Serfyine Organ. POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTO N. &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyfelf prefent,
As child whofe parent is unkent,
To him that is the Prefdent
C. Nobleneffe and Chivalire...
And, alked who thee form hid bring?
A fleepeheard's fwaine fay did thee fing,
All as his draying docke he fedde:
And when his Homor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head....
And when his our path joopardie,
Come tell me what was faid of mee,
And I will find more after thee... SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Poets, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.

POETICAL WORKS

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CNTAINING HIS

FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

B

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Anno 1778.

THE PAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTOIX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells: The knights knitt friendly bands: Sir Trevifan files from Defpeyre, Whom Red-cros knight withftands.

T

O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize,
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave pourfuit of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others fafety defpize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that flands;
But friendly each did others praife devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Red-croffe knight
II. [from bands.]

II. [from bands. Who when their powres, empayrd through labor long, With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong,
Them list no enger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell;
But ere mey parted Una faire befought
That traunger knight his name and nation tell,
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Shoulddieunknown, and buriedbe in thanklesthought.

TIT

- " Faire Virgin!" faid the prince, " yee me require
- " A thing without the compas of ", witt;
- " From which I fprong from mee are hidden yitt;
 - From which I iprong tro) linee are in
- 46 Into this world, and the sed heven's light
- " From mother's pan I taken was unfitt
- "And freight deliver'd to a Fary knight.
- "To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall
- " Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
- " Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath been
- se In warlike feates th'expertest man alive,
- " And is the wifest now on earth I weene:
- " His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
- " Under the foot of Rauran mosfy hore,
- " From whence the river Dee, as filver cleen
- " His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
- "His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
- "There all my daies he traind me up in vertuous lore.
 - acicien Merlin came
- A rough his ufe aft times to rife meet
- " For he had charge my discipline to frame
- " And tutor's nonriture to overfee.
- And tutor's nouriture to overice.
- " Of what loines and what lignage I am fp.ing?
 - "Whofe auniwere had me fill affured bec.
 - "That I was fonne and heire unto a king
- " As Time in her just term the truth to light should

VI

- " Well worthy Impe," faid then the lady gent,
- " And pupil a t for fuch a tutor's hand;
- "But what adventu. e, or what high intent,
- " Hath brought you he her into Fary Land,
- "Aread, Prince Arthur, crowne of martiall band."
- "Full hard it is," quoth he, " to read aright
- "The course of heavenly cause, or understand
- "The fecret meaning of th'eternall might,
- "That rules me waies, and rules the thoughts of VII. [living wight:
 - " For whether he, through fatal deepe forelight,
 - " Me hither fent, for cause to me unghest,
 - " Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
- " Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
- " With forced fury following his beheft,
- " Me hether brought by wayes yet never found,
- "You to have helpt I hold myfelf yet bleft." [wound
- "Ah! courteous Knight," quoth fhe, "what fecret "Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?

WITT

- "Dear Dame," quoth he, "you fleeping sparkes awake,
- "Which troubled once into huge flames will grow;
- " Ne ever will their fervent fury flake,
 - " Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
 - " And wated life doe lye in ashes low.
- "Yet others filence lesseneth not my fire,
- "Put told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
 "I will revele what ye so much desire. [spyre
- Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may re-

"When corage first does creepe in party chest;

" To kindle love in every la he breft:

" But me had warnd old Tamon's wife beheft.

"Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,

"Which fill wex old in woe, whiles woe fil wexerly

Inew.

" In middeft of their mournfull tragedy;

" Av wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,

" Their god himfelfe grievd at my libertie.

" Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent :

" B a them warded all with wary government.

" But all in vaine; no fort can be fo ftrong,

Or unawares at difadvantage found :

" Nothing is fire that growes on earthly round. " And who most trustes in arme of flelling might,

" And boaftes in beauties chaine not to be bown?

" Doth foonest fall in difaventrous fight, " [fpight,

" And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most de-

XII.

- " Ensample make of him your haplest ioy,
- " And of my felf now mated, as ye fee,
- " Whose prouder value that proud avenging Boy
- " Did foone pluck dow e, and curbd my libertee:
- " For on a day prickt fo th with iollitee
- " Of loofer life, and hear of hardiment,
- " Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
- "The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one confent
- "Did feeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

 XIII.
- " Forwearied with my fportes, I did alight
- " From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
- "The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
- " And pillow was my helmett favre displayd:
- " Whiles every fence the humour fweet embayd,
- " And flombring foft my Hart did fteale away,
- " Me feemed by my fide a royall mayd
- " Her daintie limbes full foftly down did lay:
- "So fayre a creature yet faw never funny day.

XIV

- " Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
- " She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
 - " For dearely fure her love was to me bent,
 - "As, when just time expired, should appeare." But whe her dreames delude, or true it were,
 - "Was hever hart fo ravifut with delight;
- "N living man like wordes did ever heare,
 - "As she to me delivered all that night;

And at her parting faid, the Queene of Faries hight.

- "When I awake, and found her place devoyd,
- " And nought but preffed gras whole the had lyen.
- " I forrowed all fo much as cash I loyd,
- " And washed all her place with watry eyen.
- " From that day forth I lo I'd that face divyne;
- " From that day forth I coll in carefull mynd.
- " To feek her out with labor and long tyne,
- " And never vow to rest till her I find: " Nyne monethes I feek in vain, yet ni'll that vow

Thus as he fpake, his vifage wexed pale, And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;

Yett fill he frove to cloke his inward bale, Till gentle Una thus to him gan fay;

- " O happy Queene of Faries, that half found,
- Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
- " Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound.
- True loves are often fown, but feldom grow on
- " Thine, O! then faid the gentle Red-croffe knight,

- " Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 - Was firmest fixt in myne extremest call
- " And you, my Lord, the patrone of my like,
- " Of that great queene may well gaine worthic grace;
- 55 (Yf living man mote worthic be) to be her liefe.

XVIII.

So diverfly discoursing of their loves,
The golden sume his glistring head gan shew,
And fad remembranace now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his veyage to pursew;
Als Una carnd her travell to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signess of gratefull mynd,
And eke the pledges firme, righthands together joynd.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond fure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clofd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Red-croffe knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveour's teflament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable foules to fave.

XX.

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To feeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But fine now weighing the decayed plight,
And thus ken fynewes of her chofen knight,
World not a while her forward courfe purfew,
Newring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
will he recovered had his former hew;
For him to be yet weake and weake well fine knew.

So as they traveild, lo they gan efpy An armed knight towards them collop fast, That feemed from fome feared foe to fly, Or other griefly thing that him aghaft. Still as he fledd his eve was backward caft, As if his feare ftill followed him behynd: Als flew his fleed, as he his bandes had braft, And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd, As he had been a fole of Pegafus his kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares Upffaring fiffe, difmaid with uncouth dread :0 Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares.

(In fowle reproch of knighthood's fayre degree) About his neck an hompen rope he weares, That with his gliffring armes does ill agree; But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree. The Red-croffe knight toward him croffed fail, Till he these wordes to him deliver might; And eke from whom make ye this hafty flight;

XXIV.

He answerd nought at all ; but adding new Feare to his first argazment, staring wyde With stony eyes and eartlesse hollow hew. Affonisht stood, as one that had afpyde Infernall furies with their chaines untyde. Him yett againe, and yet againe bespake The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde; But trembling every loynt did inly quake, And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth XXV. Tto Shake: " For God's deare love, Sir Knight, doe me not flay, " For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee." Eft looking back would faine have runne away, But he him forst to stay, and tellen free The fecrete cause of his perplexitie: Yet nathemore by his bold hartie fpeach Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bcc. But through his boldnes rather feare did reach; Yett forst at last, he made thro' filence suddein breach,

XXVI

" And am I now in fafetie fure," quoth he,

" From him that would have forced me to dye?

" And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,

"That I may tell this haplesse history?"

" Feare nov ght." quoth he, " no daunger now is nye."

"Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"

Said le, "the which with this unlucky eye "I late beheld, and, had not greater grace

Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

- " I lately channft (would I had never chaunft!)
- With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
- " Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
- "In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
- But not fo happy as mote happy bee;
- "He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
- "That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
- "For the was proud, and of too high intent,
 "And took to fee her lover languish and lament:
- From whom retourning fad and comfortleffe,
- " As on the way together we did fare,
- "We met that villen, (God from him me bleffe!)
- We met that villen, (God from him me biene:)
- "That curfed wight, from whom I feapt whyleare;
- "A man of hell, that calls himfelfe Defpayre;
- "Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
- " Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare;
- " So creeping close, as fnake in hidden weedes,
- " Inquireth of our states and of our knightly deedes.
- "Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
- 66 Embalt with bala and bitter byting griefs
- " Emboft with bale and bitter byting griefe,
- " Which Love had launched with his deadly darts,
- "With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
- " He pluckt from us all hope of dew reh ife,
- "That earst us held in love of lingring life;
- "Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
- "Perfwade us dye, to flint all further strife: "To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

XXX.

- With which fad instrument of hasty death,
- "That wofull lover, loathing lenger light.
- " A wyde way made to let forth living breath ;
- But I, more fearfull, or more lucky wight.
- " Difmayd with that deformed difmall fight,
- Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
- " Ne vet affur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
- " Whose like infrmity like chaunce may beare:
- " But God you never let his charmed speaches heare!
 - " How may a man," faid he, " with idle fpeach
 - "Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?
- "I wete," quoth he," whom tryall late did teach. "That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
- "His fubtile tong like dropping honny mealt'h
- "Into the heart, and fearcheth every vaine,
- "That ere one be aware, by fecret stealth
- "His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
- " O never, Sir, defire to try his guilefull traine!
- XXXII
- " Certes," faid he, " hence shall I never rest,
- " Till I that treachour's art have heard and tryde:
- " And you, Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
- " Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
- " I that hight Trevifan," quoth he, " will ryde
 - " Again't my nking backe, to doe you grace;
- " But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
- "By you, when ye arrive in that fame place, For lever had I die then fee his deadly face."

His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave, Darke dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave. On top whereof ay dwelt the ghaftly owle, Shricking his balefull note, which ever drave Far from that haunt all other cheapsfull fowle, And all about itwandring ghoftes did wayle and howle:

Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever feen, Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees, On which had many wretches hanged beene, Whole carcafes were feattred on the greene, And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there, That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,

And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne His raw-hone cheekes, through penuric and pine,

XXXVI.

His garment, pought but many ragged clouts, With thornes together pind and patched was, The which his naked fides he wrapt abouts;

And him beside there lay upon the gras A dreary coife, whose life away did pas, All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,

That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas! In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,

And made an open paffage for the gushing slood.

XXXVII.
Which piteous spectacle approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,

Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew

With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold, Him to avenge before his blood were cold,

And to the villein fayd, "Thou damned wight," The authour of this fact we here behold,

"What inflice can but judge against thee right,

With thine owne blood to price his blood here shed in

"What franticke fit" quoth he, "hath thus diffraught

"Thee, foolith man, fo rath a doome to give?

"What inflice ever other indgement taught,

" But he should dye who merites not to live?

"None els to death this man despayring drive, But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.

"Is then uniust to each his dew to give?

"Or let him dye that loatheth living breath?

"Or let him die at eafe that liveth here meath?

- " Is not great grace to helpe him over past,

- 44 He there does now enjoy eternall reft

- " And laves the foule to fleepe in quiet grave !

- ** Who life did limit by almightie doome,

XLII.

- " Is not his deed what ever thing is donne
- "In heaven and earth? did not he all create
- "To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
- "Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
 - " Are written fure, and have their certein date:
- Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
 - "That holds the world in his still-chaunging state?
 - " Or fhunne the death ordaynd by Destinie?
 - "When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, XLIII. Inor why,
 - "The lenger life, I wote the greater fin;
 - "The greater fin, the greater punishment:
 - "All those great battels which thou boasts to win,
 - "Through firife, and blood-fied, and avengement,
 - "Now prayfd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
 - "For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
 - " Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
 - " For he that once hath miffed the right way,
 - "The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.
 - "Then doe no further goe, no further ftray,
 - " But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
 - "Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may:
 - " For what hath life that may it loved make,
 - "And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 - "Feare, ficknetfe, age, loffe, labour, forrow, ftrife,
 - "Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake,
 And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rife; [life.
 - "And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rife; [life.
 "All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome

XLV.

- "Thou, wretched Man ! of death haft greatest need,
- " If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy flate;
- " For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
- " More lucklefs diffaventures did amate;
- " Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
- " Thy life that up for death fo oft did call; " And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date.
- " Yet death then would the like rishaps forestall.
- " Into the which heareafter thou maift happen fall.

XI.VI.

- "Why then doest thou, O Man of fin! defire
- "To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
- " Is not the measure of thy finfull hire
- " High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
- " Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
- " Is not enough that to this lady mild
- "Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree, " And fold thyfelf to ferve Duessa vild,
- With whom in all abuse thou hast thyselfe defild? VI.VII.
- " Is not he just that all this doth behold
- " From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?
- " Shall he thy fins up in his knowledge fold,
- " And guilty be of thine impietie?
- " Is not his law, Let every finner die, ..
- " Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
- " Is it not better to die willinglie,
- "Then linger till the glas be all out-ronne?
- "Death is the end of woes: die foone, O Faries fonne.3

The knight was mich enmoved with his speach, That as a fword's poynt through his hart did perfe, And in his conscience made a secrete breach, Well knowing trew all that he did reherfe, And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse The ugly vew of his deformed crimes. That all his manly powres it did disperse, As he were char ed with inchaunted rimes. That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes. XLIX.

In which amazement when the miscreaunt Perceived him to waver weake and fraile, (Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt And hellish anguish did his soule affaile) To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile, Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile, And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

The fight whereof fo throughly him difmaid, That nought but death before his eies he faw, And ever-burning wrath before him laid, By righteous fentence of th' Almighties law. Then gan the -: in him to over-craw, And brought unto him fwords, ropes, poifon, fire, And all that might him to perdition draw, And bad him choose what death he would defire, For death was dew to him that had provokt God's ire:

But whenas rone of them he fax him take, He to him raught a dagger harpe and keen, And gave it him in hand; his hand did quake, And tremble like a leafe of afpin greene, And troubled blood through his pale face was feene. To come and goe with tidings from the heart,

As it a ronning messenger had beene.

At last resolv'd to work his finall foart,

He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did flart.

LII.

Which whenas Una faw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life;
As in a fwowne; but frome reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand fhe fnatcht the curfed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife;
And to him faid, "Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
"What meaneft thou by this reprochfull firife?

Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to fight

"With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

" Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,

" Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,

" Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright,
"In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?

"Why shouldst thou then despeir that chosen art?

Why shouldst thou then desper that choich art?

"Where inflice growes, there grows eke greater grace,

"The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.

"Arife, Sir Knight, arife, and leave this curfed place."

LIV.

So up he role, and thence amounted stright. Which when the carle beheld, and faw his guest Would fafe depart, for all his subtile sleight, He chose an halter from among the rest, And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest. But death he could not worke himselfe thereby, For thousand times he so himselfe had drest, Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die, Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings To house of Holine le; Where he is taught repentannce, and The way to hevenly blesse.

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly might,

And vaine affuraunce of mortality,
Which all fo foone as it doth come to fight
Againft fpirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man afcribe it to his fkill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will,

II.

By that which lately hapned, Una faw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint,
And all his finewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprifonment and hard conftraint,
Which he endured in his late reftraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight;
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an aunciert house not far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for facred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
it governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore;
Whose onely by was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and halpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she sper vin bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.
IV.

Dame Cælia nien did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thether to arife;
The mether of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exterife:
The eldeft two moft fober, chaft, and wife,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were,
Though (pould, yet wanting wedlock's folemnize;
But faire Chariffatto a lovely fore
Was Ingele and he him had mean shades does

Though spould, yet wanting wedlock's folemnize;
But faire Chariffaito a lovely fere
Was Lucked, and by him had many pledges dere.
V.
Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged five, all hory gray;
With lookes fult sowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low,
For streight and narrow was the way which he didshow.

VI.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin; But entred in, a spatious court they fee, Both plaine and pleafaunt to be walked in, Where them does meete a francklin faire and free, And entertaines with comely courteous glee; His name was Zele, that him right well became. For in his speaches and benaviour hee Did labour lively to expresse the frme, And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came. VII.

There fayrely them receives a gentle fquyre, Of myld demeanure and rare courtefee, Right cleanly clad in comely fad attyre, In word and deede that shewd great modestee. And knew his good to all of each degree, Hight Reverence: he them with speaches meet Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee, But fimple, trew, and eke unfained fweet, As might become a fquyre fo great perfons to greet.

VIII. And afterwardes them to his dame he leades, That aged dame, the lady of the place, Who all this while was bufy at her beades; Which doen, the up arose with feemely grace, And toward them full matronely did pace; Where, when that fairest Una she beneld, Whom well the knew to fpring from hevenly race, Her heart with joy unwonted inly fweld, As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

IX.

And her embracing feid, " O happy earth,

- " Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
- " Most vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly berth. " That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
- " From tyrans rage, and ever-dying dread.
- " Haft wandred through the world now long a day,
 - " Yett ceaffest not thy weary foles to lead :
- "What grace hat! thee now hether brought this way?
- " Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether fray?

" Straunge thing it is an errant knight to fee

- " Here in this place, or any other wight
- "That bether turnes his steps; fo few there bee
- "That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
- " All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
- " With many rather for to goe aftray,
- " And be partakers of their evill plight,
- " Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
- "O foolish Men! why hast ye to your own decay?"

- "Thy felfe to fee, and tyred limbes to reft,
- " O Matrone fage !" quoth fhe, " I hether came,
- " And this good knight his way with me addrest,
- " Ledd with thy prayies and proad-blazed fame,
- "That up to heven is blowne." The auncient dame,

Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse, And enterteynd them both, as best became,

With all the court'fies that she could devyfe,

Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wife.

XII

Thus as they gan of fondrie thinges derife,
Loc two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wife;
With countenance demure and modest-grace
They numbred even steps and equall pace;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face,
That could have dazed the rash by solders sight,

And round about her head did shine like heven's light.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood;
And in her other hand the fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherin darke things were writt, hard to be underslood.

IV.

Her younger fifter, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her befeemed well;
Not all fo chearefull feemed the of fight,
As was her fifter; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish, in her hart, is hard to tall:
Upon her arme a filver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to heven, as she did pray,
Her stedsaft eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV.

They feeing Una, towardes her gan wend, Who them encounters with like courtefee; Many kind speeches they betweene them spend, And greatly ioy each other for to fee: Then to the knight with shamefast modestie They turne themselves, at Unaes mecke request, And him salute with well-refeeming glee, Who faire them q ites, as him befeemed best, And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

Then Una thus, " But she your fister deare,

"The deare Chariffa, where is the become?

- " Or wants the health, or bufie is elfewhere?"
- " Ah! no," faid they, "but forth fhe may not come;
- For the of late is lightned of her wombe,
- Tot me of sate is lightned of her wolline,
- " And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
- "That her to fee should be but troublesome."
- "Indeed," quoth the, "that should her trouble fore; "But thankt be God, and her encrease so overmore."

XVII.

- Then faid the aged Cælia, "Deare Dame, "And you, good Sir, I wote that of your toyle
- "And labors long, through which ye hether came,
- "Ye both forwearied be; therefore a whyle
- " I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."

Then called the a groome, that forth him ledd

Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile

Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd; His name was Meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

Volume II.

XVIII.

Now when their wearie limbes with kirdly reft, And bodies were refresh with dew repast, Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request, To have her knight into her schoole-hous plaste, That of her heavenly learning he might taste, And heare the wiscdom of her wordes divine. She graunted, and that (night so much agrafte, That she him taught celestial diffipline,

And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them XIX. [shine.

And that her facred booke, with blood vwritt,

And that her facred booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except fine did them teach,
She unto him difclofed every whitt,

And heavenly documents thereout did preach (That weaker witt of man could never reach)

Of God, of grace, of inflice, of free-will, That wonder was to hear her goodly fpeach;

For the was hable with her wordes to kill, And rayfe againe to life the hart that the did thrill.

XX.

And when the lift poure out her larger fpright,
She would commaund the halty funne to flay,
Or backward turne his course from heven's hight:
Sometimes great holes of men the could dismay;
Dry-shod to passe she have she houds in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almightie God her gave such power and puissance

XXI.

Two taithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her fisters lere,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing sorlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked ways,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so fore,
That he desired to and his wretched dayes;
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII.

XXII.

And taught him how to take affured hold
Upon her filver anchor, as was meet;
Els has his finnes fo great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this diffrested doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold,
Diddeining life, desiring leave to dye,

She found her felfe affayld with great perplexity;

And came to Calia to declare her finart,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which finfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wifely comforted all that he might,
With grodly counfell and advisement right;
And fireightway fent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great infight
in that disease of grieved confeience,
And well could curve the same; his name was Patience:

XXIV.

Who comming to that fowle-difeafed knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief;
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie fpright
Well fearcht, eftfoones he gan apply relief
Of falves and med'cines, which had passing prief,
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might,
By which to case he him ecured brief,
And much aswayd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seet sing now more lights

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward comption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And seftringsfore did ranckle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin;
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI.

In after and fackcloth he did array
His daintic corfe, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fafting every day,
The fwelling of his woundes to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late;
And ever as fuperfluous field did rott,
Amendment readic fill at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie-whott,
That foone in him was lefte no one corrupted inte-

XXVII.

Was wont him once to difple every day;

And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;

And sad Repentance used to embay
His body in falt water smarting fore,
The fitthy blottes of sin to wash away:
So in short space they did to health reflore
The man that would not live, but erft lay at deathes

XXVIII. [dore.

NXVIII. [dore.]
In which his torment often was fo great,
That like a lyon he would cry and rore,
And rerd his fieth, and his owne fynewes eat.
His owne deare Una hearing evermore
His ruefull thrickes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltleffe garments and her golden heare,
For pitty of his payne and anguith fore;
Yet all with patience wifely the did beare,
For well the wift his cryme could els be never cleare.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wife Patience,
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who ioyous of his cured confeience,
Him dearely kifl, and fayrely cke befought
Himfelfo to chearifh, and confuming thought
To put away out of his carefull breft.
By this Chariffa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen frong, and left ber fruitfull neft:
To her fayre Una brought this macquainted gueft.

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshelt age. Of wondrous cauty and of bounty rare; With goodly grace and comely perfonage, That was on earth not easie to compare; Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton fnare As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will : Her necke and brests were ever open bare, That ay thereof her babes might frake their fill; The rest was all in yellow robes grayed still.

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hong, Playing their fportes, that loyd her to behold, Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young, But thrust them forth still as they wexed old: And on her head the wore a tyre of gold, Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre. Whose passing price uneath was to be told; And by her fyde there fate a gentle payre Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

The knight and Una entring, fayre her greet, And bid her joy of that her happy brood; Who them requites with court'fies feeming meet, And entertaynes with rriendly chearefull mood. Then Una her befought to be fo good, As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight, Now after all his torment well withstood In that fad house of Penannce, where his spright Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring nights

XXXIII.

She was right ioyous of her iust request;
And taking by the hand that Facries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest
Of love, and rightcousnes, and well to donne,
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men God's hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence toheaven she teacheth him the readypath.

XXXIV.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,

An auncient matrone she to her does call.

An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sher lookes her wisedome well descryde;
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all
To be both gratious and eke liberall;
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave,
That mercy in the end his right cous foule might fare.

XXXV.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her prefence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bufby chornes and ragged breares.
Which fill before him the rector'd away,
That nothing might his ready paffage flay;
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to thrinke, or from the right to flray,
She held him faft, and firmely did upbeare,
Ascarefull nourfeber child from falling oft does reare.

XXXVI.

Efteones unto an holy hofpitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring,
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heaven's King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore
That by the wearie way were traveiling,
And one sate wayting eve, them before,
To call in commers-by, that necky were and pore.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such as want of harbour did constraine,
Those for God's sake his dewry was to entertaine.

XXXVIII.

The fecond was as almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thrifly give to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up fill in flore,
Which as a slocke he left unto his feede:
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

XXXIX.

onitd had of their wardrobe cuflody, In which were not rich tyres nor garments gay, (The plumes of Pride and winges of Vanity) But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,

And naked nature feemely to aray,
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no fp re clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it diffribute glad.

XL.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prifoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And cartives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had flayd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
And he that harrowd hell with heavie flowre,
The faulty foules from thence brought to his heavenly
XLI. [bowre.

The fift had charge fick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most need-th comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and dead, doe most dismay
The ferble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day,
O Man! have mind of that last bitter throw;

For as the tree does fall, fo lyes it ever low.

XLII.

The fixt had charge of them now being acad, In feemely fort their corfes to engrave, And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed, That to their heavenly fponfe both fweet and brave They might appeare, when he their foules shall fave. The wondrous workmanship of God's owne mould, Whose face he made all brastes to seare, and gave All in his hand, even dead we how ur should. Ah, dearest God! me graunt I dead be not desould!

XLIII.

The feventh, now after death and buriall done, Had charge the tender orphans of the dead, And wydowes ayd, leaft they should be undene: In face of indgement he their right would plead, Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread In their defence, nor would for gold or fee Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread, And when they slood in most necessitee, He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas,
Where seeing Mercie, coat his steps upbare,
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare,
For of their order she was patronesse,
Albe Chariffa were their chiefest founderesse.

XLV.

That to the rest more hable he might bee;
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
Shee him instructed with great industree:
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousness.

XLVI.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas Forth to an hill, that was both fleepe and by, On top whereof a facred chappell was, And eke a little hermitage thereby, Wherein an aged holy man did ly, That day and night faid his devotion, Ne other worldly bufines did apply; His name was hevenly Contemplation; Of God and coolnes was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had,
For God he often faw from heaven's hight;
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had loft their kindly fight,
Yet wondrous quick and perfaunt was his fpright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the funne.
That hill they feale with all their pewre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Can faile, but by her helpe the top at laft he wonne.

XLVIII.

There they doe finde that godly aged f.e.,
With fnowy lockes adowne his fhoulders fhed,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mosty braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene, through his long fast;
For nought he car'd his careas long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual re; as,
And pyn'd his slesh to keep his body low and chass.
XLIX.

Who when these two approaching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved fore,
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts asse;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted standing far afore,
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that tedioushight?

100

[&]quot;What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such "But that same end which every living wight [paine,

[&]quot; Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?

[&]quot; Is not from hence the way that leadeth right

[&]quot;To that most glorious house that glistreth bright

[&]quot;With burning flarres and ever-living fire,

[&]quot;Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight By wife Fidelia? Thee doth thee require

[&]quot;To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

LI.

- Thirfe happy man!" faid then the father grave,
- "Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save,
- Who better can the way to heaven aread
- "Then thou thyfelfe, that was both borne and bred
- "In hevenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
- "Thou doest the praiers of the righteous fead
- " Present before t'e Maiel y divine,
- "And his avenging wrath to elemency incline.
- " Yet fince thou bidft, thy pleasure shal be donne.
- " Then come, thou Man of Earth! and fee the way
- "That pever yet was feene of Faries fonne,
- "That never leads the traveiler aftray;
- " But after labors long, and fad delay,
- " Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
- "But first thou must a feason fast and pray,
- " Till from her bands the fpright affoiled is,
- "And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis."

That done, he leads him to the highest mount, Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with he rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles stalking fire about him shore?

LIV.

Or like that facred hill, whose head full 'ne,
Adond with fruitfull olives all around,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was sound,
For ever with a flowing girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through samous poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrife three learned ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make 'all many alovely lay.

I.V.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A litle path that was both sleepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew,
Whose wals and towers were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious slone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.
LVI.

As he thereon flood gazing, he might fee
The bleffed angels to and fro defeend
From higheft heven in gladfone companee,
And with great joy arto that citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend:
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere
What flately building durft fo high extend
Her lofty towres unto the flarry fphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

" Faire Ro eht," quoth he, " Hierufalem that is, " The new Hierufalem, that God has built

" For those to dwell in that are chosen his,

His chosen people purg'd from finful guilt

" With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt

" On curfed tree, of that unspotted Lam "That for the finnes of al the world was kilt;

" Now are they faints all in that citty fam,

" More dear unto their God then younglings to their

LVIII. [dam."

" Till now," faid then the knight, " I weened well

"That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,

" In which that fairest Fary Queene doth dwell,

"The fairest citty was that might be feene;

" And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,

65 Panthea, feemd the brightest thing that was;

" But now by proofe all otherwife I weene;

" For this great citty that does far furpas,

" And this bright angels towre quite dims that towrre Fof glas."

" Most trew," then said the holy aged man;

"Yet is Cleopolis for earthly frame

" The fairest peece that eie beholden can;

" And well befeemes all knights of noble name,

"That covett in th' immortall booke of Fame

"To be eternized, that fame to haunt,

" And doen their fervice to that foveraigne dame,

44 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt; "Forshe is hevenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

LX.

- " And thou, faire Ymp, sprong out from English race,
- " How ever now accompted Elfin's fonne,
- " Well worthy doest thy fervice for her grace,
- "To aide a virgin defolate fordonne:
 - 66 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
- " And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
- "Thenceforth the fuitt of earthly conquest shonne,
- " And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field,
- ** For blood can nought but fin, and wars but for ows, LXI. [yield.
- "Then feek this path that I to thee prefage,
- " Which after all to heaven shall thee fend;
- "Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
- "To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
- Where is for thee ordaind a bleffed end;
- " For thou emongst those faints, whom thou doest fee,
- " Shalt be a faint, and thine owne nation's frend
- 44 And patrone : thou Saint George shalt called bee,
- " Saint George of mery England, the figue of victoree."
- "Unworthy wretch," quoth he, " of fo great grace,
- " How dare I thinke fuch glory to attaine?"
- "These that have it attayed were in like cace,"
- Quoth he, " as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."
- " But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
- " And ladies love, to leave, fo dearely bought?"
- "What need of armes where peace doth ay remaine," Said he, "and battailes none are to be fought?
- As for loofe loves they'are vaine, and vanish into nought."

LXIII.

- "O let me not," quoth he, " then turne againe
- " But let me here fore aie in peace remaine,
- or Or freightway on that last long voiage fare,
 - "That nothing may my present hope empare."
- "That may not be," faid he; " ne maift thou yit
- " Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
- " Who did her ca ife into thy hand committ,
- " Till from her curfed foe thou have her freely quitt."
- "Then shall I foone," quoth he, " fo God me grace,
 - " Abett that virgin's cause disconsolate,
- "And hortly back returns unto this place,
 "To walke this way in pilgrim's poore estate.
- "But now aread, old Father, why of late
- "Didft thou behight me borne of English blood,
- "Whom all a Facries fonne doen nominate?"
- "That word shall I," faid he, "avouchen good,
- "Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy broods
- "For well I wote thou fpringst from ancient race
- " Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
- "And many bloody battailes fought in place,
- "High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
 - " And ranquisht them, unable to withstand:
- "From thence a Facry thee unweeting reft,
 "There as thou flepft in tender fwadling band,
- "And her base Elsin brood there for thee left:
- "Such men do chaungelings call, fo chaung'd by Facries theft. D iii

LXVI.

- " Thence she thee brought into this Far y Lond.
- " And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
- " Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond.
- " As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
- " And brought thee up in ploughman's state to byde.
- "Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
- " Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde.
- " To Fary Court thou cam'ft to fe k for fame,
- " And prove thy puiffant armes, as feems thee best be-LXVII. [came."
- " O holy Sire!" quoth he, " how shall I quight
- "The many favours I with thee have found,
- "That haft my name and nation redd aright,
- " And taught the way that does to heaven bownd ?" This faide, adowne he looked to the grownd,

To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne,

Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound His feeble fence, and too exceeding shyne:

So darke are earthly thinges compard to things divine.

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,

To Una back he cast him to retyre,

Who him awaited fill with pennye mynd.

Great thankes and goodly meede to that good fyre He thens departing gave, for his paynes hyre;

So came to Una, who him loyd to fee,

And after litle reft gan him defyre Of her adventure myndfull for to bee:

So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights Two dayes inceffantly; The third him overthrowes, and gayns Most glorious victory.

I.

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight he gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;

- " Deare Knight! as deare as ever knight was deare,
- "That all these forrowes fuffer for my fake,
- ** High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take!
- " Now are we come unto my native foyle,
- " And to the place where all our perilles dwell ;
- " Here hauntes that feend, and does his daily fpoyle;
- "Therefore henceforth bee a your keeping well,
- " And ever ready for your foeman fell:
- " The sparke of noble corage now awake,
- " And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
- "That shall ye evermore renowmed make
- of Above all knights on earth that batteill undertake."

III

And pointing forth, "Lo yonder is," fad the,

" The brafen towre in which my parents deare

"For dread of that huge feend emprifond be,

"Whom I from far fee on the walles appeare,

"Whose fight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare;

" And on the top of all I do espye

"The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;

" That, O my Parents! might I h. ppily

"Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

IV.

With that they heard a roaring hideous fownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And feemd uneath to thake the stedfast grownd.
Estsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where firetcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill;
But all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glifting armes, that heven with light did fill,
He rould himselfe full blyth, and hashed them untill.

T.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herfelfe withdraw afyde,
From whence the might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be fafe from Caunger far deferyde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now, O thou facred Mufe! moft learned dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The nourfe of Time and everlasting Fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

O cently come into my feeble breft, Come gently, but not with that mightie rage Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest. and bartes of great heroës doeft enrage. That nought their kindled corage may afwage: Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to found, The God of Warre with his fiers equipage Thou doest awake fleepe never he fo found, And feared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

VII.

Fayre Goddesse! lay that furious fitt afyde,

Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe fing, And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde, Twixt that great Faery Queene and paynim king, That with their horror heven and earth did ring; A worke of labour long and endlesse prayse: But now a while lett downe that haughtie ftring, And to my tunes thy fecond tenor raife, That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this the dreadful beaft drew nigh to hand, Halfe flying and halfe footing in his hafte, That with his largeneffe meafured much land, And made wide shadow under his huge waste, As mountaine doth the valley overcaste. Approching nigh, he reared high afore His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste, Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more, [gore. Was fwoln with wrath, and poyfon, and with bloody

IX:

And over all with brazen feales was arn 4,
Like plated cote of fleele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corfe bee harmd
With dint of swerd, nor puth of pointed speare;
Which as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horror was to heare;
For as the clashing of an armor bight,
Such noyse his rouzed seales did send unto the knight.

X

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way;
And eke the pennes that did his pinions bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with siying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage synd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still, amazed with his threat.

XI.

His huge long tayle, wound up in hundred foldes,
Does overfpred his long bras-fealy back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfoldes,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three surlongs does but litte lacke;
And at the point two stinges infixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

XII.

But flinges and sharpest steele did far exceed The tharpneffe of his cruel-rending clawes: Dead was it fure, as fure as death indeed, What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes. Or what within his reach he ever drawes. But his most hideous head my tongue to tell Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes Wyde gaped, like the griefly mouth of hell. Through which into his darke abyffe all ravin fell. XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were, In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw Of late devoured bodies did appeare. That fight thereof bredd cold congealed feare; Which to increase, and all at once to kill. A cloud of fmoothering fmoke and fulphure feare Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still. That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes, Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre: As two broad beacons, fett in open fieldes, Send forth their flames far of to every flyre, And warning give that enemies confpyre With fire and fword the region to invade, So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre; But far within, as in a hollow glade, Thade. Those glaring lampes were fett that made a dreadfull

XV.

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas, Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest, And often bounding on the brufed gras, As for great ioyance of his new-come queft. Eftfoones he gan advance his haughty crest, As chauffed bore his briftles doth upreare, And shoke his scales, to battaile ready drest, That made the Red-croffe knight nigh quake for feare, As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neere.

XVI

The knight gan fayrely couch his fleady speare, And fierfely ran at him with rigorous might; The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare, His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight, But glauncing by, foorth paffed forward right: Yet fore amoved with fo puiffaunt pufh, The wrathfull beaft about him turned light, And him fo rudely passing by did brush With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe, And fresh encounter towardes him addrest; But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine, And found no place he deadly point to reft.

Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beaft, To be avenged of fo great despight; For never felt his imperceable breft

So wondrous force from hand of living wight,

Yethad he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

XVIII.

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde, Himselfe up high he litted from the ground, And with strong slight did forcibly divyde The yielding arre, which nigh too seeble found Her slitting parts, and element unsound, To beare so great a weight: he cutting way With his broad sayles, about him soared round: At last low slouping with unweldy sway, Snatcht up both ho-se and man, to beare them quite XIX. [away.

Long he them bore above the fubject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a fhaft may fend,
Till firuggling firong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight,
Which comming down to ground does free itselfe by
XX. [fight.

He fo diffeized of his gryping groffe,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd,
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his sealy necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd,
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
Thatwith the uncouth smart the monster lowdlycryde,

IXX

He cryde as raging feas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreek does threat.
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her feat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his fl-dfast henge,
And boy strous battaile make, each other to avenge.

The freely head fluck fast fill in his slesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he fnatcht the wood,
And quite afunder broke; forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
That slames of fire he threw forth from his large nofeXXIII. [thrill.]

XXIII. [thri
His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy fleed, whofe courage flout
Striving to loofe the mott that faft him tyes,
Himfelfe in flreighter bandes too rash implyes;
That to the ground he is perforce constrayed
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distayed,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdayed;

XXIV.

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand, With which he stroke so furious and so sell, That nothing seemd the pussiannec could withstand: Upon his crest the hardned yron sell; But his more hardned crest was armd so well, That deeper dint therein it would not make; Yet so extremely did the busse him quell, That from thenceforth he shund the like to take, But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to fee his stroke beguyld, And smot againe with more outrageous might; But backe againe the spareling steele recoyld, And left not any marke where it did light, As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight. The beast impatient of his smarting wound, And of so fierce and sorcible despight, Thought with his winges to stye above the ground, But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of grief and anguith vehement
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven fent
A flake of fire, that flathing ir his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The feorching flame fore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body feard,
That he could not endure fo cruell cace,
But thought his armost to leave, and helmet to unlace.

Not that great champion of the antique world. Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt. And hath for twelve huge labours high extold, So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt, When him the poyfoned garment did enchaunt With Centaures blood, and bloody verses charmd. As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt. Whom fyric steele now burnt, that erst him armd, That erft him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd. XXVIII

Faynt, wearie, fore, emboyled, grieved, brent, With heat, toyle, wounds, armes fmart, and inwardfire, That never man fuch mischiefes did torment, Death better were, death did he oft desire, But death will never come when needes require;

Whom fo difmayd when that his fee beheld, He cast to suffer him no more respire, But gan his flurdy sterne about to weld, And him fo firongly flroke, that to the ground himfeld. XXIX. It fortuned, (as fayre it then befell) Behynd his backe, unweeting where he flood, Of auncient time there was a fpringing well, From which fast trickled forth a filver flood, Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good: Whylome, before that curfed dragon got That happy land, and all with innocent blood Defyld those facred waves, it rightly hot The Well of Life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could reffore,
And goilt of finfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with ficknesse were infected fore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and lordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the Germa Spau,
Ne can Cephife, nor Hebrus, match this well;
Into the same the kright back overthrowen fell.

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe His ficrie face in billowes of the west, And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe, Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest; When that infernall monster, having kest His wearie foe into that living well, Gan high advaunce his broad discoloured brest Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell, And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell,

Which when his penfive lady faw from farre, Great woe and forrow did her foule affay, As weening that the fad end of the warre, And gan to highest God entirely pray, That feared channee from her to turne away: With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent, All night the watcht, ne once adowne would lay Her dainty limbs in her fad dreriment, But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

The morrow next gan carely to appeare,
That Titan rofe to runne his daily race;
But earely ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the fea faire Titan's deawy face,
Up rofe the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if the might fpy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace;
For the had great doubt of his faf ty,
Since late the faw him fall before his enimy.
XXXIV.

XXXIV.

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As cagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath leste his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselse with sethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselse, still as he slies;
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV.
Whom when the damned seend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new supplied knight:
He, now to prove his late-renewed might,

He, now to prove his late-renewed might, High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade, Upon his crested scalp so fore did smite, That to the scull a yawning wound it made; The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

XXXVI.

I wote not whether the revenging fleele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other feeret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of stellhy arme,
Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew,
For till that stow d could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, charme.

XXXVII.

The cruell wound enraged him fo fore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions feemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto confraine:
Then gan he toffe aloft his firetched traine,
And therewith feourge the buxome aire fo fore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his flurdy flrokes might fland afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore:

XXXVIII.
The fame advancing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting for rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as firiken dead,
Ne living wight would have hen life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seased,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous fore diseased,
Ne might his ranching paine with patience be appeade.

XXXIX.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous fmart which him did wring,
From loathed foile he gan him lightly reare,
And ftrove to loofe the far-infixed fting;
Which when in vaine he tryde with ftruggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And ftrooke fo ftrongly, that the knotty ftring
Of his huge taile he quite afonder elefte;
Five ioints thereof he hewd, and but the ftump him
XL. [lefte.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries, With fowle enfouldred fmoake and flashing fire, The hell-bred beaft threw forth unto the skies, That all was covered with darknesse die: Then fraught with rancoar and engorged yre, He cast at once him to avenge for all; And gathering up himselfe out of the mire, With his uneven wings did fiercely fall Upon his funne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

XLI.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lofe his weapon in his paw,
Ne wift yett how his talaunts to anfold;

Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by firength the griped gage away:
Thrice he affayd it from his foote to draw,

And thrife in vaine to draw it did affay; It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII.

Tho when he faw no power might prevaile, His trusty sword he cald to his last aid. Wherewith he fierfly did his foe affaile. And double blowes about him foutly laid, That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid, As sparckles from the andvile use to fly. When heavy hammers on the wedg are fwaid; Therewith at last be forst him to unty One of his grasping frete, him to defend thereby.

XIJII.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield. Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine To loofe, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield, He fmott thereat with all his might and maine. That nought fo wondrous puissaunce might sustaine: Upon the joint the lucky steele did light, And made fuch way, that hewd it quite in twaine: The paw yett missed not his minisht might, But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight. XLIV.

For griefe thereof, and divelish despight. From his infernall fournace forth he threw Huge flames, that dimmed all the hevens light, Enrold in duskish smoke and homstone blew : As burning Aetna from his boyling flew Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke, And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new, Enwrapt in cole-blacke clowds and filthy fmoke, That all the land with flench and heven with horror choke

XLV.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence, So fore him noyd, that forft him to retire A litle backeward for his best defence, To fave his body from the fcorching fire, Which he from hellish entrails did expire. It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide) As he recoiled backeward, in the mire His nigh forwearied feeble feet did flide, And downe he fell, with dread of shame fore terrifide.

XI.VI. There grew a goodly tree him faire befide, Loaden with fruit and apples rofy redd. As they in pure vermilion had been dide, Whereof great vertues over all were redd; For happy life to all which thereon fedd, And life eke everlasting, did befall : Great God it planted in that bleffed fledd

With his almighty hand, and did it call The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's fall.

XLVII. In all the world like was not to be found, Save in that foile, where all good things did grow, And freely fprong out of the fraitfull grownd, As incorrupted Nature did them fow, Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow. Another like faire tree eke grew thereby, Whereof whofo did eat eftfoones did know Both good and ill: O mournfull-memory! That tree through one man's fault hath doen us all to

XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flowd as from a well, A trickling streame of balme, most foveraine And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell. And overflowed all the fertile plaine. As it had deawed bene with timely raine; Life and long health that gracious ointment gave, And deadly wounds could heale, and reare against The fencelesse core appointed for the grave; Into that fame he felt, which did from death him fave.

XLIX.

For neigh thereto the ever-damned beaft Durst not approch, for he was deadly made, And al that life preferved did deteft : Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade. By this the drouping day-light gan to fade, And yield his rowme to fad fucceeding Night, Who with her fable mantle gan to shade The face of earth and wayes of living wight, And high her burning toych fet up in heaven bright.

I.

When gentle Una faw the fecond fall Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight, And faint through loffe of blood, moov'd not at all, But lay as in a dreame of deep delight, Befmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might Did heale his woundes, and fcorching heat alay, Againe the stricken was with fore affright, And for his fafetie gan devontly pray, And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day. T.I.

The loyous day gan early to appeare,
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herfelfe to reare
With rofy checkes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with slowers spred,
From heven high to chace the charclesse darke;
With mery note her lowd faluter the mounting larke.

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselse to battaile ready dight;
Whose early soe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselse so freshly reare,
As is late sight had nought him damnifyde,
He wore dismaid, and gan his sate to seare;
Nathelesse with wonted rage he him advanced neare:

LIII.

And in his firstencounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowed quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who him rencounting fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Run through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperit his darksom hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life blood forth withall did draw.

LIV.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath, That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift; So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath Did grone, as seeble so great load to list; So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift, Whose falle foundacion waves have wast away, With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rist, And rolling down, great Neptune doth dismay; So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall, So huge and horrible a masse it feemd, And his deare lady, that beheld it all, Durst not approch for dread, which she misdeemd; But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend She saw not fisire, off-shaking vaine affright She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end; Then God she praysal, and thankt her faithfull knight, That had atchieve fo great a conquest by his might.



THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XII.

Favre Una to the Red-croffe knight Betrouthed is with ioy; Though felfe Dueffa it to barre Her falfe fleightes doc imploy.

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Behold I fee the haven high at hand
To which I meane my wearie courfe to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend:
There this fayre virgin, wearie of her way,
Must landed bee, now at her iounneyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

Scarfely had Pheebus in the glooming East Yett harnessed his fyric-footed teeme, Ne reard above the earth his slaming creast, When the last deadle smoke aloft did steeme, That signe of last out-breathed life did seeme. Unto the watchman on the castle-wall, Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme, And to his lord and lady lowd gan call, 'Fo tell how he had seene the dragon's statall fall.

III.

Uprofe with hasty ioy and feeble speed
That aged syre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did understand;
Which whenas trew by tryall he out-fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy at 1 peace through all his state,
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late,

IV.

Then gan triumphant trompets found on hye,
That fent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him that had them long oppress with tort,
And fast imprisoned in slegged fort;
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full confort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternail bondage now they were releast,

٧.

Forth came that auncient lord and aged queene, Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd, And fad habiliments right well befeene: A noble crew about them wait A rownd, Of fage and fober peres, all gravely gownd; Whom far before did march a goodly band Of tall young men, all hable armes to fownd, But now they laurell braunches bore in hand, Glad figne of victory and peace in all their land,

VI.

Unto that doughtie conquerour they came, And him before themselves prostrating low, Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame, And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw. Soone after them, all danneing on a row, The comely virgins came, with girlands dight, As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow, When morning deaw upon their I aves doth light. And intheir hands fweet timbrell- all upheld on hight.

VII.

And them before the fry of children youg Their wanton fportes and childish mirth did play, And to the maydens founding tymbrels fong In well attuned notes a ioyous lay, And made delightfull musick all the way, Untill they came where that faire virgin stood; As fayre Diana in fresh sommer's day Beholdes her nymphes, enraung'd in shady wood, Some wreftle, fome do run, fome bathe in christall [flood:

So the beheld those maydens meriment With chearefull vew; who when to her they came, Themselves to ground with gacious humblesse bent, And her ador'd by he porable name, Lifting to heven her everlasting fame; Then on her head they fett a girlond greene, And crowned her twixt carnest and twixt game; Who in herfelf-refemblance well befeene, Did feeme fuch as she was, a goodly maiden queene.

IX.

And after all the rafkall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To fee the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired, as from heaven fent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment;
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monftrous large extent,
The fight with yd'e feare did them difmay,
Ne durft approach h'm nigh, to touch, or once affay,

X.

Some feard, and field; some feard, and well it faynd; One, that would wifer feeme then all the reft, Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd Some lingring life within his hollow breft, Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden neft Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede; Another faide that in his eyes did reft. Yet sparekling syre, and badd thereof take heed; Another faid he faw him more his eyes indeed.

Another faid he faw him move his eyes indeed.

XI.

One mother, whenas her foole-hardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her goffibs gan in cou fell fay,
"How can I tell but that his talants may
"Yet feratch my forne, or rend his tender hand?"
So diverfly themfelves in vaine they fray;
Whiles fome more bold to measure him nigh fland,
To prove how many agres he did fpred of land,

XII.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion flout
After his foes defeafance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine;
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and k*ffeth manifold.

XIII.

And after to his pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes and trompets, and with clarions sweet,
And all the way the ioyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
Of all that royall princes court became;
And all the shoore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and sitting purpose frame.

XIV.

What needs me tell their feaft and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty diffus to devize,
Of comely fervices, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves eannot in them contayne
The large difcourfe of roiall princes flate;
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne,
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:
Such proud luxurious pompe is fwollen up but late-

XV.

Then when with meates and drinkes of every kinde Their fervent appetites they quenched had, That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde Of fraunge adventures and of perils fad, Which in his travell him befallen had, For to demand of his renowmed gueft; Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance fad, From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest, Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI. Great pleafure, mixt with pittiful regard, That godly king and queene did paffionate, Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard, That oft they did lament his luckleffe state, And often blame the too importune fate That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes; For never gentle knight, as he of late, So toffed was in Fortune's cruel freakes; And all the while falt teares bedeawd the hearers

XVII. Tcheaks, Then favd that royall pere in fober wife,

"Deare Sonne! great beene the evils which ye bore " From first to last in your late enterprise,

" That I note whether praise or pity more;

" For never living man, I weene, fo fore

" In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;

" But fince now fafe ye feifed have the shore, " And well arrived are, (high God be bleft!)

" Let us devize of ease and everlasting reft."

XVIII.

" Ah! dearest Lord," faid then that doughty knight,

Of eafe or rest I may not yet devize,

" For by the faith which I to armes have plight.

" I bownden am, streight after this emprize,

" (As that your daughter can ye well advize)

" Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,

" And her to ferve fixe yeares in warlike wize

"Gainst that proud paynim king that works her teene;

"Therefore I ought crave pardon till I there have XIX. [beene."

" Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"

Quoth he, "the troubler of my happy peace,

" And vowed foe of my felicity.

" Ne I against the same can justly preace:

" But fince that band ye cannot now release,

" Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne) " Soone as the terme of those fix yeares shall cease,

"Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne. "The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you

Itwayne.

" Which for my part I covet to performe,

" In fort as through the world I did proclame,

"That whose kild that monster most deforme,

" And him in hardy battayle overcame,

" Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,

" And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee; " Therefore fince now to thee perteynes the fame,

" By dew defert of noble chevalree,

" Both daughter and eke kingdome lo I yield to thee."

XXI.

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his only hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the east, with staming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world loes bring long-wished light;
So saire and fresh that lady shewd herselse in sight:

XXII.

So faire and fresh, as freshest slowre in May; For she had layd her mournesull stole aside, And widow-like sad wimple thrown away, Wherewith her heavenly beautic she did hide; Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride; And on her now a garment she die weare All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride, That seemdlike silke and silver woven neare, But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her fun-saying face,
To tell were as to strive against the streame;
My ragged rimes are all too ruce and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare-loved knight,
All were she daily with himselse in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her saire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV.

So fairely dight when the in prefence came,
She to her fyre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence;
Who with great wifedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to fay—but eare he thus had fayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man diffusyd,
A messenger with letters which 'is message fayd.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed flood
Att fuddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling stat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disselsosing, red thus, as the paper spake;

- ' To thee, most mighty King of Eden fayre,
- ' Her greeting fends in thefe fad lines addrest
- 'The wofull daughter and forfaken heyre
- Of that great emper ur of all the West,
- And bids thee be advized for the best,
- ' Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
- Of wedlocke to that new unknowen gueff;
- ' For he already plighted his right hand
- ' Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

- "To me, fad mayd, or rather widow fad,
- 'He was affyaunced long time before,
- And facred pledges he both gave and had,
- (False erraunt knight, infamous, and forfwore)
- Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
- And guilty heavens of his bold periury,
- Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
- Yet I to them for judgement just do fly,
- ^c And them coniure t' avenge this shamefull iniury. XXVIII.
- 'Therefore fince mine he is, or free or bond,
- Or false or trew, or living, or else dead,
- Withhold, O foverayne Prince! your hafty hond
- From knitting league with him, I you aread;
- Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
- 'Thro' weakenesse of my widowhed or woe,
- For Truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
- And shall finde friends, if need requireth foe.
- And that finde friends, if need requireth foe.

 So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe.

XXIX. FIDESSA.'
When he these bitter byting wordes had red,

The tydings straunge did him abashed make, That still he sate long time assonished,

As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.

At last his folemne silence thus he brake,

With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;

- "Redoubted Knight! that for myne only fake
- " Thy life and honor late adventureft,
- ** Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

XXX.

- "What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
- "Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
- "What hevens, what altars, what enraged heates,
- " (Here heaped up with terms of love unkynd)
- " My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
- " High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame:
- " But if yourselfe, Sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,
- "Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
- "With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same."

To whom the Red-croffe knight this answere fent; "My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,

- "Till well ye wote, by grave intendiment,
- "What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
- "With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
- 66 The service was side and localty beliay
- "It was in my mishaps, as hitherward I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
- "Out of my way, through perils fraunge and hard;
- "That day should faile me ere I had them all declard.

UVVII

- "There did I find, or rather I was found,
- " Of this falfe woman, that Fideffa hight,
- " Fidelfa hight, the falfest dame on grownd,
- " Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
- "That eafy was t' inveigle weaker fight;
- "Who by her wicked arts and wiely skill,
 - " Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 - "Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 - 4 And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill."

XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd, And on the ground herfelfe proftrating low. With fober countenance thus to him favd;

- "O pardon me, my foveraine Lord, to flow
- "The fecret treasons which of late I know
- "To have bene wrought by that false forceresse; " Shee, onely she, it is that earst did throw
- "This gentle knight into fo great diffresse,
- " That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.
- XXXIV " And now it feemes that the fuborned bath
- " This crafty meffenger with letters vaine,
- "To worke new woe and unprovided feath,
- " By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;

 - "Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
- " Of this falfe footman, clokt with simplenesse,
- "Whome if ye pleafe for to discover plaine,
- "Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
- " The falfest man alive; who tries shall find no lesse." XXXV.

The king was greatly moved at her fpeach,

And all with fuddein indignation fraight, Bad on that meffenger rude hands to reach. Eftfoones the gard, which on ho flate did wait,

Attacht that faytor false, and bound him ftrait; Who feeming forely chauffed at his band,

As chained beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait, With ydle force did faine them to withstand,

Andoften femblaunce made to fcape out of theirhand

VXXXI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe, And bound him hand and foote with yron chains, And with continual watch did warely keepe: Who then would thinke, that by his fubtile trains He could escape fowle death or deadly pains? Thus when that prince's wrath was pacifide, He gan renew the late-forbidden bains, And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde, With facred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

XXXVII.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt, That none but death for ever can divide; His owne two hands, for fuch a turne most fitt, The housling fire did kindle and provide, And holy water thereon fprinckled wide; At which the bushy teade a groome did light, And facred lamp in fecret chamber hide, Where it should not be quenched day nor night, For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright. XXXVIII.

Then gan they fprinckle all the posts with wine, And made great feast to solemnize that day; They all perfumde with frankingense divine, And precious odour fetcht from far away, That all the house did sweat with great aray; And all the while sweete Musicke did apply Her curious skill the warbling notes to play, To drive away the dull melancholy, The whiles one fung a fong of love and iollity.

XXXIX.

During the which there was an heavenly noife Heard fownd through all the pallace pleafantly, Like as it had bene many an angels voice Singing before th' eternall Maiefty, In their trinall triplicities on hye; fet wift no creature whence that hevenly fwect Proceeded, yet each one felt fecretly Himfelfe thereby refte of his fences meet, And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And folemne feaft proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by fignes to understand
The usual ioyes at knitting of love's band:
Thrife happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessing of his ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.
XLL

Her loyous prefence and fweet company In full content he there did long enloy; Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealofy, His deare delights were hable to annoy;

His deare delights were hable to annoy: Yet fwirming in that fee of blisfull ioy, He nought forgott how he whilome had fworne, In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,

Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;

The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII.

Now strike your failes, yee iolly Mariners!
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her lode:
Here she a while may make her safe ahode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide; and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she i; bent:
Well may she speede, and faire'y finish her intent.

End of Book First.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II.

Contayning

The Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperaunce.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine!
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' aboundance of an yelle braine
Will indged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of inst memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better fence advize,
'That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through bardy enterprize
Many great regions are discove 2d,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazons huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?

III.

Yet all these were when no man did them know, Yet have from wiselt ages hidden beene; And later times thinges more unknowne shall show. Why then should wittesse man so much misweene, That nothing is but that which he hath seene? What if within the moones sayre shining spheare, What if in every other starre unseene, Of other worldes he happily shou! I heare? He wonder would much more; yet such to some approach.

Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquyre,
By certein fignes, here fett in fondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his fence to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayreft Princeffe under fky!
In this fayre mirrhour maift behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in Lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great aunceftry.

V

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beames bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O pradon, and vouchsase with patient care
The brave adventures of this Facry knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratiously to heare,
In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth ap-

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abufd, The Red-croffe knight awaytes; Fyndes Mordant and Amavia flaine With Pleafures polioned baytes.

L.

THAT conning architect of cancred guyle,
Whom princes late difpleafure left in bands
For falled letters and fuborned wyle,
Soone as the Red-croffe knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To ferve againe his foveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himfelfe he frees by fecret meanes unseene,
His shackles emptie lefte, himfelfe escaped eleene:

11.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd
To worken mifchiefe and avenging woe,
Whereever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-fore and his on'y foe;
Sith Una now he algates mult forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earth reftore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe,
Where she enioyes sure peace for evermore,
As wether-beaten ship arryy'd on happie shore.

III.

Him therefore now the obiect of his fpight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treason or by open fight
He feckes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his fubtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,
With thousand other fleightes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballar nee hong;
For hardly could bee hurt who was already stong.
IV.

Still as he went he craftic stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spyals plast in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fares,
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares:
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde and shonned still his slight:

The fifth that once was caught new bayt wil hardly byte.

V.
Nath'leffe th' enchaunter would not spare his payne,
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his myn' from one to other ill;
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortuned to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his seete.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
His countenance demute and temperate,
But yett fo fterne and terrible in fight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble flate,
And mickle worthip in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lifts debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with King Oldron he came to Fary Land.

VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypef yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a ftaffe his feeble fteps did ftire,
Leaft his long way his aged limbes fhould tire;
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He feemd to be a fage and fober fyre,
And ever with flow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling fteed with equal fteps to
VIII. [tread.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke fome uncouth wyle;
Eftfoones untwifting his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wick-d guyle,
And with faire countrance and flattring flyle
To them approching, thus the knight befpake;
"Fayre fonne of Mars! that fecke with watlike fpoyle,
"And great atchiev ments, great yourfelfe to make,
"Youchfafe to flayyour fleed for humble mifer's fake."

IX.

He stayd his steed for humble miser's sake, And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;

Who feigning then in every limb to quake

Through inward feare, and feeming pale and faynt,
With piteous mone his percing fpeach gan paynt;

" Dear Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,

"Whom late I left in languorous constraynt?

"Would God thyfelfe now prefene were in place,

"To tell this rueful tale; thy Light could win thee X. [grace;

" Or rather would, (O would it fo had chaunst!)

" That you, most noble Sir! had prefent beene

"When that lewd rybauld, with vile luft advaunst,

"Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
"To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,

"As on the earth, great mother of us all.

"With living eye more fayre was never feene

" Of chastity and honour virginall:

"Witnes ye Heavens! whom she in vaine to help did

XI. [call." "How may it be," fayd then the knight, halfe wroth,

" That knight should knighthood ever so have shent?"

"None but that faw," quoth he, "would weene for

" How shamefully that mayd he did torment: [troth

" Her loofer golden lockes he radely rent,

" And drewher on the ground, and his sharpe sword

" Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,

" And threatned death with many a bloodie word;

"Tonge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord."

XII.

Therewith amoved from his fober mood,

" And lives he yet," faid he, "that wrought this act?

"And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?"

" He lives," quoth he, " and boasteth of the fact,

" Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."

"Where may that treachour, then," fayd he, "be

"Or by what meanes may Ihis footing tract?" [found?
"That shall I shew," fayd he, "as fure as hound

"That shall I shew," fayd he, "as fure as hound

"The stricken deare doth chaleng by the bleeding XIII. [wound."

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre

And zealous haste away is quickly gone

To feeke that knight, where him that crafty fquyre

Supposed to be. They do arrive anone,

Where fate a gentle lady all alone,

With garments rent, and heare discheveled, Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:

Her fwollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

VIV

XIV. The knight approching nigh thus to her faid;

" Faire Lady! through fowle forrow ill bedight,

"Great pitty is to fee you thus difmayd,

" And marre the bloffom of your beauty bright:

"Forthy appeare your griefe and heavy plight,

" And tell the cause of your conceived payne; "For if he live that hath you doen despight,

"He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,

" Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine."

XV.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wife, She wilfully her forrow did augment, And offred hope of comfort did despife: Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent, And fcratcht her face with ghaftly dreriment: Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be feen, But hid her vifage, and her head downe bent, Either for grievous shame, or for great teene, As if her hart with forrow had transfixed beene : XVI.

Till her that fourre bespake; " Madame, my liefe, " For God's deare love be not fo wilfull bent,

"But doe vouchfafe now to receive reliefe,

"The which good Fortune doth to you prefent:

" For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment?

"When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,

" And the weake mind with double woe torment."

When she her squyre heard speake, she gan appease Her voluntarie paine, and feele fome fecret eafe.

XVII

Eftfoone she faid, "Ah! gentle trussie Squyre,

"What comfort can I wofull wretch conceave?

" Or why should ever I henceforth defyre

" To fee faire heaver's face, and life not leave,

" Sith that false traytour did my honour reave?" " False traytour, certes," faide the Faerie knight,

" I read the man that ever would deceave

" A gentle lady, or her wrong through might;

" Death were too litle paine for fuch a fowle despight.

XVIII

- " But now, fayre Lady! comfort to you make,
- " And reade who hath yewrought this shamefull plight, "That fhort revenge the man may overtake,
- " Wherefo he be, and foone upon him light."
 - " Certes," faide she, " I wote not how he hight,
- But under him a gray steede he did wield,
- " Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight; " Upright he rode, and in his filver shield
- " He bore a bloodie croffe, that quartred all the field." XIX.
- " Now by my head," faide Guyon, " much I muse
- " How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
- " Or ever gentle damzell fo abufe:
- " For may I boldly fay, he furely is " A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
- "I prefent was, and can it witnesse well,
- "When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
- "Th' adventure of the errant damozell, " In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell-
- XX. " Nathleffe he fhortly shall againe be tryde,
- " And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
- " Els be ye fure he dearely shall abyde,
- "Or make you good amendment for the fame :
- " All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
- " Now therefore, Lady, rife out of your paine,
- " And fee the falving of your blotted name."
- Full loth the feemd thereto, but yet did faine, For the was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

Volume II.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was scene;
But under simple shew and semblant plaineLurkt salse Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene;
So had salse Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with forrow and sad teene,
And eke himselse had craftily de list
To be her squire, and do her service well aguist.

XXII.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince Authur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld: her nathelesse
Th' enchaunter finding sit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.
XXIII.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from purfuit of praife and fame,
To flug in flouth and fenfuall delights,
And end their daies, with irrenowmed fhame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To fee the Red-croffe thus advanced hye,
Therefore this craftic engine he did frame,
Againft his praife to firre up enmitye
Of fuch as vertues like mote unto him allye.

XXIV.

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

XXV

- " Lo yonder he," cryde Archimage alowd,
- "That wrought the shamefull fact which I did shew,
- 44 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
- "To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew:
- " But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him rew;
- " So God ye fpeed, and fend you good fuccesse,
- "Which we far off will here abide to vew."
- So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulneffe,

That streight against that knight his speare he did XXVI Faddreffe. Who feeing him from far fo fierce to pricke,

His warlike armes about him gan embrace, And in the rest his ready speare did sticke; Tho whenas still he faw him tox ards pace, He gan rencounter him in equall race. They bene ymett, both ready to affrap, When fuddeinly that warriour gan abace His threatned speare, as if some new mishap Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

XXVII.

And cryde, " Mercie, Sir Knight! and mercie, Lord!

- " For mine offence and heedeleffe hardiment,
- "That had almost committed crime abhord,
 "And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
 - "Whiles curfed steele against that badge I bent,
- "The facred badge of my Redeemer's death.
- " The facred badge of my Retleemer's death,
 "Which on your shield is set for ornament."

But his fierce foe his fleed could Cay uneath,

Who prickt with courage kene discruell battell breath.

But when he heard him fpeake, streight way he knew

His errour; and, himfelfe inclyning, fayd, "Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,

- " But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
 - " Whose hasty hand so far from reason strayd,
 - "That almost it did haynous violence
 - or On that favre ymage of that heavenly mayd
- " That decks and armes your shield with faire defence :
- "Your court'fie takes on you another's dew offence."

XXIX.

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare

Their bevers bright each other for to greet, Goodly comportance each to other beare.

And entertaine the felves with court'fies meet.
Then faide the Red-croffe knight, "Now mote I weet.

"Sir Guyon, why with fo fierce faliaunce,

- "Sir Guyon, why with so serce saliaunce, "And fell intent, we did at earst me meet;
- " For fith I know your goodly gouvernaunce,
- "Great caufe, I weene, you guided, or fome uncouth

XXX.

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

So can he turne his earnest unto game,

Through goodly handling and wife temperaunce.

By this his aged guide in presence came,

Who foone as on that knight his eye did glaunce, Eftfoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,

Sith him in Facry Court he late avizd;

And faid, "Fayre Sonne! God give you happychaunce,

" And that deare croffe uppon your shield devizd,

- "Wherewith above all knight syegoodly seeme aguizd.

 XXXII.
- " Ioy may you have and everlafting fame,
- " Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
- " For which enrolled is your glorious name
- " In heavenly regesters above the funne,
- " Where you a faint with faints your feat have wonne:
- " But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
- " Most now anew begin like race to ronne.
- "God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
 - "And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke."

XXXIII.

" Palmer," him answered the Red-croffe knight.

" His be the praise that this atchiev'ment wrought,

" Who made my hand the organ of his might;

" More than goodwill to me attribute nought, " For all I did, I did but as I ought."

" But you, faire Sir! whose pageant next ensewes. 1

Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,

"That home ye may report thrise happy newes:

" For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle XXXIV. Tthewes."

So courteous conge both did give and take, With right hands plighted, pledges of good will; Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make With his blacke palmer, that him guided still;

Still he him guided over dale and hill,

And with his fleedy staffe did point his way ; His race with reason, and with words his will. From fowle intemperatunce he ofte did flav, And fuffred not in wrath his hafty fleps to flray. XXXV.

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere, Through many hard affayes which did betide, Of which he honour still away did beare, And spred his glosy through all countryes wide. At last, as chaunst them by a forest side To passe, for succour from the scorching ray, They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride With percing shrickes and many a dolefull lay, Which to attend a while their forward steps they stay.

XXXVI.

"But if that careleffe hevens," quoth the, " defpife

"The doome of iust revenge, and take delight " To fee fad pageaunts of mens miferies,

" As bound by them to live in lives despight,

" Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.

" Come then, come foone, come, fweetest Death, to me,

4 And take away this long lent loathed light:

" Sharpe be thy wounds, but fweet the medicines be, "That long captived foules from weary thraldome

XXXVII. Ifree.

" But thou, fweete Babe! whom frowning frowardFate

" Hath made fad witnesse of thy father's fall,

" Sith beven thee deignes to hold in living state,

" Long maift thou live, and better thrive withall,

"Then to thy luckleffe parents did befall:

" Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest,

"That cleare the dide from blemith criminall;

" Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding breft

" Loe I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest." XXXVIII.

With that a deadly shricke she forth did throw, That through the wood re-echoed againe,

And after gave a grone fo deepe and low,

That feemd her tender heart was rent in twaine, Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:

As gentle hynd, whose sides with cruell steele

Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine, Whiles the fad pang approching shee does feele,

Braics out her lateft breath, and up hereies doth feele.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour heard, difmounting flirich From his tall freed, he rufht into the thick, And foone arrived where that fad pourtraich Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick; In whose white alabaster brest did slick A cruell knife, that made a griesly wownd, From which forth gust a streame of gore-blood thick, That all her goodly garments stailed around, And into a deepe sanguine dide the graffy grownd.

XL. Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,

Prival spectacle of deadly imart,
Befide a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray;
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruel sport in stead of forrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay

For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands and tender ioints embrew;
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew.

XLI.

Besides them both, upon the foiled gras,
The dead corfe of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;
His ruddy lips did skryle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest slower of lustyhed,
Fitt to ensame faire lady with love's rage;
But that fiers Fate did crop the blossome of his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as ftarke as marble ftone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his fences feemd bereft attone:
At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As lion, grudging in his great difdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His stout courage to soupe, and shew his inward paine.
XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruell fleel
He lightly fnatcht, and did the floodgate flop
With his faire garment; then gan fortly feel
Her feeble pulfe, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop;
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forfaken flop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the laft flee gan to breath out living aire.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving, greatly gan reioice, And goodly counfell (that for wounded hart Is meetest med'cine) tempred with sweete voice;

- " Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
- " Of ruefull pitty and impatient fmart,
- "What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fate,
- "Or curfed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
 "Thus fowle to haften your untimely date?
- "Speake,O dear Lady! speake: help never comes too

XLV.

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

The gentle knight her foone with carefull paine Uplifted light, and foftly did uphold: Thrife he her reard, and thrife fhe funck againe, Till he his armes about her fides gan fold,

XLVI.

And to her faid, "Yet if the stony cold

"Have not all feized on your frozen hart,

Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
And tell the secrete of your mortall smart:

" And tell the secrete of your mortall smart:
" He oft' finds present helpe who does his griefe im-

XLVII. [part."

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low
She sigh't from bottome of her wounded brest,
And after many bitter throbs did throw;
With lips full pale, and foltring tong oppress,
Thee words she breathed forth from riven chest;
"Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight, thou bee,

"To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,

"And trouble dying foules tranquilitee: [me."
"Take not away now got, which none would give to

XLVIII.

- " Ah! far be it," faid he, " deare Dame, fro mee,
- " To hinder foule from her defired reft,
- " Or hold fad life in long captivitee;
- " For all I feeke is but to have redreft
- " The bittter pangs that doth your heart infest.
- of Tell then, O Lady! tell what fatall priefe
- " Hath with fo huge misfortune you opprest,
- "That I may cast co compas your reliefe,
- "Or die with you in f rrow, and partake your griefe."
 XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,

As Heven accusing guilty of her death,

And with dry drops congealed in her eye,

In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath;

- "Heare, then, O Man! the forrows that uneath
- "My tong can tell, fo far all fence they pas:
- "Loe this dead corpse that lies here underneath,
- "The gentleft knight that ever on greene gras
- "Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mor-L. Idant was,
- "Was (ay the while, that he is not fo now!)
- "My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
- "So long as hevens inft with equall brow
- " Vouchfafed to behold us from Chove.
 - " One day when him high corage did emmove,
- " (As wont ye knightes to feeke adventures wilde)
- " He pricked forth his puillant force to prove,
- " Me then he left enwombed of this childe, [defild.
- "This luckles childe, whom thus ye fee with blood

LI.

- " Him fortuned (hard fortune, ye may gheffe)
- " To come where vile Acrasia does wonne;
- " Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
- "That many errant knights hath fowle fordonne:
- " Within a wandring island, that doth ronne
- "And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is:
- " Fayre Sir! if ever there ye travell, shonne
- "The curfed land where many wend amis,
- "And know it by the name; it hight the Bowre of Blis.
- " Her blis is all in pleasure and delight,
 - "Wherewith the makes her lovers dronken mad.
- "And then with words and weedes of wondrous might,
- "On them the workes her will to uses bad :
- "My liefest lord she thus beguiled had,
- "For he was flesh; (all flesh doth frayltie breed)
- For he was held; (all held doth fraythe br
- "Whom when I heard to beene fo ill bestad,
- " (Weake wretch) I wrapt myfelfe in palmer's weed,
 " And caft to feek him forth through danger and
- "And call to feek him forth through danger and Lill. [great dreed,
- " Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
- " Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
- " And thrife three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
 " Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
- " And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
- "Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought; [weare;
- "The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives
- " Hard help at need. So deare thee, Babe! I bought; "Yet nought too dear I deemd, while fo my deare I

LIV.

- " Him fo I fought, and fo at last I found.
- "Where him that witch had thrailed to her will,
- in chaines of luft and lewde defyres ybownd.
- " And so transformed from his former skill,
- "That me he knew not, nether his owne ill,
- "Till through wife handling and faire governaunce "I him recured to a better will,
- " Purged from drugs of fowle intemperatunce :
- Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.
 - Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceiv'd
 - " How that my lord from her I would reprive,
 - With cup thus charmd him parting the deceivd;
 - Sad verfe, give death to him that death does give.
 - And loffe of love to her that loves to live.
 - So foone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lineke.
 - " So parted we, and on our journey drive,
 - " Till coming to this well he floupt to drincke:
 - "The charme fulfild, dead fuddeinly he downe did
- I.VI. [fincke. "Which when I wretch"-Not one word more she But breaking off the end for want of breath, [fayd;

And flyding foft, as downe to fleepe her layd, And ended all her woe in quiet death.

That feeing, good Sir Guyon could uneath

From teares abstayne; for gricfe his hart did grate, And from fo heavie fight his head did wreath,

Accusing Fortune and too cruell Fate,

Which plonged had faire lady in fo wretched state. Volume II.

LVII.

Then turning to his palmer faid, " Old Syre,

- " Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
- " And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre.
- "When raging passion, with fierce tyranny,
 - " Robs Reason of her dew regaletie,
 - " And makes it fervaunt to her bafest part :
 - "The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 - " And with bold furie armes the weakest hart :
 - "The firong through pleafure foonest falles, the weake LVIII. [through smart."
 - " But Temperaunce," faid he," with golden fquire,
- " Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
- of Nether to melt in pleasures whott defyre,
- " Nor frye in hartleffe griefe and dolefull tene :
- "Thrife happy man! who fares them both atweene.
- " But fith this wretched woman, overcome
- " Of anguish rather then of crime hath bene,
- " Referve her cause to her eternall doome,
- "And in the meane youch fafe her honorable toombe."
- " Palmer," quoth he, " death is an equall doome
- " To good and bad, the common inne of reft;
- "But after death the tryall is to come,
- "When best shall bee to them that lived best:
- "But both alike, when death hath both fuppreft,
 - " Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
 - "Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest;
 - "For all fo great shame after death I weene,
 "As selse to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene."

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the fky,
And with fad cypreffe feemely it embrave;
Then covering with a clod their clofed eye,
They lay therein those corfes tenderly,
And bid them fleepe in everlasting peace:
But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon, more a chion to increace,
Bynempt a facred vow, which none should ay releace.

The dead knight's fword out of his sheath he drew, With which he cutt a lock of all their heare, Which medling with their blood and earth, he threw Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare, "Such and such evil God on Guyon reare, "And worse and worse young Outhane the thy pages."

"And worfe and worfe, young Orphane!be thy payne,
"If I or thou dew vengeaunce doe forbeare,

"Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne."

So shedding many teares they closed the earth agayne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clenid-The face of golden Meane; Her fifters, two Extremities, Strive her to banish cleane.

I.

Thus when Sir Guyon, with his faithful guyda,
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their fad tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent,
Who with fweet pleafaunce and bold blandishment
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitterteares did
II. [steepe;

- " Ah! lucklesse Babe! borne under cruell starre,
- "And in dead parents balefull after bred,
 "Full little weeneft thou what forrowes are
- "Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed.
- " Poore Orphane! in the wide world feattered,
- " As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
- " And throwen forth till it be withered:
- " Such is the state of men; thus enter we
- 66 Into this life with woe, and end with miferee."

III.

Then foft himfelfe inclyning on his knee.
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath diddainefull nicitee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene:
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner: still he strove,
Yet still the little hands were bloody seene;
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV.

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

11.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;

- "Ye bene right hard amated, gratious Lord,
- "And of your ignorance great rerveill make, "Whiles canfe not well conceived ye mistake:
- " But know that fecret vertues are infufd
- " In every fountaine and in everic lake,
- "Which who hath skill them rightly to have chused,
- " To proofe of paffing wonders hath full often ufd;

VI.

- " Of these some were so from their sourse indewd
- " By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
- " Their wel-heads spring, and are with moisturedeawd,
- " Which feeds each living plant with liquid fap,
- " And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted lap:
- " But other some by guifte of later grace,
- " Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
- " Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
- "And thenceforth were renownd, and fought from VII. Fplace to place.
- " Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
- "Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
- " As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
- " The hartleffe hynd and roebucke to difmay,
- " Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
- " And kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
- " Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
- " And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
- " As hynd from her, so the fled from her enimy.

VIII

- " At last when fayling breath began to faint,
- "And faw no meanes to fcape, of shame affrayd,
- "She fet her downe to weepe for fore constraint,
- " And to Diana calling lowde for avde.
- " Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
- " The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she fate,
- "Welling out streames of teares, and quite difmayd "With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
- 44 Transformdher to a stone fromstedfast virgin's states.

IX.

"Lo now she is that stone, from whose two heads.

- " As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow.
- "Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads: " And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
- " Shapt like a maide, that fuch ve may her know :
- " And yet her vertues in her water byde,
- " For it is chafte and pure as pureft fnow, " Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde,
- " But ever, like herfelfe, unflavned hath beene tryde, X.
- " From thence it comes that this babe's bloody hand
 - " May not be clenfd with water of this well :
- " Ne certes, Sir, ftrive you it to withstand,
- " But let them still be bloody, as befell, "That they his mother's innocence may tell,
- " As the bequeathd in her last testament;
- "That as a facred fymbole it may dwell
- " In her fonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
- " And be for all chafte dames an endlesse moniment."

XI He hearkned to his reason : and the childe Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare; But his fad father's armes with blood defilde (An heavie load) himselfe did lightly reare; And turning to that place, in which whyleare He left his loftic steed with golden fell, And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare: By other accident, that earst befell, He is convaide; but how or where here fits not tell-

XII.

Which when Sir Guyon faw, all were he wroth, Yet algates mote he foft himfelfe appeafe, And fairely fare on foot, however loth; His double burden did him fore difeafe. So long they traveiled with litle eafe, Till that at last they to a castle came, Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas; It was an auncient worke of antique fame, And wondrous strong by nature and by skilfuli frame.

XIII.

Therein three fifters dwelt of fundry fort,
The children of one fyre by mothers three,
Who dying whylome, did divide this fort
To them by equall fhares in equall fee;
But firyfull mind and diverfe qualitee
Drew them in parties, and each made others foe:
Still did they firive and daily difagree;
The cldeft did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

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

XV.

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

NUI

Whileft she her felse thus builty did frame
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her frend with lavish fest;
They were two knights of pereless puissaunce,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these ladies love did countenaunce,
And to his mistresse each himselse strove to advance.

He that made love unto the eldeft dame
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not fo good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rafh adventures wan,
Since creant armes to few he first began:
More huge in strength then wife in workes he was,
And reason with foole-hardize over-tan;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

VIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy,
He that faire Una late sowle outraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged,
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might;
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortions wrong, or whom berc o'd of right;
He now this ladies champion, chose for love to sight.

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moves.
In hope to wine more favour with his mate,
And th' other's pleasing service to abate,
To magnisse his owne: but when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knights and ladies forth right angry sar'd,
And serectly unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

X.

But ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themfelves at difcord fell,
And cruell combat loyad in middle space:
With horrible affact and sury fell
They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprote from her fettled seat
The house was ravid, and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the rathing skyes with slames of souldring
heat

XXI.

The noyfe thereof cald forth that flraunger 'night,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His fun-broad fhield about his wreft he bond,
And fhyning blade unsheathd, with which he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understond;
And at his first arrivall them began
With goodly meanes to pac'fic well as he can.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonce upon him rap, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sleedges bet.
As when a beare and tygre, being met
In cruell sight on Lybicke ocean wide,
Espec a traveller with set surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They stint their strife, and him assays on everie side.

But he, not like a weary traveilere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffied not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put;
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Against tremselves turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut:
But still when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

XXIV.

As a ta'l fhip toffed in troublous feas,
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, doe diverfly difeafe,
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
That her on either fide doe fore affay,
And boaft to fwallow her in greedy grave;
Shee feorning both their fpights does make wide way,
And with her breft breaking the fomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herfelf doth
XXV. [fave:

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

XXVI.

Straunge fort of fight, three valiaunt knights to fee Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine A triple warre with triple enmitee, All for their ladies froward love to gaine, Which gotten was but hate. So Love does raine In floutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre; He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe, And yett his peace is but continual larre. O miserable men, that to him subject arre!

XXVII.

Whilft thus they mingled were in futious arcies,
The faire Medina, with her treffes torne,
And naked breft, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongst them ran, and, falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb which them had born,
And by the loves which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
Their deadly crue! discord to forbeare,
And to her inst conditions of faire peace to heare.

But her two other fifters flanding by
Her lowd gainfaid, and both their champions bad
Purfew the end of their fitrong enmity,
As ever of their loves they would be gald;
Yet the with pitthy words and counfell fad
Still firove their flubborne rages to revoke;
That at the last fuppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from diat of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the fober speaches which she spoke.

XXIX.

- " Ah! puissaunt Lords, what curfed evill spright,
- " Or fell Erinnys, in your noble harts
- " Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
- " And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
- " Is this the ioy of armes? be thefe the partes
- " Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
- "And not regard dew right and iust desarts?
- "Vaine is the vaunt, and victory uniust, [trust
- "That more to mighty hands then rightful cause doth

XXX.

- " And were there rightfull cause of difference,
- " Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
- "Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
- " And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
- " O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest lord!
- " Sad be the fights, and bitter fruites of warre,
- " And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword:
- " Ne ought the praise of prowesso more doth marre, "Then fowle revenging rage and base contentious
- XXXI. liarre.
- - " But lovely concord and most facred peace
 - " Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds; "Weake the makes ffrong, and ffrong thing does in-

 - " Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds : [creace,
 - " Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 - " By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
 - " And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
 - " Be therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
 - " And this miffeeming discord meekely lay aside." XXXII

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,

And funcke fo deepe into their boyling brefts,

That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall, And lowly did abore their lofty crefts

To her faire presence and discrete behefts.

Then the began a treaty to procure," And flablish termes betwixt both their requests,

That as a law for ever should endure,

Which to observe in word of knights they did affure.

XXXIII.

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

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

Eliffa (fo the eldeft hight) did deeme
Such entertainment bafe, ne ought would cat,
No ought would (peake, but evermore did feeme
As diffontent for want of merth or meat;
No folace could her paramour intreat
Her once to thow, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
But with bent lowing browes, as she would threat,
She foould and frownd with froward countenaunce,
Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI.

But young Periffa was of other mynd,
Full of difport, still laughing, loofely light,
And quite contrary to her sister's kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats the flowd above the banck,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she loyed her selfe to pranck,
But of her love too lavist, litle have she thanck.

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

Thus fairely thee attempered her feast, And pleafd them all with meete fatiety:

At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast.

She Guyon deare befought of curtefie

To tell from whence he came through icopardy, And whether now on new adventure bound :

Who with bold grace and comely gravity,

Drawing to him the eies of all around,

From lofty fiege began there words aloud to found: XI.

- "This thy demaund, O Lady! doth revive
- " Fresh memory in me of that great queene
- " (Great and most glorious virgin queene alive)
- "That with her foveraine power and fcepter thene
- " All Facry Lond does peaceably fustene.
- " In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
- "That over all the earth it may be feene;
- " As morning funne her beames dispredden cleare,
- " And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare. XII.
- " In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
- " In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye; " And all that els this world's enclosure bace
- " Hath great or glorious in mortall eye, " Adornes the person of her Maiestye;
- "That men beholding fo great excellence,
- " And rare perfection in mortalitye,
- " Doe her adore with facred reverence,
 - " As th' idole of her Maker's great magnificence.

XI.II.

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

XI.III. "There this old palmer shewd himselfe that day,

- " And to that mighty princesse did complaine
- " Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay " Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
- "Whereof he crav'd redresse. My foveraine,
- " Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
- "Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
- " Eftfoones devifd redreffe for fuch annoyes;
- " Me all unfitt for fo great purpose she employes. XI.IV.
- " Now bath faire Phoebe with her filver face
- "Thrife feene the shadowes of the neather world
- f' Sith last I left that honorable place,
- " In which her roill prefence is enrold;
- " Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
- " Till I that false Acrasia have wonne,
- " Of whose fowle deedes, too hideons to bee told,
 - " I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 - "Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne."

XI.V.

"Tell on, fayre Sir!" faid fhe, "that doleft A tale, "From which fad ruth does feeme you to reftraine, "That we may pitty fuch unhappy bale,

" And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:

"Ill by entample good doth often gayne."
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortall payne
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
As with lamenting eyes hinselfe did lately vew.
XLVI.

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

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyon's Horfe, is made the fcorne Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre Belphoebe fowle forlorne.

I.

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

II.

Then taking congè of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did carnefily committ, and her coniure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture enfu'th;
And that fo foone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught
T'avenge his parents death on them that had it
wrought.

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

The whyles a lofell wandring by the way, One that to bountie never east his mynd, Ne thought of honour ever did affay His bafer breft, but in his kestrell kynd A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd, To which his flowing toung and troublous fpright Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd, He that brave freed there finding ready dight, Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full

[light.

Now gan his hart all fwell in iollity, And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd, That puffed up with fmoke of vanity, And with felfe-loved perfonage deceiv'd, He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd For fuch as he him thought, or faine would bee; But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd, And gallaunt shew, to be in greatest gree, Eftfoones to court he cast t'advaunce his first degree.

VI.

And by the way he channeed to efpy
One fitting ydle on a funny banck,
To whom avounting in great bravery,
As peacocke, that his painted plames doth pranck,
He fmote his courfer in the trembling flanck,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling fpeare;
The feely man feeing him ryde fo ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
And crying, "Mercy," loud, his pitious handes gan
VII. [reare.

Thereat the searcrow wexed wondrous prowd, Through fortune of his first adventure fayre, And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd:

"Vile Caytive, vassal of Dread and Despayre,

" Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,

"Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,"
And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayee?

"Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay:

"Dy, or thylelfe my captive yield for ay."

Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thustoftay."

VIII.

"Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand," Then loud he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."

"Ah! wretch," quoth he, "thy destinies withstand

" My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.

" I give thee life; therefore proftrated fall,

"And kiffe my stirrup; that thy homage bee."
The mifer threw himselse, as an offall,

Streight at his foot in base humilitee,

And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX

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

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio,
To ferve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when stutting wind does be

To ferve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to fkye;
The fcorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
To thinke without defert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be advaunced hye;
Such prayfe is shame; but honour, vertue's meed,
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable feed.

XI.

So forth they pas, a well-conforted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet;
Who feeing one, that flione in armour fayre,
On goodly courfer thondring with "is feet,
Eftfoones fuppofed him a perfon meet
Of his revenge to make the influmment;
For fince the Red-croffe knight he erft did weet
To been with Guyon knitt in one confent,
The ill which earft to him he now to Guyon ment:

And comming close to Trompart, gan inquere Of him what mightic warriour that mote bee, That rode in golden fell with fingle spere, But wanted fword to wreake his enmitee?

" He is a great adventurer," faid he,

"That hath his fword through hard affay forgone.

" And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee

" Of that despight, never to weeren none;

"That speare is him enough to doen a thousand [grone." XIII.

Th' enchaunter greatly loyed in the vaunt,

And weened well ere long his will to win, And both his foen with equal foyle to daunt ;

Tho to him louting lowly did begin

To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin By Guyon, and by that false Red-crosse knight;

Which two, through treafon and deceiptful gin, Had slayne Sir Mordant and his lady bright,

That mote him honour win to wreak fo foule despight.

Therewith all fuddeinly he feemd enrag'd, And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,

As if their lives had in his hand beene gag'd;

And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,

To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,

Thus faid, " Old Man; great fure shal be thy meed,

" If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeaunce

" Doe lurke, thou certeinly to mee areed,

"That I may wreake on them their hainous hateful deed.

XV.

- " Certes, my Lord," faid he, "that shall I foone,
- "And give you eke good helpe to their decay;
- " Eat mote I wifely you advise to doone,
- "Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
- "Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day;
- " For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
- " And oft approv'd in many hard affay;
- " And eke of fureft steele that may be found,
- "Do arm yourfelfe against that day, them to con-XVI. [fownd."
 - "Dotard !" faide he, " let be thy deepe advise;
- " Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
 - " And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wife,
- " Els never should thy judgement be so frayle,
- "To measure manhood by the fword or mayle,
- "To measure manhood by the sword or mayle
- "Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
 "Withouten fword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
- "Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can:
- "Speake they which have beheld the battailes which XVII. Fit wan."

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist that whose would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,
Should neede of all his armes him to defend,
Yet seared least his boldnesse should offend;
When Braggadocchio saide, "Once I did sweare,

" When with one fword feven knightes I brought to

"Thenceforth in battaile never fword to beare, [end,
"But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth
Volume II. L [weare."

XVIII.

" Peray, Sir Knight," faide then th' enchaunter blive;

"That shall I shortly purchase to your hond;

" For now the best and noblest knight alive

"Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie Lond;
"He hath a fword that flames like burning brond;

"The fame by my device I undertake

"Shall by to morrow by thy fide be fond."

At which bold word that boafter can to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that monfer

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

XX.

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

XXI.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rufh,
With noyfe whereof he from his loftic fleed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bufh,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed;
But Trompart floutly flayd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftfoone there fleeped foorth
A goodly ladic clad in hunter's weed,
That feemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her flately portance Jorne of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face fo faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraich of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions daw;
And in her checkes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,

Hable to heale the ficke, and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

Her vvorie forhead, full of bounty brave, Like a broad table did itselfe dispred, For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave, And write the battailes of his great godhed : All good and honour might therein be red, For there their dwelling was; and when the fpake,

Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did shed. And twixt the perles and rubins foftly brake A filver found, that heavenly mulicke feemd to make.

XXV. Upon her eyelids many Graces fate,

Under the shadow of her even browes, Working belgardes and amorous retrate, And everie one her with a grace endowes,

And everie one with meekeneffe to her bowes : So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,

And foveraine moniment of mortall vowes.

How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly face, For feare through want of skill her beauty to difgrace?

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire She feemd when the prefented was to fight,

And was yelad, for heat of fcorching aire. All in a filken camus lilly whight,

Purfled upon with many a folded plight, Which all above befprinckled was throughout

With golden aygulets, that gliffred bright, Like twinckling flarres, and all the fkirt about

Was hemd with golden fringe.

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were feene,
Which doe the temple of the gods fupport,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their feftivall refort;
Those fame with stately grace and princely port
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;
But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
Or when the slying libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after sly apace.

XXIX.

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

XXX.

Her yellow lockes, crifped like golden wyre. About her shoulders weren loofely shed, And when the winde emongst them did inspyre, They waved like a penon wyde difpred, And low behinde her backe were feattered; And whether art it were or heedlesse hap, As through the flouring forrest rash she fled, In her rude heares fweet flowres themselves did lan. And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwran.

XXXI.

Such as Diana by the fandy shore Of fwift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene, Where all the nymphes have her unwares forlore, Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene, To feeke her game ; or as that famous queene Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did deftroy, The day that first of Priame she was seene, Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy, To faccour the weake flate of fad afflicted Troy.

XXXII. Such whenas hartleffe Trompart did her vew, He was difmayed in his coward minde, And doubted whether he himfelfe should shew, Or fly away, or bide alone behinde; Both feare and hope he in her face did finde: When the at last him spying thus bespake,

" Hayle, Groome! didft not thou fee a bleeding hynde, "Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?

"If thou didft, tell me, that I may her overtake."

XXXIII.

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he thraw; "O Goddesse! (for such I thee take to bee)

- " For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
- "Nor vovce found mortall; I avow to thee
- "Such wounded beaft, as that, I did not fee
- "Sith earst into this forrest wild I came;
- "Sith earlt into this forrest wild I came;
- " But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee
- "To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
- "That unto thee dew worthip I may rightly frame."
 XXXIV.

To whom the thus—but ere her words enfewd,
Unto the buth her eye did fuddein glaunce
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
And faw it fitre: the lefte her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly fhafte advaunce,
In mind to marke the beaft: at which fad flowre
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying, "O! whatever hevenly powre,

- Out crying, "O! whatever hevenly powre,
 "Or earthlywight thou be, withhold this deadlyhowre,
 XXXV.
- " O ftay thy hand; for yonder is no game
- " For thy fiers arrowes them to exercize;
- " But loe my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
- "Is far renownd through many bold emprize,
- "And now in fhade he shrowded you der lies." She staid swith that he crantd out of his nest, Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies.

And flanding floutly up, his lofty creft [reft.]
Did fiercely flake and rowze, as comming late from:

XXXVI.

As fearfull fowle, that long in fecret cave
For dread of foring hanke herfelfe bath hid,
Not caring how her filly life to fave,
She her gay painted plumes diforderid,
Seeing at laft herfelfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and foone renews her native pride,
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and fett on every fide,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erft she did her hide:
XXXVII.

So when her goodly vifage he beheld,
He gan himfelfe to vaunt; but when he vewd
Thofe deadly tooles which in her hand the held,
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,

Till she to him her gracious speach renewd; "All haile, Sir Knight! and well may thee befall,

- "As all the like which honor have purfewd
- "Through deeds of armes and proweffe martiall:
- "All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all."

To whom he thus, " O fairest under skie!

- " Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praife,
- " That warlike feats doeft highest glorifie :
- "Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
- "And many barrailes fought, and many fraies,
- "Throughout the world, wher so they migh. be found,
- " Endeavoring my dreaded name to raife
- "Above the moone, that Fame may it refound
 "In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond cround.

XXXIX.

- "But what art thou, O Lady! which doest launge
- " In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
- " And doeft not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
- " Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
- "And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
- "There thou maift love, and dearly loved be,
- "And fwim in pleasure which thou here doest mis;
- " And iwim in pleature which thou here doest mis;
 "There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
- "The wood is fit for beafts, the court is fitt for thee."

XL.

- "Whoso in pompe of prowd estate," quoth she,
- " Does fwim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
- " Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,
- " And in oblivion ever buried is:
 - "Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amis;
- " But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
- " Behaves with cares, cannot fo eafy mis.
- " Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
- "Who feekes with painfull toile shall Honor foonest XLI. [fynd.
- " In woods, in waves, in warres, the wonts to dwell,
- " And wil be found with perill and with paine;
- " Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
- "Unto her happy mansion attaine:
 "Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,
- "And waxefull watches, ever to abide;
- 66 But eafy is the way, and passage plaine,
- " To Pleasure's pallace; it may soone be spide,
 - 66 And day and night her dores to all ftand open wide.

XLII.

" In princes court"-The rest she would have favd. But that the foolish man (fild with delight Of her fweete words, that all his fence difmayd, And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight) Gan burne in filthy luft, and leaping light, Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace : With that the, fwarving backe, her iavelin bright Against him bent, and fiercely did menace; So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the peraunt faw amazd he flood, And grieved at her flight; yet durst he nott Pursew her steps through wild unknowen wood : Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott, Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott : Ne car'd he greatly for her prefence vayne, But turning faid to Trompart, " What fowle blott

" Is this to knight, that lady should agayne

"Depart to woods untoucht, and leave fo proud dif-[dayne ?" XLIV.

"Perdy," faid Trompart, " let her pas at will,

" Least by her presence daunger mote befall;

" For who can tell (and fure I feare it ill)

" But that thee is fome powre celeftiall? " For whiles the pake, her great words did appall

" My feeble corage, and my heart oppress,

"That yet I quake and tremble over all." " And I," faid Braggadocchio, " thought no leffe,

" When first I heard her horn found with such ghastlineffe."

XI.V

- " For from my mother's wombe this grace I have
- " Me given by eternal Destiny,
- " That earthly thing may not my corage brave
- "Difmay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
- " But either hellish feends or powres on hye;
- Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard. "Weening it had beene thunder in the fkye,
- " I hid my felfe from it, as one affeard,
- " But when I other knew, my felf I boldly reard. XI.VI.
- " But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
- " Let us foone hence depart." They foone agree:
- So to his fleed he gott, and gan to ride

As one unfitt therefore, that all might fee

He had not trayned bene in chevalree;

Which well that valiaunt courfer did discerne,

For he despised to tread in dew degree,

But chaufd and fom'd, with corage fiers and sterne.

And to be eafd of that base burden still did erne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IV.

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

T

In brave pourfuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble feed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence,
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine;
But chiefly skill to ride feemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others saine
To manage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine,

II.

But he, the rightfull owner of that fleede,
Who well could menage and fubdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who fuffred not als wandring feete to slide;
But when strong passion or weake sleshline ale
Would from the right way feeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperature and steafastnesse
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong
supposes

III.

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He faw from far, or feemed for to fee,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heate along upon the grownd
A handsom stripling with great crueltee,
Whom fore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
That checkes with teares, and fydes with blood, did
IV. [all abound.]

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

V.

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

Ţ

Volume I

VI.

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

And fure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governance it well to guyde;
But when the frantick fitt inflamd his fpright,
His force was vaine, and ftrooke more often wyde,
Then at the aymed marke which he had cyde:
And oft himfelfe he channft to hart unwares,
Whyleftreafon, blent throughpaffion, nought deferyde,
But as a blindfold bull at randon fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts
VIII. [nought cares.

And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he had VIII. [nought care His rude affault and rugged handeling Straunge feemed to the knight, that are with for In fayre defence and goodly menaging Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe Was he abalhed now, not fighting fo; But more enferced through his currift play, Him flernly grypt, and hailing to and fro, To overthrow him ftrongly did affay, But overthrew himfelfe unwares, and lower lay?

IX.

And being downe, the villein fore did beate
And braze with clownill fiftes his manly face;
And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place;
With whose reproch and odious menace
The knight emboyling in his haughtle hart,
Knitt all his forces, and gan sone unbrace
His grasping hold; so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapor to maintaine his part.

X.

- Which when the palmer faw, he loudly cryde, "Not fo, O Guyon! never thinke that fo
- "That monfter can be maiffred or deffroyd:
- " He is not, ah! he is not fuch a foe
- " As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
- " That fame is Furor, curfed eruel wight,
- " That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
- " And that fame hag, his aged mother, hight
- " Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight;

XI.

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

XII.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stene
Her bitter rayling and sowie revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock d'd fasten firme and strong.
XIII.

Then whenas use of speach was from her rest, With her two crooked handes she signes did make, And beekned him, the last help the had left: But he that last left helpe away did take, And both her handes sast bound unto a stake, That she no'te stirre. Then gan her soone to stye Full sast away, and did her quite forsake; But Guyon after him in hast did hye, And soone him overtook in sad perplexitye.

XIV.

In his ftrong armes he flifty him embrafte,
Who him gain-striving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And surious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he re'nfost, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor stack:
Then him to ground he east, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron tack.

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind, And hundred knots, that did him fore constraine; Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind

And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine: His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine, Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of syre; And more for ranck despight then for great paine, Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wyre, And bitt his tawny beard to show his raging yrea XVI.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captivd,
Turning about he faw that wretched fquyre
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all foild with blood and myre;
Whom whenas he perceived to refpyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dreffe:
Being at last recured, he gan inquyre
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,

And made that caytive's thrall, the thrall of wretch-XVII. [ednesse?

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes, "Fayre Sir!" quoth he, "what man can fhun the hap

- "That hidden lyes unwares him to furpryfe?
- " Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
- "The man most wary in her whelming lap-
- "So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
- "Unweeting and unware of fuch mishap, ""
 "She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
- "Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

XVIII.

- " It was a faithlesse fquire that was the fourse
- " Of all my forrow and of thefe fad teares,
- With whom from tender dug of commune nourie
- " Attonce I was upbrought; and efte when yeares
- " More rype us reason lent to chose our peares,
- " Ourfelves in league of vowed love we knitt;
- "In which we long time without gealous feares
- "In which we long time without gealous fear "Or faultie thoughts contynewd, as was fitt,
- "And for my part, I vov, diffembled not a whitt.
- " It was my fortune (commune to that age)
- "To love a lady fayre of great degree,
- "The which was borne of noble parentage,
- " And fet in highest feat of dignitee,
- " Yet feemd no leffe to love then lovd to bee:
- "Long I her ferv'd, and found her faithful still,
 - " Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
 - "Love that two harts makes one, makes eke one will;
- Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

XX.

- " My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
- " Of all my love and all my privitie,
- "Who greatly loyous feemed for my fake,
- " And gratious to that lady as to mee;
- " Ne ever wigh that mote fo welcome bee
- "As he to her, withouten blott or blame?
- " Ne ever thing that she could think or see,
- " But unto him the would impart the fame :
- " O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame!

XXI.

- " At last fuch grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
- "That I that lady to my spouse had wonne;
- " Accord of friendes, confent of parents fought,
- " Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
- "There wanted nought but few rites to be donne.
- " Which mariage make; that day too farre did feeme:
- " Most ioyous man on whom the shining sunne
- "Did shew his face myselfe I did esteeme.
- "And that my falfer friend did no lefs ioyous deeme.
- " But ere that wished day his beame disclosed,
- "He either envying my toward good,
- " Or of himselfe to treason ill disposid,
- " One day unto me came in friendly mood,
- " And told for fecret how he understood
- "That lady, whom I had to me affynd,
- "Had both distaind her honorable blood,
- "And eke the faith which she to me did bynd,
- "And therefore wisht me stay till I more truth should XXIII. [fynd.
- "The gnawing anguish and sharp gelosy
- "Which his fad fpeach infixed in my breft
- "Ranckled fo fore, and festred inwardly,
- "That my engreeved mind could find no reft,
- " Till that the truth thereof I dia _t-wrest,
- " And him befought, by that fame facred band
- "Betwixt us both, to counfell me the best:
- " He then with folemne oath and plighted hand
- " Affurd ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV.

- " Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
- " Saying he now had boulted all the floure,
- " And that it was a groom of bafe degree
- "Which of my love was partner paramoure.
- "Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
- " Her oft to meete; which better to approve,
- "He promifed to bring me at that howre,
- " When I should fee that would me nearer move,
- "And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.
- "This graceleffe man, for furtherance of his guile,
- "Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
- "Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
- " Did all the might more pleafing to appeare.
- " One day to worke her to his will more neare,
- "He woo'd her thus; ' Pryene (fo she hight)
- "What great despight doth Fortune to thee beare.
- "Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
- "That it should not deface all others leffer light?

XXVI.

- " But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
- " T'adorne thy forme according thy defart,
- "Their blazing pride thou wouldeft foone have blent,
- "And stayed their prayfes with thy least good part;
- " Ne should fair Claribell with all her art,
- "Tho he thy lady be, approch thee near;
- " For proofe thereof this evening, as thou art,
- "Aray thyfelfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 "That I may more delight in thyembracement deare."

XXVII.

- "The mayden, proud through praife, and mad through " Him hearkned to, and foone herfelfe arayd; flove.
- "The whiles to me the treachour did remove
- " His craftie engin, and, as he had favd,
- "Me leading, in a fecret corner layd,
- " The fad spectatour of my tragedie:
- Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
- " Difguifed like that groome of base degree,
- "Whom he had feignd th'abufer of my love to bee, XXVIII
- ". Eftfoones he came unto th' appointed place,
- " And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd
- " In Claribellaes clothes: her proper face
- " I not descerned in that darkesome shade,
- " But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
- " Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe
- " My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all affayd!
- " Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
- "Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such XXIX. Trepriefe.
- " I home retourning, fraught with fowle defpight,
- "And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
- " Soone as my loathed love appeard in fight,
- With wrathfull hand I flew her innocent;
- " That after foone I dearely did ant,
- " For when the cause of that outrageous deede
- " Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,
 - " Her faultie handmayd, which that bale did breede,
 - 66 Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her weede.

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

- " Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight:
- "Through woods and plaines fo long I did her chace,
- " Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
- "Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space:
- " As I her, fo ! ne pourfewd apace,
- " And shortly overtooke: I breathing yre,
- " Sore chauffed at my flay in fuch a cace,
- "And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre, [fpyre,
 - "Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in-

XXXIII.

- " Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
- "Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne hande"That death were better then such agony, Fling.
- " As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
 - " Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
- "That during life will never be appeard."

When he thus ended had his forrowing,

Said Guyon, "Sqryre, fore have ye beene difeafd,

"But all your hurts may foone through temperance XXXIV. | The eafd."

Then gan the palmer thus, "Most wretched man,

- " That to affections does the bridle lend;
- " In their beginning they are weake and wan,
- " But foone through fuff rance growe to fearefull end :
- "Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend,
- " For when they once to perfect strength doe grow,
- "Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
- " Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
 - "Wrath, gelofy, griefe, love, this fquyre have laide XXXV. Ithus low.
- "Wrath, gealofie, griefe, love, do thus expell:
- "Wrath is a fire, and gealofie a weede;
- " Griefe is a flood, and love a monster fell;
- "The fire of sparkes, the weede of little feede,
- "The flood of drops, the monster Futh did breede: "But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay:
- * The sparks foone quench, the springing feed outweed,
- "The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away;
- " So shall wrath, gealofy, griefe, love, die and decay."

XXXVI.

- " Unlucky Squire," faide Guyon, " fith thou haft
- " Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
- " Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
- " And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
- " Least worst betide thee by some later chaunce.
- "But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
- "Phaon I hight," quoth he, " and do advaunce
- " Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
- "Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin."

Thus as he fpake, lo far away they fpyde
A varlet ronning towardes halfily,
Whofe flying feet fo fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all with sweate did dim his eye.
He foone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so foyld, that none could him defery;
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
For Guyon's lookes, but scornefull ey-glaunce at him
XXXVIII.

Behind his backe he bore a brafen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Brint I doc burne. Right well befeemed it
To be the shield of tome redoubted knight;
And in his hand two dattes exceeding flit
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in blood of Malice and Despisht.

XXXIX.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first He bodly spake; "Sir Knight, if knight thou bee.

" Abandon this forestalled place at erst,

" For feare of further harme, I counfell thee,

" Or bide the chaunce at thine owne icopardee."

The knight at his great boldnesse wondered; And though he scorn'd his vdle vanitee.

Yet mildly him to ourpose answered,

For not to grow of nought he it coniectured.

XL.

- " Varlet! this place most dew to me I deeme,
- "Yielded by him that held it forcibly; [feeme
- " But whence shold come that harme which thou dost
- "To threat to him that mindes his channce t'abye?"
- " Perdy," fayd he, " here comes, and is hard by
- " A knight of wondrous powre and great affay,
- " That never yet encountred enemy
- " But did him deadly daunt, or fowle difmay;
- "Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

XLI

- "How hight he," then fayd Guyon, " and from
- "Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre [whence?"
- " For his hold feates and hardy confidence,
- " Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre,
- "The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
- "The fonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
- " Acrates fonne of Phlegeton and larre;
 - " But Phlegeton is foone of Herebus and Night;

"But Herebus fonne of Acternitie is hight.

Volume II. N

XIJI.

- So from immortall race he does proceede,
- "That mortall hands may not withfland his might,
 - " Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;
 - " For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
- " His am I, Atin, his in wrong and right,
- "That matter make for him to worke upon, " And ftirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
- " Fly, therefore, fly this fearfull flead anon,
- "Leaft thy fool-hardize worke thy fad confusion," XIJII.
- " His be that care whom most it doth concerne."
- " Sayd he: " but whether with fuch hafty flight
- " Art thou now bownd ? for well mote I difcerne
- "Great cause that carries thee so swifte and light."
- " My lord," quoth he, " me fent, and ftreight behight
- " To feeke Occasion, wherefo she bee;
- " For he is all disposed to bloody fight,
- " And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee: " Hard is his hap that first fals in his icopardee."

XLIV.

- " Mad man," faid then the palmer, "that does feeke
- " Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
- " She comes unfought, and shonned followes eke.
- " Happy who can abstaine, when rancor rife
- " Kindles revenge, and threats his rufty knife :
- Woe never wants where every cause is caught,
- " And rash Occasion makes unquiet life."
 - "Then loe wher bound the fits whom thou halt fought," Said Guyon, "let that meffage to thy lord be brought."

XLV.

That when the variett heard and faw, fireightway He wexed wondrous wroth, and faid, "Vile Knight,

- "That knights and knighthood doest with shame up"And shewst th'ensample of thy childishe might, bray,
- "With filly weake old woman thus to fight:
- " Great glory and gay spoile fure hast thou gott,
- " And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in fight;
- "That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
- "And with thy blood abolift fo reprochfull blott."

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

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1

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTOV.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight, And Furor's chayne untyes; Who him fore wounds, whiles Atin to Cymochles for and flyes.

T.

Whoever doth to temperaunce apply
His fledfalt life, and all his actions frame,
Truft me shal find no greater enimy
Than stubborne perturbation to the same,
To which right well the wise doe give that name;
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre prolaime;
His owne woes author, whoso bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes,

II.

After that variet's flight it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled sull strong,
That as the sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the tree, ang wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth spark' ag fire,
That seemd him to enslame on every side;
His steed was bloody red, and somed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

III.

Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,
Ne chastar words, prowd corage to provoke,
Bu prickt so siers, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his steele-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon comming neare,
To thincke such hideous pussance on foot to beare.

IV.

But lightly flunned it, and paffing by,
With his bright blade did fmite at him fo fell,
That the flunpe fleele arriving forcibly
On his broad fhield bitt not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted fell,
And from the head the body fundred quight:
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The truncked beaft fast bleeding did him fowly dight.

Sore bruzed with the fall he flow uprofe, And all enraged thus him loudly fhent;

"Difleall Knight! whose coward corage chose "To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,

" And shund the marke at which is sould be ment,

"Thereby thine arms feem flrong, but manhood

" So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent; [frayl;

" But litle may fuch guile thee now avayl,

" If wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl."

VI.

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

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much ashamd that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup to low,
Though otherwise it did him little harme:
The hurling high his yron-braced arme,
He smore to manly on his shoulder-plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the sleel stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his slesh, and opened wide a red sloodgate.

VIII

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

He hewd, and lasht, and found, and thondred blowes, And every way did seeke into his life; Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes, But yielded passage to his cruell knife;

But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wife, and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whiles his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him stravt.

And falfed oft his blowes t'illude him with fuch bayt.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowd rebellious unicorne defyes,
T'avoide the rash assualt and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that surious beast
His precious horne; sought of his enimyes,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

XI.
With fuch faire fleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And kindling new his corage, seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made Cm stoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwaling worship to the faint
That on his sheld depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never learned hee,

XII.

Whom Guyon feeing floup, pourfewed fast
The prefent offer of faire victory,
And foone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
That streight on grownd made him full low to lye,
Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust;
With that he cryde, "Mercy! doe me not dye,
"Ne deeme thy force, by Fortune's doome unjust,

"That hath (maugre her fpight) thus low me laid in XIII. [duft."

Effoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon flayd,
Tempring the paffion with advizement flow,
And maiftring might on enimy difmayd,
For th' equall die of warre he well did know;
Then to him faid, "Live, and alleagaunce owe

"To him that gives thee life and liberty,

"And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
"That hasty wroth and heedlesse hazardry

"Doe breede repentaunce late and lasting infamy."

So up he let him rife; who with grim looke
And count nannce fterne upftanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great difdeigne, and shooke
His fandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in bl. and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himfelfe some comfort he did fand,
That him to noble knight had maystaled,
Whose bountymere then might, yet both he wondered.

XV.

Which Guyon marking faid, " Be nought agriev'd,

- " Sir Knight, that thus ye now fubdewed arre;
- "Was never man who most conquestes atchiev'd,
- "But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
- "Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre:
- "Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
- 64 But to bee lesser then himselse doth marre
- " Both loofer's lot and victour's prayfe alfoe:
- " Vaine others overthrowes who felfe doth overthrow.

XVI.

- " Fly, O Pyrochles! fly the dreadful warre
- " That in thyfelfe thy leffer partes doc move;
- "Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
- " Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love:
- " Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remove,
- " Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead:
- "But fith in might thou didft my mercy prove,
- " Of courtefie to mee the cause aread
- "That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread."

VIII

- " Dreadlesse," faid he, " that shall I soone declare.
- "It was complain'd that thou hadft done great tort
- " Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
- " And thralled her in chaines with ftrong effort,
- " Voide of all fuccour and needfull fort :
- "That ill beformes thee, fuch as I thee fee;
- "To worke fich shame; therefore I thee exhort
- " To chaunge thy will, and fet Occasion free,
- " And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

VIII.

Thereat Sir Guyon fmylde. "And is that all," Said he, "that thee fo fore displeased hath?

"Great mercy, fure, for to enlarge a thrall,

" Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath.

"Nath'leffe now quench thy whottemboyling wrath:

"Loe there they bee; to thee I yield them free."

Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path Did lightly leape, where he them bound did fee, And gan to breake the hands of their captivitee.

XIX.

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

XX. [wrought. It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles sight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his soe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had not that same straunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wer as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might;
So both together siers engrassed bee,
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does

XXI.

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

XXII.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furor's might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded fore,
And him in blood and dirt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a staming syer-brond,
Which ste in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled; that she gave into his hond,
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him withXXIII. [stond.

XXIII. [Hond. Tho gan that villein wex fo fiers and firong, That nothing might fuftaine his furious forfe; He caft him downe to ground, and all along Drew him through durt and myre without remorfe, And fowly battered his comely corte. That Guy, a much difficient fo loathly fight. At laft he was compel'd to cry perforfe, "Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble Knight, "To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt, And gan him dight to fuccour his diffresse, Till that the palmer, by his grave restraynt, Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,

And faid, "Deare Sonne! thy causelesse ruth represse,

- "Ne let thy flout hart melt in pitty vayne:
 - "He that his forow fought through wilfulneffe,
 And his foe fettred would release agavne.
- "Deferves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne."
 XXV.

Guyon obayd; fo him away he drew
From needleffe trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pourfew:
But rafh Pyrochles' varlett, Atin hight,
When late he faw his lord in heavie plight
Under Sir Guyon's puiffaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he feemd in fight,
Fledd fast away, to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call-

EXXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayfe
And glorious (poiles purchaft in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
Had doen to back, fubdewde in equall frayes,
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beases he made the pite-ous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes, for more defame,
On gallow-trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

XXVII.

His dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
The vyle Acrasa, that with vaine delightes,
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the seeble sprightes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in you mewes,
And darksom dens, where Tiran his face never showes.

XXVIII.

There Atin fownd Cymocles foiourning,
To ferve his leman's love; for he by kynd
Was given all to luft and loofe living,
Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices and lavish ioyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And slowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loofe ladies and lascivious boyes.

XXIX.

And over him Art firyving to compayre
With Nature did an arber greene difpred,
Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did fpred
His prickling armes, entrayld with rowered,
Which dain to doors round about them threw;
And all within with flowres was garnified,
That when my'd Zephyrus emongle them blew,
Did breath out bounteous finels, and painted colors
Volume II.

XXX.

And faft befide there trickled foftly downe
A gentle ftreame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him fost asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne, and vypt away his toilsom sweat.

And on the other fyde a pleafaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick Iove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the mery birdes of every forte
Chaunted alowd their chearfull harmonee,
And made emongst themselves a sweete confort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

XXXII.

There he him found all carelefly displaid,
In fecrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies fortly laid,
Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
That round anough him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light merimen ;
Every of which did loofely disaray

Her upper partes of meet habiliments, And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe defire does fleepe,
And his frayle eye with fpoyle of beauty feedes;
Sometimes he falfely faines himfelfe to fleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To fleale a fnatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby clofe fire into his hart does creepe;
So he them deceives, deceived in his deceipt,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin arriving there, when him he fpyde Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade, Fiercely approching to him lowelly cryde,

- " Cymochles! oh no! but Cymochles' shade,
- "In which that manly perfor late did fade: "What is a come of great Acrates forme?
- "Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
- " That hath to many haughty conquests wonne?
 - " Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?"

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart He faid, "Up, up, thou womanish weake knight!

"That here in ladies lap entombed art,

"Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,

And weetlesse eke of lately-wrought despight;

"While fad Pyrochles lies on fencelesse ground,

" And groneth out his utmost grudging spright

"Through many a stroke and man a streaming wound.

" Calling thy help in vaine that here in loyes art XXXVII. [dround."

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame

The man awoke, and would have questiond more; But he would not endure that wofull theame

For to dilate of large, but urged fore With percing wordes and pittifull implore

Him hafty to arise: as one affright With hellish feends, or furies mad uprore,

He then uprofe, inflamd with fell despight,

And called for his armes, for he would algates fight.

XXXVIII They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight, And lightly mounted passeth on his way: Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might Appeale his heat, or haftie pallage stay; For he has vow'd to beene avengd that day

(That day itselfe him seemed all too lorg)

On him that did Pyrochles deare diffully.

So proudly pricketh on his courfer firong, And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth, Led into loose defyre; Pights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burns in furious fyre.

T

A HARDER leffon to learne continence
In ioyous pleafure then in grievous paine;
For fweetneffe doth allure the weaker fence
So ftrongly, that uneathes it can refrine
From that which feeble nature covets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, fine better can reftraine;
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysferies.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde, With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind, Came to a river, by whose utnost brim Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did rivim Along the Nore, as swift as glaunce of eye, A litte gond, ay, bedecked trim With boughes and arbours woven cunningly, That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly;

III.

And therein fate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one
That to her might move cause of meriment;
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise, and thousand w ies invent
To feede her foolish hun,our and vaine iolliment.
IV.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and faw,
He lowdly cald to fuch as were abord
The little barke unto the thore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford:
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote fireightway
Turnd to the flore, where that fame warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

V.

Eftfoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to sky;
Onely she turna a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
No cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and slats itselfe could wifely fave.

VI.

And all the way the wanton damfell found
New merth her paffenger to entertaine,
For file in pleafaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly loyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
Yet seemed nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a feoffing game.

VII

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

VIII.

Her light behaviour and loofe dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no fovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his marviall might;
So cafie wa to quench his flamed minde
With one five ate drop of fenfuall delight;
So cafie is t'appease the flormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent; Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned Both what she was, and what that usage ment

Which in her cott she daily practized?

- " Vaine Man!" faid she, " that wouldest be reckoned
- " A flraunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
- " Of Phædria (for fo my name is red)
- " Of Phædria, thine owne fellow fervaunt; 66 For thou to ferve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt.

X.

- " In this wide inland fea, that hight by name
 - "The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
- "That knowes her port, and thether fayles by ayme,
- " Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow.
- 64 Or whether fwift I wend or whether flow :
- " Both flow and fwift alike do ferve my tourne; " Ne fwelling Neptune, ne lowd-thundring Iove,
- " Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne:
- " My litle boat can fafely passe this perilous bourner"

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd, They were far past the passage which he spake, And come unto an island waste and voyd, That floted in the midst of that great lake; There her fman gondelay her port did make, And that gay payre islewing on the shore Difburdned her: their way they forwar take

Into the land that lay them faire before, Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great

XII.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves fett like a litle nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted biossomes drest,
And simelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throve her sweete smels all a-

XIII. [rownd. No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring; No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt;

No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;

No fong but did containe a lovely ditt.

Trees, braunches, birds, and fongs, were framed fitt

For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.

Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt

Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

XIV.

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences sed With salfe delights, and sild with pleasures vays, Into a shady dale she fort him led,

And layd him downe upon a graffy playn; And her fweete felfe, without dread a difdayn,

She fett be de, laying his head difarmd

In her loose p, it foftly to sustayn, Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harmd;

The whiles with a love-lay she thus him sweetly

charmd;

XV.

Echold, O Man! that toilefome paines doest take,
The flowrs, the fields and all that pleafaunt growes.

" How they themselves doe thine ensample make,

" Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes

" Out of her fruitfull lap : how no man knowes

"They fpring, they bud, they bloffome fresh and faire.

"Anddecke the world with their rich pompous showes;

"Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,

"Yet no man to them car his carefull paines compare.

"The lilly, lady of the flowring field,

"The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,

"Bid thee to them thy fruitleffe labors yield,

" And foone leave off this toylfome weary Itoure.

"Loe, loe! how brave the decks her bounteous boure,

Loe, loe! now brave the decks her bounteous boure

"With filkin curtens and gold coverletts,

"Therein to shrowd her sumptuous bellamoure;
"Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,"

"But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

XVII.

"Why then doest thou, O Man! that of them all

" Art lord, and eke of Nature foveraine,

" Wilfully make thyfelfe a wretched thrall,

" And waste thy ioyous howres in needelesse paine,

" Seeking for aunger and adventures vaine ?

"What bootes it al to have and nothing afe?

"Who shall him rew that, swimming the maine,

"Will die for thrift, and water doth re use? [chuse."

66 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures

XVIII

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,

That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then the with liquors ftrong his eies did fteepe.
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him lette, and did herselfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she elefte
The slouthfull wave of that great griefly lake;
Soone shee that if and far behind her lette,
And now is come to that same place where first she
XIX.

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

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the fitt barke obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly as the did defire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged me
Adieu, but himbly ran her wonted courfe
Through the full billowes; thicke as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their feat could forfe,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their fluggish fourse.

XXI. And by the way, as was her wonted guize, Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare, And did of joy and jollity devize, Herfelfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare. The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare Her honest mirth and pleasaunce to partake; But when he faw her toy, and gibe, and geare, And passe the bonds of modest morimake, Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former style. And faid and did all that mote him delight, Till they arrived in that pleafaunt ile, Where fleeping late the lefte her other knight: But whenas Guvon of that land had fight,

He wist himselfe amisse, and angry faid. " Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,

"Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:

" Me litle needed from my right way to have straid." XXIII.

" Faire Sir!" quoth she, " be not displeased at all;

"Who fares on fea may not commaund his way,

" Ne wind and weather at his pleafure call:

" The fea is wide, and eafy for to ftray,

"The wind unitable, and doth never flay :

" But here a while ye may in fafety rest

" Till feafon ferve new paffage to affay " Better fafe port then be in feas distreit."

Therewith the laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

XXIV.

Ent he halfe discontent mote nathelesse.

Himselfe appease, and iffewd forth on shore;

The ioys whereof, and happy fruitfulnesse,

Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,

And all though pleasaunt, yet the made much more.

The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,

The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,

And all the quite of birds did sweetly sing,

And told that gardin's pleasures in their caroling.

XXV.

And the, more fweete then any bird on hough, Would oftentimes emonglithem heare a part, And firive to paffe (as the could well enough). Their native muficke by her fkilful art: 60 did the all that might his conflant hart. Withdraw from thought of waslike enterprize, And drowne in diffolute delights apart, Where noife of armes or vew of martiall guize. Might not revive defire of knightly exercize.

But he was wife, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart;
Yet would not feeme fo rude and thewed ill,
As to defpife fo curteous feeming part
That gentle lady did to him impart;
But fairly Unpring, fond defire fubdewd,
And ever he defired to depart;
She lift not heare, but her difports pourfewd,

And ever bad him flay till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles' howre was fpent,
'That he awoke out of his yale dreame;
And shaking off his drowfy dreriment,
Gan him avize howe ill did him befeme
In southfull steepe his molten hatt to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceived yre;
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,

And the his descript to having

Ne staied for his damfell to inqui 2,
But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett, Accompanyde with Phædria the faire; Eftfoones he gan to rage and inly frett, Crying, "Let be that lady debonaire,

- " Thou recreamst Knight, and foone thyfelfe prepaire
- " To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
- " Loe, loe already how the fowles in aire
- " Doe flocke, awaiting flortly to obtayn
- "Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn."

And there-withall he fierfly at him flew,

And with importune outrage him affayld;

Who foone prepard, to field his fword forth drew, And him with equall valew countervayld:

Their mightie strokes their habericons dismayld,

And naked made each other's manly fp illes;

The mortall steele despiteously entays.

Deepe in their sless quite through the yron walles,

That a large purple Areame adown their giambeux

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So pullfant for, with envious defpight
His prowd prefumed force increased more,
Dideigning to bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon grudging not so much his might,
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising fortly to be wroke,

And doubling all his powres redoubled every ftroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunft;
And both attonce their huge blowes down did fiway:
Cymochles' fword on Guyon's shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But Guyon's angry blade so fiers did play
On th' other's helmett, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his planned creft in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone,
Where-with assonish fill he stood as sencelesse shone.

XXXII.

Still as he ftood fayre Phædria (that beheld That deadly daunger) foone atweene them ran, And at their feet herfelfe most humbly feld, Crying with pitteous voyce and count nance wan, "Ah! well away! most noble Lords, how can

"Your crt ell eyes endure fo pitteous fight

56 To shed y ar lives on ground? wo worth the man

" That first did teach the curfed steele to bight

" In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright.

XXXIII.

- " If ever love of lady did empierce
- "Your yron breftes, or pittie could find place,
- " Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce;
- " And fith for me ye fight, to me this grace
- " Both yield, to flay your deadly ftryfe a space."

They flayd a while, and forth the gan proceede;

- " Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
- "That am the authour of this ha nous deed,
 "And caufe of death betweene two doughtie knights
- XXXIV. [do breed.
- * Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
- " Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes " Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
- "And dooleful forrowe heape with deadly harmes:
- "And doolefull forrowe heape with deadly harmes
- " Such cruell game my fearmoges difarmes.
- " Another warre and other weapons I
- "Doe love, where Love does give his sweete alarmes
- "Without bloodshed, and where the enimy
- Does yield unto his foe a pleafaunt victory.
- " Debatefull strife and cruell enmity
- "The famous name of Knighthood fowly fhend;
- " But lovely peace and gentle amity,
- " And in amours the passing howres to spend,
- "The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
- " Of love they ever greater glory bore
 - "Then of their armes: Mars is Copid as frend,
- " And is for Venus' loves renowmed more
- "Then all his wars and spoiles the which he did of yore."

XXXVI.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full bent. To prove extremities of bloody fight, Yet at her speach their rages gan relent, And calme the fea of their tempeltuous fpight : Such powre have pleafing wordes; fuch is the might Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.

Now after all was ceast, the Faery Knight Befought that damcell fuffer him depart. And yield him ready passage to that other part.

XXXVII

She no leffe glad then he defirous was Of his departure thence, for of her joy

And vaine delight she saw he light did pas, A foe of folly and immodest toy.

Still folemne fad, or still difdainfull cov.

Delighting all in armes and cruell warre, That her fweet peace and pleafures did annov.

Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,

That the well pleafed was thence to amove him farre. XXXVIII.

Tho him the brought abord, and her fwift bote

Forthwith directed to that further frand. The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,

And foone arrived on the shallow fand,

Where gladfome Guyon failed forth to land, And to that lamfell thankes gave for reward: Upon that the e he foved Atin stand;

There by his naifter left, when late he far'd

XXXXIX.

Well could be him remember, fith of late He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made; Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate, As shepheardes curre, that in darke eveninges shade Hath tracted forth fome falvage beaftes trade :-" Vile Mifereaunt!" faid he, " whether doft thou five

"The shame and death which will thee foone invade?

"What coward hand shall doe the next to dye,

" That art thus fowly fledd from famous enimy?" XL.

With that he fliffy shooke his steel-head dart: But fober Guyon hearing him fo rayle, Though somewhat moved in his mightic hart. Yet with firong reason maistred passion fraile, And passed fayrely forth: he turning taile

Backe to the frond retyrd, and there fill flayd, Awaiting passage, which him late did faile; The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd The hafty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre An armed knight that towardes him fast ran; He ran on foot, as if in luckleffe warre His forlorne fleed from him the victour wan: He feemed breathleffe; hartleffe, faint and wan And all his armour fprinckled was with slood, And foyld with durtie gore, that no m n can Difcerne the hew thereof: he never fto d. But bent his haftie course towardes the Ydle flood-

The varlet faw when to the flood he came,. How without stop or stay he fiersly lept, And deepe himfelfe beducked in the fame, That in the lake his loftie creft was stept, Ne of his fafetie feemed care he kept: But with his raging armes he rudely flasht The waves about, and all his armour fwept, That all the blood and filth away was washt; Yet fill he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee, For much he wondred at that uncouth fight : Whom should he but his own deare lord there see? His owne deare lord Pyrochles, in fad plight, Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight: " Harrow now out, and well away!" he cryde,

- " What difmall-day hath lent this curfed light,
 - "To fee my lord fo deadly damnifyde?
 - " Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee betyde?"

XLIV.

- " I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowd he cryde;
- "O how I burne with implacable fyre!
- "Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
- " Nor fea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
- " Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."
- " Ah! be 't." faid he, " from Pyrochles farre,
- " After pr fewing death once to requyre,
 - " Or think nat ought those puillant hands may marre: " Death is for wretches borne under unhappy flarre."

XI.V

" Perdye, then is it fitt for me," faid he,

"That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;

" Burning in flames, yet no flames can I fee,

" And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.

" O Atin! helpe to me last death to give." The varlet at his plaint was grievd fo fore, That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive, And his owne health remembring cow no more, Did follow that enfample which he blam'd afore.

XI.VI.

Into the lake he lept his lord to ayd, (So love the dread of daunger doth defpife) And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd From drowning: but more happy he then wife, Of that fea's nature did him not avife; The waves thereof fo flow and fluggish were, Engroft with mud which did them fowle agrife, That every weighty thing they did upbeare, Ne ought mote ever finck downe to the bottom there.

XI.VII. Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave, And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne, The other both from drowning for to fave, Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne, Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne, Holding in hand a goodly arming fword, By fortune came, ledd with the troublous owne, Where drenched deepe he found in that all ford The carefull fervaunt flryving with his raging lord,

XI.VIII.

Him Atin fpying knew right well of yore,

And lowdly eald, "Help, helpe, O Archimage!

"To fave my lord, in wretched plight forlore; " Helpe with thy hand or with thy counfell fage :

" Weake handes, but counfell is most strong in age." Him when the old man faw, he woundred fore

To fee Pyrochles there fo rudely rage;

Yet fithens helpe 'e faw he needed more

Then pitty, he in haft approched to the shore;

XLIX.

And cald, " Pyrochles! what is this I fee?

" What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?

" Furious ever I thee knew to bee,

"Yet never in this straunge astonishment." [ment."

"Thefe flames, thefe flames," he cryde, "doe metor-

"What flames," quoth he, "when I thee prefent fee

" In daunger rather to be drent then brent ?"

" Harrow! the flames which me confume," faid he,

" Ne can be quencht, within my fecret bowelles bee.

"That curfed man, that cruel feend of hell,

" Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight;

" His deadly woundes within my livers fwell,

" And his whott fyre burnes in mincentralles bright,

66 Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,

" Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boffe ; "That now weene love's dreaded thunder light

" Does fcor I not halfe fo fore, nor damned ghofte

" In flaming Phlegeton does not fo felly rofte."

II

Which whenas Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce difarmd;
Then fearcht his fecret woundes, and made a pricfe
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd;
Which doen, he balmes and herbs thereto applyde;
And evermore with mightic fpels them charmd,
That in flort fpace he has them challifyde;
And him reftord to helth that would have algates dyde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK H. CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve, Sunning his threafure hore; Is by aim tempted, and led downe To fer his fecrete flore.

1.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stediast starre his course hath bent,
When soggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous deriment,
Upon his card and compas sirmes his eye
(The maysters of his long experiment)
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward sty;

11.

So Guyon, having loft his truftic guyde,

1 ste left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes

Yet on his way, of none accompanyde,
nd evermore himfelfe with comfort feedes
his own vertues and praife-worthic deedes.
long he vode, yet no adventure found,
ich Fam of her fhrill trompet worthy reedes;
fill the raveild through wide waffull ground,
t nough but defert wilderneffe frewd all around.

III.

At laft he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and firmus from heaven's light,
Whereas he fitting found in feeret fhade
An uncouth, falvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griefly hew and fowle ill-favour'd fight;
His face with fmoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with fout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did feeme to have ben feard
In fmythes fire-fpitting lorge, and nayles like clawes
IV. [appeard:

His yron cote, all overgrowne with ruft,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whofe glifting gloffe, darkned with filthy duft,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a maffe of coyne he told,
And turned upfide downe, to feede his eye
And covetous defire with his huge threafury;

V

And round about him lay on every fide
Great heapes of gold that never could be fpeus,
Of which some were rude owne, not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven and diffent
Into great ingowes and to wedges squar;
Some in round plates withouten monia ent;
But most were stampt, and in their me. I bare frace.
The antique shapes of kings and Kefan, straung and

VI.

Soone as he Guyon faw, in great affright And hafte he rose for to remove aside Those pretious hills from straunger's envious fight, And downe them poured through an hole full wide Into the hollow earth, them there to hide; But Guyon lightly to him leaping, flavd

His hand, that trembled as one terrifyde:

And though himfore were at the fight difmayd, Yet him perforce restrayed, and to him doubtfull fayd; VII

" What art thou, Man! (if man at all thou art) "That here in defert haft thine habitaunce,

44 And thefe rich heapes of welth doeft hide apart

' From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?" Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce

In great disdaine he answerd, " Hardy Elfe,

"That darest view my diresul countenaunce,

" I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe,

" To trouble mystill seate and heapes of pretious pelfe.

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,

" Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,

"That of my plenty poure out unto all,

" And unto none my graces do envye :

" Riches, renowme, and principality,

" Honour, tate, and all this worldes good,

" For which men fwinck and fweat inceffantly,

" Fro me de low into an ample flood,

And in the hollowe ath have their eternall brood Volume II.

" Wherefore if me thou deigne to ferve and few. " At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;

" Or if to thy great mind or greedy vew

" All these may not suffise, there shall to thee

"Ten times fo much be nombred francke and free."

" Mammon," faid he, "thy godhead's vaunt is vaine.

" And idle offers of thy golden fee; "To them that covet fuch eye-g' itting gaine

" Proffer thy giftes, and fitter fervaunts entertaine.

" Me ill befits, that in derdoing armes

" And honours fuit my vowed daies do fpend, " Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleafing charmes,

With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:

" Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend

" And low abase the high heroicke spright,

" That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend:

" Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes, be my delight;

"Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight." XI.

" Vaine-glorious Elfe," faide he, " doeft not thou weet

"That money can thy wantes at will supply?

" Shields, fleeds, and armes, and all things for thee

" It can purvay in twinckling of an eye,

" And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.

"Do not I kings create, and throw the growne

" Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,

" And him that raignd into his rowme hrust downe,

4 Andwhom I luft do heape with glory id renowne?"

XII.

- " All otherwise," saide he, " I riches read,
- " And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse,
- " First got with guile, and then preferv'd with dread,
- " And after fpent with pride and lavithnesse,
- " Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse;
- " Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
- " Striffe and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
- " Outrageous wreng and hellesh covetize,
- "That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despize.
- " Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the fcepters thine,
- " But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
- " And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
- "Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground,
- "The crowned often flaine, the flaver cround,
- " The facred diademe in peeces rent,
 - " And purple robe gored with many a wound,
 - " Castles surprized, great cities fackt and brent;
- "So mak'ft thou kings, and gayneft wrongfull go-LIV. [vernment.
- "Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse "The private state, and make the life unsweet:
- "Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
- "And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
- " Doth not, I weene, fo many evils noet."
- Then Mammon wexing wroth, "And why then," fayd,
- " Are mortall men fo fond and undifereet
- " So evill t ing to feeke unto their ayd,
- " And have a not complaine, and having it upbrayd?

XV.

- " Indeed," quoth he, "through fowle intemperance
- " Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetife;
- " But would they thinke with how fmall allowaunce
- " Untroubled Nature doth herselfe suffise,
- " Such superfluities they would despife,
- "Which with fad cares empeach our native ioyes.
- " At the well-head the pureft streames arise;
- "But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
- "Andwith uncomelywerdes the gentle wave accloyes.

"The antique World in his first flowring youth

- " Found no defect in his Creator's grace,
- " But with glad thankes and unreproved truth,
- "The guifts of foveraine bounty did embrace :
- "Like angels life was then mens happy cage;
 - Like angels life was then mens happy cace;
- " But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 " Abusd her plenty and fat-swolne encreace
- Abuid her plenty and fat-twoine end
- 66 To all licentious luft, and gan exceed 66 The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

XVII.

- "Then gan a curfed hand the quiet wombe
- " Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
- " And the hid treasures in her facred tombe
- "With facriledge to dig; therein he found
- 66 Fountaines of gold and filver to abound,
- " Of which the matter of his huge defire
 " And pompous pride eftfoones he did compound;
- "Then Avarice gan through his veines afpire
- " His greedy flames, and kindled life-de ouring fire."

XVIII.

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

XIX.

- " Me lift not," faid the Elfin Knight, " receave
 - "Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
- " Ne wote I but thou didft thefe goods bereave
- "From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
- "From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
- " Or that blood-guiltinesse or guile them blott."
- "Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eie did vew,
- " Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
- " But fafe I have them kept in fecret mew,
- " From Heven's fight, and powre of al which them
 - XX. [pourfew."
- "What fecret place," quoth he, "can fafely hold
- " So huge a maffe, and hide from Heaven's eie?
- " Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
- " Thou canst preferve from wrong and robbery ?"
- "Come thou," quoth he, "and fee." To by and by Through that thick covert he him led, and found
- A darksome way, which no man could defery,
- That deep of feended through the hollow grownd,
 And was w. h dread and horror compassed around.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
That strecht itselfe into an ample playne,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoes griefly rayne:
By that wayes side there sate insernall Payne,
And sast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten
XXII. [life.

On th' other fide in one confort there fate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Defpight,
Difloyall Treaton, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealofy, out of their fight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare fill to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher fafe he fliroud him might;
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye:

XXIII.

And over them fad Horror with grim hew Did alwaies fore, beating his yron wings,
And after him owles and night-ravens flew.
The hatefull meflengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling fad tidings;
Whiles fad Celeno, fitting on a clifte,
A fong of bale and bitter forrow fings,
That hart of flint afonder could have rif
Whileh having ended, after him fix flyw fwifte.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them nought;
But th' Elsin Knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought;
Betwixt them both but was a little stride,
That did thehouse of Richesse fromhell-mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the dore fat felfe-confuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare leaft Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard;
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approch, albe his drowfy den were next;
For next to Death is sleepe to be compard,
Therefore his house is unto his annext;
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and hel-gate them both beXXVI. [twext.

NAVI. [twext, So foon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore To him did open, and affoorded way; Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore, Ne darkneffe him ne daunger might difmay. Soone as he entred was, the dore fire htway Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept An ugly feend more fowle then difmall Day, at The which with monstrons stalke behind him stept, And ever a he went dew watch upon him kept,

XXVII.

Well hoped hee ere long that hardy gueft,
If ever covetous hand or luftfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likt him beft,
Or ever fleepe his eie-Itrings did untye,
Should be his pray; and therefore fill on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgreft the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVII.

That houses forme within was rude and strong, Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky cliste, From whose rough vant the ragged breaches hong Embost with massly gold of glorious guiste, And with rich metall loaded every riste, That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt; And over them Arachne high did liste Her cunning web, and spread her subtile nett, Enwrapped in some black XXIX. [then iett.

Enth roofe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The new thereof; for vew of chercful day
Did never in that house itselfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light,
Such as a lamp, whose life does faste away,
Or as the moone, cloathed with clowdy r gat,
Does shew to him that walkes in searce and adaffright.

XXX.

In all that rowne was nothing to be feene
But huge great yron chefts and coffers firong,
Al. bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every fide they placed were along:
But all the grownd with feuls was feattered
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong,
Whofe lives, it fe med, whilome there were flied,
And their vile carcafes now left unburied.

XXXI

They forward paffe; ne Guyon yet fpoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And fhewd of richeffe fuch exceeding flore,
As eie of man did never fee before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is or was of yore
Could gatherd be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous fpright Commaunded was, who thereby did attend, And warily awaited day and night, From other covetous feends it to defend, Who it to rob and ranfacke did intend: Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, faid, "Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end "To whiel all men do ayme, rich to be made: "Such grange a now to be happy is before thee laid."

XXXIII.

- " Certes," fayd he, " I n'ill thine offred grace,
- " Ne to be made fo happy doe intend;
- "Another blis before mine eyes I place.
- "Another happines, another end;
- " To them that lift thefe base regardes I lend :-
- " But I in armes and in atchievements brave
 - "Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
 - " And to be lord of those that rice es have,
- "Then them to have my felfe, and be their fervile XXXIV. | [felave,"

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

Him to entrap unwares another way he wift.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another rowne, whose dore farthright
To him did open as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred formaces all burning bright;
By every formace many feends did byde,
Deformed creatures; horrible in fight;
And every feend his busines apply:

To melt the golden metall, ready to be ryde.

XXXVI.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forft wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and fprinckled ofte the fame
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who may fring them renewd his former heat:
Some found the droffe that from the metall came;
Some flird the malten owne with ladles great;
And every one did fwincke, and every one did fweat.

But when an earthly wight they prefent faw, Gliftring in armes and battailous aray, From their whot work they did themselves withdraw To wonder at the fight; for till that day They never creature faw that cam that way: Their staring eyes, sparckling with fervent syre,

And ugly shapes, did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame he would retyre,
Till that him thus bespaketheir soveraine lord and syre;
XXXVIII.

"Behold, thou Facrie's fonne, with mortall eye,

- "That living eye before did never fee;
- "The thing that thou didft crave fo earneftly,
- " (To weet whence all the wealth late flewd by mee
- " Proceeded) lo now is reveald to thee:
- " Here is the fountaine of the worldes good;
- " Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
- " Avise the well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
- " Leaft tho perhapshereafter wish and be with stood."

XXXIX.

- " Suffife it then, thou Money-god," quoth he,
- "That all thine vale offers I refuse:
- 46 All that I need I have; what needeth mee
- "To covet more then I have cause to use?
- With fuch vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse,
- " But give me leave to follow mine emprife."

Mammon was much displeased, yet no'te he chuse

But beare the rigour of his bold mofprife, And thence him forward ledd, him further to entife.

XL.

He brought him through a darkfom narrow ftrayt, To a broad gate all built of beaten gold; The gate was open, but therein did wayt A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold, As if that highest God defy he would; In his right hand an yron club he held, But he himfelfe was all of golden mould, Yet had both life and fence, and well could weld That curfed weapon when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI.

Difdayne he called was, and did difdayne To be fo cald, and whofo did him call: Sterne was his looke and full of Romacke vayne, His portaunce terrible, and stature tall, Far passing the hight of men terrestriall, Like an huge gyant of the Thans' race, That made him fcorne all greatures great and finall, And with his pride all others power def ce; [place. More fitt emongst black fiendes then re to have his

XLII.

Scone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery Knight,
Who likewise gan himselse to batteill dight;
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous sight;
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emocree his miscreated mould.

XLIH.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And the fiers carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in: the rowner was large and wyde,
As it some gyeld or folemne temple weare;
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy roose, and riches huge sustance;
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and diademes and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth did
XLIV.

A route of people there affembled were,

Of every fort and nation under fave,

Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere To th' upper part, where was advanced hye

A stately siege of soveraine maiestye; And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,

And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly prince in fuch aray

His glory d 1 enhance, and pompous pryde difplay.

Volum. J. R

XLV.

Her face right wondrous faire did feeme to bee. 'That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw Through the dim shade, that all men might it fee; Yet was not that fame her awne native hew, But wrought by art and counterfetted flew, Thereby more lovers unto her to call; Nath'leffe most hevenly faire in deed and vew She by creation was, till fhe did fall, Thenceforth she fought for helps to cloke her crime XLVI.

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

XLVII.

Some thought to raife themfelves to high degree By riches and unrighteous reward; Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree; Others through friends, others for bafe regard; And all by wrong waies for themselves prepard : Those that were up themselves kept others low, Those that were low themselves held others hard, Ne fuffred them to tyfe or greater grow, and But every one did firive his fellow dow- to throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon faw, he gan inquire What meant that preace about that ladies throne,

And what she was that did so high aspyre? Him Mammon answered, " That goodly one,

" Whom all that folke with fuch contention

" Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;

" Honour and dignitie from her alone

" Derived are, and all this worldes blis

. For which ye men doe firite; few gett, but many mis. XLIX.

" And favre Philotime the rightly hight,

"The fairest wight that wonneth under skie. " But that this darkfom neather world her light

" Doth dim with horror and deformity,

" Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,

" From whence the gods have her for envy thrust;

" But fith thou hast found favour in mine eye,

" Thy fpoufe I will her make, if that thou luft,

"That the may thee advance for works and merits

" Gramercy, Mammon," faid the gentle knight,

" For fo great grace and offred high effate; " But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,

" Unworthy match for fuch immortall mate

" Myfelfe well wote, and mine unequal fate;

" And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,

" And love avowd to other lady late,

" That to remove the fame I have no might:

"To chan a love canfeleffe is reproch to warlike light."

Rij

T.I.

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath, Yet forcing it to fayne him forth thence ledd, Through griefly shadowes by a beaten path, Into a gardin goodly garnished. With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be redd; Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb. Throwes forth to men, sweet and well favored, But direfull deadly black both leas, and bloom, Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery toombe.

T.H.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store, And trees of bitter gall, and heben fad, Dead sleeping poppy, and black hellebore, Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad, Mortall famnitis, and cicuta bad, Which-with th' uniust Atheniens made to dy Wife Socrates, who thereof quassing glad Pourd out his life, and last philosophy.

To the favre Critias his dearest belamy.

TUTT

The gardin of Proferpina this hight,
And in the midfl thereof a filter feat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which the often ufd from open beat
Herfelfe to furoud, and pleafures to entreat;
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad diffredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote fee,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as in hight bea.

LIV.

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

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit With which Acontius got his lover trew. Whom he had long time fought with fruitleffe fuit; Here eke that famous golden apple grew The which emongst the gods false Ate threw, For which th' Idæan ladies difagreed, Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus' dew, And had of her fayre Helen for his meed, That many noble Greekes and Troians made to bleed.

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

LVII.

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

I.VIII.

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

LIX.

The knight him feeing labour fo in vaine,
Afkt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
Who groning deepe thus answerd him againe.

- " Most curfed of all creatures under skye.
 - "Lo, Tantalus, I here tormented lye,
 - "Of whom high love wont why lome feathed hee:
 - " Lo here I now for want of food doe dye :
- " But if that thou be fuch as I thee fee,
- " Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drinke to me."

LX.

" Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,

" Abide the fortune of thy present fate,

" And unto all that live in high degree

" Enfample be of mind intemperate,

"To teach them how to use their present state."

Then gan the curfed wretch alowd to cry, Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate,

And eke blasphering Heaven bitterly,
As author of uniustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a litle further, and efpyde

Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent

Within the river, which the fame did hyde, But both his handes, most filthy feculent,

Above the water were on high extent,

And faynd to wash themselves incessantly, Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,

But rather fowler feemed to the eye;

But rather fowler feemed to the eye; So loft his labour vaine, and ydle industry.

LXI

The knight him calling, asked who he was? Who lifting up his head him answerd thus;

" I Pilate am, the falfest iudge, alas!

" And most uniust, that by unrighteous

"And wicked doome, to Iewes despiceous, "Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,

" And did acquite a murdrer felonous;

" The whiles my handes I washt in purity,

"The whyler my foule was foyld with fowle iniquity."

LXIII.

Infinite moe tormented in like paine He there beheld, too long here to be told; Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne, For terrour of the tortures manifold In which the damned foules he did behold; But roughly him befpake, "Thou fearefull foole, "Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?

" Ne fittest downe on that same fibrer stoole

"To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?" LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall In frayle intemperaunce through finfull bayt, To which if he inclyned had at all, That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt, Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt; But he was wary wife in all his way, And well perceived his deceiptfull fleight, Ne fuffered lust his fafety to betray; So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

LXV.

And now he was fo long remained theare, That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan ... For want of food and fleepe, which two upbeare, Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man, That none without the fame enduren can: For now three dayes of men were full out-wrought, Since he this hardy enterprize began; Forthy great Mammon fayrely he belought Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was confiraynd t'obay; For lenger time then that no living wight. Below the earth might fuff red be to flay; So backe againe him brought to living light; But all fo foone as his enfeebled fpright Gan fucke this vitall ayre into his breft, As overcome with too exceeding might; The life did filt a ay out of her neft; And all his fences were with deadly fit oppress.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in fwowne, is by Acrates fonnes defpoyld; Whom Arthure foone hath reflewed, And paynim brethren foyld.

T

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

How oft do they their filter bowers leave
To come to fuccour us that fuccour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting flyes, like flying purfulwant,
Againft fower feendes to ayd us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright fquadrons round about us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O why flouid hevenly God to men have fuch regard?

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammon's house, the palmer, whom whyleare
Tha. wanton mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage sound elsewhere,
And being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddeinly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
"Come hether, he her O come hastily!"
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

tV.

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

V.

Beside his head there satt a saire young man, Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares, Whose tender bud to blossome new began, And slourish saire above his equall peares; His snowy front curled with golden heares, Like Phebus' face adouted with sunny rayes, Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares, Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes, Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idacan hill, When having laid his cruell bow away And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill The world with murd'rous spoiles and bloody pray, With his faire mother he him dights to play, And with his goodly fifters, Graces three; The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play, Suffers herselfe through sleepe be aild to bee, The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

Whom when the palmer faw, abasht he was Through fear and wonder, that he nought could fay,

- Till him the childe befpoke, " Long lackt, alas! " Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard affay,
- " Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth difmay,
- " Behold this heavy fight, thou reverend fire,
- " But dread of death and dolor doe away,
- " For life ere long shall to her home retire,
- 66 And he that breathleffe feems shall corage bold re-VIII.
- "The charge which God doth unto me arrett,
- " Of his deare fafety, I to thee commend,
- "Yet will I not forgoe, ne vet forgett
- "The care thereof myfelfe unto the end,
- " But evermore him fuccour and defend
- " Against his foe and mine; watch thou, I pray;
- " For evill is at hand him to offend." So having faid, eftfoones he gan difplay

His painted nimble wings, and vanift quite away.

IX.

The palmer feeing his lefte empty place,
And his flow eies beguiled of their fight,
Wexe fore afraid, and flanding still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as sowle escapt by slight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pusse gan try,
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly batcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

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

XI.

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

Volume I.

Whom when Pyrochles faw, inflam'd with rage

That fire he fowl befpake; "Thou Dotard vile, or That with thy bruteneffe fhendst thy comely age,

" Abandon foone, I read, the caytive spoile

or Of that fame outcast carcas, that erewhile

" Made itselse famous through false trechery, " And crownd his coward creft with knightly ftile;

" Loe where he now inglorious de h lye,

" To proove he lived il that did thus fowly dye." XIII.

To whom the palmer feareteffe answered,

" Certes, Sir Knight, ye bene too much to blame,

"Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,

"And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,

" Whose living handes immortalized his name.

"Vile is the vengeaunce on the aftes cold,

" And envy base to barke at sleeping same :

" Was never wight that treason of him told;

"Yourfelfe his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers Fand bold." XIV.

Then fayd Cymochles, " Plamer, thou doest dote, " Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,

" Save as thou feeft or hearft; but welf I wote,

" That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme:

"Yet gold all is not that doth golden feeme;

" Ne al good knights that shake well speare and shield:

"The worth of all men by their end esteeme,

" And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield; " Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on

THE FARRY QUEENE.

XV.

- "Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
- " What do I recke, fith that he dide entire?
- " Or what doth his bad death now fatisfy
- "The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
- 66 Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne defire?
- Yet fince no way is lefte to wreake my fpight,
 - "I will him reave of armes, the victor's hire,
- 44 And of that fly ld, more worthy of good knight; 6: For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour
 - XVI [bright ?"
 - " Fayr Sir!" faid then the palmer suppliaunt,
- " For Knighthood's love doe not fo fowle a deed,
- " Ne blame your honor with fo shamefull yaunt
- " Of vile revenge : to spoile the dead of weed
- " Is facrilege, and doth all finnes exceed;
- 2. But leave these relicks of his living might
- "To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke fleed."
- "What herce or freed," faid he, " fhould he have dight,
- " But be entombed in the raven or the kight?"

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

XVIII.

And to those brethren fayd, " Rife, rife bylive,

- " And unto batteil doe yourfelves addresse;
- " For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
- " Prince Arthur! flowre of grace and nobileffe,
- "That hath to paynim knights wrought gret distresse,
- " And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye."

That word fo deepe did in their harts impresse.

That both eftfoones upflarted fur only,
And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

XIX.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne fword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And Archimage befought him that afford
Which he had brought for Braggadoghio vaine.

- "So would I," faid th' enchaunter, " glad and faine
- " Beteeme to you this fword, you to defend,
- " Or ought that eles your honour might maintaine,
- 66 But that this weapon's powre I well have kend 66 To be contrary to the worke which ye intend:

TV

- " For that fame knight's owne fword this is of yore;
- Which Merlin made by his almightie art
- " For that his nourfling, when he knighthood fwore,
 - "Therewith to doen his foes eternall fmart:
 - "The metall first he mixt with medaewart,
- 66 That no enchauntment from his dint might fave;
- "Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
 And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
- 64 Of hellifh Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI.

- "The vertue is, that nether freel nor frome
- "The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend,
- " Ne ever may be used by his sone,
- " Ne forst his rightful owner to offend.
- " Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend:
- " Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight,
- " In vaine, therefore, Pyrochies, should I lend
- "The fame to thee, against his lord to fight;
- " For fure yt would deceive thy labor and thy might." XXII.
- " Foolish old Man!" faid then the pagan wroth,
- "That weenest words or charms may force withstond;
- " Soone shalt thou fee, and then believe for troth,
- "That I can carve with this incharated brond
- " His lord's owne fieth." Therewith out of his hond

That vertuous steele he rudely fnatcht away,

And Guyon's shield about his wrest he bond,

So ready dight fierce battaile to affay,

And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

By this that straunger knight in presence came, And goodly falved them, who nought againe Him answered, as courtesie became; But with sterne looks and stomachous disdaine

Gave fignes of grudge and discontentment vaine;

Then turning to the palmer he gan fpye Where at his feet, with forrowfull demayne

And deadly hew, an armed corfe did lye,

In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

XXIV.

Savd he then to the palmer, " Reverend Syre !

- " What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
- " Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
- " Or did he fall by treason or by fight ?
- " However, fure I rew his pitteous plight."
- " Not one nor other," faid the palmer grave,
- " Hath him befalne, but cloudes of deadly night
- " Awhile his heavy eylids covered have,
- And all his fences drowned in deep fenceleffe wayer XXV.
- Which those his cruell foes, that Rand hereby,
 - " Making advantage, to revenge their spight,

 - " Would him difarme and treaten shamefully;
 - "(Unworthie usage of redoubted knight)
 - et But you, faire Sir! whose honourable fight
 - " Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
 - " Mote I beseech to succour his fad plight,
 - "And by your powre protest his feeble cace?
 - " First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to de-XXVI. [face."
 - " Palmer," faid he, " no knight fo rude, I weene,
- " As to doen outrage to a fleeping ghost;
- " Ne was there ever noble corage feene,
- "That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost :
- " Honour is least where oddes appeareth most.
- " May bee that better reason will aswage
- "The rash revengers heat. Words well dispost
- " Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage; ** If not, leave unto me thy knight's last patronage."

XXVII.

Tho turning to those brethren thus befpoke;

- "Ye warlike Payre! whose valorous great might,
- "It feemes, just wronges to vengeaunce doe provoke-
- " To wreake your wrath on this dead-feeming knight,
- " Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
- " And fettle patience in fo furious heat? " Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
- " But for his car, as pardon I entreat,
- " Whom Fortune I ith already laid in lowest feat." XXVIII

To whom Cymochles faid, " For what art thou

- " That mak'ft thyfelfe his dayes-man, to prolong
- "The rengeaunce prest? or who shall let me now
- "On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
- " And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
- " Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
- "The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
- " His life for dew revenge should deare abye?
- "The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye." XXIX.
- " Indeed," then faid the prince, " the evill donne
- "Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave;
- "But from the grandfyre to the nephewes fonne,
- " And all his feede the curse doth often cleave,
- "Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave:
- " So streightly God doth judge. But gentle knight
- " That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
- " His honour staines with rancour and despight, " Andgreatdifparagmentmakes tohis former might."

XXX.

Pyrochles gan reply the fecond tyme, And to him faid, " Now, Felon, fure I read " How that thou art partaker of his cryme; "Therefore by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead." With that his hand, more fad than lomp of lead, Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure (His owne good fword Morddure) to cleave his head. The faithfull steele such treason ne uld endure, But fwarving from the marke, his lordes life did affure.

XXXI. Yet was the force fo furious and fo fell,

That horse and man it made to reele asyde: Nath'leffe the prince would not forfake his fell. (For well of yore he learned had to ryde)

But full of anger fierfly to him cryde; " False Traitour, Miscreaunt! thou broken hast

"The law of armes, to ftrike foe undefide;

" But thou thy treason's fruit, I hope, shalt taste " Right fowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast XXXII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent Against the pagan's brest, and therewith thought His curfed life out of her lodg have rent; But ere the point arrived where it ought,

That feven-fold shield, which he from Guyon brought, He cast between to ward the bitter stownd : [wrought, Through all those foldes the steele-head passage And through his shoulder perst; wherwith to ground

He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Carto VIII.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother faw, fraught with great griefe And wrath, he to him leaped furioully, And fowly faide, "By Mahoune, curfed Thiefe! "That direful ftroke thou dearely shalt aby." Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hy, Smote him so hugely on his baughtie crest, That from his faddle forced him to fly, Els mote it needs, downe to his manly brest Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossed.

XXXIV.

Now was the prince in daungerous diffresse,
Wanting his fword, when he on foot should fight:

His fingle speare could doe him small redresse.

Against two foes of sexceeding might,

The least of which was match for any knight;

And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,

Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight,

Three times more furious and more puilsaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

So both attonce him charge on either fyde
With hideous strokes and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,
And wifely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For on his shield, as thicke as stormic showre,
Their strokes did raine, yet did he never qualle,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedsfast towre,
Whom soe with double battry doth assaile, [availe.
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them noughs

XXXVI.

So ftoutly he withflood their ftrong affay,
Till that at laft, when he advantage fpyde,
His poynant fpeare he thruft with puilfant fway
At proud Cymochies, whiles his fhield was wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall fteele did gryde:
He, fwarving with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the lannce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red blood fle sed fresh,
That underneath his feet foone made a purple plesh.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle, Curfing his gods, and himfelfe damning deepe; Als when his brother faw the red blood rayle Adowne fo fath, and all his armour fleepe, For very felneffe lowd he gan to weepe, And faid, "Caytive! curffe on thy cruell hond, "That twife hath fpedd; yet finall it not thee keepe "From the third brunt of this my fatall brond: "Lo where the dreadfull death behynd thy backe

XXXVIII. [doth flond." With that he ftrooke, and th' other ftrooke withall, That nothing feemd mote beare fo monstrous might:

The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte;
But th' other did upon his troncheon fmyte,

Which hewing quite afunder, further way It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte, The which dividing with importune fway,

The which dividing with importune fway, It feizd in his right fide, and there the dint did stay.

XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood, Red as the rofe, thence gushed grievously, That when the paynym spyde the streaming blood, Gave him great hart and hope of victory. On th' other fide in huge perplexity The prince now stood, having his weapon broke : Nought could he hurt, but fill at warde did ly; Yet with his tron heon he fo rudely ftroke Cymochles twife, that twife him for ft his foot revoke.

XI.

Whom when the palmer faw in fuch diffreffe. Sir Guyon's fword he lightly to him raught, And faid, " Fayre Sonne! great God thy right hand " To use that fword so well as he it aught." [bleffe Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught, Whenas againe he armed felt his hond; Then like a lyon, which had long time faught His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond Emongst the shepheard swavnes, then wexeth wood

Fand youd ; So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes On either fide, that neither mayle could hold, Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes: Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told : Eft to Cymochles twife fo many fold; Then backe againe turning his busic hond, Them both attonce compeld with courage bold To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond; And though they both flood fliffe, yet could not both withflood.

XLII.

As falvage bull, whom two fierce maftives bayt, When rancour doth with rage him once engore, Forgets with wary warde them to awayt, But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore, Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore, Breathing out wrath, and bellowing diffaine, That all the forest quakes to hear him rore; So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his Jemen twaine, That neither could his mighty puissance suffaine.

XLIII.

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

That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre:

KLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

Which when his german faw, the stony feare

Ran to his hart, and all his fence difmayd;
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,
But as a man whom hellifn feendes have frayd
Long trembling fill he flood: at laft thus fayd,
"Traybour, what haft thou does? how ever man."

- "Traytour! what haft thou doen? how ever may
 "Thy curfed hand fo cruelly have fwayd
- "Against that knight? harrow and well away!
- "After fo wicked deede-why liv'ft thou lenger day?"

XLVII.

With that all defperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge defyring foone to dye,
Affembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne swerd he fierce at him did slye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The prince with pacience and sufferaunce sly
So hally heat some cooled to subdew;

Tho when this breathleffe woxe, that batteil gan renew.

SE S

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The clowdes, as things afrayd, before him slye,
But all so some as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they sirredly then begin to showre,
And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure;
So did Prince Arthur beare himst se in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochies was his ydle might.
XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd

How that straunge sword refused to serve his neede, But when he stroke most strong the dint deceiv'd, He stong it from him, and, devoyd of dreed, Upon him lightly leaping without heed, Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast, Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred; But him in strength and skill the prince surpast, And through his nimble sleight did under him downer.

Nought booted it the paynim then to strive; For as a bittur in the eagle's clawe,

For as a bittur in the eagle's clawe,
That may not hope by flight to fcape alive,
Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw;
So he now fubicat to the victour's law
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,

For vile difdaine and rancour, which did gnaw His hart in twaine with fad melancholy,

As one that loathed life, and yet defpyfd to dye.

But full of princely bounty and great mind, The conqueror nought cared him to flay; But casting wronges and all revenge behind, More glory thought to give life then decay, And fayd, " Paynim! this is thy difmall day;

- "Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce, " And my trew liegeman yield thyfelfe for ay,
 - "Life will I gra, nt thee for thy valiaunce,
 - "And all thywronges will wipe out of myfovenaunce." LII.
 - "Foole!" fayd the Pagan, " I thy gift defye;
 - "But use thy fortune as it doth befall;
 - " And fay that I not overcome doe dye,
 - "But in despight of life for death doe call."

Wroth was the prince, and fory yet withall, That he fo wilfully refused grace;

Yet fith his fate fo cruelly did fall,

His shining helmet he gan soone unlace, And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt, (Life having maystered her sencelesse foe) And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt. And fword faw not, he wexed wondrous woe; But when the palmer, whom he long vgoe Had loft, he by him ipyde, right glad he grew, And faide, "Deare Sir! whom wandring to and fro " I long have lackt, I joy thy face to vew; [drew.

Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me

LIV.

" But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee

" Of my good fword and shield?" The palmer, glad With fo fresh hew upryfing him to fee,

Him answered, " Fayre Sonne! be no whit sad

" For want of weapons; they shall soone be had."

So gan he to discourse the whole debate,

Which that straunge knight for him fustained had, And those two Sarazins confound a late,

Whose carcases on ground were borribly prostrate. I.V

Which when he heard, and faw the tokens trew, His hart with great affection was embayd.

And to the prince bowing with reverence dew,

As to the patrone of his life, thus favd;

" My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gratious ayd

" I live this day, and fee my foes fubdewd,

"What may fuffice to be for meede repayd " Of fo great graces as ye have me flewd,

" But to be ever bound ?"

LVI.

To whom the infant thus. " Fayre Sir! what need "Good turnes be counted as a fervile bond,

"To bind their dooers to receive their meed?

" Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond

" Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?

" Suffife that I have done my dew in place."

So goodly purpose they together fond

Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace,

The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled appace.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IX.

The house of Temperaunce, in which Doth fober Alma dwell, Belie"d of many foes, whom ftraunger kin hies to flight compell.

OF all God's workes which doe this worlde adorne. There is no one more faire and excellent Then is man's body both for powre and forme, Whiles it is kept in fober government ; But none then it more fowle and indecent, Distempred through misrule and passions bace; It grows a monster, and incontinent Doth lofe his dignity and native grace. Behold, who lift, both one and other in this place.

After the paynim brethren conquer'd were, The Briton prince recov'ring his stoln sword, And Guvon his loft shield, they both yfere Forth passed on their way in fayre accord, Till him the prince with gentle court did bord; " Sir Knight! mote I of you this court'fy read, "To weet why on your shield, fo goodly scord, " Beare ye the picture of that ladies head ? [dead." " Full lively is the femblaunt, though the fubstance

" Fayre Sir !" fayd he, " if in that picture dead

" Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,

"What mote ye weene if the trew livelyhead

" Of that most glorious vifage ye did vew?

" But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,

" (That is her bounty and imperiall powre,

" Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew)

" O how great wonder would your houghts devoure,

" And infinite defire into your fpirite poure! IV

" She is the mighty Queene of Faery,

Whose faire retraitt I in my shield doe beare;

" Shee is the flowre of grace and chaffity,

"Throughout the world renowmed far and neare,

" My life, my liege, my foveraine, my deare,

" Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,

" And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;

"Far reach her mercies, and her praifes farre,

" As well in state of peace, as puissance in warre."

"Thrife happy man !" faid then the Briton knight,

"Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce

" Have made thee foldier of that princesse bright,

"Which with her bounty and glad countenuance " Doth bleffe her fer vaunts, and them high advaunce ;

" How may ftraunge knight hope ever to afpire,

" By faithfull fervice and meete amenaunce,

" Unto fuch bliffe? fufficient were that hire

" For loffe of thousand lives, to die at her defire."

VI.

Said Guyon, " Noble Lord, what meed fo great,

- " Or grace of earthly prince fo foveraine,
- " But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
- "Ye well may hope, and eafely attaine?
- "But were your will her fold to entertaine,
- " And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenhed,
 - " Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
 - " And in her favor high bee reckoned,
- " As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."
- " Cretes," then faid the prince, " I God avow,
- "That fit' I armes and knighthood first did plight,
- "I hat lite I armes and knighthood hrit did ping
- " My whole defire hath beene, and yet is now,
- " To ferve that queene with al my powre and might.
 - " Now hath the funne with his lamp-burning light
 - "Walkt round about the world, and I no leffe,
 - Walke found about the world, and i no tene
 - " Sith of that goddesse I have sought the sight,
- "Yet no where can her find : fuch happinesse
- " Heven doth to me cavy and Fortune favourlesse."
 VIII.
- " Fortune, the foe of famous chevifaunce,
- " Seldom," faid Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,
- "But in her way throwes mischiese and mischaunce, Whereby her course is stopt and passige staid.
- "But you, faire Sir! be not herewith difmaid,
- " But conflant keepe the way in which ye fland;
 - "Which were it not that I am els delaid
- "With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
- "I labour would to guide you through al Fary Land."

"Gramercy, Sir!" faid he, " but mote I weete

What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew,

" Perhaps my fuccour or advizement meete

" Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew." Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew

Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles:

Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew From Faery Court. So talked the, the whiles They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

And now faire Phœbus gan decline in haste His weary wagon to the westerne vale, Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste Foreby a river in a pleafaunt dale, Which choosing for the evening's hospitale, They thether marcht; but when they came in fight. And from their fweaty courfers did avale, They found the gates fast barred long ere night, And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

Which when they faw, they weened fowle reproch-Was to them doen, their entraunce to forflath, Till that the fquire gan nigher to approch, And wind his horne under the castle wall, That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall: Eftfoones forth looked from the highest spire The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call To weete what they fo rudely did require, Who gently answered, they entraunce did desire,

XII.

- "Fly, fly, good Knights," faid he ; "fly fast away,
- " If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should:
- " Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay,
- "Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:
- " But thousand enemies about us rave.
 - " And with long fiege us in this castle hould
- "Seven yeares the wize they us belieged have,
- "And many good knights flaine that have us fought
 XIII. Ito fave."

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry
A thousand villeins round about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caves adiouning nye;
Vile catitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rufty knives, some staves in fier warmd;

Some rufty knives, fome flaves in fier warmd: Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed fleares, Staring with hollow cies, and fliffeupflanding heares.

XIV.

Fierfly at first those knights they did assayle,
And drove them to recoile; but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to sayle,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such pussificance and impetuous maine
Those champions broke on them, that forst them say
Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherd's swaine
A lyon and a tigre doth espye,

With greedy pace, forth rushing from the forest nye.

XV.

Awhile they fled, but foone retournd againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And evermore their cruell captaine
Sought with his rafkall routs t'enclofe them rownd,
And overronne to tread them to the ground;
But foone the knights with their bright-burning blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
Hewing and flafhing at their idle flades;
For though they bodies icem, yet fubflaunce from
XVI. [them fades.

As when a fwarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arife,
Their murmuring small trompets fownden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth feeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
Till the serce northerne wind with blustring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the occan casts

For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
Till the serce northerne wind with blusting blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the occan cas

XVII.

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

XVII

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

XIX.

In robe of lilly white the was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loofe far behind her strayd,
Braunched with goldand perle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire damfels, which were taught
That fervice well: her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in treffes wrought,
Ne other tire the on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosere.

XX.

Goodly fince entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castlet-hall,
Where gentle court and gracious delight
ee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herfelse both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besonght, of favour speciall,
of that faire castle to associate them yew: [shew.
Shee graunted, and them leading foorth the same did

XXI.

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

XXII.

The frame thereof feemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, feeminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Porportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heaven's place,
All which compacted made a godly diapasse.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

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

XXVI.

d rownd about the porch on every fyde
w fe fixteene warders fatt, all armed bright
in gliffring fleele, and flrongly fortifyde;
all yeomen feemed they, and of great might,
And were enraunged ready ftill for fight:
By them as Alma paffed with her guefles,
They did obeyfaunce, as befeemed right,
And then againe retourned to their reftes:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble gefles.
Valume II.

U

XXV

Thence she them brought into a stately half, Wherein were many tables fayre dispred, And ready dight with drapets sessively. Against the viaundes should be ministred. At th' upper end there sare, yelad in red Downe to the ground, a comely personage, That in his hand a white rod menaged; He steward was, hight Diet, type o age, And in demeanure sober and in countel sage.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A folly yeoman, marshall of the fame,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guestes anone.
Into the kitchia rowne ne foral for the passing of

It was a vaut yould for great diffence,

Wish many raunges reard along the wall, And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thereof The fanoke forth threw; and in the midst of all There placed was a caudron wide and tall

Upon a mightic fornace, burning whott, More whott then Actn', or flaming Mongiball For day and night it brent, ne ceased not.

So long as any thing it in the candron go

XXX

Ent to delay the heat, leaft by mifchannee
It might breake out and fet the whole on fyre,
There added was, by goodly ordinannee,
An huge great payer of hellower which did flyre
Continually, and cooling breath infpyre.
About the caudron many cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whylesthe landes in the veffell toyld,
They did about their bufnedle fweat and forely toyld.

XXXI.

The mitted boxes was can consection, A careful man, and full of comely guyfe; The kitchin clerke, that hight Digellion, Did order all th' achates in feemele wife, And fet them forth, as well be could devife. The reft had feverall offices affind; Some to remove the form as it did tife, Others to beare the farme away did mynd, And others it to ufe according to his kynd.

KXII.

Not good not ferviceable elles for ought,
They in another great round welfell platte,
ill by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
and all the refl; that noyous was and nought.
By fecret wayes, that none might it cfpy,
Was close convaid, and to the back-gate brought.
That cleped was Port Efquiline, whereby
I was avoided onlie, and througe out privity.

XXXIII.

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

A lovely bevy of faire ladies fate,
Control of many a iolly paramoure,
The which them did in modest wife amate,
And eachone fought his lady to aggrate;
And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being retourned late
From his sterce warres, and having from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath difmayd.
XXXV.

And in the midft thereof upon the floure

Diverse delights they found themselves to please; Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy, Some plaid with strawes, some yelly fatt at ease; But other some could not abide to toy, All pleasunce was to them griefe and annoy: This fround, that saund, the third for shame did blu. Another seemed envious or coy, Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush;

But at these straungers presence every one did hess

XXXVI.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all attonce out of their feates arofe,
And to her homage made with humble grace;
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan difpofe
Themfelves to court, and each a damzell chofe;
The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rofe,
But forwhat fair and folerance she in fight

But formwhat fad and folemne eke in fight,

if fome penfiv thought conftraind her gentle

XXXVII.

[fpright.

XXXVII. [fpright
In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretter all about, she was arayd,

And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold;

To whom the prince in courteous maner fayd,

Gentle Madame! why beene ye thus difmayd,

44 And your faire beautie doe with fadnes spill?

Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?

" Or doen your love, or doen you lack your will?

** Whatever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill."
XXXVIII.

" Fayre Sir!" faid she, halfe in disdaineful wife, " How is it that this word in me ye blame,

And in yourfelfe doe not the fame advise?

And in yourselfe doe not the same advise?

Jim ill beseemes another's fault to rame.

That may unwares be blotted with the fame:
Penfive I yeeld I am, and fad in mind,

Through great defire of glory and of fame; Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,

That have twelve months fought one, yet no where

can her find." Uilj

WALKELING .

The prince was inly moved at her fpeach,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt fought to hyde the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming staming whott, now stony cold:
The turning soft asside he did enquyre
What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold?
It answered was, her name was Preyf-defire,
That by well doing sought to heavour to assyre.

XL.

The whiles the Faery Knight did entertaine
Another damfell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demaynu,
But that too oft he chaung'd her native hew;
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight;
Upon her fift the bird which shonneth vew,
And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her digh

And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did fitt, as yet ashand how rude Pan did her di
XLL.
So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rofy red
The bashfull blood her showy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory,
Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure castory:
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

VIII

- " Fayre Damzell! feemeth by your troubled cheare,
- "That either me too bold ye weene, this wife
- "You to molest, or other ill to feare,
- "That in the fecret of your hart close lyes,
 "From whence it doth, as cloud from fea, aryfe:
- "If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 - " But if ought else that I mote not devyle,
 - " I will, if please you it discure, assay
- As To ease you of that ill, so wifely as I may."

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame tield do me her head, the whiles her lovely face. The Jashing blood with blushing did instance, And the strong passion mand her modest grace, That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace, Till Alma him befpake, "Why wonder yee,

- "Faire Sir! at that which ye so much embrace?
- " She is the fountaine of your modestee ;
- "You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itselfe is shee."

XLIV.
Thereat the elfe did bluth in privitee,
And turnd his face away; but the the fame
Diffembled faire, and faynd to overfee.
Yhus they awhile with court and goodly game
Themfelves did folace each one with his dame,
Till that great lady thence away them fought
To vew her castle's other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately turnet she them brought,
Afcending by ten steps, of alabaster wroughts.

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And lifted high above this earthly maffe, Not that which antique Cadmus why lome built From which young Hector's blood by cruell Greekes This part's great workemanship and wondrous powre But three the chiefest and of greatest powre, In which there dwelt three honorable fages,

XI.VIII.

Not he whom Greece (the neuric of all good arts)
By Phachus' doome the wifell thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts;
Nor that fage Pylian fyre, which did furvive.
Three ages, fuch as mortall men contrives,
By whose advice old Priam's citie fell,
With these in trace of policies mote strice.
These three in trace three rowness did fondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

The first of them could things to come fore-see;
The next could of thinges present best advize;
The third things past could keep in memore:
So that no time nor scason could srize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
Forthy the first sid in the fore-part sit,
That nought more hinder his quicke presudize;
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit,
That never idle was, no once would rest a whit.

That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize; He had a sharpe forefight and working wit. That never idle was, no once would rest a whit. It.

His chamber was dispainted all within With sonder salars; In the which were writ lufinite shapes of thinges disperied thin; ome sitch as in the world were never yit. He can devized be of mortall wit; Some daily seene and knowen by their names, Such as in idle fantasies do sit: Infernal haps, centaurs, seendes, hippodames, Apes, lyone, acgles, owles, sooles, lovers, child

And all the chamber filled was with flyes, Which buzzed all about, and made fuch found That they encombred all mens eares and eves: Like many fwarmes of bees affembled round, After their hives with honny do abound. All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies, Devices, dreames, opinions unfound, Shewes, visions, footh-fayes, and prophesies, And all that fained is, as leafings tales, and lies. LH.

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there, That hight Phantastes by his nature trew; A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote appere, Of fwarth complexion and of crabbed hew, That him full of melancholy did fbew; Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes, That mad or foolish feemd; one by his vew Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes, When oblique Saturne fate in th' house of Agonyes:

Whom Alma having shewed to her guestes, Thence brought them to the recond rowne, whose wals Were painted faire with memorable geftes Of famous wifards, and with picturals Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals, Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy, Of lawes, of judgementes, and of decretals: All artes, all science, all philosophy,

And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

LIV.

those that rowme was full; and them among were fate a man of ripe and perfect age, e now was growne right wife and wondrous fage : reat plefure had those straunger knightes to see tis goodly reason and grave personage,

at his disciple both defyrd to bee; at Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowne Fof three.

That chamber feemed ruinous and old, And therefore was removed far behind. Yet were the wals, that did the fame uphold, Right firme and strong, though somwhat they de-And therein fat an old old man, halfe blind, [clind : And all decrepit in his feeble corfe, Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,

And recompens them with a better scorfe : Weake body well is chang'd for mind's redoubled forfe.

'his man of infinite remembraunce was, nd things foregone through many ages held, Vhich he recorded fill as they did pas. fuffred them to perifh through long-eld, as all things els the which this world doth weld; ut laid them up in his immortal scrine, Where they for ever incorrupted dweld: The warres he well remembred of King Nine, Of old Affaracus and Inachus divine.

LVI

Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancis:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native firength, now that he them furviv'd:
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
And old records from annelent times deriv'd,
Some made in books, forme in long corchment ferolls.
That were all worm-eaten and fill of canker holes.

Amidit them all he in a chaire was fett,
Toffing and turning them withouten end.
But for he was unbable them to fett,
A litle boy did or him fill attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did fend;
And oft when thinges were loft or laid amis,
That boy them fought, and unto him did lend;
Therefore he Anamseffes cleped is,

That boy them fought, and unto him did lend;
Therefore he Anamefles cleped is,
And that old man Emmefles, by their propertis.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew
And wondred at his endleffe exercife;
Then as they gan his library to vew,
And antique regelters for to avile,
There channed to the prince's hand to rize
An anneient booke hight Briton Moniments,
That of this land's first conquest did device,
And old division into resiments.

Till it reduced was to one man's government

LX

Sir Guyon chaunft eke on another booke,
That hight Antiquitee of Faery Lond,
which whenas he greedily did looke,
h' ofspring of Elves and Faryes there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countreys aunceftry to understond,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged fire
To read those bookes, who gladly graunted their defire.

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