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The Faerie Queene

By EDMUND SPENSER



BOOK IV

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION
OF 1596
WITH INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY
BY
KATE M. WARREN

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PREFACE

THE text of this volume has been prepared from the quarto edition of 1596, with frequent reference to the folio of 1609 and later editions. In the preparation of the Glossary I have to acknowledge, as before, my obligation to many previous workers on the poem ; to that friend of the student of language, the *New English Dictionary* ; and to various personal friends who have kindly helped me by research and suggestion. For many of the remarks upon the Irish rivers I am indebted to an article upon "Spenser's Rivers," by Mr. P. W. Joyce, in *Fraser's Magazine* for March, 1878. The frontispiece which accompanies the more expensive edition of the book is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. William Laurence, of Dublin.

KATE M. WARREN.

THE HISTORY OF

The History of the County of Middlesex, from the earliest times to the present, in a series of papers, by Thomas Smith, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. In three volumes. The second volume. London, Printed by J. Baskin, in Pall-mal, 1794.

The second volume of this history, which contains the account of the County of Middlesex, from the reign of King Henry the Second to the reign of King Edward the First, is now published. It is a work of great merit, and will be found to contain a great deal of interesting and useful information. The author has been very diligent in his researches, and has collected a vast number of facts and particulars, which he has arranged in a clear and concise manner. The style is elegant and flowing, and the work is well adapted for the use of the general reader, as well as for the student of history.

INTRODUCTION

AT the end of the year 1595 the poet Spenser crossed from his Irish home to England, carrying with him, all ready for the press, the MS. of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Books of the *Faerie Queene*. These three Books were to form the second instalment of the poem. The first three parts of it had been issued in 1590, and they had brought to him, if not much money, at least a great deal of fame. His work had been everywhere received with delight; and he sends forth this second portion of his poem with no doubt as to its reception. The new and bold dedication to the Queen, and the tone of the introductory verses to the Fourth Book, reveal his mind upon this matter.¹

The six years which had elapsed since the publication of the earlier Books had been for the poet a time of interest and work. About a year and a half (1590-91) had been passed in London, during which he had published his "Complaints," a

¹ He wrote a new dedication to this edition of 1596, in which he presents to the Queen "these his labours, *to live with the eternitie of her fame.*" In the introductory stanzas to Book IV. he boldly hints at some one high in the State (probably Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer) who had blamed his work as vain, since it treated so much of love. "To such; therefore, I do not sing at all," says the poet scathingly. "For there were many others more worthy to listen to him."

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small volume of shorter poems, and had seen the Queen, and mingled in the world of her Court. In 1591 he had returned to Ireland, and had written, very soon afterwards, an account of his visit to the capital in "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." From this time to the end of 1595 he seems to have lived, for the most part, a quiet life among the romantic hills and rivers of Kilcolman. One great thing, however, had happened to him in these years. In 1594 he married, and how happily married we may judge from his triumphant "Epithalamium," and from the lovely picture of his wife drawn by him in the *Legend of Courtesy* (Bk. VI. of the *Faerie Queene*). Of the progress of his wooing he tells us, too, in the series of his sonnets or *Amoretti*. And this new happiness seems to influence, especially, the spirit of the last Book of his poem. It is different in manner from any other portion of the *Faerie Queene*. It goes back to the pastoral world of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. But more will be said of this when we come, later on, to speak of that Book by itself.

We have no certainty as to the exact date when he composed the three *Legends of Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy*, which form the second half of the *Faerie Queene*. It seems likely, however, from internal evidence that the first of these—Book IV., which is contained in this present volume—was written not very long after the Third Book, the *Legend of Chastity*. In several ways there is a resemblance between these two poems, and especially in their formlessness. Again, the main object of Book IV. seems to be to bring to a conclusion the stories in Book III., and the two Books are thus more closely connected than any others of the *Faerie Queene*. It is difficult to think that there could have been a long time between the composition of these two. But, the Fourth Book finished, Spenser's mood changed, and the *Legend of Justice* (Bk. V.) finds him returning to the model of form which he

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had set before himself when he wrote Books I. and II.¹ In character, then, this Fourth Book would seem to belong to the earlier part of the *Faerie Queene*, and it is only an arbitrary division which places it in company with the second half of the poem. In manner and in matter it is very different from the clear-shaped, stern-aired *Legend of Justice* which immediately follows it, and it is scarcely less apart, though in another way, from the pastoral world of the *Legend of Courtesy*. Its place is by the side of the Third Book; yet, though it resembles this, it has a very distinct character of its own, built up upon qualities of strength and weakness which reveal the nature of Spenser's genius in a striking way.

The strength of this Book lies in the very rich poetry of its separate episodes—passages of description, of allegory, of romantic story, of ethical or spiritual reflection; the weakness of it may be chiefly traced to its utter want of form. It is these things we have now to look at, and the last shall be the first spoken of.

There is no artistic unity of any kind to be found in this Fourth Book. It is as if the poet composed it while under the same reckless mood concerning the shaping of his material as that which held him when he made the Third Book. In the Third Book, however, as we have seen, while there is little unity of form, the poet's conception of Chastity makes an inner unity, and, in a fashion, keeps the poem together; but the Fourth Book is a riot of formlessness. It is called the *Legend of Friendship*, but there is no representative knight to stand for the honour of that virtue, and no great end to be attained by the action of the narrative. There is often only the most arbitrary connection between one incident

¹ An allusion in Sonnet lxiii. would seem to say that Books IV., V., and VI. were written before his marriage, *i.e.*, before June, 1594.

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and another, and sometimes apparently none at all. The account of Cambell and Triamond, for example, in the third canto, might just as well have been placed in the twelfth canto for all the difference it would have made to the story. Neither is there any reason why the union of Marinell and Florimell should not have opened instead of closing the poem as it does. Nor is there any one ethical or spiritual idea running clearly through the different incidents of the Book; the poet has a loose conception of "Friendship" underlying his story, as we shall see, but it is never made thoroughly plain to us. Viewed as a whole this Book is a piece of patchwork, and it is difficult to believe that Spenser could have felt satisfied with either its thought or its form. It seems as if it may have been pieced together out of fragmentary stories and reflections that he had put by for working up in the future.¹ The very proof-sheets, too, seem to have been treated more carelessly than usual in an age of carelessness concerning matters of the kind.²

The title of the Book, moreover, is misleading, especially to a modern reader. It is the Legend of *Friendship*, while there is comparatively little about friendship to be found in it. It is also, according to the sub-title, the story of "Cambel and Triamond," two knights who only enter into a small part of the action of the Book, and are in no way vitally connected with any other story of the poem. They certainly act the part of friends towards each other, but then others in the Book do the same. The only way to find an explanation of these things is to look at the

¹ We know, indeed, of one such episode—the Marriage of the Thames ("Epithalamion Thamesis")—which, in a letter to Gabriel Harvey, of 1580, the poet speaks of having written apparently in the direful "reformed verse" advocated by his friend.

² The sub-title of the poem is wrong; it reads "Cambel and Telamond"—a mistake not corrected until 1758.

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meaning which the poet gave to the term "friendship." He did not use it at all exclusively in the sense of a compact of affection between two people—though he does sometimes use it in that sense—but in the sense of "friendliness" or amity, any friendly relationship whatever, from that of the merest goodwill towards a person perhaps unknown to us, up to the affection of the lover. Friendliness, unanimity, goodwill, friendship, and love in its spiritual sense, are all mingled in Spenser's term "friendship."¹ And the general word he uses to express the state of things produced by the action of these qualities or virtues is Concord, personified by him in Canto x. as a gracious woman (mother of Peace and Friendship) who keeps the porch of the Temple of Venus. The opposing force to this quality is Discord, who is personified in the goddess Atë in Spenser's finest way. Her intensity of hatred to Concord is insisted upon with much emphasis:

For all her studie was and all her thought,
How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

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 worlds fair 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.

As far then as any consistent ethical idea pervades the Book it is this war of Concord against Discord, and the "Legend

¹ Compare Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, on Friendliness (*φιλία*), Bk. IV. 12; Friendship or Love (*φιλία*), Bks. VIII. and IX.; Goodwill (*εὐνοία*), Bk. IX. 5; Unanimity (*ὁμόνοια*), Bk. IX. 6.

It will be seen that Spenser does not follow the philosopher either clearly or fully, but here and there takes ideas from him.

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of Concord" would, better than the "Legend of Friendship," express for the modern reader the drift of the poem. Concord, however, is not personified throughout in one great figure—the passage in the tenth canto referred to above occurs only as a side issue. Cambina, Prince Arthur, Glauce, all do the reconciling work of this virtue on various occasions, and it will be noticed that the poet, time after time, takes trouble to point out to us that they are filling the office of Concord. These remarks also will help to account for the sub-title of this *Legend*; the story of "Cambel and Triamond" furnishing a clear example of that soothing of strife by reconciliation, which is the prominent ethical note of the Book, though by no means as strongly marked throughout as it might be. In that story the three brothers who fight with Cambel for the love of his sister Canace are significantly made the sons of Agape (Love, in the widest sense—the charity of 1 Cor. xiii.), who loved each other "dearly well,"

And with so firme affection were allyde
As if but one soule in them all did dwell.

When Cambel has vanquished two of these brothers and is fighting desperately with Triamond, the third, the Lady Cambina—who may have originally been intended for a sketch of a personification of Concord—suddenly enters the lists with the rod of peace in one hand and in the other the soothing cup of Nepenthe :

Nepenthe is a drinck of souerayne grace,
Devizd by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage :
Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage
It doth establish in the troubled mind.
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.

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Of this, "full glad for thirst," each of the fighters "drunk
an hartly draught," and immediately,

Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst from fear of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.

This incident may be called the keynote of the *Legend of Friendship*, and for that reason, no doubt, Spenser named the Book after these two heroes who are the subjects of Cambina's reconciling power. As we have said before, it seems as if the poet meant originally, perhaps, to let Cambina stand for the Knight of Friendship or Concord, moving through the story with her rod of peace and her charming cup; just as Britomart, in another sphere of action, handles her enchanted sword of Chastity. But if Spenser looked upon this incident as setting the keynote of his poem, it cannot be said that he has placed it skilfully as regards the context. It has little to do with the cantos before and after it. It is not led up to in any special way, nor does it occupy a central position in the poem. It is pushed in as a new incident among several other stories which are being continued from an earlier place in the poem.

Again, the conception of Concord or Friendship at the best forms only a slender connection between the otherwise isolated stories which make up the poem, and in those which tell of the coming together of Britomart and Artegall, Scudamour and Amoret, Florimell and Marinell, we almost, ~~save~~ in the most general way, lose sight of it altogether. On the whole, then, one is bound to acknowledge that it is difficult to trace any really vital connection of thought between the episodes forming the *Legend of Friendship*. Spenser's conception of that "virtue" was, ~~as we have seen~~, a very wide one; embracing qualities differing so widely in degree as

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almost to differ in kind; and it is this which makes it difficult to trace clearly the unity of idea in the poem. For example, there are incidents in which Britomart and Prince Arthur calm the quarrelling of a group of knights, and this is clearly the result of the working of "Friendship" or Concord; but it is not easy to put in the same ethical class with this action the happy consummation of the love story of Florimell and Marinell, still less the capture of Amoret by Scudamour in the Temple of Venus, though one may be able to admit there the story of the reconciliation of Belphebe and Timias. The classification which would admit them all as examples of the working of one general law of Concord is too wide to be of much practical use—though there is, of course, a certain truth in such a classification.¹ There is not much satisfaction, then, in trying to find Spenser's "ethical teaching," as a connected whole, in this *Legend of Friendship*, but if we look at the separate things he has to say upon separate phases of that virtue, there is a great deal of pleasure to be had. Take only the idea of Friendship in its restricted form of a particular regard between two people; upon this he has some fine and individual sayings: He follows Aristotle in maintaining that no friendship can be noble or lasting unless it be built up upon sincerity and nobility of character in the friends. But he emphasizes this more than Aristotle does:—

Vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

And in the gardens around the Temple of Venus, Scudamour sees, amongst the many makers of love walking there,

another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent;

¹ Compare, again, Aristotle on Friendship.

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Which loved not as these, for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud, or fayned blandishment ;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.

He gives, also, examples of different kinds of friendship. There is the alliance between Blandamour and Paridell, which "lasted but awhile," for it was founded on no "band of vertue," but the self-interest of two shallow and faithless characters, who again and again break out into quarrelsome strife and attack each other furiously with their weapons.

Such mortal 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 be.

As if in contrast with this there is the lasting attachment between the two honourable knights, Cambell and Triamond, who had once fought each other desperately. And commenting upon these two pairs of friends Spenser philosophizes (here following Aristotle), with less poetry and more quibbling than is usual to him :—

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

Then there is the attachment between Britomart and Amoret, a kind of friendship untouched by Aristotle, who, save as wives, ignores women altogether in his treatise. It is the affectionate relationship of the stronger woman to the weaker

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one in need ; they find equality, however, in their similar condition as disconsolate lovers. "Faire Amoret" is not the first in Britomart's affection, that place belongs to Artegall, but she is—

Her second care, though in another kind ;

and in the next line we are again recalled to the favourite "band of vertue"—

For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

The attachment between the two maidens is delicately though slightly touched by the ^{Sp}poet, and we are reminded in a far-away fashion of Hero and Beatrice, of Rosalind and Celia. The friendship, again, between the Squire of Low Degree and Placidus is an attachment of the traditional type of Damon and Pythias, and it calls forth from Spenser some fine lines on friendship. Which of the "three kinds of love," he asks, "shall weigh the balance downe"—

The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet?

And his answer is not a wavering one :—

But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Meseemes the gentle hart should most assured bind.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flume :
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
And then 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 meanest brasse.

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And in these two Squires, he continues,

true friendship more did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine
Or love of fairest Ladie could restraine.

Yet his account of the course of this friendship does not move us much; it is conventional in tone; and remembering that Spenser himself had a genius for this kind of attachment, it is a little remarkable that he has not put more fire into the story of these two young men.)

But it is not, we repeat, as a Legend of Friendship that the poem is at its best, but as a collection of detached incidents and passages of great beauty brought together under that name, though often only remotely connected with the subject. It is to these we now turn, and the first that meets us is enchanting. It describes the moment when Britomart, in the midst of her knightly equipment, is suddenly revealed as a woman by the removal of her helmet. In a company of other knights Britomart claims a favour for one of them by the right of her womanhood,—

With that her glistening helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound
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.

It is a situation that never failed in stirring the poet's imagination, and he describes it at three different times in the *Faerie Queene*, two of which occur in this Fourth Book. And it is well worth while to compare the similes he uses on each occasion concerning the golden hair of Britomart as it ripples and curls from her head to her heel.¹ That feature of her beauty especially delighted him. He sees it glisten like the

¹ See Cantos i. 13, vi. 20; and Book III. Canto ix. 21.

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golden sand of Pactolus; or "shinie cleare," like the cunning work of goldsmiths; or it is as the gleaming rays of the sun shooting the "persant" air; or the "lines of firie light" of the aurora, streaming over the "shining skie in summer night."

Yet not only this one feature of her beauty, but the whole personality of Britomart moves him to create some of his noblest poetry, and touches it with a deeper human sympathy than we find perhaps anywhere else in the *Faerie Queene*. The sixth canto of this Book tells of the crisis in the life of Britomart, when, after long searching for Artegall (the knight whom she has learned to love only through his portrait), she at last discovers him as her opponent in a fierce hand-to-hand combat. The fight between them is of no great interest—one battle is very much like another in Spenser, save for the difference of similes—but our attention is held fast when Artegall shears away from his antagonist the whole front of her helmet, and,

With that, her angels face, unseene afore,

appeared in sight. And, with a touch of "realism," he adds that it was like to the "ruddie morne,"

Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore,
But somewhat redder than bescem'd aright,
Through toilsome heat and labour of her weary fight.

Artegall falls in love at first sight, and, dropping his sword, prays for pardon. But Britomart is not so easily appeased, nor does she at first recognise her lover as the person for whom she has been searching; and even when she does, she tries, though vainly—and very charmingly this is told—to keep up her anger against him. Glauce, the old nurse, however, with wise and reconciling words, brings this noble pair

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a little nearer to each other. But Britomart will not at once surrender herself, and Artegall has to win her with a long wooing—

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length into 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 yeilded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her Lord.

And, when once she yields, she yields completely, resisting strenuously any thought of separation from him, even though Artegall is forced by honour to continue his journey. She only lets him go after he has "asswaged her with strong perswasions," and fast engaged his faith with her.

And thousand vowes 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.

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeilded leave, however malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind displeased.

All this is highly characteristic of the woman Britomart, and of a certain type of woman always. Spenser seems to be drawing some one from the life, and we should like to know who it was. Very much of the nature of Britomart, too, in the last scene of this incident, is her lingering beside him, reluctant to say the final good-bye. She sets him on his journey for a little distance,

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,

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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.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind.

This is all as close as it could be to simple human life. It will be noticed that the interest here lies entirely in the human element of the story of this pair of lovers; there is no allegory or symbolism mixed up with it as in the case of the other lovers, Scudamour and Amoret, Florimell and Marinell. It may, however, be said, not only here, but of the whole of this Fourth Book, that it has in it less of allegory and more of pure romance than any other portion of the *Faerie Queene*, not even excepting the Sixth Book.

The stories of Cambell and Triamond, of the Tournament for Florimell's Girdle, of Amyas and Placidus, of Scudamour and Amoret, of Florimell and Marinell, of Belphœbe and Timias, though mingled with allegory, are really little more than simple stories told with the detail and ornamentation of romance. Of these some are more interesting than others. Putting aside the dramatic appearance of Cambina upon the scene, the story of Cambell and Triamond is nearly all fighting, and the description of battle was not Spenser's strongest point. The similes, however, are of interest, and though not all original, are always touched, at least, with Spenser's individuality. The fighters are likened to an old oak tree in a storm, fierce tigers, a vulture striking at a heron, "two grim Lyons taken from the wood"; when one of them springs afresh

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to the strife, after a pause, he is like the snake in his new summer skin ; and the to and fro of the battle is

Like as the tide that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Floues up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course.

This story has, however, another and peculiar interest for us. Three of our greatest English poets meet around it. Chaucer was the first to use it in his unfinished *Squire's Tale* ; Spenser, taking it with reverence from his master, Chaucer (see canto ii. 34), writes a conclusion for it ; Milton alludes to Chaucer's "half-told" tale in a passage in which he is also clearly thinking of Spenser (*Il Penseroso*, l. 110, etc.).

The story of the Tournament is also nearly all fighting. It runs through a whole canto, and the similes again are a vivid part of it. The story of Amyas and Placidus somewhat flags, and so does the account of the doings of Prince Arthur with the Giant Corflambo and the two hapless ladies Æmilia and Amoret. One would think that Spenser had ceased to feel much interest in the Prince. He is colourless in this Book, and now does nothing original, or in an original way.¹ The Lady Pæana, however, who comes into the story here, is touched with some life, and her conversion from cruelty and intemperance to gentleness and chastity under the leading of Arthur individualizes her from any other of the women of the *Faerie Queene*.

The remaining stories are full of grace and charm. In the

¹ There is, however, one exquisite couplet, not new in idea, but newly put, regarding his honour. Amoret, riding alone with him, weak and helpless, has qualms of fear at being in his power, for she has just been through an evil experience. But

All the while he by his side her bore
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.

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story of the fitting of the girdle there is also an element of humour, and we meet again with Braggadochio, whose end, however, is reserved for the *Legend of Justice*. The incident of Belphebe and Timias is dwelt upon by some critics as an historical allegory concerning an intrigue between Sir Walter Raleigh and one of the maids of honour at the court of Elizabeth. If this interpretation be true, then the poet's version of the story only shows how fine is the transforming power of ideal imagination which can make out of a sordid and dishonourable incident such a lovely piece of work. The mind of Spenser fastened not upon the ugliness of his original, but on the elusive gleam of beauty hovering around it. And what makes the peculiar fascination of the story, as the poet tells it, is the charming sympathy of the turtle dove with the grieving young squire. The dove is a real bird. It only uses bird-methods—its song, its power of flight, its little flitting hoppings—to help its friend. It has a fellow-feeling for the squire, not because it specially understands human sorrow, but because it, too, had lost its dearest love; and from this, its own natural feeling, spring its affection and sagacity. It might have been a bird which had learnt from St. Francis to be the "little sister" of human creatures. One would think that this incident must have appealed to Wordsworth. It is one of the most delicate, yet vivid, pieces of work ever done by Spenser; and the gentle bird, with the jewelled heart of ruby, pendant from its little throat, sending forth her plaintive notes to comfort and to reconcile divided friends, is the central point of charm in the tale. Otherwise, Belphebe's sudden and unrelenting estrangement from the young squire, and his own misery and abasement on that account, are common episodes of romance, the unreasonableness of which we are accustomed to in mediæval literature. Belphebe only appears three times in the *Faerie* ✓

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Queene, and this passage is the last time we see her. She plays no vital part in the whole poem, and there seems little reason for her appearance there at all, except that she is beautiful. Spenser uses her to symbolize the life of maidenhood, and as a compliment to the Queen. One may here recall—what is difficult to remember in the many windings of narrative in the poem—that Belphebe is the sister of Amoret,¹ but of this she is ignorant. For a moment, in this story of Timias, the two are on the scene together, and Belphebe's jealousy is therefore against her own sister. There is material here, then, for many another story which Spenser may have intended to use in some future Book of the *Faerie Queene*.

The account of Scudamour and Amoret is a more elaborate incident than the last, and in connection with it occurs the fine allegory of the House of Care.

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke ;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stank,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke :
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many iron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around.

A "wretched wearish elfe" is the good man of this dwelling-place—black and grisly with the smoke from his forge; ragged, unkempt, with filthy, blistered hands.

His name was Care ; a blacksmith by his tra'ce,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose iron wedges made ;
Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds invade.

The last line of moral explanation we could well have spared—its intrusion cools the imaginative atmosphere. It is

¹ See Book III., Canto vi.

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curious that Spenser should have inserted this moral line here—it is the only one of the kind in the whole allegory, which otherwise is work of a quality that may be placed beside that of the stories of Despair and of Mammon. His analysis of the condition of the care-laden human being is as masterly as it is true. Sir Scudamour lays himself upon the floor to sleep, but cannot be at ease—the noise of the hammers and the bellows disturb him. The barking and howling of dogs without, the crowing of a cock, and the shrieking of an owl, afflict him also “to the very soul.”—

And if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heaue eyelids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his head-peece with his iron mall ;
That he was soon 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 apayd.

So long he mused, and so long he lay,
That at the last, his wearie sprite opprest
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 mo'est,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were :
The things that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

And even then he is not allowed to sleep, for the “maister smith” nips him under the side with “red whot yron tongs,”¹ so that he starts up, smarting. There is a suspicion of humour, too, in all this, which seems to say that Spenser had endured these conditions, and could now smile at them. In the allegory of Slander, however, a little farther on, there is no

¹ Cf. Grief in the Mask of Cupid. Book III., Canto xii. 16.

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room for lightness; it is a grave dissertation rather than an allegory, and true enough to fact. Spenser had seen his own friends poisoned by the breath of this hag, and had himself only escaped her by living a retired life.

The story of Scudamour and Amoret gives Spenser occasion for another one of his finest pieces of work in the description of the Temple of Venus. This occupies almost the same place and proportion in Book IV. as the House of Holiness in Book I., and Mercilla's Court of Justice in Book V. It would seem, therefore, as if Spenser intended the Temple of Venus to exemplify in a special way the virtue of friendship, which is the nominal subject of the Book. It hardly does this, though, for the Temple of Venus cannot in any complete way symbolize "Friendship," even if we allow to that word the very widest meaning. A Temple of Friendship or Concord is what we should have expected from him here. He introduces, however, a fine personification of Concord, who sits in the porch of the Temple of Venus, and, by her influence, secures for Scudamour a safe entry into the innermost shrine of the goddess. The description of the whole place is one of the better known passages of the *Faerie Queene*, and the crown of it all is the picture of Amoret in the lap of Womanhood. At the feet of the statue of Venus lie a bevy of fair maidens—Shamefastness, Modesty, Courtesy, Silence, Obedience—and the eldest of them, obeyed by all the rest, of graver countenance, thoughtful and wise, is Womanhood. In her lap sits Amoret, "a goodly mayd,"

The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen strayd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd.

Scudamour, emboldened by the countenance of Venus, and

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holding his shield of love, steps forward, and, taking the hand of Amoret, leads her forth. Very charming is the picture—

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 freedom fro me wooe ;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate.

Concord again befriends him, and he passes through the portal with his lover. For the rest of their story we must turn back to the *Legend of Chastity* (Book III.).¹

The narrative now leaves these two and passes to union of another pair of lovers, Florimell and Marinell, a pretty and romantic tale. Intruding into it, as an episode, comes the long account of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, which is one of the best known of Spenser's pageantries. It is a most effective piece of work, delightful both as description and as verse. The names of the rivers² and of the nymphs are introduced with great metrical skill, and it would be interesting here to compare Spenser with Milton in his poetical use of proper names.

The Book closes with this happy ending of the story of Florimell, whom we have followed through many adventures (see Book III.). She is one of those fair, sweet, gentle figures whom Spenser loved to draw, but he gives to her no individual touches of character. She reminds one more than any other of Spenser's women of the favourite type of pathetic and pleading womanhood drawn

¹ In the 1596 edition of Book III., the story is not finished at all ; but in the previous edition of 1590, Spenser had written a happy ending to it.

² These are mostly based on Holinshed's geography in his Chronicle. The Irish rivers Spenser wrote down, it would seem, out of his own knowledge.

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by Burne Jones. Her girdle of chastity is her distinguishing mark, and plays an important part in the action of the poem. The element of strength in what might otherwise seem a feeble type is found in the simple and unchanging force of her affection for Marinell, for whose sake she has brought upon herself misfortune. She is tossed from trouble to trouble,

Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare :
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell.

Increasing pathos gathers about her as the poem proceeds, which Spenser seems especially to have felt. Time after time he breaks out into lamentation over her, which, even if conventional, as it may be, he uses over no other of his women.

So oft as I this history record
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To think how causeless, of her owne accord,
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in such affliction.

In the meekness with which she endures her miseries we are reminded of Una ; but Una is a nobler figure, for the aim of her quest was less personal and more world-wide than that of Florimell, even while she was none the less full of womanhood. Yet we cannot spare Florimell from the group of Spenser's women—love, purity and meekness would be the less without her. And the scene of her appearance before the weak and stricken Marinell, with which the Fourth Book closes, is a fitting and gracious ending to her story.

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As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head, that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

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 secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie.
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected.

These are some of the riches of poetry to be found in the *Legend of Friendship*—the Book which is less known and more slightly treated than any other of the *Faerie Queene*.

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ANALYSIS OF BOOK IV

Canto I.—The story goes back to Amoret, who at the end of Book III. was delivered by Britomart from the cruelty of Busirane the enchanter. The two women journey on together, though Amoret believes Britomart, who is disguised as a knight, to be a man. They come to a castle, where the custom is that every knight who has no lady-lover shall “lye without the door.” A certain knight, being without a lady, claims Amoret for his lover. Britomart challenges him, they fight, and the knight is soon overthrown, but she gets him admitted to the castle by revealing herself to be a woman, and claiming the favour “as ladies debt.” She is much admired by all there.

Amoret and she journeying on the next day meet two knights each with his lady. They are Blandamour and Paridell, with Duessa and Ate, whose dwelling is described. Blandamour, after wrangling with Paridell, who refuses to fight with Britomart because of a previous encounter with her (see Bk. III. 9), attacks the woman-knight, but is immediately unhorsed. Britomart passes on, and the other party continue in their own direction. They meet two more knights, one of whom is Scudamour. Paridell and he fight, and the former is half killed, for which Blandamour reproaches his opponent. Meanwhile Duessa and Ate goad Scudamour to desperation by declaring to him that Amoret, his lover, is faithless. Sir Scudamour curses Britomart (whom he had parted with when she entered the enchanter's castle; see Bk. III., Canto xii.), and is ready to kill the old nurse Glauce, who, however, soothes him with sober words.

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Canto II.—Glauce and Scudamour now apparently leave these two false knights, who go on alone and meet Sir Ferraguh with the false Florimell (see Bk. III., Canto viii.), whom he has taken from Braggadochio. Blandamour fights with him and seizes Florimell. Paridell becomes jealous and Ate fans the quarrel until it flames up into another fight, urged on by both the ladies. At last the Squire of Dames (see Bk. III., Canto vii.) comes along and makes peace, inviting them all to the tournament at which Florimell's girdle is to be fought for. They then go on together and meet two more knights with their ladies—these are Cambell and Triamond with Canace and Cambina. The poet here pauses to invoke the spirit of Chaucer to forgive him for venturing to touch a story which he has left unfinished (see Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*). And he goes on to complete the story thus. Cambell is the brother of Canace, who has so many wooers that he offers to fight three of the strongest, and whoever is victor shall marry the lady. Canace gives her brother a magic ring to help him in the contest. Three brothers, Priamond, Diamond, Triamond, offer themselves for the combat. Agape, their mother, having inquired from the Fates concerning the lives of her children, sees their threads spun very short, and begs the "fatal sisters" to grant that the life of each one as he falls shall pass into his next brother, so that the last survivor shall have in himself the strength of three lives.

Canto III.—The fight between Cambell and the three brothers is very fully described. First comes Priamond, then Diamond, and lastly Triamond. All fight desperately, and the souls of the first two enter into Triamond, making him trebly strong, so that, Cambell being well matched, the fight seems likely never to end. Then suddenly there comes into the ring the lady Cambina in her chariot, who stops

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the fight and gives the combatants a draught of Nepenthe, the peace-making drink. Triamond then marries Canace, and Cambell takes Cambina.

Canto IV.—The party of Cambell and Triamond falling in with Paridell and Blandamour, the latter would seek a quarrel, but Cambina reconciles them, and they all go on together to the tournament for the girdle of Florimell. Braggadochio joins them, and seeing the false Florimell (who had been taken from him by Ferraugh; Book III., Canto viii.) riding by the side of Blandamour, challenges the latter. Blandamour agrees to fight on condition that the one who is beaten shall take Ate for his lady. Then Braggadochio backs out of the contest, and the false Florimell and Ate reproach him, stirring up strife. Cambell quiets it, and advises them to wait until the Tournament of the Girdle is over. They arrive at the field. Satyrane opens the contest in a single combat with Bruncheval, many other knights join in, and at the end of the day the side of Satyrane has won. On the second day of the tournament Triamond cannot enter the field, but Cambell, secretly disguising himself in the armour of this knight, takes his place in the lists. There is much fighting between him and Satyrane, and he is nearly overcome when Triamond, hearing the news, forgets his wound, puts on the armour of Cambell (being unable to find his own armour, which is being used by Cambell), dashes into the strife and rescues his friend. Cambell and Triamond are adjudged the prize of valour for that day.

On the third day Sir Satyrane and the knights of Maidenhood are winning, when a stranger knight, bearing armour covered in moss and leaves and with the motto "Salvagesse sans finesse" on his shield, enters the field and carries all before him. It is Artegall. But another stranger knight follows on, unhorses him and many other knights and finally

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restores the prize to the order of Maidenhood. This knight is Britomart.

Canto V.—Opens with an account of the origin of Florimell's girdle—the Cestus, which had been wrought by Vulcan for Venus. The knights then assemble, and the honour of the three days' strife is adjudged to Satyrane, Triamond, and the knight of the Heben Spear (Britomart). The salvage knight (Artegall) is vexed that he has been frustrated of honour by the latter knight, and meditates revenge.

The ladies are then brought forward and their beauty unveiled; the false Florimell being judged the loveliest, the girdle is given to her. But it will not fit her, nor any other lady present, except Amoret. Yet it is awarded to this Florimell, and the lady herself given over to the knight of the Heben spear (Britomart). But he does not want her, his lady is Amoret. Nor does Triamond want her. So at last she is taken by Satyrane, but at this there is great disputing. It is finally settled by allowing the lady to choose for herself, when she turns to Braggadochio, and the two go off secretly that night.

Britomart and Amoret continue their journey; but the story turns to Scudamour and the old nurse Glauce, who come to the house of Care, a blacksmith. They stay there, but Scudamour cannot rest for the noises and trouble of the place, and they pass on together the next day.

Canto VI.—Scudamour meets with the Salvage knight (Artegall) and they talk together of the knight of the Heben Spear (Britomart). Artegall is feeling sore against the latter because he had beaten him at the tournament, and Scudamour imagines that it is this knight who has carried off Amoret. They both fight with him, until Artegall, striking the stranger's helmet asunder, reveals the "angels face" of Britomart. He and Scudamour are stricken with fear and

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wonder, but Britomart is enraged. Glauce reconciles them. Scudamour asks after Amoret, and Britomart tells him that she has lost her in a wood, and is still searching for her. They all go on together, and Artegall woos Britomart until she consents to betrothal. The knight, however, must continue his quest, and Britomart accompanies him a part of the way, then returns to Sir Scudamour and Glauce.

Canto VII.—The story goes back to Amoret in the forest. She has been carried off by a "salvage" man, who takes her to a cave where she finds another unhappy woman named Æmilia. Æmilia tells her history. The "salvage" returning to the cave, Amoret flees, but he follows and would have taken her, but for the young squire Timias, who has been hunting with Belphebe (see Book III., Canto vii.). He fights with the "salvage," but is nearly defeated when the huntress comes up and puts the wild man to flight, who in his haste drops Amoret. Belphebe follows and kills him with an arrow. She then goes to the cave and releases Æmilia and an old hag there. Coming back with these she finds the squire dressing the wounds of Amoret and kissing her. She is indignant with what she considers his infidelity to herself and leaves him. He follows her, but she will have nothing to do with him. He then takes to the wood and dwells there in neglect and misery. Prince Arthur (whose squire he is) comes upon him one day, but does not know him again, nor can he get him to explain himself. He has carved the name of Belphebe on all the trees about.

Canto VIII.—The same story is continued. The unhappy squire is visited by a turtledove, with which he makes friends. One day he binds about the bird's neck a heart-shaped ruby, when to his dismay she flies off with it. She goes to Belphebe, attracts her notice, and little by little draws her on to the wood and to the youth. Belphebe, not knowing him

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again, pities his fate, and asks him of himself. He then breaks forth to her of his misery at the loss of her. She forgives him and restores him to favour.

Prince Arthur meanwhile comes upon Æmilia and Amoret where they have been left during the quarrel of Belphoebe and the squire. They are in a wretched condition, and the Prince takes them to a little cottage near. But the owner of this is an old hag, Slander, who is rough to them. They stay there for the night, and when they leave in the morning Slander pursues them with vile words. As they go along they meet a squire riding with a dwarf in front of him, while a huge giant is pursuing. The Prince springs to the squire's help and kills the giant. He is then told the story of this "accident." The giant is Corflambo, and he has one daughter, Pæana, who is beautiful, but loose of life and light of love. As an example of her wickedness he tells how a squire "of low degree," who had arranged to marry secretly a lady of high rank (Æmilia), was entrapped of the giant's son at the instigation of Pæana, who now fell in love with this squire. He pretends to return her love in order to get his liberty. The squire who tells the story, hearing of his friend's imprisonment, goes to see if he can help him, but being very much like his friend is mistaken for him and treated as an escaped prisoner. He is driven to a dungeon, where he finds the Squire of Low Degree (Amyas), and he (whose name is Placidus) urges his friend to escape—he himself remaining in the prison and being taken for Amyas. One day he snatches up the dwarf who was his keeper and escapes—the giant Corflambo pursuing, as we have seen. At this point in his story Æmilia runs up and asks if her lover, Amyas, still lives. Prince Arthur promises to help her to find him.

Canto IX.—Arthur by a stratagem enters the castle of the giant and comes upon Pæana singing her love-plaint. At

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first he is half enthralled, but captures her. He releases the prisoners from the dungeon, and amongst them Amyas, the Squire of Low Degree, who is now united to Æmilia. Pæana is then released, and reforming her ways at the instance of Prince Arthur, is married to Placidus, the other squire.

Arthur now continues his quest, taking with him Amoret. They come upon a party of six knights fighting, four of whom were the lovers of the false Florimell, and the other two are Britomart and Scudamour, who had been set upon by these. The battle proceeds through many stanzas. Prince Arthur fights for the minority, and by blows and words brings the other four at last to reason. They charge Britomart with carrying off the false Florimell, but she clears herself. With wise words Prince Arthur restores peace to all. They go on together and Scudamour begins to tell them of his visit to the Temple of Venus.

Canto X.—Scudamour's account of how he won Amoret. He sets out on adventure to win the Shield of Love from the Temple of Venus. He goes to the island upon which it stands, takes the shield, and proceeds to enter the Temple. This is fully described. Scudamour prays to Venus to favour his love suit. Then he finds Amoret sitting in the lap of Womanhood, surrounded by many maidens. He takes her by the hand and leads her away.

Canto XI.—The story turns to Florimell, who was last heard of in the sea dungeon of Proteus (Book III., Canto viii.). She sits in this prison, brooding on her hopeless love for Marinell. Marinell, meanwhile, accompanies his mother to a feast given by Proteus in honour of the "spousals" of the Thames and the Medway. To the marriage feast came all the sea-gods and nymphs, and the chief rivers of the world. This company is fully described.

Canto XII.—Continues the story. Marinell, being half

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mortal by birth, must not eat with the gods, and, while the feast is going on, walks abroad to view the dwelling of Proteus. Under a cliff he hears the lamentable voice of Florimell singing a love plaint. Marinell, gathering from it that he is the cause of her misery, is much repentant, and considers, but vainly, how he may release the lady. By this, however, the feast is ended, and Marinell has to return with his mother. When he gets home he falls ill because of the love he feels for Florimell. His mother, thinking he is troubled with his old wound (Book III., Canto iv.), goes to Tryphon for advice. Tryphon visits the patient and pronounces his malady unknown. Marinell refuses to disclose his trouble, but Apollo is called in and says he is in love. Cymodoce, his mother, begs him to tell her which of the nymphs it is whom he loves. Hearing it is Florimell, a woman, she goes off to Neptune and complains against Proteus, who has to surrender his prisoner. She then brings Florimell home to Marinell, who quickly begins to recover at the sight of her. The poet promises to give us the rest of the story in another place.

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING

The Legend of Cambel and Triamond,
or of Friendship

I

THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires 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 allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.

II

Such ones ill judge 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 abusd 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.

IV

I

B

THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 Heroes 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 chast 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 adress, [blest.
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from heaven

V

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 Majestie 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.

CANTO I

*Fayre Britomart saves Amoret,
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour.
Their fight and warlike dedes.*

I

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

II

For from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight, she never joyed 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 unknownen mischief did from him remove.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 knowen,
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 sterve,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve.
And now she is with her upon the way,
Marching in lovely wise, 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 fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honor should attain,
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 should she not but curteous countenance to her make.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

VI

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

VII

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

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 than shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
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 jolly knight,
Who being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to justifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowde
And boastfull chalenge, wexed 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 booth together giusted ;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne.
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 two things so far in dout.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

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 chalenge set :
Which straight to her was yeelded without let :
Then since that strange Knights love from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to herselfe, as Ladies det,
He as a knight might justly be admitted ;
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves were fitted.

XIII

With that her glistring helmet she unlaced ;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound
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 summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firie 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.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 overcommen, her ador'd :
So did they all their former strife accord ;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford ;
And to her bed, which she was wont 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 grieffull pittie privately bemone.
The morow 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I.]

XVIII

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew :
For she could d'on 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 overthrow.
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 darknes 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.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung :
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plast ;
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defast ;
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine ;
Great cities ransackt, 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 faire 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 soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell :
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece which made them strive.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

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 girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all ;
The monuments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

XXV

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

XXVI

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food :
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,
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.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth too bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended :
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
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 stil was guided.

XXVIII

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report.
And as her eares, 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 othre 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

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 worlds 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 Duessa roade ;
And serving her in her malicious use,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse.
For though like withered tree that wanteth juyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
She was become, by change of her estate,
And made full goodly joyance to her new-found mate

XXXII

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

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 conquests part,
Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and jesting sayd;
Lo there, Sir Paridel, for your desart,
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 answered, 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 dearely 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XXXVI

The warlike Britonesse her soone adrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receive
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That, being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new love deceive :
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed forth not taking leave,
And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

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 convayd :
And all the way with wondrous grieffe 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 make 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 grieffe renew.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 justifie 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 spures 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 approch, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became themselves did scarsly weete.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XLII

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
 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 fome, 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 for lying long upbrayes.

XLIII

Who rolled on an heape lay stil in swound,
 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 slight
 And foule advantage this good Knight dismayd,
 A Knight much better then thyselfe behight,
 Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
 This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne :
 Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
 Is weakned, then thou doest him overronne :
 So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
But that it all the skie doth overcast
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to wast.

XLVI

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 go'th
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

XLVIII

Vile hag, (sayd Scudamour,) why dost thou lye?
And falsly seekst a virtuous 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 whoso 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 grieffe, 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 untrue 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.

CANTO I] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

Lo recreant, (said 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 defyde.

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 unjust,
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
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 shall deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO I

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 Britomart 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.

CANTO II

*Blandamour winnes fa'se Florimell,
Paridell for her strives,
They are accorded: Agape
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.*

I

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

II

Or such as that celestiaall Psalmist was,
That when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such Musicke is wise words with time concented,
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

III

Such us'd wise Glauce to that wrathfull knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled 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 feend, 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 reft
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft ;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

V

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

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 disdaine,
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne,
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

VII

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay ;
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And shewing her, did Paridell upbray ;
Lo sluggish Knight, the victors happie pray :
So fortune friends the bold : whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret 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 theretoo.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

IX

She, in regard thereof, him recompent
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 estranging him in sterner wise,
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himself most foole in what he seem'd most wise.

X

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beraft,
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 slight,
That it could overreach 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 plast in sole felicity :
So blind is 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.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches :
And 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 chalenge, and thus boldly sayd.

XIII

Too boastfull Blandamour, too long I beare
The open wrongs thou doest me day by day,
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
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 answere for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

XIV

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XV

Their fire Steedes with so untamed forse
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitillesse remorse,
Through shield and mayle, and haberjeon did wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the furie 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 set.

XVI

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

XVII

At length they both upstarted in amaze;
As men awaked rashly out of dreame,
And round about themselves a while did gaze,
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she 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, [did hew.
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

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

XIX

And that which is for Ladies most befitting,
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 move,
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXI

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech,
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken :
Who lookt a little 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 conjur'd by some well knowen 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 avizing 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 joyous sight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight ;
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.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 joyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.

XXV

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 beseemed 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,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

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 hers pertaines,
Against all those that challenge it, to gard,
And save her honour with your ventrous paines ;
That shall you win more glory than ye here find gaines.

XXVIII

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 asswage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage.
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
That challeng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

XXIX

So well accorded forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but a while ;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather,
Yet all was forg'd and spred 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.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

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

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 trumpet 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 beadroll worthie to be fyled.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

XXXIII

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
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 bits?

XXXIV

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 survive,
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,
And wondrous chast of life, yet lov'd of Knights and Lords.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 honours blemishment ;
And eke unto her lookes 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 affrayd,

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 woers
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 himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

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 sisters 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 bleed.

XI.

Well was that rings great vertue knownen 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 weened 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 there were 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.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 horsebacke 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 usd 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 so 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 space.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

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 sat 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) [bold.
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions

XLVI

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew :
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensew,
Seeking adventures, where they arie 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 stout.

XLVII

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 Abyссе,
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heavens blis,
The hideous Chaos keeps, their dreadfull dwelling is.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine :
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine.

XLIX

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

L

Whereat she sore 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 granting shewed her the same.
That when she saw, it did her much amate,
To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO II

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 Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, Fond dame, that deem'st of things divine
As of humane, that they may altred 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 change, nor Jove himself can free.

LII

Then since, (quoth she,) the terme of each mans life
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the 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 annex
Unto the third, that his may so be trebly 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 she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

CANTO II] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LIV

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall ;
Which much augmented all their other praise :
And now, t'increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they joyned 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.

CANTO III

*The Battell twixt three brethren, with
Cambell for Canacee.
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.*

I

O 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 whilst 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.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine,
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled 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' one side sixe judges 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 worthy wage,
That could her purchase with his lives adventur'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 godly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd :
And marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

VI

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

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.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare,
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

VIII

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

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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'ot right upreare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd ;
Like an old Oke whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of every storme, doth stagger here and there.

X

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againè 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 infixèd, whilest he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde : with which despight
He all enraged his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake.

XI

postea
Lo faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischalenge and abet :
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let :
But to forbearè 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

XII

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

XIII

His wearie ghost 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 eftsoones derived,
Like as his mother prayed 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 sorie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brothers right ;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone address : the trompets freshly blew.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XV

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to deuoure ;
And with their axes each so sorely bet,
That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rived were like rotten wood asunder ;
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did showre.
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 hungers rage,
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stir up strifull 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 those 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 murtherous axe at him with mighty sway.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

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 body rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent.
But Cambels 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 slyde.

XIX

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 souse, 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 scarce recovereth flight.

XX

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft :
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.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 lifes 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 eft ;
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 grieffe, which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythril'd
With point of steele, that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly left out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest ;
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 newborne wight ye would him surely weene ;
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight ;
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene,
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

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 weakned 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 sore bestedde,
 With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
 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.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Like as the tide that comes fro th' Ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan 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 flood is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Sovereaine.

XXVIII

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed :
Now this the better had, now had his fo ;
Then he halfe 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 flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, no powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still whenas he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds and all his bruses guarisht,
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

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 men's 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 flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

XXXI

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
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 sought
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 battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 sward
Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upreard, [peard.
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound ap-

XXXIV

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And falling heavie 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 when as all the lookers-on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end,
And Judges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend ;
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddenly they both upstarted light,
The one out of the swownd which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assaying, gan afresh to fight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III

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 ruful tine,
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
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 guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devise.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 riders hest, as seemed good.
And therein sate 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 subtile 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 hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout, [dout.
And some that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XLII

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents 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 Maias 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 asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage
It doth establish 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 Jove will have advaniced 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 Heroes hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscan penne :
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro 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 quaille :
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t' appeare.

XLVII

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO III]

XLVIII

But when as all might nought with them prevaile,
She 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 draught.

XLIX

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 joy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

I.

All which, when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befel :
Where when she saw that cruell 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.

CANTO III] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LI

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, 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
Faire 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 joyous feast their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall 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 liefte.
So all alike did love, and loved were, [where.
That since their days such lovers were not found els-

CANTO IV

*Satyrane 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 foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends;
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends:
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds.

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 befals 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.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore 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 reconcylâ,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abrode,
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

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,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have repress.

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 somewher tofore had eide.

VIII

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembered well,
How having reft 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 scornfull offer Blandamour gan soone despise.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

IX

And said, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I 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 worse then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight.
• But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to justifie 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 much mesprize.
• But naught he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XII

But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest,
Brave Knights and Ladies, certes ye do 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 whoso 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, whereso they rode or 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 crewe arriving, did divide
Themselves asunder : Blandamour with those
Of his, on th' one ; the rest on th' other side.
But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie vaine 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 ;
The knights in couples marcht, with ladies linckt attone.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke ;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost :
It was the same which lately Florimell had lost.

XVI

The same alofte he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might ;
The which eftsoones 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 paine.

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 himselfe all ready for the field.
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fiersly forth did ride.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XVIII

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

XIX

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in aid 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 Braggadochio 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 again upreare.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXI

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

XXII

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, 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 abrode,
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 withstond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXIV

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

XXV

Yet as he might, himselve he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine,
Then gan the part of Chalers anew
To range the field, and victorlike 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 judg'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 mongst them all was not Sir Triamond,
Unable he new battell to darraine,
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselve he found.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXVII

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
Ne done undoe, yet for to salve his name,
And purchase honour in his friends 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 misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to fight.

XXVIII

There Satyrane Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great Joy and Jolity ;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground ;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare eftsoones 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

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXX

So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast ;
Which vantage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leave his lofty sell,
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse feete fell.

XXXI

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed,
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed ;
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords, that lode on him did lay :
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray ;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him 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 Lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdainig to be thrall.
But all in vaine : for what might one do more ;
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIII

Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up streight for his armour sought :
In vaine he sought ; for there he found it not ;
Cambello 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 seene,
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 friends 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,
So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XXXVI

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest ;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best :
But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd ;
Each labouring t' advance the others gest,
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 knights againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine :
But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declar'd 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 knownen,
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 lucklesse riders late were overthrowen ;
And squiers make hast to helpe their Lords fordonne :
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXIX

Till that there entred on the other side,
A straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent disguise, full hard to be describe.
For all his armour was like salvage weed,
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salvage 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 incomming, charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight :
That was to weet, the stout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowen 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 sore, 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 dreadful sight,
No lesse than death itselfe, in daungerous affright.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

XLII

Much wondred all men, what, or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize ;
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learn 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 might.

XLIII

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 straunger 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 sore, that tomling backe he downe did slyde
Over his horses 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 seene lying on the plaine.

CANTO IV] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLV

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t' avenge the shame doen to his freend :
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend :
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore ;
But with no better fortune than 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 overthrowed whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of challengers relieved.

XLVII

Like as in sommers 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IV

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 joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize should win that pretious spoyle :
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest awhyle.

CANTO V

*The ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour comming to Cares house,
Doth sleepe from him expel.*

I

IT hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie,
The prize of beautie still hath joynd 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 controvers of beauties souveraine 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 itselfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

III

That girdle gave the vertue of chast 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)
Dame 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 Lemno with unquenched fire :
And afterwards did for her loves 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 ages flowre
Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

CANTO v] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 sought, as shall appeare ;
For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The judges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended,
To deeme this doubtfull case, for which they all contended.

VII

But first was question made, which of those Knights
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne :
There was it judged, by whose 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 foemens 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 puissaunt 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 adjudged for Paramore.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

IX

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall.
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede ;
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t'awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

X

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, 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 Duessa, 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 outgoe.

CANTO v] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

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

XIII

At last the most redoubted Britonesse,
Her lovely Amoret did open shew ;
Whose face discovered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict 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 Phœbes 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 celestiall shape that flesh did beare :
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see ;
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XV

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spreed
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 fayrest 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 wast she it enclos'd ;
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd.

XVII

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But she herselfe did think it doen 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, eftsoones it was untide.

CANTO v] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

Which when that scornfull Squire of Dames did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest ;
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 shent.

XIX

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre :
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdles 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 judged it :
And she herselfe adjudged 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

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 Judges 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 judged Triamond his one ;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXII

Tho unto Satyran she was adjudged,
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 wnesse call ;
Who being askt, accordingly confessed all.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran ;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour ;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan ;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So altogether stird up strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine ;
Ne Judges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them restraine.

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 releasee :
Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse :
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.

XXVI

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd
Was in the middest plast 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 wished to have pleasd them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXVII

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

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 succede,
 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 heremie,
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto herselfe most nie,
 She through his late disguizement could him not descrie.

CANTO v] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

So much the more her grieffe, the more her toyle :
Yet neither toyle nor grieffe 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 heart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent.

XXXI

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Ate kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart
And through his soule like poysned 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 stowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

XXXIII

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke ;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes 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 ground.

XXXIV

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent ;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent :
Full blacke and griesly 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.

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
About the Andvile standing evermore,
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping stroakes, which thereon soused sore :
All sixe 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 Joves 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 asunder 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 Pensifenesse did move ; and Sighes the bellows weare.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

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 joynts 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 heaue 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 wheresoever he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine :
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

XLI

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

CANTO V] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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-peece 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 apayd.

XLIII

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
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 appeare.

XLIV

With that, the wicked carle the maister Smith,
A paire 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 ;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO V

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 rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd 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 attone ;
Who whatsoever 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 itselife awhile, after so long a went.

CANTO VI

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

I

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

II

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

III

Which Scudamour perceiving, forth issewed
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 answeere to your weede ?
Or have ye it for some occasion donne ?
That rather seemes, sith knowen 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.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Shame be his meede (quoth he) that meaneth shame
But what is he by whom ye shamed were?
A stranger knight, sayd he, unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, 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 dread.

VIII

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

IX

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre 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 defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite :
And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.

X

Which being yeilded, 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 entertaind 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 eft aventring his steele-headed launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous 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.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 armcs avayled.

XIII

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 horses 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 Jove 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 forsooke,
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [GANTO VI

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 bloud 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 began 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 art.

XVII

What yron courage ever could endure,
 To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
 And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
 To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
 The Maker 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 bloud of dearest freend,
 Thereby to make their loves beginning, their lives end.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

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

XIX

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in itselfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeared in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore,
But somewhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

XX

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd 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 shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI.]

XXI

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
 Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
 His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
 From his 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 horrour did his sense assayle,
 And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

XXIII

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 injurie.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 describe
That peerelesse paterne of Dame natures 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 error to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Joyous 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 sharp avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall,
Tempred with sternesse and stout majestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw.
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

XXVII

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning 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 obayd, [missayd.
But brought forth speeches myld when she would have

XXVIII

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 unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound.
He thus bespake ; Certes, Sir Arte gall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

XXIX

Soone as she heard the name of Arte gall,
Her hart did leape, and all her heart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy, 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 fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknit ;
 Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
 To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
 Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
 Against the course of kind, ne mervaille nought ;
 Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
 Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
 Fearing least she your loves away should woo ;
 Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

XXXI

And you Sir Artegall, the salvage knight,
 Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
 Hath conquered you anew in second fight :
 For whylome they have conquered sea, and land,
 And heaven itselfe, that nought may them withstand
 Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
 That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
 Of noble minds derived from 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 impart :
 For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell.
 Thereat full inly blushed Britomart ;
 But Artegall close-smyling joy'd in secret hart.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

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 :
 Besides her modest countenance he saw
 So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
 That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
 And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw ;
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine, [straine.
 Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would re-

XXXIV

But Scudamour whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
 And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
 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 enchaunters theft
 Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
 I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
 And evermore from villenie her kept :
 Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
 Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 heare.

XXXVII

When Scudamour those heauiue 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 needlesse 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

Nathelesse he hardly of her chearefull spech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare : so sore a breach
That sudden newse 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 heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Til I her find and wreake on him that did her reave.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

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 meet might finish that accord.

CANTO VI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegal, 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 therewith full sore displeasd 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 vowes 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 displeasd.
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 a while accompanide.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VI

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 fortunes 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 vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

XLVII

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where sorie 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 conwayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell ; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII

*Amoret rapt by greedie lust
Belphebe 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 setst 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 sore,
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 heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

III

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
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 fair Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had 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 onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a spru,
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 fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow;
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glów,
And raught downe to his waste, when up he stood,
More great than th' eares of Elephants by Indus flood.

VII

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolves and Tygres fed.

VIII

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day.
He stayed 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

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 horror where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound,
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 heart 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 anothers 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 answerd she) whose dread
Untride 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.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 darknesse drive.
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chast, whenever in his powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselves doth cruelly deuoure.

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 eat one.

XIV

Ah dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,
(Quoth she) of all that ever hath beene knownen :
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XV

But what I was, it irkes me to reherse ;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree ;
That joyed 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 Sire, 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 willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,
And rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire, 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 feete.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 Æmylia.

XIX

Ah sad Æmylia (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, though into thraldome throwne?
Through 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 sourse,
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 himselfe unto his wonted sinne ;
Which ended, then his bloody banket should beginne.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXI

Which whenas fearefull Amorett perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But like a ghastly Gelt whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horreur 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 feesles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

XXII

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,
But overleapes them all, like Robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies ;
And evermore when with regardfull sight
She looking backe espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight ;
More swift than Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in salvage chase.

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 fortun'd Belphebe with her peares
The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To banish sloth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

It so befell, as oft it falls in chace,
That each of them from other sundred 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 grepping laughter mote farre off be rad.

XXV

Which drery sight the gentle Squire espying
Doth haste 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 he 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 crafte in fight:
For ever when the Squire his javelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke.
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII.]

XXVII

Which subtile 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 coleblacke 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 upreate,
 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

Whilist thus in battell they embusied were,
 Belphebe raunging in her forrest wide,
 The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
 And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
 Whom when that theefe 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 deaths sole instrument.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE.

XXX

Whom seeing flie, she speedily poursewed
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 mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes 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 overcaught,
And in his nape arriving, through it thirld
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, surcharg'd with spoile and theft.
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy blood
The place there over-flowne seemd like a sodaine flood.

118

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

XXXIII

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

XXXIV

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every joynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare;
A leman fit for such a lover deare.
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others 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 swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get.
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 thirld
With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore,
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 sore 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 speaches 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 grieffe, 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 heavens face,
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

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 wilderness, of men forlore
 And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
 His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
 And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight :
 So on himselfe to wreake 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 ointment 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 overgrew,
 And over all his shoulders did dispred,
 That who he whilome was, unneath 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.

CANTO VII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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; [sunne.
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching

XLIII

Arriving there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All overgrown 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 scene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall;
And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thrall.

XLIV

But to his speach 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 anguishe overcum;
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 joyous semblance for his sake.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VII

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 weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome 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 bestad ;
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 himselve 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 ease or 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 deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII

*The gentle Squire recovers grace,
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth 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 itselfe more dread and desperate:
For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay.

II

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted, but with penaunce 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

III

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
 His doole he made, there chaunst 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,
 That 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 his head, and rend his rugged heares
 That could have perst the hearts of Tigres and of Bearès.

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.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

Upon a day as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forthdrew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him whilst goodly grace she did him shew :
Amongst the rest a jewell 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 turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind,
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so dekt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind :
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way she straid,

VIII

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His wearie eie returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his juell 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

IX

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile, which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was 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 juell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands drest :
Therewith she rose in hast, and her adrest
With ready hand it to have reft 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 flit a little 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.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

Estesoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new devis'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 ghost 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 messenges of his true meaning and intent.

XIV

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface;
That being 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?

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XV

If heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subject borne :
If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that have so cruell thee forlorne :
But if through inward grieffe 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 yourselfe, O dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred :
That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light.
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes change 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,
Æmylia and Amoret abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate ;
The one right feeble through the evil rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found :
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse wound,
With which the Squire in her defence her sore astound.

XX

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case in which those Ladies lay ;
But most was moved 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXI

Tho when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins 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 fond.

XXII

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 lothsome 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 cottage 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 venime to her parts entyre.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse :
For she was stuff 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 chast and loyal liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame ;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

XXVI

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous 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 itself with grieffe unkind :
For like the stings of Aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words men pricke, and wound the inner part.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXVII

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome fayne :
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne ;
And eke that age despysed 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,
Regardlessse of that queane so base and vilde,
To be unjustly 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 misled,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble Knight ;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare,
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant lare.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 itselfe in souveraine awe :
Then loyal 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 Faulcons side ;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride :
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Whereof it hight,) and 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 Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight :
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight,
And that which went to vanquish God and man
Was made the vassall of the victors might ;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that overran.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

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

Tho soone as day discovered heavens face
To sinfull men with darknes overdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their journey dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight ;
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
The ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

XXXV

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

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 tongs end grew.

XXXVII

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

XXXVIII

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

XXXIX

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysnous 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 lookers 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 pursewd in sight.

XLI

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
From loftie 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.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 tomble downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne

XLIII

Whereat the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, 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 Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approached neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight
Did shun the prooffe thereof and it avoyded light.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

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 forth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended down 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 dwarf 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 ;
Al which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

XLVII

This mightie man (quoth he) whom you have slaine,
Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was bred ;
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 sight,
With which he killed all, that came within his might.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLVIII

Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought ;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
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 Corflambo was he cald aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie ;
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Pæana, 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII]

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 Æmylia faire,
This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught,
And all dismayd through mercillesse despaire,
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

LII

This Gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her joyous 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 graunted 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.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 eare,
Full inly sorie, 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' eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new ;
Whereof I glad did not gainesay nor strive,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dongeon drive.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

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 joy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia 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 misthought
Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'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 thraldome 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.
Instead of whom forth came I Placidus,
And undiscerned, forth with him did pas.
There with great joyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire Pæana I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to mee.

CANTO VIII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 friends 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 heauiue 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 conuay,
I lightly snatcht 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO VIII

LXIII

Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers 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 Æmylia loves.
Then lesse, (said she) by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves.
But what mishap thus long him fro myselfe 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 mercillesse did lie.
Then after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie :
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his event.

CANTO IX

*The Squire of low degree releast
Æmia 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 weet
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 Cupids 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 meanest brasse.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

III

All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approved plaine ;
In which these Squires true friendship more did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest Ladie could constraine.
For though Pæana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdain
For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
And she herselfe her syre 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 tyrants 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 Dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,
Till to his Castle they approched neare.
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him unbard ;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

CANTO IX.] THE FAERIE QUEENE.

VI

There did he find in her delicious boure
The faire Pæana 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 sire, she cald to him for aide.
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him sencelesse by the Squire upstaide,
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 thrals which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

IX

Whom soone as faire Æmylia 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 Pæana them beholding both,
 Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban ;
 Through jealous 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 deare,
 Deceived through great likenesse of their face,
 For they so like in person did appeare,
 That she uneth discerned whether whether weare.

XI

And eke the Prince, whenas he them avized,
 Their like resemblaunce 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 skill or error were.
 Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
 So did the other Knights and Squires which him did see.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XII

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while,
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 joy, that captive Lady faire
The faire Pæana he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frolicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasaunt glee:
But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with grieffe 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 deface;
And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

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 liefе,
Till he had made of her some better priefe,
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 yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

XVI

From that day forth in peace and joyous blis,
They liv'd together long without debate,
Ne private jarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assuraunce 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 defaste; thenceforth reformed her waies, [praise.
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her

XVII

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest,
Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love, conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former quest;
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.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 victors powre, like vassall bond ;
Whose will her weaknesse could no way repressè,
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 forestall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons 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 hearts 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 battell best beseemed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
These foure were they from whom false Florimell
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed.
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXI

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure :
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames and 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 foure disposed were to love.

XXII

But those two other which beside them stooðe,
Were Britomart, and gentle Scudamour,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull 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 corsēs, and their lives deprive.

XXIII

As when Dan Æolus 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 full intent ;
They breaking forth with rude unruliment,
From all foure partes of heaven doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore,
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,
And seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together, where through lewd upbraide
Of Ate and Duessa they fell out ;
And each one taking part in others 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 rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXVII

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne,
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their 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 yelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid,
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone ;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone.
Four charged two, and two surcharged 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 blouddy feast :
So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

XXXII

Whom when the Briton prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest :
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide address,
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

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 stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,
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 disswade
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 sharply 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' asswage 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 termes, as list them to devise :
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat.

CANTO IX] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
To weet, faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their private 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 reft,
(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 yeilded,
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 toste.
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO IX

XXXIX

For from the first that I her love profest,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
I never joyed happinesse nor rest,
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
I wast my life and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe 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 me entreat you, sith 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 sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X

*Scudamour 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 if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
That I too true by triall have approved ;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never joyed 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,
Sincē of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

III

Long were to tell the travell and long toile,
Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
And purchased this peerlesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended then begonne.
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke 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 prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest,
I having armes then taken, gan advise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this 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 auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame ;
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

And it was seated 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 wize,
With curious Corbes and pendants graven faire,
And arched all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Doricke guize.

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 flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong;
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was, against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.

VIII

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X.

IX

Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
 And pant with hope of that adventures 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 horses hoofe.

X

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
 Eftsoones outsprung 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 pillbur, 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 bridges utter gate I came ;
 The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
 I knockt, but no man answred me by name ;
 I cald, but no man answred 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.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 Janus 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 sate Delay,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay,
And entertaine with her occasions sly;
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 whenas he had prively 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 treasure of man's day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XV

But by no meanes my way I would forslow,
 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 [will.
 With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the workman's

XVI

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 Fortunes 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.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XVIII

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
 In greater perils to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the sternesse 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 little 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 moe,
 Yet much disdainng 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 enchanted 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 hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
 Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly were,
 Then all his former parts did earst appere:
 For hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
 With many moe lay in ambushment there,
 Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight
 Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXI

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

XXII

No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From lowest Juniper to Ceder tall,
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall :
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itselfe 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 natures 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 joyous place they mote have joyance free.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 drew ;
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 thankes,
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 lincked in true harts consent ;
Which loved not as these, for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desíre,
Farre from all fraud, or fayned blandishment ;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXVII

Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare ;
 Trew Jonathan, and David trustie tryde ;
 Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his feare ;
 Pylades and Orestes by his syde ;
 Myld Titus and Gesippus without pryde ;
 Damon and Pythias whom death could not sever :
 All these and all that ever had bene tyde
 In bands of friendship there did live for ever ;
 Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

XXVIII

Which whenas I, that never tasted blis
 Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
 I thought there was none other heaven then this ;
 And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
 That being free from feare and gealosye,
 Might frankly there their loves desire possesse ;
 Whilest I through pains and perlous jeopardie,
 Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse : [tresse.
 Much dearer be the things which come through hard dis-

XXIX

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
 Might not my steps withhold but that forthright
 Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
 Whereas my love was lodged day and night :
 The temple of great Venus, that is hight
 The Queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
 There worshipped of every living wight ;
 Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
 That ever werē on earth, all were they set together.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXX.

Not that same famous temple of Diane,
 Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
 And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
 One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
 Might match with this by many a degree:
 Nor that, which that wise King of Jurie framed
 With endlesse cost, to be th' Almightyes 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 sate 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 perle 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXXIII

Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
 That she them forced hand to joyne 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 Almighty maker first ordaird,
 And bound them with inviolable bands;
 Else would the waters overflow the lands,
 And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
 But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
 She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
 And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All dect with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay ;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as May.

XXXVIII

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XXXIX

Right in the midst the Goddess selfe did stand
 Upon an altar of some costly masse,
 Whose substance was uneath to understand :
 For neither pretious stone, nor durefull 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 brickle, 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 skill
 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 [byned.
 Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast com-

XLI

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

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XLII

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
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 enjoys
The wide kingdome of love with Lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

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 disdainig,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one through loves constrayning,
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill ;

XLIV

Great Venus, Queene of beautie and of grace,
The joy 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 joyous cheare.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

XLV

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres,
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours ;
First doe the merry birds, thy 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 rages.

XLVI

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 Bulls 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 joyous is,
Great God of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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.
Whilst 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 rov'd at randon after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

L

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

LI

And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart ;
And her against sate 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 sate they all around in seemely rate :
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen strayd ;
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 grace.

LIII

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,
With which 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.

CANTO X] THE FAERIE QUEENE

LIV

Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
 And sharpe rebuke, for being over-bold;
 Saying it was to Knight unseemely shame,
 Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
 That unto Venus services was sold.
 To whom I thus, Nay but it fitteth best
 For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold,
 For ill your goddessse 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 soyle,
 For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

LVI

And evermore upon the Goddessse 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 lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO X

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 woe;
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 Princes 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.

CANTO XI

*Marinells 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 thraldomes chayne ;
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, nor 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 Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly bid 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

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 peeces would have cleft;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darknesse 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 mornings 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 despysd (ah, who would her despysse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans 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.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

VI

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

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 brasse 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 Jove,
 The noursling 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 sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI

First came great Neptune with his threeforkt mace,
 That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;
 His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace,
 Under his Diademe imperiall:
 And by his side his Queene with coronall,
 Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
 Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne silver haire, [paire.
 And deckt with pearles, which th' Indian seas for her pre-

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 jollyment,
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 clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame.

XIII

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame ;
And Glaucus, that wise southsayes understood ;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A God of seas through his mad mothers 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 Caïcus strong ;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth ;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them go'th
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XV

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant Nations, which the world possesst.
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,
And Inachus 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 prooffe 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 mighte,
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine, but that which is th' immortall spright
Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed was dight.

XVII

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 moniments of passed times:
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 possesst :
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest, and the best,
Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest ;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right.

XIX

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

XX

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 sourse springs from the skie ;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie ;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans, which therein did die ;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood, [stood.
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be with-

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO. XI

XXI

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

XXII

Joy 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 quaille in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof itselfe 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 celestiaall sound,
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse : that was Arion 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 Agæan seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

So went he playing on the watery plaine.
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, 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, [see.
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could

XXV

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 fayled oft through faint and feeble plight :
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay ;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with 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 branches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Joy to you both, ye double nourserie
Of Arts, but Oxford thine doth Thame most glorify.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXVII

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

XXVIII

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wents to ride,
When to Joves 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 weet 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 chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole ; and the soft-sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE.

XXX

Then came his neighbour floods 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 divides
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 Bath,
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 his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse 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 overtake.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

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 joyfully
 Of his owne fish unto their festivall, [call.
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they Ruffins

XXXIV

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 flit,
 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 learning more than ever did
 Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
 And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
 And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
 Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXXVI

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever 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 tynd 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 quight.

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 on 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XXXIX

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

XI.

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were,
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee.
 And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
 Why should they not likewise in love agree,
 And joy 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 countreis, thorough which they pace.

XLI

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
 The Sandy Slane ; the stony Aubrion,
 The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea ;
 The pleasant Boyne ; the fishy fruitfull Ban,
 Swift Awniduff, 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 Stewlogher steep,
 And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 deflowr'd,
Wherof 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 Rosseponte boord ;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heaps of Salmons in his deepe bosome :
All which long sundred, doe at last accord
To joyne 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 staid 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 dueful service, as to them befell.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

XLV

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare
And uncouth fashion, 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
Bewrayed itselfe, to let men plainely 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 spred
As a new spring ; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed,
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops, which doe the morne adore.

XLVII

On her two pretty handmaidens did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane ;
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding 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, [way.
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepard her

CANTO XI] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyede 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,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
Light foote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nessea,
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 Actea,
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage,
Euagore, and light Pontoporea,
And she, that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas, when they do sorest 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XI

LI

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girlond greene ;
Hyponeo, with salt-bedewed wrests,
Laomedia, like the chrystall sheene ;
Liagore, much praisd for wise hehests ;
And Psamathe, for her brode snowy brests ;
Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiste just ;
And she that vertue loves and vice detests
Euarna, and Menippe true in trust,
And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.

LII

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to upre,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phœbus kinde ;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

LIII

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hie,
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 luckesse Marinell, Cymodoce,
Which for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

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 endlessse worke have I in hand,
I'o 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 endlessse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posterity :
So fertile be the fouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation

II

Therefore the antique wisards well invented,
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred ;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witness th' exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes 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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

III

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they filld 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 roame,
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 careful grieffe,
Which never she before disclosd 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.

CANTO XII] THE FAËRIE QUEENE

VI

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
Yet hoping grieffe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare :
For heaven that unto all lends equall eare,
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 doe 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 joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII

And when my weary ghost with grieffe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
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.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

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 lifes deare love beloved be :
And if he shall 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 thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

XI

But O vaine judgment, 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.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare ;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish, that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse : but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth,
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus sonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him 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 grieved 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 constraine :
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

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 chast 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 bemoning her unworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is falne unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way ;
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

XIX

Being returned to his mothers 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 weepe.

XX

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

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

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 secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine ;
But weeping day and night, did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend :
To see an hellesse evill double grieffe 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 fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under th' orifis :
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 throughly 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.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

XXIV

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discernē :
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 speches, now with threatenings 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 sought
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 comming to her sonne, gan first to scold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve :
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooc 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 seene, that for his love he chose.

THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXVII

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned 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 Florimell 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 prophetic,
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 Majestie,
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.

CANTO XII] THE FAERIE QUEENE

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 evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought.

XXXI

To whom she answerd, 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 yours the waift by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie,
It to replevie, and my sonne reprive :
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.

XXXII

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

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THE FAERIE QUEENE [CANTO XII

XXXIII

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell.
Whom 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 joyous, that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.

XXXIV

Who soone as he beheld that angels face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection ;
As withered weed through cruell winters 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 secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected :
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

GLOSSARY

<p>Adj. = adjective. Adv. = adverb. Arg. = { Argument at head of Canto.</p>	<p>Int. = Introductory stanzas. Pret. = Preterite. Pp. = Past participle. sb. = substantive. vb. = verb.</p>
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- Cent. Dict. = Whitney's "Century Dictionary."
 Child, Spenser's Works.
 Collier, Spenser's Works.
 Joyce, Article in "Fraser's Magazine," March, 1878.
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 Todd, Spenser's Works.
 Upton, Spenser's "Faerie Queene."
 Warton, "Observations on the Faerie Queene."

N. B.—All "Notes," save textual ones, which will be found at the end, are, for the sake of convenience, included in this Glossary.

Abase, lower, vi. 3.

Abet (sb.), abetment, aid, iii. 11.

Abet (vb.), support, maintain, iii. 6.

Able, Abye, pay for (as a penalty), suffer for, i. 53; vi. 8.

Abray, start up, awake, vi. 36
 (abraid, abrayd, pret.), iv. 22;
 v. 42.

Abrode, abroad, in the outer world, iv. 5; about, around, iv.

23.

Abyde, wait or watch for, vi. 9.

Abusion, deceit, deception, i. 7.

Accord, agreement, harmonious compact, vi. 41.

Accorded, reconciled, iii. 51.

Accoyd, soothed, viii. 59.

Accrewed, gathered up, collected, vi. 18.

Acidalian mount. A mountain near the brook (or well) Acidalus, frequented by the Graces, v. 5. See Upton's note and references.

Actea, Actæa, one of the **Nereids**, q. v., xi. 50.

Adamants, crystals, found in the

GLOSSARY

- neighbourhood of Bristol, called "Bristol stones," xi. 31.
- Adaw**, subdue, vi. 26.
- Adredde**, terrified, afraid, iii. 25 ; (**Adred**), viii. 47.
- Adresse**, adjust, arrange, iv. 4.
- Adrest**, prepared, equipped, ready, i. 36 ; iii. 14, "him or her adrest" = prepared himself or herself, iii. 22 ; viii. 10.
- Adore**, adorn, xi. 46.
- Advise**, consider, think of, ix. 4 ; "better doe advise" = think about living better than this, viii. 15. *See Avize*.
- Adward** (sb.), award, that which is given as payment, x. 17. [A form of the word used only by Spenser.]
- Adward** (vb.), award, adjudge, xii. 30.
- Æmilia**, the lover of the Squire of Low Degree, vii. 28, *et seq.*
- Æolus**, the god of the winds and the storm, ix. 23.
- Affide**, affianced, betrothed, viii. 53.
- Afore**, in the fore part, *i.e.* at the end, vii. 7.
- Afore**, before, in front of, iv. 4 ; before (of time), ii. 18 ; iv. 45 ; v. 8 ; in the fore part, at the end, vii. 7.
- Affray**, alarm, frighten, vi. 45 ; x. 16.
- Affrended**, made friends, reconciled, iii. 50.
- Affret**, "furious onset, immediate attack," ii. 15 ; iii. 6, 11 (a word of doubtful etymology. *See N. E. D.*)
- Affronting**, confronting, facing defiantly, iii. 22.
- Agæean seas**, the Ægean, that part of the Mediterranean between Greece and Asia Minor, xi. 23.
- Agape**, the mother of the three knights who fought against Cambell. Upton points out that the story of Agape and her three sons resembles that of the fay Feronia in the Æneid, Book VIII. Arg. ii., *et seq.*
- Agave**, one of the Nereids, q.v., xi. 49.
- Agenor**, one of the sons of Neptune, said by Apollodorus to be the founder of a kingdom in Phœnicia, xi. 15.
- Aggrate**, give thanks or gratitude, ii. 23.
- Agryz'd**, frightened, horrified, viii. 12.
- Albany**, the northern part of the island of Britain, *i.e.* Scotland, xi. 36.
- Albion** (*a*), a son of Neptune, who fought with Hercules. Spenser took this story, however, not from the classics, but from Holinshed's History of England, xi. 15. *See Hercules*.
- Albion** (*b*) the island of Britain, which was said originally to have been joined to Gaul, xi. 16.

GLOSSARY

Albee, albeit, although, i. 17, *et pass.*

Alcides, Hercules; the allusion here is to that adventure of Hercules when he was hunting the Erymanthian boar. The Centaur Pholus entertained him with wine, whose fragrance attracted other centaurs to the spot. In anger at the using of their wine, they attacked Hercules, who drove them off with firebrands and arrows, i. 23.

Alebius, a sea-deity, son of Neptune; but the description given of him is probably Spenser's invention, xi. 14.

Alexander, Alexander the Great. The reference is to the division of his empire after his death. The "princes five" who finally remained as masters of the spoil were Seleucus, Antigonus, Ptolemy, Lysimachus, and Demetrius. *See* Plutarch's "Life of Demetrius," i. 22.

Algates, entirely, altogether, vi. 13.

Almeda, one of the Nereids, q. v., xi. 51.

Allide, allied, united, iii. 52.

Allo, the Munster Blackwater. In Spenser's time a portion of this river was locally called Allo, and the whole of it had also the English name of Broadwater. *See* Spenser's "Colin Clout," "the flood, which Allo hight, Broadwater called farre."

The modern Allo is a little river running into the Blackwater, xi. 41.

Almes, alms, charitable deeds (ironically), iv. 32.

Aloofe, from a distance, apart, x. 9.

Alpheus, the well-known river of Greece, which was said to flow through the sea from the Peloponnesus to Sicily without any admixture of salt water, xi. 21.

Als, also, furthermore, i. 28, *et pass.*

Amaine, exceedingly, with full force, iii. 47.

Amate, dismay, cast down, daunt, ii. 50; iii. 26.

Amazons, the discoverer of the Amazon, Orellana, is said to have called it by that name from seeing some armed women on its banks, xi. 21.

Amenance, mien, bearing, iii. 5.

Amoret, the maiden loved by Scudamour, whose history was begun in Book III. c. 6, Arg. i., *et pass.*

Amphitrite, the wife of Neptune, xi. 11. Her name also appears among the Nereids, xi. 49.

Amyas, the Squire of Low Degree, viii. 59.

Andvile, anvil, iv. 23, *et pass.*

Aon, one of the sons of Neptune, the founder of Aonia or Boeotia, xi. 15.

GLOSSARY

Apay, please, "past perils," etc.; *i.e.* one is glad to tell of them after they are over, ix. 40 "ill apayd" = pleased him ill; treated him badly, v. 42.

Apollo, Phœbus, the God of the Sun, here spoken of as physician, xii. 25. *See Phœbus.*

Appall, fail, grow feeble, vi. 26.

Ardenne, the forest of Ardenne, iii. 45. *See Rinaldo.*

Aread, Areede, give utterance, speak, ii. 25; declare, tell; vi. 5, 35; vii. 11; conjecture, guess, viii. 13; **Ared** (pp.), divined, truly known, v. 15; (pret.), perceived, understood, viii. 14.

Argonauts, the warriors who went with Jason to Colchis in the ship *Argo* to take the Golden Fleece; but it is doubtful to what circumstance of the expedition Spenser is alluding here. A quarrel, however, is said to have occurred between the chiefs before the expedition sailed, but Orpheus put an end to it, i. 23.

Arion, a poet and musician of Lesbos. Being once upon a ship in which the sailors plotted against his life, he asked leave to play upon his harp. His music attracted dolphins to the ship, and Arion, throwing himself overboard, was carried by one of them in safety to land. The word "crownd"

means that he had put on his musician's robe and crown before beginning to harp, xi. 23.

Arke, coffer, casket, iv. 15.

Arret, deliver, commit to the charge of, v. 21. [A false use of the word. *See N.E.D., arret.*]

Arthegall, Artegall, the Knight of Justice, the lover of Britomart, and the hero of Book V. His story was begun in Book III. c. ii., though he does not appear there in person. iv. 42.

Arthure, vii. 42. The British hero and king, in whom Spenser personifies Magnificence or Magnanimity. He is on a quest to discover the Faerie Queene, with whom he has fallen in love in a vision. *See Book I. c. ix.*

Asopus, a sea-god personifying the river Asopus in Boeotia; called "sad," because Jupiter had carried off his daughter Ægina, xi. 14.

Assay (vb.), attack, i. 2, 35; (**assaid**, pret. and pp.), iv. 20; ix. 30; try, attempt, i. 4; viii. 10.

Assay (sb.), value, proved quality, x. 15.

Assoyle, dispel, get rid of, v. 30; vii. 3; expiate, atone for, vi. 25; **Assoyled** (pret.), disposed of, discharged, ix. 36; (pp.) delivered from, iii. 13.

GLOSSARY

Astound, stupefied, stunned, viii. 19.

Assured, made secure against defeat, iv. 37.

Asswaged, appeased, soothed, vi. 43.

Astræus, a sea-god who, on his crime being discovered, drowned himself in the river named after him, xi. 13.

Ate, a goddess of discord, whose ancestry is variously given by classical writers. Homer makes her the daughter of Jove. Hesiod calls her the daughter of Eris, the goddess, who threw the fatal apple of discord. Spenser, in Book II. c. 7, identifies her with Eris, i. 19.

Atone, attone, together, in company with, iv. 14; v. 46; vii. 14; ix. 30; (written for **attonce**?), immediately, at once, xii. 9.

Atropos, one of the three Fates, whose business it was to cut the thread of the life of those who were destined to early death, ii. 48.

Attacht, seized, arrested, ix. 6.

Attonce, at the same time, equally, iii. 15.

Attrapt, furnished with trappings, iv. 39.

Atweene, between, iv. 34; vii. 35.

Aubrion. Mr. Joyce has been kind enough to send me the information that he has failed to discover the river Spenser

calls the "stony Aubrion," the only one in his whole catalogue that remains unidentified. The first syllable of the word is probably the common Irish word **abh** (pronounced **aw** or **ow**), signifying river, as we find it in **Awbeg**, etc. From its place in this catalogue it may be inferred that the Aubrion is somewhere in S. Munster, and is itself a considerable river, xi. 41.

Autenticall, authentic, xii. 32.

Autonoe, one of the Nereids, q. v., xi. 50.

Avale, lower, x. 19; (**avalle**), descend, iii. 46.

Avenge (sb.), vengeance, punishment, vi. 8.

Avengement, vengeance, iii. 8; viii. 43.

Aventred, thrust forward, aimed (?), iii. 9; (**aventring**), vi. 11. [A word of doubtful meaning. See N. E. D.]

Avize, consider, watch for, x. 4.

Avized, viewed, considered, v. 25; ix. 11; reflected, vii. 43; counselled, viii. 58.

Avizefull, considering, thoughtful, vi. 26.

Avizing, viewing, considering, ii. 22.

Avon, the river Avon, upon which Bristol stands, xi. 31.

Awhape, amaze, stupefy with terror, vii. 5.

GLOSSARY

- Awniduff**, the Ulster Blackwater, which falls into Lough Neagh, xi. 41.
- Babylon**, the great city on the Euphrates, i. 22.
- Ban** (vb.), curse, ix. 9.
- Ban** (sb.), the river Bann in the N.W. of Ireland, still noted for its trout and salmon fishing, xi. 41.
- Band**, bond, ii. 29 ; iii. 13 ; (bandes), i. 24 ; iii. 52.
- Bandon**, the river which flows through the county of Cork into the sea at Kinsale. The "wood" of Spenser's time has now disappeared, yet a little of its forest character remains in the "pleasant plantations" which surround the "castles, mansions, and villas" upon its banks, xi. 43.
- Banquet**, banquet, feast, vii. 20 ; (Bancket), xii. 4.
- Bath**, the city of Bath, on the Avon, xi. 31.
- Barow**, one of the rivers flowing into Waterford Harbour, still famed for its salmon, xi. 43.
- Bay**, "unto his bay" = to close quarters with him, in his power, viii. 48.
- Bayes**, laurels, reward, i. 47.
- Baytes**, enticements, x. 49.
- Beadroll**, catalogue of names (originally a list of persons specially to be prayed for), ii. 32.
- Beamlike**, like a beam of timber, iv. 24.
- Beare the bell**, *i.e.* take the lead, stand first in merit. Todd, to explain the origin of the phrase, quotes from Riche's *Adventures of Simonides* (1584):
 "My prickeard ewe, since thou dost beare the bell,
 And all thy mates doe follow at thy call," etc.
- Beath'd**, heated, a term used for the heating of unseasoned wood in order to straighten it, vii. 7.
- Bedight**, furnished, bedecked, iv. 39, *et pass.*
- Bee**, been, iii. 21.
- Befeld**, befallen, iii. 50.
- Begonne**, begun, ix. 27.
- Begor'd**, covered with gore, xi. 3.
- Behalve**, behalf, iv. 27.
- Beheaste**, bidding, command, ix. 31.
- Behight**, behighte, named, reputed, i. 44 ; weened, believed, iii. 31 ; adjudged, granted, v. 7 ; vowed, promised, vi. 38 ; xi. 6.
- Behote**, held out hope of, iv. 40.
- Behoofe**, advantage, benefit ; "fit for his behoofe" = fitted to benefit himself (by commending him to her favour)? vii. 37.
- Bel-accoyle**, fair welcome, kindly greeting, vi. 25.
- Bellona**, the goddess of war, companion of Mars. Spenser sometimes identifies her with *Minerva* or *Pallas*, i. 14.

GLOSSARY

- Belphebe**, the huntress divinity, or Diana, who appears also in Books II. and III. Arg. vii.
- Belus**, a son of Neptune, said by some authorities to be the founder of Babylon, xi. 15.
- Beraft**, bereft, ii. 10.
- Beseeke**, beseech, iii. 47.
- Beseemed**, befitted, became, ii. 25; seemed, appeared, vi. 19.
- Bestad**, troubled, iv. 33. "From whom he now so sorely was bestad" = by whom he was now cruelly used, vii. 46.
- Bestaine**, stain, vii. 27.
- Bestedde**, beset, attacked, iii. 25.
- Bestedded**, served, helped, i. 3.
- Bet**, struck, beat, iii. 15; ix. 25.
- Bever**, "the lower portion of the face-guard of a helmet, when worn with a visor; but occasionally serving the purposes of both" (N.E.D.). In the 16th century the beaver included the visor, and could be pushed up entirely over the top of the helmet, iii. 11; vi. 25.
- Bewraide**, discovered, perceived, ix. 28.
- Blackewater**, the English name for the Irish river Awniduff (=black river), q.v., xi. 41.
- Blandamour**, a knight who is one of the lovers of Duessa. He appears again in the Fifth Book, ix. 20.
- Blandford**, a town and district in Dorsetshire, xi. 32.
- Blent**, blinded, v. 34.
- Blest**, preserved, protected, vi. 13 (cp. Bk. I. ii. 18).
- Blist**, (1) blessed (?), or (2) blasted, cursed (?), vii. 46.
- Blomius**, a giant, said to be an impersonation of the Slieve Bloom mountains in Ireland, xi. 42. *See Rheusa.*
- Bloosme**, blossom, flower, viii. 2.
- Bond**, bound, viii. 21.
- Boord**, lie or flow along by, xi. 43.
- Bord**, jest, iv. 13.
- Boure**, habitation, abode, x. 58.
- Bove**, above, Int. 4; iv. 37.
- Boyne**, the Irish river flowing into Drogheda Bay. It is still "pleasant," presenting on its banks a succession of quiet, pastoral landscapes, xi. 41.
- Braggadochio** (=big braggart), whose career begun in Book II. c. iii., is brought to an end in Book V. c. iii.
- Brast**, broke to pieces, iii. 12; (**brust**, pp.), iv. 41.
- Breane**, the Brent. The Thames "goeth by . . . Brentford or Bregentford, where it meeteth the Brane or the Brene (another brooke descending from Edgworth), whose name signifieth a frog in the British speech." (Holinshed), xi. 29.
- Brenne**, burn, iii. 45; (**brent**, pp.), v. 35.
- Brianor**, one of the knights who

GLOSSARY

- took part in the tournament for Florimell's girdle, iv. 40.
- Brickle**, brittle, fragile, x. 39.
- Brigandine**, brigantine, a small vessel, ii. 16.
- Bristow**, the city of Bristol, on the Avon, xi. 31.
- Britany**, Britain, xi. 26.
- Britomart**, the knight of Chastity, whose history begun in *F. Q.*, Book III., is concluded in Book V. For her birth and ancestry, see Book III. cantos 2 and 9.
- Britonesse**, female Briton, v. 13; vii. 3.
- Brode**, abroad, far and wide, iv. 5.
- Brode-plated**, of a wide-spread sheet or plate of metal, iii. 34.
- Brond**, sword, *lit.* brand, iii. 25.
- Brond-iron**, sword, iv. 32.
- Brontes**, one of the Cyclops, who were monsters of great stature, sons of Coelus and Terra, and supposed to be the workmen of Vulcan the smith-god, who forged the thunderbolts of Zeus, xi. 13.
- Bronteus**. See **Brontes**.
- Brooke**, brook, tolerate, ii. 40.
- Broyle**, broil, quarrel, iii. 16.
- Bruncheval**, a "paimin" or heathen knight who fought with Satyrane for Florimell's girdle, iv. 17.
- Brutus**, the legendary Brutus, said to be descended from Æneas, xi. 38.
- Busyrane**, the enchanter who captured Amoret, but was overcome by Britomart. See Book III. canto xi.
- Byding**, abiding, remaining, i. 24.
- Cabin**, rude dwelling, hut, vii. 38, 42.
- Caicus**, one of the sea-gods, who gave his name to a river in Mysia, xi. 14.
- Cambell**, **Cambello**, the brother of Canacee, who fought with the lovers of his sister, promising that the victor should win her hand, ii. 31. See **Canacee**.
- Cambine**, **Cambina**, the sister of Triamond, etc., who by the drink of Nepenthe stops the strife between her brother and Cambell, ii. 31.
- Cambridge**, the University town of Cambridge, xi. 34.
- Can-gan**, began, used frequently as a mere auxiliary=did, iii. 20; iv. 29 vi. 26.
- Canacee**, the "learned lady," who was skilled in the language of birds and beasts, and healing power of herbs, by virtue of a ring sent her by the King of Araby and Ind. She afterwards married Triamond, ii. 31.
- Carefull**, full of care or trouble, v. 35.
- Carle**, churl, rude or base fellow, v. 44.
- Caudron**, cauldron, x. 38.

GLOSSARY

Centaur, a mythical creature, half man, half horse, i. 23. *See Alcides*, i. 23.

Centonel, sentinel, ii. 36.

Certes, certainly, truly, iv. 42.

Cestus, the Latin word for a marriage girdle, but applied especially to that of Venus, which gave grace and beauty to the wearer and excited love in the beholder, v. 6.

Chamelot = camlet, " a name originally applied to some beautiful and costly Eastern fabric, afterwards to imitations and substitutes, the nature of which has changed many times over." It was made sometimes of wool, of silk, of hair, and sometimes of hair together with wool or silk, or of all three materials combined. Later on cotton and linen were introduced into it. It is uncertain whether it was ever made of camel's hair, but in the time of Spenser it was made of the wool of the angora, xi. 45. (*See N.E.D.* for the etymology of the word.)

Charet, chariot, iii. 38 ; xi. 28.

Charwell, the Cherwell, a tributary of the Thames, xi. 25.

Chaucer, the poet (1340-1400), ii. 32. The allusion is to Chaucer's unfinished Squire's Tale in the *Canterbury Tales*.

Chaufing, chafing, iv. 29.

Cheare cheere, countenance, i. 50 ; iii. 46 ; (**Chere**), iii. 51 ; vi. 38.

Chere. *See Cheare*.

Chester, the city of that name, on the Dee, Cheshire, xi. 39.

Chian folk, the people of Cos, an island in the Archipelago, for whom Apelles painted a picture of Venus rising from the sea. The legend runs that he collected the most beautiful women of the island, and used them as models for the picture. Spenser wrote **Chian** for **Coan** folk. The islands of Chios and Cos are not unfrequently confused, as here, v. 12.

Child, a youth of gentle birth, a young knight ; a term used with some freedom of meaning (cp. Bk. II. viii. 7), viii. 44.

Chockt, choked, xi. 31.

Choise, choosing, choice, iii. 45.

Chrysaor, a sea-god, and a son of Neptune, who sprang from the blood of Medusa, and was the father of a monster named Geryon, xi. 14.

Churne, a small stream rising in the Cotswold Hills, forming one of the sources of the Thames, xi. 25.

Chynd, broke, vi. 13.

Clame, call, shout, x. 11.

Clare, a small town in Suffolk, on the Stoure, xi. 33.

Claribell, one of the knights who

GLOSSARY

- fought in the tournament for Florimell, ix. 20.
- Cle**, the Clee a small river north of Lincolnshire, xi. 34.
- Cleeped**, called, named, x. 34; xi. 16.
- Clonmell**, the town upon the river Suir (*see Shure*), xi. 43.
- Close**, almost, iii. 22; secretly, v. 26, vi. 32.
- Clotho**, one of the three Fates, whose office was to hold the distaff while the thread of life was being spun, ii. 48.
- Cole**, the Colne, a tributary of the Thames, xi. 29.
- Compast**, rounded, curved, iv. 30. *See Creast.*
- Compyled**, composed, put together, viii. 4; composed, settled into a peaceful state, ix. 17.
- Concented**, harmonised, made in accord with, ii. 2.
- Concrew**, grow into a mass or tangle, vii. 40.
- Congee**, leave, farewell, vi. 42.
- Conteine**, contain, hold in, x. 43.
- Controverse**, controversy, v. 2.
- Conway**, a river of North Wales. "Its mouth has been noted since the Roman period for pearls found in a species of mussel," xi. 39.
- Corbe**, corbel, "a projection of stone, brick, timber, iron, etc., jutting out from the face of a wall, to support a superincumbent weight," x. 6.
- Corfiambo**, a fierce giant killed by Prince Arthur, viii. 49.
- Corke**, the city of Cork; "here the river Lee (q.v.) divides into two branches, which a little further join again, . . . forming an oval-shaped island, two miles long. In Spenser's time the city was confined chiefly to the island, but in later years it has extended across the river at both sides" (Joyce), xi. 44.
- Corsive**, corrosive, ix. 14.
- Cost**, ground (lit. coast). "On equall cost" = on equal terms, iii. 24.
- Counterfelt**, counterfeited, imitated, ix. 11.
- Counterfesaunce**, counterfeiting, imposture, iv. 27.
- Complement**, coupling, union, iii. 52.
- Courage**, heart, spirit, ii. 39.
- Coy**, inaccessible, not easily touched or pleased, x. 22.
- Craggy**, hard, rough, vii. 25.
- Crane**, a small river in Kent, xi. 47.
- Creast**, head-piece, helmet; "compast creast," alludes to the curved shape of the helmet, iv. 30.
- Critias**, one of the disciples of Socrates, "the Father of Philo-sophie." Int. 3.
- Crouper**, crupper, the leather strap which fastens the saddle to the tail of the horse, iv. 40.

GLOSSARY

- Cteatus**, a sea-god and a son of Neptune, renowned for his powerfulness, xi. 14.
- Cuffing**, scuffling (?), 1611 edition reads "cuffing," iv. 29.
- Curious**, fastidiously, x. 22.
- Curre**, cur, dog, viii. 36.
- Curtaxe**, curtal-axe, a short, broad sword, or cutlass, perhaps used here for a battle-axe, ii. 42.
- Cybele**, the wife of Saturn, and mother of some of the chief gods, amongst them Jove, xi. 28.
- Cymo**, another name for Cymodoce, but Spenser gives the name as that of another Nereid, x. 51.
- Cymodoce**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), and also the name of Marinell's mother, who is called, however, in Bk. III. c. 4, 19, Cymoent. xi. 50, 53.
- Cymothoe**, one of the Nereids, (q.v.), xi. 49.
- Cyprus**, the island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean, where were several magnificent temples of Venus. Paphos (q.v.), however, was it self an ancient city of this island, though Spenser speaks of it as quite distinct, x. 5.
- Cyrus**, the Great, King of Persia. He crossed the river Araxes on the expedition against Tomyris, the Scythian queen, who, defeating him, cut off his head, B.C. 530, xi. 21.
- Daedale**, " manifold in works," varied, x. 45. (See for this use of the word, N.E.D.)
- Daint**, dainty, i. 5.
- Damon**, a Pythagorean philosopher, the friend of Pythias. Being condemned to death, he asked leave to settle first his domestic affairs, and Pythias pledged himself to take Damon's punishment if the latter did not present himself at the appointed time. Damon returned, however, and on account of the fidelity of this friendship a free pardon was given him, x. 27.
- Dampish**, throwing out exhalations, vaporous, foggy, viii. 34.
- Dan**, a title of respect=master, sir, ii. 32; vi. 1; ix. 23.
- Danisk**, Danish, x. 31.
- Daphne**, who fled from the suit of Apollo, and was changed into a laurel by the gods, that he might not seize her, vii. 22.
- Darent**, a tributary of the Thames, running through Kent, xi. 29.
- Darraine**, prepare for, engage in (battle), iv. 26, *et seq.*; order, arrange, ix. 4.
- Dart**, a river of Devonshire, running into Dartmouth Haven, xi. 31.
- Date**, thing given, gift, xi. 38.

GLOSSARY

- Dangerous**, dangerous affright
=in fear of great danger, iv. 41.
- David**, the great Hebrew king, x. 27.
- Deaded**, dull, lifeless, xi. 20.
- Dealth**, dealeth out, gives away, i. 6.
- Deawed**, bedewed, vi. 19:
- Decrewed**, decreased, waned in strength, vi. 18.
- Dee**. See **Chester**.
- Deeme**, judge, viii. 17; form an opinion about, ix. 1; decree, assign, xii. 11.
- Deface**, defame, discredit, iv. 4.
- Defast**, defaste, discredited, i. 21; blotted out, destroyed, ii. 33; marred, ix. 16.
- Defeature**, destruction, ruin, vi. 17.
- Defray**, (*lit.*) pay for; here=get rid of, work off, v. 31.
- Degree**, rank, condition; "unto each degree"=unto persons of every rank, i. 18.
- Delices**, delicacies, dainties, x. 6.
- Delve**, cave, den, i. 20.
- Demogorgon**, a mysterious deity of the under-world, of whom scarcely anything definite is known. The earliest known mention of him occurs in A. D. 450. By some he was considered as a great magician and a ruler of spirits, by others as the author of creation. In modern literature a vague terror is always attached to his name, (*see* Milton and Shelley), ii. 47.
- Denayd**, denied, xii. 28.
- Depended**, was hanging, iv. 24.
- Derived**, transmitted, iii. 13.
- Derring doers**, doers of daring deeds, ii. 38.
- Describe**, i. 32.
- Desine**, indicate, signify, iii. 37.
- Despight**, angry and outraged feeling, i. 52; v. 27; insult, outrage, v. 5.
- Despiteous**, cruel, vi. 11; viii. 42.
- Desse**, lectern or desk for a book, x. 50.
- Desynde**, designed, purposed, vii. 30.
- Det**, debt, due, i. 12.
- Devise**, confer, commune (ironically), vi. 10.
- Devon**, a knight who fought in the tournament for the girdle of Florimell, iv. 21.
- Dew**, bedew, moisten, viii. 20; (*dew'd*), viii. 33.
- Diamond**, **Dyiamond**, the name of the second of the three brothers, sons of Agape, who fought with Cambell for the love of Canace, ii. 41.
- Diane**, Diana, x. 30.
- Dight**, addressed (themselves), i. 16; clothe, adorn, iii. 23; prepare, iv. 21; put on, iv. 27 repaired, come, xi. 16, *et seq.*
- Disadvauce**, lower, draw back, iii. 8; iv. 7.
- Disaventrous**, unfortunate, xii. 4.

GLOSSARY

Disceded, cut in two, i. 27.
Discipld, disciplined, trained.
 Int. 1.
Disclame, renounce, disavow, v.
 25.
Disentrayle, draw forth, vi. 16 ;
 (pp.) iii. 28.
Disguizement, disguise, v. 29.
Dislikefull, distasteful, ix. 40.
Disloignd, removed far off, dis-
 tant, x. 24.
Disparage, unequal match, viii.
 50.
Disparagement, disgrace of mis-
 alliance, vii. 16.
Dispart, divide, separate, x. 51.
Displeasance, cause of grievance,
 vi. 4.
Dispred, spread over, vii. 40.
Disquiet, restless, disturbed, viii. 8.
Distraught, torn asunder, vii. 31.
Diyers, diversely, v. 11.
Doen, donne, done, iii. 6, 36 ; iv.
 45. *et seq.*
Dome, doome, judgment, xi. 38 ;
 iv. 36 ; v. 16 ; x. 21.
D'on, don, put on, i. 18.
Donne. *See Doen.*
Doole, lament, viii. 3.
Doome. *See Dome.*
Doris, wife of Nereus, and mother
 of the Nereids, xi. 48 ; (2) a
 Nereid, xi. 49.
Doricke guilze, the Doric fashion
 (of architecture), x. 6.
Dotto, a Nereid, xi. 48.
Doubt, fear, iv. 27.
Doughtie, worthy, valiant, ii. 31.

Douglas, a knight who fought in
 the tournament for Florimell,
 iv. 21.
Dout, difficulty ; "so far in dout"
 =so full of difficulty, i. 11 ; fear,
 apprehension, ii. 46.
Doone, a river named by Spenser
 as attending on the Medway.
 Holinshed and Camden do not
 mention it, but from its position
 in the passage it is likely to be
 "the other little stream" named
 by Holinshed in connection with
 the Frith (q. v.). Spenser would
 know the streams and land-
 marks of this district of Kent,
 for Penshurst, Sir P. Sidney's
 home, was there, xi. 47.
Draft, attraction, power of draw-
 ing, ii. 10.
Draught, drawing (of a bow), vii.
 31.
Dreare, direfulness, viii. 42.
Dred, dredd, dread, dreadful, xi.
 4 ; "dearest dred," a rever-
 ential way of addressing a per-
 son feared or venerated, viii. 17.
Dreriment, terror, vii. 29.
Drevil, foul creature, ii. 3.
Dromedare, dromedary, viii. 38.
Druon, a knight who fought in the
 tournament for Florimell, ix. 20.
Duessa (=twofold), the fair and
 evil woman who personifies
 Falsehood. She plays a large
 part in Book I. ; Arg. i.
Dumpish, spiritless, dull, ii. 5.
Durefull, enduring, durable, x. 39.

GLOSSARY

- Duress**, imprisonment, viii. 19.
- Dyde**, coloured, "goodly dyde"
=having a fine complexion, ix.
14.
- Dynamene**, a Nereid, xi. 49.
- Earne**, long for, x. 9; grieve
with longing, xii. 24.
- Earst, erst**, formerly, before, iii.
26; v. 31.
- Eath**, ready, susceptible, vi. 40.
- Ech**, each, every, v. 40.
- Eden**, the river Eden running
through Westmoreland and
Cumberland, xi. 36.
- Eekt**, added to, lengthened, ii.
53.
- Eft**, again, iii. 21; vi. 11.
- Eftsoones**, again, i. 33; immedi-
ately after, ii. 28.
- Eger**, eager, vi. 2.
- Eide**, set eyes upon, seen, iv. 7.
- Elone**, a Nereid (q.v.), should be
written "Heione," xi. 50.
- Eld**, Time the destroyer, ii. 33;
old age, xi. 24.
- Elysian fields**, the happy abode
of the souls of the good after
death, x. 23.
- Embayd**, having bay trees, xi.
44.
- Embras**, embrace, viii. 64.
- Embusied**, busied, occupied, vii.
29.
- Emmove**, move, stir, viii. 3.
- Emparlance**, parley, ix. 31.
- Empeach**, hinder, x. 36.
- Emperisht**, impaired, enfeebled,
iii. 29.
- Empierst**, keenly pierced, xii. 19.
- Empight**, fixed, implanted, iii.
10.
- Emprize**, prowess, iv. 36; enter-
prise, x. 4.
- Enchaced**, set off, x. 8.
- Endore**. This is perhaps a mis-
print for Eudore, *i.e.* Eudora,
one of the Nereids. But all
early editions spell it as in the
text. xi. 48.
- Enforce**, press hard upon, iv. 35;
(**enforced**), compelled, iv. 34.
- Engrieved**, having a grievance,
troubled, viii. 7; xii. 25.
- Enhaunced**, uplifted, vi. 26.
- Enrang'd**, ranked, arranged, x.
25 (? only found in Spenser).
N.E.D.
- Enrould**, enwrapped, covered,
iii. 41.
- Enseames**, includes, contains to-
gether, xi. 35.
- Ensew**, follow, ii. 46; xi. 23;
(**ensewed**), v. 9.
- Ensuing**, following, ix. 5.
- Entertayne**, reception, treatment,
viii. 27.
- Entrayled**, entwined, iii. 42.
- Entyre**, inward (?), "parts en-
tyre" = "inward parts," (?) viii.
23, 48. (*See Note in N.E.D.*)
- Entyse**, entice, x. 49; xi. 5.
- Enure**, bring about, ii. 29.
- Envie**, feel grudgingly or en-
viously, v. 19.
- Envyde**, grudged, or was angry
at, iv. 44.

GLOSSARY

- Equipage**, retinue, company, xi. 17.
- Erato**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 49. Spenser has given her some of the characteristics of the muse of that name, who presided over lyric and amorous poetry, and was much invoked by lovers, xi. 49.
- Erivane**, one of the knights who fought in the tournament for Florimell, v. 24.
- Errant**, wandering, out upon enterprise, ix. 36.
- Erst**. *See* **Earst**.
- Eryx**, one of the sea-gods, a son of Neptune, who fought with Hercules and was killed, xi. 14.
- Espiall**, sight, view, x. 17.
- Euarna**, a Nereid (q.v.), xi. 51.
- Eulimene**, a Nereid (q.v.), xi. 49.
- Eunica**, a Nereid (q.v.), xi. 49.
- Euphœmus**, a "sea-god" and a son of Neptune, xi. 14.
- Euphrates**, the famous river of Asia Minor, xi. 21.
- Eupompe**, a Nereid (q.v.), xi. 51.
- Eurypulus**, a "sea-god" and son of Neptune, xi. 14.
- Eurytus**. There are many ancient persons of this name, but this one seems to have been the "sea-god" and son of Neptune, named by Apollodorus, together with Cteatus (q.v.), as surpassing his fellows in strength, xi. 14.
- Event**, issue, conclusion, v. 46.
- Faine**, eager, vi. 33.
- Faitour**, vagabond, impostor, i. 44; iii. 11.
- Falne**, fallen, xii. 17, 23.
- Far'd**, raged, iv. 41.
- Farme**, farm, farmhouse, iv. 35.
- Fay**, fairy. Spenser used the words "Fay" and "Faery" in a sense of his own, slightly different from the modern usage, and excluding anything trivial or undignified in connection with the words (*see* N.E.D.), ii. 44.
- Feature**, formation, character (?) ii. 44.
- Fœe**, property, possession (?), i. 35; ix. 13; prize, reward, x. 3.
- Fœeblesse**, feebleness, viii. 37.
- Fell**, cruel, dreadful, i. 23; ii. 15, *et seq.*
- Fellonest**, fiercest, ii. 32.
- Feld**, felled, brought down, iii. 18.
- Felly**, fiercely, iii. 10; viii. 36.
- Felnesse**, malignity, viii. 23.
- Fere**, mate, wife, iii. 52.
- Ferramont**, one of the knights who fought in the tournament for Florimell, iv. 19.
- Ferraugh**, a knight who, having carried off the false Florimell from Braggadochio (Bk. III., c. viii. 15) is now deprived of her in turn by Blandamour, ii. 4. It is the name of a knight in Ariosto, but the name Ferragh seems to have been common in

GLOSSARY

- Ireland in Spenser's time. (*See his Present State.*)
- Feutred.** *See Fewter.*
- Fewter**, to put a spear into its "fewter" or rest, which was attached to the saddle, vi. 10; (*Feutred*), iv. 45.
- Fine**, finish, ending, iii. 37.
- Fit**, hardship, trouble, i. 1; paroxysm of madness, ii. 2; emotion, vi. 30.
- Flancke**, protect, defend, xi. 36.
- Fleet**, floated (lit.); used here as = become covered with water (?), ix. 33.
- Florimell** (=honey-flower?), the lady loved by Marinell, whose history, begun in Book III., is concluded in Book V. i. 1.
- Floure-de-luce**, fleur-de-lis; the white lily, i. 31.
- Folkemote**, meeting of the people of a district, public assembly, iv. 6.
- Fond**, foolish, i. 48; x. 14.
- Fond**, found, ii. 41; iv. 45; viii. 21.
- Fone**, foes, ii. 28, *et seq.*
- Fordonne**, over done, "done up," iv. 38; defeated, ix. 28.
- Forelent**, given away beforehand, iii. 6.
- Forlore**, forsaken (pp.), vii. 39; = gave up, abandoned (pt.), x. 40.
- Forraine**, foreign, vi. 9.
- Forslow**, slacken, "my way for-slow" = slacken my steps, x. 15.
- Forspent**, worn, thin, v. 34.
- Forstall**, prevent, stop, ix. 19.
- Forthink**, change the mind about, xii. 14.
- Forthy**, therefore. Int. 2.
- Fortunelesse**, unfortunate, viii. 27.
- Forwent**, went or fell from, vi. 11.
- Foundring**, falling lame, iv. 30.
- Foyle**, foil, "golden foyle," gold leaf, v. 15.
- Foynd**, thrust, iii. 25.
- Fowle**, grievously, greatly, vii. 16.
- Frame**, structure, building, x. 31.
- Frith**, a small stream in Kent, running into the Medway, xi. 47.
- Frét**, an ornament of net-work for the hair, xi. 27.
- Furniment**, furnishings, decoration, iii. 38.
- Fyled**, placed (for preservation), ii. 32.
- Gage**, pledge, iii. 4.
- Gainestrive**, strive against, withstand, vii. 12.
- Galathæa**, a Nereid (q.v.), xi. 49.
- Galene**, a Nereid (q.v.), xi. 48.
- Gall**, Gaul, xi. 16.
- Gan**, began, often used as a simple auxiliary = did, iv. 23, *et seq.* *See Gan.*
- Ganges**, the great river of India, xi. 21.
- Gauld**, galled, wounded, v. 31.

GLOSSARY

Geare, material, xi. 45.

Gelt, wretch, vii. 21.

Gesippus and his friend Titus were the heroes of one of Boccaccio's stories. Upton summarises the story thus:— "Gesippus became poor, and thought himself despised by his old friend Titus; hence, growing weary of life, he gave out he was a murderer. But Titus, knowing him, and desiring to save the life of his friend, charged himself with the murder; which the very murderer seeing, as he then stood among the multitude, confessed the deed." By which means all three were saved: and Titus gave his sister in marriage to Gesippus, with the most part of his goods and inheritance," x. 27.

Gest, deed, iv. 36; x. 4.

Ghesse, conjecture, v. 45; vii. 45; deem, viii. 57; "a second paradise to ghesse" = "one might imagine it a second paradise," x. 23.

Girding, "girding-place," viii. 43.

Girolnd, garland, here used as expressing festivity, i. 24.

Giusted, jostled, fought, i. 11.

Glauce, the old nurse of Britomart, who acts as Squire to her mistress when the latter wanders in the disguise of a knight (see Bk. III.), iv. 50.

Glauconome, a Nereid (q.v.), xi. 50.

Glaucus, a "sea-god" who was originally a mortal, and, being moved with desire to live in the sea, leaped into the water, and at the request of the other gods was made a sea-deity by Oceanus and Tethys, xi. 13.

Glannst, glanced, vi. 13.

Glave, glaive, sword, vii. 28; x. 19.

Glib, a bushy head of hair hanging over the eyes (an Irish word), viii. 12. See for a description of the "glib," Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*.

Gorget, a piece of armour protecting the throat, iii. 12.

Government, restraint, self-control, v. 20.

Greece. See **Ympes**.

Greece. See **Phidias**.

Grenning, grinning, vii. 24.

Grise, pierce, vi. 1.

Grieffull, full of grief, i. 16.

Griesly, dreadful, ii. 15; iv. 24.

Groomes, men, v. 36; (**grooms**), boys, pages, xi. 25.

Gualsever, i.e. the wall of Severus, built across England from Solway Frith to Tyne-mouth, xi. 36.

Guant, the river Granta or Cam, upon which Cambridge stands. The word is here probably misspelt, xi. 34.

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- Guarisht**, healed, iii. 29.
- Guilt**, covered with gold, x. 5.
- Habergeon**, a short coat of mail armour, to protect the head and breast; also, any coat of linked mail, ii. 15.
- Haplesse**, unlucky, bringing no good fortune, iv. 21.
- Hapned**, happened, "as hapned" = "as it had taken place," vii. 34.
- Hardiment**, daring, hardihood, ii. 39; iv. 28.
- Harmes**, injuries, iv. 38.
- Harwitch**, the town of Harwich in Essex, xi. 33.
- Haulst**, saluted, greeted, iii. 49.
- Heard**, herd, flock, iv. 18, 35.
- Heare**, hair, vi. 20; (**heares**), viii. 4.
- Heary**, hairy, viii. 12.
- Heastes**, names, "hight of many heastes" = "was called on account of her many names," xi. 50.
- Hebene**, ebony, v. 8.
- Heft**, heaved, threw, iii. 12.
- Hell**, x. 35. The meaning of this word is doubtful here. If it stands for the underworld, then the phrase, "Hell them quight," = Hell requite (or be the end of) them. But "Hell" may be = **hole**, *i.e.* cover, and refer to the action of the waters. Also, it has been suggested to read "mell" = mix, confuse—Mell them quight, and confound them utterly.
- Hent**, seized, ix. 23.
- Hercules**. The well-known Greek hero. It is told of him that he came along the Mediterranean shore, and on a plain near Arles, fought against Albion and Bergion, sons of Neptune, xi. 16. Cp. Bk. II., x. 11. *See also Hyllus.*
- Hest**, behest, command, iii. 29.
- Hether**, hither, vii. 18.
- Hew**, appearance, i. 18; ii. 30; xii. 20; form, body, viii. 14; hue, colour, iii. 46; viii. 6.
- Hie**, high, vi. 14.
- Hight**, was called, iv. 42; named, vi. 4; mentioned, vii. 17; ordered, allowed, viii. 54.
- Hild**, held, iii. 42; xi. 17.
- Hippothoe**, a Nereid (q.v.), xi. 50.
- Holland**, the low-lying district in the S.E. of Lincolnshire, xi. 35.
- Hond**, hand, i. 34; viii. 21.
- Hong**, hung, i. 22; iii. 37.
- Hote**, was called, iv. 40.
- Hould**, howled, iii. 41.
- Hower**, hour, iii. 20.
- Huntingdon**, the town of Huntingdon, xi. 34.
- Humber**, the river Humber, xi. 30.
- Husband**, husbandman, "husband farme" = the farmhouse of the husbandman, iv. 35.
- Hyllus**, *i.e.* Hylas, a youth who was stolen from his home by Hercules, and carried with him

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- on the Argonautic expedition. But he was drowned while drawing water from a fountain, and Hercules finally abandoned the expedition in order to seek him in the nether world, x. 27.
- Hyponeo**, one of the Nereids (q. v.), xi. 51.
- Idole**, false image, v. 15.
- Ilion**, the city of Troy, called "sad" because of its destruction in the great Trojan war, which was originally brought about by the "golden apple" of discord, i. 22.
- Imbrast**, embraced, viii. 59.
- Immixing**, mingling, iii. 47.
- Imp**, child, xi. 10; (**impes**), ii. 51; a shoot, a youth, used here with a mingling of the meaning of the budding offspring of trees and of men, xi. 26.
- Impacable**, unappeasable, ix. 22.
- Inachus**, one of the sons of Neptune, and founder of Argos, xi. 15.
- Incomming**, coming in, iv. 40.
- Incontinent**, immediately, iii. 18.
- Increst**, increased, iv. 21.
- Indigne**, unworthy, i. 30.
- Indus**, the great river of India, vii. 6; xi. 21.
- Ingate**, entrance, x. 12.
- Inly**, inwardly, vi. 1, *et seq.*
- Inoes sonne**, *i. e.* the sea-god Palæmon. His mother Ino, fleeing from the fury of her husband, who had been stirred against her by the jealousy of Juno, threw herself and her child into the sea, where they were both made deities, xi. 13.
- Invest**, put on, v. 18.
- Isis**, the river Isis, rising in the Cotswolds, and forming the chief source of the Thames, xi. 24.
- Issewed**, issued, vi. 3; vii. 34.
- Ister**, the eastern part of the Danube, after it joins the Saave, xi. 20.
- Janus**, an ancient Latin deity, to whom the first month of the year was consecrated by Numa Pompilius. He was represented with two, sometimes with four faces, x. 11.
- Jollyment**, mirthfulness, xi. 12.
- Jonathan**. *See David.*
- Joyance**, joy, merriment, i. 31; viii. 59.
- Juell**, jewel, viii. 8.
- Jurie**, Jewry, the land of the Jews, x. 30.
- Kaies**, keys, x. 18.
- Keasars**, Cæars, emperors, vii. 1.
- Kend**, recognised, x. 14.
- Kenet**, the river Kennet, one of the chief tributaries of the Thames, running through Wiltshire and Berks, xi. 29.
- Kerve**, cut, pierce, i. 4.
- Kilkenny**, the town of that name on the river Nore (*see Newre*), xi. 43.

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- Kind**, nature, viii. 22.
- Kindly**, natural, iii. 27.
- Known**, known, recognisable, vi. 5.
- Kynde**, "cruell kynde" is of doubtful meaning. It = "cruel, kind," or else "cruelly kind"; but the general sense comes to be the same whichever way we read it. Latona's daughter (q.v.) was cruel to her mother's enemies, because she was kind in affection for her mother; or, she showed her kindness to her mother through cruelty to these others, vii. 30.
- Lachesis**, that one of the three Fates who had to spin the web of life, ii. 48.
- Laire**, earth, viii. 51.
- Lancedst**, cut, wounded, vii. 1.
- Laomedia**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 51.
- Lapithees**, a people of Thessaly. At the marriage of one of them named Pirithous, a quarrel arose with the centaurs, many of whom were slaughtered, i. 23.
- Lare**, field, pasture, viii. 29.
- Latonaes Daughter**, Diana; Latona's two children were Apollo and Diana. Niobe, who had seven sons and seven daughters, threw contempt upon her. In revenge for this, Latona's two children killed all the offspring of Niobe, who was herself changed into a stone, vii. 30.
- Lawnds**, lawns, glades, x. 24.
- Lea**, plain (used of the river itself), ii. 16; meadow or plain, used of the land through which the river flows, xi. 41.
- Leach**, leech, physician, xi. 7.
- Leare**, lore, iii. 40.
- Leasings**, lies, lying reports, viii. 24.
- Leavy**, leafy, x. 45.
- Ledden**, language, xi. 19.
- Lee**, (a) the English river Lee, a tributary of the Thames in Kent, xi. 29; (b) the Irish river, which spreads out below Cork, and forms the fine harbour there, xi. 44.
- Leman**, lemman, lover, i. 9; vii. 15, 34.
- Lemno**, the island of Lemnos in the Archipelago, v. 4.
- Lenger**, longer, xi. 1.
- Let**, hindrance, opposition, i. 12.
- Lever**, rather, sooner, i. 6.
- Lewdly**, viciously, viii. 24.
- Llagore**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 51.
- Libbards**, leopards, vii. 23.
- Liefe**, dear, iii. 52.
- Lifest**, dearest, vii. 45.
- Liffar**, the river Foyle of Donegal, often called Liffer or Liffa by early Anglo-Irish writers, and so by Spenser in his *Present State*, xi. 41.
- Liffy**, the river Liffey, which, rising in the highlands of Wick-

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- low**, "flows through the levellest lea-land in all Ireland, the plains of Kildare" (Joyce), xi. 41.
- Light**, quickly, viii. 44.
- Lightly**, quickly, viii. 42, 52.
- Lightning broad**, thunderbolt, vi. 14.
- Lincolne**, the city of Lincoln, which takes its name from *lin* and *coln* = *Lindum Colonia*, xi. 39.
- Lincked**, close together, ii. 30.
- Lind**, lined, full of, viii. 26.
- Lindus**, the river Witham, anciently called Lindus, xi. 39. *See Lincoln.*
- Lipari**, the Lipari Islands, v. 37. *See Bronteus.*
- Lislanassa**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 50.
- List**, is pleased (to), i. 46; v. 37; (it) pleased, v. 29.
- Listes**, barriers, iii. 4.
- Locrinus**, the son of the legendary Brutus, who founded the kingdom of Britain. (*See Bk. II. c. x.*), xi. 38.
- Logris**, the name of the territory of Locrine or Locrinus, the middle part of the island of Britain, *i.e.* England, xi. 36. (*See Bk. II. c. x.*)
- Louncaster**, the town of Lancaster, which derives the first part of its name from the river Lone or Lune, xi. 39.
- Lone**, the river Lune. *See Louncaster*, xi. 39.
- Looser**, very or too loose or wanton, viii. 29.
- Loure, lowre**, frown, scowl, v. 19, 24.
- Lout, lowt**, bow, xi. 30; (**lowting**), ii. 23; (**lowted**), iii. 5.
- Lovely**, lovingly, iii. 49.
- Lucida**, the lady loved by Ferramont, v. 11.
- Lust**, pleasure, wish, iv. 44.
- Maeander**, a river of Asia Minor, noted for its winding course, xi. 21.
- Mahoune**, Mahomet, viii. 44.
- Maidenhead, Maydenhead**, maidenhood, virginity, iv. 22, 38, 48.
- Maidenheaded shield**, a shield having a maiden's head for its device. But there is some mistake here, for Satyrane's shield had a satyr upon it, iv. 17.
- Maille, mayle**, coat of mail or chain-armor, i. 43; ii. 15, 17; iii. 15; vi. 15; rings forming the mail, iii. 9.
- Maine**, force, strength, iv. 18.
- Make**, mate, companion, ii. 30; vi. 42.
- Marinell**, Arg. xi., the knight beloved by Florimell. His mother was a nymph, named Cymoent (=flowing or a wave) in Bk. III. c. iv., or here in Bk. IV., Cymodoce.
- Martian field**, the field of battle (belonging to Mars, the god of war), v. 6.

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- Mask of love**, i. 3. See Bk. III. canto 12, for a description of this mask, which was seen by Britomart in the castle of Busy-rane the enchanter.
- Mate**, daunt, confound, here = overcome, viii. 17.
- Maulgre, maugré**, in spite of, i. 48 ; x. 58.
- Maystring**, mastering, controlling, ix. 2 ; xii. 13.
- Mayre**, "the Kenmare river and bay, S. W. of Kerry, often called Maire by English writers of the time," xi. 44.
- Maystred**, mastered, overcame, x. 32.
- Mazed**, stupefied, vi. 37 ; was amazed or astonished, ix. 11.
- Medua**, the river Medway, xi. 45.
- Meigre**, thin, wasted, viii. 12.
- Melite**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 49.
- Menippe**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 51.
- Mesprize**, contempt, scorn, iv. 11 ; (**mesprise**), offence, ix. 35.
- Mewed**, confined, shut up, vii. 34.
- Mieve**, move, affect, xii. 26.
- Miniments**, memorials, viii. 6. See **Monuments**.
- Miscall**, abuse, viii. 24.
- Mischallenge**, wrong or foolish challenge, iii. 11.
- Misconceit**, misconception, misunderstanding, vi. 2.
- Misdeeme**, misjudge, viii. 29.
- Misdeeming**, misjudgment, viii. 17.
- Misdid**, did wrongly, "came to grief," iv. 27.
- Misdoubted**, suspected, feared, ii. 23.
- Misfare**, misfortune, ill-fare, v. 30 ; vi. 1 ; viii. 27 ; xii. 12.
- Misregard**, misconstruction, viii. 29.
- Missayd**, spoken harshly or evil, vi. 27.
- Mister**, kind of manner of, vii. 10 ; xii. 22.
- Miswent**, strayed away, lost, v. 30.
- Mode**, mood, temper, iv. 5.
- Moe**, more, i. 24.
- Mold**, mould, ii. 41.
- Mole**, a tributary of the Thames, flowing through Sussex and Surrey, xi. 32.
- Mone** (sb.), grief, vii. 13.
- Mone** (vb.), bemoan, vii. 20, 30 ; viii. 3.
- Monument**, memorial, i. 21 ; (**Moniment**), i. 24 ; ii. 33.
- Morish**, marshy, xi. 29.
- Mortal**, deadly, death-bearing, vi. 37.
- Mote**, might, i. 16 ; ii. 8, *et seq.*
- Mould**, form, "equall mould" = "similar appearance," x. 10.
- Mulla**, the river Awbeg, which flows by Buttevant and Done-raise, and passing near Kilcolman, falls into the Blackwater, after a course of about 25 miles.

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- Spenser seems to have borrowed the name "Mulla" from Kilnemullah, the old name of Buttevant (Joyce). (He mentions it again in Colin Clout's "Come Home Again," and in his poem on Mutability), xi. 41.
- Myrrh**, Myrrha, daughter of a king of Cyprus, who fled from her father's anger into Arabia, and was changed into the plant called myrrh, vii. 22.
- Nathemore**, none the more, viii. 14.
- Nathlesse**, nevertheless, i. 6.
- Neleus**, a son of Neptune, and twin brother of Pelias, xi. 14.
- Nemertea**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 51.
- Nene**, the river Nen or Nyne which rises in Northampton and runs out to the sea in Lincolnshire, xi. 35.
- Nepenthe** (=dispelling sorrow), the peace-making drink given by Cambina to stop the fighting of Triamond and Cambell, iii. 42.
- Neptune**, the chief god of the sea. Spenser, however, often uses the name as a mere term for the sea, ix. 23, *et pass.*
- Nere**, near, vi. 20.
- Nereides**, the fifty daughters of Nereus and Doris. Spenser takes nearly all their names from Hesiod's Theogony, though he now and then changes the spelling. His description of them, too, is generally original, not from the classics, xi. 48.
- Nereus**, the first-born child of Oceanus and Tethys; a great sea-god, noted for his wisdom, xi. 18.
- Nesaea**, one of the Nereids (q.v.) xi. 49.
- Neso**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 50.
- Newre**, the river Nore. It does not, however, rise in the Slieve Bloom Mts., but among the Devil's Bit range, two miles from the source of the Suir, and about 24 miles south-west from the source of the Barrow, xi. 43.
- Nice**, delicate, fastidious, x. 22.
- Nicenesse**, scrupulous or delicate feelings, x. 56.
- Nide**, a tributary of the Ouse in the West Riding of Yorkshire, xi. 37.
- Nie**, nigh, near, iii. 2; x. 54; (ny), xi. 33.
- Niggardise**, niggardliness, viii. 15.
- Nile**, the great river of Egypt, from the mud of which, after its inundation, new creatures were supposed to spring, xi. 20.
- Nilled**, willed not, would not, vii. 16.
- Nimrod**, i. 22. One of the early kings of Babylon, who lived at least not later than B.C. 2250. He was a giant hunter, and is mentioned in Genesis x. 8-12.

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Norwich, the city of Norwich, xi. 33.

Not, might or could not, iii. 9.

Noursling, nursling, xi. 10.

Nousling, nuzzling, burrowing with the nose, xi. 32.

Occasion, need, exigency, vi. 5.

Ogyges (=prinieval). The first ruler of the Theban territory.

Some traditions make him a king of Egypt, xi. 15.

Onely, only, viii. 12, 33, 57; entirely, viii. 28.

Ooraxes, Araxes, xi. 21. *See* **Cyrus**.

Oranochy, the river Orinoco in N. America, xi. 21.

Orestes, a son of Agamemnon, and Clytemnestra, who, on the murder of his father, was taken into the house of the King of Phocis, brother-in-law of Agamemnon, and educated by him with his son Pylades. The friendship between the two young princes became so strong that they suffered many things for the sake of each other, x. 27.

See the "**Orestes**" of Euripides.

Orifis, orifice, opening or mouth (of the wound), xii. 22.

Orion, one of the sons of Neptune, of great size. He was placed as a constellation in the heavens after his death, and his rising was supposed to bring stormy weather, xi. 13.

Oreheus, son of the muse Cal-

liope (who presided over eloquence and epic poetry). One of the gods, either Apollo or Mercury, gave him a lyre upon which he played with such skill that he could subdue nature, men and animals to his will. By this means he silenced the quarrel of the Argonauts (q. v.). On the death of his wife Eurydice, he entered the lower world by the charm of his music, and obtained the permission of Pluto to take his wife to earth again, on condition that he did not look behind at her until they reached the borders of hell. But he forgot his promise, and so lost her once more, this time being refused admission to recover her, ii. 1; x. 58.

Othes, oaths, vi. 41.

Overcaught, overtook, vii. 31.

Overronne, run or tread down, i. 44; (**over-runne**), out-run (each other), iii. 41.

Oversight, mistake, vii. 10.

Overthwart, opposite, x. 51.

Oure, "the river Avonbeg in Co. Wicklow, which flows through Glenmalure, and meets the Avonmore at 'the meeting of the waters.'" (Joyce). The same writer remarks that the name "Oure" seems to be taken from the last syllable of Glenmalour or Glenmalure (as that of Mulla from Kilnemulla

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- e.g.*); and regards the words "late stained with English blood," as referring to the battle of Glenmalure in 1580, which took place early in the first year of Lord Grey de Wilton's rule in Ireland—a matter likely to be vividly recalled by Spenser, xi. 44.
- Ouse**, the Great Ouse of East Anglia, xi. 34.
- Ouze**, another name for the Isis (q. v.), xi. 24.
- Oze**, the Yorkshire Ouse, xi. 37.
- Pactolus**, a river of Lydia, whose sands were mingled with grains of gold, which were washed down by the mountain torrents, xi. 20.
- Paeana**, the daughter of the giant Corflambo; she first loves the Squire of Low Degree, and then, unwittingly, transfers her love to Placidus, another young squire who resembles him, viii. 49. In the argument to canto 9, Paeana is a misprint for *Æmilia*.
- Painim**, pagan or heathen, iv. 17.
- Palemon**. See *Inoes son*.
- Pallmord**, a knight who fought in the tournament for the girdle of Florimell, iv. 21.
- Panopæ**, one of the Nereids (q. v.), xi. 49.
- Paphos**, a city in the island of Cyprus, and famed for its worship of Venus, x. 5, 40.
- Paragon**, companion, i. 33; (*paragone*), parallel, pair, ix. 11.
- Paramour**, lover, i. 36.
- Paridell**, a knight who first appears in Book III. cantos 8-10. He is a descendant of Paris of Troy, and a fickle lover, i. 32.
- Paris**, son of Priam, King of Troy, who carried off Helen, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. All Greece took up the cause of Menelaus, and thence followed the great Trojan war, xi. 19.
- Parthian**, an inhabitant of Parthia, a district S.E. of the Caspian Sea. The Parthians were highly skilled archers, i. 49.
- Pasithee**, one of the Nereids, xi. 49.
- Paterne**, pattern, model, vi. 24.
- Peares**, peers, companions, vii. 22; x. 49.
- Pelasgus**, mentioned by some of the classical writers as the founder of the Pelasgians, the oldest inhabitants of Greece. Others make him the same as Argus, and say that from him the name Pelasgia was given to the Peloponnesus, xi. 15.
- Pelias**. See *Neleus*.
- Peneus**, a well-known river of Thessaly, flowing through the vale of Tempe, "as smoothly as oil," xi. 21.
- Perlous**, perilous, dangerous, iv. 40.

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- Perst**, pierced, v. 31.
- Pertake**, partake of, here=en-
dure, feel, viii. 9.
- Phao**, according to Spenser, one of
the Nereids; but there is no
classical Nereid of this name;
she probably originated with the
poet, xi. 49.
- Phasides**, the Phasis, a river of
Colchis, now called the Rion.
Jortin notes that one of the
adjectives applied to it in the
classics is "rapidus," xi. 21.
- Phœbus**, Apollo, god of the sun,
and hence one of his attributes
was that of the healer or phy-
sician. vi. 1. *See Apollo.*
- Pherusa**, one of the Nereids (q. v.),
xi. 49.
- Phidias**, the great Athenian sculp-
tor (d. B.C. 432). But it was
not he, but Praxitiles (fl. B.C.
324), who made the statue of
Venus here alluded to. It was
so beautiful that a youth (the
"wretched Greeke") fell in love
with it, x. 40.
- Phlegeton**, the burning river of the
lower world, ii. 1.
- Phœax**, a son of Neptune and
ancestor of the Phœacians, the
first inhabitants of the island of
Corcyra, xi. 15.
- Phœnix**, son of Agenor and
grandson of Neptune, and
founder of Phœnicia, xi. 15.
- Phorcys**, a sea-god, the son of
Pontus and Terra, the father of
the Gorgons, and of the dragon
that guarded the apples of the
Hesperides, xi. 13.
- Picts**, a Celtic people of Northern
Britain, who harried the Britons,
so that the "brasen wall" was
built to keep them out, xi. 36.
See Gualsever.
- Pight**, pitched, placed, x. 25.
- Pirithous**, King of the Lapithæ,
who invaded the territory of
Theseus, King of Athens; but
when the two kings met they
became instant friends, and
their friendship afterwards be-
came proverbial, x. 27.
- Placidus**, a friend of Amyas, the
Squire of Low Degree. He
marries Pæana (q. v.), Arg. viii.
- Plast, plaste**, placed, iii. 44; v.
26.
- Plates**, plate-armour, which was
made of sheets or plates of
metal, vi. 15.
- Playne**, complain, iii. 1.
- Plight**, condition, i. 44; viii. 8.
- Plim**, the river on which Ply-
mouth stands, xi. 31.
- Plimmouth**, the town of Plymouth
in Devon, xi. 31.
- Plutoes grisly land**, the nether-
world, of which Pluto was king,
iii. 13.
- Poke**, wallet, bag, vii. 6.
- Polynome**, xi. 50, one of the
Nereids (q. v.).
- Pontoporea**, xi. 50, one of the
Nereids (q. v.).

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- Portis**, xi. 49. One of the Nereids (q.v.), whose name was probably invented by Spenser, xi. 49.
- Poudred**, sprinkled over, studded, x. 31.
- Powrd**, poured forth, scattered, xi. 42.
- Poynant**, piercing, sharp, iii. 9.
- Practicke**, practised, iii. 7.
- Pray**, prey, vii. 25.
- Preace**, prease, press, crowd, iii. 4. 41; iv. 34; ix. 32.
- Preacing**, pressing, pushing, x. 10.
- Prefard**, brought to the notice or favour of, ii. 27.
- Prest**, prepared, iii. 22; at hand, present, ready, v. 36; viii. 41.
- Preventing**, going before, "preventing speed," *i.e.* going more swiftly than speed itself, i. 41.
- Priamond**, the first of the three sons of Agape (q.v.), ii. 41.
- Priams town**, Troy, xi. 19. *See Paris.*
- Pricke**, ride, vi. 2; (**prickt**, pret.), i. 35.
- Priefe**, proof, trial, ix. 15.
- Prise**, pryse (sb.), prize, "for beauties prise" = "having been adjudged the prize for beauty," vii. 3; x. 4.
- Pryse** (vb.), value, xi. 5.
- Privitee**, intimacy, v. 1; "reasons special privitee" = because reason had to do with the special connection (between chivalry and beauty).
- Pronaa**, xi. 50. One of the Nereids (q.v.).
- Proofe**, "arm'd to proofe," equipped with tested and trustworthly armour, x. 9.
- Proper**, own, personal, "proper stakes" = their own lives, staked in the fight, iv. 34.
- Proteus**, the old Sea-god, who used to evade the answering of questions by assuming different shapes, and thus slipping away. He was powerful, but subject to the rule of Neptune, as shown here, xi. 9.
- Proto**, xi. 48, one of the Nereids (q.v.).
- Protomedaa**, xi. 49, one of the Nereids (q.v.).
- Provokement**, provocation, iv. 4.
- Prowest**, bravest, ii. 31.
- Psamathe**, xi. 50; one of the Nereids (q.v.).
- Publike**, public, ii. 26.
- Puissant**, powerful, iii. 24; v. 8.
- Pylades**. *See Orestes.*
- Pyracmon**, one of the Cyclops, a fellow-worker with Brontes (q.v.), v. 37.
- Pythias**. *See Damon.*
- Quaint**, prim, i. 5; odd, curious, vii. 44; (**queint**), beautiful, x. 22; (**quyent**), fanciful, whimsical, iv. 39.
- Queane**, evil woman, viii. 28.
- Queint**. *See Quaint.*
- Queld**, quelled, overcome, x. 55.
- Quietage**, quietude, quietness; or

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- some would read "quiet age,"
i.e. quiet period or time, iii. 43.
- Quight**, quite, entirely, vii. 39;
x. 35 (?). *See Hell.*
- Quitted**, taken away, i. 12.
- Quyent**. *See Quaint.*
- Rad**, known, understood, vii. 24;
deciphered, vii. 46. *See Read.*
- Raine**, reign, prevail, iv. 25.
- Randon**, random, iv. 38.
- Ranke**, row, v. 33.
- Rash**, slash, hack, ii. 16.
- Rast**, razed, i. 21.
- Rate** (sb.), allowance, provision,
viii. 19; order, state, x. 52.
- Rate** (vb.), restrain, ix. 31.
- Raught**, handed, iii. 48; snatched,
iv. 20; reached, arrived at, vii.
31; reached, extended, x. 31.
- Rayle** (sb.), railing, i. 43.
- Rayle** (vb.), flow, ii. 18.
- Read**, **reed** (sb.), inscription, x.
10; speech, parlance, x. 34;
saying, xii. 27.
- Read**, **reade** (vb.), read of, ii. 39,
xi. 8; declare, tell, iv. 39; vi. 4,
ix. 36; xii. 30; know, under-
stand, vi. 7.
- Reare**, carry off, wrest away, vi.
6; (reard, pp.), roused.
- Reave**, take or snatch away (by
craft or violence), vi. 38;
(reaved, reav'd, pp.), v. 25;
vii. 21. *See Reft.*
- Rebellow**, bellow back again, or
over again, x. 46.
- Rebutted**, (being) butted back-
wards, iv. 18.
- Récomfort**, comfort again and
again, viii. 5, 57; (recom-
forteth), comforts, iv. 47.
- Recoure**. *See Recure.*
- Recourse**, return, vi. 29.
- Recower**. *See Recure.*
- Recure**, **recower**, recover, iii. 20;
(pp.) iv. 37; vi. 39; take on,
succeed to, vi. 9.
- Red** (pp.), known, i. 26; told,
understood, vii. 40; read, viii.
29; counted, xii. 2; (pt.) read,
x. 9. *See Read, Rad.*
- Redoubted**, redoubtable, formid-
able, ii. 40.
- Redisbourse**, repay, return, iii. 27.
- Reed**. *See Read.*
- Reft**, took away (by force or
stealth), ii. 4; iii. 12, 20; (pp.)
iii. 21, *et seq.*
- Regiment**, rule, government, viii.
30.
- Relent**, slacken, iv. 7.
- Relest**, gave up, iv. 36.
- Relide**, repaired, went to the side
of, ix. 26.
- Rencountred**, encountered, vi. 3.
- Rend**, draw away (by force, from
the dead knights), iii. 35.
- Renowned**, renowned, iii. 2; xi.
15.
- Replevie**, take back or set at
liberty upon security—a law
term, xii. 31.
- Represt**, forced back, warded off,
viii. 41.
- Reprize**, take again, iv. 8.
- Requit**, requited, repaid, iii. 47.

GLOSSARY

Resiant, resident, xi. 28.
Retrate (vb.), retreat, iii. 26; ix. 34; (sb.) x. 57.
Revengement, revenge, iv. 35.
Rew, rue, pity, viii. 20, 40.
Rhene, the Rhine, xi. 21.
Rheusa, a nymph who by her union with the giant Blomius became the mother of the three Irish rivers, Nore, Suir, and Barrow. She is an impersonation "of the rain falling on the mountains; for Rheüsä means flowing water, being nothing more than *rheousa*, the feminine participle of the Greek verb *rheo*, to flow" (Joyce), xi. 42.
Rhodanus, the Rhone, which rises among the Lepontine Alps, xi. 20.
Rhy, Ryë, a town of Kent, xi. 33.
Rife, abundantly, iii. 12; ix. 21.
Rinaldo, one of the great hero-knights of Charlemagne; who plays a part in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. He twice drank from magic fountains. The first time from that one which turned hate to love, and became the victim of a hopeless passion for Angelica. Later, however, he drinks from another spring, which turns love to hate, and he is freed from his attachment. It is to this last that Spenser refers, iii. 45.
Rivage, shore, bank, vi. 20.
Rive, rend, tear out of, ix. 20;

(pp.) iii. 18; separate, rend asunder, ii. 2.
Romane, the "prudent Roman" = Orpheus, who quieted the quarrelsome Argonauts with his music, ii. 2.
Rombling, murmuring, x. 24.
Romaines, the Romans, xi. 21.
Ronne, run, flow, ix. 27.
Rossepont (= Ross of the Bridge). New Ross, in County Wexford. It was famous for its wooden bridge across the Barrow, xi. 43.
Rote, a stringed musical instrument, of which there were two kinds, played either with a bow or by a wheel like the hurdy gurdy, ix. 6.
Rote, by routine, "by heart," ix. 6.
Rother, a river running through Sussex and Kent, xi. 33.
Rould, rolled, x. 38.
Rowle, roll, vii. 32.
Rowne, named by Spenser as a tributary of the Great Ouse, but I have not been able to identify it, xi. 34.
Ruffin, the ruff, a fresh-water fish, something like a perch, xi. 33.
Rust, rust, stain, i. 53.
Sad, weighty, enormous, viii. 39; grave, serious, x. 49.
Salem, Jerusalem, i. 22.
Salewd, saluted, vi. 25.
Salvage, savage, wild, ii. 45.
et seq.

GLOSSARY

- Salvagesse**, "**Salvagesse sans finesse**" = wildness without art. The motto on the shield of the "salvage knight," *i.e.* Britomart in disguise, iv. 39.
- Sangliere**, one of the knights who fought in the tournament for Florimell, iv. 40.
- Sao**, xi. 48; one of the Nereids (q.v.).
- Satyrant**, **Satyrane**, a knight brought up in the forest, who first appears in Book I. c. vi. as the friend of Una. He fights here in the Florimell tournament, ii. 25.
- Saxons**, Easterne Saxons, *i.e.* the county of Essex. Southerne Saxons, *i.e.* the county of Suffolk (South folk), xi. 33.
- Sayler**, sailor, xi. 13.
- Scamander**, the well-known river of Troas. Troy stood between it and the river Simois, which joined it, xi. 20.
- Scarse**, **scarcely**, viii. 33.
- Sclaundre**, slander, Arg. viii.
- Scudamore** (=shield of love), the lover of Amoret, whose history was begun Book III. canto 11.
- Scutchin**, **scutchion**, shield, scutcheon, i. 34; iii. 5.
- Sdeigns**, disdains, scorns, iii. 16.
- Seare**, sere, dried up, iii. 9.
- Seasure**, seizure, "made seasure upon" = took possession of, ix. 12.
- Seaven**, seven, vii. 13.
- See**, seat, throne, x. 30.
- Seemen**, seem, appear, ix. 36.
- Seemlyhed**, seemliness, goodly appearance. "Secret seemlyhed" = his good bearing and appearance hidden by his miserable condition, viii. 14.
- Seene**, skilled, versed, ii. 35.
- Selcouth**, strange, viii. 14.
- Sell**, saddle, vi. 14.
- Semblance**, appearance, show, joyous semblance = show of joy, vii. 44.
- Semblant**, semblance, appearance, x. 31, 49.
- Seneschall**, the chief officer or steward of the castle, i. 12.
- Sent**, scent, scenting, v. 41.
- Sew**, pursue, ix. 26; sue, xii. 29.
- Shagged**, shaggy, v. 34.
- Share**, shear, cut, ii. 16; (**shard**, pp.), vi. 19.
- Sheene**, sheen, bright, vii. 13.
- Shenan**, the river Shannon of Ireland, iii. 27; xi. 41.
- Shend**, shame, i. 51; iv. 43.
- Shent**, shamed, put to shame, v. 18.
- Shere**, sheer, clear, bright, vi. 20.
- Sholes**, shoals, xii. 2.
- Shonne**, shun, avoid, iii. 36; vi. 5; x. 3.
- Shred**, cut, ii. 52.
- Shure**, the river Suir, running into Waterford harbour, xi. 43.
- Signe**, relic, memorial, i. 22.
- Sith**, since, because, i. 12, 30, *et seq.*

GLOSSARY

- Skell**, a river of the West Riding of Yorkshire, meeting the Ure near Ripon, xi. 37.
- Slane**, the river Slaney. It is "sandy" in its whole course, and flows into the sea below Wexford through a wide waste of sand, xi. 41.
- Slewboome**, the Slieve Bloom mountains in Leinster, Ireland, xi. 42.
- Slewlogher**, Slieve Lougher, a wild moorland district, east of Castle Island in Kerry, xi. 41.
- Slight**, sleight, trick, ii. 10; skill, dexterity, iii. 10.
- Snags**, the knots on a tree where the boughs have been cut off, vii. 7.
- Sodaine**, sudden, vii. 36.
- Soly**, solely, entirely, ix. 18.
- Soothsayer**, soothsayings, predictions, ii. 35; xi. 13.
- Sorte**, sorry, vi. 47.
- Sound**. See **Swound**.
- Souse**, swoop (of a bird of prey), iii. 19; blow, viii. 44.
- Soused**, **soust**, came down upon, struck, iii. 25; iv. 30; v. 36; thrown down, vii. 9.
- Southsayer**. See **Soothsayer**.
- Sowndes**, seas, waters, i. 42.
- Soyle**, prey (lit.), the wet or marshy place where a hunted boar takes refuge, but used here for the prey itself, iii. 16.
- space** (sb.), distance, i. 17.
- Space** (vb.), wander freely, ii. 44.
- Spangs**, spangles, shining ornaments, xi. 45.
- Spard**, spared, left over, vii. 6.
- Spill**, destroy, iii. 36.
- Spilt**, inlaid, x. 5.
- Spio**, xi. 48; one of the Nereids (q.v.).
- Sponne**, spirted, ix. 27.
- Sprent**, sprinkled, ii. 18.
- Spright**, sprite, spirit, ii. 10; heart, spirit, nature, iii. 14; vi. 38; viii. 29.
- Squire of Dames**, a young squire named Amyas or Amias, who was kept in captivity by a giant, Corflambo, until freed by Prince Arthur, ii. 20.
- Stage**, platform, daïs, iii. 4.
- Staid**, standing still, lingering, iv. 20.
- Stakes**, that which was risked or staked, *i.e.* their life—"their proper stakes" = their own lives, iv. 34.
- Stamford**, the town of Stamford on the river Welland, xi. 35.
- Stead**, situation, condition, iv. 22.
- Stear**, steer, a young ox, vi. 37.
- Steemed**, esteemed, v. 3.
- Stemme**, dash against with the stem of the ship, ii. 16.
- Sterve**, die, i. 4, 26.
- Stle**, rise up, ascend, ix. 33.
- Stild**, dropped, vii. 35.
- Stond**, stand, ix. 18.
- Stound**, trouble, peril, ii. 15; blow, iv. 24; viii. 45; amazement, bewilderment, vi. 12.

GLOSSARY

- Stoure** (1), shock, encounter, iii. 15, 20; conflict, battle, v. 24; ix. 22; x. 58.
- Stoure** (2), a river of Somerset, Dorset, and Hants, which meets the river Avon at Christchurch, xi. 32.
- Stout**, strong, bold, daring, ii. 27, 31, 46; (**stoutest**), ii. 38.
- Stower**. See **Stoure**.
- Strifull, stryfull**, full of strife, contentious, v. 24, 30.
- Stroke, strooke, struck**, vi. 13, 14, 15; viii. 43, *et seq.*
- Strowen**, strewn, "under strowen" = scattered about under foot, iv. 38.
- Stryde**, step, stride, "above a stryde" = more than a step; *i.e.* a good distance, iv. 44.
- Sture** (1), a river which, rising in Cambridgeshire, forms the boundary between Suffolk and Essex, xi. 33.
- Sture** (2), the same river seems to be here referred to in its earlier course, xi. 34.
- Stygian gods**, the gods of the region of the Styx—the nether world, iii. 32; (**Stygian princes**), x. 58.
- Styx**, the most important of the four great rivers of the underworld, xi. 4.
- Submisse**, submissive, humble, gentle, x. 51.
- Sufferance**, patient endurance, viii. 1.
- Surcease, surceasse, cease**, ii. 19; ix. 32.
- Surcharged**, overloaded, overbore, ix. 30.
- Swale**, a tributary of the Yorkshire Ouse, xi. 37.
- Swary'd, swerved, turned**, iii. 18; viii. 10.
- Sweard, sword**, iii. 31, 32.
- Swelt**, fainted, vii. 9.
- Swet**, sweated, reeked, x. 38.
- Swound, swoon**, i. 43; iv. 24.
- Tamar**, the river which flows into Plymouth Sound, xi. 31.
- Tearmes, terms**, ix. 35.
- Teene, hardship**, iii. 23; harm, injury, iii. 31; grief, trouble, iii. 37; xii. 21.
- Tempred, mingled**, vii. 41.
- Tethys**, the wife of Ocean, xi. 18.
- Thalia**, one of the Nereids (q.v.), xi. 49.
- Thame, the river Thames**, one of the large tributaries of the Thames, xi. 24.
- Thames**, the river Thames, Arg. xi.
- Thamis**, the Thames (Latin *Thamesis*), xi. 24.
- That**, that which, what, ii. 35 (l. 7); iii. 6 (l. 9); v. 42 (l. 9).
- Theare, there**, iii. 9.
- Thebes**, the chief city of Boeotia, probably termed "fatall" on account of the slaughter of six out of the seven kings who came against it, and of the deaths of Eteocles and Polynices, the

GLOSSARY

- rivals for the throne at the time of the expedition of the "Seven against Thebes," i. 22.
- Thelse**, or Teise, a tributary on the right bank of the Medway, xi. 47.
- Themiste**, xi. 51, one of the Nereids (q.v.)
- Theseus**. See **Pirithous**.
- Thether**, thither, viii. 21.
- Thetis**, "commonly called the Tide that cometh from Thetisford" (Holinshed), xi. 29.
- Thetis**, xi. 48, one of the Nereids (q.v.); whose name is better known as the wife of Peleus.
- Tho**, then, ii. 28, *et pass.*
- Thracian nimphe**s, the Thracians were a people noted for their strength and swiftness, vii. 22.
- Thrall**, slave; captive, iv. 32, 34, *et seq.*
- Treasure**, treasure, ii. 33, *et seq.*
- Threat**, threaten, vii. 37.
- Thrid**, thread, ii. 48.
- Thrid**, pierced, vii. 31, 36.
- Throw**, stroke, iii. 26 (pl.); iii. 32.
- Thrust**, rush, vi. 12.
- Tindarid lass**, Helen of Troy, so called after Tyndarus, her mother's husband, xi. 19.
- Tine**. See **Teen**.
- Titan**, the Sun, i. 16.
- Titus**. See **Gesippus**.
- To**, very much, utterly, vii. 8, "all to rent" = dreadfully torn.
- Tofore**, before, iv. 7.
- Torne**, turn, ii. 6.
- Tort**, wrong, viii. 31.
- Tortious**, wrong, wicked, "tortious power" = wrongly used power, ix. 12.
- Trace**, pace, walk, xii. 4; (**traced**, pt.), viii. 34; went, fell down, i. 13; moved about, vi. 18; (**tracing**, pres. pt.), vii. 28.
- Tract**, trace, track, ii. 47.
- Traduction**, transference, iii. 13.
- Traines**, wiles, artifices, viii. 31.
- Trent**, the river which, rising in Staffordshire, joins the Yorkshire Ouse, and forms the Humber, xi. 35.
- Triamond**, the third of the sons of Agape, who fought against Cambel until Cambina stopped the strife, ii. 31. See **Nepenthe**. "Triamond his one" = Triamond's one, v. 21.
- Tride**, experienced, vii. 2; experimented with, viii. 31.
- Troncheon**, the shaft of a spear, iii. 12; iv. 18.
- Trowis**, the river Drowes, flowing from Lough Melvin into Donegal Bay; the boundary line between Ulster and Connaught, xi. 41. "The poet alludes to an ancient legend accounting for the origin of Lough Melvin, that at a very remote period the river overflowed the land, and turned the valley into a lake" . . . the epithet "sad"

GLOSSARY

- perhaps implies that the poet looked upon the name "Trowis" as an Anglicised form of the Irish word *truagh* (pron. *trois*) = sadness, misery; but this etymology is not correct." (Joyce.)
- Troynovant**, London, xi. 28.
- Trussing**, seizing and carrying off, vii. 18.
- Tryphon**. There seems to have been no physician among the sea-gods of this name, but Galen and other writers of the early Christian Era mention a Tryphon as surgeon and physician, while Plutarch introduces a physician of this name among the speakers in his *Symposiaca*, xi. 6.
- Tune**, the sound made by a beast or bird, ii. 35.
- Turmolld**, tossed about, ix. 39.
- Turney**, tournament, iv. 5; ix. 28, 36.
- Turneyd**, joined in the tilting-match or fight, iv. 30; v. 7.
- Turneyment**, **turnelment**, tournament, iv. 12, *et seq.*
- Turneyng**, tourney, tournament, ii. 26.
- Turribant**, turban, xi. 28.
- Tuscane**, **penne**, the writing of Ariosto, the Tuscan poet, iii. 45.
- Tway**, two, iv. 22.
- Twede**, the river Tweed, which forms the boundary between England and Scotland, xi. 36.
- Twyned**, twined, bound, x. 40.
- Tynde**, pointed (lit. kindled), vii. 30.
- Tyned**, perished, xi. 36.
- Tybris**, the river Tiber, on which Rome stands, xi. 20.
- Tygris**, the river Tigris, xi. 20.
- Tyne**, the river Tyne, in Northumberland. *See* **Gualsever**, xi. 36.
- Tyre**, head-dress, x. 31.
- Umbriere**, visor, the movable part of the helmet which covered the face, iv. 44.
- Unawares**, unknowingly, "unawares to wight" = unknown to any one, iv. 27.
- Uncouth**, unexpected, i. 36; strange, v. 17; vi. 30; viii. 34; xi. 45; xii. 4.
- Uneath**, not easily, scarcely, vii. 40; ix. 10.
- Unheale**, uncover, v. 10.
- Unkend**, unknown, xi. 13.
- Unred**, untold of, unknown, xii. 2.
- Unredrest**, without redress, viii. 41.
- Unshed**, undivided, unparted, vii. 40.
- Untide**, unbound, set free, viii. 21.
- Untride**, untried, unproved, vii. 11.
- Unwarely**, unexpectedly, iii. 8.
- Unweeting**, unknowing, not knowing, iii. 21; vi. 22.
- Unwist**, unknown, iv. 27.

GLOSSARY

- Upbraide**, upbraiding, ix. 24 ; reproach, shame, ix. 28.
- Upbray**, upbraid, i. 42 ; ii. 7.
- Upknit**, join together, reconcile, vi. 30.
- Upreare**, upraise, iv. 20 ; (pt.) iii. 33.
- Utter**, outer, x. 11.
- Vauncing**, advancing, iv. 17.
- Veale**, veil, v. 10.
- Vengement**, revenge, vii. 30.
- Ventayle**, the front part of the helmet, vi. 19.
- Ventred**, ventured, vii. 31.
- Ventrous**, daring, brave, adventurous, vi. 4 ; xi. 7.
- Vermell**, red, vermilion, ix. 27.
- Vewed**, viewed, looked at, vi. 3.
- Vilde**, vile, viii. 28.
- Villeine**, villainous treatment, insult, vi. 35.
- Volde**, avoid, turn aside from, vi. 3.
- Vulcan**, the Roman god of fire, who forged thunderbolts, and wrought wonderful things by his smith-craft, such as the girdle here mentioned, v. 4.
- Wade**, go, move, x. 53.
- Waide**, weighed, tried, ix. 38.
- Waift**, waif, xii. 31.
- Ward** (sb.) (1), ward, person under protection, ii. 27 ; (2) a guarded or defensive position in fencing, iii. 36.
- Ward** (vb.), to protect, guard, iii. 20 ; to be on the defensive, iii. 36 ; (pt.) warded off, iii. 17.
- Warelesse**, unaware, regardless, heedless, ii. 3 ; x. 20.
- Warie**, wary, x. 55.
- Wariment**, wariness, caution, iii. 17.
- Warre**, worse. This is Spenser's derivation of the word "world." Prof. Skeat differs from him. "World" is from O. Eng. *wer* = a man, and *yldo*, = an age; *i.e.*, the age of man, or course of man's life, viii. 31.
- Wastfull**, unpeopled, desert, viii. 8.
- Watchet**, light blue, xi. 27.
- Waterford**, the Irish town of that name, xi. 43.
- Weaker**, too weak, very weak, viii. 63 ; ix. 12.
- Weare**, were, v. 38 ; ix. 10.
- Wearish**, wizen, withered, v. 34.
- Weasand**, windpipe, iii. 12.
- Weed**, vegetation, greenery, vii. 4.
- Weede**, dress, raiment, vi. 5.
- Weeldlesse**, unwieldy, iii. 19.
- Weene**, think, suppose, imagine, Int. 4, *et seq.* ; (weening) vi. 22.
- Weet**, **weete** (1), know, i. 41, 43 ; ii. 20 ; vii. 42 ; viii. 9 ; (weeting, pres. p.), vi. 25 ; (wote), wot, know, Int. 1, i. 48 ; (wist, pt.), i. 50. **To weet**=to wit, ii. 4.
- Weet** (2), drench, ix. 33.
- Weft**, waif, worthless thing, ii. 4 (?).
- Weld**, wield, i. 34, 37 ; iii. 21 ; iv. 18 ; vii. 45 ; (welds), sways, manages, Int. 1. "**Once to weld**"=at once to stand alone, i. 37.

GLOSSARY

- Welland**, the river Welland, in Lincolnshire, xi. 35.
- Well away**, alas! (lit. woe, lo, woe!), xi. 1.
- Went**, way, path, ii. 47; course, journey, v. 46.
- Were**, a tributary of the Great Ouse, mentioned by Holinshed as "Wareslie Becke," xi. 34.
- Werfe**, the Wharf, a tributary of the Yorkshire Ouse, xi. 37.
- Werne**, were, ii. 41.
- Wexe**, wax, become, grow, viii. 35; (**wexed**, pt.), i. 10; iv. 35; vii. 46; (**wext**, pp.), ii. 52.
- Whenas**, until, x. 48.
- Whercas**, where, i. 20, *et seq.*
Whether, which (of two), "whether whether weare" = "which was which," ix. 10.
- Whileare**, **whyleare**, formerly, before, v. 8; vi. 36, *et seq.*
- Whot**, hot, v. 44; ix. 29.
- Whylome**, formerly, vi. 44.
- Wide**, widespread, ix. 23.
- Wight**, creature, person, i, 3, *et seq.*
- Win**, make a way, "out win" = get out, i. 20.
- Winborne**, the town of Wimbourne, in Dorsetshire, xi. 32.
- Wist**. See **Weet**.
- Wit**, knowledge, viii. 31.
- Wite**, blame, Int. 1.
- Wize**, wise, guise, fashion, x. 6.
- Won**, **wonne** (sb.), dwelling, viii. 5, 22.
- Won**, **wonne** (vb.) (1), conquered, iii. 37; won over, vi. 43; won, ix. 28.
- Wonne** (2), dwell, vi. 5; vii. 42; (**wonned**, pt.), viii. 8; x. 7.
- Wonderment**, wondrousness; "beauties wonderment," = the dazzling wonder of her beauty, v. 20.
- Wondred**, wonder-working (?), xi. 49.
- Wox**, **woxe**, waxed, became (pt. of **waxe**, q.v.), i. 50; iv. 45; v. 27; viii. 31, 46; (**woxen** pp.), vi. 28; vii. 43.
- Wrack**, **wracke**, vengeance, vi. 21; ix. 25.
- Writs**, writings, ii. 33.
- Wroke**, avenged, revenged, vii. 26; (**wroken**, pp.), ii. 21.
- Wylibourne**, the river Wylie, or Wiley, in Dorset, xi. 32.
- Wylie**, wily, ii. 10.
- Yar**, the river Yare, on which Yarmouth stands, xi. 33.
- Ybent**, bent, v. 34; vi. 44.
- Ybet**, beaten, defeated, iv. 9.
- Ybore**, **yborne**, born, ii. 41; vii. 7; ix. 3; xi. 37.
- Ybuilt**, built, x. 6.
- Yeeld**, yield (for), vi. 1.
- Ygone**, ago, xi. 39.
- Ygot**, got, won, ii. 8.
- Ympes**, offspring, scions, "Ympes of Greece" = the Argonauts, ii. 1. See **Orpheus**, **Argonauts**.
- Ympt**, joined, ix. 4.
- Yode**, went, i. 28.

GLOSSARY

Yorke, the city of York, xi. 37.

Yre, ire, anger, viii. 23.

Yrent, rent, shattered, vi. 15.

Yriv'd riven, cut through, vi. 15.

Yset, set, iii. 24.

Ythrild, pierced, iii. 22.

Ywrake, wreaked, viii. 14.

Ywroke, revenged, avenged, vi
23 ; xi. 5.

TEXTUAL NOTES

In the title of all the early editions the name Triamond is misspelt Telamond.

CANTO III

Stanza XIII (l. 8.) Church and other editors following him change "other brethren" into "second brother"; but there seems no reason for this, since the "ghost" of Priamond passed into the person first of Diamond and then of Triamond.

CANTO IV

Stanza I (l. 4) Edition 1611 reads "lives" for "minds," but the sense of the text is clear as it stands. Morris notes that "lives" is found in Ed. 1609; but the British Museum copy of that date agrees with the text of 1596.

„ II (l. 4) For "Blandamour," "Scudamour" was wrongly written, until the folio of 1679 made the right alteration.

„ XXIV (l. 1) Edition 1596 reads "bravelike" for "beamlike," but all later editions make the alteration, which seems a just one.

CANTO V

Stanza V (l. 5) For "Acidalian," editions 1609 and others read "Aridalian," almost certainly a misprint.

CANTO VI

Stanza XXVIII (l. 6) "He thus bespake." This is the reading of 1609 and 1611. 1596 reads "he," Upton, Church, and others prefer "him."

NOTES

CANTO VII

Stanza x (l. 9) For "over-sight," 1609, 1611, 1679, read "ore-sight."

CANTO VIII

Stanza XII (l. 3) 1596 and the early folios read thus, but Church and others are perhaps right in altering "him" to "her." Drayton is said by Collier to have written "her" in the margin of his 1611 folio.

CANTO IX

Argument. (l. 2) "Pæana" should be "Æmilia."

Stanza XI (l. 9) "Him did see," which is the reading of all old editions. Church and other editors would read "them" for "him"; but "him" probably stands for the old plural pronoun "heom," or "him" = them.

„ XII (l. 2) "He found," is the reading of the quarto and folios. Drayton altered "he" to "they," and others have done the same. But may not "he" stand for the old English pronoun "hi," or "hie," = they?

„ XXII (l. 4) For "implacable," read "impacable."

„ XXIII (l. 8) "Wide uprore." Drayton is said to have suggested "wilde" for "wide"; but the sense needs no change. *See* Glossary.

CANTO X

Stanza XIX (l. 1) 1596 reads "nearest" for "meanest"; all other editions alter this.

„ XXIII (ll. 2 & 8) The folios alter "to ghesse" to "I ghesse"; but the meaning is clear; *see* Glossary "ghesse." In the folios, also, "ghesse" (l. 2) and "bee" (l. 8), by some confusion, have changed places.

„ XXVI (l. 9) "Aspire" was altered in 1611 to "inspire"; but the text will bear its own meaning.

„ LVI (l. 4) 1596 reads "at" for "on," of the folios. Cp. Book I. canto ix. st. 12.

NOTES

CANTO XI

- Stanza IV (l. 6) The folios read "three" for "seven."
" XVII (l. 6) "Times" is the reading of 1596 and the folios.
The rime requires "age," and Drayton made this
change.

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