   Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased forse,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
   His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore,

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

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

So did the warlike Britomart restore
   The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day,
   Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore
   The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then thrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leaue their labours and long toyle,
To joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that preitious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest a whyle.

**Cant. V.**

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

I

That hath bene through all ages euer seene,
That with the praiue of armes and cheualrie,
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall priuitie:
For either doth on other much relie.
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serue,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That fairest is and from her faith will never swrue.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the prooe of prowesse ended well,
The controuersie of beauties soueraine grace;
In which to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle offaire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorievaine,
And not for vertuous vse, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to loue, and secke for to obtaine.

That
That girdle gaue the vertue of chaft loue,
And wiuhood true, to all that did it beare;
But whosocuer contrarie doth proce;
Might not the fame about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else a funder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare;
What time the vfd to liue in wiuely fort;
But layd aside, when so she vfd her looser sport.

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

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

That goodly belt was Cestas hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the fame
So many Ladies fought, as shall appeare;
For pearelesse she was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The judges which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended,
To decre this doutfull case, for which they all contended.

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

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

But thereat greatly grudged Artheall,
And much repyned, that both of victors meede,
And eke of honour she did him forestall.
Yet mote he not withstand, what was decreed:
But inly thought of that despightfull deed
Fit time t’awaite auenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next enfew’d the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the sayrrest her due fee.

Then
Then first Cambello brought vnto their view
His faire Cambina, cover'd with a veale;
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect heu
And passing beautie did efffoones receale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond vnto their fight
The face of his deare Canacee vnheale;
Whose beauties beame efficsoones did shine so bright,
That dazz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

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

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For since the day that they created beene,
So many heauenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might haue fought.

At last the most redoubted Britonesse,
Her louely Amores did open shew;
Whose face discover'd, plainely did expresse
The heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels cow.
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display:
The sight of whom once scene did all the rest disdain.

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

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,
With golden foyle doth finely ouer spred
Some bafer metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly gloffe thereon doth shed,
To hide his falloiid, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Idole was to be aied,
That Florimell her selfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demand, and chalenge as their rights,
Deserued for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest with boast full vaine pretense
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd; by him in battell wonne long sens:
Whereto her fete, he did to witnesse call;
Who being askt, accordingly confessed all.
Thereat exceeding wroth was Saturan;
And wroth with Saturan was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Eriuan;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So all together stir'd up strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule more them restraine.

Which troublous stirre when Saturane auiz'd:
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the midft to set that fayrest Dame,
To whom each once his chalenge should disclame,
And he himfelfe his right would eke releasse:
Then looke to whom the voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

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

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

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiud,  
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,  
And follow’d them, in mind her to haue reau’d  
From wight vnworthie of so noble meed.  
In which pourfuit how each one did suceede,  
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.  
But now of Britomart it here doth neede,  
The hard adventures and strange hap’s to tell;  
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

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

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:  
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,  
In seeking him, that shoud her paine assoyle;  
Whereeto great comfort in her sad misfare  
Was Amoret, companion of her care:  
Who likewise fought her louer long miswent,  
The gentle Scudamour, whose hart whileare  
That stryfull hag with jealous discontent  
Had fild, that he to fell reueng was fully bent.
Bent to revenge on blameless Britomart
The crime, which cursed Ate kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke her jealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow pierst,
That by no reason it might be reuerst,
For ought that Glance could or doe or say,
For aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
That sought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

So as they travelled, the drooping night
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter shoure,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seke some couert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

Vnder a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke:
Whereeto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entering in, they found the goodman selfe,
Full busily vnto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched weareshele,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheeckes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and grievelly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with slime that nigh his eye-fight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands amongst the cinders brennt,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles vnpared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made;
Those be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

In which his worke he had fixe servants prest,
About the Andvile standing euermore,
With huge great hammers, that did neuer rest,
From heaping stroakes, which thereon fouled sore:
All fixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatnessse orderly succeed,
That he which was the last, the first did farre exceed.

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing Bronteus, or Pynacmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Ioues auengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the anduile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could rive,
And rend a sunder quite, if he thereto lift strie.
Sir Scudamour there entering, much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare,
Those pensifenesse did move; & Sighes the bellows weare.

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

There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting,
When gentle sleepe his heauie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem’d he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe vprose;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wherefoeuer he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished eafe obtaine:
So euery place seem’d painefull, and eche changing vaine.

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers found his senses did moleft;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb’d his quiet rest,
Ne suffered sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shrieking him afflicted to the very sowle.

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

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weaknessse, which no creature may
Long time refist, gaue place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly seare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

With that, the wicked carle the maister Smith
A paire of redwhot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
Vnder his side him nipt, that forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started vp auenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselle did flee.
In such disquiet and hartfretting Payne,
He all that night, that too long night did passe.
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly maffe,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then vp he rose like heauie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguifh one mote plainly read,
And gheffe the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voyaage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared.
But here my wearie teeme nigh ouer spent
Shall breath it felfe awhile, after so long a went.
Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart,
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
and soone from her depart.

What equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguiff hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smare?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a fore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that Scudsmour did gride;
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a falue provide,

Who hauing left that restlesse house of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare,
Through misconceipt; all vnawares espide
An armed Knight vnder a forreft side,
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who soone as them approaching he descrie,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deede.

Which Scudamour perceiving, forth iswewed
To haue renountred him in equall race;
But soone as th'other nigh approaching, vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,

And
And voide his course: at which so suddain came
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
Ah gentle Scudamour, ynto your grace.
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespaft this day.

Whereeto thus Scudamour, Small harme it were
For any knight, upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to proue his spere.
But reade you Sir, sith ye my name haue hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite.
Certes (sayd he) ye mote as now excuse
Me from discouering you my name aright;
For time yet serves that I the fame refuse,
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others vse.

Then this, Sir Salvage Knight (quoth he) areede;
Or doe you here within this forest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede?
Or haue ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowne armes ye shonne.
This other day (sayd he) a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;
On whom I waite to wraake that foule despiught,
When ever he this way shall passe by day or night.

Shame be his meede (quoth he) that meaneth shame.
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
A stranger knight, sayd he, unkowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Frome the honour of that game did reare;
And hauing me all wareie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie rest, and ever since withheld.
When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wift right well, that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest loue did beare.
Tho gan he swell in euery inner part,
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first vnknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For lately he my loue hath fro me rest,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In fame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not faile, when so ye shall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyr'd in foraine armes and straunge aray:
Whô when they nigh approcht, they plaine descreyde
To be the same, for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, Sir Saluage knight
Let me this craue, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan

To
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can:
But entertain'd him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly haste'd to arise,
But on their common harms together did devise.

But Artegaill beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft auentring his steelheaded lance,
Against her rode, full of despituous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
While vnawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started vp out of that found,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some couert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force preuayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From soule mischance; ne did it euer rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe, so deadly it imprefst,
That quite it chynd his backe, behind the fell,

And to alight on foot, her algates did compell.
Like as the lightning brand from riuen skie,
Throwne out by angry tone in his vengeance,
With dreadfulfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which batttring,downe it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forsooke,
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Vnto her sword and shielde her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

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

At length when as he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferace growing now more grete,
Rose in his strength, and gan her freh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah cruel hand, and thrife more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on her, to whom thou dearest

What yron courage euer could endure,
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature.

The
The maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Certes some hellish furie, or some seend
This mischiefe framed, for their first loues defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loues beginning,their liues end.

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

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

And round about the same, her yellow heare
Hauing through stirring loofd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare.
For it did glistner like the golden sand,
The which Patolus with his waters thershe,
Throwes forth vpon the riuage round about him here.
And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
From his reuengefull purpose snatchte abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had fence,
And felt some ruth, or fence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to do divine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,
Or else vnweeting, what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling honour di'd his sense assayle,
And made each membre quake, and manly hart to quayle.

Nathelosse the full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while vpheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
And looking sterner, still ouer him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or liue for nought he would vpstand
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wrecake on him her will for so great injurie.

Which when as Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrouslly dismayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That
That peerless paterne of Dame natures pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrifide,
And turning his feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to affoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemly belaccoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt vnto those warriours truce a whyle;
Which yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themselues to her, such as indeed they were.

When Britomart with sharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the louely face of Artegall,
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan estsoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchauted glasse she saw.
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enchaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

Yet she it forst to haue againe vpheld,
As sayning choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would haue
But Scudamour now waxen inly glad,
That all his jealous fear he false had found,
And how that Hag his loue abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
Her thus bespake; certes Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
That whyleome in your minde wont to despise them all.

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

When Glauce thus gan wisely all vpknit;
Ye gentle knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Against the course of kind, ne meruaile nought;
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hetherto
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought;
Fearing least the your loues away should woo,
Feared in vaine, Sith means ye see there wants thereto.

And you Sir Artegall, the savage knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whyleome they have conquerd sea and land,
And
And heaven itself, that nought may them withstand
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds derived from aboue,
Which being knit with vertue, never will remove.

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

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke that affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly graue, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborn steede whom strong hand would re-

But Sendamour whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And seeble hope hung all this while suspense,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake ; But Sir without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my loue,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence,
Where she captiued long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left, I may her fecke, as doth behoue.
To whom thus Britomart, certes Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether rest,
I can not ynto you aread a right.
For from that time I from enchanters thest
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preseru'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villenie her kept:
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne ynto whom I more true loue did beare.

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

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

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare: so fore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;

Till
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
Great cause of sorrow certes Sir ye haue:
But comfort take: for by this heauen's light
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reaue.

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

In all which time, Sir Artegal made way
Vnto the loue of noble Britomart,
And with meeke servise and much suit did lay
Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart,
Which being whylome launcht with louely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive,
Howuer she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length vnto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.
Tho when they had long time there taken rest,  
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound  
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,  
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,  
To follow that, which he did long propound;  
And vnto her his congee came to take.  
But her therewith full fore displeased he found,  
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,  
Her dearest loue full loth so shortly to forfake.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,  
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;  
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,  
And thousand vows from bottome of his hart,  
That all so soone as he by wit or art  
Could that atchieue,whereeto he did aspire,  
He vnto her would speedily reuert:  
No longer space thereto he did desire,  
But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

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

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

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

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

Cant. VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphobe saues from dread,
The Squire her loues, and being blam'd
his dayes in dole doth lead.

Great God of loue, that with thy cruell dart
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and keasars, to thy seruice bound,
What glorie, or what guerdon haft thou found
In feeble Ladies tyrannning so sore;
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their liues thou lanchedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell;
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So doest thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The louely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrrest with sorow and with smalt,
In saluage forrests, and in deserts wide,
With Beares and Tygers taking heauie part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils, which she tride.

So soone as she with that braue Britonesse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prife,
They trauel'd long, that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way, and warlike exercize,

Both
Both through a forest riding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
That did her pass'd paines in quiet rest affoyle.

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

It was to weet a wilde and saluage man,
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All ouergrown with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart, and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For he liu'd all on ruuin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the reliques of his feast,
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to flow:
And ouer it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud:
And downe both sides two wide, long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he stood,
More great then the eares of Elephants by Indus flood.
His waist was with a wreath of yuie greene Engirt about, ne other garment wore: For all his haire was like a garment seene; And in his hand a tall young oake he bore, Whoseknottie snags were sharpned all afore, And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted. But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore, Of beasts, or of the earth, I haue not red: But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tygres fed.

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

For she deare Ladie all the way was dead, Whilst he in armes her bore; but when she felt Her selfe downe souf't, she waked out of dread Streight into grieefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt, And eft gan into tender teares to melt. Then when she lookt about, and nothing found But darknessse and dread horrour, where she dwelt, She almost fell againe into a swound, Ne wist whether aboue she were, or vnder ground.

With that she heard some one close by her side Sighing: and sobbing sore, as if the paine Her tender hart in peeces would diuide: Which she long listning, softly askt againe What
What mistery wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus answer'd was: Ah wretched wight
That seeks to know another's grief in vaine,
Vnweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is oversight.

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

This dismall day hath thee a caytiue made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch aliue,
Whose cursed vsage and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darkenesse driue.
For on the spoile of women he doth liue,
Whose bodies chaft, when euer in his powre
He may them catch, vnable to gaine striue,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselves doth cruelly deououre.

Now twenty daies, by which the sones of men
Divide their works, haue past through heuen sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these fery eies haue seen
Seauen women by him flaine, and eaten clene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this oldwoman here remaining beene;
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone,
And of vs three to morrow he will sure eate one.
Ah dreadfull tidings which thou dost declare,
(Quoth she) of all that euer hath bene knowne:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble breast endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?
To tell (quoth she) that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

But what I was, it irkes me to rehearse;
Daughter into a Lord of high degree;
That joyd in happy peace, till fates peruerse
With guilefull loue did secretly agree,
To overthow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to loue a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, vnlesse mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to have laine.

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

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

But a unhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accurs'd Carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind,
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him, as swift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad AEmylia.

Ah sad AEmylia (then sayd Amoret.)
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what deuise or wit,
Haft thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
Thine honor fau'd, though into thraldome throwne,
Through helpe (quothe) of this old woman here
I have so done, as she to me hath showne.
For ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desyre.

Thus of their euils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone;
Loe where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes fourse,
Came to the caue, and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And spredding ouer all the flore alone,
Gan dight him selfe vnto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket should beginne.
Which when as fearfull Amores perceiued,
She staid not the utmost end thereof to try,
But like a ghastly Gelt, whose wits are reaued,
Ran forth in haft with hideous outcry,
For horrore of his shamefull villany.
But after her full lightely she vprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeleth the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

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

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

It so befell, as oft it falls in chace,
That each of them from other sundred were,
And that same gentle Squire arry'd in place,
Where this same cursed caytieue did appeare,
Pursuing
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare,
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his gremning laughter mote farre off be raid.

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

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

Which subtille sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her muft hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the laft he did himfelfe attaine,
And therein left the pike head of his speare.
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.
With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands upon his glaue,
With dreadful strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flye abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did raue,
That scarce the Squire his hand could once vpreare,
But for advantage ground vnto him gaue,
Tracing and trauersing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

Whilst thus in battell they embusied were,
_Belphebe_ raunging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
Whom when that theefe approching nigh espide,
With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dretiment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily porsewèd
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And euer in her bow she ready shewed,
The arrow, to his deadly marke defynde.
As when _Latonaes_ daughter cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull _Niobes_ unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

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

Whom when on ground she groueling saw to rowle,
She ran in haft his life to haue bereft;
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull sawle
Hauing his carrion corfe quite fenecelesse left,
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft.
Yet ouer him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monftrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there ouerflowne, seemd like a fodaine flood.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some little whispering, and soft groning found.
With that she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horror of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

Then forth the said \textit{AEmylia} isfewed,
Yet trembling euery joynyt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A leman fit for such a louer deare.
That mou'd \textit{Belphebe} her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavie cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.
Thence she them brought toward the place, where late she left the gentle Squire with Amoret: there she him found by that new loyely mate, who lay the whiles in sworne, full fadly set, from her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet, which softly stild, and kissting them atweene, and handling soft the hurtes, which she did get. For of that Carle she sorely bru'z'd had beene, als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

Which when she saw, with soodaine glaucnung eye, her noble heart with sight thereof was fild with depe disdaine, and great indignity, that in her wrath she thought them both haue thild, with that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild; yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore, but drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld; is this the faith she said, and said no more, but turnd her face, and fled away for euermore.

He seeing her depart, arose vp light, right fore aggrieved at her sharpe reproofe, and follow'dfast: but when he came in light, he durst not nigh approch, but kept aloofe, for dread of her displeaures utmost proffe. And euermore, when he did grace entreat, and framed speaches fit for his behoofe, her mortall arrowes, she at him did threat, and forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

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

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

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm’d, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griefly to concrew,
Vncomb’d, vncurl’d, and carelesly vinshed;
That in short time his face theyouergrew,
And ouer all his shoulders did dispre’d,
That who he whilome was, vnclothed was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wifull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghoft he soone appeares.
For other food then that wilde forest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he euer taft,
Then running water, tempered with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worn at laft.
For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
   His owne deare Lord Prince Arthur came that way,
Seeking adventures, where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandering wood did stray,
   Having espiede this Cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people thonue;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching
   sunne.

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

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
   But stood still mute, as if he had bee dum,
Ne signe of fence did shew, ne common wit,
   As one with griefe and anguithe ouercum,
And vnto euery thing did aunswer mum:
   And euery when the Prince vnto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
   And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his sake,

At which his uncouth guise and vsage quaint,
   The Prince did wonder much, yet could not gheffe
   The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend by secret signes of manliness;
Which
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Train'd vp in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he obseru'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he saw on euery tree,
How he the name of one engraven had,
Which likly was his liest loute to be,
For whom he now so sorely was bestad;
Which was by him \textit{BELPEBE} rightly rad.
Yet who was \textit{that Belphebe}, he ne wift;
Yet saw he ofte how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist:

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
Ne ought motemake him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy prouide,
And him restore to former grace againe.
Which for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.
The gentle Squire recovers grace,
Slander her guest’s doth finance:
Corstanbochaeth Placidas,
And is by Arthure insane.

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

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had,
With one sterno looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He euer tastted, but with penance sad
And pensiue sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne euer laught, ne once shew’d countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish & decay.

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

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

Thus long this gentle bird to him did vse,
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Vnto his wonne,and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And euery day for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That at the laft of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Vpon a day as she him fate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty, which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.
The fame he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieued mind.
All vnawares the bird, when he did find
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flewe away, as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way she straid.

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

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in couert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toile, which she had tride
In saluage chase, to rest as seem’d her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was herwont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did pertake.

She her beholding with attentiue eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands dreft:

There-
Cant. VIII. FAERIE QUEENE.

Therewith she rose in haste, and her address
With ready hand it to have rest away.
But the swift bird obey'd not her behest,
But swar'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

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

Eftsoones she flew vnto his fearlesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deuiz'd,
As if she would have made him understand,
His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd.
Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his graue agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wist it were in her to doe him any grace.

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And waist the same with water, which did well
From his moist cies, and like two streams proceed,
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mistier wight he was, or what he ment,
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few truefull looks vnto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.
Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so felcouth case,
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend, that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mou'd with ruth she thus bespake.
Ah wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake?
Or selfe disliked life doth thee thus wretched make?

If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne:
If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;
But if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe advise.
For he whose daies in wilfull woe are wore,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

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

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

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or enuies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord,
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford,
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeking euermore, yet no where him descrie.

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

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The euill case in which those Ladies lay;
But most was moued at the piteous vew
Of Amoret, so neare vnto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that preitious liqour forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew
Her wounds, that vnto strength restor'd her soone anew.
Tho when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what euill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all, that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were vnside
Of that fame wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corse they thew'd him therebeside,
And eke his caue, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when all thosc signes he fond.

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

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

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
For she was stuffed with rancour and despight
Vp to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake, and gush in great exceffe,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all, that truth or vertue doe professe,
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly backbite: Her name men so launder call.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which the guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name;
Neuer Knight so bold, neuer Dame
So chaft and loyall liu'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Neuer thing so well was doen alieue,
But she with blame would blot, & of due praise depriuue.

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

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome fayne,
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertaine;
And eke that age despysed niceness vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with little care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfaye.
Then all that evening welcomed with cold,
And careless hunger, they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,
To be vniustly blam'd, and bitterly reuilde.

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

But antique age yet in the infancie
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne them of guile had made experiment,
But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soueraine awe:
Then loyal loue had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

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

Then beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of beastiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight,
And that which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despifd and troden downe of all that ouerran.

And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
But if few plants preserv'd through heauenly ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soueraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine,
Nowth'only remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly feed.

Tho soone as day discovered heauens face
To sinfull men with darknes ouerdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselues vnto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight;
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.
Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull Hag, the slander of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them renew'd sore,
Him calling theese, them whores; that much did vexe
His noble hart; thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did vexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poysyon spent.

At last when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which pass'd straunger at him throw'd;
So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heauie armes, which fore annoyed
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to faire;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they spide, where towards them with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie
Bearing a little Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brazen skie:
Whom after did a mightie man pursuwe,
Ryding upon a Dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadful face to view.

For from his searefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streams,
Full of fad powre, that poysonous bale did breede
To all, that on him looke without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Basiliske of serpents seed,
From powrefull eyes close venin doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

He all the way did rage at that fame Squire,
And after him full many threatenings threw,
With curses vaine in his auengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him ouertooke, before he came in view.
Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,
And rescue him through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe, that him pursuwd in fight.

Eftfoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
From loftrie steede, and mounting in their steed
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his caufe of dread;
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadful weapon aymed at his head,
That into death had done him vnredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke represt.
Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brut did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harme came neare.
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heauie sway, that hard onto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the couering reare,
Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne.

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

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

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground.
The whiles his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God, that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

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

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

Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
But euer vanquisht all, with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them vnto nought,
By casting secret flakes of luftfull fire
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.
Therefore Corflambo was he calld aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Peana; who seemes outwardly
So faire, as euer yet saw liuing eie:
And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder skie,
But ah she giuen is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of loue too light.

So as it fell there was a gentle Squire,
That lou'd a Ladie of high parentage,
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell age,
Disuaded her from such a disparage.
But she, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But firmly following her first intent,
Resolu'd with him to wend, against all her friends consent.

So twixt themselues they pointed time and place,
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaentrous case
Him chaunset; in stead of his Æmylia faire
This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught,
And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire,
Him wretched thrall vnto his dungeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vnsuccour'd and vnfought.

This Gyants daughter came vpon a day
Vnto the prifon in her iooyous glee,
To view the thrals, which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see.

This
This louely swaine the Squire of low degree;  
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,  
And wooed him her paramour to bee:  
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,  
And for his loue him promist libertie at last.

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

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

Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare,  
Full inly forie for the fervent zeale,  
Which I to him as to my soule did beare;  
I thether went where I did long conceale  
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reveale,  
And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree  
Did secretly out of her prison steale;  
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee;  
For neuer two so like did living creature see.
Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who through the likeness of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Can blame me much for being so untrue,
To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
That lou'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad did not gainsay nor strue,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dungeon drive.

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

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

The morrow next about the wonet houre,
The Dwarfe cal'd at the doore of Amyas,
To come forthwith into his Ladies bowre.
In steed of whom forth came I Placidas,
And
And vndiscerned, forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee,
Of faire Fauna I receiued was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

Which I, that was not bent to former loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refused,
Did well accept, as well it did behowe,
And to the present neede it wisely vfd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excus'd;
And after promis't large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abus'd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I loue and life did stake.

Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
That to her Dwarf, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streme I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarf I could with me conuay,
I lightly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hether brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two yet doubtfull through dismay
In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.
Where soone as Amylia did espie
Her captive louers friend, young Placidas;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
She to him ran, and him with streight embras
Enfolding said, and liues yet Amyas?
He liues (quoth he) and his Amylia loues.
Then leffe (said she) by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues.
But what mishap thus long him fro myselfe remoues?

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captuiutie;
That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
And sith full sore, to heare the miserie,
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
Then after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie:
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his euent.
The Squire of low degree releaseth
Powana takes to wife:
Britomart fights with many Knights
Prince Arthur fights their sire.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet
The deare affection into kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to woman kind,
Or zedale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertues mind
Me seemes the gentle hart, should most assured bind.

For naturall affection soone doth ceffe,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppreffe,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For as the soule doth rule the earthly maffe,
And all the seruice of the bodie frame,
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
In which these Squires true friendship more did sway,
Then either care of parents could restraine.
Or loue of fairest Ladie could constraine.
For though *Paeans* were as faire as morn,
Yet did this Trustie squire with proud disdain,
For his friends sake her offred fauours scorne,
And the her selfe her fyre, of whom she was yborne.

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

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

There he did find in her delitious boure
The faire *Paeans* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And finging all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote.
That with the sweetneffe of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attach’t, and captiue held by might.

Whence
Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare fire, she cal'd to him for aide.
But when of him no aunswer were she receiued,
But saw him fenceless by the Squire vpstaide,
She weened well, that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and wepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treafon to vpbraide.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

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

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

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

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

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

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire Paana he enlarged free;
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frolicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee:
But grieued was for losse both of her fire,
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with griefe entire,
For losse of her new loue, the hope of her desire.

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

And for to shut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was first the ground of all her grieue,
That trufty Squire he wisely well did moue
Not to despile that dame, which lou'd him liese,
Till he had made of her some better priefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wise.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
Heyeelded, and her tooke, so stinted all their strife.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis,
They liu'd together long without debate,
Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enimis
Could shake the safe aslurance of their state.
And she whom Nature did so faire create,
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loues and lust intemperate
Had it defaste; thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her
(praise.

Thus when the Prince had pefectly compyld
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest,
Him selfe, whose minde did trauell as with chylde,
Of his old louse, conceau'd in secret breft,
Resolued to pursue his former guest;  
And taking leave of all, with him did bear  
Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest  
Had left in his protection while are,  
Exchanged out of one into an other fear.

Feare of her safety did her not constraine,  
For well she wist now in a mighty hond,  
Her person late in perill, did remaine,  
Who able was all daungers to withfond,  
But now in feare of shame she more did fpond,  
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,  
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond;  
Whose will her weakenesse could no way represse.  
In case his burning luft should breake into excessse.

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

At length they came, whereas a troupe of Knights  
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:  
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,  
But foure of them the battell best beseemed,  
That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.  
Thosse foure were they, from whom false Florimell  
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed.  
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,  
Loue-lauifh Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.
Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure:
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loued out of measure:
So eke lou'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
But lusted after all, that him did moue.
So diuerly these foure disposed were to love.

But those two other which beside them stooode,
Were Britomart, and gentle Scudamour,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that euerie dint the ghost would riuie
Out of their wretched corfes, and their liues depriue.

As when Dan AEolus in great displeasure,
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden thrasure,
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude vnruiment,
From all foure parts of heauen doe rage full fore,
And toffe the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide vprore,
As if in stead thereof they Chaos would restore.

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,
And seeking long, to weet which way she straid
Met here together, where through lewd vpbraide
Of Ate and Duesa they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide,
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successse depended yet in doult.

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

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

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

Thus
Thus they long while continued in fight,
  Till Scudamour, and that fame Briton made,
By fortune in that place did chance to light;
  Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle vpbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordone,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

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

The warlike Dame was on her part asfraid,
  Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
  At Scudamour, both his profesled fone.
Foure charged two, and two furcharged one;
  Yet did those two them selues so bruely beare,
That the other litlle gained by the lone,
  But with their owne repayred duely weare,
And vsury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
  To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
  Ne lend an eare to ought, that might behoue,
As when an eager mastiff once doth prove
The taft of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast:
So little did they hearken to her sweet behead.

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre beheld
With odds of so vnequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation fweat,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftfoones him felfe he to their aide addreft,
And thrusting fierce into the thickeft preace,
Divided them, how euer loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to furceaffe,
With gentle words perfwading them to friendly peace.

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

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh vntouched afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first difswade:
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through sufferance hartned more,
Him felfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them fo sharply and fo fere,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in danger, to rellent too late.

But
But now his courage being throughly fired,
He sent to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprize.
At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as lift them to devise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat.

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

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

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

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

Then good sir Claribell him thus bespake,
Now were it not sir Scudamour to you,
Dislikefull paine, so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, fith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to vs in order dew
All that aduenture, which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well apay.

So gan the rest him likewise to require,
But Britomart did him importune hard,
To take on him that paine: whose great desire
He glad to satisifie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that atchieuement, as to him befell.
And all those daungers vnto them declar'd,
Which fith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.
Rue he it said, what ever man it sayd,
That loue with gall and hony doth abound,
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
That I too true by triall haue approued:
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to haue louted,
I never joyed howre, but still with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from above,
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their settled mindes remoue,
But seeme against common fience to them most sweet,
As boisting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured,
I count as naught, and tread downe vnnder feete,
Since of my loue at length I rest assured,
That to disloyaltie she will not be allured.

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

What time the fame of this renowned prize
Flew first abroad, and all mens cares possisst,
I hauing armes then taken, gan auise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this fame braue emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

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

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

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

Before that Castle was an open plaine,
    And in the midst thereof a piller placed;
    On which this shield, of many fought in vaine,
    The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,
    Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
    And in the marble stone was written this,
    With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
    Blessed the man that well can use his blis:
    Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
    And pant with hope of that aduentures hap:
    Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
    But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
    That all the castle ringed with the clap.
    Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
    And brauely mounted to his most mishap:
    Who staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunft from his horses hoofe.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
    And by good fortune shortly him vnsatead.
Efffoones out sprung two more of equall mould;
    But I them both with equall hap defeated:
THE III. BOOKE OF THE Cant. X.

So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine.
Then preaching to the pillour I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

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

That was to weet the Porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backward bent,
Therein resembling Janus auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proued perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

On th'one side he, on th'other side Delay,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espie;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
And entertaine with her occasions fly,
Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,
Which never they recover might again;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in vnpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce, afterwards in vaine.
Me when as he had privately espide,
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it freight, and to me opened wide.
So in I past, and freight he clofd the gate.
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the thressure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

But by no meanes my way I would forlow,
For ought that euer she could doe or say,
But from my lofty steede dismounting low,
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich affay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I reckon may:
And vnderneath, the riuere rolling still (will.
With murmure soft, that sem'd to serue the workmans

Thence forth I passt to the second gate,
The Gate of good defert, whose, goodly pride
And costly frame, were long here to relate.
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide:
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terroure of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

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

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

But I though nearest man of many moe,  
Yet much disdaining vnto him to lout,  
Or creepe betwenee his legs, so in to goe,  
Resolu'd him to assault with manhood stout,  
And either beat him in, or drive him out.  
Eftsoones aduauncing that enchaunted shielde,  
With all my might I gan to lay about:  
Which when he saw, the glaieue which he did wield  
He gan forthwith t'auale, and way vnto me yield.

So as I entred, I did backeward looke,  
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;  
And loe his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,  
Much more deformed fearfull ugly were,  
Then all his former parts did earstappere.  
For hatred, murther, treason, and despiight,  
With many moe lay in ambushment there,  
Awayting to entrap the warelessse wight,  
Which did not them preuent with vigilant foresight.  

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

No tree, that is of count, in grenewood growes,
From lowest Juniper to Ceder tall,
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint deuice,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice,

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

Fres|h shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low looking dales, disloign'd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace louers trew;
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

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

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

Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare;
Trew Jonathan, and Dauid trustie tryde;
Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his feare;
Pylades and Orestes by his syde;
Mylde Titus and Gesippus without prye;
Damon and Pythias whom death could not feuer;
All these and all that euer had bene tyde,
In bands of friendship there did liue for euer,
Whose liues although decay'd, yet louses decayed neuer.
Which
Which when as I, that neuer tafted blis,
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse enuye,
That being free from feare and gealousye,
Might frankly there their loues defire posseffe;
Whileft I through paines and perlous ieopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard
diftresse.

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

Not that fame famous Temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did ouersee,
And which all Asia fought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds feuen wonders fayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wife King of Turie framed,
With endlesse cost, to be th' Almighties see;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

I much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht, which open stood;
But therein sat an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,

K.
And in her semblant shewed great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
Enwouen was with gold, that raught full low a downe.

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

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

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

By her I entering halfe dismayed was,
But the in gentle wife me entertain'd,
And twixt her selfe and loue did let me pass;
But Hatred would my entrance haue restrayned,
And with his club me threatened to haue brayned
Had not the Ladie with her powerfull speach
Him from his wicked will vneath restrayned;
And th'o'ther eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the peril of his reach.

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The rooife vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, & chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strewn'd with flowres, as fresh as

An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple swer,
Which rould in clouds to heauen did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vows entire:
And eke an hundred brassen caudrons bright,
To bath in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damsell hight;
For all the Priests were damzels, in soft linnen night.

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

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

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

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

And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of louers piteoufly complaung,
Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdainning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently faying,
As every one had cause of good or ill.

Amongst the rest some one through loues constray-
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did full.

Great Venus, Queene of beautie and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doeft fairest shine, and most adorne thy place,
That with thy smyling looke doe pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And when thou spredest thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play and pleasant lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, & al the world shews ioyous cheare.

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

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

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

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

The
The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares;  
And grayer countenance then all the rest;  
Yet all the rest were eke her equall yeares,  
Yet unto her obayed all the best.  
Her name was Womanhood, that she exprest  
By her sad semblant and demeanour wyle:  
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,  
Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guyle,  
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts entyle.

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

And next to her fate sober Modestie,  
Holding her hand vpon her gentle hart;  
And her against fate comely Curtesie,  
That vnto euery person knew her part;  
And her before was seate ouerthwart  
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,  
Both linckt together neuer to dispard,  
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,  
Both girlandes of his Saints against their foes offence.

Thus fate they all a round in seemely rate:  
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,  
Euen in the lap of Womanhood there fate,  
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd,
That same was fairest Amore in place;
Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly vertues grace.

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

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

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

And
And euermore vpon the Goddesse face
  Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
  To laugh at me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence,
  And nought for niceness nor for enuy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like aftoniift staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

She often prayd, and often me besought,
  Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles; but yet for nought,
  That euer she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome frome wooe;
  But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much ado:
  But that same Ladie which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

No leffe did daunger threaten me with dread,
  When as he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
  Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure.
  But euermore my shield did me defend,
Againft the storme of euery dreadfull ftoyre:
  Thus safely with my loue I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.
BVT ah for pittie that I haue thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away, that I haue doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of loue, and in sad thraldomes chayne;
From which vnlesse some heauenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like capti'ud to bee:
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Vnlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a doungeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The doungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brafen locke
Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft
Of all her louers, which would her haue rest.
For walM it was with waues, which rag’d and ror’d
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor’d
Did waite about it, gaping grievously all begor’d.

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dredd, that neuer viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway,
Old *Styx* the Gramdame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
Who her despy’d (ah who would her desp'yse?)
And we mens loue did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womens hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languour liyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother fought,
And many values did to his fore applie,
And many herbes did vs. But when as nought
She saw could eafe his rankling maladie,
At last to *Tryphon* she for helpe did hie,
(This *Tryphon* is the seagods surgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
And for his paines a whistle him behight
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.
So well that Leach did hearken to her request,
And did so well employ his careful pains,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous prowess proued over all.

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

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

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

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

These marched farre afore the other crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the Sea-gods, which to themselues doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame;
And Glauces, that wise southsayes understood;
And tragicke Inoës sonne, the which became
A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend;
Great Brontes, and Astraus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin vnkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend.
The rich *Ctætus*, and *Eurytus* long;
*Neleus* and *Pelias* lovely brethren both;
Mightie *Chrysaor*, and *Caicus* strong;
*Euryalus*, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphaemus*, that vpon them goth.
As on the ground, without dismay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius* that know' th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant Nations, which the world possesse;
Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:
Ancient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncientest,
And *Inachus* renownd aboue the rest;
*Phænx*, and *Aon*, and *Pelasgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phæax*, and *Agenor* best;
And mightie *Albion*, father of the bold!
And warlike people, which the *Britaine Islands* hold.

For *Albion* the sonne of *Neptune* was,
Who for the profe of his great puissance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pas
Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might,
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine: but that which is th'immortall spright
Liues still: and to this feast with *Neptunes* seed, was dight.

But what doe I their names seeke to reherfe,
Which all the world haue with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?

Let
Let them record them, that are better skild,
And know the monuments of passed times:
Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfil'd,
T'express some part of that great equipage,
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

Next came the aged Ocean, and his Dame,
Old Tethys, th'oldest two of all the rest,
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest:
Of all which Nereus th'eldest, and the best,
Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe right.

There to he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods unfold,
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise
The faire Tindarid laffe, he him fortold,
That her all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priams towne. So wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild; nathless he takes great joy
Oft-times among the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose fourfe springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Divine Scaman der, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pastolus glistening with his golden flood,
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be with-
Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowne late;
And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the fame.

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdom hold;
And shame on you, ô men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conqurest of that land of gold.
But this to you, ô Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right heretof it selfe hath fold;
The which for sparing little cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlessse gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound,
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensfew
Before the spoufe: that was Arion crownd;
Who playing on his harpe, into him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That eu’n yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astoniﬁthd at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine.
Soone after whom the louely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine,
But him before there went, as best became;

His
His auncient parents, namely th'auncient Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouse, whom men doe Isis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could
Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal groomes, which by their names were hight
The Churme, and Charwell, two small streames, which
Them selues her footing to direct aright,
Which Fayled oft through faint and feeble plight;
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

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

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittering like Christallglas,
So cunningly enwouen were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were false or trew.
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew;
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompass round as with a golden fret.
Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
   In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to *tones* pallace she doth take her way;
Old *Cybele*, arrayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a *Diademe* embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a *Turribant*,
With such an one was Thanis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous *Troynouant*,
In which her kingdoms throne is chiefly respliant.

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

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

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

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

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Eastern Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall, (call.
Whose like none else could shew, the which they Ruffins

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city, and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under hand
Into his waters, as he paffeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.
And after him the fatal Welland went,
That if old fawes proue true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then thine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
Both thirty forts of fish, and thirty sundry streams.

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

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorn,
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nympe yborne,
Which did in noble deedses of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Vre, swift Werse, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

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

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

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

Ne thence the Irishe Riveres absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhhood of kingdom nere,
Why should they not likewise in loue agree,
And ioy likewise this solemn day to see.
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the saluage cutes, thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasaunt Boyne, the fisy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke water, and the Lissar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.
And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great Gyant Blomius begot,
Of the faire Nimph Rheusa wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the season whot,
Vnder Slewbloome in shady grous was got,
This Gyant found her, and by force deflower'd,
Whereof conceiuing, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being these forth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

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

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

Then came the Bride, the lonly Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of vnknowen geare,
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seem'd like siluer, sprinkled here and theare

With
With glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare,
And wau’d vpon, like water Chamelot;
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot,
It was no mortall worke, that seem’d and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Vnto her waсте, with flowres be scattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour shed,
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops, which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
   One cald the Theife, the other cald the Crane;
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
   And both behind vpheld her spredding traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
   Her siluer feet, faire wašt against this day:
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
   Both clad in colours like, and like array,
   The Doune & eke the Frith, both which prepar’d her way.

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
   All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their fire Nereides men call,
   All which the Oceans daughter to him bare
The gray eyde Doris: all which fifty are;
   All which she there on her attending had.
Swift Proto, milde Eucrate, Thetis faire,
   Soft Spiö, sweete Endore, Sao sad,
   Light Doto, wanton Glaunce, and Galene glad.
White hand Eunica, proud Dynamene,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Louely Pafithée, kinde Enlimene,
Light foote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agaue, Poris, and Nesea,
With Erato that doth in loue delite,
And Panope, and wise Protomedea,
And snowy neckd Dorus, and milkewhithe Galathae.

Speedy Hippothoe, and chaste Altea,
Large Lisanassa, and Pronea sage,
Euagore, and light Pontoporea,
And she, that with her leaft word can affwage
The surging seas, when they do forest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout Autonoe,
And Neso, and Eione well in age,
And seeming still to smile, Glaucome,
And she, that hight of many heastes Polynome.

Fresh Alimeda, deckt with girond greene;
Hyponeo, with salt bedewed wrefts :
Laomedia, like the chriftall sheene ;
Liagore, much praifd for wise behests ;
And Psamathe, for her brode snowy brests ;
Cymo, Eupompe, and Themisfe iuft ;
And she that vertue loues and vice detefts
Euarna, and Menippe true in truft,
And Nemertea learned well to rule her luff.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which haue the sea in charge to them affinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to vprere,
To bring forth stormes, or faft them to vpbinde.
And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull winde,  
And yet besides three thousand more there were  
Of th'Oceans seede, but Iones and Phæbus kinde;  
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,  
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters cleere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,  
To tell the lands, or count the starres on hye,  
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.  
But well I wote,that these which I descry,  
Were present at this great solemnity:  
And there amongst the rest, the mother was  
Of luckeless Marinell Cymodoce,  
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,  
Vnto an other Canto I will ouerpas.

Cant. XII.

What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,  
To count the seas abundant progeny,  
Whose fruitfull seede farre passteth those in land,  
And also those which wonne in th'azure sky?  
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,  
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,  
Then to recount the Seas posterity:  
So fertile be the flouds in generation,  
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.
Therefore the antique wifards well inuented,
That _Venus_ of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are moft augmented.
Witness th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous holes, which may of none be red.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of riuers yet vnred:
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which erft I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That _Proteus_ house they fild euens to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire _Cymodoce_,
The mother of vnlucky _Marinell_,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall fire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall Gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that vncoith place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto himbetid a disauentrous case.

Vnder the hanging of an hideous clieffe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complained her carefull grieffe,
Which neuer she before disclofd to none.
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone,
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it mowed in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feel her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine.

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
Yet hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:
For heauen that vnto all lends equall care,
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what euils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe the seas I see by often beating,
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares,
Yet though he neuer lift to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisionment.

And when my weary ghost with griefe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.
There did she pause, enforced to giue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart opprest,
And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.
Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
    Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall,
Deliever hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long.
And if ye deeme me death for louing one,
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him liue vnlovd, or loue him selfe alone.

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
    Then let mee liue, as louers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare loue beloued be:
And if he shall through pride your doome vndo,
Do you by dureffe him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me:
One prison fittest is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

But o vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points vnto the free,
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he lift goes loose, and laughs at me.
So euer loose, so euer happy be.
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know Marinell that all this is for thee.
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abudance of her

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
    And understand the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare
    Was
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That euene for grieue of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish, that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage molliside,
Dame Venus sonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stout, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieued minde deuise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below:
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though vnto his will she giuen were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.
At last when as no means he could inuent,
   Backe to him selfe, he gan returne the blame,
   That was the author of her punishment;
   And with vile curses, and reprochfull shame
To damne him selfe by ev'ry euill name;
   And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
   That had despisde so chaft and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble & log strife;
Yet had refusde a God that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
   And romed round about the rokke in vaine,
   As he had loft him selfe, he wist not where;
   Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
   And still bemoning her vnworthy paine.
   Like as an Hynde whose calfe is falne vnwares
   Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
   An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
   And euery one gan homeward to ressort.
   Which seeing Marinell, was fore offended,
   That his departure thence should be so short,
   And leave his loue in that sea-walled fort.
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
   But her attending in full seemly sort,
   Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
   In solitory silence far from wight,
   He gan record the lamentable stowre,
   In which his wretched loue lay day and night,
   For
For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart to deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weep.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:
His cheeke bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand vpright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wif well what to weene,
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night, did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which grieu'd her more, that she it could not mend.
To see an helpelesse euill, double griefe doth lend.

Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that fame former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled vnnder th'oris:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay vnreuealed.
Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth haft,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent;
That sayld the trust, which she in him had plaft,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent:
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her patient,
Where searching euery part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore, which his new paine procured.

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grieue vnknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Vnto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,
Ifought lay hidden in his grieued thought,
It to reuеale: who still her answered, there was nought.

Nathlesse the rested not so satisfide,
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Vnto the sh inne heauen in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo King of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who soone as he had fought,
Through his diseaе, did by and by out find,
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieued mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each liuing kind.

Which when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her sonne, gan first to scold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards he gan him soft to shriue,
And wooe with faire intreatie, to discole,
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did miewe.
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his loue he chose.

Now lefse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens loue beware:
Which being ment of mortall creatures fead,
For loue of Nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promisht him, what euermight she weare,
That she her loue, to him would shortly gaine:
So she her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was, which wrought his paine,
She gan a freshe to chafe, and griewe in euery vaine.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or falfe had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to aduize,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denayd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To Proteus selfe to few she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit vnto his Maiestie,
To graunt to her, her sonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had presumptuouslie
By wicked doome condemni'd, a wretched death to die.
To whom God Neptune softly smyling, thus;
   Daughter me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs:
For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
   To none, but to the seas sole Soueraine.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discouer plaine.
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly

To whom she answerd, Then it is by name

Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
   For that a waifst, the which by fortune came
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
   And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waifst by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
   It to repleuie, and my sonne repriue:
So shall you by one gift faue all vs three alioe.

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
   Vnder the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaunding Proteus straight t'enlarge the mayd
   Which wandring on his seas imperiall,
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiuing with meete thankesfulnessse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
   Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possesse.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
   But vnto her deliuered Florimell.
Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well:

For
For the all living creatures did excel;
And was right joyous, that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being fore bestad.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftfoones away gan chace
Sad death, revuied with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt reflection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

Right so himselfe did Marinell vppeare,
When he in place his dearest lousie did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly,
Ne lest he was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.
O oft as I with state of present time,
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime.
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such odde's I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square,
From the first point of his appointed source,
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse.

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselfes, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone:
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered,
Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of ciuill vses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted fore,
But to the antique vse, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe defyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;
When Iustice was not for most meed outlyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admymred.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so vfd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are chaunged quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens resolution
Is wandred farre from, where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For who fo lift into the heauens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.
For that same golden fleecey Ram, which bore

**Phrixus and Helle** from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plait of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull, which fayre **Europa** bore.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two twinne of **Ione,**
That they haue cruft the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great **Nemean** lions groue.
So now all range, and doe at randon roue
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe moue,
And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that fame great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other Spheres.
For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomae his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forfake.

And if to those Ægyptian wifards old,
Which in Star-read were wont haue best insight,
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd,
That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets found,
Peace uniuersall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Justice fate high ador'd with solemnne feast,
And to all people did divide her dred behafts.
Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose soueraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Justice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious fight,
To fit in his owne seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread Souerayne Goddesse, that doest highest sit
In seate of judgement, in th'Almightyes place,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest Nations silles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so diuine aread,
As thy great iustice prayed over all:
The instrument whereof loe here thy Artegall.
Hough vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times, of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But euermore some of the vertuous race
Rose vp, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th'Eaft before vntam'd did ouerronne,
And wrong represse, and eﬆablifht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordone.
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like enſample shewed,
Who all the Weft with equall conquest wonne,
And monſtrous tyrants with his club subdewd;
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,
The Champion of true Iustice Artegall.
Whom ( as ye lately mote remember well )
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,
Into redoubted peril forth did call;  
That was to succour a distressed Dame,  
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,  
And from the heritage, which she did clame,  
Did with strong hand withhold: Grantorio was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which Eirena hight,  
Did to the Faery Queene her way addressè,  
To whom complaining her afflicted plight,  
She her besought of gracious redresse.  
That soueraine Queene, that mightie Empresse,  
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,  
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,  
Chose Artegaull to right her to restore;  
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For Artegaull in justice was vpbrught  
Euen from the cradle of his infancie,  
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught  
By faire Astrea, with great industriè,  
Whilest here on earth she liued mortallie.  
For till the world from his perfection fell  
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,  
Astrea here mongst earthly men did dwell,  
And in the rules of justice them instructed well.

Whilest through the world she walked in this fort,  
Upon a day she found this gentle childe,  
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport:  
Whom seeing she, and with no crime defilde,  
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde,  
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought  
Into a caue from companie exilde,  
In which she nourished him, till yeares he rauht,  
And all the discipline of justice there him taught.
There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong  
In equall balance with due recompence,  
And equitie to measure out along,  
According to the line of conscience,  
When so it needs with rigour to dispence.  
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,  
She caused him to make experience  
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,  
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,  
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,  
Vntill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;  
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,  
And men admyr'd his ouerruling might;  
Ne any liu'd on ground, that durft withstand  
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,  
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,  
When so he lift in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,  
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her flight  
And earnest search, where it was kept in store  
In Ioues eternall house, vnwift of wight,  
Since he himselfe it vfd in that great fight  
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled  
Gainst highest heauen; Chrysfoir it was hight;  
Chrysfoir that all other swords excelled,  
Well prou'd in that same day, when Ioue those Gyants  
quelled.

For of most perfect metall it was made,  
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,  
And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade  
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.

For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave, where so it came;
Ne any armour could his dint outward,
But where soever it did light, it throughly shord.

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
As free loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heauen, whence she deriu'd her race;
Where she hath now an euerlasting place,
Mongst those twelue signes, which nightly we doe see
The heauens bright-shining baudricke to enchase;
And is the Virgin, fixt in her degree,
And next her selfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, she left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe what euer thing he did intend.
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resiitlesse, without end.
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth vn-

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed,
Lamenting fore his forowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

To
To whom as they approached, they espied
A forie fight, as euer seene with eye;
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd woefully,
That her gay clothes did in discolor die,
Much was he moued at that ruefull fight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt, who had that Dame so fouly eights;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah woe is me, and well away (quoth hee)
Burfting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
That euer I this dismall day did see:
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I haue doen the fame,
That I mote drinke the cup, whereof the dranke:
But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

Who was it then (sayd Arregall) that wrought?
And why, doe it declare vnto me trew.
A knight (sayd he) if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace fate hereby
With a fayre loue, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, hauing in company
This lucklesse Ladie, which now here doth headlesse lie.

He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it denye;
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne,
But he, whose spirit was with pride vpblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right,
But hauing from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set, to beare her out of sight.

Which when his Ladie saw, she follow’d fast,
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my loue away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his & mine owne loue to morne.

Aread (sayd he) which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope (quoth he) him soone to ouertake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked ouer yonder plaine,
And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
By which it’s easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature, which the same did wield.

No sooner sayd, but stright he after sent
His yron page, who him pursed so light,
As that it seem’d aboue the ground he went:
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lyon in his Lordly might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir Sanglier; (so sleepe was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghesed by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his shield he tooke.

He
He bad him stay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of scorne to be commaundef so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
While he reformed that vncliuill fo:
And streight at him with all his force did go.
Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a f彭celesfe blocke.

But ere he could him selfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak'e out of his warelesfe paine,
He found him selfe vnwift, so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The fight whereof the Lady fore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forft to wend withall.

When to the place they came, where Artegall
By that fame carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demand of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesfe stood,
And his accuser thereupon deside:
For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his loue, but his owne proper good.

Well did the Squire perceiue him selfe too weake,
To aunswere his defaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with speare and shield.
And rather guilty chose him selfe to yield,  
But *Argall* by signes perceiving plaine,  
That he it was not, which that Lady kild,  
But that strange Knight, the fairer love to gaine,  
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine.

And sayd, now sure this doubtfull causes right  
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tryde,  
Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight;  
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.  
But if ye please, that I your cause decide,  
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,  
So ye will sweare my judgement to abide.  
Thereto they both did frankly condiscend;  
And to his doome with liftfull eares did both attend.

Sith then (sayd he) ye both the dead deny,  
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,  
Let both the dead and liuing equally  
Devided be betwixt you here in fight,  
And each of either take his share aright.  
But looke who does dissent from this my read,  
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight  
Beare for his peneunce that same Ladies head;  
To witnesse to the world, that she by him is dead.

Well pleased with that doome was *Sangliere,*  
And offred straignt the Lady to be slaine.  
But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,  
When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,  
Did yield, she rather should with him remayne  
Aliue, then to him selfe be shared dead;  
And rather then his loue should suffer paine,  
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.  
*True loue despiseth shame,* when life is cald in dread.
Whom when so willing Artegal perceived;
Not so thou Squire, (he sayd) but thine I deeme
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that loue so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leau the fame,
Take here your owne, that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abrode your shame.

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast.
Vntill that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resift,
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

Much did that Squire Sir Artegal adore,
For his great iustice, held in high regard;
And as his Squire him offred euermore
To serue, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adueuture hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
But leauing him forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went.
They two enough to encounter an whole Regiment.
Nought is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeeme braue cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull deeds,
And place deserued with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceeds,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake procedes.

To which as he now was vppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward haft to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
And to his memory they had recourse:
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

For this was Donie, Florimels owne Dwarfe,
Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But of her health when Artegaill did heare,
And saie returne, he was fully glad,
And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

Within three daies (quoth she) as I do here,
   It will be at the Castle of the strong;
   What time if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her service, so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
   That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,
   And many errant Knights hath there fordone;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

What mistre wight (quoth he) and how far hence
   Is he, that doth to travellers such harms?
He is (said he) a man of great defence;
   Expert in batell and in deeds of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
   With which his daughter doth him stil support;
Haung great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
   Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he stil them holds, & keepes with strong effort.

And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more,
   For neuer wight he lets to passe that way;
Ouer his Bridge, albe he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of euill guize,
   Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which polys and pilis the poore in piteous wize;
But he him selfe vpon the rich doth tyrannize.
His name is hight pollente, rightly so
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth ouergo,
And makes them subject to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.
For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-
And vnderneath the same a riuer flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom so he ouerthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
But he him selfe, through practife v/uall,
Leapes forth into the floud, and there affaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slayes.

Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threaury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,
That many Princes she in wealth excedes,
And purchaft all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes,
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and siluer feete beside,
That many Lords haue her to wife desired:
But she them all despieth for great pride.

Now
Now by my life (sayd he) and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw.
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile.
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law.
To whom he aunswerd wroth, loe there thy hire;
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did ex-

Which when the Pagan saw, he wexed wroth,
And streight him selfe vnto the fight addrest,
Newas Sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: streight leapt the Carle vnblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall,

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whor bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that vse well knew
To fight in water, great aduantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courser, whereupon he rad,
Could swim like to a fift, whiles he his backe befrad.
Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way, but close with him in haft;
And to him drifting strongly downe the tide,
Vpon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his weand nigh he braht.
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his steede to cast;
Ne euer Artegall his griple strong
For any thing wold slakke, but still vpon him hong.

As when a Dolphin and aSele are met,
In the wide champian of the Ocean plaine:
With cruel chafe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They snuf, they short, they bouse, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea disturbed with their traine,
Doth frit with some aboue the surges hore.
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome vprore.

So Artegall at length him forsft forsake
His horses backe, for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold vnbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he found:
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water fownd.
So ought each Knight, that use of peril hath,
In swimming be expert through waters force to pas.

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
Vncertaine whether had the better side:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But Art egall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, he beare him selfe vpright,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare,
With bright Chryfaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
Aboue the brinke, to tread upon the land,
He finote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on him dight

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble ouerren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy deside,
Beaten with stone from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his seruant Talus to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.
Estfoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
   And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did fore amate,
   The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst to hie.
Yet still he bet, and bound vppon the dore,
   And thundred strokes thereon to hideous flie,
That all the peece he shaked from the dore,
And filled all the house with feare and great vprore.

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
   Vpon the Castle wall, and when she saw
The daunefrous state, in which she stood, she feared
   The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below,
To ceafe his outrage, and him faire befought,
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she againft him wrought,
Might otherwise praualie, or make him ceafe for ought.

But when as yet she saw him to proceede,
   Vnmou'd with Praiers, or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
   And causde great lackes with endlesse riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vpbrught,
   And powred forth ouer the Castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought
Whileft he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted therewithall.

But still continu'd his assault the more,
   And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
   And made way for his maister to affaile.
Who being entred, thought did then availe
For wight, against his powre them selues to reare:
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid them selues in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her self for feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away:
But Talus, that could like a limehound winde her,
And all things secreete wisely could bewray,
At length found out, whereas she hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, andslowly did array,
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall him selfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of Justice, which in Talus hand did lyse,
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete sumissuely.
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of siluer trye,
Which sought vnrighteousnesse, and justice feld,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might the behold.

Her selfe then tooke he by the slender waft,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dutty mud:
But the streame wast away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her fire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes, powr'd it downe the brooke.
And lastly all that Castle quite he rased,
Euen from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall vndid the euill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge refourmed.
Which done, vnto his former journey he retourncd.

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did trauell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire.
For neuer there the like refort they knew.
So towardes them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Vpon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his furquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
Ifought he had the same to counterpoys.
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

He sayd that he would all the earth vptake,
And all the sea, deuided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or wether:

Then
Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,  
And all that did within them all containe;  
Of all whose weight, he would not misse a fether.  
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,  
He would to his owne part restore the fame againe.

For why, he sayd they all unequall were,  
And had encroched vpon others share,  
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)  
Had wore the care, so did the fire the aire,  
So all the rest did others parts empaire.  
And so were realmes and nations run awry.  
All which he vndertooke for to repaire,  
In fort as they were formed aunciently;  
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,  
And clusster thicke vnto his leafings vaine,  
Like foolish flies about an hony crocke,  
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,  
And vncontrolltred freedome to obtaine.  
All which when Artegall did see, and heare,  
How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,  
In sdeignfull wize he drew vnto him neare,  
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare.

Thou that presumst to weigh the world anew,  
And all things to an equall to restore,  
In stead of right me seemes great wrong doft shew,  
And far aboue thy forces pitch to fore.  
For ere thou limit what is leffe or more  
In euery thing, thou oughtest first to know,  
What was the poyle of euery part of yore:  
And looke then how much it doth ouerflow,  
Or faile thereof, so much is more then just to trow.
For at the first they all created were
   In goodly measure, by their Makers might,
   And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
   That not a dram was missing of their right.
   The earth was in the middle centre pight,
   In which it doth immoueable abide,
   Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight;
   And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
   Al which the heauens containe, & in their courses guide.

Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,
   That every one doe know their certaine bound,
   In which they doe these many yeares remaine;
   And mongst them al no change hath yet seen found.
   But if thou now shouldest weigh them new in pound,
   We are not sure they would so long remaine:
   All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnfound.
   Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
   Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

Thou foolish Elfe (said then the Gyant wroth),
   Seeft not, how badly all things present bee,
   And each estate quite out of order goth:
   The sea it selfe doest thou not plainly see
   Encroch vpon the land there vnder thee;
   And th'earth it selfe how daily its increast,
   By all that dying to it turned be.
   Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
   And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
   And make them leuell with the lowly plaine:
   These towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
   I will thrust downe into the deepeste maine;
   And
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men subject to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe, that commons over-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.

Of things unseen how canst thou deeme aright,
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
Sith thou misdemeinst so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto an other brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more,
By all that dying into it doe fade.
For of the earth they formed were of yore,
How euer gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourith now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that, whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie.

They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne euer any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils enuy.
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;
He maketh subject to their powre obey;
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hy;
He giues to this, from that he takes away.
For all we haue is his: what he lift doe, he may.
What euer thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soueraigne power shionne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand,
Sith of things subject to thy daily view.
Thou doest not know the causes, nor their courses dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde, that vnder heauen doth blow;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought, that frō mans mind doth flow.
But if the weight of these thou canst not shew,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd;
That he of little things made reckoning light,
Yet the least word that euer could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
Which is(sayd he) more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the falle or else the trew?
He anwered, that he would try it streight,
So he the words into his ballaunce throw,
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

Wroth wext he then, and sayd, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, sayd Artegall, let it be tride.
First in one ballance set the true aside,
He did so first; and then the false he layd
In th'other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be staid.
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

Now take the right likewise, sayd Artegale,
And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Gyant stroue with puissance strong
To fill the'other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe way.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances haue broken:
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said; be not vpon thy balance wroken:
For they doenought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doone of right muft bee;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare muft be the ballance, to decree
And judge; whether with truth or falshood they agree.

But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare;
And put two wrongs together to be trie,
Or else two falses, of each equall share;
And then togeth'er doe them both compare.
For truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right fate in the middeft of the beame alone.
But he the right from thence did thrust away,
For it was not the right, which he did seek;
But rather strive extremes to way,
Th'one to diminish, th'other for toseek.
For of the meane he greatly did misseek.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approaching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And downe the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest dries
Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand pieces rives,
And spoiling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does makes her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in pieces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled,
So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to stirre vp ciusill faction,
For certaine losse of so great expectation.
For well they hoped to have got great good;
And wondrous riches by his innovation.
Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise, when Artegall did see,
He much was troubled, he wist what to doo.
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew.
In the base blood of such a rascal crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursue.
Therefore he Talus to them sent, to inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soon as they him nigh approaching spied,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
But when at them he with his staff gan lay,
He like a swarm of flies them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismay'd with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost overtook,
Doe hide themselves from her astonishing looke,
Amongst the flags and couert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke
And none appear'd of all that rascal rout,
To Artegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.
The spousals of faire Florimell,
where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is vncon'd
in all the Ladies sights.

After long stormes and tempests overblowne,
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath shewne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needs appeare;
Else should afflicted wights of times despeire.
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiun'd the many moneths did mourn,
To taft of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retoure.

Who being freed from Proteus cruel band
By Marinell was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her spouf'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And solemn feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did resort from euery side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly seruice, the devincefull sittes,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,

The
The royall banquets, and the rare delights
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advaunce, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of cheualrie
They gan themselfes addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine, that she all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second vnto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, skild in louely layes;
The fixt was Lanfack, a redoubted Knight:
All fixe well seene in armes, and prou'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that lift to giust,
From euery coast and countrie vnder sunne:
None was debard, but all had leave that lust.
The trompetts sound; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud refounded.
The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appeard in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continu'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strue with perill to winne fame.
Yet whether side was victor, note be ghes.
But at the last the trompents did proclaime
That Marinell that day desereud best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew;
And though the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and ryuing plates a sonder,
That euery one his daunger did eschew.
So terribly his dreadful strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, & at his might did wonder.

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they haue him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwond.
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Vnlesse some succour had in time him ouertaken.

It fortun'd whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the Tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.

Where
Where when he understood by common fame,
What euill hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mou'd at so vnworthie shame,
And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better bid.

So forth he went, and soone them ouer hent,
Where they were leading Marinell away,
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe vpon himselfe did set,
Th' other stayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from th' other fiftie soone the prisoner set.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together joyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew.
Whom with fore hauocke soone they ouerthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afoire.
Then did the trompetts sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.
And thether also came in open fight
   Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
   And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
   To whom that day they should the girldon yield.
Who came not forth: but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

The fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
   So vnto him they did addeeme the prize.
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets thrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrice:
   So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
   And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
   Approu'd that day, that she all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
   With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake;
Whom on his perill he did underteake,
   Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did vncomely speaches crake.
   Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare, what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
   Covered from peoples gazement with a vele.
Whom when discouered they had throughly eide,
   For the brightnesse of blood being admirable.
With great amazement they were stupefied;  
And said, that surely Florimell it was,  
Or if it were not Florimell so triede,  
That Florimell her selfe she then did pas.  
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,  
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;  
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise,  
But like as one, whom feends had made affrayd,  
He long astonifh'd stood, ne ought he sayd,  
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies  
He gaze d still upon that snowy mayd;  
Whom euer as he did the more auize,  
The more to be true Florimell he did surmise.

As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,  
Mounted in Phæbus charret fierie bright,  
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,  
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,  
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,  
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,  
Ate rapt with wonder, and with rare affright.  
So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene  
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene.

All which when Artegall, who all this while  
Stood in the preaffe close covered, well adueded,  
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,  
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,  
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,  
And to the boaster sayd; Thou losell base,  
That haft with borrowed plumes thy selfe enduev,  
And others worth with leasings doest deface,  
When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.
That shield, which thou dost beare, was it indeed,
Which this day's honour fau'd to Marinell;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which diest that service vnto Florimell.
For profe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure it stred this day:
Or shew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
And these the signes, (so shewed forth his wounds)
By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For profe whereof, he bad them Florimell forth call.

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Where to her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face;
As roses did with lillies interlace.
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceiued great disgrace.
Whom when as all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true faint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether should the honor get.

Streight
Streight way so soone as both together met,
Th'enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th'emptye girdle, which about her waft was wrought.

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which when as all that present were, beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horror queld,
To see the thing, that sem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancyes wonderment;
That what of it became, none vnderstood.
And *Braggadochio* selfe with dreiment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoueable he stood.

But *Artegall* that golden belt vptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But *Florimells* owne girdle, from her reft,
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster, which did her compell
To perils great; which hevnbuckling eft,
Presented to the fayref *Florimell*;
Who round about her tender waft it fitted well,
Full many Ladies often had assay'd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wail
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Vnlesse that she were continent and cait.
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

Whilstst thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon as by fortune then besell,
Forth from the thickeft preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne to clame;
And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his sword: for with the same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:
And had he not bene held, he nought had sayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that same warlike horse.
For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates haue perfors,
Or it approue upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceiued,
He nigh them drew to stay th'auengers forse,
And gan inquirie, how was that steed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by flight deceaued.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtilly traine:  
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.  
But he for nought could him thereto constraine.  
For as the death he hated such despight,  
And rather had to lose, then trie in armes his right.

Which Artegall well hearing, though no more  
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,  
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,  
Then that his foe shoule him the field denie,  
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,  
He askt, what privie tokens he did beare.  
If that (said Guyon) may you satisfie,  
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,  
Shapt like a horses shoe, who lift to seeke it there.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take  
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:  
But with his heele sof orely he him strake,  
That all his ribs he quite in pieces broke,  
That neuer word from that day forth he spoke.  
Another that would seeme to haue more wit,  
Him by the bright embrodered heastall tooke:  
But by the shoulder him so fore he bit,  
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,  
Vntill that Guyon selfe vnto him spake,  
And called Brigadore (so was he hight)  
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,  
Eftspoones he stond as still as any stakke,  
And suffred all his secret marke to see:  
And when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake  
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,  
And friskt, and stong aloft, and louted low on knee.
Thereby Sir Artemall did plainely areed,
That vnto him the horse belong'd, and sayd;
Lo there Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd;
And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse haue gayned.
But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbrayd,
And him reuil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That judgement so vnjuyst against him had ordayned.

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villeny;
And thrise did lay his hand vpon his sword,
To haue him flaine, or dearely doen aby.
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee
It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

So did he mitigate Sir Artemall,
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Vpon him did inflict this punishment.
First he his beard did shawe, and fowly shent:
Then from him reft his shield, and it renuerst,
And blotted out his armes with fahlood blent,'
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away:
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
Who ouertaking him did disray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly,
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all braue knights be baniſht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

Now when these counterfeits were thus vncaſed
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the fight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to ieft and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knauerie.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauerie
He them abused, through his subtill flights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their fights.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their joyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vſurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:
And turne were here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That when as time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first aduenture may him forward send.
Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive,
Saves Terpine from the gallows tree,
And doth from death reprieve.

Ho so upon him selfe will take the skill
True Justice vnto people to divide,
Had neede haue mightie hands, for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride.
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers Justice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.
For powre is the right hand of Justice truely hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence just.
Whereof no brauer president this day
Remaines on earth, preseru'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion, and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we haue to say.

Who having lately left that louely payre,
Enlincked faft in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed
Departed from the Castle of the strand,
To follow his adventures first intent;
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and gourment.

With whom as he did passe by the seashore,
He chaunt to come, whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred vp with different desires,
Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemly damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to aswage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good,
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more increast (their mood.

And there before them stooed a Coffer strong,
Fast bound on euery side with iron bands,
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wrecket vppon the lands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against them felues their cruell hands.
But euermore, those Damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

But firmely fixt they were, with dint of sword,
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustify.
So stooed they both in readinesse: thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
When Artegall arriving happily,
Did stay a while their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.
To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
    Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
    Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater breth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
    And this devouring Sea, that naught doth spare,
The most part of my land hath wash't away,
    And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lou'd, as was my lot,
    That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should haue got,
And should haue joyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

Then did my younger brother Amidas
    Loue that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was;
    Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
    But now when Philtra saw my lands decay,
And former liuelod sayle, she left me quight,
    And to my brother did ellope streight way:
Who taking her from me, his owne loue left astray.

She seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
    Through dolorous despaire, which she conceyued,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
    Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.

But
But see how much her purpose was deceived.
Whilst thus amidst the billowes beatong of her
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,
She chaunft vnwares to light vpon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

The wretched mayd that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tafted had,
And but halfe seene his vgly visnomic,
Gan to repent, that she had beene somad,
For any death to chaunge life though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,
After long toffing in the seas distreft,
Her weary barke at last vpon mine Ile did rest.

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore,
Did her espy, and through my good Endeauour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did helpe to saue her.
She then in recompcence of that great favour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me.
The portion of that good, which Fortune gaue her,
Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
Great threaure sithence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.
But this same other Damzell since hath fained,
That to her selfe that threaure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way.
But whether it be so or no, I can not say.
But whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my loue (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
But I will it defend, whilst euer that I may.

So hauing sayd, the younger did enfew;
Full true it is, what so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne vpon his strand;
Which well I proue, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides, with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes, and perfect good espiall,
Therefore it ought be renderd her without deniall.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
Certes your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
To bide what judgement ye shall vs afford.
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

Then Artegaill thus to the younger sayd;
Now tell me Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,

By
By what good right do you withhold this day?
What other right (quoth he) should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?
Your right is good (sayd he) and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd;
Now Bracidas let this likewise be showne.
Your brothers thraeasure, which from him is strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right (quoth he) should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good (sayd he) and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

For equall right in equall things doth stand,
For what the mighty Sea hath once possed,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
Or else by wracke, that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So Amidas, the land was yours first hight,
And so the thraeasure yours is Bracidas by right.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philter were displeased:
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the thraeasure by that judgement seased.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall
When as their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.
So as he travelled vppon the way,

He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he haftily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide,
To whom when he approched neare in fight,
(An uncouth fight) he plainly then descride
To be a troupe of women warlike dight,

With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,

With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
His face was couered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Grieu'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

But they like tyrants, merciless the more,
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reuiled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts, and termes of vile disgrace.
Now when as ArtegaU arriu'd in place,
Did aske, what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought vnwares some villanous assay.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent;
Yet though him selfe did shame on womankind
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wreck on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few fowces of his yron flale,
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale,
Of their vaine provesse, turned to their proper bale.

But that same wretched man, ordaind to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of foule death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did fit,
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

Sir Turpine, haplesse man, what make you here?
Or haue you lost your selue, and your discretion,
That euer in this wretched case ye were?
Or haue ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
Or else what other deadly dismal day
Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly far astray,
As for to lead your selue vnto your owne decay?

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht the him selue did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus; Most haplesse well ye may
Me inftly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of Knighthod this same day.
But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will surpasse th humaine thought.
Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state.
Then sith ye needs (quoth he) will know my shame,
And all the ill, which chauntst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blaine.

Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the braue Knights, that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany,
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent loue of late,
And woosed him by all the waies she could:
But when she saw at last, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn’d her loue to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow’d to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights, which now she doth
(fulfill.

For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes: And then with threat

Doth
Doth them compel to worke, to earne their meat,
   To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat,
   But bread and water, or like seeble thing,
   Them to disable from reuenge aduenturing.

But if through stout disdaine of manly mind,
   Any her proud obseruaunce will withstand,
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,
   She causeth them be hang'd vp out of hand;
   In which condition I right now did stand.
   For being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base seruice of her band,
   I rather chose to die in liues despight,
   Then lead that shamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How hight that Amazon (fayd Artegall?)
   And where, and how far hence does she abide?
Her name (quoth he) they Radigund doe call,
   A Princesse of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well trie,
   And sundry battels, which she hath atchieued
With great successe, that her hath glorified,
   And made her famous, more then is belieued.
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it prieued.

Now sure (said he) and by the faith that I
   To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest, till I her might doe trie,
   And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth shew.
Therefore Sir Terpin from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
   And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.
   And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would em-
With that, like one that hopelesse was repry'ud
From deaths dore, at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters, wherewith he was gyu'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway:
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name she called Radegone.

Where they arriving, by the watchmen were
Descried streight, who all the citty warned,
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harness ran,
And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long their Queene her selfe halfe, like a man
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

And now the Knights being arriued neare,
Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter, skorning them to few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his fleth in peeces for his sin.
Which when as Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that streight the gates should be vnbar'd,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to haue made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them stay'd,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Vnknowen perill of bold womens pride,
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haid so thicke, that they could not abide.

But Radigund her selfe, when she espied
Sir Terpin, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruel doile amongst her maides dauide,
T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lionessse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,
Dismay'd so with the strecro, that he no colours knew.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grouell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudgment breake.
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruel clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth paufe,
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintifffe caufe.

Whom when as Artegaill in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse.
There her assaying fiercely frefh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of fence distaught her:
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriu'd her mother of a daughter.
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply,
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.
Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath feized for her share
Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadful full force he flies at her byliue,
That with his fouse, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
\And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riu.

But soone as she her fence recouer'd had,
She fiercely towards him her felfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath & fdeignfull pride half mad:
For neuer had she suffred such despight.
But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their trouipes did far a funder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did vntill euening last.

And euerywhile that mighty yron man,
With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and ouerran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie,
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But when as daies faire shinie-beame,yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,  
Causd
Cau'd all her people to surcease from fight,
And gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrace.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
Weary of toile and trauell of that day,
Cau'd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open fight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
Together with Sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus vsde in times of ieopardy
To kepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

But Radigund full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke, which she sustaine'd that day,
Could take no rest, he would receive reliefe,
But tossed in her troublous minde, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There she resolu'd her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day a disauenterous fight.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd;
Goe damzell quickly, doe thy selfe addressse,
To doe the message, which I shall expresse.
Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yeester day droue vs to such distresse,
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.
But these conditions doe to him propound,
That if I vanquish him, he shall obay
My law, and euer to my lore be bound,
And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
What euer he shall like to doe or say.
Goe streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate, henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

The Damzell streight obayd, and putting all
In readiness, forth to the Towne-gate went,
Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did searelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding meant:
Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd, that with his Lord she would emparlaunce
(make.)

So he them streight conducted to his Lord,
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaunynd with curtisies meete,
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete:
But Artegall him selfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.
Cant. V.

Artegal fights with Radigund
And is subdued by guile:
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

So soon as day forth dawning from the East,
Nights humid curtailne from the heauens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast,
Commended them their daily workes renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursuww,
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Them selues thereto preparde in order dew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
And th'Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to dight.

All in a Camis light of purple filke
Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,
And quilted vpon fattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught
Like as the workeman had their courses taught,
Which was short tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham, but when she lift, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereupon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on euery side,
And mailes betweene and laced close afore:
Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Vpon the bosse with ftones, that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

So forth she came out of the city gate,
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Vpon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on ihaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their found did reach vnto the heauens hight.
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight,
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the Lifts did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
And countenaunce fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That battels vnto most trall to aduenter.
The Lifts were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting, how Fortune would resolue that daungerous doubt.

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began, and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart haued rended:
But he that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw him selfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewed, she soyled, she lasht, she laid on euery side.

Yet
Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which sayling he gan fiercely her pursu.
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
Thestubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

So did Sir Artegall vpon her lay,
As if she had an yron anduile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing scene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene.
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded:
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side it selfe did naked shew,
And thenceforth vnto daunger opened way.
Much was she moued with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedie Beare vnto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glaucng downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth drew.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce, which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, sitting with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearfull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peecees round about the plaine.

Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,
Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell vpon the grassie field;
In senselesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her leapt with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshynie helmet soone vnlaied,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

But when as he discovered had her face,
He saw his senses strange astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage void of ornament,
But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudenesse of that euill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggy winters night,
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart;
Curst his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard;
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this vpstarting from her swoune, she flar'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

Soone
Soone as the knight the there by her did spy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increaft her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

Like as a Puttocke hauing spyde in fight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made vnmeet for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling till:
Euen so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine:

Nought could he do, but thun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And euermore he gently did desyre,
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her deliuered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall, and service her afford.
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost, that he before attayned.
No fayrer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.
But Terpine borne to a more unhappie howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke to abide the balefull lowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled;
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flalie amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so fondred;
Whose presence all their troupes so much encombred
That th'heapes of those, which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay,
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iuft to obey.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight,
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In stead whereof he made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap a napron white,
In stead of Curietts and bases fit for fight.
So being clad, he brought him from the field,
In which he had been trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was field
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her subdued in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she caus'd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre vp battailous alarmes.

There entred in, he round about him saw
Many braue knights, whose names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so vncomely vew.
But they were forst through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen twyne.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A fordid office for a mind so braue.
So hard it is to be a womans slaue.
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behaue,
Her to obey, sith he his faith had plight,
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands, the distaffe vile to hold,
For his huge club, which had subdued of old
So many monsters, which the world annoyed;
His Lyons skin changed to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely joyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed.

Such is the cruelty of woman kynd,
When they have shaken off the thamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd,
To bay the heasts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand,
To purchase a licentious libertie.
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soueraintie.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegaill,
Serving proud Radigund with true subjection;
However it his noble heart did gall,
To bay a woman's tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But having chosen, now he might not change.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whole wandring fancie after lust did range,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive strange.

Which long concealing in her court brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servant make her souerayne Lord:
So great her pride, that she such basenesse much abhord.
So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborn handling of her loue-sicke hart;
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At last when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of loues mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

Vnto her selfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her said; Clarinda whom of all
I trust a liue, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time, that I vntimely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need:
It is so hapned, that the heauens vniust,
Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed,
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in hervisage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermillion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine,
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.

Ah my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare euen deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on my souerayne Ladie, and be bold;
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?
Therewith much comforted, she gan unfold
The cause of her conceiued maladie,
As one that would confess, yet faine would it deny.

*clarin* (sayd she) thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue mind
Subiected hath to my vnnequall might;
What right is it, that he should thraldome find,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkind;
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I call, how I may him vnbind;
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still.

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
Voide of malitious mind, or foule offence.
To which if thou canst win him any way,
Without discouverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas,
Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old *Eumenias*.
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduise,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
Armies of louely lookes, and speeches wife,
With which thou canst euen *loue* himselfe to loue entise.

The
The trustie Mayd, conceiuing her intent,  
Did with sure promise of her good indueour,  
Gue her great comfort, and some harts content,  
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour  
By all the meanes she might, to curry fauour  
With th’Elfin Knight, her Ladies beloued;  
With daily shew of courteous kind behauiour,  
Euen at the markewhite of his hart she roused,  
And with wide glaucing words, one day she thus him proued.

Unhappie Knight, upon whose hopelesse state  
Fortune envying good, hath felly frowned,  
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauy fate;  
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned  
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned  
In stupid sorow, sith thy iustie merit  
Might else haue with felicitie bene crowned:  
Looke vp at laft, and wake thy dulled spirit,  
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit.

Much did he maruell at her uncouth speach,  
Whose hidden drift he could not well percieue;  
And gan to doubt, leaft she him sought t’appeach  
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weate,  
Through which she might his wretched life bereave.  
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;  
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceau)  
Of my mishaps, art mou’d to wish me better.  
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your better.

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great  
It is no lesse beseeming well, to beare  
The ftorne of fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,  
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy, and carrie comely cheare.
For though this cloud haue now me ouercast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
And, though unlike, they shoule for euer lasse,
Yet in my true thes assurance I rest fixed fast.

But what so stonie mind (he then replyde)
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?
Unworthy sure (quoth he) of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke purswe, if he attaine it may.
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope,

Then why doest not, thou ill aduized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie, can
Mis e Radigund? who though she still haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tygres, nor so savauge mynded,
As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,
She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded:
And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts base loue hath
(blynded).

Certes clarinda, not of cancred will,
(Sayd he) nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I haue forbore this dutie to fulfill:
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That she a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be fewd vnto,
Chiefely by him, whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vudo,
And all of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

But
But want of meanes hath bene mine only let,
From seeing fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,
And readie to deserre, what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound,
And not well fastened, would not strike him straft,
But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to away.

But foolish Mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke,
She thus oft times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion.
For seeking thus to salue the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceiued close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

Yet durft she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being slayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse hold haue knowledge gayned,
But to her selfe it secretly retayned,
Within the closet of her couert brest:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned,
Yet to awaft fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts vnrest.

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
Can to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loues succeffe, her lingering smart.
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
But quickly she it ouerpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt, to fresh her blood;
Tho gan she tell her all, that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought, his loue for to haue wonne.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
   Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
So fond a leffon, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
   And his abridged dayes in dolour waft,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
   His resolution was both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plaft.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
   She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceiued,
   To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
   That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nathlesse when calmed was her furious heat,
   She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

What now, is left Clarinda? what remains,
   That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
   And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
   And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou haue tride againe, & tempted him more neare.
Say,
Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromist, that may him persuade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auailce,
With which the Gods themselues are mylder made:
Thereto addde art, euens womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heauie arme:
Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe
(with harme.

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed.
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forweared.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in straUen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him betide;
And let, what euuer he desires, be him denide.

When thou haft all this done, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a louer,
But like a rebell stout I will him use.
For I resolue this siege not to giue ouer,
Till I the conquest of my will recouer.
So she departed, full of griefe and disdain,
Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prifon, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him wareless to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray:
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurse, which sayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food,ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceiue
The infant, so for want of nourture spoild:
Euen so Clarinda her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld.
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to couer and to hyde.

For comming to this knight, she purpose sayned,
How earneft suit she earst for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perlwade:
But that in stead thereof, she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade.
All which nathlesse she for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her service euermore.

And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankses for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To seede the humour of her maladic;
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good meanes he might, deserue such grace.

So
So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne absent loue to be vntrew:
Neuer did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her false hart, his bondage to vnbind;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkind
She daily told, her loue he did desye,
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did denye.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did shew,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his loue mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloued well, but little frended;
Vntill his owne true loue his freedome gayned,
Which in an other Canto will be best contayned.
SOME men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weakness, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall,
To th'insolent command of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill.
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well aduiz'd, that he stand stedfast still:
For neuer yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet in the frightnesse of that captiue state,
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaued,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
With which those Amazons his loue still craued,
To his owne loue his loialtie he saued:
Whose character in th'Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engraued,
That no new loues impression euer could
Bereaue it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

Yet his owne loue, the noble Britomart,
Scarfe so conceived in her iealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womens bondage, Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was fought.  
For after that the utmost date, assynde  
For his returne, she waited had for nought,  
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde  
A thousand feares, that loue-sicke fancies faine to synde.

Sometime she feared, leaft some hard mishap  
Had him misfaine in his adventurous quest;  
Sometime leaft his false foe did him entrap  
In traytous traine, or had vnwares opprest:  
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,  
And secretly afflict with jealouz feare,  
Leaft some new loue had him from her possuIst;  
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,  
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbeare.

One while she blam'd her selfe; another whyle  
She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vnrew:  
And then, her grieue with errour to beguyle,  
She sayn'd to count the time againe anew,  
As if before she had not counted trew.  
For houres but dayes; for weekes, that passed were,  
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few:  
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,  
Each hour did seeme a moneth, & euery moneth a yeare.

But when as yet she saw him not returne,  
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;  
But none she found so fit to serue that turne,  
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout.  
Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout  
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight;  
And then againe resolu'd to hunt him out  
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:  
And then both Knights enuide, & Ladies eke did spight.
One day, when as the long had fought for eas,e
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened West,
Towards which coast her love his way address'd.
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her unrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare vnto her love the message of her mind.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One coming towards her with hasty speed:
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descrie,
That it was one sent from her love indeede.
Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artega ll his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings somme.

Euen in the dore him meeting, shee begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he lost or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted fence
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscienc;
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

Till she againe thus sayd; Talus be bold,
And tell what euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length. The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
My Lord, your love, by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, woefully bestad.
Aye me (quoth she) what wicked destinie?
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyrannesse (he then replide,) 
That him captived hath in haplesse woe.

take thou bad newes-man, badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
The rest my selfe too readily can tell.
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

There she began to make her monenfull plaint
Against her Knight, for being for a trew;
And him to touch with falshoods foul e attaint,
That all his other honour onerthrew.
Oft did she blame her selfe, and oftenerew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whole she, and manners straunge she neuer knew;
And evermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Instilling on her selfe his punishment.
A while she walkt, and chaufet; a while she threw
Her selfe upon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sphiges, and singulfs few.
Like as a wayward child, whose founder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreams affright,
With froward will doth set him selfe to wepepe;
Ne can be stifled for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and equals, and shriekes for fell despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing;
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light;
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing.
Such was this Ladies fit, in her loues fond accusing.

But when she had with such vnquiet fits
Her selfe there close affliccted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She vnto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to eafe her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine;
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

Ah wellaway (sai'd then the yron man,)  
That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thrall dome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndo.
Sayd I not then (quoth shee) erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceuie of faith into me plight;
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captuance sad,
In fort as ye haue heard the fame of late,
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Here to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and grieve attone:
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
But freight her selfe did right, and armor don;
And mounting to her steede, bad Talus guide her on.

So forth she rode vpon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and never word did say,
Nor good nor bad, neuer lookt aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The selenesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengeement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so foule reproch had blent.

So as she thus melancholike did ride,
Chawing the cud of grieve and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete toward th'euen-tide
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine.
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constrain.
As well by view of that his vextiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

He comming neare, gan gently her salute.
With curteous words, in the most comely wise;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guise,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to denize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which she answer'd light.
For little lust had she to talke of ought,
   Or ought to heare, that more delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole possess'd of one thought,
   That gaue none other place. Which when as shee
By outward signes, (as well he might) did see,
   He lift no lenger to vs lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dim'd the heauens reach,
To lodge with him that night, vnles good cause empeach

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
   Was glad to yeeld vnsto his good request:
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest;
Where soone arriving they receiued were
In seemly wise, as them beseemed best:
For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
   And talk't of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

Thus passinge theuening well, till time of rest,
   Then Britomart vnto a bowre was brought;
Where gromes awayted her to haue vndrest.
But she ne would vndressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought.
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weeds, till she the revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vppon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe, betide her wele or wo.

Which when their Host perceiued, right discontent
   In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leave of her, he did depart.

There
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,
Not suffering the least twinkling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th'heart mote haue relieued,
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieued.

Ye guilty eyes (sayd she) the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your losse: and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah wake, and rather wepe,
To thinke of your nights want, that should yee wakinc (keepe.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still vpright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to eafe.
Ne leffe did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

What time the native Belman of the night,
The bird, that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver Bell t'each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall.
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The lost was rayfd againe, that no man could it spie.

R 4
With sight whereof she was dismayd right fore,
Perceiving well the treason, which was meant:
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confindent,
Wrayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long, before she heard the sound
Of armed men, coming with close intent
Towards her chamber, at which dreadfull sound
She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all arm'd ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
They seeing that, let drive at him streight way,
And round about him peace in riotous array.

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke unarmed rout:
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Where euer in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning,
To be avenged for so fowle a deed,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Vnknown was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischievous sfart
Was ment to her, that neuer euill ment in hart.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with flie shiftes and wiles did vnderminde
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes:
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By ArtegaIl, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guitor, whose untimely fate
For to auenge, full many treasons vile,
His father Dolon had deuiz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

For sure he weend, that this his present guest
Was ArtegaIl, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheft,
Which still was wont with ArtegaIl remaine;
And therefore ments him surely to haue slaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preferued from their traytous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discouer'd had the light to liuing eye,
She forth yspread out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'auenge that villany,
On that vile man, and all his family
And comming down to seke them, where they wond,
Nor fire, nor fonnes, nor any could she spie:
Each rowme she fought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare, but whether, nether kond.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steede, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addressë vnto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her fight,
Those two false brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall ouer the lidge.

There they did thinke them selues on her to wreake:
Who as she nigh vnto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;
Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes haft knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor, by thee slaine, and murdred by thy flight.

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare;
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous Bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd, that he might haue prepared
The way to her, and those two losels feared.
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her beuer glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a silver Censer sparkle bright.

She stayd not to advise which way to take;
But putting spurre into her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Vpon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe, his challenge he releast:
The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
Into the riuier, where he drunke his deadly last.

As when the flashing Leuin haps to light
Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;
The Engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th'eone from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth ouerthrow,
Vpon one side, and from his rootes doth reare.
So did the Championesse those two there strow,
And to their fire their carcasses left to bestow.
Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heuens theselves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of higheft Ioue, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and euermore
Therewith containes his heauenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reveale.

Well therefore did the antique world inuent;
That Iustice was a God of soueraine grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osiris, of the race
Of th'old Egyptiuan Kings, that whylome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case:
For that Osiris, whilest he liued here,
The iustefte man aliue, and truest did appeare.

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made
A Goddesse of great powre and souerainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently.  
Unto whose temple when as Britomart  
Arrived, shee with great humility  
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;  
But Tulous mote not be admitted to her part.

There she received was in goodly wise  
Of many Priests, which duly did attend  
Upon the rites and daily sacrisize,  
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;  
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd,  
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,  
To shew that his doth the Moone portend;  
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne.

For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,  
Was thence by them into the Temple led;  
Whose goodly building when she did behould,  
Borne vpon stately pillours, all dispred  
With shinning gold, and arched ouer hed,  
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,  
Whose like before she never saw nor red;  
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,  
But thought, that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

Thence forth vnto the Idol they her brought,  
The which was framed all of siluer fine,  
Sowell as could with cunning hand be wrought,  
And clothed all in garments made of line,  
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.  
Vpon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,  
To shew that she had powre in things divime;  
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,  
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.
One foote was set vppon the Crocodile,
   And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppress both forged guile,
   And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand,
   Such was the Goddess; whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, her selfe vppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart,
   Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which the Idol as it were inclining,
   Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward fence defining,
   Who well perceiving, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
   By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And joyous light the house of lone forsooke:
   Which when she saw, her helmet she vnlaft,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste.

For other beds the Priests there vfed none,
   But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides vppon the cold hard stone,
   T'enure them selves to sufferance thereby
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify.
   For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to stedfast chastity,
   And continence of life, that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
   Ne feed on ough, the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine they say is blood,
   Euen the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine,
By thundring loue in the Phlegrean plaine.
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine, whose liquor blouddy red
Hauing the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre against the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
Vnder the wings of Isis all that night,
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight.
Where whilstf her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare vnto her heauenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

Her seem', das she was doing sacrificize
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
And linnen stole after those Priestes guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red.
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
That euen she her selfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and joyed to behold
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and ieweles manifold.
And in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below,
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Vpon the ground, which kindled priuily,
Into outrageous flames vnwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Vnder the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedywide, did strieight deuoure
Both flames and tempest: with which grown great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat;
But that the Goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

Tho turning all his pride to humblelesse meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to seake:
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might;
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that she waked, full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so vncoouth fight.

So thereupon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,
Vp-lifted in the porch of heauen hie.

Then
Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas;
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mas:
Whom she saluting faire, faire refaluted was.

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
They might perceiue, she was not well in plight;
Or that some pensiuenesse to heart she tooke.
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest, and the grauest wight,
To her bespake; Sir Knight it seemes to me,
That thorough euill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd, or much dismay’d ye be,
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

Certes (sayd she) Sith ye so well haue spide
The troublous passion of my pensiue mind,
I will not seke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfolde, in hope to find
Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on (quoth he) the secret of your hart:
For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, best counsell to impart
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision, which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And with long locks vp-standing, stifly stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright.
So fild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.
Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize,
How coulst thou weene, through that disguised hood,
To hide thy state from being vnderstood?
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy lineage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy fire, lamenting sore for thee;
They doe thy loue, forlorne in womens thraldom see.

The end whereof, and all the long event,
They doe to thee in this same dreame discouer.
For that same Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull louer.
Like to Osyris in all iuft endeuer.
For that same Crocodile Osyris is,
That vnder Isis seete doth sleepe for euer:
To shew that clemence oft in things amis,
Restraines those sterne behets, and cruell doomes of his.

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage,
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy fires Crowne, and from thy countrey deare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

All which when she vnto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought;
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and siluer wrought,

She
She for a present to their Goddesse brought,  
Then taking leave of them, she forward went;  
To seeke her loue, where he was to be fought;  
Ne rested till she came without relent  
Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,  
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,  
She was confused in her troublous thought;  
But fild with courage and with iooyous glee,  
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she  
Had long surveaft, she bad to open bold,  
That she the face of her new foe might see.  
But when they of that yron man had told,  
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad the forth to hold  

So there without the gate (as seemed best)  
She caused her Pawilion be pight;  
In which stount Britomart her selfe did rest,  
Whilees Talus watched at the dore all night.  
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,  
Vppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.  
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light  
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe;  
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe.

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill,  
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:  
Who long before awoke (for shefull ill  
Could sleepe all night, that in vnquiet brest  
Did closely harbour such a iealous guest)  
Was to the battell whilstome ready dight.  
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty creft  
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:  
On th’other side her foe appeared soone in fight.
But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her sone;
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound.
Which when the other heard, the sternly frowned
For high disdain of such indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bad them found.
For her no other termes should euer tie.
Then what prescribed were by lawes of cheualrie.

The Trumpets found, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins sinot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes: ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender, without staine or spot;
For other vses, then they them translated;
Which they now hackt & hewed, as if such use they hated,

As when a Tygre and a Lioness
Are met at spoiling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greediness:
But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stand:
To which the Lion strongly doth gainsay,
That she to hunt the beast first toke in hand;
And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it fond.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully fore:
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaid againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was sild with bloud, which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did strow,
Like fruitlesse seede, of which vntimely death should grow.

At last proud Radigund with fell despight,
Hauing by chaunce espide aduantage neare,
Let dryue at her with all her dreadful might,
And thus vpbraying said; This token beare
Vnto the man, whom thou doest loue so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gauest.
Which spitefull words she fore engrieu'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my loue deprauest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely brauest.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruelle passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a grievly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce vphold; yet soone the it requit.
For hauing force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britoness
Stayd not, till she came to her selfe againe,
But in reuenge both of her loues distresse,
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadful fight, when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of fence bereft,
Fled fast into the town, and her sole victor left.
But yet so fast they could not home retire,
But that swift Taurus did the formost win;
And pressing through the peace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin:
For all that euer came within his reach,
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengefull vow she did profess,
Yet when she saw the heapes, which he did make,
Of slaughtered carcasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost trie,
That she his fury willed him to flake:
For else he sure had left not one alie,
But all in his revenge of spirit would deprive.

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire.
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth fight,
Of men disguiz’d in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
Of so vnmanly maske, in misery midight.

At last when as to her owne love she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof absht with secrete shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
To have beheld a spectacle so bad:
And then too well beleu’d, that which tofore
Jealous suspeéct as true vntruely grad,
Which vaine concept now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to value his sad misfortunes fore.

Not so great wonder and astonishment,
Did the most chaft Penelope possesse,
To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his fauours likelyneffe,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
But stood long staring on him, mongs in uncertaine feares.

Ah my deare Lord, what fight is this (quoth she)
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t’embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hostes to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue
As to haue robde you of that manly hew? (wrought,
Could so great courage stouped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And caufd him those vncomely weeds vndight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Wherof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilst Fortune fauourd her successe in fight,
In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was recu’d, and joyd much in his semblance glad.
So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princes rained,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and them restoring
To mens subiection, did true Justice deale:
That all they as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

For all those Knights, which long in captiue shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall.
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purpsd to proceed, what so be fall,
Vpon his first aduenture, which him forth did call.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Confifted much in that aduentures priefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present beauninesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble Lord sir Artegall
Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

**Cant. VIII.**

Princes Arthur and Sir Artegall,
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Sondan, drive his wife,
Alicia to despaire.

Ought under heauen so strongly doth allure
The fence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties louely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleaunce mollifie
Their hardned hearts, enur’d to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome learnd that mighty Jewishe swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his loues sake his Lions skin vnlight:
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras fight.
Such wondrous powre hath womenes faire aspect,
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.
Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his auowed quest;
Which he had vndertane to Gloriaine;
But left his loue, albe her strong request,
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode him selfe vppon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talos with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

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

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

But th'other still purfi'd the fearefull Mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did fie,
Ne once for ought her speedy paage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie.

Sir
Sir Artegall, to whom she freight did hie
With gladfull haft, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enimy:
Who seeing her approch gan forward set,
To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu’d still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight haue ouerwent.
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer

Then two speares length; So mischiefe ouermatcht the
\(\text{(wronger.}\)

And in his fall misfortune hm mistooke;
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body braft :
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

In stead of whom finding there ready prest
\(\text{Sir Artegall, without discretion}\)
He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
Who seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long strooke,\(\text{(quooke.}\)
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest
But when againe they had recovered fence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had sayld of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seen, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in haft, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both doe heare, what she to them will say.

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

Whom when they heard so say, they looke about,
To weete if it were true, as she had told;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And Ventailes reare, each other to behold.
Tho when as Artagall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew.

Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all vnweeting haue you wrong'd thus fore,
Suffering my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore

Yield
Yeeld for amends my selfe yours euermore,
Or what so penaunce shall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes me needeth more
To craue the same, whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the liuing for the ded.

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

Then Artegal gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those knights, which there on ground were
And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire, (layd,
And for what cause they chafed so that Mayd.
Certes I wote not well (the Prince then sayd)
But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way vnweetingly I strayd,
And lo the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.

Then they that Damzell called to then nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she her selfe so woe begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.
Her name Mercilla most men use to call;  
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,  
For her great bounty knowen ouer all,  
And soueraigne grace, with which her royall crowne  
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe  
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,  
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:  
Yet the her selfe the more doth magnify,  
And eu'n to her foes her mercies multiply.

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

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

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

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

All times haue wont safe passage to afford
To messengers, that come for causes just:
But this proude Dame disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reuiling me, and rayling as she lust;
But lastly to make profe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog the out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two falle Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoureued and shent:
But thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
So said this Damzell, that hight samient,
And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, & heaped thanks repayd.
But they now having thoroughly heard, and seen,
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd complai-
To have bene done against her Lady Queene, (ned.
By that proud dame, which her so much disdain'd,
Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke enuement strong
Vpon the Souldan felfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
And vpon all those Knights, that did to her belong.

But thinking beft by counterfet disguise
To their desaigne to make the easier way,
They did this compplot twixt them felues devise,
First that sir Artegall shold him array,
Like one of those two Knights, which dead there lay.
And then that Damzell, the sad samient,
Should as his purchaft prize with him conuay
Vnto the Souldans court, her to present
Vnto his scornefull Lady, that for her had sent.

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

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offered his service to disarme the Knight;
But he refusing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be discouered by his sight,
Kept himself still in his strange armour dight.
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him require
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisoner.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,
And mounting straight upon a charret hye,
With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded,
Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did spred.

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

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,
And countenance sublume and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and auengement:
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.
Like to the *Thracian Tyrant*, who they say
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his sharpe wheeles, in his first rages heat,
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdain'd.

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

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

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

Much was he grieued with that haplesse thrое,
That opened had the welfpring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He note not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsman's hand
Can not come neare him in the couert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And senft himselfe about with many a flamig brand.

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

Thus long they trast, and trauersft to and fro,
Seeking by euery way to make some breach,
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might vnto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes aſlay he might him teach.
At laſt from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they vpon him preſt, it plaine to them did shew.
Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burned,
So did the light thereof of their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay,
With raynes, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could do, or say,
But th'onely feare, that was before their view;
From which like mazed deare, dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
High ouer hilles, and lowly ouer dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.

In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands vnto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought auayles;
They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
But go, which way they lift, their guide they haue forlore.

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

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law.
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare, (draw
And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that nould his crying heare.

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

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

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bruise and broken,
He vp did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remayne for an eternall token
To all, mongst whom this storie shoulde be spoken,
How worthily, by heauens high decree,
Iustice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken,
That all men which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for euer warned bee.
So on a tree, before the Tyrants dore,
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a monument for euermore.
Which when his Ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was dismayd, or Faynted through affright,
But gathered into her her troubled wit,
And gan estfoones deuize to be aueng’d for it.

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

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

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

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

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

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde,
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With triumph entertain'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array,
And roial pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchas't through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
So both for rest there hauing staid not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another long.
Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle

whom Talius doth dismay,

They to Merciilaces palace come,

and see her rich array.

WW

Hat Tygre, or what other saluage wight

Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might?

As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with

Not fit mongst men, that doe with reason melle;

But mongst wyld beasts and saluage woods to dwell;

Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure,

And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,

Are dreaded moost, and feared for their powre:

Fit for Adicia, there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne farre from ressort of men,

Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;

There let her euer keepe her damned den,

Where none may be with her lewd parts desyled;

Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:

And turne we to the noble Prince, where late

We did him leave, after that he hadsoyled

The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate

Had ytterly subverted his unrightous state.

Where hauing with Sir Artegall a space

Well solast in that Souldans late delight;

They both resoluing now to leaue the place,

Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way.
But she them woo'd by all the means she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

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

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (the sayd)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassayable, gaue him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name Malegin they him call,
Well knownen by his feates, and famous over all.

Through these his flights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre under ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some do say, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of wyndings is,
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne, that once are gone amis.
Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan
To understand that villeins dwelling place, (carne,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
Were not (sayd she) that it should let your pace
Towards my Ladies presence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place.
Then let not that (said they) stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that care haue hent.

So forth they past, till they approched ny
Vnto the rocke, where was the villains won.
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to aduize, what best were to be done.
So both agreed, to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raying pittifull vprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

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

The cry whereof entring the hollow caue,
Eftfoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to haue.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
Vpon
Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curl'd locks, that downe his shoulders shag-
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment (ged,
Made of strange stiffe, but all to worn and ragged,
And vnderneath his breech was all to torn and iagged.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And euer round about he cast his looke.
Alas at his backe a great wydenet he bore,
With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
But vsd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

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

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds ful many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take leffe heedie kepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her shew,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in flights and iugling feates did flow,
And of legier demayne the mysteries did know.
To which whilest she lent her intentique mind,
He suddenly his net vpon her threw,
That ouersprad her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone vp, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away vnto his new,
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as ny
He came vnto his caue, and there did vew
The armed knightes stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly.

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

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

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
But he the bush did beat, till that at last

Into
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But the then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land,
But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

So he it brought with him vnto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast, for feare of flights.
Who whilest in hand it gryping hart he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went;
And prickt him so, that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew:
But Talus soone him ouertooke, and backward drew.

But when as he would to a snake againe
Hauet turn'd himselfe, he with his yron frayle
Gan drive at him, with so huge might and maine;
That all his bones, as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle;
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past.
So did deceit the selfe deceiuer frayle;
There they him left a carrion outcast;
For beasts and soules to feeede vpoun for their repast.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd,
To see her Ladie, as they did agree.
To which when she approched, thus she sayd;
Loe now, right noble knights, arriu'd ye bee
Nigh to the place, which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see myouverayne Lady Queene
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That euer yet vpon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.
The gentle knights rejoyced much to hear
The prayses of that Prince so manifold,
And passing little further, commen were,
Where they a stately pallace did behold,
Of pompous show, much more then she had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glittering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightness daz’d the straunge beholders eye.

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

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

They ceas’t their clamors vpon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.

For
For never saw they there the like array.
Neuer was the name of warre there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietnesse alway,
Dealing just judgements, that more not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

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

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

They passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gratious Queene:
Who fate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten bene,
Or could be fram’d by workmans rare deuice;
And all embossed with Lyons and with Flourdelice.
All over her a cloth of state was spread,
Not of rich tissuw, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her broded, spreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beams,
Glistening like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth siluer streames,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering gleames.

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

Thus she did sit in fouerayne Maiestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet when as foes enforce, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

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

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

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

So sitting high in dreaded souerayntie, (brought;
Those two strange knights were to her presence
Who bowing low before her Maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.
As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his bene,
And feruour of his flames somewhat adaw:
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that Maiestie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to enterteke.

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

But after all her princely enternayne,
To th’hearing of that former cause in hand,
Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand.
On either part, the placed th’one on th’one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

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

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

First gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arrayd, Duesfa hight
That falsc Duesfa, which had wrought great care,
And mickle mischiefe vnto many a knight,
By her beguyled, and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons, and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercills oft did frame.

For the whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels falsc conspyred,
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred.)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depreyue
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it vnto her selfe deryue,
And triumph in their blood, who she to death did dryue.
But through high heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked drifts of trayterous desynes,
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discouered was betymes,
And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
Such be the meede of all, that by such mene
Vnto the type of kingdomes title crymes,
But false Dnessa now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banifh all remorsse,
And aggrauate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part against her, came
Many graue persons, that against her pled;
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes care, with a white siluer hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

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

But then for her, on the contrarie part,
Rofe many aduocates for her to plead;
First there came Pittle, with full tender hart,
And with her joyned Regard of womanhead;
And then came Danger threatening hidden dread,
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke towre;
And lastly Griefe did plead, & many teares forth powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woze inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest feruour to augment,
And many fearefull obieets to them to present.

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

Then brought he forth, with grievely grim aspect,
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryse:
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits, and mutinous vprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Euen soule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused fore.
All which when as the Prince had heard and seen,
   His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie efffoones was drawn cleene.
But Artegall with constant firme intent,
For zeale of Justice was against her bent.
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to vrge her punishment,
   And to their Queene for judgement loudly call,
   Vnto Mercilla myld for Justice against the thrall.

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

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

S
ome Clarkees doe doubt in their devicefull art,
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie be of Justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlasting feate
She first was bred, and borne of heauenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

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

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

Much more it prayse'd was of those two knights;  
The noble Prince, and righteous Artesall,
When they had seene and heard her doome a rights
Against Duessa, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without grieffe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet euen then ruining her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

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

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and of her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrap't in great dolours and in deadly seares,
By a strong Tyrant, who inuaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully alas.

Her
Her name was Belge, who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a fruteful heritage,
Euen seenteene goodly sonnes; which who had seen
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene,
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

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

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

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them euer and alone,
With his two headed dogge, that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhon,
And soule Echidna, in the house of night;
But Hercules them all did overcom in fight.

His sonne was this, Geryone hight,
Who after that his monstrous father fell
Vnder Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his fyre did quell,
And came to this, where Belge then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happiness,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble husbands late decessse;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretched duesse.

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

By means whereof, she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soueraine powre
To doe, what euer he thought good or fit.
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre vp strife, and many a Tragicke stowre;
Giuing her dearest children one by one
Vnto a dreadfull Monster to deouure;
And setting vp an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.
So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,
The woeful widow had no means now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayde, against that cruel Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had rest.
Therefore these two, her eldest sons she sent,
To seek for succour of this Ladies gift:
To whom their suite they humbly did present,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

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

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

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
Who gaue him roiall gifts and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseeene,
And leauing Artegall to his owne care;
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him still prepare.
Ne after him did Artigall abide,
But on his first aduenture forward forth did ride.

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

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

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes, as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares; Ah my sweet boyes,
(Sayd she) yet now I gin new life to seele,
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rife againe, at this your ioyous sight.
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright,
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.
Then turning vnto him; And you Sir knight
(Said she) that taken haue this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heauen immortal guerdon gaine
For so great trauell, as you doe sustaine:
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else, but bare life doth remaine,
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

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

Ay me (sayd she) and whether shal I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raced, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes, and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewfies do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those rauenous dogs.

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

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

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Vntill that state by strength was pulled downe,
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens lift to lowre
Vpon their blisse, and balesfull fortune frowne.
When those against states and kingdomes do conjure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure.

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

To
To him he hath, before this Castle greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Ivory, full rich beseene,
On which that cursed Idol farre proclaimed,
He hath set vp, and him his God hath named,
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And pouring forth their bloud in brutifhe wise.
That any yron eyes, to see it would agrize.

And for more horror and more crueltie;
Vnder that cursed Idols altar stone;
An hideous monster doth in darkness lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seenne of none.
That liues on earth; but vnfo those alone
The whicb vnfo him sacrificd bee.
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone:
What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

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

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

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

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

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

FAERIE QVEENE.

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
  Who from his sable swarued nought aye de,
  Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
  But like a bulwarke, firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
  With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
  Paf through his shield, & pierft through either fyde,
That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

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

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

Then all the rest which in that Caftle were,
  Seeing that sad en sampling them before,
  Durt not abide, but fled away for seare,
And them conuayd out at a posterne dore.
Long fought the Prince, but when he found no more
To stop against his powre, he forth issued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare, with what she there had viewed,
And what she had not seene, within vnto her shewed.

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

Cant. XI

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

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

Whereof
Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belge now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Senechall low on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frie in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle vnfound:
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did him selfe encourage, and take better cheare.

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

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

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouerrun him streight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideoufly vpon his armour bright.
As he to peces would have chopped it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drove,
That seem'd a marble rocke a sunder could have ruue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

With that all mad and furious he grew,  
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,  
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw,  
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat.
And hell into him selfe with horrour great.
Thenceforth he car’de no more, which way he strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chauce and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him strooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

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

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

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in haft her selfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
Vppon these warriours, greedy t’vnderstand,
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

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

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

She humbly thankthim for that wondrous grace;
And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore case,
As from my chieflf foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye haue rooted all the relikes out
Of that vilde race, and established my peace.
What is there else (sayd he) left of their rout?
Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in doute.

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby,
There stands an Idol of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared firft on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom for endless horror of his shame,
He offer'd up for daily sacrific'd
My children and my people, burnt in flame;
With all the tortures, that he could devise,
The more to aggravate his God with such his blouddy guise.

And underneath this Idol there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carcasses, that die
In sacrific'e unto that cursed feend:
Whose ugly shape none euer saw, nor kens,
That euer g'ad'p' d: for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Euen blasphemous words, which she doth Bray
Out of her poyntious entrails, fraught with dire decay.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire, that Monster to assay,
And pray'd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streight way
There to address't, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told;
The Monster vnnderneath the Altar lay;
The he that Idol saw of masse gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And the third time out of an hidden shade,
There forth isso.w'd, from vnnder th' Altars smooke,
A dreadful feend, with foule deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrorr fill;
Yet him nothing terrifie, that feared nothing ill.
An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
   Was stretche forth, that nigh filled all the place,
   And seem'd to be of infinite grest strength;
   Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,
Or other like infernall furies kind:
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horror, which did lurke behind,
The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

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

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

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

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

With that aloude she gan to bray and yel,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That euen the Temple, where in she was plaft,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast.
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke;
That made him stagger, and stand halfe agast
With trembling joynts, as he for terour tooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke, as they were torne,
Whilest still she stands as stonie, and forlorn;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile.
But ere that it the backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioyned it, and mard the swinging of her fiaile.
Then gan he cry much louder than afofe,
That all the people there without it heard,
And Belge selse was therewith stonied fore,
As if the onely sound thereof the feared.
But then the seend her selse more fiercely reard
Vpon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

But as she prest on him with heauy swayne,
Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailles made an open way,
To issue forth; the which once being brust,
Like to a great Mill dam forth fiercely gult,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly sinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake, or thinke.

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

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

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and joyous carols fong:
So him they led through all their streets along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whose euerlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

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

But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who hauing left Mercilla, straigaret way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call;
To weet to worke Irenaeas franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approchthe has.
There as he traueld by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Iren in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Vnto his soueraine Queene her suite for to commend.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depreue;
What new ocasion doth thee hither drive,
While she alene is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not suruie?
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and found;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thralldome bound.

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

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reare
She death shall by. Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir Artegaull to heare,
And grieued fore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vsage bad.

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

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

Now turne againe (Sir Artegaull then sayd)
For if I liue till those ten daies haue end,
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend;
So backward he attone with him did wend:
Tho as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array,
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.
To which as they approcht, the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chashtg to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishness;
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

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

And now they doe so sharply him assay,
That they his shield in peecees battred haue,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to saue;
Albe that it moft safety to him gaue,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For from the day that he thus did it leaue,
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight, with endles shame.

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

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

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

But sure to me her faith she first did plight,
To be my loue, and take me for her Lord,
Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her, to him for to accord.
O who may not with gifts and words be tempted
Sith which she hath me euer since abhord;
And to my foe hath guilefully consented.
Ayme, that euer guyle in women was inuented.
And now he hath this troupe of villains sent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine haue bent,
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may:
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe ouerlay,
That oft I driuen am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th'attempt remediless.

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

True is, that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Redcrosse;
Who when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a shield, in which he did endoffe
His deare Redeemers badge vpon the bosse:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith Grandiorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

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

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

Not so; (quoth he) for yet when time doth serue,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to sverue,
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraine.
Fie on such forgerie (sai d Artegall)
Under one hood to shadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to dissemble fouly may befall.

Yet let me you of courtesie request,
(Said Burbon) to assist me now at need
Against these peants, which haue me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my loue may from their hands be freed.
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte
His wauring mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones vnto the fight,
Did set vpon those troupes withall his powre and might.
Who flocking round about them, as a swarme;
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth clustere,
Did them assaults with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bills and glayues making a dreadfull luster;
That forst at first those knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe inquyre,

But when as overblown was that brunt,
Those knights began a fresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote auayle;
Made cruel hauccke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raskall manie soone they overthrew,
But the two knights theeselues their captains did subdue.

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

But Burbon streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
Would haue embraced her with hart entyre.
But he backstarting with disdainfully yea,
Bad him aunt, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed.
Whom when those knights so forward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbrayed fore.

Sayd Artegall; what foule disgrace is this,
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in fight,
To blot your beautie, that vnblemisht is,
With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare,
As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phoebus lampe doth thine more cleare?

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

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

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

Cant. XII.

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

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

Witnesse may Burbon be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithlesse and vnfound:

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And witnesse be Gerione found,
Who for like cause faire Belge did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.

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

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

But nathemore would they from land refraine;
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might found the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth isew,
Though darts from shore & stones they at him threw;
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore, whence he them chaft away,
And made to fly, like doues, whom the Eagle doth affray.
The whiles Sir Artegall, with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By those, which earst did fly away for feare
Of their arriuall: wherewith troubled fore,
He all his forces freight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to haue encountred, ere they left the shore.

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

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

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place conuenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day.
So founded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

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

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

Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did sight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,
And with dull countenance, and with doleful spright,
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
For to receive the doome of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.
Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill’d, and dew her daintie face,
Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreds the glorie of her leaues gay;
Such was irenas countenance, such her face,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant, till it was farre day.

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

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Neuer any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very fight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

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

The trumpets sound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage, where as most they ment.
But with such force and furie violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so faft,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And eu en to the vitall parts they past,

Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braft.

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well anize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where euer they did fall,
And way did give vnto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mainshart,
And lends vnto it leaue the emptie ayre to beat.

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

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

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstruous poise adowne descendred,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, take no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wraught.

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

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

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for joy of his success,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strag powre did the long time oppress;
And running all with greedie joyfulnesse
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse,
As their true Liege and Princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glorie founded over all.

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

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

But
But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away;
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of justice he was forfit to stay,
And Talus to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So haung freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her, there left in heauinesse.

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

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

Her hands were foule and durtie, neuer washt
In all her life, with long nayles ouer raught,
Like puttocks clawes: with th'one of which she scratcht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed, and ghawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poysone dropping lothsomely.

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

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

The other nothing better was, then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree:
For what so Ennie good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, what euer euill she conceived,
Did sprede abroad, and throw in th'open wynd.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reaued.
That all she sought, was mens good name to haue be-
For
For what so euer good by any say’d,
   Or done she heard, she would straightwayes invent,
   How to deprave, or slaunderously vpbrayd,
   Or to miscontrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing, that well was ment.
Therefore she vsed often to resort,
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked fort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
   She would it eke, and make much worse by telling,
   And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling.
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Ennie, euin her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Enny selle excelling
In mischief: for her selle the onely vext;
But this same both her selle, and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
   Foming with poylon round about her gils,
   In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appeard’ like Aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound, whom so she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Vpon the which the little spinnes, but spils,
And faynes to weau false tales and leafings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

These two now had themselves combyned in one,
   And linckt together against Sir Artegall,
For whom they wayted as his mortall sone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall,
Besides unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blasmat beast men call,
A dreadful feend of gods and men ydread,
Whom they by flights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

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

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

Then th'other comming neare, gan him reuile,
And souly rayle, with all she could inuent;
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And soule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword the sword, of Justice lent
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie,
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes hauing surpriz'd, he souly did to die.

There to
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

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

But Talus hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,
Would her haue chastiz'd with his yron flail,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserued,
And him forbidden, who his heast obserued.
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerue
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.
THE SIXTE
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning
THE LEGEND OF S.CALIDORE
OR
OF COVRTESIE.

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

Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings treausres,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where never foote did vse,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse.
Revele to me the sacred nurserie
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in siluer bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds disclaine.
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriud at first
From heavenly seedes of bountie foueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripeneffe grew, and forth to honour burst.

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

But in the triall of true courtesie,
Its now so farre from that, which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashiond to please the eies of them, that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
The wisest light, to thinke gold that is bras.
But vertues feat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defynd.

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seeene
The goodly praise of Princely courtesie,
As in your selfe, O souereaine Lady Queene,

In
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It showes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beeene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your name.

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

O

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

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

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

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

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

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
To tread an endlessse trace, withouten guyde,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies vntryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide,
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet shal it not by none be testifyde.
What is that quest (quoth then Sir Artegall)
That you into such perils presently doth call?
The Blattant Beast (quoth he) I doe purswe,
And through the world incessantly doe chafe,
Till I him ouertake, or else subdue:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
What is that Blattant Beast? (then he replide)
It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,
(Then answerd he) which often hath annoyed
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

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

Then since the Saluage Island I did leave
Said Artegall, I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
But I that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did pour.

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

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

Unhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought  
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?  
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,  
And thee captyued in this shamefull place?  
To whom he answered thus; My haplesse case  
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,  
But through misfortune, which did me abase  
Vnto this shame, and my young hope subuerst,  
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,  
Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,  
Which doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,  
And it hath long mayntained with mighty wrong:  
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along  
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,)  
By reason of the streight, and rocks among,  
But they that Ladies lockes doe shawe away,  
And that knights berd for toll, which they for passage pay
A shamefull use as euer I did heare,
  Sayd Calidore, and to be ouerthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
  And for what cause, tell if thou haue it knowne.
Sayd then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
  This Castle, is by name Briana hight.
Then which a prouder Lady liueth none:
She long time hath deare lou'd a doughty Knight,
  And sought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

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

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

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

Which haynous figh when Calidore beheld,
Eftfoones he loofd that Squire, and to him left,
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft.
Whom ouertaking, loude to him he cryde;
Leane faytor quickly that misgotten weft
To him, that hath it better iuftifyde,
And turne thee foone to him, of whom thou art defyde.

Who hearkning to that voice, him felfe vpreard,
And seeing him fo fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thofe words fake;
And with fterne count'naunce thus vnto him spake:
Art thou the caytiue, that defyeft me,
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doeft take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunfome fro me free.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most imporhtune might,
That oft he made him stagger as vnstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his harpe despight.
But Calidore, that was well skild in flight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
Lying in waite, how him he damadge might.
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.
Like as a water stream, whose swelling course
Shall drive a Mill, within strong banks is pent,
And long restrayned of his ready course;
So soone as passage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore,
When once he felt his foeman to relent;
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed fore,
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

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

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

With that the rest, the which the Castle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day.

With
With his long tail the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady fell she in sad dismay
He was ymet, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and foul evbrayd with faulty blame.

False traytor Knight, (layd she) no Knight at all,
But scorne of armes that hast with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and flaine my Seneschall;
Now comest thou to rob my house vnmand,
And spoile my selfe, that can not thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet shame shalt thee with shame requight

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

Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in stead thereof mild curtysie shewe
To all, that passe. That shall you glory gaine
More then his loue, which thus ye seek to obtaine.
Wherewith all full of wrath, she thus replyde;
Vile recreant, know that I doe much disdain
Thy courteous lore, that dost my loue deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde.
To take defiance at a Ladies word 
(Quoth he) I hold it no indignity; 
But were he here, that would it with his sword 
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby. 
Cowherd (quoth she) were not, that thou wouldst fly, 
Ere thou doe come, he should be soone in place. 
If I doe so, (sayd he) then liberty 
Ileauie to you, for aye me to disgrace 
With all those shame, that erst ye spake me to deface.

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

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

The morrow next, before the lampe of light, 
Above the earth vpreard his flaming head, 
The Dwarfe, which bore that messaige to her knight, 
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread, 
He
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he will her doe away all dread;
And that of him she more assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

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

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

But Calidore vprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senceleffe found,
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that drery found,
There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground,
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.
THE VI. BOOKE OF THE

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

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

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

At length it chaunft, that both their hands on hie,
At once did heauce, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But Calidore, that was more quicke of fight,
And nimbler handed, then his enemie,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stooupe to ground with meekke humilitie.

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

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

For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That courtifie doth as well as armes profess,
How euer strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruellenesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learnd him selue first to subdued.
All flesh is frayle, and full of sicklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;
What hapts to day to me, to morrow may to you.

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

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

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bydind himselfe most firmly to obay,
He vp arose, how euer liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir Calidore vpheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he Crudor had compeld.

Whereof she now more glad, then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courtesie, that peart
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,

Before
Before his feet her selfe she did proieft,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
With all due thankes, and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and loue restord.

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

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

A a 2
Cant. II.

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

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

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves,cannot attaine.
For euerie thing, to which one is inclin’d,
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforce with
paine.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares,
Whose euery act and deed,that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did the hart away.

He
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight, that did on horsebacke ryde.

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

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seuenteenyeares, but tall and faire of face
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
Of lincolne greene, belayd with siluer lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets spred,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe borespeare,
With which he wont to launch the saluage hart
Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare
That first vnto his hand in chafe did happen neare.
Whom Calidore a while well hauing vewed,
At length bespake; what means this gentle sylvaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it selle embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?
Certes (saiid he) loth were I to haue broken
The law of armes yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let my selle of wight be sroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be sroken.

For not I him as this his Ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
But he me first, through pride and puiffance strong
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.
Perdie great blame, (then saiid Sir Calidore)
For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sferne vprore.

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

The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his Ladie, (that him ill became,)
On her faire feets by his horse side did pas
Through thicke and thin, vnfit for any Dame.

Yet
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
When so she lagged, as she needs more so,
He with his speare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward, and enforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moued in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with vnage kind
He rather should have taken vp behind.
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdain,
Tooke in soule scorne, that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof releui'd againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

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

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

Of all which, when as she could nought deny,
But cleared that stripling of th'imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore; neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did him selfe to save: (shame
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse
For knights and all men this by nature haue,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behaue.

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

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

Whom when my knight did see so louely faire,
He inly gan her louer to enuy,
And with, that he part of his spoyle might share.
Whereto when as my presencie he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My loues owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand down fro his steed me throw’t
And with presumptious powre against that knight
straight go’th.

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

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

Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw,
Whilest they together for the quarrey strewe,
Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the groue.
My knight hers soone, as seemes to daunger droue
And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan rouse
And range through all the wood, where so he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long, as him lift.
But when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chauff, he turned backe
Vnto the place, where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wraike on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
Stroue to appease him, and persuaded long:
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

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

So paffed we, till this young man vs met,
And being mou'd with pittie of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for eafe of my regret:
Whereof befell, what now is in your fight.
Now sure (then said Sir Calidore) and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who euer thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of countenance proud and hault
To wraike the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.

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

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

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

To whom then thus the noble youth; may be  
Sir knight, that by discouering my estate,  
Harme may arise vnweeting vnto me;  
Nathelesse, Sith ye so courteous seemed late,  
To you I will not feare it to relate.  
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,  
Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate  
Or fortune I my countrie haue forlorn, (adorne.  
And lost the crowne, which shou'd my head by right
And *Tristram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good king *Meliogras* which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeire
Vntimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.
After whose death, his brother seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Vpon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him lift, instructed for to bee.

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

So taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him aduiz'd, to send me quight
Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
Into the land of *Faerie*, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong
To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me streight
Into this land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature strong.

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

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

Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit  
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,  
Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,  
That ye will make me Squire without delay,  
That from henceforth in batteilous array  
I may beare armes, and learne to vse them right;  
The rather since that fortune hath this day  
Guen to me the spoile of this dead knight,  
These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,  
Him much more now, then earst he gan admire,  
For the rare hope which in his yeares appeard,  
And thus replide; faire chyld, the high desire  
To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,  
I may not certes without blame denie;  
But rather with, that some more noble hire,  
(Though none more noble then is cheualrie,)  
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.
There him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young Tristram grew,
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues finall,
Long shut vp in the bud from heauens vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode displayes his smyling hew.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd, that he with him might goe
On his aduenture, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part,
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight.

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

But since this Ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now vpon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her, from daunger of dismay;

That
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble ympe of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say.
So taking courteous leave, they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

But Tristram then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayle,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall, shyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes.
And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her vp did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight,
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

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

And there beside him fate vpon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteously complaieyning
With loud laments that most unluckie found,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and caye their bitter payning.
Which forie fight when Calidore did vew
With heauie eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mourning full caye can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.
Then speaking to the Ladie, thus he sayd:

Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight vnarm'd, with so vnknightly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may auenge him of so foule delspight.
The Ladie hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her fory hart few heauie words forth spight.

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

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

Then gan Sir Calidore to gheffe streight way
By many signes, which the described had,
That this was he, whom Tristram earesst did slay,
And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:

For
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now him selue in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw on the cold earth spread,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to your selfe he wrought, & to your loued knight.

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

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

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

Calidore brings Priscailla home,
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Serena whilst Calepine
By Turpme is opprest.

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

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late example of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Castle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beeone of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peers:
But now weake age had dimd his candle light.

Yet
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline.
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,
And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes Aladine.

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

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

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guestes, whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought, (brought.
With thinking to what case her name should now be
For she was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did dis accord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lou'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her ny,
The lufty Aladine, though meaner borne,
And of less blood and habilitie,
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, & make her th'others riches scorne.

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

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensiue fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did auy,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the euening past, till time of rest,
When Calidore in seemly good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

But faire Priscilla (to that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguinish weepex, And
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
So well she wash't them, and so well she wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispach't him,
And droue away the stound, which mortally attach't him.

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

Which she perceiving, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his seares:
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,
How to saue hole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helps were past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull trust:
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Early, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust.
Calidore rising vp as fresh as day,
Gan freshely him address him to his former way.
But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight
To visit, after this nights perilous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire lously laffe.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to overpaflse:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked course.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his loue,
And all his disaduentures to unfold;
That Calidore it dearly deepe did moue.
In th'end his kyndly courtesie to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To safeconduit his loue, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

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

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went,
The cause of all this euill, who was slaine,
The day before by iust auengement
Of noble Tristan, where it did remaine:

There
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,
Most pensifie man, through feare, what of his childe be-

There he arriuing boldly, did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guildeffe innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft,
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnessse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life for lorne for vengement of his theft.

Most joyfull man her fire was her to see,
And heare th'aduenture of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to Calidore for see
Of his large paines in her deliuerance
Did yeeld; Nelesse the Lady did aduaunce.
Thus hauing her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

So as he was pursuuing of his quest
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight,
In couert shawe him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.
To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
Them much abaft, but more him selfe thereby,
That he so rudely did vppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crau'd for his so rath default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

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

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

All sodainely out of the forrest here
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware,
Caughther thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.

Crying
Crying aloud in vain, to shew her sad mis fate
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde,
Who with the horror of her hapless care
Haftily starting vp, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distresed mayde.

The Beast with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him ouertooke in middeft of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;

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

And now by this Sir Calebine (so hight)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous disnay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both sides through grypt with griesly wound.
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound,
Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.
So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did revouke againe,
To her fraile mansion of mortaliety.
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede, her did sustaine
With carefull hands softing foot her beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attentive,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

Now when as Phcebus with his fiery wainge
Unto his inne began to draw apace;
Thro wexing weary of that toylesome paine,
In trouelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a riwers syde,
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steds to guyde,
In hope there for his loue some succour to prouyde.

But comming to the riwers syde, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was:
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas.
Thus whilest he was in this distressef case,
Deuising what to do\, he nigh espylde
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselfes prepar'd through the foord to ride

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

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

Sir Calepine her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the riuere goth,
As in despyght to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom ofte he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, vnfit for Knight
And strongly wading through the waues vnused,
With speare in th'one hand, stayd him selfe vpright,
With th'other staide his Lady vp with stedyd might.

And all the while, that same discourteous Knight,
Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
At whose calamity, for more despyght
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But when as Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swel,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell.
Vn knightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for euer doe those armes forfake;
And be for euer held a recreant Knight,
Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,
And for thine owne defence on foote alight,
To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

The daftard, that did heare him selfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde,
Did scorn the challenge of so base a thrall:
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

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

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

Full loth am I (quoth he) as now at earft,
When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost:
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforft.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

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

But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That house-rome craues, yet would be loth t'assay
The proofe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet if he needes will fight, craue leave till morne,
And tell with all, the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craues, as he of woman was yborne.
The groom went stright way in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue;
Who sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund repreh, 
But both himselfe reui'd, and eke his loue;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of vgentle vsage did approue
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

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

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

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

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

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

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious entprize,
He bad him stand, to abide the bitter stoure
Of his fore vengeaunce, or to make aunoure
Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce; who nought could do, but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be ouerrun.
Yet he him still pursu'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloody will.
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his Ladies backe, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As euer he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde.

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

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

Calepine by a saluage man
from Turpine reskewed is,
And whylest an Infant from a Beare
be saine, his love doth misse.

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

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
To understand what there was to be donne.
There he this most discourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

The saluage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoued at his perils vew.
That eue his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his euill plight,
Against his foe that did him so purswe:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

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

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

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

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

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

But when the Saluage saw his labour vaine;
   In following of him, that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede vnto the place, whereas he laft
Had left that couple, nere their vtmost caft.
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present found,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound.

For though she were right glad, so rid to bee
   From that vile lozell, which her late offended,
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill by this salvauge man pretended;

C c 2
Against whom she saw no means to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore.
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
To send her succour, being of all hope forlorn.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure, and confused found
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach,
To expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as mowed with the sight,
He made great mone after his saluage mood,
And running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well vnderstood:
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stoPT the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched
(thought.

Then taking vp that Recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his wonning neare:
To which he easily did them perswade
Farre in the forrest by a hollow glade,
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
Did vnderneath them make a gloomy shade;
There foot of living creature neuer trode, (abode.
Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights
Theither
Thither he brought these unacquainted guests;
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests.
But the bare ground, with hoarie moss bestrowed,
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnrowned,
And the frutes of the forest was their feast:
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first beheast.

Yet howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sau'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselues a while to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

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

Now when as Calepine was waxen strong,
Vpon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruel Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie iawes, besprinkled all with gore.

The little babe did loudly srike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches thrill
Percing his hart with pities point did thrill;
That after him, he ran with zealous haste,
To rescuce th'infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and purswed fast.

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

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he ouertooke, and forst to stay,
And without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray,
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him, and to devoure his corse.
But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being vnable to digest that bone;
Ne could it vpward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony malle.

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

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

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

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

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

To whom approching, when as she perceiued
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceiued,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd.
Whom when as Calepyn saw, so dismayd;
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her sayd:
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

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

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

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to these happie fortunes, cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one euill, which doth ouerthrow
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlessse losse to overfow.

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

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

Well hop't he then, when this was prophesied,
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize;
The which through fame should farre be magnifie;
And this proud gyant should with braue emprize
Quite overthrow, who now gynnes to despize
The good Sir Bruin, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinke's from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo this my cause of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourn, and poure forth ceaselesse
(teares.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe,
And when he had deuized of her case,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the prieze.
And hauing cheared her, thus said; faire Dame,
In euils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.
If that the cause of this your languishment
   Be lacke of children, to supply your place,
Low how good fortune doth to you present
This little babe, of sweete and louely face,
   And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
What euer formes ye lift thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye lift him traine in cheualry,
Or nourse vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

And certes it hath oftentimes bene seene,
   That of the like, whose linage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble knights haue raysed beene,
As their victorious deedes haue often shoven,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,
Then those, which haue bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were
Here by the Gods, and fed with heauenly sap,
That made them grow so high t'all honorable hap.

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

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

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in sore plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride vpon,
Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,
Albe that Dame by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desirid home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes, and what so else to lend,
Yet he them all refusid, though thankt her as a frend.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his loue so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground, maugre himselfe he threw,
For fell despight, to be so soreely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease emboft,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or vnderstand, that she in safetie did remaine.
What an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, how euer it bewrapt
In fad misfortunes foule deformity,
And wretched sorrowes, which haue often hapt?
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man, being vndisciplyned,
That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst falueage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne euer saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewed some token of his gentle blood,
By gentle vsage of that wretched Dame.
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
How euer by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Who when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afayd:
And leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth straightway into the forrest wyde,
To seeke, if he perchance a sleepe were layd,
Or what so else were vnto him betyde:
He sought him farre & neare, yet him nowhere he spyde.

Tho backe returning to that forie Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a fHONE,
That ruth it was to see him so lament.
By which she well perceiuing, what was done,
Can teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe torment.

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrow,
As if her breast new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would straight dislodge the wretched wearie life.
There the long groueling, and deepe groning lay,
As if her vital powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay,
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distreft,
He reared her vp from the bloudie ground,
And sough by all the meanes, that he could best
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Ne cease her forrow and impatient swound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.
At length, when as no hope of his retoune
She saw now left, she cast to leaue the place,
And wend abrode, though seele and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that forie case.
His steede now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

Whom when her Hoft saw ready to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Thofe warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind, he gan estfoones prepare,
And put them all about himselfe vnfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare.
But without sword vpon his thigh to fit:
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

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

Upon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunfl some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident:
Which to redresse, she did th'assistance need
Of this her groome, which he by signes did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to affay
Tamend what was amisse, and put in right array.

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

By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set,

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

But of them all, which did his ruine seeke
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To ouerthrow, but to supplant by flight.
The first of them by name was cald Descetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second not so strong but wise, Decetto;
The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest Desetto.
Oftimes
Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
   And feuerall deceipts, but all in vaine:
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound;
Where singled forces faile, conjoynd may gaine.
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found,
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

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

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

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

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

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

Him well behoued so; for his three foes  
Sought to encompasse him on euery side,  
And dangerously did round about enclose.  
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,  
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde:  
So did Decetto eke him circumuent,  
But stout Defetto in his greater pryde,  
Did front him face to face against him bent,  
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.
Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,
Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;
When as vnwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing faft
Did warne his rider be vpon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire now nigh aghast,
Reuited was, and sad dispaire away did cait.

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

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

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

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

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

With that aloude the faire *serena* cryde
Vnto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine:
Who to them stepping did them soone diuide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would restraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,
What and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that saluage villains hand,
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.
To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,
  The wretchedst Dame, that live this day on ground,
Who both in minde, the which most grieueth me,
And body haue receiu'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driuen to this drery stound.
I was erwhile, the loue of Calepine,
Who whether he alie be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately loft, vneath is to define.

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

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

So hauing all things well about her dight,
  She on her way cast forward to proccede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede.

D d 3
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed; for now
And eke this Squite, who likewise wounded was of
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed, did our
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas.
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has,

So forth they rode together all in troupe;
To seke some place, the which mote yeeld some ease
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droope,
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease;
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent,

Sometimes with merry purpose fit to please,
And otherwhyle with good encouragement,

To make them to endure the pains, did them torment.

Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foule discouerties and vnknightly parts,
Which Turpine had vnto her shewed late,
Without compassion of her cruell smarts,
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade, all that she might;
Yet the of malice, without her desarts,
But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

Wherewith the Prince fore mowed, there auoud,
That soone as he returned backe againe,
He would auenge the abuses of that proud
And shamefull Knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To passe the tedious trauell of the way;
Till towards night they came vnto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhoohood, the which annoy it may.
And high thereto a little Chappell stooed,
Which being all with Yuy overspreed,
Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a groue faire brauched ouer hed : 
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led,
In freight obseruaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed,
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriu'd, they wift not where nor
(how.

They stayd not there, but freight way in did pas,
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his deuotion freight he troubled was,
Which breaking of he toward them did pace,
With stayed steps, and graue beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd, that whilome he had beene,
Soome goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene.

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

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

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did vs, his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want compleaine.
But being well suffiz'd, them rested faire.

But faire serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire for grievous paine
Of their late woundes; the which the Blatant Beast
Had giuen them, whose grieuse through suffraunce fore in-
sead basted them, made them so creast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their paine full plight.
Then vp they rofe, and gan them felues to dight
Vnto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to trauell, nor one soote to frame:

Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feete
(were lame).

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

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

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blasent Beast*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being such, were now much more increas'd,
For want of taking heed unto the same,
That now corrupt and cureless they became.
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnorous humour, which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, & euery day them duely dreft.

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
And past through many perillous assaies,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great infight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforce, and them reduce aright;
And al the passiōs heale, which wou'd the weaker spright.

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

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had felfred priuily,
And ranckling inward with vnruely stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrfy,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery,
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Giué values to every fore, but counsell to the minde.

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

For
For in your selfe your onely helper doth lie; and must proceed alone
To heale your felues, and must proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.

Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one.

First learne your outward fences to refraine
From things, that stirre vp fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talke reftaine
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

For from those outward fences ill affected,
The seede of all this euill first doth spring,
Which at the first before it had infecte,
Mote easie be supprest with little thing:

But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,

It never rests, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

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

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

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

Of that commixtion they did then beget:
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blantant Beast;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet:
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And poures his poysonous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Neuer Knight, that bore so lofty creeft,
Neuer Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to value such kynd of sore,
That rather needs wise read and discipline,
Then outward values, that may augment it more.
Aye me (sayd then Serena sighing sore)
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no values may vs to health restore?
But sith we need good counsell (sayd the swaine)
Aread good fire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.
The best (sayd he) that I can you aduise,
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence euill doth arize,
Remoued is, th'effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Vse scanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

Thus hauing sayd, his fickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his graue beheast,
And kept so well his wife commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beasf
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreas't,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave.

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

But by what means that shame to her besell,
And how thereof her sely she did acquite,
I must a while forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite,
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whiles are
Wrought to Sir Calidore so soule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
So lewdly had abuses, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince according to the former token,
Which faire Serene to him deliuered had,
Pursui'd him streight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and vsage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that aduenture went,
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

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

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

But
But he, the more outrageous and bold,
  Sternely did bid him quickly thence away,
Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights, which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

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

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

Yet he them still so sharply did purswe,
  That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
Those euiill tidings to their Lord to shew.
  Who hearing how his people badly sped,
  Came
Came forth in haft: where when as with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And saluage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He waxenigh mad with wrath and fell despight;
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight.

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

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

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turne with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behind his heeles to bite;
Turnes him about with fell avengement,
Solikewise turne the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And
And lastly in approuance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,
Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
 Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by right;
Yet haue, through prowesse and their braue emprize,
Gotten great worship in this worldes fight.
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong, then (right.
Yet since thy life vnto this Ladie fayre
I giuen haue,liue in reproch and scorne;
Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
Hence to professe: for shame is to adorne
With so braue badges one so bafely borne;
But onely breath sith that I did forgiue.
So having from his crauen bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did giue
And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue,

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

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

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

Whom when the Saluage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at eafe,
He well remembred, that the same was hee,
Which lately fought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage, he on him freight did seaze,
As if he would in pieces him haue rent;
And were not, that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him vnrent:
But freight he held his hand at his commandement.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayne
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,
Where him Blandina fayrely entertained,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,
The which for him he could imagine best.
For well he knew the wayes to win good will
Of euery wight, that were not too infect,
And how to please the minds of good and ill, (skill,
Through tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous
Yet
Yet were her words and looks but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
There to, when needed, she could weep and pray,
And when her lifted, she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommer's day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, & all her teares but water.

Whether such grace were giuen her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde:
Or learn'd the art to please, I do not fynd.
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, & wroght her husbands peace.
Who nathelesse not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releffe,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him svent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.
Turpim is baffled, his two knights
doe gaine their treasons need,
Fayre Mirabellae's punishment
for loues disdain decree'd.

L
ike as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes,
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Euen so the baser mind it selfe displayes,
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight.
For to maligne, t'envie, t'vse shifting sight,
Be arguments of a vile dongs hill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

That well appeares in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpim, whereof now I treat,
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hauft he arm'd, and did him fast pursuwe.

Well did he tryst his steps, as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers ey,
But kept aloose for dread to be descryde,
Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two knights to him yknowne,
The which were arm’d both agreeably,
And both combynd, what euer chaunce were blowne,
Betzwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

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

The knights beleen’d, that all he sayd, was trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that aduenture new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which never yet they had approu’d in fight;
And eke desirous of the offered meed,
Said then the one of them; where is that wight,
The which hath done to thee this wrongful deed,
That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?

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

Ec 4
Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
   Bidding him turne agaunce, false traytour knight,
   Foule womanwronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
   Against him ran, but th'one did misse his marke,
   And being carried with his force forthright,
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heauenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heauens
   (darke:)
But th'other ayming better, did him finde
   Full in the shielde, with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in pieces shuered quite,
   And scattered all about, fell on the flowre.
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre
   Full on his better did him strike so sore,
That the cold steele through piercing, did deuoure
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

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

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight,
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so distmall fight;
Yet;
Yet nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight:
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glaucning by, deceiu'd him of that he defynd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
And him bewayling with affection bale,
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:
For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd uppon the grasse ground,
Possesed of sweete sleepe, that luld him soft in swound.

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

Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well, that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and liuelihead.
Whereat much grieu'd against that straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would hauve backe retyred from that fight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.
But that same knight would not once let him start,
But plainly gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischief, and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to soule disgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where so he went,
Till that he him deliver'd to his punishment.

He therewith much abashed and affray'd,
Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
And softly whispering him, entyrely pray'd,
'Taduize him better, then by such a traine
Him to betray vnto a stranger swaine:
Yet rather counsel'd him contrarywise,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

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

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

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

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

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

And after all, for greater infamous,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And bafful'd so, that all which pass'd by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warn'd bee,
How euer they through treason doe trespass.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding vpon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and soole, which by her side did passe.
She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted vp to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praiseth feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle louely fire
In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

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

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her prayed more;
And that the more she did all loue despize,
The more would wretched louers her adore.
What cared she, who sigh'd for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that lift, their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

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

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

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all louers folke were fyled,
That many there were missing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loues exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which when as Cupid heard, he waxed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and servise to his might;
Of whom what was become, no man knew.
Therefore a Jury was impaneld streight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conuayd.
To whom foule Infamie, and fell Despight
Gaue euidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.
Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure, wild a Capias
Should issue forth, t'attach that scornful lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call;
He which doth summon louers to loues judgement hall.

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

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

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,
Waiting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:

Yet
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space,
Saued but two, yet in two yeares before,
Through her disputious pride, whilst loue lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Alas me, how could her loue make half amends therefore.

And now she was vpon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in such misseeming soule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demean
With all the euill termes and cruell meane,
That he could make; And eke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands vnclene
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th'other, better her to vse:
For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruise.
But moste the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abufe;
Who though she were with wearinessse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

For he was sterne, and terrible by nature,
And eke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstruous.
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the heauen in order battailous,
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthur, when as vnus Knight he did maintaine.
His lookes were dreadful, and his fiery sides did toy
Like two great Beacons, glaring bright and wide.
Glancing askew, as if his enemies librating ead.
He scorned in his overweening pride;
And stalking stately like a Crane, did stryde
At every step upon the tiptoes he;
And all the way he went, on every side was seen in hia.
He gazed about, and stared horrible;
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a Jacket quilted richly rare,
Vpon checklaton he was strangely dight,
And on his head a roll of linen white.
Like to the Mores of Malaber he wore;
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voided from before.
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

This was Disdain, who led that Ladies horse
Through thick & thin, through mountains & through;
Compelling her, wher she would not by force plains,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines.
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and still when she complains,
The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whose cruel handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villains her so wildly use,
His gentle heart with indignation swelled,
And could no longer bare so great abuse,

As
As such a Lady so to beate and bruise;
But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th'halter from his hand to loose,
And maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there bene flaine, or lowly shent.

The villaine wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton, which he bore,
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shifte to every side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For bootelesse thing him seemed, to abide.
So mightye blowes, or prove the puiflaunce of his pride.

Like as a Maftiffe hauing at a bay
A faluage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth bear,
To spy where he may some aduantage get;
The whiles the beaft doth rage and loudly rore,
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagent and Mahound swore.

Nathelesse so sharplye still he him pursed,
That at aduantage him at laft he tooke,
When his foote flipt (that flipt he dearely rew'd),
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awoke,
Till heavy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
And bound him faft: Tho when he vp did looke,
And saw him selfe captiun'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.
Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous, then the others blowes:
Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of scorning (growes.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speed she mought,
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought:
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought;
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellae fortune I doe further say.

Canto.
Cant. VIII.

Prince Arthur overcomes Dysaune,  
Quotes Mirabell from dread:  
Serena found of Salvages,  
By Calepne is freed.

Ye gentle Ladies, in whose soueraine powre  
Lowe hath the glory of his kingdome left,  
And th'hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,  
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,  
Delivered hath into your hands by gift;  
Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,  
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;  
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,  
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,  
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,  
So be ye soft and tender ecke in mynde;  
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,  
That all your other praises will deface,  
And from you turne the loue of men to hate.  
Ensample take of Mirabellae case,  
Who from the high degree of happy state,  
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,  
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,  
Was touched with compassion entire,  
And much lamented his calamity.
That for her sake fell into misery:
Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat
To hope for to releafe or mollify;
For aye the more, that she did them entreat
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reuling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince Arthur with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Having subdued, yet did to life restore,)
To whom as they approch'd, they gai auginent;
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them shold grieve to see his painishment;

The Squire him selfe when as he saw his Lord,
The witnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
Was much ashamed, that with an hempen cord asd
He like a dog was led in captaine case;
And did his head for basfulnesse abase,
As loth to see, or to be seene at all:
Shame would be hid. But whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoued therewithall:

And to the Prince thus sayd; See you Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that euer eie yet saw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with soule despightd,
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and rehile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.

But if ye please to lend me leaue a while,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assaille.
The Prince assented, and then he skreight way
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching, thus he gan to say;
Abide ye caytiue treachetours wntrew,
That haue with treason thralled vnto you
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty purswe.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

The villaine stayd not aunswer to inuent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadful sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:
No more then lightening from the lofty sky.
Ne lift the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him fled,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued him selfe, but that he there him fled:
Yet sau'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
Who therewith flesht, vpon him set anew,
And with the second stroke, thought certainly
To haue supplyde the first, and paide the vsury.

But Fortune aunswerd not vnto his call;
For as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyon bright.
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon him selfe againe,
He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdain.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whilst on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him, and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornesfull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way.
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him ruile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them tow & tame their courage stout.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength haue overthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty stede to aide him neare,
And buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Vpon that Carle, to saue his friend from ieopardy.

The villaine leauing him vnto his mate
To be captiu’d, and handled as he lift,
Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blift,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blow.
But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas.
Ne would endure the danger of their might,
But wayt adavantage, when they downe did light.
At last the caytiue after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw auoyded quite,
Resolued in one t'assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without truth or remorse.

His dreadful hand he heaued vp aloft,
And with his dreadful instrument of yre,
Thought sure haue poudned him to powder soft,
Or deep in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.
For ere his stroke attained his intent,
The noble childe preventing his desire,
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee, that nuer yet was bent.

It nuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow,
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was vnable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lump of durt,
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
And least he should recouer foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept,
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
Stay stay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abstaine;
For that vnwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:
For more on him doth then him selfe depend;
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
But still suppressing gan of her inquire,
What meaning more those vncoth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterpriz
Yet heauens them selues, that fauour feeble rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames; a while she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being ouerpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
Nor heauens, nor men can me most wretched mayd
Deliuer from the doome of my desart,
The which the God of loue hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre,
Of all her gifts, that pleade each living sight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And fude and fought with all the seruice dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning out on me, that would not on them rew.

But
But let them lose that lift, or live or die;
Me lift not die for any lovers doole:
Ne lift me leaue my loued libertie,
To pity him that lift to play the foole:
To love my selfe I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in livers paine,
And fitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Caused me be called to accompt therefore,
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penancefore;
That in this wize, and this vnmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,
Till I haue sau'd so many, as I earst did slay.

Certes (sai'd then the Prince) the God is iuft,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile:
For were no law in love, but all that luft,
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

Here in this bottle (sai'd the sory Mayd)
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defrayd:
And in this bag which I behinde me don,
THE VI. BOOKE OF THE

I put repentance for things past and gone.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torn;
That all which I put in, falls out anon;
And is behind me trodden downe of Scorne;
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourn.

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondered much at Cupids judgment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts awale,
And wroate him selfe on them, that him despise.
Then suffred he Disdaine vp to arise,
Who was not able vp him selfe to reare,
By meanes his leg through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare.

Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neare.

But being vp, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had receiued fall;
And with sterne eie-browes stared at him oft;
As if he would haue daunted him with all:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despisid, and his boast dispraisid.

Then turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound;
Unwilling to be knowne, or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to have unwound.
But when approching neare, he plainly found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat went exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire.
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane
Meane while the Saluage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th'other Knight,
Whom with his weight vnweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him, like a greedy knight
Vnto some carrion offered to his sight,
And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth, that the bloud downe followeth.

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to dye:
But being checkt, he did abstaine streight way,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
Now Lady sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye lift haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your selue I freely leaue to chose,
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

Ah nay Sir Knight (sayd she) it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enioyed is to me,
Leaft vnto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leaue, she turnd aside,
But Arthur with the rest, went onward still
On his first quest, in which did himbetide
A great aduenture, which did him from them deuide.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena, who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her infer'd;  
So fresh the image of her former dread,  
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeared;  
That every foote did tremble, which did tread,  
And every body two, and two she fowre did read,  
Through hills & dales, through bushes & through breses  
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought  
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.  
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,  
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,  
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,  
And sitting downe, her selfe a while betought  
Of her long trauell and turmoyling paine;  
And often did of loue; and oft of lucke complain'd.

And euermore she blamed Calepine;  
The good Sir Calepine, her owen true Knight;  
As th'onely author of her wofull tine:  
For being of his loue to her so light,  
As her to leave in such a pitious plight.  
Yet ever Turtles truer to his make,  
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:  
Who all this while endured for her sake.

Great perill of his life; and restlesse paines did take.  
Tho when as all herplaints, she had displayd,  
And well disburdened her engriued breft,  
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;  
Where being tyrde with trauell, and oppress  
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.  
The while she in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,  
Fearlesse of ought, that mot e her peace moleft,  
False Fortune did her safety betray,  
Vnto a strange mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.  

In
In these wylde deserts, where they now abode,
There dwelt a savage nation, which did live in vain
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; he did give
Them felues to any trade, as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduentrous marchandize to thrive;
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

There to they vsde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straugers to deuoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wynde:
A monftrous crueltie gainst course of kynde.
They towards euening wandring everyway,
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde,
Whereas this Lady, like a shepee astrar,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongst them selues; but when her face
Like the faire yuory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For joy of such good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to denize what course to take:
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

The best aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For sleepe they sayd would make her battill better.
Then when she wakt, they all gave one consent,
That since by grace of God she there was sent,
Into their God they would her sacrifice,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present,
But of her dainty flesh they did devise
To make a common feast, & feed with gurmandize.

So round about her they them selves did place
Upon the grass, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingering space.
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their kniues, and strip their elbocs bare:
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
His blody vesseles walk, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes, then all atonce vpstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hallowing on every part,
As if they would haue rent the brazen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brefts embrew.

But all bootes not: they hands upon her lay;
And first they spoile her of her iewls deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their fordid eyes
The goodly threasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest enuyes.
Her yuorie necke, her alabaster breast,
    Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were;
For loue in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did it selfe vprere,
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighs, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd, which were in battel won.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lasciuious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselves deuize,
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.
But them the Priest rebuking, did aduize,
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure,
Vow'd to the gods: religió held euen theeues in measure.

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a little groue not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on. And now the Euentyde
His brode black wings had through the heauens wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they rayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand ob-
rayned.

Tho when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright,
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net

G g
Approaching nigh, and murderous knife well wherein,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charine,
With other diueldish ceremonies met:
Which doon he gan aloft t'aduance his armes,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill,
And shriekte aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confuded, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles the wayld, the more they did reioyce.

Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Caupoine by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The selfe same euening fortune hether dronue,
As he to secke Serena through the woods did ronue.

Long had he fought her, and through many a soyle
Had traueld still on foot in heauie armes.
Ne ought was tyred with his endlessse toyles,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his loue was lost, he slept full fast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started vp like one aghast,
And catching vp his armes streight to the noise forth past.

There by th'uncertaine glins of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceiue a little dawning slight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attires and cloth
He spyde, lamenting her unluckie strifes and slift
And groining sore from grieved hart entire;
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loured life.
With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing, layes on earth alone;
And sacrificeth to th' infernall seends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulconsiew.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to couer, what they ought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to vnbind;
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind.
But she for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him awhit thereto.

So inward shame of her vncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did couer her disgrace,
Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the state in which she stood.
So all that night to him vnknownen she past.
But day, that doth discouer bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knownen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile kepe vntill another cast.
Now turne againe my tene thou iolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne
Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull est,
As I it past, that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from vs bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidore's immortall name.

Great trauell hath the gentle Calidore
Andtoyle endured, whith I left him last
Sewing the Blantant beast, which I forbore
To finifh then, for other present haft.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
(planes
Through hils, through dales, throgh forests, & throgh
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines.
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the Monster did purswe,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe but natures dew,
For dread of daunger, not to be redrest.
If he for sloth for slackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties cours'd,
And from the citties to the townes him preft;
And from the townes into the countrie forced,
And from the country back to private farmes he forc'd.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And the shepheardes singing to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chaced him so vie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe feat,
And to the little cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day as he pursu'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard gromes,
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them sed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked seend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wife, that well he weend,
Offerd him drinke, to quench his thirstie heat,
And if he hungry were, him offerd eke to eat.

G g 3
The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And took their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayed him fit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what, as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did wear a crowne
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde.
Yclad in home-made green that her owne hands had
Vpon a little hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a garland, goodly grace,
Of lovely lasses, and them all without
The lustie shepheard's waynes fate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her praysys dew,
And oft rejoysce, and oft for wonder shoute,
As if some miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly view.
And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in euery lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who her admiring as some heauenly wight.
Did for their soueraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.
Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheard's wayne
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
He was vnwares surpris'd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And fate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell to worke delay;
And euermore his speach he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasy.

By this the moystie night approching fast,
Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to haft
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged fyre,
Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

Gg 4
He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of her selfe in very deepe so deemed;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking vp brought home, and nourfed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And straight vnto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with seuerall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest euery one with helping hands did strieue
Amongst themselues, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorell, home to driue
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did giue.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now feeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arriued hard at hand, began
Him to invite vnto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge, then in the faluage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne with; and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest fyre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disatytre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell.

By
By which home came the sayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde,
And supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small ado, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth little craue contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger flaked well,
And the sayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life,
Which Shepheardes lead, without debate or bitter strife.

How much (sayd he) more happie is the state,
In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempefts of these worldly feas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease,
That certes I your happinesse enuie,
And wish my lot were plaft in such felicitie.

Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, so with for more it to augment,
But doe my selfe, with that I haue, content;
So taught of nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helps to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed...
Therefore I do not any one enuy,
   Nor am enuye of any one therefore;
They that haue much, feare much to loose thereby,
   And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The little that I haue, growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
   And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What haue I, but to praiie th'Almighty, that doth send

To them, that lift, the worlds gay showes I leaue,
   And to great ones such follies doe forgie,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
   And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoued quiet grieue,
   But all the night in siluer sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I lift, I doe attend.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
   Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practife from the Doe,
Or from the Goather kidde how to conuay;
Another while I baytes and nets display,
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle:
   And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle,
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth

The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
   When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equal peares
To follow sheepe, and the shepheardes base attire:

For
For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leaving home, to royall court I sought;
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse, as I neuer thought.

With flight where of soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inheritte here.

Whyleft thus he talkt, the knight with greedy care
Hong still vpon his melting mouth attend;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was rapt with double rauishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He loft himselfe, and like one halfe entraunted grew.

Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; Now surely fyre, I find,
That all this worlds gay shoues, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowliness ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre;
Which toseth states, and vnder foot doth tread.
The mightie ones, affrayd of euery chaunges dread.
That even I which daily doe behold
    The glorie of the great, mongst whom I won,
    And now haue proud, what happiness ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And wish th'heauens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place, unto this low degree.

In vain (sai'd then old Meliboe) doe men
    The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse,
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
    For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
    For not that, which men couet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
    That maketh wretch or happie; rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.
For wisedome is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes deuize;
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize.

Since then in each mans self (sai'd Calidore)
It is, to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Glue leaue awyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late With
With storms of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine,
That whether quite from them for to retire
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Besides for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer liue.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake; Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre frome me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky maflie, the cause of mens decay,
That more enpaire my peace with daungers dread.
But if ye algates couet to assay
This simple sort of life, that shepheard's lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him lift remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies, he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.
But she that neuer had acquainted beene  
With such queint vsage, fit for Queenes and Kings,  
Ne euer had such knightly servise seene,  
But being bred vnder base shepheards wings,  
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things,  
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,  
But cared more for Colin's carolings  
Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:  
His layes, his loues, his lookes she did them all despize.

Which Calidore perceiuing, thought it best  
To change the manner of his lostie looke;  
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest  
In shepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,  
In stead of steelehead speare, a shepheards hooke,  
That who had seene him then, would haue bethought  
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,  
When he the loue of fayre Benone sought,  
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

So being clad, vnto the fields he went  
With the faire Pastorella every day,  
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,  
Watching to drive the rauenous Wolfe away,  
The whylest at pleasure she more sport and play;  
And euery euening helping them to fold:  
And otherwhiles for need, he did affay  
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,  
And out of them to presse the milke: loue so much could.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise  
Long time had lou'd, and hop'd her loue to gaine,  
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,  
And many gealous thoughts conceiued in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest, ere it ripened were,
That made him scoule, and pour, and oft complaine
Of \textit{pastorell} to all the shepheards there,
That she did loue a stranger swayne then him more dere.

And euer when he came in companie,
Where \textit{Calidore} was present, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and euen for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne euer shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when \textit{Coridon} vnto her brought
Or little sparrowes, stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels, in the woods farre soughed,
Or other dainty thing for her address,
He would commend his guift, and make the best.
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This newcome shepheard had his market mard.
Old loue is little worth when new is more prefard.

One day when as the shepheard swaynes together
Were met, to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire silithynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree,
That \textit{Colin clow} should pipe as one most fit;
And \textit{Calidore} should lead the ring, as hee
That most in \textit{pastorellas} grace did fit.
Therat frown'd \textit{Coridon}, and his lip closely bit.
But Calidore of courteous inclination
Tooke Coridon, and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace.
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plaat on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons in stead:
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead.

Another time, when as they did dispose
To practice games, and maisteries to try,
They for their Iudge did Pastorella chose;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There Coridon forth stepping openly,
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game:
For he through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practild was, and in the same
Thought sure t'auenge his grudge, & worke his foe great

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake,
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His dearest iojnt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Giuen to Calidore, as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gaue it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That euene they, the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds:
Good will and favour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did grow, that last forth brought
The fruit of joy and bliss, though long time dearly
(bought.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time,
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell;
Which hauing got, he vsed without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did well,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
But what strange fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

Cant. X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce,
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led,
Into captivity.

Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilst Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow and high behead,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leaue, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieued?
But now entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (grieved.
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath fore en-
That from henceforth he means no more to few
His former quest, so full of toyle and paine:
Another quest, another game in view.
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he myndes for euer to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine.
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report,
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies on the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to stoupe vnto so low.
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth overflow,
And proud the perfect pleasures, which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,
T'entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight, which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That neuer more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew.
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,
(Saue onely Glorianaes heauenly hew.
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which as commeth now, by course I will declare.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place, whose pleasance did appere
To passe all others, on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by nature's skill
Deuized to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at full,
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleffe hight, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the foring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in maiesty and powre.

And at the foote thereof, a gentle fluid
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mossfe or filthy mud,
Ne motewylde beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did fit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banifh bale:
So pleaufsantly the hill with equall hight,
Did seeme to ouerlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleepeed was mount Acidale.
They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasance, vnsed to resorte
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe, as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
She vsed most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soueraine Maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought vnfit.

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th'open greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the couert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them vnspyde.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That euen he him selfe his eyes enuyde,
An hundred naked maidens Lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hemme,

And
And like a girlond did in compass ftemme:
And in the middeft of thofe fame three, was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
Amidft a ring moft richly well enchaced,
That with her godtly presence all the rest much graced.

Looke how the Crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yuory forehead that fame day,
That Theseus her vnto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that blody fray.
With the fierce Lapithes, which did them dismay;
Being now placed in the firnament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
And is vnto the fтарres an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this godtly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell;
But the that in the midft of them did f tand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rofie girlond, that right well
Did her beleeme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunft, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they vppon her threw;
But most of all, thofe three did her with gifts endew.

Thofe were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaids of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Vppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Thofe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that Venus in her felfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midft was placed parauant,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe fo merrily, as neuer none.
She was to weete that ily Shepheards lasse,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout,
That ily Shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.
Pype ily Shepheard, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy loue, that made thee low to lout;
Thy loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy loue is there auaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred Callidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had neuer seen,
And standing long astonished in spight,
And rapt with plesaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or NympheS, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beeue.
Therefore resoluing, what it was, to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his fight,
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
All saue the Shepheard, who for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne.
But Callidore, though no lesse forsy wight,
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake,
Haile ily Shepheard, which thy joyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry make,
Frequented of these gentle NympheS alwayes,
Which


Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;  
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,  
Which here with thee doe make their plesant playes?  
Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:  
But why when I them saw, fled they away from me?

Not I so happy answerd then that swaine,  
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,  
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,  
For being gone, none can them bring in place,  
But whom they of them selues lift fo to grace.  
Right sory I, (saide then Sir Calidore,)  
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.  
But since things passed none may now restore,  
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so (fore,  
Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;  
Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoeuer thou bee,  
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,  
Are Venus Damzels, all with in her fee,  
But differing in honour and degree:  
They all are Graces, which on her depend,  
Besides a thousand more, which ready bee  
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend:  
But those three in the midst, doe chieffe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,  
By him begot of faire Eurynome,  
The Oceans daughter, in this plesant groue,  
As he this way comming from feastfull glee,  
Of Thesis wedding with Aeidee.  
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary.  
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,  
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry:  
Sweete Goddeses all three which me in mirth do cherry.
These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorn the mynde,
To make them lovely or well fauoured shew,
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblance, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We should our selves demean, to low, to hie;
To friends, to foes, which skill men call Civility.

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seem to smile:
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from couert malice free:
And eke them selves so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still forward seem'd to bee;
But one still towards she w'd her selfe afor;
That good should from us goe, then come in greater

Such were those Goddes ses, which ye did see;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst the traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote the bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heuen first encrased?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was,
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a courtecy lasse,
Yet she all other courtey lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So farre doth she in beautyfull array,
Above all other lasses beare the bell.
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well,
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
For which she the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haue for more honor brount her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

Another Grace she well deserues to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemb lance, beauty foueraine rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
She made me often pipe and now t o pipe a pace.

Sune of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes;
Great Gloriana, greatest Maiefty,
Pardon thine shepered, mongst so many layes,
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age of her this mention may be made.

When thus that shepherd ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore; Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bercauce thy loues deare sight from thee;
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly fought that, which I mote not see.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.
In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight him selfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason red;
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his fences rauished,
That thence, he had no will away to fare,
But wisht, that with that shepheard he mote dwelling
(share.

But that enuenimdsting, the which of yore,
His poyfnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle fore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart:
Whch to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him auailę, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
Dinting his brest, had bred his restlesse paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies frō the maine.

So taking leaue of that same gentle swaine,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
To whome in fort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply him selfe to donne,
All dewfull service voide of thoughts impare
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

And euermore the shepheard Coridon,
What euuer thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strue to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they fate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with iealousie did frize.

One day as they all three together went
To the greene wood, to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawses full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize:
Whom she beholding, now all desolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in haft
To reskue her, but when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durft abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend.
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loues deare spoile, in which his heart was pryde,
He ran at him enraged in stead of being frayde.

He had no weapon, but his shepheards hooke,
To serue the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will,
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recour, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who scarcely yet from former feare exempted, (ted.
A thousand times him thankt, that had her death preuen-
From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reject,
Fit to keepe sheep, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But vsde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship, he colour might
Both his estate, and loue from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble seruice, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his loue he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in close felicity:
Till fortune fraught with malice, blinde, and brute,
That enuies louers long prosperity,
Blew vp a bitter storme of soule adueristy.

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That neuer vsde to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And sployld their houses, and them selues did murder;
And droue away their flocks, with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They sployld old Melibee of all he had, ain,
And all his people captiue led away,
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad.
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer fight,
Now made the spoile of theeues and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,
That euer liu'd, and th'only glory of his might.

With them also was taken Corida,
And carried captiue by those theeues away;
Who in the couert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convoy.
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for ouergrown gras.

For underneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caues, that no man mote discouer
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
But darkenesse bred and daily night did houer
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lightned was with window, nor with louver,
But with continuall candlelight, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene, as felt.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning so soone, as they convenient may,
For slaues to sell them, for no small reward,
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or fold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeues, she thought her self in hell, (dwell.
Where with such damned fiends she should in darkness
But for to tell the dolesfull dretiment,
And pittifull complaints, which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre, that feeleth no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade.
But what befell her in that theeuifh wonne,
Will in an other Canto better be begonne.

Cant. XI.

The sheues fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

The ioyes of loue, if they should euer laft,
Without affliction or disquietnesse,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Likr to heauen, then mortall wretchednesse.
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet,
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand fowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befallne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song,
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,
Amongst those sheues, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd,
Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong 
Contented, greater mishiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who so hears her heauinesse, would rew
And pity her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaut hew.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned;
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he, which was their Capitaine profeft,
And had the chiefe command of all the rest;
One day as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes, beheld that louely guest;
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournfull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

At right whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray, which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her vowed:
And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

But all that euer he could doe or say;
Her constant mynd could not a whit remoue,
Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favoir, or afford him loue.
Yet ceast he not to few and all waies proue;
By which he mote accomplisht his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behoue;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleft.
At last when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertain,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her joyaunce should obtaine.
But when she saw, through that small fauours gaine,
That further, then she willing was, he preft,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse, which her fore opprest,
And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes behest.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approch to her in priuity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy.
But she resolu'd no remedy to synde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbynde,
Her sickenesse was not of the body but the mynde.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chausht a sort of merchants, which were wont
To skim those coaftes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arriued
Arrived in this Isle though bare and blunt,
To inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same theesues at the instant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those merchants were
Arriu'd in place, their bondslaves for to buy,
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their just demand deny,
And willed steight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old Melibæ was brought,
And Coridon, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerse spoyles had caught:
All which he to the merchants sale did shewe.
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t'augment her price, through praisse of com-
lineffe.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe, which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to haue one silly lasse:
Besides through ficknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to passe.
So shew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was.
The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seen by candle-light,
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night,
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, & what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how euer prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth aboue all thraiseure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still, his love should not be sold:
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

Therewith some other of the chiefest theues
Boldly him bad such iniurie forbear;
For that same mayd, how euer it him greues,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth deny;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,
That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handfell pay.

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But
But making way for death at large to walke:
Who in the horror of the grievly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them talke,
And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candlelight
Out quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, sryuing each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselues assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees, would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare.

Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants there.

But first of all, their captiues they doe kill,
Leaft they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will;
Old Melibæ is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide,
But Coridon escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flies away as fast as he can hye,
Ne styayeth leaué to take, before his friends doe dye.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes ouer her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drearie

\[ \text{Ti 2} \]
There lay she couered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
Tho when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse,
And each to other calling, did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were flaine, how many sone.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vphild:
Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light
Seeme much more louely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright,
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

But when they mou'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they busily applyde,
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last.
Who sighing fore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riu'en bene, and all her hart strings braft,
With drearie drooping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

There she beheld, that fore her grieff'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,
Renew'd
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her, but to weep and weep,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared the her wound in tears to steep;
Albeit with all their might those Brigants her did keep.

But when they saw her now releas'd again,
They left her so, in charge of one the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdain
And cruel rigour her did much molest;
Scarce yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
And scarcely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her pain'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thrall-dome bound,
And turn we backe to Calidore, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoylest quight,
And his loue rest away, he waxed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull fight,
That euen his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare,
He chaufst, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he fliet,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stole awaie, the being otherwhere.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire;
That more increas'd the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods; but no man could see there,
He sought the plaines; but could no tidings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare:
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes refound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.
At last as there he romed vp and downe,
He chaunft one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some forie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes vpstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he vnto him approched hye,
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
Where Pastorell? who full of fresh dismay,
And gufling forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streming threw.
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what ment that ruffull hew:
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

Ah well away (sayd he then sighing sore)
That euer I did liue, this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorell a dye.
Die? out alas then Calidore did cry:
How could the death dare euer her to quell?
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,
Or other dyrefull hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed, doe feare away, and tell.

Tho when the shepheard breathed had a whyle,
He thus began: where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence

Spoyl'd.
Sployd all our cots, and caried vs from hence?  
Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue bene sold  
To merchants, but was sauf'd with strong defence?  
Or how those theeues, whilest one sough their to hold,  
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

In that same conflict (*woe is me*) befell  
This fatall chaunc, this dolefull accident,  
Whose heauy tydings now I haue to tell.  
First all the captives, which they here had hent,  
Were by them slaine by generall consent;  
Old *Melibae* and his good wife withall  
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:  
But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,  
Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forstall.

But what could he gainst all them doe alone:  
It could not boot; needs more she die at last:  
Lonely fcape through great confusione  
Of cryes and clamours, which amongst them past,  
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;  
That better were with them to haue bene dead,  
Then here to see all desolate and waft,  
Despoyled of those ioyes and jolly head,  
Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,  
His hart quite deaded was with anguished great,  
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,  
That he his face, his head, his breast did beat,  
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat;  
Oft cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were  
To her, whose name he often did repeat;  
And wishing oft, that he were present there,  
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour here.
But after griefe awhile had had his course,  
    And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last  
Began to mitigate his swelling course,  
    And in his mind with better reason cast,  
How he might saue her life, if life did last;  
Or if that dead, how he her death might wraake,  
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;  
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,  
Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breaake.

Tho Coridon he prayd, Sith he well knew  
The readie way vnto that theeueis wonne,  
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew  
Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.  
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordone,  
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,  
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne.  
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,  
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)  
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,  
    And both with shepheards hookes: But Calidore  
Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.  
Tho to the place when they approched nye,  
They chaunft, vpon an hill not farre away,  
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espys.  
To whom they both agreed to take their way,  
In hope there newes to learne, how they more best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,  
The selfe same flockes, the which those theeues had rest  
From Melibae and from themselfes whyleare,  
And certaine of the theeues there by them left.
The which for want of hear'd themselves kept,
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But when he saw the theues, which did them keepe
His hart gan faile, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare: for nought may feare dissuade;
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushe's shade,
Whom Coridon him counsel'd to invade:
Now all vnwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

Tho sitting downe by them vpon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were the alieue or slaine.
Mongst which the theuues them questioned againe.
What master men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which why-
Had fro their masters fled, & now sought hyre else where.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well, if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themselves were euill groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,
To keepe their flockes for little hyre and chepe:
For they for better hyre did shortly looke,
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke:
Tho when as towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeues them brought,
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles fought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liu'd, but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieue had most possesse.

At length when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeues did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought beft,
Hauing of late by diligent inquest,
Provided him a sword of meanest fort:
With which he streight went to the Captaines nest,
But Coridon durft not with him confort,
Ne durft abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

When to the Caue they came, they found it fast:
But Calidore with huge resfitlesse might,
The dores assayled, and the locks vpbrast.
With noyse whereof the theeue awaking light,
Unto the entrance ran: where the bold knight
Encountring him with small resistance slew;
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting leaft of new
Some vprore were like that, which lately she did vew.

But when as Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice although not heard long sin,
She sudden was requied therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest lost,
Looking each hour into deathes mouth to fall,
At length espies at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never joyance felt; nor chearfull thought,
Began some sinacke of comfort new to taft,
Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had sought;
Ne leffe in hart rejoyced Calidore,
When he her found, but like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyfe of late vprore,
The hue and cry was rayfed all about;
And all the Brigants flocking in great store,
Vnto the caue gan pressse, nought hauing dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But Calidore in th'entry close did stand,
And entertayning them with courage stout,
Still flew the formost, that came first to hand,
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:
Which when he spyde vpon the earth encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th'open light:
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And fierce affayling him, with all their might
Can all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadful fight.
How many flies in hottest summers day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarves do overlay,
And with their little stings right felony fare;
So many theeeues about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, & round about him scattreth wide.

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choylest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came, did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themselues conuay
Into their caues, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victorie to him enuide.

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speaches, and with louely cheare,
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof the long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to drieue
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So her vneath at last he did reuie,
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alioie.

This doen, into those theeuish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and threasuries take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his loue betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had rest from Melibæ and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore.
So droue them all away, and his loue with him bore.

Cant. XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
her parents understand,
Callidore doth the Blantant beast
subdew, and bynd in bands.

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her course vnfo one certayne cost,
is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she her selue in stormie surges tost;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight, from sawing his first queft,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-layd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest,
Euen vnto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchieuement of the Blantant beast;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.
Sir Calidore when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Vnto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre
A lustie knight, as euer wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadful stoure
In blody battell for a Lady deare,
The sayrest Ladie then of all that liuing were.

Her name was Claribell, whose father hight
The Lord of Many lands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might.
He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Vnto the Prince of Pieteland bordering here,
But she whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased,
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entryely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few.
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage, that them in dungeone deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them a funder keepe,
That neither could to company of thother creepe.

Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe vnwift to wight was fraught,
And
And in dew time a maiden child forth brought,
Which she straitest way for dread least, if her dyre
Should know thereof, to slay he would have sought,
Delivered to her handmaid, that for hyre
She should it cause be softred vnder straunge attyre.

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a sight.
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Vpon the little brest like chystall bright,
She mote perceiue a little purple mold,
That like a rofe her silken leaues did faire unfold.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case,
But closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a little space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouyde,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifullly cryde.

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe
His fleecie flocke vpon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did wepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond spoyle; he softly it vnbound;
And seeing there, that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
So home vnto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.
Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands, till that her fyre
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the formalnes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforthe they joy'd in happinesse together,
And liued long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella theyther.

Both whom they goodly well did entretaine;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loued for his provewe, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field. Als Claribell
No lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they a while together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to wex more sound and stong.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to aduize
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so fore;
That much he feared, leaft reprochfull blame
With soule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame.
As through the world thereby shou'd glorifie his name:

Therefore resoluing to retorne in haft
Vnto so great atchieuement, he bethought
To leaue his loue, now perill being past;
With Claribell, whyleft he that monster fought

Through-
Troughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort, all the means he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did, that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
In this expolite, me needeth to declare,
What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this Mayden faire
Was dighting her, hauing her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly dreft,
Chaunft to espy vpon her yuory chest
The rofie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she keft,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore, the whiles in prisfon she did dwell.

Which well auizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd, that this faire Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had losely layd
To fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.
So full of joy, streight forth she ran in haste
Vnto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the heavenys had her graffe, (plaste.
To saue her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was

Kk
The sober mother seeing such her mood,
   Yet knowing not, what meant that sodaine thro,
   Askst her, how more her words be understood,
   And what the matter was, that mou'd her so.
   My liefe (layd she) ye know, that long ygo,
   Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gauce
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
   The same againe if now ye lift to haue,
   The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
   And gan to question stright how she it knew.
   Most certaine markes, (layd she) do me it teach,
   For on her breste I with these eyes did vew
   The little purple rose, which thereon grew,
   Whereof her name ye then to her did giue.
   Besides her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
   Matched with equall yeares, do surely prieue
   That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth liue

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
   But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
   Whom catching greedily for great desire,
   Rent vp her brest, and boseme open layd,
   In which that rose she plainly saw displayed.
   Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
   She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
   And liuest thou my daughter now againe?
   And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine.

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
   And times comparing with their accidents,
   She found at last by very certaine signes,
   And speaking markes of passed monuments,
   That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho wondering long at those so straunge euents,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisfe, and many a melting teare.

Who euer is the mother of one chylde,
Which hauing thought long dead, she fyndes alieue,
Let her by profe of that, which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descriue:
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she do faire a daughter saw furuiue,
As pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted, all that fell:
Who ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire pastorell.
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of calidore, who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the tract of his outragious spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at laft;
In which such spoile, such hauocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vnsoyght had left,
At length into a Monasterie did light,
Where he him foud despoyling all with maine & might.

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here & there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours' sad,
And searched all their cells and secrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ranfacke all their dennes from most to leaft,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And th'Images for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there.
But seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing, soone approched neare.

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke:
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine:
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongs empight,
Offundry kindes, and sundry quality,
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,
And some of Beares, that groynd continually,
And some of Tygres, that did seeme to grem,
And snav at all, that euer passed by:

But
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents with three forked flings,
That spat out poylon and gore blody gree
At all that came within his rauenings,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Kefars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

But Calidore thereof no whit afryd,
Rencontreth him with so impetuous might,
That th'outrag of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poylon of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloody iawes,
Tho rearing vp his former feete on hight,
He ramp't vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puissauce forth, pursin'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held,
Like as a bullocke, that in blody stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore;
To be downe held, and maysted so with might,
Kk 3.
That he gan fret and some out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere him selfe vpriht.
For still the more he strove, the more the Knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdued;
That made him almost mad for fell despight.
He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew.

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they saine
That great Alcides whilome ouerthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releasst,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Tho when the Beast saw, he mote nought availe,
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and raile,
With bitter termes of shamefull infancy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing so vnworthily:
Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly, that he chokt him neare.

At last when as he found his force to shrinke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell strong:
Of sureft yron, made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured vp his mouth along,
And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto louely Lady doing wrong:
And
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euë in his own despight.

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadful dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roaring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto, what on earth was done,
And to the other damned ghostes, which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth thonne.
So led this Knight his captiue with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Strange bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,
Neuer any durst till then impose,
And chaufFed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe; nor once withstand
The proud power of noble Calidore,
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where so he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
And seeing it, much wondred at the light;
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Rejoyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight.
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the

Thus was this Monster by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore, supprest and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endammadgewight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:
So did he seeke long after this remaine,
Vntil that, whether wicked fate so framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Therefore more mischiefe and more scath he wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Neuer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, he maystred any more:
Albe that long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth fore in each degree and state;
Ne any is, that may him now restraine,
He grown is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which some wicked tongies did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That neuer so deserued to endite.
Therefore do you my rimes keep better measure, (sire.
And secke to please, that now is counted wilemens threa-

FINIS.