

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. IV.

870

CONTAINING HIS  
FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

---

When SPENSER saw the fame was spreadd so large  
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,  
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,  
As in such haughty matter to be seene,  
To seeme a shepheheard when he made his choice,  
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.....  
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speeches wonne,  
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes.....  
So SPENSER now, to his immortall prayse,  
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

---

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

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# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK III. CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore ;  
Malbecco her pourfewes ;  
Fynds amongst Satyres, whence with him  
To turne she doth refuse.

### I.

THE morrow next, so soone as Phœbus' lamp  
Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp  
Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,  
Faïre Britomart and that same Faery knight  
Uprose, forth on their iourney for to wend ;  
But Paridell complaynd that his late fight  
With Britomart so sore did him offend,  
That ryde he could not till his hurts he did amend.

### II.

So forth they far'd, but he behind them stayd  
Maulgre his host, who grudged grivously  
To house a guest that would be needes obsyd,  
And of his owne him leste not liberty :  
(Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.)  
Two things he feared, but the third was death ;  
That fiers young-man's unruly maystery,  
His money, which he lov'd as living breath,  
And his faïre wife, whom honest long he kept uneth.



## III.

But patience perforce he must abide  
What Fortune and his Fate on him will lay;  
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie:  
Yet warily he watcheth every way  
By which he feareth evill happen may,  
So th' evill thinks by watching to prevent;  
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,  
Out of his sight herselfe once to absent;  
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

## IV.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,  
A fit occasion for his turne to finde:  
False Love! why do men say thou canst not see,  
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,  
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,  
And to thy will abuse? thou walkest free,  
And seest every secret of the minde;  
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;  
All that is by the working of thy deitee.

## V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,  
That he Malbecco's halfe eye did wyle;  
His halfe eye he wiled wondrous well,  
And Hellenor's both eyes did eke beguyle,  
Both eyes and hart attone, during the while  
That he there sojourned his woundes to heale,  
That Cupid selfe it seeing, close did smyle,  
To weet how he her love away did steale,  
And bad that none their ioyous treason should reveale.

## VI.

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde  
That least advantage mote to him afford,  
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde  
His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.  
Whenso in open place and commune bord  
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speech  
He courted her, yet bayted every word,  
That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach  
Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitaiges breach.

## VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart  
He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,  
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart :  
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,  
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde;  
Tho when againe he him bethought to live,  
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,  
Saying, but if she mercy would him give,  
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

## VIII.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights  
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,  
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,  
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,  
Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;  
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devyfd,  
And thousands like which flowd in his braine,  
With which he fed her fancy, and entyfd  
To take to his new love, and leave her old despyfd.

## IX.

And every where he might, and everie while  
He did, her service dewtiful, and fewd  
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;  
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,  
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.  
Thus finely did he his false nets disprad,  
With which he many weake harts had subdeud  
Of yore, and many had ylike misled;  
What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

## X.

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,  
But that continuall battery will rive,  
Or daily siege through dispurvaynace long,  
And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive;  
And Peece, that unto Parley care will give,  
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made  
The vassall of the victor's will bylive:  
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd  
This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine displayd:

## XI.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,  
That she her love and hart hath wholly sold  
To him without regard of gaine or scath,  
Or care of credite or of husband old,  
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre cucquold.  
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee  
Devized hath, and to her lover told:  
It pleased well: so well they both agree:  
So readie rype to ill ill womens counsell bee.

## XII.

Dark was the evening, fit for lovers stealth,  
When chaunſt Malbecco buſie be elſewhere;  
She to his cloſet went, were all his wealth  
Lay hid; thereof ſhe countleſſe ſummes did reare,  
The which ſhe meant away with her to beare;  
The reſt ſhe ſpy'd for ſport or for deſpight;  
As Hellene, when ſhe ſaw aloſt appear  
The Troiane flames, and reach to heavens hight,  
Did clap her hands, and loyed at that doleful ſight.

## XIII.

The ſecond Hellene, fayre Dame Hellenore,  
The whiles her huſband ran, with ſorry haſte,  
To quench the flames which ſhe had tyn'd before,  
Laught at his fooliſh labour ſpent in waſte,  
And ran into her lover's armes right faſt;  
Where ſtreight embraced, ſhe to him did cry  
And call alowd, for helpe, ere helpe were paſt,  
For lo, that gueſt did beare her forcibly,  
And meant to raviſh her, that rather had to dy.

## XIV.

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,  
And ready ſeeing him with her to fly,  
In his diſquiet mind was much diſmayd;  
But when again he backward caſt his eye,  
And ſaw the wicked fire ſo furiouſly  
Conſume his hart, and ſcorch his idoles face,  
He was therewith diſtreſſed diverſely,  
Ne wiſt he how to turne, nor to what place;  
Was never wretched man in ſuch a woſull cace.



## XV.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,  
And left the fire; love money overcame:  
But when he marked how his money burnd,  
He left his wife; money did love disolame:  
Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,  
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behind;  
Yet sith he no'te save both, he sav'd that same  
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,  
The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

## XVI.

Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,  
And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,  
But leasure had, and liberty, to frame  
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;  
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth sayre,  
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came:  
So beene they gone yfere (a wanton payre  
Of lovers loosely knit) where list them to repayre.

## XVII.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked wert,  
Malbecco seeing how his losse did lye,  
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere,  
Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye  
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye  
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight:  
He rav'd, he wept, he stamp't, he lowd did cry,  
And all the passions that in man may light  
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.



## XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,  
And did consume his gall with anguish fore;  
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,  
Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
And seemd more grievous then it was before:  
At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,  
Ne griefe might not his love to him restore,  
He gan devise how her he reskew mought;  
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

## XIX.

At last resolving like a pilgrim pore  
To search her forth wherefo she might be fond,  
And bearing with him treasure in close store,  
The rest he leaves in ground; so takes in hond  
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond:  
Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,  
And every where that he mote understand  
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,  
And of each one he mett he tydings did inquere:

## XX.

But all in vaine; his woman was too wise  
Ever to come into his clouch againe,  
And hee too simple ever to surprise  
The iolly Paridell for all his paine.  
One day as he fore-passed by the plaine  
With weary pace, he far away espide  
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,  
Which hove close under a forest side,  
As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

## XXI.

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee,  
And as he better did their shape avize,  
Him seemed more their maner did agree;  
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,  
Whom to be Paridell he did devize,  
And th' other, al yelad in garments light  
Discolourd like to womanish disguise,  
He did resemble to his lady bright,  
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight:

## XXII.

And ever faine he towards them would goe,  
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,  
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe,  
Till that prickt forth with love's extremity,  
That is the father of fowle Gealofy,  
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet;  
But as he nigher drew, he easily  
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,  
Ne yet her belamour, the partner of his sheet:

## XXIII.

But it was scornefull Braggadochio,  
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,  
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe;  
Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,  
He turned backe, and would have fled areere,  
Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay,  
And bad before his soveraine lord appere;  
That was him loth, yet durst he not gaine say,  
And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

## XXIV.

The boaster at him sternely bent his browe,  
As if he could have kild him with his looke,  
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,  
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,  
That every member of his body quooke.  
Said he, "Thou man of nought, what doest thou here,  
"Unfildy furnisht with thy bag and booke,  
"Where I expected one with shield and spere,  
"To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?"

## XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious speach  
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said,  
"Good Sir! let not my rudenes be no breach  
"Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;  
"For I unwares this way by fortune straid,  
"A silly pilgrim driven to distresse,  
"That seeke a lady"—There he suddein staid,  
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppressse,  
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

## XXVI.

"What lady, Man?" said Trompart; "take good hart,  
"And tell thy grieve, if any hidden lye;  
"Was never better time to shew thy smart  
"Then now, that noble succor is thee by,  
"That is the whole world's commune remedy."  
That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,  
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,  
That bold he sayd, "O most redoubted pere!  
"Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

## XXVII.

Then sighing fore, "It is not long," saide hee,  
 "Sith I enioyd the gentlest dame alive,  
 "Of whom a knight, no knight at all, perdee,  
 "But shame of all that do for honor strive,  
 "By treacherous deceit did me deprive;  
 "Through open outrage he her bore away,  
 "And with fowle force unto his will did dr̄ve,  
 "Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,  
 "Are bownd for to revenge, and punish if they may.

## XXVIII:

"And you, most noble Lord! that can and dare  
 "Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,  
 "Cannot employ your most victorious speare  
 "In better quarrell then defence of right,  
 "And for a lady gainst a faithlesse knight;  
 "So shall your glory be advaunced much,  
 "And all faire ladies magnify your might,  
 "And eke my selfe (albee I simple such)  
 "Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon

## XXIX.

[rich.]

With that out of his bouget forth he drew  
 Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;  
 But he on it lookt scornefully askew,  
 As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,  
 Or a war-monger to be basely nempt,  
 And sayd, "Thy offers base I greatly loth,  
 "And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt;  
 "I tread in dust thee and thy money both;  
 "That were it not for shame"—So turned from him  
 wroth.



## XXX.

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew  
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,  
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,  
And in his eare him rownded close behinde;  
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,  
Waiting aduantage on the pray to sease,  
Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd inclinde,  
Besought him his great corage to appease,  
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

## XXXI.

Big looking like a doughty doucepere,  
At last he thus, "Thou clod of vilest clay,  
"I pardon yield, and with thy rudeness beare;  
"But weete henceforth that all that golden pray,  
"And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,  
"I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward;  
"Fame is my meed, and glory, vertue's pay;  
"But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,  
"And mov'damisse with massy muck's tymeet regard.

## XXXII.

"And more, I graunt to thy great misery  
"Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent;  
"And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,  
"Which hath thy lady rest, and knighthood shent,  
"By Sangiamort my sword, whose deadly dent  
"The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,  
"I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;  
"Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his hedd,  
"But soone he shal befownd, and shortly doen he dedd."



## XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,  
 As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,  
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,  
 That had from death to life him newly wonne.  
 Tho forth the boaster marching brave, begonne  
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,  
 As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,  
 And all the world confound with cruelty,  
 That much Malbecco loyed in his iollity.

## XXXIV.

Thus long they three together traueiled,  
 Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,  
 To seeke his wife that was far wandered;  
 But those two sought nought but the present pray,  
 To weete the treasure which he did bewray,  
 On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,  
 With purpose how they might it best betray;  
 For sith the howre that first he did them lett  
 The same behold, therwith their keene desires were

## XXXV.

[whett.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,  
 They spide where Paridell came pricking fast  
 Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd  
 To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,  
 As on adventure by the way he past:  
 Alone he rode without his paragone,  
 For having filcht her bells, her up he cast  
 To the wide world, and lett her fly alone;  
 He nould be clogd: so had he served many one.

## XXXVI.

The gentle lady, loose at randon leste,  
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide  
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weste,  
Till on a day the Satyres her elpide  
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;  
Her up they looke, and with them home her ledd,  
With them as housewife ever to abide,  
To milk their gotes, and make them cheefe and bredd,  
And every one as commune good her handeled:

## XXXVII.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,  
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,  
Who from her went to seeke another lott,  
And now by fortune was arrived here,  
Where those two gnilers with Malbecco were:  
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell  
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,  
Ne word he had to speake his grieve to tell,  
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

## XXXVIII.

And after asked him for Hellenore.

"I take no keepe of her," sayd Paridell;

"She womneth in the forrest there before."

So forth he rode as his adventure fell;

The whiles the boaster from his loffie fell

Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;

But the fresh swayne would not his leasure dwell,

But went his way; whom when he passed kend,

He up remounted light, and after saind to wend.

## XXXIX.

"Perdy nay," said Malbecco, "shall ye not,  
 "But let him passe as lightly as he came;  
 "For litle good of him is to be got,  
 "And mickle perill to bee put to shame:  
 "But let us goe to seeke my dearest dame,  
 "Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld,  
 "For of her safety in great doubt I ame,  
 "Least salvage beastes her person have despoild,  
 "Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have  
 XL. [toyld."

They all agree, and forward them addrest:

"Ah! but," said crafty Trompart, "weete ye well  
 "That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse  
 "Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;  
 "Dragons, and Minotaures, and feedes of hell,  
 "And many wilde woodmen which robbe and reyd  
 "All travellers; therefore advise ye well  
 "Before ye enterprife that way to wend:  
 "One may his iourney bring too soone to evill end."

## XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,  
 And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
 Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.  
 Said Trompart, "You, that are the most opprest  
 "With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best  
 "Here for to stay in safetie behynd;  
 "My lord and I will search the wide forest."  
 That counsell pleased not Malbecgoes mynd,  
 For he was much afraid himsele alone to fynd.

## XLII.

"Then is it best," said he, "that ye doe leave  
"Your treasure here in some security,  
"Either fast closed in some hollow greave,  
"Or buried in the ground from isopardy,  
"Till we returne againe in safety:  
"As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,  
"Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,  
"Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave."  
It pleased; so he did: then they march forward brave.

## XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,  
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
And shrieking hububs them approaching nere,  
Which all the forest did with horreur fill:  
That dreadfull sound the boister's hart did thrill  
With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,  
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,  
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:  
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half

## XLIV.

[dedd:

Yet afterwardes close creeping, as he might,  
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd:  
The iolly Satyres, full of fresh delight,  
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd  
Faire Helenore, with girlonds all bespredd,  
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:  
She proude of that new honour, which they redd,  
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,  
Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

## XLV

The silly man that in the thickett lay  
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved fore,  
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.  
All day they daunced with great lufshedd,  
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,  
The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,  
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

## XLVI.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,  
And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd;  
But every Satyre first did give a busse  
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.  
Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd  
With perly deaw, and th' earthes gloomy shade  
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,  
That every bird and beast awarned made  
To shroud themselves, while sleepe their senses did

## XLVII.

[invade.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush  
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,  
And like a gote amongst the gotes did rush,  
That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,  
And misty dampe of misconceyving night,  
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,  
He did the better counterfeite aright;  
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,  
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.



## XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd  
Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,  
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,  
Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:  
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,  
That all his hart with gealofy did swell;  
But yet that night's ensample did bewray  
That not for nought his wife them lov'd so well,  
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

## XLIX.

So closely as he could he to them crept,  
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,  
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,  
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,  
That it was he which by her side did dwell,  
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.  
As one out of a dreame not waked well,  
She turnd her, and returned backe againe;  
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraîne.

## L.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;  
And then perceiving that it was indeed  
Her old Malbecco which did her upbrayd  
With looseness of her love and loathly deed,  
She was astonisht with exceeding dread,  
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;  
But he her prayd for mercy or for meed  
To save his life, ne let him be descryde,  
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

## LI.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd  
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,  
And home returne, where all should be renewd  
With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,  
And she receivd againe to bed and bord,  
As if no trespass ever had beene donny;  
But she it all refused at one word,  
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,  
But chose amongst the jolly Satyres still to wonne.

## LII.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,  
But all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,  
Who butted hym with hornes on every syde,  
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard  
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.  
Early before the heavens fairest light  
Out of the ruddy east was fully reard,  
The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,  
And he amongst the rest crept forth in fory plight.

## LIII.

So soone as he the prison dore did pas,  
He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,  
And never looked who behind him was,  
Ne fearfely who before: like as a beare,  
That creeping close amongst the hives to reare  
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,  
And him assayling, sore his carkas teare,  
That hardly he with life away does fly,  
Ne stayes till safe himselfe hee see from ieopardy.

## LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place  
Where late his treasure he entombed had,  
Where when he found it not (for Trompart bace  
Had it purloyned for his maister bad)  
With extreme fury he became quite mad,  
And ran away, ran with himselfe away,  
That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,  
With upstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,  
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

## LV.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,  
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;  
Ne banck nor bush could stay him when he spedd  
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne;  
Griefe and Despight, and Gealosy and Scorne,  
Did all the way him follow hard behynd,  
And he himselfe himselfe bath'd so forlorne,  
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,  
That as a snake still lurked in his wounded mynd.

## LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,  
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,  
Till that he came unto a rocky hill  
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,  
That living creature it would terrify  
To looke adowne or upward to the hight;  
From thence he threw himselfe despiteously,  
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,  
That seemd no help for him was left in living sight:

## LVII.

But through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring thought,  
He was so wasted and forpined quight,  
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,  
And nothing left but like an aery spright,  
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,  
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,  
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,  
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,  
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

## LVIII.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there  
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion  
In dreary darkenes, and continuall feare  
Of that rock's fall, which ever and anon  
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,  
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye  
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;  
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,  
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

## LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed  
But todes and frogs (his pasture poysonous)  
Which in his cold complexion doe breed  
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,  
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,  
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,  
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,  
Cross-cuts the liver with internall smart,  
And doth transfixe the soule with Death's eternall dart.

## LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,  
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
That death and life attōnce unto him gives,  
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.  
There dwels he ever (miserable swaine!)  
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight,  
Where he through privy grieve and horror vaine  
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight  
Forgot he was a man, and Geiosy is hight,



# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK III. CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;  
F findes Scudamour distrest;  
Assayes the house of Busyrane,  
Where Love's spoyles are exprest.

### I.

O HATEFULL hellish snake! what furie furst  
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,  
Where in her bosome she thee long had nursed,  
And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,  
Fowle Gealofy! that turnest love divine  
To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart  
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,  
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?  
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

### II.

O let him far be banished away,  
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;  
Sweete Love! that doth his golden wings embay  
In blessed nectar and pure pleasures well,  
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.  
And ye, faire Ladies! that your kingdomes make  
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,  
And of faire Britomart ensample take,  
That was as trew in love as turtle to her make:

## III.

Who with Sir Satyrane (as earst ye red)  
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,  
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled  
From an huge geaunt, that with hideous  
And hatefull outrage long him chased thus;  
It was that Olyphant, the brother deare  
Of that Argante vile and vitious,  
From whom the Squyre of Dames was rest whylere;  
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

## IV.

For as the sister did in feminine  
And filthy lust exceede all womankind,  
So he surpassea his sex masculine  
In beastly use all that I ever finde;  
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde  
The fearefull boy so greedily pursfew,  
She was emmoued in her noble minde  
T'employ her puissance to his reskew,  
And pricked fiercely forward where shesid him vew.

## V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,  
But with like fiercenesse did ensue the chase;  
Whom when the gyant saw, he soone resinde  
His former suit, and from them wed apace;  
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,  
And each did strive the other to outgoe,  
But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,  
For he was long, and swift as any roe,  
And now made better speed t' escape his feared foe.

## VI.

It was not Satyrane whom he did feare,  
But Britomart, the flowre of chastity,  
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,  
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly;  
And now so fast his feet he did apply,  
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,  
Where he is shrowded in security:  
The wood they enter, and search everie where;  
They searched diversely; so both divided were.

## VII.

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

## VIII.

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,  
As if he had beene slombring in the shade,  
That the brave mayd would not for courtesy  
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,  
Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:  
Still as she stood she heard with grievous throb  
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,  
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,  
That pittie did the virgin's hart of patience rob.

## IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes,  
He sayd, " O foverayne Lord! that sit'st on hye,  
" And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed saintes,  
" How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty  
" So long unwreaked of thine enemy?  
" Or hast thou, Lord! of good mens cause no heed?  
" Or doth thy iustice sleepe and silent ly?  
" What booteth then the good and righteous deed,  
" If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no  
" X. [meed?

" If good find grace, and righteoufnes reward,  
" Why then is Amoret in caytive band,  
" Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd  
" On foot upon the face of living land?  
" Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand  
" The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,  
" Why then is Busirane, with wicked hand,  
" Suffred these seven monethes day in secret den  
" My lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

## XI.

" My lady and my love is cruelly pend  
" In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,  
" Whilest deadly torments doe her chaste brest rend,  
" And the sharpe Steele doth rive her hart in tway,  
" All for the Scudamore will not deny;  
" Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art found,  
" Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;  
" Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,  
" For whom so faire a lady feesles so fore a wound."

## XII.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse  
 His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach  
 His soltring toung with pang's of drierinesse,  
 Choking the remnant of his plaintife speech,  
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach;  
 Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit  
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,  
 Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,  
 Fearing least from herseage the wearie soule would flit.

## XIII.

Tho stouping downe she him amoved light,  
 Who therewith somewhat starting up gan looke,  
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,  
 Whereas no living creature he mistooke,  
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,  
 And downe againe himselfe disdainfully  
 Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forehead strooke,  
 Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply  
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly;

## XIV.

“ Ah, gentle Knight! whose deepe-conceived griefe  
 “ Well seemes t' excede the powre of patience,  
 “ Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe  
 “ You send, submit you to high Providence,  
 “ And ever in your noble hart prepense,  
 “ That all the sorrow in the world is lesse  
 “ Then vertue's might and value's confidence;  
 “ For who nill bide the burden of distresse, [nesse.  
 “ Must not here thinke to live, for life is wretched-



## XV.

"Therefore, faire Sir! doe comfort to you take,  
"And freely read, what wicked felon so  
"Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make:  
"Perhaps, this hand may help to ease your woe,  
"And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;  
"At least it faue endeavour will apply."

Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,  
That up his head he reared easily,  
And leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly;

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

[gard:

"There he tormenteth her most terribly,  
"And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,  
"Because to yield him love she doth deny,  
"Once to me yold, not to be yelde againe;  
"But yet by torture he would her constraine  
"Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;  
"Till so she doe she must in doole remaine,  
"Ne may by living meanes be thence relest;  
"What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest?

## XVIII.

With this sad herfall of his heavy streſſe  
 The warlike damzell was empaffiond fore,  
 And ſayd, " Sir Knight, your cauſe is nothing leſſe  
 " Then is your ſorrow, certes, if not more;  
 " For nothing ſo much pittie doth implore  
 " As gentle ladies helpleſſe miſery;  
 " But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,  
 " I will with prooſe of laſt extremity  
 " Deliver her from thence, or with her for you dy."

## XIX.

" Ah, gentleſt Knight alive!" ſayd Scudamore,  
 " What huge heroicke magnanimity  
 " Dwells in thy bounteous breaſt? what couldſt thou  
 " If ſhee were thine, and thou as now am I? [more  
 " O ſpare thy happy daies, and them apply  
 " To better boot, but let me die that ought;  
 " More is more loſſe; one is enough to dy."  
 " Life is not loſt," ſaid ſhe, " for which is bought  
 " Endleſſe renowne, that more then death is to be  
 XX. [fought."

Thus ſhe at length perſuaded him to riſe  
 And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſſe  
 Mote him befall upon new enterpriſe:  
 His armes, which he had vowed to diſprofeſſe,  
 She gathered up, and did about him dreſſe,  
 And his forwardred ſteed unto him gott:  
 So forth they both yfere make their progreſſe,  
 And march not paſt the mountenaunce of a ſhott,  
 Till they arriv'd whereas their purpoſe they did plott.

## XXI.

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold,  
And stoutly came unto the castle gate,  
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,  
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;  
But in the porch, that did them sore amate,  
A flaming fire mixt with smouldry smoke  
And stinking sulphure, that with grievly hate  
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,  
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

## XXII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,  
Ne in that stownd wist how herselfe to beare,  
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd  
That cruell element, which all things feare,  
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare;  
And turning back to Scudamour, thus sayd;  
“What monstrous enmity provoke we heare,  
“Foolhardy as th’ Earthes children, the which made  
“Battel against the gods: so we a god invade.

## XXIII.

“Daunger without discretion to attempt  
“Inglorious, beast-like is; therefore, Sir Knight,  
“Arcad what course of you is safest dempt,  
“And how we with our foe may come to fight?”  
“This is,” quoth he, “the dolorous despight  
“Which earst to you I playnd, for neither may  
“This fire be quencht by any witt or might,  
“Ne yet by any meanes remov’d away, [stay.  
“So mighty be th’ enchauntments which the same do

## XXIV.

"What is there els but cease these fruitlesse paines,  
 "And leave me to my former languishing?  
 "Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,  
 "And Scudamore here die with sorrowing."  
 "Perdy not so," saide shee, "for shameful thing  
 "Yt were t' abandon noble chevsaunce  
 "For shewe of perill without venturing;  
 "Rather let try extremities of ehaunce,  
 "Then enterprised prouise for dread to disavaunce."

## XXV.

Therewith resolv'd to prove her utmost might,  
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,  
 And her sword's point directing forward, right  
 Assayld the flame, the which estesoones gave place,  
 And did itselſe divide with equall space,  
 That through she passed, as a thonder-bolt  
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace  
 The foring clouds, into sad showres ymolt,  
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

## XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire  
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay  
 With greedy will and envious desire,  
 And bad the stubborn flames to yield him way;  
 But cruell Mulciber would not obay  
 His threatfull pride, but did the more augment  
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway  
 Him forst (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,  
 And backe retire, all scorcht, and pitifully brent.

## XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,  
More for great sorrow that he could not pas,  
Then for the burning torment which he felt,  
That with fell woodnes he effierced was,  
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,  
Did beat and bounse his head and brest ful fore;  
The whiles the championesse now entred has  
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,  
The utmost rowme, abounding with all precious store:

## XXVIII.

For round about the walls yclothed were  
With goodly arras of great maiesty,  
Woven with gold and silke so elose and nere,  
That the rich metall lurked privily,  
As faining to be hidd from envious eye;  
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares  
It shewd it selfe, and shone unwillingly,  
Like a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares,  
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back

## XXIX.

[declares.

And in those tapets weren fashioned  
Many faire pourtraiets, and many a faire feate,  
And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,  
As seemed by their semblaunce did entreat;  
And eke all Cupid's warres they did repeate,  
And cruell battailes which he whilome fought  
Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great,  
Besides the huge massacres which he wrought  
On mighty kings, and kesar into thraldome brought.



## XXX.

Therein was writt how often thondring love  
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,  
And leaving heaven's kingdome here did rove  
In straunge disguize, to flake his scalding smart,  
Now like a ram faire Helle to pervart,  
Now like a bull Europa to withdraw;  
Ah! how the fearefull ladies tender hart  
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw  
The huge seas under her t'obay her servaunts law!

## XXXI.

Soone after that into a golden showre  
Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew,  
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre  
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,  
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew  
Of such deceit, kept th'yron dore fast bard,  
And watcht that none should enter nor issew;  
Vain was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,  
Whenas the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

## XXXII.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,  
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:  
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man!  
That ner in daffadillies sleeping made  
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to flade,  
Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde,  
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade;  
She slept, yet twixt her cie-lids closely spyde  
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

## XXXIII.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,  
Deceivd of gealous Iuno, did require  
To see him in his soverayne maiestee,  
Arm'd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,  
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire:  
But faire Alcmena better match did make,  
Loying his love in likenes more entire;  
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake  
He then did put, her pleasures longer to partake.

## XXXIV.

Twise was he seene in soaring eagle's shape,  
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre,  
Once when he with Alterie did scape,  
Againe whenas the Trojane boy so fayre  
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:  
Wondrous delight it was there to behold  
How the rude shepheards after him did stare,  
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,  
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

## XXXV.

In Satyre's shape Antiopa he snatcht,  
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd;  
A shepheard when Mnemosyne he catcht,  
And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd:  
Whyles thus on earth great love these pageaunts playd,  
The winged Boy did thrust into his throne,  
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd;  
"Lo! now the hevens obey to me alone, [gone."  
"And take me for their love, whiles love to earth is

## XXXVI.

And thou, faire Phœbus! in thy colours bright  
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse  
In which that boy thee plunged, for despight  
That thou bewray'dst his mother's wantonnesse  
When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnesse;  
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden cart  
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse;  
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy iust desart,  
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy

## XXXVII.

[smart.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinth,  
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;  
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,  
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,  
The one a pounce, the other a sweet-breare;  
For grieve whereof ye mote have lively seene  
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,  
And breaking quite his garland ever-greene,  
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

## XXXVIII.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,  
The sonne of Climene, he did repent,  
Who bold to guide the charet of the sunne,  
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,  
And all the world with flashing fire brent;  
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame;  
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,  
Forst him estsoones to follow other game,  
And love a shepheard's daughter for his dearest dame.

## XXXIX.

He loved Iffe for his dearest dame,  
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,  
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,  
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,  
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.  
Long were to tell his other lovely fitt;  
Now like a lyon hunting after spoile,  
Now like a hag, now like a faulcon sit;  
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

## XL.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,  
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke;  
His face was ragged, and his hoarie hed  
Dropped with brackish deaw; his three-forkt pyke  
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke  
The raging billowes, that on every syde  
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,  
That his swift charet might have passage wyde,  
Which foure great hippodames did draw, in teme-

## XLI.

[wise tyde.

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,  
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,  
That made the sparekling waves to smoke agayne,  
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame  
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:  
The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,  
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame,  
For privy love his brest empierced had,  
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.



## XLII.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,  
 And Aeolus' faire daughter, Arne hight,  
 For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,  
 And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight :  
 Also to win Deucalion's daughter bright  
 He turnd himselfe into a dolphin fayre,  
 And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,  
 To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,  
 On whom he got faire Pegasus, that flitteth in the

## XLIII.

[ayre.

Next Saturne was ; but who would ever weene  
 That fullein Saturne ever weend to love ?  
 Yet love is fullein, and Saturnlike seene,  
 As he did for Erigone it prove,  
 That to a Centaure did himselfe transmove.  
 So proof'd it eke that gracious god of Wine,  
 When for to compasse Philliras hard love,  
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,  
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

## XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes  
 And gentle pangues with which he maketh meeke  
 The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes ;  
 How oft for Venus, and how often eek  
 For many other nymphes, he fore did shreek  
 With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smartes,  
 Privily moystening his horrid cheeke :  
 There was he painted full of burning darts, [partes.  
 And many wide woundes launched through his inner



## XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the elfe)  
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so?)  
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,  
That he might taste the sweet-consuming woe  
Which he had wrought to many others moe.  
But to declare the mournfull tragedyes,  
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,  
More eath to number with how many eyes  
High Heaven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeveryes.

## XLVI.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damselfs gent,  
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,  
And mingled with the raskall rablement,  
Without respect of person or of port,  
To shew Dan Cupid's powre and great effort:  
And round about a border was entrayld  
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short,  
And a long bloody river through them rayld,  
So lively and so like, that living fence it fayld.

## XLVII.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme  
There was an altar built of pretious stone  
Of passing valew and of great renowme,  
On which there stood an image all alone  
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;  
And winges it had with sondry colours dight,  
More sondry colours then the proud pavone  
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright, [bright.  
When her discoloured bow she spreads through heaven

## XLVIII.

Blyndfold he was, and in his cruell fist  
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,  
With which he shot at randon when him list,  
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold.  
(Ah, Man! beware how thou those dartes behold.)  
A wounded dragon under him did ly,  
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,  
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,  
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

## XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,  
*Unto the victor of the gods this bee;*  
And all the people in that ample hous  
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,  
And oft committed fowle idolatree.  
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,  
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,  
But ever more and more upon it gazd,  
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazd.

## L.

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,  
To search each secreete of that goodly sted,  
Over the dore thus written she did spye,  
*Bee bold:* she oft and oft it over-red,  
Yet could not find what sence it figured;  
But whatso were therein or writ or ment,  
She was no whit thereby discouraged  
From prosecuting of her first intent,  
But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

## LI.

Much fayrer then the former was that roome,  
And richlier by many partes arayd ;  
For not with arras made in painefull loome,  
But with pure gold, it all was overlayd,  
Wrought with wilde antickes which their follies playd  
In the rich metall as they living were ;  
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,  
Such as false Love doth oft upon him weare,  
For Love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft ap-

## LII.

[peare.

And all about the gliftring walles were hong  
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes  
Of mightie conquerours and captaines strong,  
Which were whilome captived in their dayes  
To cruell Love, and wrought their owne decayes ;  
Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques  
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes [rent,  
Troden in dust with fury insolent,  
To shew the victor's might and merciless intent.

## LIII.

The warlike mayd beholding earnestly  
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,  
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy  
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space ;  
But more she marvaild that no footing's trace  
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptines,  
• And solemne silence over all that place :  
Straunge thing it seem'd that none was to possesse  
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

## LIV.

And as she lookt about she did behold  
How over that same dore was likewise writ  
*Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where Be bold,*  
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it  
By any ridling skill or commune wit.  
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end  
Another yron dore, on which was writ,  
*Be not too bold;* whereto though she did bend  
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

## LV.

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,  
Yet living creature none she saw appeare;  
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde  
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;  
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes for feare  
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse  
Her heavy eyes with nature's burdein deare,  
But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,  
And her wel-pointed wepons did about her dresse.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK III. CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted  
Chamber, are displayd;  
Whence Britomart redeemes faire  
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

### I.

THo whenas cheareleffe Night ycovered had  
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,  
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad  
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,  
She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,  
Signe of nigh battaill or got victory;  
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowde,  
But rather stird to cruell enmity,  
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

### II.

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,  
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,  
And an earthquake, as if it streight would, lose  
The world's foundations from his centre fixt:  
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt  
Ensawd, whose noyaunce filld the fearefull sted,  
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;  
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,  
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.



## III.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew  
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,  
With which that yron wicket open flew,  
As it with mighty levers had been tore,  
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore  
Of some theatre, a grave personage,  
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,  
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,  
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke stage.

## IV.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,  
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,  
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,  
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,  
By lively actions he gan bewray  
Some argument of matter passioned;  
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,  
And passing by, his name discovered,  
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

## V.

The noble mayd still standing, all this vewd,  
And merveild at his straunge intendiment:  
With that a ioyous fellowship issewd  
Of minstrales making goodly meriment,  
With wanton bardes and rymers impudent,  
All which together song full chearefully  
A lay of love's delight with sweet concent,  
After whom marcht a iolly company,  
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

## VI.

The whiles a most delitious harmony  
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to found,  
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody  
The feeble senses wholly did confound,  
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd;  
And when it ceast, shrill trumpets lowd did bray,  
That their report did far away rebound;  
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,  
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

## VII.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy  
Of rare aspect, and beantie without peare,  
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy  
Whom Iove did love, and chose his cup to beare,  
Or that same daintie lad which was so deare  
To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,  
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,  
And every wood and every valley wyde  
He fild with Hylas' name; the nymphes eke Hylas  
[cryde.

## VIII.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,  
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,  
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do aray,  
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight:  
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,  
That by his gate might easily appeare,  
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,  
And in his hand windy fan did beare,  
That in the ydleayre he mov'd still here and theare.

## IX.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,  
 Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other swayne;  
 Yet was that other swayne this elder's syre,  
 And gave him being commune to them twayne:  
 His garment was disguysed very vayne,  
 And his embrodered bonet sat awry;  
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,  
 Which still he blew and kindled busily,  
 That soone they life conceiy'd, and forth in flames

## X.

[did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad  
 In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,  
 That at his backe a brode capuccio had,  
 And sleeves dependaunt Albanese-wyse;  
 He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,  
 And nicely trode as thornes lay in his way,  
 Or that the flore to shrink he did avyse;  
 And on a broken reed he still did stay  
 His feeble steps, which shrunck when hard thereon he

## XI.

[lay.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed  
 Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,  
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need  
 Straunge horror to deforme his griesly shade:  
 A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade  
 In th' other was, this mischiefe, that mishap;  
 With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,  
 With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;  
 For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

## XII.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,  
Yet thought himfelfe not fafe enough thereby,  
But feard each shadow moving to or froe,  
And his owne armes when glittering he did fpy,  
Or clafhing heard, he faft away did fly;  
As afhes pale of hew, and winged heeld,  
And eue more on Daunger fixt his eye,  
Gainft whom he alwayes bent a brafen fchild,  
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

## XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handfome mayd,  
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;  
In filken famite fhe was light arayd,  
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:  
She alway fmyld, and in her hand did hold  
A holy-water-fprinckle, dipt in dewe,  
With which fhe fprinckled favours manifold  
On whom fhe lift, and did great liking fheowe,  
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

## XIV.

And after them Difsemblance and Suspect  
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;  
For fhe was gentle and of milde afpect,  
Courteous to all and feeming debonaire,  
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire;  
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,  
And her birght browes were deckt with borrowed haire;  
Her deeds were forged, and her words falfe coynd,  
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of filke fhe twynd:



## XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,  
 Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;  
 And ever as Dissemblaunce laught on him,  
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glauce,  
 Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;  
 His rolling eies did never rest in place,  
 But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,  
 Holding a lattis still before his face,  
 Through which he still did peep as forward he did pace.

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

But Fury was full ill appareiled  
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,  
 With ghastly looks and dreadfull drevihed;  
 For from her backe her garments she did teare;  
 And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare;  
 In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse  
 About her head, still roming here and there,  
 As a dismayed deare in chace embost,  
 Forgetfull of his safety hath his right way lost.



## XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,  
Looking lompish and full fullcin sad,  
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;  
She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyauce glad,  
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad,  
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:  
An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,  
Th' other in her's an hony-lady bee.  
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

## XIX.

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,  
Led of two gryllie villeins, th' one Despight,  
The other cleped Cruelty by name:  
She, dolefull lady, like a dreary spright  
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,  
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,  
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;  
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,  
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

## XX.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory  
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,  
Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,  
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,  
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)  
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,  
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,  
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,  
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

## XXI.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart  
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,  
Quite through transfixed With a deadly dart,  
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayde  
And those two vleiens (which her steps upstayd,  
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,  
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)  
Her forward still with torture did constraîne,  
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

## XXII.

Next after her the winged god himselſe  
Came riding on a lion ravenous,  
Taught to obey the menage of that elſe,  
That man and beaſt with powre imperious  
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:  
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,  
That his proud ſpoile of that ſame dolorous  
Faïre dame he might behold in perfect kinde;  
Which ſcene he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

## XXIII.

Of which ſul proud, himſelſe uprearing hie,  
He looked round about with ſterne diſdayne,  
And did ſurway his goodly company,  
And maſſhalling the evill-ordered trayne;  
With that the darts, which his right hand did ſtraine,  
Full dreadfully he ſhooke, that all did quake,  
And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,  
That all his many it affraide did make;  
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

## XXIV.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame;  
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:  
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;  
Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde;  
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:  
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould:  
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,  
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold;  
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

## XXV.

And after them a rude confused rout  
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:  
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,  
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead,  
Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,  
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyalty,  
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread  
Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,  
Vile Poverty, and, lastly, Death with Infamy.

## XXVI.

There were full many moe like maladies,  
Whose names and natures I note readen well;  
So many moe as there be phantasies  
In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,  
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell;  
All which disguised marcht in masking wise  
About the camber by the damozell,  
And then returned, having marched thrise  
Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did rise.

## XXVII.

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway  
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast  
Which first it opened, and bore all away :  
Then the brave maid, which al this while was plapt  
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,  
Issued forth, and went unto the dore  
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast :  
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore  
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

## XXVIII.

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art  
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprise :  
Forthy from that same rowme not to depart  
Till morrow next shee did herselfe avize,  
When that same maske againe should forth arize.  
The morrowe next appeared with ioyous cheare,  
Calling men to their daily exercize,  
Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare  
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

## XXIX.

All that day she out-wore in wandering,  
And gazing on that chamber's ornament,  
Till that againe the second evening  
Her covered with her sable vestiment,  
Wherewith the world's faire beautie she hath blent;  
Then when the second watch was almost past,  
That brasen dore flew open, and in went  
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,  
Nether of ydle shows nor of false charmes aghast.

## XXX.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about  
Shee cast her eies, to see what was become  
Of all those persons which she saw without,  
But lo! they streight were vanisht, all and some;  
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,  
Save that same woefull lady, both whose hands  
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,  
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands  
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands:

## XXXI.

And her before the vile enchaunter fate,  
Figuring straunge characters of his art;  
With living blood he those characters wrate,  
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,  
Seeming transfixt with a cruell dart,  
And all perforce to make her him to love:  
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?  
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,  
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart re-

## XXXII.

[move.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,  
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,  
Not caring his long labours to deface,  
And fiercely running to that lady trew,  
A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,  
The which he thought for villenous despight  
In her tormented bodie to embrew;  
But the stout damzell to him leaping light,  
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.



## XXXIII.

From her to whom his fury first he ment,  
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,  
 And turning to herselfe his fell intent,  
 Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,  
 That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.  
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,  
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,  
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,  
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

## XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground  
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him shou'd have slaine,  
 Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,  
 Dernly unto him called to abstaine  
 From doing him to dy; for else her paine  
 Should be remedileffe, sith none but hee  
 Which wrought it could the same recure againe:  
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee,  
 For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see;

## XXXV.

And to him said, "Thou wicked Man! whose meed  
 "For so huge mischiefe and vile villany  
 "Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,  
 "Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy;  
 "But if that thou this dame doe presently  
 "Restore unto her health and former state,  
 "This doe and live, els dye undoubtedly."  
 He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,  
 Did yield himselfe, right willing to prolong his date

## XXXVI.

And rising up, gan streight to over-looke  
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse.  
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke  
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,  
That horreur gan the virgin's hart to perse,  
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,  
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;  
And all the while he red she did extend  
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

## XXXVII.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,  
And all the dores to rattle round about;  
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,  
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,  
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout  
Abode, to weet what end would come of all:  
At last that mightie chaine, which round about  
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,  
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

## XXXVIII.

The cruell steele, which thirld her dying hart,  
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,  
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart,  
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,  
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;  
And every part to safety full soun'd,  
As she were never hurt, was soone restord;  
Tho when she felt herselfe to be unbownd,  
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd;

## XXXIX.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,  
 Saying, "Ah, noble Knight! what worthy meede  
 "Can wretched lady, quitt from wofull state,  
 "Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?  
 "Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,  
 "Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,  
 "Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,  
 "Shall through the world make to be notifyde,  
 "And goodly well aduance that goodly well was

## XL.

[tryde.]

But Britomart, uptearing her from grownd,  
 Said, "Gentle Dame! reward enough, I weene,  
 "For many labours more then I have found,  
 "This, that in safetie now I have you seene,  
 "And meane of your deliverance have beene:  
 "Henceforth, faire Lady! comfort to you take,  
 "And put away remembrance of late teene;  
 "Insted thereof, know that your loving make  
 "Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle sake."

## XLI.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,  
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best:  
 Then laid the noble championesse strong hond  
 Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest  
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:  
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe  
 He bound that pitteous [lady] prisoner, now relest,  
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be se,  
 And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

## XLII.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst  
She saw so rich and royally arayd,  
Now vanisht utterly, and cleane subverst  
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,  
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.  
Thenceforth descending to that perlous porch,  
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd  
And quenched, quite like a consumed torch,  
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

## XLIII.

More easie issew now then entrance late  
She found; for now the fained-dreadful flame,  
Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate,  
And passage bard to all that thither came,  
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,  
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe:  
Th' enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame  
To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,  
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

## XLIV.

But when the victoreffe arrived there,  
Where late she left the pensive Scudamore  
With her own trusty squire, both full of feare,  
Neither of them she found where she them lore:  
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht fore,  
But more fair Amoret, whose gentle spright  
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before  
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,  
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

## XLV.

But he (sad man!) when he had long in drede  
Awaited there for Britomart's returne,  
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speede,  
His expectation to despaire did turne,  
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne,  
And therefore gan advize with her old squire  
(Who her deare nourling's losse no lesse did mourne)  
Thence to depart for further aide t'inquire;  
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.



# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV.

Contayning

*The Legend of Cambel and Telamond, or of Friendship.*

### I.

THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight  
Welds kingdomes causes and affairs of state,  
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite  
For praising love as I have done of late,  
And magnifying lovers deare debate,  
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led  
Through false allurements of that pleasing baite,  
That better were in vertues disciplined,  
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies  
[fed.

### II.

Such ones ill iudge of love that cannot love,  
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame;  
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,  
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame  
For fault of few that have abused the same;  
For it of honor and all vertue is  
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,  
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,  
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.

## III.

Which whoso list looke backe to former ages,  
 And call to count the things that then were donne,  
 Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,  
 And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,  
 In love were either ended or begunne;  
 Witnesse the father of Philosophie,  
 Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,  
 Of love full manie lessons did apply,  
 The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

## IV.

To such therefore I do not sing at all,  
 But to that sacred saint my soveraigne Queene,  
 In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall,  
 And treasures of true love, enlocked beene,  
 Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene;  
 To her I sing of love, that loveth best,  
 And best is lov'd of all alive I weene;  
 To her this song most fitly is adrest,  
 The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from heaven

## V.

[blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,  
 Do thou, dred Infant! Venus' dearling dove,  
 From her high spirit chase imperious feare,  
 And use of awfull maiestie remove:  
 Insted thereof, with drops of melting love  
 Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten  
 From thy sweete-smyling mother from above,  
 Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,  
 That she may hearke to love, and reade this lesson often.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO I.

For Britomart saves Amoret  
Duesse discord breedes  
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour  
Their fight and warlike deedes.

### I.

OF lovers sad calamities of old  
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,  
But none more piteous ever was ytold,  
Then that of Amoret's hart-binding chaine,  
And this of Florimel's unworthie paine;  
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit  
My softned heart so sorely doth constraîne,  
That I with teares full oft doe pittit it,  
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

### II.

For from the time that Scudamour her bought  
In perilous fight, she never ioyed day;  
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought  
From twentie knights that did him all assay;  
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,  
And with great glorie both the shield of love,  
And eke the ladie selfe, he brought away,  
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,  
A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove:

## III.

For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,  
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,  
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man  
Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-hedded,  
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,  
Brought in that mask of Love which late was shoven,  
And there the ladie, ill of friends bestedded,  
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is known,  
Conveyed quite away, to living wight unknowen.

## IV.

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

## V.

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

## VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,  
That her live's lord and patrone of her health  
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,  
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth :  
All is his iustly that all freely dealth :  
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life  
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth ;  
Die had she lever with enchanter's knife,  
Then to be false in love, profect a virgin wife.

## VII.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater  
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd,  
Who for to hide her famed sex the better,  
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd  
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,  
That well she wist not what by them to gesse;  
For otherwhiles to her she purpos made  
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnessse,  
That much she feard his mind would grow to some  
[excesse.

## VIII.

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



## IX.

It so befell one evening, that they came  
Unto a castell, lodged there to bee,  
Where many a knight and many a lovely dame  
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see;  
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,  
That many of them mov'd to eye her fore:  
The custome of that place was such, that hee  
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,  
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

## X.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,  
Who being asked for his love, avow'd  
That fairest Amoret was his by right,  
And offred that to iustifie alowd.  
The warlike virgine, seeing his so proud  
And boastfull challenge, waxed inlie wroth,  
But for the present did her anger shrowd;  
And sayd her love to lose she was full loth,  
But either he should neither of them have or both.

## XI.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;  
But that same younker spoone was over-throwne,  
And made repent that he had rashly lusted  
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne;  
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,  
She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,  
Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne  
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;  
That seem'd full hard t'accord twothings so far in doubt.

## XII.

The seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right;  
Whom she requir'd that first fayre Amoret  
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight  
That did her win and free from challenge set;  
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.  
Then since that strange knight's love from him was  
She claim'd that to herselfe, as ladies det, [quitted,  
He as a knight might iustly be admitted;  
So none should be out-shut, sit all of loves were fitted.

## XIII.

With that her glistring helmet she unlaced,  
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were up-bound  
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,  
And like a silken veile in compasse round  
About her backe and all her bodie wound;  
Like as the shining skie in summer's night,  
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,  
Is crested all with lines of fire light,  
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

## XIV.

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

## XV.

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

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide  
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,  
And ech of them had ryding by his side  
A ladie, seeming in so farre a space;  
But ladies none they were, albee in face  
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;  
For under maske of beautie and good grace  
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,  
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

Her name was Ate, mother of debate  
And all diſſention, which doth dayly grow  
Amongſt fraile men, that many a publike ſtate,  
And many a private oft doth over-throw:  
Her false Dueſſa, who full well did know  
To be moſt fit to trouble noble knights  
Which hunt for honor, raiſed from below  
Out of the dwellings of the damned ſprights,  
Where ſhe in darkneſſe waſtes her curſed daies and nights.

## XX.

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

## XXI.

And all within the riven walls were hung  
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,  
All which the sad effects of discord sung:  
There were rent robes and broken scepters plac'd,  
Altars defild, and holy things defast,  
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,  
Great cities ranfackt, and strong castles rast,  
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine;  
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

## XXII.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,  
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,  
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,  
For memorie of which on high there hong  
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)  
For which the three fair goddesses did strive;  
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,  
Of Alexander, and his princes five,  
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive.

## XXIII.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray  
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,  
And of the bloodie feast which sent away  
So many Centaures drunken foules to hell,  
That under great Alcides' furie fell;  
And of the dreadfull discord which did drive  
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,  
That each of life sought others to deprive, [strive,  
All mindlesse of the Golden Fleece, which made them



## XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,  
That were too long a worke to count them all;  
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;  
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnaturall;  
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetuall;  
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,  
Their gilonds rent, their bowres despoyled all,  
The monuments whereof there byding beene,  
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and

## XXV.

[greene.

Such was her house within; but all without  
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,  
Which she herselfe had sown all about,  
Now growen great, at first of little feedes,  
The feedes of evill wordes and factious deedes,  
Which when to ripenesse due they growen arre,  
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds  
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,  
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

## XXVI.

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

## XXVII.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,  
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,  
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,  
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,  
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:  
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,  
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;  
And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,  
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was

## XXVIII.

[guided.

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

## XXIX.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine;  
That one did reach, the other pusht away;  
That one did make, the other mard againe,  
And sought to bring all things unto decay;  
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,  
She in short space did often bring to nought,  
And their possessours often did dismay;  
For all her studie was, and all her thought,  
How she might overthrow the things that Concord  
wrought.

## XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpas,  
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,  
Because to man so mercifull he was,  
And unto all his creatures so benigne,  
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne;  
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride  
Unto his last confusion to bring,  
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,  
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

## XXXI.

Such was that hag which with Dueffa roade,  
And serving her in her malicious use  
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her bande  
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse;  
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,  
She old and crooked were, yet now of late  
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce  
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,  
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found mate.

## XXXII.

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

## XXXIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew  
 From farre espide the famous Britomart,  
 Like knight adventurous in outward vew,  
 With his faire paragon (his conquest's part)  
 Approching night, eftsoones his wanton hart  
 Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd,  
 "Lo there, Sir Paridel! for your desert,  
 "Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,  
 "For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

## XXXIV.

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond;  
 Whom whenas Paridel more plaine beheld,  
 Albee in heart he like affection fond,  
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld  
 That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,  
 He had small lust to buy his love so deare,  
 But answerd, "Sir, him wise I never held,  
 "That having once escaped perill neare,  
 "Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare."

## XXXV.

"This knight too late his manhood and his might  
 "I did assay, that me right dearly cost;  
 "Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,  
 "Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost."  
 The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,  
 "Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,  
 "And 'i without your perill or your cost  
 "Will challenge yond same other for my fee."  
 So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could  
 see.

## XXXVI.

The warlike Britoness her soone adrest,  
And with such uncouth welcome did receave  
Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,  
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,  
Himselfe he did of his new love deceave,  
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie;  
Which done, she passed forth not taking leave,  
And left him now as sad as whilome iollie,  
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallye.

## XXXVII.

Which when his other companie beheld,  
They to his succour ran with readie ayd,  
And finding him unable once to weld,  
They reared him on horse-backe, and upstayd,  
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd;  
And all the way with wondrous grieve of mynd  
And shame he shewd himselfe to be dismayd  
More for the love which he had left behynd,  
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

## XXXVIII.

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



## XXXIX.

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

## XL.

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake;  
 " Faire Sir! of friendship let me now you pray,  
 " That as I late adventured for your sake  
 " The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,  
 " Ye will me now with like good turne repay,  
 " And iustifie my cause on yonder knight."  
 " Ah! Sir," said Paridel, " do not dismay  
 " Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,  
 " As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the  
 [right.]

## XLI.

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,  
 With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,  
 Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed;  
 But Scudamour was shortly well aware  
 Of his approach, and gan himselfe prepare  
 Him to receive with entertainment meete:  
 So furiously they met, that either bare  
 The other downe under their hofes feete,  
 That what of them became themselves did scarcely weete.

## XLII.

As when two billowes in the Irish fowndes,  
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,  
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes  
With roaring rage, and dashing on all sides,  
That filleth all the sea with some, divydes  
The doubtfull current into divers wayes,  
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;  
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,  
And mounting light, his foe foolying long upbrayes:

## XLIII.

Who rolled on an heape lay still in fswound,  
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle,  
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground  
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle;  
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,  
With busie care they strove him to awake,  
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle;  
So much they did, that at the last they brake  
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

## XLIV.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd,  
"False faitour Scudamour, that hast by sight  
"And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,  
"A knight much better then thyselfe behight,  
"Well fall's it thee that I am not in plight  
"This day to wreake the damage by thee donne;  
"Such is thy wont, that still when any knight  
"Is weakned, then thou doest him over-ronne;  
"So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne."

## XLV.

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

## XLVI.

[waist.

" Ah, gentle Knight!" then false Dueſſa ſayd,  
 " Why do ye ſtrive for ladies love ſo ſore,  
 " Whoſe chiefe deſire is love and friendly aid  
 " Mongſt gentle knights to nourish evermore?  
 " Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore,  
 " That ſhe your love liſt love another knight,  
 " Ne do yourſelfe diſlike a whit the more,  
 " For love is free, and led with ſelfe-delight,  
 " Ne will enforced be with maiſterdome or might."

## XLVII.

So false Dueſſa; but vile Ate thus;  
 " Both fooliſh knights, I can but laugh at both,  
 " That ſtrive and ſtorme with ſtirre outrageous  
 " For her that each of you alike doth loth,  
 " And loves another, with whom now ſhe goth  
 " In lovely wiſe, and ſleepes, and ſports, and playes,  
 " Whileſt both you here, with many a curſed oth,  
 " Swear ſhe is yours, and ſtirre up bloudie frayes,  
 " To win a willow bough, whileſt other weares the  
 bayes."

## XLVIII.

"Vile Hag," sayd Scudamour, "why dost thou lye,  
"And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?"  
"Fond Knight," sayd she, "the thing that with this eye  
"I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"  
"Then tell," quoth Blandamour, "and feare no blame;  
"Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre whofo it heares."  
"I saw," quoth she, "a stranger knight, whose name  
"I wote not well, but in his shield he beares  
"(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;

## XLIX.

"I saw him have your Amoret at will,  
"I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,  
"I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,  
"All manie nights, and manie by in place  
"That present were to testifie the case."  
Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart  
Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace  
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,  
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

## L.

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



## LI.

“Lo, Recreant!” sayd he, “the fruitlesse end  
“Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,  
“Whereby the name of Knight-hood thou dost shend,  
“And all true lovers with dishonor blotten :  
“All things not rooted well will soone be rotten.”  
“Fy, fy, false Knight !” then false Duesſa cryde,  
“Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten ;  
“Be thou, whereever thou do go or ryde,  
“Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights desyde.”

## LII.

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

## LIII.

“Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,  
“Untrue to God, and unto man uniuſt,  
“What vengeance due can equall thy defart,  
“That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust  
“Defil’d the pledge committed to thy trust ?  
“Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy  
“Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust :  
“Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare aby,  
“And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.”



## LIV.

The aged dame him seeing so enraged  
Was dead with feare; nathlesse as neede required  
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged  
With sober words, that sufferance desired,  
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred,  
And evermore sought Birtomart to cleare;  
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,  
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,  
And thrise he drew it backe; so did at last forbear.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florizell,  
Paridell for her strives;  
They are accorded: Agape  
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

### I.

**F**IREBRAND of hell first tynd in Phlegeton  
By thousand furies, and from thence out-thrown  
Into this world to worke confusion,  
And set it all on fire by force unknowen;  
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkes once blown,  
None but a god or godlike man can slake,  
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was grown  
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take  
His silver harpe in hand, and shortly friends them

### II.

[make:

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,  
That when the wicked seend his lord tormented,  
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,  
The outrage of his furies fit relented.  
Such musicke is wise words with time conected,  
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive;  
Such as that prudent Romane well invented,  
What time his people into partes did rive,  
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

## III.

Such us'd wise Glauce to that wrathful knight,  
To calme the tempest of his trobbled thought;  
Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule despight,  
And Paridell, her scornd, and set at nought,  
As old and crooked, and not good for ought;  
Both they unwise and warelesse of the evill  
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,  
Through that false witch and that foule aged drevill,  
The one a seend, the other an incarnate devill.

## IV.

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

## V.

Which whenas Blandamour (whose fancie light  
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind,  
After each beautie that appeard in sight)  
Beheld, estsoones it prickt his wanton minde  
With sting of lust, that Reason's eye did blind,  
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent;  
"Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,  
"Since so good fortune doth to you present  
"So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

## VI.

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall  
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,  
List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall;  
“ Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;  
“ This now be yours; God send you better gaine.”  
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,  
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdain,  
Against that knight, ere he him well could torne,  
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly over-borne.

## VII.

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht fore,  
Upon the ground a while in slomber lay,  
The whiles his love away the other bore,  
And shewing her, did Paridell upbray;  
“ Lo, sluggish Knight, the victor’s happie pray;  
“ So Fortune friends the bold.” Whom Paridell  
Seeing so faire indeede as he did say,  
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,  
And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

## VIII.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,  
Having so peerelesse paragon ygot;  
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed  
To him was fallen for his happie lot,  
Whose like alive on earth he weened not;  
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,  
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,  
And all things did devise, and all things dooe  
That might her love prepare, and liking win thereto.

## IX.

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

## X.

[wise.

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

## XI.

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



## XII.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,  
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,  
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,  
 Now with recounting of like former breache  
 Made in their friendship, as that hag him teaches;  
 And ever when his passion is allayd,  
 She it revives, and new occasion reaches,  
 That on a time, as they together way'd,  
 He made him open challenge, and thus boldly sayd;

## XIII.

" Too boastfull Blandamour, too long I beare  
 " The open wrongs thou doest me day by day;  
 " Wellknow'st thou when we friendship first diddswear,  
 " The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray  
 " Should equally be shard betwixt us tway :  
 " Where is my part, then, of this ladie bright,  
 " Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away?  
 " Render, therefore, therein to me my right,  
 " Or answer for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight."

## XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,  
 And gan this bitter answer to him make;  
 " Too foolish Paridell, that sayrest floure  
 " Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst  
 " But not so easie will I her forsake; [take:  
 " This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend."  
 With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,  
 And deadly points at either's breast to bend,  
 Forgetfull each to have been ever other's frend.

## XV.

Their fire steedes with so untamed force  
Did beare them both to fell avenge's end,  
That both their speares with pitilesse remorse  
Through shield, and mayle, and haberieon, did wend,  
And in their flesh a griesly passage end,  
That with the force of their owne affret  
Each other horse and man to ground did send;  
Where lying still awhile, both did forget  
The perilous present stownd in which their lives were

## XVI.

[set.

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

## XVII.

At length they both upstart in amaze,  
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,  
And round about themselves awhile did gaze,  
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,  
In doubt to whom the victorie should deeme,  
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,  
And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,  
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,  
And shields did share, and mailles did rash, and helmes  
did hew.

## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

And that which is for ladies most besitting,  
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,  
 Was from those dames so farre and so unfitting,  
 As that instead of praying them surcease,  
 They did much more their cruelty encrease,  
 Bidding them fight for honour of their love,  
 And rather die then ladies cause release;  
 With which vaine termes so much they did them more,  
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

## XX.

There they (I weene) would fight untill this day,  
 Had not a squire, even he the Squire of Dames,  
 By great adventure travelled that way,  
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,  
 And both of old well knowing by their names,  
 Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate,  
 And first laide on those ladies thousand blames,  
 That did not seeke t' appease their deadly hate,  
 But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate.

## XXI.

And then those knights he humbly did beseech  
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken;  
Who lookt a litle up at that his speech,  
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,  
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken:  
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,  
And them coniur'd by some well-knownen token,  
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,  
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

## XXII.

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

## XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,  
For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,  
And lowly to her lowting thus belight;  
"Fayrest of faire! that fairenesse doest excell,  
"This happie day I have to greete you well,  
"In which you safe I see, whom thousand late  
"Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell:  
"Long may you live in health and happie state."  
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate,



## XXIV.

Then, turning to those knights, he gan anew;  
 “ And you, Sir Blandamour and Paridell,  
 “ That for this ladie present in your vew  
 “ Have rays’d this cruell warre and outrage fell,  
 “ Certes me seemes bene not advised well,  
 “ But rather ought in friendship for her sake  
 “ To ioyne your force their forces to repell,  
 “ That seeke perforce her from you both to take,  
 “ And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to

## XXV.

[make.]

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne,  
 All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;  
 “ Aread, thou Squire! that I the man may learne  
 “ That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take.”  
 “ Not one,” quoth he, “ but many doe partake  
 “ Herein, as thus: it lately so befell,  
 “ That Satyran a girdle did uptake  
 “ Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,  
 “ Which for her sake he wore, as him becomed well

## XXVI.

“ But whenas she herselfe was lost and gone,  
 “ Full many knights, that loved her like deare,  
 “ Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone  
 “ That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,  
 “ And gan therefore close spight to him to beare;  
 “ Which he to shun, and stop vile Envies sting,  
 “ Hath lately caus’d to be proclaim’d each where  
 “ A solemne feast with publike turneyng, [bring  
 “ To which all knights with them their ladies are to



## XXVII.

“ And of them all she that is fayrest found  
“ Shall have that golden girdle for reward;  
“ And of those knights who is most stout on ground,  
“ Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard :  
“ Since therefore she herselfe is now your ward,  
“ To you that ornament of her’s pertaines  
“ Against all those that challenge it to gard,  
“ And save her honour with your ventrous paines,  
“ That shall you win more glory then ye here find  
XXVIII. [gaines.”

When they the reason of his words had hard,  
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,  
And with their honours and their loves regard  
The furious flames of malice to assuage :  
Tho each to other did his faith engage,  
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one  
With all their force, and battell strong to wage  
Gainst all those knights, as their professed sone,  
That challeng’d ought in Florimell, save they alone.

## XXIX.

So well accorded, forth they rode together  
In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile,  
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather;  
Yet all was forg’d, and spread with golden foyle,  
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.  
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,  
However gay and goodly be the style,  
That doth ill cause or evill end enure,  
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

## XXX.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise  
Of fayned love, they chaung'd to overtake  
Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wife,  
As if they secret counsels did partake;  
And each not farre behinde him had his make,  
To weete two ladies of most goodly hew,  
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,  
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,  
The which with speedie pace did after them pursue.

## XXXI.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand,  
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,  
They sent that squire afore, to understand  
What mote they be; who viewing them more neare,  
Returned readie newes, that those same weare  
Two of the prowest knights in Faery Lond;  
And those two ladies their two lovers deare,  
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,  
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

## XXXII.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,  
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,  
And battell made the dreddest daungerous  
That ever shrilling trémpet did resound,  
Though now their acts be no where to be found,  
As that renowned poet them compyled  
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,  
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,  
On Fame's eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled.

## XXXIII.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,  
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,  
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,  
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,  
The which mote have enriched all us heare.  
O cursed Eld, the canker-worme of writs,  
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,  
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits  
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little

## XXXIV.

[bits?

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

## XXXV.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,  
That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,  
Well seene in everie science that mote bee,  
And every secret worke of Nature's wayes,  
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,  
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;  
And, that augmented all her other prayse,  
She modest was in all her deedes and words, [lords,  
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of knights and

## XXXVI.

Full many lords and many knights her loved,  
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,  
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,  
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,  
For dread of blame and honour's blemishment;  
And eke unto her looks a law she made,  
That none of them once out of order went,  
But like to warie centonels well stayd,  
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afraid.

## XXXVII.

So much the more as she refusd to love,  
So much the more she loved was and sought,  
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move  
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,  
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought;  
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,  
Perceiv'd would breede great mischief, he bethought  
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,  
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

## XXXVIII.

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

## XXXIX.

Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was bold,  
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,  
Approved oft in perils manifold,  
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament;  
But yet his sister's skill unto him lent  
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,  
Conceived by a ring, which she him sent,  
That mongst the manie vertues which we reed,  
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did

XL.

[bleed.

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

XLI.

Amongst those knights therewere three brethren bold,  
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,  
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,  
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;  
Thrise happie mother! and thrise happie morne!  
That bore three such, three such not to be fond;  
Her name was Agape, whose children werne  
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,  
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.



## XLII.

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

## XLIII.

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

## XLIV.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill  
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,  
Which she by art could use unto her will,  
And to her service bind each living creature,  
Through secret understanding of their feature.  
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face  
She list discover, and of goodly stature ;  
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place  
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to spact.

## XLV.

There on a day a noble youthly knight,  
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,  
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,  
As she ate carelesse by a cristall flood  
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good,  
And unawares upon her laying hold,  
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,  
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)  
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three cham-

## XLVI. [pious bold;

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,  
Till that to ripenesse of man's state they grew;  
Then shewing forth signes of their father's blood,  
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensue,  
Seeking adventures where they anie knew:  
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout  
Their safetie, least by searching daungers new,  
And rash provoking perils all about,  
Their days mote be abridged through their corage

## XLVII. [stout.

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes  
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,  
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes  
To the Three Fatal Sisters' house she went;  
Farre under ground from tract of living went,  
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abyffe,  
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent,  
Farre from the view of gods and heaven's blifs,  
The hideous Chaos keepe, their dreadfull dwelling is.

## XLVIII.

There she them found all sitting round about,  
 The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,  
 And with unwearied fingers drawing out  
 The lines of life, from living knowledge hid  
 Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid  
 By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,  
 That cruell Atropos estsoones undid,  
 With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:  
 Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids

## XLIX.

[so vaine]

She them saluting there by them fate still,  
 Beholding how the thrids of life they span;  
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,  
 Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,  
 Her cause of conning she to tell began.  
 To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold Fay! that durst  
 "Come see the secret of the life of man,  
 "Well worthie thou to be of love accurst,  
 "And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst."

## L.

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

## LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate  
To draw them longer out, and better twine,  
That so their lives might be prolonged late;  
But Laohesis thereat gan to repine,  
And sayd, "Fond Dame! that deem'st of things divine  
As of humane, that they may alured bee,  
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine:  
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,  
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor love himsele can  
[free.]"

## LII.

"Then since," quoth she, "the terme of each man's life  
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,  
Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatal knife  
His line, which is the eldest of the three,  
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,  
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;  
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,  
That both their lives may likewise be annext  
Unto the third, that his may be so truly wext."

## LIII.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay  
Departed thence with full contented mynd;  
And comming home, in warlike fresh aray,  
Them found, all three according to their kynd;  
But unto them what destinie was assynd,  
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;  
But evermore, when the fit time could fynd,  
She warned them to tend their safeties well,  
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

## LIV.

So did they surely during all their dayes,  
And never discord<sup>d</sup> did amongst them fall,  
Which much augmented all their other praise;  
And now t<sup>e</sup> increase affection naturall,  
In love of Canacee they ioyned all;  
Upon which ground this same great battell grew,  
(Great matter growing of beginning small)  
The which for length I will not here pursew,  
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.



# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with  
Cambell for Canacce;  
Cambina, with true friendship's bond,  
Doth their long strife agree.

### I.

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

### II.

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

## III.

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,  
 For Canacee with Cambell for to fight;  
 The day was set, that all might understand,  
 And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:  
 That day (the dreaddest day that living wight  
 Did ever see upon this world to shine)  
 So soone as heaven's window shewed light,  
 These warlike champions, all in armour shine,  
 Asssembled were in field, the challenge to define.

## IV.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,  
 To barre the prease of people farre away,  
 And at th<sup>e</sup> one side sixe iudges were dispos'd,  
 To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;  
 And on the other side, in fresh aray,  
 Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage  
 Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,  
 And to be seene, as his most worthie wage  
 That could her purchasewith hislive'sadventur'd gage

## V.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,  
 With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,  
 As if the conquest his he surely wist:  
 Soone after did the brethren three advance  
 In brave aray and goodly amenance,  
 With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd,  
 And marching thrise in warlike ordinance,  
 Thrise lowted lowly to the noble mayd. [playe  
 The whiles shril trumpets and loud clarions sweetly

## VI.

Which doen, the doughty challenger came forth,  
All arm'd to point, his chp'lange to abet,  
Gainst whom Sir Priamond with equall worth  
And equall armes himselfe did forward set.  
A trumpet blew; they both together met,  
With dreadfull force and furious intent,  
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,  
As if that life to losse they had forelent,  
And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

## VII.

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,  
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;  
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,  
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,  
That hard it was to weene which harder were.  
Ful many mightie strokes on either side  
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;  
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,  
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

## VIII.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent  
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce  
Through Cambel's shoulder it unwarely went,  
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce;  
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chauce,  
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,  
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce  
His haughtie courage to avengement fell: [to swell.  
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more

## IX.

With that his poynant speare he fierce aventred,  
With doubled force close underneath his shield,  
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,  
And there arresting, readie way did yield  
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field,  
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upreare,  
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,  
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is feare,  
At pufte of every storme doth stagger here and there.

## X.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,  
Againe he drove at him with double might,  
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side  
The mortall point most cruelly empight,  
Where fast infixed, whilest he sought by flight  
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,  
And left the head behinde; with which despight  
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,  
And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake;

## XI.

"Lo! Faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,  
"The meede of thy mischallenge and abet;  
"Not for thine owne, but for thy sister's sake,  
"Have I thus long thy life unto thee let;  
"But to forbear doth not forgive the det."  
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,  
And passing forth with furious affret,  
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow.  
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

## XII.

Therewith afunder in the midft it braſt,  
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,  
The other halfe behind yet ſticking faſt,  
Out of his head-peece Cambell hercely reſt,  
And with ſuch furie backe at him it heſt,  
That making way unto his deareſt life,  
His weafand-pipe it through his gorget cleſt;  
Thence ſtreames of purple bloud iſſuing riſe,  
Let forth his wearie gholt, and made an end of ſtriſe.

## XIII.

His wearie gholt, aſſoyld from fleſhly band,  
Did not, as others wont, directly fly  
Unto her reſt in Plutoes grieſly land,  
Ne into ayre did vaniſh preſently,  
Ne chaunged was into a ſtarre in ſky;  
But through traduction was eſtſoones derived,  
Like as his mother prayd the Deſtinie,  
Into his other brethren that ſurvived,  
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

## XIV.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,  
Though ſad and ſorrie for ſo heavy ſight,  
Yet leave unto his ſorrow did not yeeld,  
But rather ſtir'd to vengeance, and deſpight,  
Through ſeret feeling of his generous ſpright,  
Ruſht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,  
As in reverſion of his brother's right,  
And chalenging the virgin as his dew;  
His foe was ſoone addreſt; the trumpets freſhly blew.



## XV.

With that they both together fiercely met,  
As if that each ment other to deuoure,  
And with their axes both so forely bet,  
That nether plete nor mayle, whereas their powre  
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous flowre,  
But rived were like rotten wood asunder,  
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie blood did shewe,  
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,  
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

## XVI.

As when two tygers, prickt with hunger's rage,  
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh spoyle,  
On which they weene their famine to asswage,  
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,  
Both falling out doe stirre up strife-full broyle,  
And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,  
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,  
But either sdeigns with other to partake;  
So cruelly these knights strove for that ladies sake.

## XVII.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,  
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two,  
Yet they were all with so good wariment  
Or warded, or avoyded, and let goe,  
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe,  
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay  
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,  
Resolv'd to end it one or other way,  
And heav'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

## XVIII.

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived  
Where it was ment, so deadly it was ment,  
The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,  
And stunted all the strife incontinent;  
But Cambel's fate that fortune did prevent;  
For seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,  
And so gave way unto his fell intent;  
Who missing of the marke which he had eyde,  
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did

## XIX.

[flyde.

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

## XX.

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,  
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover  
From daunger's dread to ward his naked side,  
He can let drive at him with all his power,  
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,  
That from his shoulders quite his head he rest;  
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,  
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,  
Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

## XXI.

They which that piteous spectacle beheld,  
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see  
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,  
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree  
For life's succession in those brethren three;  
For notwithstanding that one soule was rest,  
Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,  
It would have lived, and revived est;  
But finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

## XXII.

It left; but that same soule which therein dwelt  
Streight entring into Triamond, him fild  
With double life and grieve; which when he felt,  
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild  
With point of Steele that close his hart-bloud spild,  
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,  
And rushing forth into the emptie field,  
Against Cambello fiercely him address,  
Who him affronting, soone to fight was readie prest.

## XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,  
After he had so often wounded beene,  
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight;  
But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,  
Some new-borne wight ye would him surely weene,  
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in fight;  
Like as a snake, whom wearie winter's teene  
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommer's might,  
Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him dight.

## XXIV.

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

## XXV.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,  
Ne desperate of glorious victorie,  
But sharpely him assayld, and fore bestede  
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let fire,  
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:  
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,  
And did his yron brond so fast applie,  
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,  
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

## XXVI.

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

## XXVII.

Like as the tide that comes fro th' ocean mayne,  
Flowes up the Shenān with contrarie forſe,  
And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,  
Drives backe the current of his kindly courſe,  
And makes it ſeeme to have ſome other ſourſe;  
But when the ſlood is ſpent, then backe againe  
His borrowed waters forſt to re-deſbourſe,  
He ſends the ſea his owne with double gaine,  
And tribute eke withall, as to his ſoveraine.

## XXVIII.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,  
With diuerſe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:  
Now this the better had, now had his fo;  
Then he halfe vanquiſht, then the other ſeemed;  
Yet victors both themſelves alwayes eſteemed:  
And all the while the diſentrayled blood  
Adowne their ſides like litle rivers ſtremed,  
That with the waſting of his vitall ſlood  
Sir Triamond at laſt full faint and feeble ſlood.

## XXIX.

But Cambell ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,  
Ne felt his blood to waſt, ne powres emperish't,  
Through that ring's vertue, that with vigour new  
Still whenas he enſebled was him cheriſht,  
And all his wounds and all his bruſes guarish't;  
Like as a withered tree through huſband's toyle.  
Is often ſeene full freſhly to have ſloriſht,  
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,  
As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the ſoyle.



## XXX.

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

## XXXI.

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers on  
Him dead behight, as he to all appeared,  
All unawares he started up anon,  
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,  
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affeard  
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,  
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard,  
Till having often by him stricken beene,  
He forced was to strike, and save himselfe from teene.

## XXXII.

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

## XXXIII.

Whereof full blith, eftsoones his mightie hand  
 He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow  
 To make an end of all that did withstand;  
 Which Cambell seeing come, was nothing slow  
 Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw;  
 And at that instant reaching forth his sword,  
 Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,  
 Stroke him, as he his hand to strike up-reard,  
 In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound

## XXXIV.

[appeared.

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

## XXXV.

Which whenas all the lookers on beheld,  
 They weened sure the warre was at an end;  
 And iudges rose, and marshals of the field  
 Broke up the listes; their armes away to rend,  
 And Canacee gan wayle her dearest friend,  
 All suddenly they both upstart light,  
 The one out of the swownd which did him blend,  
 The other breathing now another spright,  
 And fiercely each assaying gan afresh to fight.

## XXXVI.

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

## XXXVII.

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

## XXXVIII.

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

## XXXIX.

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

## XL.

Thereto she learned was in magicke leare,  
And all the artes that subtil wits discover,  
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,  
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,  
That in the same she farre exceld all other;  
Who understanding by her mightie art  
Of th' evill plight in which her dearest brother  
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,  
And pacifie the strife which causd so deadly smart.

## XLI.

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

## XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,  
About the which two ferrents weren wound,  
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,  
And by the tailes together firmly bound,  
And both were with one olive garland crownd,  
Like to the rod which Maia's sonne doth wield,  
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound;  
And in her other hand a cup she hild,  
The which was with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

## XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,  
Devised by the gods for to assuage  
Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chase,  
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage;  
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age  
It doth establisth in the troubled mynd:  
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,  
Are by the gods to drinck thereof assynd,  
But such as drinck eternall happinesse do fynd.

## XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,  
As love will have advaunced to the skie,  
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,  
For their high merits and great dignitie,  
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,  
To drinke hereof; whereby all cares forepast  
Are washt away quite from their memorie:  
So did those olde heroës hereof taste,  
Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were plaste.



## XLV.

Much more of price, and of more gracious pow<sup>er</sup>  
 Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,  
 The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,  
 Described by that famous Tuscan penne;  
 For that had might to change the hearts of men  
 Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise;  
 But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,  
 And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.  
 Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

## XLVI.

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

## XLVII.

[peare.

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

## XLVIII.

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

## XLIX.

[draught :

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,  
(Wonder it is that sudden change to see)  
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,  
And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,  
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.  
When all men saw this sudden change of things,  
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,  
For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,  
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

## L.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,  
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,  
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld;  
Where when she saw that cruel war so ended,  
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,  
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,  
Which had so great dismay so well amended,  
And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,  
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

## LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,  
The trumpets founded, and they all arose,  
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.  
Those warlike champions both together chose  
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose ;  
And wise Cambina taking by her side  
Faيرة Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,  
Unto her coch remounting home did ride,  
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

## LII.

Where making ioyous feast, their daies they spent  
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,  
Allide with bands of mutual couplement ;  
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,  
With whom he ledd a long and happie life ;  
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,  
The which as life were each to other liefse :  
So all alike did love, and loved were,  
That since their days such lovers were not found  
elsewhere.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO IV.

Saturne makes a turneyment  
For love of Florimell;  
Britomart winnes the prize from all,  
And Artegall doth quell.

### I.

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

### II.

That well (me seemes) appeares by that of late  
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,  
As als by this, that now a new debate  
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,  
The which by course befalls me here to tell;  
Who having those two other knights espide  
Marching afore, as ye remember well,  
Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,  
And eke those masked ladies riding them beside:

## III.

Who backe returning, told as he had seene,  
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name,  
And those two ladies their two loves unseene;  
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame  
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame:  
But Blandamour, full of vain-glorious spight,  
And rather stird by his discordfull dame,  
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,  
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

## IV.

Yet nigh approaching he them fowle bespake,  
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,  
As was his wont; so weening way to make  
To ladies love, whereso he came in place,  
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface,  
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,  
That both were bent t'avenge his usage base,  
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore;  
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

## V.

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



## VI.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent  
(Sith each of them his ladie had him by,  
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent)  
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try:  
So as they passed forth, they did espy  
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,  
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,  
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe address't,  
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to have represt.

## VII.

Which th' other seeing, gan his course relent,  
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvantage,  
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,  
Now false into their fellowship by chance,  
Whereat they shewed curteous countenance;  
So as he rode with them accompanide,  
His roving eie did on the lady glance  
Which Blandamour had riding by his side,  
Whom sure he weend that he somewhere tofore had

## VIII.

[eide.

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,  
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne,  
Whom he now seeing, her remembered well,  
How having rest her from the witches sonne,  
He soone her lost; wherefore he now begunne  
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,  
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,  
And proffer made by force her to reprice,  
Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone despise,

## IX.

And said, " Sir Knight, sith ye this lady clamed,  
" Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,  
" (For so to lose a lady were great shame)  
" Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight;  
" And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight,  
" Together with this hag beside her set,  
" That whoso winnes her may her have by right;  
" But he shall have the hag that is ybet,  
" And with her alwaies ride till he another get."

## X.

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

## XI.

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

## XII.

But Cambell thus did shut up all in iest;  
" Brave Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong  
" To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,  
" That we may us reserve both fresh and strong  
" Against the turneiment, which is not long,  
" When whose list to fight may fight his fill;  
" Till then your challenges ye may prolong,  
" And then it shall be tried, if ye will,  
" Whether shall have the hag, or hold the lady still."

## XIII.

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

## XIV.

There this faire crew arriving, did divide  
Themselves asunder: Blandamour, with those  
Of his, on th' one, the rest on th' other side;  
But boastfull Braggadocchio rather chose  
For glorieaine their fellowship to lose,  
That men on him the more might gaze alone:  
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,  
Like as it seemed best to every one; [tone.  
The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt at-

## XV.

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

## XVI.

The same aloft he hung in open vew,  
To be the prize of beautie and of might,  
The which swiftsoones discovered, to it drew  
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,  
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,  
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine;  
Thrise happie ladie, and thrise happie knight,  
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,  
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the pain.

## XVII.

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand  
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,  
And vauncing forth from all the other band  
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,  
Shewing himsefse all ready for the field;  
Gainst whom there singled from the other side,  
A painim knight that well in armes was skil'd,  
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,  
Hight Bruncheval the Bold, who fierly forth did ride.

## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

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

## XX.

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



## XXI.

Which to avenge, Sir Devon him did dight,  
But with no better fortune then the rest,  
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight;  
And after him Sir Douglas him addrest,  
And after him Sir Palimord forth prest;  
But none of them against his strokes could stand,  
But all the more, the more his praise increas;  
For either they were left upon the land,  
Or went away fore wounded of his haplesse hand.

## XXII.

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid  
Out of the frowne in which too long he lay,  
And looking round about, like one dismaid,  
Whenas he saw the mercilesse affray  
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day  
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,  
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway  
For very gall, that rather wholly dead  
Himselfe he wisht have beene then in so bad a stead.

## XXIII.

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

## XXIV.

With that at him his beamlike speare he aimed,  
And thereto all his power and might applide;  
The wicked Steele for mischief first ordained,  
And having now Misfortune got for guide,  
Staid not, till it arrived in his side,  
And therein made a very grievous wound,  
That streames of blood his armour all bedide:  
Much was he daunted with that direfull stownd,  
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a found.

## XXV.

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

## XXVI.

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

## XXVII.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,  
Ne done undoe, yet for to salve his name,  
And purchase honour in his friend's behalve,  
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame;  
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same  
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight,  
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame  
If he misdidd, he on himselfe did dight,  
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to

## XXVIII.

[fight.

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

## XXIX.

They up againe themselves can lightly reare,  
And to their tryed fwords themselves betake,  
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels  
That all the rest it did amazed make, [there,  
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake:  
Now cussing close, now chacing to and fro,  
Now hurtling round advantage for to take;  
As two wild boares together grappling go,  
Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.

## XXX.

So as they court, and turneyd here and theare,  
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,  
Whether through foundring or through fodein feare,  
To stumble, that his rider nigh h3 cast;  
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,  
That ere himselfe he had recovered well,  
So fore he fowst him on the compast creast,  
That forced him to leave his loftie fell,  
And rudely tumbling downe, under his horse-feete

## XXXI.

[fell.

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

## XXXII.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,  
But with stout courage turnd upon them all,  
And with his brond-iron round about him layd,  
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:  
Like as a flon, that by chaunce doth fall  
Into the hunter's toile, doth rage and rore,  
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall:  
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?  
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him fore.

## XXXIII.

Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought  
Thereas he lay, his wound he soone forgot,  
And starting up, streight for his armour fought:  
In vaine he fought, for there he found it not;  
Cambellp it away before had got:  
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,  
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot:  
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew  
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

## XXXIV.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse  
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,  
Caried with fervent zeale; ne did he cease,  
Till that he came where he had Cambell scene,  
Like captive thral two other knights atweene;  
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,  
That they which lead him soone enforced beene  
To let him loose to save their proper stakes;  
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes:

## XXXV.

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,  
Both in remembrance of his friend's late harme,  
And in revengement of his owne despight;  
So both together give a new allarme,  
As if but now the battell waxed warme.  
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force  
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,  
They spoile and ravine without all remorse; [force.  
So did these two through all the field their foes en-



## XXXVI.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,  
Till trumpets found did warne them all to rest;  
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize  
To Triamond and Cambell as the best;  
But Triamond to Cambell it relest,  
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;  
Each labouring t'advance the other's giest,  
And make his praise before his owne preferd;  
So that the doome was to another day differd.

## XXXVII.

The last day came, when all those knightes againe  
Assembled were, their decdes of armes to shew:  
Full many decdes that day were shewed plaine,  
But Satyrane bove all the other crew  
His wondrous worth declard in all mens view;  
For from the first he to the last endured,  
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,  
Yet evermore his honour he recured,  
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

## XXXVIII.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,  
But that his utmost prowesse there made knowen,  
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,  
By shivered speares, and swords all under-strowen,  
By scattered shields, was easie to be showen.  
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,  
Whose luckelesse riders late were overthrowen,  
And squiers make hast to helpe their lords fordonne;  
But still the knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

## XXXIX.

Till that there entred on the other side  
A straunger knight, from whence no man could feed,  
In quoyent disguise, full hard to be descride;  
For all his armour was like saluage weed  
With woody moëse bedight, and all his steed  
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit  
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed  
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,  
*Salvageſſe ſans fineſſe*, ſhewing ſecret wit.

## XL.

He at his firſt in-comming charg'd his ſpere  
At him that firſt appeared in his fight,  
That was to ſweet the ſtout Sir Sangliere,  
Who well was knownen to be a valiant knight,  
Approved oft in many a perlous fight;  
Him at the firſt encounter downe he ſmote,  
And over-bore beyond his crouper quight;  
And after him another knight that hote  
Sir Brianor, ſo fore, that none him life behote.

## XLI.

Then ere his hand he reard he overthrew  
Seven knights one after other as they came;  
And when his ſpeare was bruſt, his ſword he drew,  
The inſtrument of wrath, and with the ſame  
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,  
Hewing and ſlaſhing ſhields and helmets bright,  
And beating downe whatever nigh him came,  
That every one gan ſhun his dreadfull fight,  
No leſſe then Death itſelfe in daungerous affright.

## XLII.

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

## XLIII.

[might.

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

## XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare  
At Arthegall, in midst of his pryde,  
And therewith smote him on his umbriere,  
So fore, that tomling backe he downe did flyde  
Over his horse's taile above a stryde,  
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe;  
Which Cambell seeing, much the same envyde,  
And ran at him with all his might and maine,  
But shortly was likewise scene lying on the plaine.

## XLV.

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

## XLVI.

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

## XLVII.

Like as in sommer's day, when raging heat  
Doth burne the earth, and boyled rivers drie,  
That all brute beasts, forst to refraine fro meat,  
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,  
And missing it, faine from themselves to flie,  
All travellers tormented are with paine,  
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,  
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,  
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

## XLVIII.

So did the warlike Britomart restore  
The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,  
Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore  
The prayse of prowesse from them all away:  
Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,  
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle  
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,  
Where beauties prize shold win that pretious spoyle;  
Where I with sound of tromp will also rest awhyle.



# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle strive  
Of famous Florimell:  
Scudamour comming to Care's house,  
Doth sleepe from him expell.

### I.

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,  
That with the praise of armes and chivalrie  
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene,  
And that for reasons speciall privitee,  
For either doth on other much relie:  
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,  
That can her best defend from villenie,  
And she most fit his service doth deserve,  
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

### II.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,  
After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,  
The controverse of beauties soveraine grace,  
In which to her that doth the most excell  
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:  
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,  
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell  
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,  
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

## III.

That girdle gave the vertue of chaste love  
And wivehood true to all that did it beare,  
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,  
Might not the same about her middle weare,  
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.  
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)  
That Venus' girdle, by her steemed deare,  
What time she usd to live in wively sort,  
But layd aside whenso she usd her looser sport.

## IV.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,  
When first he loved her with heart entire,  
This pretious ornament they say did make,  
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire,  
And afterwards did for her love's first hire  
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,  
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,  
And loose affections streightly to restraine,  
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

## V.

The same one day, when she herselfe disposd  
To visite her beloved paramoure,  
The god of Warre, she from her middle loosd,  
And left behind her in her secret bowre,  
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre  
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play:  
There Florimell in her first age's flowre  
Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say) [away.  
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt

## VI.

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,  
And as her life by her esteemed deare ;  
No wonder then if that to winne the same  
So many ladies fought, as shall appeare,  
For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.  
And now by this their feast all being ended,  
The iudges which thereto selected were,  
Into the Martian field adowne descended,  
To deeme this doubtfull case, for which they all con-

## VII.

[tended.

But first was question made, which of those knights  
That lately turneyd had the wager wonne ?  
There was it iudged by those worthie wights,  
That Satyrane the first day best had donne,  
For he last ended, having first begonne.  
The second was to Triamond behight,  
For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne;  
For Cambell victour was in all mens sight,  
Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

## VIII.

The third dayes prize unto that straunger knight,  
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene Speare,  
To Britomart was given by good right;  
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare  
The Salvage knight that victour was whileare,  
And all the rest which had the best afore,  
And to the last unconquer'd did appeare;  
For last is deemed best: to her, therefore,  
The fayrest ladie was adiudgd for paramore.

## IX.

But hereat greatly grudged Arthegall,  
And much repynd, that both of victor's meede,  
And eke of honour, she did him forestall:  
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,  
But inly thought of that despightfull decde  
Fit time t'awaite avenged for to bee.  
This being ended thus, and all agreed,  
Then next ensue'd the paragon to see  
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the sayrest her due fee.

## X.

Then first Cambello brought into their view  
His faire Canbina, covered with a veale,  
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew  
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,  
That able was weake harts away to steale.  
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight  
The face of his deare Canacee unheale,  
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,  
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

## XI.

And after her did Paridell produce  
His false Dueffa, that she might be seene,  
Who with her forged beautie did seduce  
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,  
As diverse wits affected divers beene:  
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew  
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene;  
And after these an hundred ladies moe  
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-goe.

## XII.

All which whoſo dare thinke for to enchaſe,  
Him needeth ſure a golden open, I weene,  
To tell the feature of each goodly face;  
For ſince the day that they created beene,  
So many heavenly faces were not ſeene  
Aſſembled in one place; ne he that thought  
For Chian folke to pourtraiſt Beauties queene,  
By view of all the faireſt to him brought,  
So many faire did ſee as here he might have ſought.

## XIII.

At laſt the moſt redoubted Britoneſſe  
Her lovely Amoret did open ſhew,  
Whoſe face diſcovered, plainly did expreſſe  
The heavenly pourtraiſt of bright angels hew.  
Well weened all which her that time did vew,  
That ſhe ſhould ſurely beare the bell away,  
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew  
And very Florimell, did her diſplay,  
The ſight of whom once ſeene did all the reſt diſmay.

## XIV.

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



## XV.

As guilefull goldsmith, that by secret skill  
With golden foyle doth finely over-spread  
Some baser metall, which commend he will  
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,  
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,  
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew;  
So hard this idole was to be ared,  
That Florimell herselfe in all mens vew  
She seem'd to passe : so forged things do fairest shew.

## XVI.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all  
Graunted to her, as to the sayrest dame;  
Which being brought, about her middle small  
They thought to gird, as best it her became;  
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame;  
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd  
And fell away, as feeling secret blame :  
Full oft about her waist she it enclos'd,  
And it as oft was from about her waist disclos'd :

## XVII.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,  
And each one thought as to their fancies came;  
But she herselfe did thinke it doer for spight,  
And touched was with secret wrath and shame  
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.  
Then many other ladies likewise tride  
About their tender loynes to knit the same;  
But it would not on none of them abide,  
But when they thought it fast, eftsfoones it was untide.

## XVIII.

Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did see,  
He loudly gan to laugh, and thus to iest;

“ Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,

“ As like cannot be seene from east to west,

“ Cannot find one this girdle to invest!

“ Fie on the man that did it first invent,

“ To shame us all with this *ungirt unblest*!

“ Let never ladie to his love assent,

“ That hath this day so many so unmanly spent.”

## XIX.

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre;

Till that at last the gentle Amoret

Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre;

And having it about her middle set,

Did find it fit withouten breach or let :

Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie;

But Florimell exceedingly did fret,

And snatching from her hand halfe angrily

The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie :

## XX.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit ;

Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,

It yielded was by them that iudged it,

And she herselfe adiudged to the knight

That bore the hebene speare, as wonne in fight :

But Britomart would not thereto assent,

Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light

For that strange dame, whose beauties wonderment

She lesse esteem'd then th'others vertuous government.

## XXI.

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

## XXII.

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

## XXIII.

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

## XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran,  
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;  
And wroth with Blandamour was Eriuan,  
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure;  
So all together stir'd up strifefull stoure,  
And readie were new battell to darraigne:  
Each one profest to be her paramoure,  
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;  
Ne iudges powre, ne reason's rule, mote them contraine.

## XXV.

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,  
He gan to cast how to appease the same,  
And to accord them all this meanes deviz'd:  
First in the midst to set that fayrest dame,  
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame,  
And he himselfe his right would eke releasse;  
Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,  
He should without disturbance her possesse:  
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingesse.

## XXVI.

They all agreed; and then that snowy mayd  
Was in the middest plapt among them all:  
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,  
And to the queene of Beautie close did call,  
That she unto their portion might befall.  
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,  
As though she wisht to have pleas'd them all,  
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone  
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

## XXVII.

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

## XXVIII.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd  
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,  
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd  
From wight unworthie of so noble meed.  
In which poursuit, how each one did succcede,  
Shall else be told in order as it fell ;  
But now of Britomart it here doth neede  
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,  
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

## XXIX.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,  
Her list no longer in that place abide,  
But taking with her lovely Amoret,  
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,  
To seeke her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.  
Unluckie mayd to seeke her enemye !  
Unluckie mayd to seeke him farre and wide  
Whom, when he was unto herselfe most nie,  
She thro' his late disguizement could him not descrie !



## XXX.

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

## XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart  
The crime which cursed Ate kindled carst,  
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,  
And through his soule like poysoned arrow perst,  
That by no reason it might be reverst  
For ought that Glauce could or doe or say;  
For aye the more that she the same reherst,  
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,  
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

## XXXII.

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

## XXXIII.

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

## XXXIV.

[ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe  
Full busily unto his worke ybent,  
Who was to weet a wretched wearish eld,  
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,  
As if he had in prison long bene pent :  
Full blacke and grieffly did his face appeare,  
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent,  
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,  
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

## XXXV.

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

## XXXVI.

In which his worke he had fixe servants prest,  
About the andvile standing evermore  
With huge great hammers, that did never rest  
From heaping stroakes which thereon foused sore;  
All fixe strong groomes, but one then other more;  
For by degrees they all were disagreed:  
So likewise did the hammers which they bore  
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,  
That he which was the last the first did farre exceede.

## XXXVII.

He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in sight,  
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,  
The which in Lipari doe day and night  
Frame thunderbolts for Iove's avengefull threate:  
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,  
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive;  
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,  
That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive  
And rend aunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

## XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamour there entring, much admired  
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;  
And having long beheld, at last enquired  
The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;  
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,  
Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.  
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amaine,  
Like to the northern winde, that none could heare;  
Those Penfisenesse did move, and Sighes the bellows  
weare.

## XXXIX.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,  
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:  
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,  
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best)  
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.  
And that old aged dame, his faithfull squire,  
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest,  
That needed much her weake age to desire,  
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

## XL.

There lay Sir Scudamour, long while expecting  
When gentle sleepe his heauie eyes would close,  
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,  
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,  
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose,  
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe;  
But wheresoere he did himselfe dispose,  
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:  
So every place seem'd painefull, and euen changing

## XLI.

[vaine.

And evermore when he to sleepe did thinke,  
The hammers sound his senses did molest;  
And evermore when he began to winke,  
The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,  
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.  
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle,  
About the house at sent of stranger guest;  
And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle,  
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very fowle.

## XLII.

And if by fortune any litle nap  
Upon his heaue eye-lids chaunst to fall,  
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap  
Upon his head-neece with his yron mall,  
That he was soone awaked therewithall,  
And lightly started up as one affrayd,  
Or as if one him suddenly did call:  
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,  
And then lay musing long on that him ill arrayd.

## XLIII.

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

## XLIV.

[appeare.

With that the wicked carle, the maister smith,  
A pair of red-whot yron tongs did take  
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith  
Under his side him nipt, that forst to wake,  
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,  
And started up avenged for to be  
On him the which his quiet slomber brake;  
Yet looking round about him none could see; [see.  
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselve did



## XLV.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne  
He all that night, that too long night, did passe:  
And now the day out of the ocean mayne  
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,  
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse;  
Then up he roie like heauie lumpe of lead,  
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,  
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,  
And ghesse the man to be dismauid with gealous dread.

## XLVI.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,  
And forth upon his former voiage fared,  
And with him eke that aged squire attene,  
Who, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,  
Both equall paines and equall perill shared;  
The end whereof, and daungerous event,  
Shall for another Canticle be spared;  
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over-spent,  
Shall breath itselſe awhile after so long a went.

# THE FAERIE QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall  
Doe fight with Britomart;  
He sees her face, doth fall in love,  
And soone from her depart.

### I.

WHAT equall torment to the grieve of mind,  
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,  
That inly feeds itselfe with thoughts unkind,  
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?  
What medicine can any leaches art  
Yeeld such a fore, that doth her grievance hide,  
And will to none her maladie impart?  
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,  
For which Lan Phœbus selfe cannot a salve provide.

### II.

Who having left that restless house of Care,  
The next day as he on his way did ride,  
Full of melancholic and sad misfare  
Through misconceipt, all unawares espide  
An armed knight under a Forrest side  
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;  
Who, soone as them approaching he descrie,  
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,  
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous  
deede.

## III.

Which Scudamour perceiving, forth issued  
To have rencountred him in equall race;  
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed  
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,  
And voide his course; at which so suddain case  
He wondred much: but th' other thus can say;

"Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace  
"I me submit, and you of pardon pray,  
"That almost had against you trespassed this day."

## IV.

Whereto thus Scudamour; "Small harme it were  
"For any knight upon a ventrous knight  
"Without displeasance for to prove his spere:  
"But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,  
"What is your owne, that I mote you requite?"  
"Certes," sayd he, "ye mote as now excuse  
"Me from discovering you my name aright;  
"For time yet serves that I the same refuse,  
"But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

## V.

"Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," quoth he, "areede;  
"Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,  
"(That seemeth well to answer to your weede)  
"Or have ye it for some occasion donne?  
"That rather seemes, sith known armes ye shonne."  
"This other day," sayd he, "a stranger knight  
"Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,  
"On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,  
"Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night."

## VI.

"Shame be his meede," quoth he, "that meaneth  
"But what is he by whom you shamed were?" [shame:  
"A stranger knight," sayd he, "unknowne byname,  
"But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare,  
"With which he all that met him downe did beare.  
"He in an open turney, lately held,  
"Fro me the honour of that game did reare,  
"And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,  
"The fayrest ladie rest, and ever since withheld."

## VII.

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

## VIII.

[dread:

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

## IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo faire away  
A knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,  
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray ;  
Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde  
To be the same for whom they did abyde.  
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, " Sir Salvage Knight,  
" Let me this crave, sith first I was desyde,  
" That first I may that wrong to him requite,  
" And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right."

## X.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare  
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran ;  
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare  
With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan  
To dight, to welcome him well as she can ;  
But entertained him in so rude a wise,  
That to the ground she smote both horse and man ;  
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,  
But on their common harmes together did devise.

## XI.

But Artegall beholding his mischaunce  
New matter added to his former fire,  
And est aventring his steele-headed launce,  
Against her rode, full of despitous ire,  
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require ;  
But to himselfe his felonous intent  
Returning, disappointed his desire,  
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,  
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.



## XII.

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

## XIII.

[avayled.

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

## XIV.

Like as the lightning brond from riven skie,  
Throwne out by angry Iove in his vengeance,  
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie,  
Which battring downe, it on the church doth glance,  
And teares it all with terrible mischance;  
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forooke,  
And casting from her that enchanted lance,  
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke,  
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

## XV.

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

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

[art.

What yron courage ever could endure  
To worke such outrage on so sayre a creature?  
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure  
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,  
The Make selfe resembling in her feature?  
Certes some hellish furie or some feend  
This mischief framd, for their first loves defeature,  
To bath their hands in blood of dearest freend,  
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

## XVIII.

Thus long they trac'd and travers't to and fro,  
 Sometimes pursewing and sometimes pursuw'd,  
 Still as advantage they espyde thereto;  
 But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed  
 His strength still more, but she still more decrew'd.  
 At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on high,  
 Having his forces all in one accrew'd,  
 And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,  
 That seem'd nought but death mote be her destinie.

## XIX.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,  
 And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,  
 Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst  
 Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.  
 With that her angel's face, unseene afore,  
 Like to the ruddie Morne appeard in sight,  
 Deaw'd with silver drops through sweating fore;  
 But somewhat redder then befeem'd aright,  
 Through toylefome heate and labour of her weary

## XX.

[fight :

And round about the same her yellow heare,  
 Having through stirring loos'd their wonted band,  
 Like to a golden border did appeare,  
 Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand;  
 Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand  
 To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;  
 For it did glister like the golden sand,  
 The which Pactolus with his waters there  
 Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

## XXI.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,  
Thinking to worke on h<sup>e</sup> his utmost wracke,  
His powrelesse arme, benumbd with secret feare,  
From this revengefull purpose shronke abacke,  
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke  
Fell downe to ground, as if the Steele had sence,  
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,  
Or both of them did thinke obedience  
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

## XXII.

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon,  
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,  
And of his wonder made religion,  
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,  
Or else unweeting what it else might bee,  
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,  
That had done outrage in so high degree,  
Whilest trembling horror did his sence assayle,  
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to  
XXIII. [quayle.

Nathelesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,  
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,  
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;  
And looking sterne, still over him did stand,  
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand,  
And bad him rise, or surely he should die:  
But die or live, for nought he would upstand,  
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,  
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie,

## XXIV.

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

## XXV.

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,  
Well weeting how their errour to asswoyle,  
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,  
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,  
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle;  
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,  
To graunt unto those warriors truce awhile;  
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,  
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they were.

## XXVI.

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye  
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall,  
Tempred with sterneesse and stout maiestie,  
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call  
To be the same which in her father's hall  
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw,  
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,  
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,  
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.



## XXVII.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,  
As sayning choler, which was turn'd to cold,  
But ever when his visage she beheld,  
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold  
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:  
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,  
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;  
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obeyd,  
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would have

## XXVIII.

[misfayd.

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad  
That all his gealous feare he false had found,  
And how that hag his love abused had  
With breach of faith and loyaltie unfound,  
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,  
He thus bespake; " Certes, Sir Artegall,  
" I ioy to see you lout so low on ground,  
" And now become to live a ladies thrall,  
" That whylome in your minde went to despise them

## XXIX.

[all."

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

## XXX.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknit;  
 “ Ye gentle Knights! whom Fortune here hath brought  
 “ To be spectators of this unæouth fit,  
 “ Which secret Fate hath in this ladie wrought  
 “ Against the course of kind, ne marveile nought,  
 “ Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo  
 “ Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,  
 “ Fearing lest she your loves away should woo,  
 “ Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants

## XXXI.

[theretoo.

“ And you, Sir Artegall, the Salvage knight,  
 “ Henceforth may not disdaine that woman’s hand  
 “ Hath conquered you anew in second fight,  
 “ For whylome they have conquered sea and land,  
 “ And heaven itselfe, that nought may them with-  
 “ Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love, [stand:  
 “ That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band  
 “ Of noble minds derived from above,  
 “ Which being knit with vertue never will remove.

## XXXII.

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

## XXXIII.

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

## XXXIV.

[refraine.

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

## XXXV.

To whom thus Britomart; " Certes, Sir Knight,  
" What is of her become, or whether rest,  
" I cannot unto you aread aright;  
" For from that time I from enchaunter's theft  
" Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,  
" I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,  
" And eyermore from villenie her kept;  
" Ne ever was there wight to me more deare  
" Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare:

## XXXVI.

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

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

## XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech  
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight  
 Shew'd change of better cheare, so sore a breach  
 That sudden newes had made into his spright,  
 Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;  
 " Great cause of sorrow, certes, Sir, ye have;  
 " But comfort take; for by this heaven's light  
 " I vow you dead or living not to leave,  
 " Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her reave."

## XXXIX.

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

## XL.

In all which time Sir Artegall made way  
Unto the love of noble Britomart,  
And with meeke service and much suit did lay  
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;  
Which being whylome launcht with lovely dart,  
More eath was new impression to receive;  
However she her paynd with womanish art  
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:  
Vaine is the art that seekes itselfe for to deceive.

## XLI.

So well he woo'd her and so well he wrought her  
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,  
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,  
So as she to his speeches was content  
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.  
At last through many vowes which forth he pour'd,  
And many othes, she yeelded her consent  
To be his love, and take him for her lord,  
Till they with marriage might finish that accord.



## XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,  
Sir Artegall (who all this while was bound  
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest)  
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,  
To follow that which he did long propound,  
And unto her his congee came to take;  
But her there-with full sore displeas'd he found,  
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,  
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

## XLIII.

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

## XLIV.

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

## XLV.

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

## XLVI.

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

## XLVII.

Backe to that desert Forrest they retyred,  
Where forie Britomart had lost her late;  
There they her sought, and every where inquired  
Where they might tydings get of her estate;  
Yet found they none: but by what haplesse fate,  
Or hard misfortune, she was thence conveyd,  
And stolne away from her beloved mate,  
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay  
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

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# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Lust,  
Belpheobe saves from dread;  
The squire her loves, and being blam'd,  
His daies in dole doth lead.

### I.

GREAT God of Love! that with thy cruell darts  
Doeſt conquer greateſt conquerors on ground,  
And ſeaſt thy kingdome in the captive harts  
Of kings and keaſars, to thy ſervice bound,  
What glorie or what guerdon haſt thou found  
In feeble ladies tyranning ſo fore,  
And adding anguiſh to the bitter wound  
With which their lives thou lancedſt long afore,  
By heaping ſtormes of trouble on them daily more?

### II.

So whylome didſt thou to faire Florimell,  
And ſo and ſo to noble Britomart;  
So doeſt thou now to her of whom I tell,  
The lovely Amoret, whoſe gentle hart  
Thou martyreſt with ſorow and with ſmart,  
In ſalvage forreſts and in deſerts wide  
With beares and tygers taking heauiſe part,  
Withouten comfort and withouten guide,  
That pittie is to heare the perils which ſhe tride.

## III.

So soone as she with that brave Britoness  
Had left that turneyment for beauties prise,  
They travel'd long, that now for wearinesse  
Both of the way and warlike exercise,  
Both through a forest ryding did devise  
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile:  
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise  
Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,  
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

## IV.

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

## V.

It was to weet a wilde and salvage man;  
Yet was no man, but only like in shape,  
And eke in stature higher by a span,  
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape  
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape  
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore;  
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape  
Of men and beasts, and fed on fleshy gore,  
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lip afore.

## VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beaft,  
But like a wide deepe poke downe hanging low,  
In which he wont the reliques of his feaft  
And cruell spoyle, which he had fpard, to ftew;  
And over it his huge great nofe did grow,  
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud,  
And downe both fides two wide long eares did glow,  
And raught downe to his wafte, when up he flood,  
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus' flood.

## VII.

His wafte was with a wreath of yvie greene  
Engirt about, ne other garment wore,  
For all his haire was like a garment fcene;  
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,  
Whofe knottie fnaqs were fharpned all afore,  
And beath'd in fire, for fteele to be in fted:  
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,  
Of beafte, or of the earth, I have not red;  
But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

## VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her fnatcht,  
And through the forreft bore her quite away,  
With briers and bufhes all to rent and fcratcht;  
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,  
Which many a knight had fought fo many a day:  
He ftayed not, but in his armes her bearing  
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way.  
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,  
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought  
fearing.



## IX.

For she (deare ladie!) all the way was dead,  
Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt  
Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread  
Streight into grieffe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,  
And eft gan into tender teares to melt:  
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found  
But darknesse and dread horreur where she dwelt,  
She almost fell againe into a swoond,  
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

## X.

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

## XI.

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

## XII.

“ This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,  
“ And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,  
“ Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade  
“ The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive;  
“ For on the spoile of women he doth live,  
“ Whose bodies chaste, whenever in his powre  
“ He may them catch, unable to gaine-strive,  
“ He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,  
“ And afterwarde themselves doth cruelly devoure.

## XIII.

“ Now twenty daies (by which the sonnes of men  
“ Divide their works) have past through heven sheene,  
“ Since I was brought into this dolefull den,  
“ During which space these sory eies have seen  
“ Seaven women by him slaine and eaten clene;  
“ And now no more for him but I alone,  
“ And this old woman here remaining beene,  
“ Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone,  
“ And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one.”

## XIV.

“ Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,”  
Quoth she, “ of all that ever hath beene known!  
“ Full many great calamities and rare  
“ This feeble brest endured hath, but none  
“ Equall to this, whereever I have gone  
“ But what are you, whom like unlucky lot  
“ Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?”  
“ To tell,” quoth she, “ that which ye see needs not;  
“ A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

## XV.

" But what I was it irkes me to reherse,  
" Daughter unto a lord of high degree,  
" That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse,  
" With guilefull Love, did secretly agree  
" To overthrow my state and dignitie.  
" It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,  
" Yet was he but a squire of low degree;  
" Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,  
" By any ladies side for leman to have laine.

## XVI.

" But for his meannesse and disparagement,  
" My fire, who me too dearely well did love.  
" Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,  
" But often did my folly fowle reprove :  
" Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,  
" But whether will'd or nilled, friend or foe,  
" I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,  
" And rather then my love abandon so,  
" Both fire and friends, and all for ever, to forgo.

## XVII.

" Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke  
" Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight  
" To hide th'intent which in my heart did lurke,  
" Till I thereto had all things ready dight.  
" So on a day unweeting unto wight,  
" I with that squire agreede away to flit,  
" And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,  
" Within a grove appointed him to meete,  
" To which I boldly came upon my feeble foete.

## XVIII.

"But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought,  
"For in that place where I him thought to find,  
"There was I found contrary to my thought,  
"Of this accursed carle of hellish kind,  
"The shame of men, and plague of womankind;  
"Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,  
"Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,  
"Where yet untouched till this present day,  
"I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Aemylia."

## XIX.

"Ah! sad Aemylia," then sayd Amoret,  
"Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne;  
"But read to me by what devise or wit  
"Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne  
"Thine honour sav'd, tho' into thraldome throwne."  
"Thro' helpe," quoth she, "of this old woman here  
"I have so done, as she to me hath showne;  
"For ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,  
"She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

## XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,  
And each did other much bewaile and mone,  
Loe where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes source,  
Came to the cave, and rolling thence the stone  
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none  
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,  
And spredding over all the flore alone,  
Gan dight himsefse unto his wonted sinne,  
Which ended, then his bloody banket should beginne.

## XXI.

Which whenas fearefull Amoret perceiued,  
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,  
But like a ghastly gelt, whose vits are reaved,  
Ran forth in hast with hideous outery,  
For horroure of his shamefull villany;  
But after her full lightly he uprose,  
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie;  
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,  
Ne feels the thorns and thickets pricke her tender

## XXII.

[toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale, she staies,  
But over-leaps them all, like robucke light,  
And through the thickest makes her highest waies;  
And evermore, when with regardfull sight  
She looking backe espies that grievously wight  
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,  
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight,  
More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,  
Or any of the Thracian nimphes in salvage chace.

## XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;  
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,  
But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,  
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.  
It fortune Belphebe with her peares,  
The woody nimphs, and with that lovely boy,  
Was hunting then the libbards and the beares  
In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,  
To banish sloth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.



## XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it fells in chace,  
That each of them from other hundred were,  
And that same gentle squire arriv'd in place  
Where this same cursed caytive did appeare  
Pursuing that faire lady full of feare :  
And now he her quite overtaken had,  
And now he her away with him did beare  
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,  
That by his grenning laughter note farre off he rad.

## XXV.

Which drery sight the gentle squire espying,  
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,  
Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,  
And him assailes with all the might he may ;  
Yet will not be the lovely spoile downe lay,  
But with his craggy club in his right hand  
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray ;  
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,  
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

## XXVI.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight ;  
For ever when the squire his iavelin shooke,  
He held the lady forth before him right,  
And with her body, as a buckler, broke  
The puissance of his intended Croke ;  
And if it chaunst (as needs it must in fight)  
Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,  
That any little blow on her did light,  
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

## XXVII.

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,  
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;  
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,  
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:  
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,  
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,  
And therein left the pike-head of his speare;  
A streame of cole-blacke blood thence gusht amaine,  
That all her silken garments did with blood bestaine.

## XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,  
And laying both his hands upon his glave,  
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,  
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save;  
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,  
That scarce the squire his hand could once upreare,  
But for advantage ground unto him gave,  
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;  
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

## XXIX.

Whilest thus in battell they embused were,  
Belphebe, raunging in that forrest wide,  
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,  
And drew thereto, making her care her guide;  
Whom when that these approaching nigh espide,  
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,  
He by his former combate would not bide,  
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,  
Well knowing her to be his death's sole instrument.

## XXX.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily pourfewed  
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,  
And ever in her bow she ready shewed  
The arrow, to his deadly marke desynde;  
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,  
In vengeance of her mother's great disgrace,  
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde  
Gainst wofull Niobe's unhappy race,  
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

## XXXI.

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,  
That ere unto his hellish den he raught,  
Even as he ready was there to have entred,  
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,  
That in the very dore him over-caught,  
And in his nape arriving, through it thrild  
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,  
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild  
And all his hairy brest with gory blood was fild.

## XXXII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,  
She ran in hast his life to have bereft,  
But ere she could him reach the sinfull sowle,  
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left,  
Was fled to hell, furcharg'd with spoile and theft;  
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,  
And est admir'd his monstrous shape, and est  
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy blood  
The place there over-flowne seemd like a sodaine flood.

## XXXIII.

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

## XXXIV.

Then forth the sad Aemylia issewed,  
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare,  
And after her the hag, there with her mewd,  
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,  
A leman fit for such a lover deare;  
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,  
Then for to rue the other's heavy cheare;  
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,  
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

## XXXV.

Thence she them brought toward the place where late  
She left the gentle squire with Amoret;  
There she him found by that new lovely mate,  
Who lay the whiles in swoung, full sadly set,  
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,  
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,  
And handling soft the hurts which she did get;  
For of that caile she sorely bruz'd had beene,  
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

## XXXVI.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,  
Her noble heart with sight thereof was filld  
With deepe disdain and great indignity,  
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild  
With that selfe arrow which the carle had kild;  
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore;  
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,  
“Is this the faith?”—she said, and said no more,  
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

## XXXVII.

He seeing her depart, arose up light,  
Right fore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,  
And follow'd fast; but when he came in sight,  
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,  
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proofe;  
And evermore when he did grace entreat,  
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,  
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,  
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

## XXXVIII.

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



## XXXIX.

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

## XL.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,  
He wilfully did cut and shape anew,  
And his faire lockes, that wont with ornament sweet  
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,  
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,  
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed,  
That in short time his face they over-grew,  
And over all his shoulders did dispred,  
That who he whilome was underneath was to be red.

## XLI.

There he continued in this carefull plight,  
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,  
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,  
That like a pined ghost he soone appears;  
For other food then that wilde Forrest beares,  
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast  
Then running water, tempred with his teares,  
The more his weakened body so to wast,  
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

## XLII.

For on a day, by Fortune as it fell,  
 His own deare lord, Prince Arthure, came that way,  
 Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;  
 And as he through the wandring wood did stray,  
 Having espide his cabin far away,  
 He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne,  
 Weening therein some holy hermit lay,  
 That did resort of sinfull people shonne,  
 Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorch-

## XLIII.

[ing sunne.

Arriving there he found this wretched man,  
 Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,  
 And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,  
 All over-grown with rude and rugged haire,  
 That albeit his owne dear squire he were,  
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,  
 But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,  
 Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,  
 And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like out-cast

## XLIV.

[thrall.

But to his speech he aunswered no whit,  
 But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,  
 Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,  
 As one with grieve and anguillie over-cum,  
 And unto every thing did aunswere Mum;  
 And ever when the prince unto him spake,  
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,  
 And humble homage did unto him make,  
 Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

## XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint  
The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse  
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint,  
Yet wend by secret signes of manlinesse,  
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,  
That he while he some gentle swaine had beene,  
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse,  
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene  
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene ;

## XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree,  
How he the name of one engraven had,  
Which likly was his liefest love to be,  
From whom he now so sorely was beslad,  
Which was by him *Belphebe* rightly rad ;  
Yet who was that *Belphebe* he ne wist,  
Yet saw he often how he waxed glad  
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,  
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist :

## XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,  
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,  
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,  
Ne ought mote cease to mitigate his paine,  
He left him there in languor to remaine,  
Till time for him should remedy provide,  
And him restore to former grace againe ;  
Which, for it is too long here to abide,  
I will defer the end untill another tide.

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# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace,  
Sclaunder her guests doth staine;  
Corflambo chafeth Placidus,  
And is by Arthure slaine.

### I.

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

### II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,  
Whose tender heart the faire Belphœbe had  
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy  
In all his life, which afterwards he had  
He ever tasted, but with penance sad,  
And pensive sorrow, pind and wore away,  
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad,  
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,  
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and  
decay:

## III.

Till, on a day, as in his wonted wife  
His doole he made, there chaunft a turtle-dove  
To come where he his dolours did devise,  
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,  
Which losse her made like passion also prove;  
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart  
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,  
Than she gan mone his undeserved smart,  
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

## IV.

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

## V.

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



## VI.

Upon a day, as she him fate beside,  
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,  
Which yet with him as reliques did abide  
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw  
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew;  
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,  
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,  
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,  
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

## VII.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,  
In which his ladies colours were, did bind  
About the turtle's necke, that with the vew  
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.  
All unawares the bird, when she did find  
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,  
And flew away as lightly as the wind;  
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,  
And looking after long did marke whichway she straid.

## VIII.

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,  
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,  
His weary eie retorn'd to him againe,  
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,  
That both his iuell he had lost so light,  
And eke his deare companion of his care:  
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright  
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,  
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

## IX.

Thre found she her (as then it did betide)  
Sitting in covert shade of harbors sweet,  
After late wearie toile, which she had tride  
In salvage chafe, to rest as seem'd her meet:  
There she alighting, fell before her feet,  
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,  
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet  
The great tormenting grieve that for her sake  
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did pertake.

## X.

She her beholding with attentive eye,  
At length did marke about her purple brest  
That precious iuell, which she formerly  
Had knowne right well, with colourd ribbands drest;  
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest  
With ready hand it to have rest away,  
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,  
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay;  
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

## XI.

And ever when she nigh approcht, the dove  
Would sit a litle forward, and then stay  
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove;  
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,  
And still from her escaping soft away,  
Till that at length into that Forrest wide  
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.  
In th' end, she her unto that place did guide,  
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

## XII.

Elftsoones ſhe flew unto his feareleſſe hand,  
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,  
As if ſhe would have made him underſtand  
His ſorrowes cauſe to be of her deſpis'd ;  
Whom when ſhe ſaw in wretched weeds diſguiz'd,  
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,  
Like gholt late riſen from his grave agryz'd,  
She knew him not, but pittied much his caſe,  
And wiſht it were in her to doe him any grace.

## XIII.

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

## XIV.

Yet nathemore his meaning ſhe ared,  
But wondred much at his ſo ſelcouth caſe,  
And by his perſon's ſecret ſeemlyhed,  
Well weend that he had beene ſome man of place,  
Before miſfortune did his new deſace,  
That being mov'd with ruth, ſhe thus beſpake;  
“ Ah! wofull Man! what heavens hard diſgrace,  
“ Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,  
“ Or ſelfe-diſliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

## XV.

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

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

" Ne any but yourself, O dearest dred! [wight  
" Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse  
" Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred;  
" That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,  
" Ye may redresse, and me restore to light."  
Which fory words her mightie hart did mate  
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,  
That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,  
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

## XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead  
An happie life with grace and good accord,  
Fearlesse of Fortune's chaunge or Envies dread,  
And eke all mindlesse of his own deare lord  
The noble prince, who never heard one word  
Of tydings what did unto him betide,  
Or what good fortune did to him afford,  
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,  
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descride:

## XIX.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,  
He chaunst to come where those two ladies late,  
Aemylia and Amoret, abode,  
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate,  
The one right feeble through the evill rate  
Of food which in her duresse she had found;  
The other almost dead and desperate [wound  
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse  
With which the squire in her defence her fore astound.

## XX.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rewe  
The evill case in which those ladies lay,  
But most was moyed at the piteous vew  
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,  
That her great daunger did him much dismay  
Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,  
Which he in store about him kept alway,  
And with few drops thereof did softly dew  
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone  
anew.



## XXI.

Tho when they both recovered were right well,  
He gan of them inquire what evill guide  
Them thither brought, and how their harmes befell?  
To whom they told all that did them betide,  
And how from thraldome vile they were untide  
Of that same wicked carle, by virgin's hond;  
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,  
And eke his cave in which they both were bond,  
At which he wondred much when all those signes he

## XXII.

[fond.

And evermore he greatly did desire  
To know what virgin did them thence unbind;  
And oft of them did earnestly inquire  
Where was her won, and how he mote her find?  
But whenas nought according to his mind  
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare,  
(No service loathsome to a gentle kind)  
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,  
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from feare.

## XXIII.

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

## XXIV.

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

## XXV.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,  
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,  
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,  
And steale away the crowne of their good name;  
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame  
So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive  
With forged cause them falsely to defame;  
Ne ever thing so well was doene alive,  
But she with blame would blot, and of dew praise

## XXVI.

[deprive.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,  
T'expresse the meaning of the inward mind,  
But noysome breath, and poynsous spirit sent  
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,  
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind,  
Which passing through the eares, would pierce the hart,  
And wound the soule it selfe with grieve unkind;  
For like the stings of aspes, that kill with smart,  
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the inner part.

## XXVII.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,  
Whom greatest princes' court would welcome fayne,  
But neede (that answer not to all requests)  
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;  
And eke that age despyfed nicenesse vaine,  
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,  
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,  
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care  
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

## XXVIII.

Then all that evening (welcommed with cold  
And chearelesse hunger) they together spent,  
Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold  
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,  
For lodging there without her owne consent :  
Yet they endured all with patience milde,  
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,  
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,  
To be uniuersally blamd and bitterly revilde.

## XXIX.

Here well I weene, whenas these Rimes be red  
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,  
Whose looser thought will lightly be missed,  
These gentle ladies will misdome too light,  
For thus conversing with this noble knight,  
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare  
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright  
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare ;  
More hard for hungry feed t'abstaine from pleasant  
lare.

## XXX.

But Antique Age yet in the infancie  
Of Time did live then like an innocent,  
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,  
Ne then of guile had made experiment;  
But, voide of vile and treacherous intent,  
Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine awe;  
Then loyall love had royall regiment,  
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,  
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

## XXXI.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,  
And eke the dove sate by the faulcon's side,  
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,  
But did in safe securitie abide,  
Withouten perill of the stronger pride;  
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,  
(Whereof it hight) and having shortly tride  
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,  
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

## XXXII.

Then beautie, which was made to represent  
The great Creatour's owne resemblance bright,  
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,  
And made the baite of bestiall delight:  
Then faire grew foule, and foul grew faire, in sight,  
And that which wont to vanquish God and man,  
Was made the vassall of the victor's might;  
Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,  
Despised and troden downe of all that over-ran:



## XXXIII.

And now it is so utterly decayd,  
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,  
But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,  
In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,  
Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,  
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,  
Sprung of the auncient stocke of princes straine,  
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,  
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.

## XXXIV.

The soone as day discovered heaven's face  
To sinfull men with darknes over-dight,  
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lid chace  
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,  
And did themselves unto their iourney dight.  
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,  
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight,  
How all the way the prince on foot-pace traced,  
The ladies both on horse together fast embraced.

## XXXV.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,  
That shamefull hag, the flaunder of her sexe,  
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled fore,  
Him calling theefe, them whores, that much did vex  
His noble hart; thereto she did annexe  
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,  
That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe;  
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,  
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.



## XXXVI.

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

## XXXVII.

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

## XXXVIII.

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

## XXXIX.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,  
More sharpe then points of needles, did proccede,  
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,  
Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breede  
To all that on him lookt without good heed,  
And secretly his enemies did slay :  
Like as the basiliske, of serpents seede,  
From powrefull eyes close venim doth convey  
Into the looker's hart, and killeth farre away.

## XL.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,  
And after him full many threatnings threw,  
With curses vaine, in his avengefull ire ;  
But none of them (so fast away he flew)  
Him overtooke before he came in vew :  
Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,  
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,  
And rescue him, through succour of his might,  
From that his cruell foe that him pursued in sight.

## XLI.

Eftsoones the prince tooke downe those ladies twaine  
From lostie steede, and mounting in their stead,  
Came to that squire, yet trembling every vaine,  
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread ;  
Who as he gan the same to him aread,  
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,  
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,  
That unto death had doen him unredrest,  
Had not the noble prince his readie stroke repress:

## XLII.

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,  
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare  
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw  
Over his head before the harme came neare:  
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare  
And heaue sway, that hard unto his crowne  
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare;  
Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tumble downe  
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse fowne.

## XLIII.

Whereat the prince full wrath, his strong right hand  
In full avengement heaved up on hie,  
And strooke the pagan with his steely brand  
So fore, that to his saddle-bow thereby  
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:  
And sure had not his massie yron mace  
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,  
It would have cleft him to the girding place;  
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

## XLIV.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,  
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,  
And vow by Marioune that he should be slaine.  
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,  
That seemed nought the soule thereof could beare,  
And therewith smote at him with all his might;  
But ere that it to him approched neare,  
The royall child with readie quick foresight  
Did see the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded light.

## XLV.

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

## XLVI.

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

## XLVII.

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

## XLVIII.

" Ne was he ever vanquished afore,  
 " But ever vanquish'd all with whom he fought;  
 " Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,  
 " Ne woman yet so faire but he her brought  
 " Unto his bay, and captived her thought;  
 " For most of strength and beautie his desire  
 " Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,  
 " By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire  
 " From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

## XLIX.

" Therefore Corisambo was he cald aright,  
 " Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,  
 " Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight  
 " The faire Poecana, who seemes outwardly  
 " So faire as ever yet saw living eie;  
 " And were her vertue like her beautie bright,  
 " She were as faire as any under skie;  
 " But ah! she given is to vaine delight  
 " And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

## L.

" So as it fell there was a gentle squire  
 " That lov'd a ladie of high parentage,  
 " But for his meane degree might not aspire  
 " To match so high; her friends with counsell sage  
 " Dissuaded her from such a disparage;  
 " But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,  
 " Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,  
 " But firmly following her first intent,  
 " Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.



## LI.

" So twixt themselves they pointed time and place;  
" To which when he according did repaire,  
" An hard mishap and disaventrous case  
" Him chaunst; instead of his Aemylia faire,  
" This gyant's sonne, that lies there on the laire  
" An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught,  
" And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire,  
" Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,  
" Where he remaine of all unsuccour'd and unfought.

## LII.

" This gyant's daughter came upon a day  
" Unto the prison in her ioyous glee,  
" To view the thralls which there in bondage lay;  
" Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see  
" This lovely swaine, the Squire of Low Degree,  
" To whom she did her liking lightly cast,  
" And wooed him her paramour to bee:  
" From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,  
" And for his love him promist libertie at last.

## LIII.

" He, though affide unto a former love,  
" To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,  
" Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,  
" But by that meanes which Fortune did unfold,  
" Her granted love, but with affection cold,  
" To win her grace his libertie to get;  
" Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,  
" Fearing least if she should him freely set,  
" He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

## LIV.

“ Yet so much favour she to him hath hight  
“ Above the rest, that he sometimes may space  
“ And walke about her gardens of delight,  
“ Having a keeper still with him in place,  
“ Which keeper is this dwarfe, her dearling base,  
“ To whom the keyes of every prison-dore  
“ By her committed be of speciall grace,  
“ And at his will may whom he list restore,  
“ And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.

## LV.

“ Whereof when tydings came unto mine care,  
“ (Full inly forie for the fervent zeale  
“ Which I to him as to my soule did beare)  
“ I thether went, where I did long conceale  
“ Myselfe, till that the dwarfe did me reveale,  
“ And told his dame her Squire of Low Degree  
“ Did secretly out of her prison steale ;  
“ For me he did mistake that squire to bee,  
“ For never two so like did living creature see.

## LVI.

“ Then was I taken and before her brought,  
“ Who through the likenesse of my outward hew,  
“ Being likewise beguiled in her thought,  
“ Gan blame me much for being so untrew  
“ To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eselewe,  
“ That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive :  
“ Thence she commaunded me to prison new,  
“ Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,  
“ But suffered that same dwarfe me to her dongen drive.

## LVII.

“ There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend  
“ In heavy plight and sad perplexitie,  
“ Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend  
“ Him to recomfort with my companie;  
“ But him the more agreev’d I found thereby;  
“ For all his loy, he said, in that distresse,  
“ Was mine and his Aemylia’s libertie:  
“ Aemylia well he lov’d, as I mote ghesse,  
“ Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

## LVIII.

“ But I with better reason him aviz’d,  
“ And shew’d him how through error and mis-thought  
“ Of our like persons eath to be disguis’d,  
“ Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought:  
“ Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought  
“ Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,  
“ Should wilfully be into thraidome brought,  
“ Till Fortune did perforce it so decree,  
“ Yet over-ruld at last he did to me agree.

## LIX.

“ The morrow next about the wonted howre,  
“ The dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas  
“ To come forthwith unto his ladies bowre;  
“ Insteed of whom forth came I Placidus,  
“ And undiscerned forth with him did pas:  
“ There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee  
“ Of faire Pocana I received was,  
“ And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee, [mee.  
“ And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to

## LX.

“ Which I, that was not bent to former love,  
“ As was my friend, that had her long refus’d,  
“ Did well accept, as well it did behove,  
“ And to the present neede it wisely usd;  
“ My former hardnesse first I faire excusd,  
“ And after promist large amends to make.  
“ With such smooth termes her error I abusd,  
“ To my friend’s good more then for mine owne sake,  
“ For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

## LXI.

“ Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand,  
“ That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,  
“ She bad to lighten my too heavie band,  
“ And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.  
“ So on a day, as by the flowrie marge  
“ Of a fresh streame I with that elfe did play,  
“ Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,  
“ But if that dwarfe I could with me convey,  
“ I lightly catcht him up, and with me bore away.

## LXII.

“ Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry  
“ The tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,  
“ And me pursew’d; but nathemore would I  
“ Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,  
“ But have perforce him hether brought away.”  
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand  
Those ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,  
In presence came, desirous t’understand  
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

## LXIII.

Where soone as sad Aemylia did espie  
Her captive lover's friend, young Placidus,  
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,  
She to him ran, and him with streight embras  
Enfolding, said, "And lives yet Amyas?"  
"He lives," quoth he, "and his Aemylia loves."  
"Then lesse," said she, "by all the woe I pas,  
"With which my weaker patience Fortune proves;  
"But what mishap thus long himfro my selfe removes?"

## LXIV.

Then gan he all this storie to renew,  
And tell the course of his captivitie,  
That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,  
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie  
In which so long he mercilesse did lie:  
Then after many teares and sorrowes spent,  
She deare besought the prince of remedie,  
Who thereto did with readie will consent,  
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by this event.



# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO IX.

The Squire of Low Degree releast  
Poecana takes to wife ;  
Britomart fightes with many knights ;  
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

### I.

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,  
When all three kinds of love together meet,  
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,  
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weest,  
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,  
Or raging fire of love to womankind,  
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet;  
But of them all the band of vertuous mind  
Me seemes the gentle hart should most assured bind:

### II.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,  
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;  
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,  
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,  
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame:  
For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,  
And all the service of the bodie frame,  
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,  
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meane st brass.

## III.

All which who list by tryall to assay,  
Shall in this storie find approved plaine,  
In which this squire's true friendship more did sway  
Then either care of parents could refraine,  
Or love of fairest ladie could constrain;  
For though Poecana were as faire as morne,  
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdaine  
For his friend's sake her offred favours scorne,  
And she herselfe her fyre of whom she was yborne.

## IV.

Now after that Prince Arthur graunted had  
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,  
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,  
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne  
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.  
That headlesse tyrant's tronke he reard from ground,  
And having ympt the head to it agayne,  
Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,  
And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

## V.

Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd  
Before the ryder, as he captive were,  
And made his dwaise, though with unwilling ayd,  
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,  
Till to his castle they approached neare;  
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,  
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,  
He running downe, the gate to him unbar'd,  
Whom straight the prince ensuing, in together far'd.

## VI.

There did he find in her delicious boure  
The faire Poëana playing on a rote,  
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,  
And singing all her sorrow to the note,  
As she had learned readily by rote,  
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,  
The prince half rapt began on her to dote,  
Till better him bethinking of the right,  
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

## VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived  
Her owne deare fire, she cald to him for aide;  
But when of him no aunswere she received,  
But saw him sencelesse by the squire up-flaide,  
She weened well that then she was betraide;  
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe and waile,  
And that same squire of treason to upbraide;  
But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile,  
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

## VIII.

Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld  
To open unto him the prison dore,  
And forth to bring those thralls which there he held:  
Thence forth were brought to him above a score  
Of knights and squires to him unknown afore,  
All which he did from bitter bondage free,  
And unto former liberty restore;  
Amongst the rest that Squire of Low Degree  
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to  
bee.

## IX.

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

## X.

But when awhile they had together beene,  
And diversly conferred of their case,  
She, though full oft she both of them had seene  
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,  
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,  
Which was the captive squire she lov'd so adcare,  
Deceived through great likenesse of their face;  
For they so like in person did appeare,  
That she unceath discerned whether whether weare.

## XI.

And eke the prince, whenas he them avized,  
Their like resemblance much admired there,  
And mazd how Nature had so well disguised  
Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,  
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere  
She had them made a paragone to be,  
Or whether it through skil or errour were :  
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he, [see.  
So did the other knights and squires which him did

## XII.

Then gan they ranfacke that fame caſtle ſtrong,  
In which he found great ſtore of hoorded treaſure,  
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong  
And tortious powre, without reſpect or meaſure;  
Upon all which the Briton prince made ſeaſure,  
And afterwards continu'd there awhile  
To reſt himſelfe, and ſolace in ſoft pleaſure  
Thoſe weaker ladies after weary toile,  
To whom he did divide part of his purchaſt ſpoile.

## XIII.

And for more ioy that captive lady faire,  
The faire Poeana, he enlarged free,  
And by the beſt did ſet in ſumptuous chaire  
To feaſt and frolicke; nathemore would ſhe  
Shew gladſome countenaunce nor pleaſaunt glee,  
But grieved was for loſſe both of her fire  
And eke of lordſhip, with both land and fee;  
But moſt ſhe touched was with griefe entire  
For loſſe of her new love, the hope of her deſire.

## XIV.

But her the prince through his well-wonted grace  
To better termes of myldneſſe did entreat,  
From that fowle rudeneſſe which did her deſace,  
And that ſame bitter cor'ſive which did eat  
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat;  
He with good thewes and ſpeeches well applyd  
Did mollifie and calme her raging heat,  
For though ſhe were moſt faire and goodly ayde,  
Yet ſhe it all did mar with cruelty and pride.



## XV.

And for to shut up all in friendly love,  
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,  
That trusty squire he wisely well did move  
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him lief,  
Till he had made of her some better prife,  
But to accept her to his wedded wife;  
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe  
Of all her land and lordship during life:  
He yeilded and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

## XVI.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis  
They liv'd together long without debate,  
Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemies,  
Could shake the safe assurance of their state;  
And she whom Nature did so faire create,  
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,  
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate  
Had it deface, thenceforth reformed her waies,  
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake

## XVII.

[her praise.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde  
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest,  
Himselfe, whose minde did travel as with chyld  
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,  
Resolved to pursue his former guest;  
And taking leave of all, with him did beare  
Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest  
Had left in his protection whileare,  
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

## XVIII.

Feare of her safety did her not constraîne,  
For well she wist now in a mighty hond  
Her person late in perill did remaine,  
Who able was all daungers to withstond;  
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,  
Seeing herselfe all soly succourlesse,  
Left in the victor's powre, like vassall bond,  
Whose will her weakenesse could no way repressse,  
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

## XIX.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all  
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore  
The course of loose affection to forstall,  
And lawlesse lust to rule with reason's lore,  
That all the while he by his side her bore,  
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.  
Thus many miles they two together wore,  
To seeke their loves dispersed diversly,  
Yet neither shewed to other their heart's privity.

## XX.

At length they came whereas a troupe of knights  
They saw together skirmishing; as seemed;  
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,  
But foure of them the Dattell best be seemed,  
That which of them was best note not be deemed.  
Those foure were they from whom false Florimell  
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed,  
To weete sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,  
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

## XXI.

Druon's delight was all in single life,  
And unto ladies love would lend no leasure;  
The more was Claribell enraged rife  
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:  
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure  
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove;  
But Paridell of love did make no threasure,  
But lusted after all that him did move:  
So diversly these four disposed were to love.

## XXII.

But those two other, which beside them stood,  
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour,  
Who all the while beheld their wrathful moode,  
And wondred at their implacable stoure,  
Whose like they never saw till that same houre:  
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,  
And laid on load with all their might and powre,  
As if that every dint the ghost would rive  
Out of their wretched corpes, and their lives deprive.

## XXIII.

As when Dan Aeolus, in great displeasure  
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,  
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,  
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent,  
They breaking forth with rude unruliment  
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full fore,  
And tolle the deepes, and teare the firmament,  
And all the world confound with wide uprore,  
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

## XXIV.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate  
Was for the love of that same snowy maid  
Whome they had lost in turnymment of late,  
And seeking long to weet which way she straid,  
Met here together, where through lewd upbraide  
Of Ate and Dueſſa they fell out,  
And each one taking part in other's aide,  
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,  
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt :

## XXV.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour  
The better had, and bet the others backe;  
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,  
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:  
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,  
But evermore their malice did augment,  
Till that uneath they forced were for lacke  
Of breath their raging rigour to relent,  
And test themselves, for to recover spirits spent.

## XXVI.

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

## XXVII.

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

## XXVIII.

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

## XXIX.

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



## XXX.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid  
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;  
And Paridell and Drion fiercely laid  
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:  
Foure charged two, and two furcharged one;  
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,  
That th' other litle gained by the lone,  
But with their owne repayed duely weare,  
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

## XXXI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay  
To speake to them, and some emparlance move,  
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,  
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.  
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove  
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,  
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove  
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast;  
So litle did they hearken to her sweet behcast.

## XXXII.

Whom when the Briton prince asarre beheld  
With ods of so unequall match opprest,  
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,  
And inward grudge filld his heroicke brest;  
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide addrest,  
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,  
Divided them, however loth to rest,  
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,  
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace:

## XXXIII.

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

## XXXIV.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,  
The prince yet being fresh untoucht afore,  
Who them with speeches milde gan first dissuade  
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore;  
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,  
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,  
And layd at them so sharpeley and so sore,  
That shortly them compelled to retrate,  
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late.

## XXXV.

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

## XXXVI.

And told at large how that same errant knight,  
 To weete faire Britomart, them late had soyled  
 In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,  
 Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled  
 And also of their private loves beguyled,  
 Of two full hard to read the harder theft;  
 But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,  
 And shew'd that she had not that lady rest,  
 (As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

## XXXVII.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replied;  
 " Certes, Sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame  
 " To rip up wrong, that battell once hath tried,  
 " Wherein the honor both of armes ye shame,  
 " And eke the love of ladies foule defame,  
 " To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded  
 " That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,  
 " And in that right should by all knights be shielded,  
 " Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully have  
 " [wielded.]

## XXXVIII.

" And yet," quoth she, " a greater wrong remaines;  
 " For I thereby my former love have lost,  
 " Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines,  
 " Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost;  
 " Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!"  
 But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide;  
 " Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,  
 " Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,  
 " Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes  
 waide:

## XXXIX.

"For from the first that I her love profest,  
"Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,  
"I never ioyed happinesse nor rest,  
"But thus turmoild from one to other stowre  
"I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre  
"In wretched anguilhe and incessant woe,  
"Passing the measure of my feeble powre,  
"That living thus a wretch, and loving so,  
"I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

## XL.

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

## XLI.

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

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO X.

Scadamour doth his conquest tell  
Of vertuous Amoret :  
Great Venus' temple is describ'd,  
And lovers life forth set.

### I.

“ TRUE he it said, whatever man it sayd,  
“ That love with gall and hony doth abound;  
“ But is the one be with the other wayd,  
“ For every draim of hony therein found,  
“ A pound of gall doth over it redound :  
“ That I too true by triall have approued;  
“ For since the day that first with deadly wound  
“ My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,  
“ I never ioyed howre, but still with care was moved.

### II.

“ And yet such grace is given them from above,  
“ That all the cares and evill which they meet  
“ May nought at all their settled mindes remove,  
“ But seeme gainst common sence to them most sweet,  
“ As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet :  
“ So all that ever yet I have endured  
“ I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,  
“ Since of my love at length I rest assured,  
“ That to disloyalty she will not be allured,



## III.

" Long were to tell the travell and long toile  
" Through which this Shield of Love I late have wonne,  
" And purchas'd this peerlesse beauties spoile,  
" That harder may be ended then begunne;  
" But since ye so desire, your will be donne.  
" Then hearken, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free!  
" My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne,  
" For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,  
" Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

## IV.

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

## V.

" So on that hard adventure forth I went,  
" And to the place of perill shortly came,  
" That was a temple faire and aunient,  
" Which of great mother Venus bare the name,  
" And farre renowned through exceeding fame,  
" Much more then that which was in Paphos built,  
" Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,  
" Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,  
" And all the other's pavement were with yvory spilt:

## VI.

“ And it was feated in an island strong,  
“ Abounding all with delices most rare,  
“ And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,  
“ That none mote have acceſſe, nor inward fare,  
“ But by one way that paſſage did prepare :  
“ It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wiſe  
“ With curious corbes and pendants graven faire,  
“ And arched all with porches, did ariſe  
“ On ſtately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guiſe :

## VII.

“ And for defence thereof on th' other end  
“ There reared was a caſtle faire and ſtrong,  
“ That warded all which in or out did wend,  
“ And flank'd both the bridge's ſides along,  
“ Gainſt all that would it faine to force or wrong ;  
“ And therein wonned twenty valiant knights,  
“ All twenty tride in warres experience long,  
“ Whoſe office was againſt all manner wights  
“ By all meanes to maintaine that caſtel's ancient

## VIII.

[rights.

“ Before that caſtle was an open plaine,  
“ And in the miſt thereof a pillar placed,  
“ On which this ſhield, of many fought in vaine,  
“ The ſhield of Love, whoſe guerdon me hath graced,  
“ Was hang'd on high with golden ribbards laced,  
“ And in the marble ſtone was written this,  
“ With golden letters goodly well enchaced,  
“ *Bleſſed the man that well can uſe this bliſs ;*  
“ *Whoſe over be the ſhield, faire Amoret be his.*

## IX.

" Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,  
" And pant with hope of that adventure's hap,  
" Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,  
" But with my speare upon the shield did rap,  
" That all the castle ringed with the clap:  
" Streight forth issewd a knight all arm'd to prooffe,  
" And bravely mounted to his most mishap,  
" Who staying nought to question from aloofe,  
" Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horse's  
X. [hoofe.

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

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

## XII.

“ That was to weete the porter of the place,  
“ Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent;  
“ His name was Doubt, that had a double face,  
“ Th’ one forward looking, th’ other backward bent,  
“ Therein resembling Ianus auncient,  
“ Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare;  
“ And evermore his eyes about him went,  
“ As if some proved perill he did feare,  
“ Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.

## XIII.

“ On th’ one side he, on th’ other fate Delay,  
“ Behinde the gate, that none her might espy,  
“ Whose manner was all passengers to stay,  
“ And entertaine with her occasions fly,  
“ Through which some lost great hope unheedily,  
“ Which never they recover might againe,  
“ And others quite excluded forth did ly,  
“ Long languishing there in unpittied paine,  
“ And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

## XIV.

“ Me when as he had privily espide  
“ Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,  
“ He kend it streight, and to me opened wide;  
“ So in I past, and streight he closd the gate:  
“ But being in, Delay in close awaite  
“ Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,  
“ Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,  
“ And time to steale, the threasure of man’s day,  
“ Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

## XV.

" Put by no meanes my way I would forflow.  
" For ought that ever she could doe or say,  
" But from my lofty steede dismounting low,  
" Past forth on foote, beholding all the way  
" The goodly workes and stones of rich assay  
" Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,  
" That like on earth no where I reckon may,  
" And underneath the river rolling still,  
" With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the work-

## XVI.

[man's will.

" Thence forth I passed to the second gate,  
" The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride  
" And costly frame were long here to relate;  
" The same to all stode alwaies open wide,  
" But in the porch did evermore abide  
" An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,  
" That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,  
" And with the terrour of his countenance bold  
" Full many did affray, that else faine enter would :

## XVII.

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



## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

" But I, though meanest man of many moc,  
 " Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,  
 " Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,  
 " Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,  
 " And either beat him in or drive him out.  
 " Eftsoones advauncing that enchaunted shield,  
 " With all my might I gan to lay about,  
 " Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield  
 " He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me yield.

## XX.

" So as I entred I did backward looke  
 " For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there,  
 " And loe his hind-parts, whereof heed I tooke,  
 " Much mbre deformed, fearfull, ugly, were  
 " Then all his former parts did earst appeere;  
 " For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,  
 " With many moc lay in ambushment there,  
 " Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight, [sight.  
 " Which did not them prewent with vigilant fore-

## XXI.

“ Thus having past all perill, I was come  
“ Within the compasse of that island's space,  
“ The which did seeme unto my simple doome  
“ The onely pleasant and delightfull place  
“ That ever troden was of footing's trace;  
“ For all that Nature by her mother wit  
“ Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,  
“ Was there; and all that Nature did omit,  
“ Art, playing second Nature's part, supplied it.

## XXII.

“ No tree that is of count in greenewood growes,  
“ From lowest inniper to cedar tall,  
“ No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,  
“ And deckes his branch with bloomes over all,  
“ But there was planted or grew naturall;  
“ Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,  
“ But there mote find to please it selfe withall;  
“ Nor hart could wish for any queint device,  
“ But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

## XXIII.

“ In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,  
“ It seem'd a second Paradise to ghesse,  
“ So lavishly enricht with Nature's threasure,  
“ That if the happie soules which doe possesse  
“ Th' Elysian fields, and live in lasting blesse,  
“ Should happen this with living eye to see,  
“ They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,  
“ And wish to life return'd againe to bee,  
“ That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance free.

## XXIV.

“ Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray,  
“ Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew,  
“ Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play,  
“ Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber dew,  
“ High-reared mounts, the lands about to view,  
“ Low-looking dales, disloignd from common gaze,  
“ Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew,  
“ False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze,  
“ All which by Nature made did Nature selfe amaze.

## XXV.

“ And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,  
“ With divers trees enrang’d in even rankes,  
“ And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,  
“ And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,  
“ To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes;  
“ And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,  
“ Praying their God, and yeelding him great thanks,  
“ Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,  
“ Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

## XXVI.

“ All these together by themselves did sport,  
“ Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content;  
“ But farre away from these another sort  
“ Of lovers sinckd in true harts consent,  
“ Which loved not as these for like intent,  
“ But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,  
“ Farre from all fraud or fained blandishment,  
“ Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,  
“ Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore aspire.



## XXX.

“ Not that same famous temple of Diane,  
“ Whose hight all Ephesus did over-see,  
“ And which all Asia fought with vewes prophane,  
“ One of the world’s seven wonders sayd to bee,  
“ Might match with this by many a degree;  
“ Nor that which that wise king of Iurie framed  
“ With endlesse cost, to be th’Almighties see;  
“ Nor all that else through all the world is named  
“ To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

## XXXI.

“ I much admyring that so goodly frame,  
“ Unto the porch approcht, which open stood,  
“ But therein fate an amiable dame,  
“ That seem’d to be of very sober mood,  
“ And in her semblant shew’d great womanhood;  
“ Strange was her tyre, for on her head a crowne  
“ She wore much like unto a Danisk hood,  
“ Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne  
“ Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

## XXXII.

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



## XXXIII.

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

## XXXIV.

“ Concord she cleeped was in common reed,  
“ Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;  
“ They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,  
“ And she herselfe likewise divinely grew,  
“ The which right well her workes divine did shew;  
“ For strength, and wealth, and happinesse, she lends,  
“ And strife, and warre, and anger, does subdew;  
“ Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,  
“ And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

## XXXV.

“ By her the heaven is in his course contained,  
“ And all the world in state unmoved stands,  
“ As their almightie Maker first ordained,  
“ And bound them with inviolable bands,  
“ Else would the waters over-flow the lands,  
“ And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,  
“ But that she holds them with her blessed hands.  
“ She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,  
“ And unto Venus’ grace the gate doth open right.

## XXXVI.

" By her I entring, half dismayed was,  
 " But she in gentle wise me entertayned,  
 " And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas;  
 " But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,  
 " And with his club me threatned to have Brayned,  
 " Had not the ladie with her powrefull speach  
 " Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;  
 " And th' other eke his malice did empeach,  
 " Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

## XXXVII.

" Into the inmost temple thus I came,  
 " Which fuming all with frankensence I found,  
 " And odours rising from the altar's flame:  
 " Upon an hundred marble pillors round  
 " The roof up high was reared from the ground, [gay,  
 " All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands  
 " And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,  
 " The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay,  
 " And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh

## XXXVIII.

[as May.

" An hundred altars round about were set,  
 " All flaming with their sacrifices fire,  
 " That with the fume thereof the temple swet,  
 " Which, fould in clouds, to heaven did aspire,  
 " And in them bore true lovers vowes entire;  
 " And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright  
 " To bath in ioy and amorous desire,  
 " Every of which was to a damzell hight;  
 " For all the priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

## XXXIX.

“ Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand,  
“ Upon an altar of some costly masse,  
“ Whose substance was, uncath to understand,  
“ For neither pretious stone, nor durysfull brasse,  
“ Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay, it was;  
“ But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,  
“ Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse;  
“ Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,  
“ But being faire and bricke likest glasse did seeme.

## XL.

“ But it in shape and beautie did excell  
“ All other idoles which the heathen adore,  
“ Farre passing that which by surpassing skin  
“ Phidias did make in Paphos' isle of yore,  
“ With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,  
“ Did fall in love; yet this much fairer shined,  
“ But covered with a slender veile afore;  
“ And both her feete and legs together twyned  
“ Were with a snake, whose head and taill were fast

## XLI.

[combyned.]

“ The cause why she was covered with a vele  
“ Was hard to know, for that her priests the same  
“ From people's knowledge labour'd to concele;  
“ But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,  
“ Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;  
“ But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,  
“ Both male and female, both under one name:  
“ She syre and mother is herselfe alone,  
“ Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

## XLII.

" And all about her necke and shoulders flew  
 " A flocke of litle Loves, and Sports, and loyes,  
 " With nimble wings of gold and purple hew,  
 " Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,  
 " But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;  
 " The whilest their eldest brother was away,  
 " Cupid, their eldest brother, he enioyes  
 " The wide kingdome of love with lordly soay,  
 " And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

## XLIII.

" And all about her altar scattered lay  
 " Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,  
 " Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,  
 " Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,  
 " Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,  
 " As every one had cause of good or ill:  
 " Amongst the rest some one through loves constrayn-  
 " Tormented fore, could not containe it still, [ing,  
 " But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill:

## XLIV.

" " Great Venus! queene of beautie and of grace,  
 " The ioy of gods and men, that under skie  
 " Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,  
 " That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie  
 " The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;  
 " Thee, Goddesse! thee the winds, the clouds, doe feare;  
 " And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,  
 " The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,  
 " And heavens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous  
 " cheare:

## XLV.

“ Then doth the dædale Earth throw forth to thee  
“ Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres,  
“ And then all living wights, scone as they see  
“ The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,  
“ They all do learne to play the paramours:  
“ First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,  
“ Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,  
“ Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,  
“ And thee their mother call to coole their kindly

## XLVI.

[rages.

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

## XLVII.

“ So all the world by thee at first was made,  
“ And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre;  
“ Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,  
“ Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,  
“ But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.  
“ Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,  
“ Great god of men and women, queene of th’ayre,  
“ Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,  
“ O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse.”



## XLVIII.

" So did he say; but I with murmure soft,  
 " That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,  
 " Yet inly groning deepe, and sighing oft,  
 " Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,  
 " And to my wound her gracious help impart.  
 " Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye  
 " I spyde where at the idoles feet apart  
 " A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,  
 " Wayting whenas the antheme should be sung on hye.

## XLIX.

" The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares  
 " And graver countenance then all the rest,  
 " Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,  
 " Yet unto her obeyed all the best :  
 " Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest  
 " By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse,  
 " For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,  
 " Ne rovd at randon after gazers guyse,  
 " Whose during baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts  
 L. [entysse.

" And next to her fate goodly Shamefastnesse,  
 " Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,  
 " Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,  
 " As if some blame of evil she did seare,  
 " That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare;  
 " And her against sweet Cherefulnesse was placed,  
 " Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening cleare  
 " Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chased,  
 " And darted forth delights, the which her goodly  
 graced,

## LI.

“ And next to her fate sober Modestie,  
“ Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;  
“ And her against fate comely Curtesie,  
“ That unto every person knew her part;  
“ And her before was seated overthwart  
“ Soft Silence, and submisſe Obedience,  
“ Both linckt together never to diſpart,  
“ Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,  
“ Both girlonds of his ſaints againſt their foes offence.

## LII.

“ Thus fate they all around in ſcemely rate,  
“ And in the midde of them a goodly mayd  
“ Even in the lap of Womanhood there fate,  
“ The which was all in lilly white arayd,  
“ With ſilver ſtreames amongſt the linnen ſtray’d;  
“ Like to the Morne, when firſt her ſhyning face  
“ Hath to the gloomy world itſelf bewray’d;  
“ That ſame was fayreſt Amoret in place,  
“ Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues

## LIII.

[grace.

“ Whom ſoone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,  
“ And wade in doubt what beſt were to be donne,  
“ For ſacrilege me ſeem’d the church to rob,  
“ And folly ſeem’d to leave the thing undonne,  
“ Which with ſo ſtrong attempt I had begonne;  
“ Tho ſhaking off all doubt and ſhamefaſt feare,  
“ Which ladies love I heard had never wonne  
“ Mongſt men of worth, I to her ſtepped neare,  
“ And by the lilly hand her labour’d up to reare.

## LIV.

“ Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,  
“ And sharpe rebuke for being over-bold,  
“ Saying it was to knight unseemly shame,  
“ Upon a reclus virgin to lay hold,  
“ That unto Venus’ services was sold.  
“ To whom I thus, Nay, but it fitteth best  
“ For Cupid’s man with Venus’ mayd to hold,  
“ For ill your goddesse services are drest  
“ By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

## LV.

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

## LVI.

“ And evermore upon the goddesse face  
“ Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence;  
“ Whom when I saw with amiable grace  
“ To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,  
“ I was emboldned with more confidence;  
“ And nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,  
“ In presence of them all forth led her thence,  
“ All looking on, and like astonisht staring,  
“ Yet to say hand on her not one of all them daring.

## LVII.

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

## LVIII.

“ No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,  
“ Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,  
“ That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,  
“ Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure  
“ His leman from the Stygian prince’s boure:  
“ But evermore my shield did me defend  
“ Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure;  
“ Thus safely with my love I thence did wend.”  
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO XI.

Marinell's former wound is heald;  
He comes to Proteus' hall,  
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,  
And feasts the sea-gods all.

### I.

BUT ah for pittie! that I have thus long  
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne:  
Now well away! that I have doen such wrong,  
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,  
In bands of love, and in sad thralldomes chayne,  
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free  
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,  
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee,  
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

### II.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile  
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind  
That virgin's love to win by wit or wile,  
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,  
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,  
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw;  
For whenas neither gifts nor graces kind  
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,  
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.



## III.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke  
The dongeon was in which her bound he left,  
That neither yron barres nor brasen locke  
Did neede to gard from force or secret theft  
Of all her lovers which would her have rest;  
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd  
As they the cliffe in pieces would have cleft;  
Beside, ten thousand monsters foule abhord  
Did waite about it, gaping grieffly, all begor'd.

## IV.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,  
And Darkenesse dredd, that never viewed day,  
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,  
In which old Styx her aged bones alway  
(Old Styx, the grandame of the gods) doth lay:  
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,  
Ne ever evening saw, ne morning's ray,  
Ne ever from the day the night descride,  
But thought it all one night, that did no houres divide.

## V.

And all this was for love of Marinell,  
Who her despyful (ah! who would her despyse?)  
And wemens love did from his hert expell,  
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.  
Nathlesse his pride full dearly he did pryse,  
For of a woman's hand it was ywroke,  
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,  
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke  
Which Britomart him gave when he did her provoke.

## VI.

Yet farrè and neare the nymph his mother fought,  
And many salves did to his sore applie,  
And many herbes did use; but whenas nought  
She saw could ease his rankling maladie,  
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,  
(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon-hight)  
Whom she besought to find some remedie,  
And for his paines a whistle him behight,  
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

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

## X.

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred Imp of Iove!  
The nourling of Dame Memorie his deare,  
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,  
And records of antiquitie appeare,  
To which no wit of man may comen neare;  
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,  
And all those nymphes which then assembled were  
To that great banquet of the watry gods,  
And all their fundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

## XI.

First came great Neptune with his three-forkt mace,  
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall;  
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace  
Under his diademe imperiall;  
And by his side his queene with coronall,  
Faيرة Amphitrite most divinely faيرة,  
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,  
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,  
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her  
prepaire.

## XII.

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

## XIII.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood  
By whom those old heroës wonne such fame,  
And Glaucus, that wise southsayer understood;  
And tragicke Inoes soune, the which became  
A god of seas through his mad mother's blame,  
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend;  
Great Brontes, and Astræus, that did shame  
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;  
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend:

## XIV.

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



## XV.

There also some most famous founders were  
Of puissant nations, which the world possesse,  
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here;  
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,  
And Irachus, renowmd above the rest;  
Phoenix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old,  
Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;  
And mightie Albion, father of the bold  
And warlike people which the Britaine islands hold :

## XVI.

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

## XVII.

[dight.

But what do I their names seeke to reherse,  
Which all the world have with their issue fild ?  
How can they all in this so narrow verse  
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild ?  
Let them record them that are better skild,  
And know the monuments of passed age ;  
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfilled,  
T'expresse some part of that great equipage  
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.



## XVIII.

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

## XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,  
 And could the ledden of the gods unfold,  
 Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise,  
 The faire Tindarid lasse, he him foretold  
 That her all Greece with many a champion bold  
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy  
 Proud Priam's towne: so wise is Nereus old,  
 And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great ioy  
 Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and

## XX.

[toy.

And after him the famous rivers came  
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie;  
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;  
 Long Rhodanus, whose course springs from the skie;  
 Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;  
 Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood  
 Of Greeks and Troians which therein did die;  
 Pactolus, glistring with his golden flood,  
 And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be  
 withstood;

## XXI.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates;  
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate;  
Slow Pencus, and tempestuous Phasides;  
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate;  
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus' fate;  
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame;  
Rich Oranochy, though but knowne late;  
And that huge river which doth beare his name  
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the same.

## XXII.

Ioy on those warlike women which so long  
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;  
And shame on you, O Men! which boast your strong  
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,  
Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold.  
But this to you, O Britons! most pertaines,  
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,  
The which for sparing litle cost or paines,  
Loose so immortall glory and so endlesse gaines.

## XXIII.

Then was there heard a most celestial sound  
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue  
Before the spouse, that was Arios crownd,  
Who playing on his harpe, unto him drew  
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,  
That even yet the dolphin which him bore  
Through the Aegean seas from pirates view  
Stood still, by him astonisht at his lore,  
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

## XXIV.

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

## XXV.

[could see.

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

## XXVI.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore  
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode  
 And auncient heavy burden which he bore  
 Of that faire city, wherein make abode  
 So many learned impes, that shoote abroad  
 And with their braunches spred all Britany,  
 No lesse then do her elder sister's broode:  
 Ioy to you both, ye double nourfery  
 Of arts! but, Oxford! thine doth Thame most glorify.

## XXVII.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,  
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,  
On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,  
So cunningly enwoven were, that faw  
Could weenen whether they were false or trew;  
And on his head like to a coronet  
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,  
In which were many towres and castels set,  
That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

## XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,  
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,  
When to Iove's pallace she doth take her way,  
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,  
Wearing a diademe embattild wide  
With hundred turrets, like a turribant;  
With such an one was Themis beautifide,  
That was to weete the famous Troynovant,  
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

## XXIX.

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



## XXX.

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

## XXXI.

There was the speedy Tamar, which devides  
 The Cornish and the Devonish confines,  
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,  
 And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines;  
 And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines;  
 But Avon marched in more stately path,  
 Proud of his adamants with which he shines  
 And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bach,  
 And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

## XXXII.

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



## XXXIII.

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

## XXXIV.

[fins call.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,  
By many a city and by many a towne,  
And many rivers taking under hand  
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,  
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne,  
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge sit,  
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne  
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it  
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

## XXXV.

And after him the fatall Welland went,  
That if old sawes prove true (which God forbid)  
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,  
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,  
Then shine in learring more then ever did  
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beames;  
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;  
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enfeames  
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.

## XXXVI.

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

## XXXVII.

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,  
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,  
Sixe valiant knights, of one faire nympe yborne,  
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,  
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;  
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze, the most of might,  
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,  
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,  
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

## XXXVIII.

But past not long ere Brutus' warlicke sonne  
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date  
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,  
By equall dome repayd or his owne pate,  
For in the selfe same river where he late  
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,  
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate,  
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,  
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

## XXXIX.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,  
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend,  
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone  
Did<sup>1</sup> call divine, that doth by Chester tend;  
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send  
Plenty of peables to decke his dames withall;  
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,  
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:  
All these together, marched toward Proteus' hall.

## XL.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were,  
Sith no less<sup>3</sup> famous then the rest they bee,  
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome<sup>4</sup> nere,  
Why should they not likewise in love agree,  
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?  
They saw it all, and present were in place,  
Though I them all according their degree  
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,  
Nor read the salvage countries thorough which they

## XLI.

[pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,  
The fandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,  
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,  
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,  
Swift Avoniduff, which of the English man  
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,  
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,  
Strong Allo, tombling from Slewlogher steep,  
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to  
weep.

## XLII.

And there the three renowned brethren were,  
Which that great gyant Blomius begot  
Of the faire nimph Rheusa wandring there;  
One day, as she to shunne the season whot  
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,  
This gyant found her, and by force delowr'd,  
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought  
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd,  
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

## XLIII.

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

## XLIV.

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



## XLV.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,  
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare,  
And uncouth fashions, yet her well became,  
That seem'd like silver sprinkled here and there,  
With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,  
And wav'd upon like water chamelot,  
To hide the metall, which yet every where  
Bewray'd it selfe, to let men plainly wot  
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

## XLVI.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow  
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,  
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw  
To all about, and all her shoulders spread  
As a new spring; and likewise on her head  
A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,  
From under which the dewy humour shed  
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore  
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

## XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,  
One cald the Theife, the other cald the Crane,  
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,  
And both behind upheld her spreading traine,  
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,  
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;  
And her before there paced pages twaine,  
Both clad in colours like, and like array,  
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepar'd  
her way.



## XLVIII.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,  
 All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,  
 Whom of their sire Nereides men call,  
 All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,  
 The gray-eyde Doris, all which fifty are;  
 All which she there on her attending had;  
 Swift Proto, milde Eucrate, Thetis faire;  
 Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad;  
 Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad;

## XLIX.

White-hand Eunica, proud Dynamene;  
 Ioyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite;  
 Lovely Palithee, kinde Eulimene;  
 Light-foote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite;  
 Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white;  
 Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nesæa;  
 With Erato that doth in love delite,  
 And Panopæ' and wise Protomedæa,  
 And snowy-neckd Doris, and milke-white Galathæa;

## L.

Speedy Hippothoe, and chaste Astea;  
 Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage;  
 Euagore, and light Pontoporea;  
 And she that with her least word can assuage  
 The surging seas when they do fereft rage,  
 Cymodoce, and stout Autonoe;  
 And Neso, and Eione well in age,  
 And seeming still to smile Glauconome,  
 And she that hight of many heastes Polynome;

## LI.

Fresh Alimeda, deckt with grilond greene;  
 Hyponeo, with salt bedewed wrists;  
 Laomedia, like the christall shene;  
 Liagore, much praïsd for wise behest,  
 And Psamathe for her brode snowy breasts;  
 Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiste iust;  
 And she that vertue loves and vice detests,  
 Euarna, and Menippe true in trust,  
 And Nemertea, lea<sup>n</sup>ed well to rule her lust.

## LII.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,  
 Which have the seain charge to them assinde,  
 To rule his tides, and surges to up-reere,  
 To bring forth stormes, or fast them to up-binde,  
 And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde;  
 And yet besides three thousand more there were  
 Of th' Ocean's feede, but Iove's and Phæbus' kinde,  
 The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,  
 And all mankinde do nourish with their waters cleere.

## LIII.

The which more eath it were for mortall wight  
 To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,  
 Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right;  
 But well I wote that these which I descry  
 Were present at this great solemnity;  
 And there amongst the rest the mother was  
 Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodoce;  
 Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,  
 Unto an other Canto I will over-pas.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK IV. CANTO XII.

Marin for love of Florimell  
In languor wastes his life ;  
The nymph his mother getteth her,  
And gives to him for wife.

### I.

O WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,  
To count the seas abundant progeny !  
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,  
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky :  
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,  
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,  
Then to recount the seas posterity ;  
So fertile be the fouds in generation,  
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their na-

### II.

[tion.

Therefore the antique wifards well invented  
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,  
For that the seas By her are most augmented,  
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,  
And wondrous shoales which may of none be red :  
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count  
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers yet unred ;  
For though their numbers do much more surmount,  
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.

## III.

All those were there, and many other more,  
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,  
That Proteus' house they fill'd even to the dore;  
Yet were they all in order, as befell,  
According their degrees disposed well.  
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodoce,  
The mother of unlucky Marinell,  
Who thither with her came, to learne and see  
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

## IV.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred  
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,  
He might not with immortall food be fed,  
Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come,  
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome  
To view the building of that uncouth place,  
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home,  
Where as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,  
There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

## V.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe  
He heard the lamentable voice of one  
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,  
Which never she before disclos'd to none,  
But to herselfe her sorrow did bemone:  
So feelingly her case she did complaine,  
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,  
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,  
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the  
maine:

## VI.

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

## VII.

" Yet loe the seas I see by often beating  
 " Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares,  
 " But his hard rocky hart for no entreating  
 " Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,  
 " Is hardned more with my abundant teares;  
 " Yet though he never list to me relent,  
 " But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,  
 " Yet will I never of my love repent,  
 " But choy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

## VIII.

" And when my weary ghost, with griefe out-worne,  
 " By timely death shall winne her wished rest,  
 " Let then this plaint unto his cares be borne,  
 " That blame it is to him that armes protest,  
 " To let her die whom he might have redrest."  
 There did she pause, inforced to give place  
 Unto the passion that her heart opprest,  
 And after she had wept and wail'd a space,  
 She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:



## IX.

" Ye Gods of seas ! if any gods at all  
" Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,  
" By one or other way me woefull thrall  
" Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,  
" In which I daily dying am too long;  
" And if ye deeme me death for loving one  
" That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,  
" But let me die, and end my daies attone,  
" And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.

## X.

" But if that life ye unto me decree,  
" Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,  
" And of my life's deare love beloved be;  
" And if he should through pride your doome undo,  
" Do you by duresse him compell thereto,  
" And in this prison put him here with me;  
" One prison fittest is to hold us two:  
" So had I rather to be thrall then free;  
" Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely be.

## XI.

" But O vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,  
" The which the prisoner points unto the free;  
" The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,  
" He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me;  
" So ever loose, so ever happy be:

" But whereso loose or happy that thou art,

" Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee."

With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart

Would quite have burst through great abundance of  
her smart.

## XII.

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,  
And understood the cause of all her care  
To come of him for using her so hard,  
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfarc,  
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare,  
That even for grief of minde he oft did grone,  
And inly wish that in his powre it weare  
Her to redresse; but since he meanes found none,  
He could no more but her great misery bempne.

## XIII.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth  
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollified,  
Dame Venus' Ionne (that tameth stubborne youth  
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,  
Till like a victor on his backe he ride)  
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,  
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride;  
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,  
And learne to love, by learning lovers paines to rew.

## XIV.

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

## XV.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,  
And with him beare where none of her might know:  
But all in vaine; for why? he found no way  
To enter in, or issue forth below,  
For all about that rocke the sea did flow:  
And though unto his will she given were,  
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row  
He wist not how her thence away to bere,  
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

## XVI.

At last, whenas no meanes he could invent,  
Backe to himselfe, he gan returne the blame,  
That was the author of her punishment,  
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame  
To damne himselfe by every evil name,  
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,  
That had despisde so chaste and faire a dame,  
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife,  
Yet had refusde a god that her had sought to wife.

## XVII.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,  
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,  
As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where,  
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe,  
And still bemoaning her unworthy paine:  
Like as an hynde, whose calfe is false unwares  
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,  
An hundred times about the pit side fares,  
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

## XVIII,

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

## XIX.

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

## XX.

[weepe :

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew  
 Can fade, and lively spirits deaded quight;  
 His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,  
 And brawney armes had lost their knownen might,  
 That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.  
 Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love,  
 He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,  
 But to his bed was brought, and layd above,  
 Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

## XXI.

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

## XXII.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,  
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,  
Whereby to seeke some means it to appease:  
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,  
That that same former fattall wound of his  
Whyleare by Tryphon was not thoroughly healed,  
But closely rankled under th'orifs:  
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,  
That love it was which in his hart lay unrevealed.

## XXIII.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,  
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,  
That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,  
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,  
Who now was falne into new languishment  
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured;  
So backe he came unto her patient,  
Where searching every part, her well assured  
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured:



## XXIV.

But that it was some other maladie,  
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne;  
So left he her withouten remedie.  
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,  
And inly troubled was the truth to learne.  
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,  
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,  
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,  
It to reveale; who still her answered there was nought.

## XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide,  
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,  
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,  
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.  
Apollo came; who soone as he had fought  
Through his disease, did by and by out find  
That he did languish of some inward thought,  
The which afflicted his engrieved mind,  
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

## XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother told,  
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve;  
And coming to her sonne, gan first to scold  
And chide at him, that made her misbelieve;  
But afterwards she gan him soft so shrieve,  
And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose  
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve,  
For sure she weend it was some one of those  
Which he had lately scene that for his love he chose.

## XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read  
That warn'd him of womens love beware,  
Which being ment of mortal creatures sead,  
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,  
But promist him, whatever wight she weare,  
That she her love to him would shortly gaine:  
So he her told; but soone as she did heare  
That Fiorimell it was which wrought his paine,  
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

## XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie  
In which his life unluckily was layd,  
It was no time to scan the prophecie,  
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,  
That his decay should happen by a mayd;  
It's late in death of daunger to advize,  
Or love forbid him that is life denyd;  
But rather gan in troubled mind devize  
How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

## XXIX.

To Proteus' selfe to sew she thought it vaine,  
Who was the root and worker of her woe,  
Nor unto any meaner to complaine,  
But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,  
And on her knee before him falling lowe,  
Made humble suit unto his maiestie  
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,  
A cruell tyrant, had presumptuouslie  
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

## XXX.

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus;  
 “ Daughter! me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,  
 “ Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us;  
 “ For death t’ adward I ween’d did appertaine  
 “ To none but to the seas sole soveraine.  
 “ Read, therefore, who it is which this hath wrought,  
 “ And for what cause; the truth discover plaine;  
 “ For never wight so evil did or thought,  
 “ But would some rightfull cause pretend, though

## XXXI. [rightly nought.”]

To whom she answer’d, “ Then it is by name  
 “ Proteus that hath ordayn’d my sonne to die,  
 “ For that a waift, the which by fortune came  
 “ Upon your seas, he claym’d as propertie;  
 “ And yet nor his nor his in equitie,  
 “ But your’s the waift by high prerogative;  
 “ Therefore I humbly crave your maieslie  
 “ It to replevie, and my sonne reprive,  
 “ So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.”

## XXXII.

He graunted it, and straight his warrant made,  
 Under the sea-god’s seale authentically,  
 Commaunding Proteus straight t’ enlarge the mayd,  
 Which wandering on his seas imperially  
 He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall;  
 Which she receiving, with meeete thankfulnessse  
 Departed straight to Proteus therewithall,  
 Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse,  
 Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

## XXXIII.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,  
But unto her delivered Florimell,  
When she receiving by the lilly hand,  
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,  
For she all living creatures did excell,  
And was right ioyous that she gotten had  
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell :  
So home with her she straight the virgin lad,  
And shewed her to him then being sore bestad.

## XXXIV.

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

## XXXV.

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,  
When he in place his dearest love did spy,  
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,  
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,  
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.  
Ne lesse was she in secre hart affected,  
But that she masked it with modestie,  
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected,  
Which to another place leave to be perfected.

## CONTENTS.

	Page
THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK III.	
Book III. Canto X.	1
Canto XI.	23
Canto XII.	41
THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK IV.	
The Legend of Cambel and Telamond *, or of Friendship,	57
Book IV. Canto I.	59
Canto II.	78
Canto III.	97
Canto IV.	115
Canto V.	134
Canto VI.	148
Canto VII.	164
Canto VIII.	18
Canto IX.	201
Canto X.	216
Canto XI.	236
Canto XII.	254

\* 'Tis printed *Telamond* in all the editions; but it should have been *Triamond*.

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END OF VOLUME FOURTH.